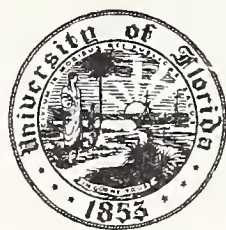


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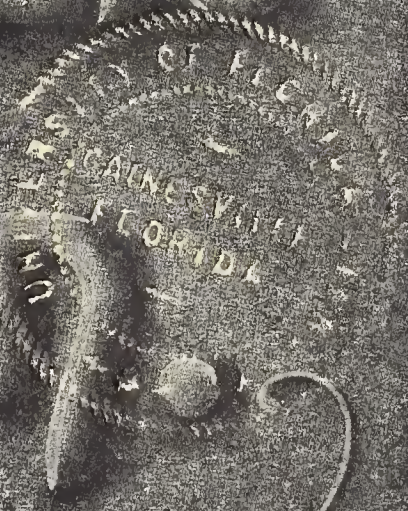


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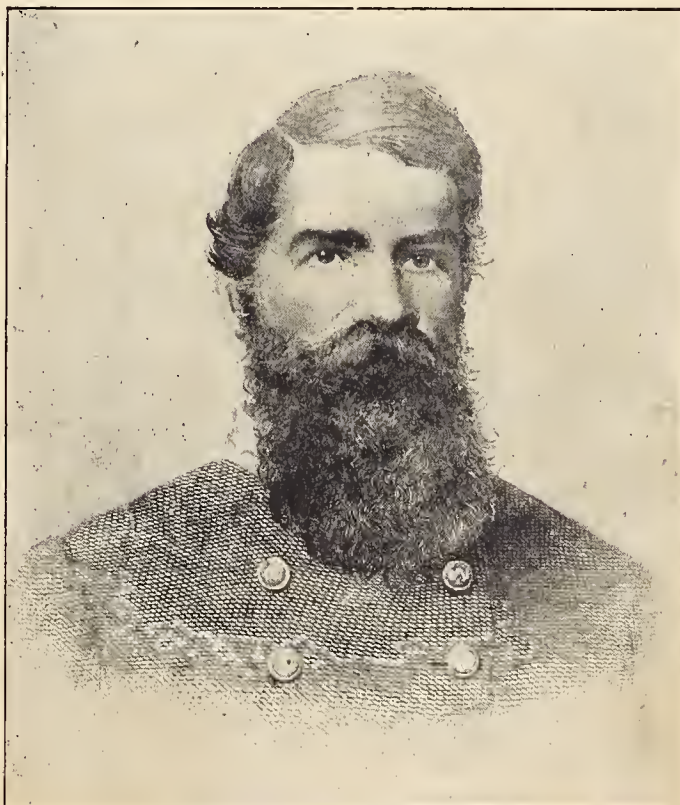
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VOL. XXXIII.

JANUARY, 1925

NO. 1



GENERAL TURNER ASHBY, C. S. A.
"Knightly Horseman of the Valley."
Killed at Harrisonburg, Va., January 6, 1862.
(See page 21.)

973.705
E748

New Edition**ECHOES FROM DIXIE**

(Old-Time Southern Songs)

*Compiled by Mrs. Hampden Osborne, Leader of the Confederate
Choir of America, and Edited by Matthew Page Andrews
Compiler of the "Dixie Book of Days"*

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The genuineness of this volume is also testified by the following quotation from the review of a Chicago magazine: "Why keep on printing the 'secesh' words of 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' for instance? . . . There have been loyal versions of that song. Isn't it as well to let the other kind die?"

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Noble & Noble, Publishers, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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W. M. Francis, of Salisaw, Okla., renews subscription as a birthday gift to himself on his seventy-second anniversary, October 15, 1924. Though too young to be a soldier, he saw some of

the horrors of war, and he writes of the **VETERAN**: "I enjoy reading the old **CONFEDERATE VETERAN** so much that I can't stop. Every number has something in it worth the price of the paper."

Mrs. Mary B. Palmer Haffner, 342 Clay Street, Los Angeles, Calif., wishes to correct a mistake she made in making inquiry about her father's war record some time ago. She stated that her father, Capt. Baylor Palmer, was a West Point man, which she found was not correct; but he was in a military school on the Hudson River, near New York City, and she is now trying to locate the school, and she wants to hear from anyone who was with him under General Morgan. Later he was sent to help Chalmers in his raid, and was under Colonel Richardson as acting chief of artillery. On October 13, 1863, while in retreat, her father was taken desperately ill and fell unconscious from his horse. Doubtless some of those who were with him are still living, or some who heard of this circumstance, and she will appreciate hearing from them with any information about him. All this is rather indefinite, but it is hoped there will be one or more who can give some information of her father.

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Confederate Veteran.

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

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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. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1925.

No. 1.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

IN MEMORIAM—GEN. W. B. HALDEMAN.

BY WILLIAM SMART, SEAGRAVES, TEX.

The bluegrass fields are covered o'er
With clouds of grief and pain,
And the sighings of the Southern breeze
Sweep cross the quiet plain;
The pale young moon grows paler still
As it sinks down in the west,
For our veteran leader lies asleep,
With a white rose on his breast.

And ere its petals wilt and fade,
And its fragile stem be crushed,
We'll give our love and give our tears
For him whose voice is hushed,
And the veterans of the thin gray line
Who have gone on before
Will greet him as an angel mate
On heaven's golden shore.

And as they gather round him there,
In the realms of heavenly glory,
Pulsing hearts will thrill with pride
As he tells his sad sweet story
Of gallant times and gallant men
Who heard their country's call,
And fought for home and fought for State
Beneath the battle's pall.

And as the thin gray line's bivouacks
Around the great white throne,
Sons and daughters will relate,
In sweet and reverent tone,
The story of those gallant men
Who charged the gory heights,
And gave the vintage of their souls
For sacred Southern rights.

* * * * *

Sleep on, brave comrade, rest in peace,
You've done your duty true,
And now you've earned a sweet reward
Beyond the skies of blue,

Where gallant men from North and South
Will meet on heaven's sward
And there receive full measures of
A soldier's sweet reward.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

Every now and then the press of the country reports the death of another of the captors of President Davis or gives an interview with some claimant of that honor. One of the latest appeared in the *Toledo News-Bee*, and the clipping was sent to the *VETERAN* by a Southerner living in that city, who comments thus:

"It has been said that 'a lie never lives to be old'—or something to that effect—but certainly this one is hoary with age. I reckon that old Yankee told the story so often that before he died he had come to believe it himself! It seems to me that the 'captors' of President Davis have become as numerous as Washington's body servant!"

And this is what the newspaper said:

"Tecumseh, Mich., Dec. 1.—William Harrison Crittenden, eighty-six, captor of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, at Irwinville, Ga., on May 10, 1865, is dead of paralysis.

"When Company E of the 4th Michigan Cavalry was seen approaching in the distance, at Irwinville, Davis quickly changed to the dress of a woman, and, after grabbing a pail, hurried from the tent of his sick wife toward a spring near by. Crittenden rode up and asked a woman in the tent, the attendant of Davis's wife, who the woman with the bucket was.

"She is my poor mother, going for a pail of water,' the woman replied. However, Crittenden noticed that the woman attendant was nervous and that the woman with the bucket was too active for a woman wearing such attire, and, spurring his horse, he rode up to the veiled figure.

"It was then that Davis knew he was captured, and so, after he had torn the dress from himself so that he could stand in his resplendent uniform, he raised his hand and prayed for the South.

"I have no arms and am ready to die,' he told Crittenden, as he gave himself up."

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

BY MARIE E. REDDY, SAVANNAH, GA.

The name,
Robert Edward Lee,
Like a soft zephyr
Of our Southern clime,
Stirs the memory.

Memories stirred,
Like zephyr quickened,
Live forever
In the name,
Robert Edward Lee.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY DANIEL GRINNAN, RICHMOND, VA.

That this so-called hymn should be sung at any celebration or gathering of Southern people or should appear in any hymn book issued by a Southern religious denomination, is not by any means clear to those who know the life and views of the authoress and the circumstances that prompted her to write the poem. The effusion itself, when closely examined, appears to be a mere clatter of fine words, and, in fact, it has no meaning except when read in the light of the facts then existing. The casual reader will see nothing beyond a vision of Divine wrath, sharp and terrible, about to be poured on the heads of some sinful people who richly deserve to be cast into outer darkness where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth. He might inquire as to who are the sinful people to be blasted away by lightning from heaven, and he would be surprised to find that he had unwittingly chanted the praise of the great evils to be inflicted and which were finally inflicted on his native State.

Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, was a woman of some, though not notable, literary attainments. She wrote essays and poems long since forgotten; she was devoted to the abolition of slavery in the Southern States, and was a coeditor of an Abolition paper in her own city. At times she preached in Unitarian pulpits. Born in 1819 and living until 1910, during much of her long life she was what is called a female agitator. In her bosom glowed a detestation not only of slavery, but of the Southern people. In 1861, when the War between the States had been in progress only a short time, she visited Washington and by day saw the vast military array set on foot by Mr. Lincoln and by night the gleaming fires of endless cantonments. The sight of all this preparation so convinced her that the time was at hand for a heavy judgment to fall on the Southern people on account of their sins that in her joy she burst into the weird, disconnected song called "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which has no characteristic of a religious hymn whatever. It appeared for the first time in the *Atlantic Monthly* of February, 1862, and the jingle of the words and the flavor of Divine sympathy which it contained charmed the New England mind. It might be likened to some song of an ancient Hebrew prophetess at the approaching destruction of the Amorites under Divine direction. No word of sorrow, pity, or regret is found. The Northern army is pictured as the host of heaven prepared to execute vengeance on the Southern people. She sees God coming and treading a peaceable and unoffending people in the wine press of his anger so that their blood is sprinkled upon his garments; she sees God's terrible, swift sword unloosed against our people, and in her pleasure at this vision exclaims: "Be jubilant, my feet."

With this explanation it will not be necessary to urge that this so-called hymn, impious and bloodthirsty, be banned from the South.

DR. WILLIAM BATES FIELD, SURGEON C. S. A.

The following came from Mrs. Elizabeth Drane while she was visiting a kinsman, Hon. Scott Field, of Calvert, Tex., and after she had read to him (he is blind) Colonel Love's article on "Surgeons and Chaplains of Mississippi Troop, C. S. A.," in the November *VETERAN*. Both being Mississippians, they were very much interested in the article and found many familiar names in the list. Mrs. Drane says:

"I am writing to suggest another name which well deserves a place in that record, that of Dr. William Bates Field, of Canton, Miss., the eldest of four brothers, all of whom served in the War between the States, Howard Scott Field being the youngest of the brothers. Dr. Field, a young physician and surgeon, at the outbreak of the war at once offered his services and was placed on hospital duty as post surgeon in Canton and later in Brandon, Miss. When the 15th Mississippi Regiment was organized, he enlisted as assistant surgeon and I have learned since from surviving members of the regiment that he rendered constant service to the wounded. From another kinsman, Capt. J. W. Mitchell, of the 15th Mississippi, who was badly wounded in the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Marietta, Ga., I have often heard the story of Dr. Field's skillful work for the soldiers there, both the blue and the gray, and he always gave Will Field and his faithful body servant, Cato, entire credit for his unexpected recovery. Captain Mitchell, now at the age of eighty-six years, is a resident of Penrose, Colo. Later on, Dr. Field joined the 27th Louisiana Regiment, with which he remained until the surrender, when he returned to Mississippi, later coming to Calvert, where he died of yellow fever in the great epidemic of 1873, faithful to the last to duty."

ONE OF THE OFFICERS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

The following comes from Lawrence K. Benson, of Butler, Ala., in response to the request for some information of those officers imprisoned at Johnson's Island in 1864, whose names were taken from the old autograph album owned by R. V. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., and published in the *VETERAN* for April and May, 1924. Mr. Benson writes:

"You expressed an interest in hearing from any of these who survive. My father, J. P. Benson, referred to in the above list, is a resident of the little town of Forest Home, in Butler County, Ala. He has reached the venerable age of ninety-three, and is still rather active for one of his years. Respected always for his upright life, he is passing through the days of the 'sear and yellow leaf' honored for the works he has done and revered for his deep piety and devotion to the right. Few men enjoy the confidence of those who know them as does this fine old soldier of the Southern cause. With him no characteristic is so outstanding as his unswerving affection for his comrades of the sixties. Believing implicitly in the justice of the cause which they served, he keeps with highest pride the memory of their part in the struggle to maintain Southern rights.

"He served for two years as lieutenant of Company I, 1st Alabama Regiment, later known as part of Walthall's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He spent practically two years in prison at Johnson's Island, taking the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States on June 13, 1865, after all the armies had been surrendered, and by every act of his life has been faithful in his loyalty to our reunited country."

CONFEDERATE TWINS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Two of the surviving Confederate veterans of Lee County, N. C., are Thomas and Atlas Gross, twin brothers, now seventy-eight years old. They joined the Confederate army at the age of seventeen and served in Company H, of the Junior Reserves, or 70th North Carolina Regiment, under Maj. Walter Clark, late Chief Justice of the State. They went through the war and took part in the battle of Bentonville, N. C., the last hard battle fought in that State.

After the war closed these brothers, whose bravery was tested at the front like many other gallant survivors of that bloody struggle, went about the task of building up the devastated South with as much enthusiasm and heroism as they displayed in battle. They settled down to farming and made a success in life. Thomas is still actively engaged in farming, and a few years ago he attracted special attention by raising four crops on his land in one season, and showed how the fifth crop could have been raised. Both brothers married happily and have reared six children each, four girls and two boys.



THOMAS AND ATLAS GROSS, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

(The above is taken from the Sanford, N. C., *Express*, and was sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. D. L. St. Clair, Corresponding Secretary of the Lee County Chapter, U. D. C.)

CLOSING SCENE WITH JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

BY W. B. CRUMPTON, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Returning from a recent trip to Virginia, I saw Greensboro, N. C., for the first time. I was not there when the surrender came. Wounded at Nashville, I was given a furlough and was returning about April 15, but stopped in Montgomery with probably five hundred others who, like myself, were going to the army in North Carolina. Wilson had swept by Selma and was approaching Montgomery. In a day or two we were hustled on trains and rushed to Girard. Shortly after Wilson swept into Columbus, Ga., and on to Macon, which he reached on April 21. We scattered into the woods about Columbus until we got word of the surrender at Greensboro.

Some of the most desperate fighting of the war occurred in North Carolina. There were no great battles, but nowhere did the Confederates fight more gallantly against terrific odds.

The most disappointing thing to the Army of Tennessee occurred at Atlanta, when Joe Johnston was removed. When the remnant of that army reached North Carolina, General Lee wired Johnston to gather all the available troops and "drive back Sherman," who, at the head of a victorious army of 70,000, was approaching like a cyclone. The "available" numbered about 12,000. The Confederates, poorly clad, without pay for months, short of food, ammunition, and arms, fought day after day, losing heavily, but often were victorious, taking thousands of prisoners that they did not know what to do with. News of Lee's surrender on April 9, at last reached them. There had been a hope until then that Lee and Johnston might unite their forces. That hope gone, there was nothing to do but sue for peace. Mr. Davis and his cabinet came from Danville to Greensboro. After conference it was decided that a letter should be prepared and sent by General Johnston to Sherman, asking for an armistice until negotiations were completed looking to terms of peace. Mr. Davis dictated the letter to Mr. Mallory, of his cabinet, and General Johnston signed it. He met Sherman at the home of a Mr. Bennett, but Sherman declined to forward the dispatch to Washington, as the Federal authorities would not treat with the Confederate government. So the two generals proceeded to draw up articles of peace between themselves, which resulted in preparations for the surrender of the Confederates at Greensboro.

Some hitch occurred that required a second meeting of the generals at the Bennett home, where General Johnston was informed of a dispatch from Washington announcing the assassination of President Lincoln. It looked as if all negotiations were off, but the generals, each bent on peace, determined to pursue the matter further, which they did, and the surrender took place at Greensboro. General Johnston's farewell to his troops is a piece of literature which every old Confederate should possess and hand down to his children.

That march afoot back to their homes—who can ever forget it? For weeks the sore-footed, ragged soldiers pursued their weary march. How long it was for some! Think of the Texans walking from Virginia to their far Western homes! Some pleasant recollections remain with some of us. When a footman was observed up the road, the whole family rushed to the front gate. Not many houses were passed without an invitation to stop and take a meal.

The people forgot their distress of mind over the defeat and lavished their attention on the passing veterans. I crossed the railroad at Calhoun, heading for Lowndes and Dallas. Somewhere back toward the Georgia line, a good woman prepared me a dinner which consisted of a corn hoe cake and a bowl of peas cooked without salt. The bread was

all right, but the saltless peas were a hard go. However, I swooped the last one, not because they were good, but I knew I needed them.

Sixty years ago, I stood in the mud for an hour on the banks of the Tennessee River at Florence trying to buy a pair of shoes from the teamsters of Forrest's cavalry. I was nearly barefooted. The cavalry had captured a transport down the river, and the teamsters had stolen some of the army shoes, which they had been selling to the infantry. I was told by one who had made a purchase that they would swear they had no shoes, but a little persuasion and the sight of a good wad of Confederate money would make them own up. Every wagon had to come to a full stop before driving on to the pontoon. There, in the loblolly, I stood until one fellow finally acknowledged he had a pair of tens which he might part with for \$30. The trade was made, though my number was eight. When I reached the camp and began to embark on my flatboats, the boys had fun. After washing off the mud I thrust my feet, without socks, into their long home, for I didn't pull them off day or night for a week. I counted myself fortunate to find enough old rags to fill the vacant spaces. The next morning we crossed the seven-hundred-foot pontoon. We were 30,000 strong. That was my first sight of Florence. Crossing the bridge in single file, we were ordered to double-quick to catch up. You can imagine my appearance. I was as tall as I am now, thin as a match, with my gun in one hand, my cap in the other, waving and yelling in response to the college girls who waved their handkerchiefs as we passed. Those shoes were a sight! They were square-toed. I told the boys they would go out into the woods to find a rock to stumble over and throw me down. They were waterproof, except when the mud was deep enough to run in over the tops, which it often did. . . . Never again on the soil of America will be witnessed such scenes and such suffering and devotion and such soldiers.

I want to suggest that comrades might pleasantly while away some spare time in reading "Johnston's Narrative." It is full of valuable information to be found nowhere else.

STATUE OF THE WRONG MAN.

BY CORNELIUS B. HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Since reading Dr. Mary Scrugham's article in the October number of the VETERAN, I have wanted to express in some proper way, which I hope I am now doing, my high appreciation of it because of its unusual interest and importance in presenting a new and forcefully just viewpoint to the world of the real causes of the war of 1861-65. Indeed, this viewpoint, which is another way of expressing the great principle of "self-determination," is one which it will be hard for philopro-Lincolnites to combat successfully, as the argument is basic—lying at the very foundation of our government as established by the Revolutionary Fathers, and which Lincoln's every act aimed at overthrowing.

His Gettysburg address was a display of hypocrisy seldom equaled, for his army had been battling against the Southern army, which stood for a government created by the Fathers, founded on the great principle of "self-determination" or "consent." In fact, on the very principle quoted by Lincoln a "government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, declared, "Lincoln had that political cunning that was genius;" and his Gettysburg speech fully bears out this criticism, because it is self-evident that he wanted the world to believe he was trying to uphold the government of the Fathers, whereas he

was bending every effort to pull down this government and set up in its place one the Fathers had utterly rejected—viz., a "national" one; and for which he had no authority under the Constitution; but a "higher law" was claimed, even a "law written in the hearts and consciences of freemen," the great political *heresy* of Lincoln and his radical backers of the States of New England and New York mainly. The United States Constitution, which was denounced by them as a "covenant with death and a league with hell," did not suit them; for they wanted to be free to act as they pleased. They were against a plan of government based on "consent" they must have something higher and better in morals than that.

Now, unfortunately for such a mischievous and radical league of citizens of the North, and who were really traitors to the United States Constitution, the late World War has fully approved of the righteousness of the political policy of the South in 1861-65, in that the people of the whole country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, arose in arms to support the great principle of "self-determination," or government by "consent." Could anything be more gratifying to the South and the men and women of 1861-65? How forcefully is the old saying verified, that "truth struck to earth will rise again;" for it is eternal, and can *never* die.

The "national" feature that Lincoln and his radical backers tried so hard to put over on the people is a thing of the past, I am sure; and now only is occasionally heard of when some one refers to the country as a "nation;" and the wisdom of our Revolutionary Fathers is thus surely well exemplified in their unqualified rejection of the "national" character in our system of government, and which time has most strikingly confirmed.

Dr. Scrugham says Congress put the "wrong man" in the Grecian Memorial; and I quite agree with the Doctor. . . . The question naturally arises, why did the G. O. P. allow Lincoln to monopolize all of this fine Grecian Memorial? Or has it begun to tire of the extravagantly fulsome praise so often bestowed on the erstwhile leaders and abettors of the party? Why not have given Lincoln some congenial company as the following:

John Brown, the celebrated Kansas and Harper's Ferry murderer.

William Lloyd Garrison, the *burner* of the United States Constitution on Boston Commons, in presence of a large assembly, and who, years afterwards, boasted it was one the great acts of his life.

Wendell Phillips, who declared the Black Republican Party was a "sectional" one, being the "party of the North pledged against the party of the South."

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who said Sharp's rifles were better than Bibles in dealing with slaveholders.

Horace Greeley, the owner and editor of the New York *Tribune*, the mouthpiece of the Black Republican Party, who carried on the front page of his paper for weeks this doggerel.

"Tear down the flaunting lie;
Half mast the starry flag;
Insult no sunny sky
With hate's polluted rag."

Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, a bitter radical; and many others, including Maria Weston Chapman, secretary to this aggregation of extreme radicals and well-known *disunionists*.

It seems to me that the G. O. P. lost a golden opportunity

the whole of the open space, through which our firing was kept up steadily, with no return fire on us.

The advance of our own line soon rapidly followed, and Major Bankhead, Chief of Artillery of Polk's Corps, rode to our position and told me to cease firing, as our own men were in front of my guns. As he had not seen the reserve line dispersed, and I knew he was mistaken, I refused to stop the firing, and he brought General Polk to enforce his order to me. I showed the General, using his field glasses, that I was right, so we continued firing till the fleeing blue lines had all passed, and the direction of our guns changed to the front, then on our right.

The fighting lasted quite a while longer, but I cannot tell more of it than was around my own command. The two regiments named continued to support my guns, which were advanced and engaged till withdrawn after sundown, the enemy having been driven beyond our range, and our infantry captured some fine guns of batteries whose horses our fire had killed. From that time I was busy with refitting my battery, having used up all of our shrapnel and canister shot, lost many horses and men, and one brass piece disabled by a rifle shot that struck the muzzle, so it could not be loaded. It was replaced by a captured gun of the same kind. This was not a regular pitched battle, but a successful attack by 13,000 Confederates on Buell's whole army, which checked his advance till we could be joined by Kirby Smith's command, and next day we withdrew without being followed.

There were many compliments to Wharton and Martin and Carnes for our flanking foray without permission, coupled with joking remarks as to what would have happened to us if the enemy could have known the size of that flanking force and had undertaken our capture. We learned from prisoners taken that it was thought Kirby Smith's command had come up and made the flank attack. We wondered why the left flank had been left unguarded, as Wharton had discovered, and it was characteristic of his dashing boldness to make that attack with so small a force.

FORWARD AND BACK.

BY COL. W. A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss technically the maneuvers of the armies around Gettysburg. The results of the battle are often compared to Waterloo, but are not authorized by facts, for the Confederates not only continued to fight for almost two years, and, from Federal accounts, the Army of the Potomac, later called Grant's army, lost in round figures ten thousand more men after than before and including Gettysburg. It is not necessary, however, to continue writing books on either event to reach proper conclusions. Napoleon waited for Grouchy, and he did not come. Wellington waited for Blucher and he came, hence victory. Stuart went on a wild ride, and Longstreet was slow, hence a drawn battle with honors about equal.

But it is to a matter Confederate writers generally have ignored that attention is directed—to wit: Military diaries, for they are more reliable than recollections and sometimes even official reports. Mississippians in the Army of Virginia were reputed gentlemen and scholars, though some, as in all armies, were not considered very bright; for instance: A chaplain having in a sermon referred to Jonah and the whale, one of his hearers became greatly interested, and when asked if the story was new, he said: "No, not exactly. I heard the boys talking about it, but thought it only "Camp rumor."

Dr. J. William Jones, division chaplain, came to Davis's Brigade, cut the ice on a mill pond, and baptized some con-

verts. One of the observers complained that he preached sectarianism, against the rule; but Dr. T. D. Witherspoon, his chaplain, said there was nothing objectionable in the sermon. "But," said the man, "he read a whole lot of them *Baptist Scriptures*!" "Why," said Witherspoon, "I don't admit that those are "Baptist Scriptures."

While in winter quarters the Mississippians built a church, organized a Sunday school, and held prayer meetings. There was also a theater, in which plays were given, and a Glee Club sang songs. A visitor to Barksdale's Brigade, witnessing a drill, was surprised to see the boys at the command "Break ranks" rush in one direction as though John Robinson's Circus had opened doors; but, on inquiry, he was told that "they are running to the church to get the best seats."

And it was these same boys who made unsurpassed history at Gettysburg, whether at the so-called "high water mark of the Confederacy," or elsewhere, and the spot where Barksdale fell is also a hallowed one. But a truce to battle's wild alarm, and back to the diaries.

The following extracts are from one kept by G. W. Bynum, private, Company A, 2nd Mississippi Regiment, Davis's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, penciled on the march and in camp, that may be of interest to others than Mississippians who made the campaign.

"June 10, 1863. We have been lying in the entrenchments (at Fredericksburg) for three or four days. All quiet except an occasional shot from the artillery. General Lee has gone up toward Culpeper Courthouse with Longstreet's Corps.

"June 14. The Yankees this side of the river fell back last night, and we moved up near Falmouth, which is situated on the opposite side of the Rappahannock, two miles above Fredericksburg.

"June, 15. The enemy's pickets retired last night, except their videttes. Tom Arnold, Corporal Patrick, and myself went across the river to reconnoiter. The few videttes fell back when they saw us wading the river. When we appeared in the streets of Falmouth, I never saw a happier people. The old men and ladies happily met us with a cordial handshake, their eyes brimming with tears of joy. We went through the village to the enemy's camp on Stafford's Heights, and then returned to find Davis's Brigade on the march. To-night we are camped near the Wilderness battle field.

"June 17. Arrived at Culpeper about ten o'clock and camped.

"June 18. March continued to-day. Very warm and disagreeable. Several of the boys were overheated and fell out of ranks, Brother Turner among them. [There were six Bynum brothers in this company, and, although often wounded, they all survived the war.] We are now camped on a high hill on the north side of the Rappahannock.

"June 19. Still on the march. Camped to-night within seven miles of Front Royal.

"June 20. Crossed the Blue Ridge and waded the Shenandoah River. Camped in three miles of Front Royal.

"June 21. Left the Winchester pike and passed through White Post, and are now camped near Berryville. General Longstreet's corps is here also.

"June 22. Rested to-day.

"June 23. Left camp this morning; passed through Berryville and Rappan, and now we are camped near Charleston, a place made famous by the hanging of John Brown.

"June 24. Passed through Charleston and are now in two miles of Shepherdstown on the Potomac.

"June 25. Crossed the Potomac by wading and passed through the battle field of Sharpsburg, which was fought September 17, 1862. Much sign of the conflict is visible.

The low mounds which cover the bones of those who fell, the furrowed ground, and scarred trees—all speak more plainly than words of that terrible conflict. I saw the ground over which we charged on that memorable occasion and the very spot where I was wounded. Sad, sad thoughts are recalled by again reviewing the old battle ground. To-night we are camped near Hagerstown, Md.

"June 26. To-day we crossed over into Pennsylvania. The people appear to be badly frightened on account of our presence.

"June 27. To-day one year ago we were fighting around Richmond. To-night a large portion of Lee's army is across the mountain. We are now camped at the base of Cumberland Mountain near Greenwood, Pa.

"June 28. Remained in camp cooking rations. Our army is pressing a number of horses into Confederate service.

"June 29. Marched across the mountain and camped near Cashtown.

"June 30. Remained in camp to-day. Raining."

From the diary of F. L. Riley, private Company B, 16th Mississippi Regiment, Posey's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps:

"June 5, 1863. We marched to the front and occupied the works about Fredericksburg, the Yanks having crossed the river. Skirmishing incessantly. Remained in ditches to the 14th inst.

"June 14, to Chancellorsville. June 15, cross Rapidan River at Germana. June 16, to Culpeper. June 17, waded Hazel River. June 18, to Flint Hill. June 19, crossed Blue Ridge Mountain to Front Royal; waded North and South Shenandoah Rivers. June 20, to White Post. June 21, to Berryville. June 23, to Charleston. June 24, waded Potomac River at Shepherdstown. To Sharpsburg and Petersburg, Md. June 25, to Boonsboro and Funktown, Md. June 26, to Hagerstown, Md. To Middleburg (which is on the line of Maryland and Pennsylvania), to Greencastle, Pa. June 27, to Marion and Chambersburg, Pa. We rested here three days. July 1, to Fayetteville, New Salem, and Gettysburg. Fight, Yanks driven. July 2, and 3; fight continues. July 4, to Fairfield, Pa. July 5, to Wainstown, Pa. July 6, to Lightwood, Md. July 7, to near Hagerstown, Md., where we rested two or three days."

This might be continued with interest to survivors of the campaign.

General Lee, whose faith in his men was unbounded, thought proper during this period of rest at Hagerstown to test the spirit of the troops and placed that duty upon the general officers in camp.

Of the picturesque Gen. Lafayette McLaw's visit to Barksdale's Brigade, let Major Robert Stiles, in his "Four Years under Marse Robert," relate: "He was on horseback, riding, as I remember, a small white pony-built horse, and as he rode up into the circle of fluttering light of camp fire to talk with the men, he made quite a marked and notable figure. The conversation ran somewhat like this: 'Well, boys, how are you?' 'We are all right, General.' 'They say there are a lot of those fellows over there.' 'Well, they can stay there; we ain't offerin' to disturb 'em.' 'But suppose they do come, what are you going to do to them?' 'Why just make the ground blue with 'em, that's all; just manure this man's land with 'em.' 'Well, can I rely upon that?' 'You just bet your life you can, General! It we're asleep when they come, you just have us wakened and we'll receive 'em in good style.' 'Well, good night, boys, I'm satisfied.'"

And so the march continued without a fight. However, at Falling Water a battle was fought between the rear guard

and the Union cavalry, in which General Pettigrew was mortally wounded.

After crossing the Potomac, and scrambling up the bank, Gabe Smithers, of the Lamar Rifles (Oxford, Miss.), in passing the regimental band, said to the leader: "Stewart, by blood, play Dixie." Soon the quick notes of that ever-inspiring air wafted upon the breeze, when followed a roll of the "rebel yell" of defiance that meant too plainly to the enemy on the other side there was yet remaining strength, determination, and fight in the Army of Northern Virginia. Outgeneraled and outnumbered, but not conquered; defeated, but by no fault of its own; a great loser, yet inflicting a greater loss, it remembered with pride former victories and accepted this reverse as but a "ripple on the stream of its destiny."

And so it battled on with varying fortune to the distant and bitter end, when all was lost save honor and the consciousness of duty well and faithfully performed.

A DARING ESCAPE.

FROM THE TRUE CITIZEN, WAYNESBORO, GA.

All the deeds of daring and heroism in the great War between the States will never be written, especially of Southern soldiers. But all that can, should be published to the world for the sake of the South. The children of the Confederacy are descendants of the Southern soldiers, and they deserve to know the part their ancestors played in the gigantic struggle.

One of the most interesting episodes, as well as one of the most romantic and daring incidents not heretofore recorded, is the escape of two Georgia soldiers from the hated Northern prisons.

One of the two referred to belonged to the 3rd Georgia Regiment; the other to Cobb's Legion. One was from Burke County; the other from Richmond. Of those two regiments only fragments reached home; and so with other fragments came struggling back from the east and west, scarred and maimed, all that were left to tell the story of unrivaled devotion and heroism.

On the 3rd of July, 1863, the two Georgians referred to, mere youths without beards, marched with their commands to the line of battle on that awful field of Gettysburg. These regiments were ordered forward in a certain critical moment almost over the identical ground that the famous division of Pickett moved on later. Into a local fire they charged, and reached the bayonet point of the Federal line, but only a fraction, too weak to resist the overwhelming reinforcements that swarmed around, and what remained were captured. Among them were our two Georgians.

One good fortune befell them: They escaped the rain of lead unharmed; but to be prisoners was for them next to death, and they marched away among the saddest and gloomiest of all those who took up the long march to Fort Delaware. Behind them were their comrades, their generals, the South. To these Southerners it was the midnight of misfortune. All their fond hopes of the great secession movement were under a shadow. The army that General Lee led to Gettysburg, they felt, was more than a match for double its size, and it seemed that fate had strangely dealt them an unfair blow in the hour of their pride and glory.

They confronted a sad reality, without a single prospect of brightness before them. Around were clustered other Confederate captives, heroic, but as despondent and gloomy as they over the misfortune that had so suddenly overtaken them. It was later on that our two knew each other well.

There was no particular incident worth mentioning of the

journey to prison. They were closely watched by a heavy guard and confined in box cars, when on railway, almost to suffocation under the hot July sun. The thoughts of escape in this land of the enemy were not indulged by many, but here were some, if a chance had offered, would have taken it at any risk. Among these were our two Georgians, who quietly, but determinedly, watched any opportunity. None was ever presented, and at last, after passing through thousands of people who came to gaze at them, some with hatred, some with pity, more from idle curiosity, but a few from friendship, which they wisely concealed, the whole were landed safely in Fort Delaware.

One of these heroes was Walker McCathern, of the 3rd Georgia Regiment, now living in Waynesboro, Ga.; the other, George O. Tanner, of Cobb's Legion, now of Washington City.

Awakened to the dread realities of a Northern prison for Confederate soldiers, a determination to escape sprung up in their breasts. They looked on the pale, haggard faces of those who were there before them in this hateful place and resolved to get away or die while they had some strength and will left in them. They had been in the prison but a day before a conspiracy among a few of the boldest was hatched. Most all the plotting done was under the cover of darkness and in whispers lest the ground had ears to hear. The first great desideratum was to discover a way.

Outside the walls and along the outskirts of the fort were ever present a vigilant swarm of Federal soldiers, who watched night and day. It was impossible to pass out that way. Around and everywhere stood or walked on his beat the ubiquitous sentinel. To crown the mountain of difficulties, the fort was on an island in the middle of the Delaware River, and a wide waste of waters affected by the tides of the ocean lay between it and the nearest shore. The dangers seemed formidable enough to deter the brave-hearted Southerners in the camp of nine thousand Confederate prisoners.

But it did not. With increasing vigilance they studied the grounds night and day. It so happened that a part of the buildings projected over the water in order that all camp refuse could be dumped into it and carried away by the currents and tides. This conduced to health. Here, too, was the sentinel day and night. Was the dark water not sufficient to frighten off the poor prisoners who wished freedom? But the tread went on by the water side.

A careful survey of the surroundings showed that one escaping must go as trash went and swim to liberty or perish. It was dangerous, but some bold spirits were scorning dangers. The waters were terrible; the sentinel's gun worse. Another difficulty was that the orifice through which the offal escaped was not large enough to pass the body of the smallest man. How should one get to it unobserved, tear away a board without noise, and make a way large enough. One man said he would undertake the work. It was McCathern.

The next night was fixed for the bold venture, and they went to bed to dream of home eight hundred miles beyond the prison walls. All next day was utilized in the simplest preparation. Every man got himself four empty canteens to tie under the armpits to buoy him up while he swam. The afternoon was spent in resting. As soon as the night settled down, McCathern would move the obstructing plank, while each man stood ready. Of the thousands, only a few knew what was to be done as they idly moved about the ground in great or small groups, restless, lonely, and dispirited. On the sentinel's beat they saw the men with their guns slowly walk back and forth.

The day was hot and sultry in the dismal prison bounds,

but this warmed the river waters, which was an advantage. They watched the sun go down anxiously, not knowing if it would ever rise on them again. Then came the twilight. The tide had been rolling in and was now near the full. The waves broke on the shores with a constant, dull roar. There was advantage in this noise. The twilight passed into darkness. Out of the crowds quietly stole a single figure. It was McCathern. Presently, with a strong hand, he tore away a board, the sound of which was not heard above the roar of the waters. He had done his work well and nine brave souls responded to his call, the hardiest fools, some said, but you would say the truest heroes. McCathern led, sliding down a post into the dark, moaning, turbulent waters below. Next followed Tanner, and then the rest whose names have been lost to us. Are any of them alive to-day? We know three of them are not. In the black waves they sank after a long struggle, and now await their comrades on a shore where freedom is eternal.

As they passed into the darkness each was to swim for himself, for it was impossible to give aid in the long swim before them. Long afterwards it came to light that the unpracticed three went down. They were all guided by the lights in the fort at first as they swam away, endeavoring to make directly to the western shore. The tide carried them in the start slightly up, but soon turned back toward the sea. Then all that could be done was to drift as much as possible to the west. The current could not be resisted. It was a death struggle for a whole long night. They found themselves gradually drifting toward Delaware City, seven miles below, and to reach land near it or below was their only chance. They saw the distant lights dimly shining in the small town and guided themselves by these beacons. They, of course, soon lost sight of one another and in the lonely darkness the fearful struggle went on. Imagine this nine-mile fight with the Delaware River. Washington crossed it once, but this struggle surpassed even that of our great countryman.

After swimming a long time, Tanner saw near him a dark object which moved noiselessly along as he moved. For a long time he tried to make out what it was. He swam and swam, but got no nearer nor further away. After a while he called in a whisper, but no answer came. He kept on as near as he could. He wanted it near whether man or a log or a chunk; he wanted its company. After some time he passed, and McCathern whispered it was he. Oftentimes Tanner felt that he was going to give up, that he couldn't hold out; but McCathern cheered him up, begging him not to surrender. All things have their humorous side. McCathern drew pictures of home, hog-killing time, spareribs, sweetheart, and everything he could think of that the Confederate soldiers longed for. Then Tanner responded with renewed force and energy, and he thinks to this day that the lovely pictures Mac drew out of his exuberant fancy saved his life.

At last the struggle ended and, almost dead, these two dragged themselves into the high grass of the marsh just as day was breaking and lay down to rest. Four others got together below Delaware City. McCathern and Tanner landed a mile above. They must work their way through the country. Not far off was a flourishing cornfield. This was pie for a "Rebel," and as the shades of night drew on they supplied themselves and started out. In the distance they spied a wood after passing around the city. It proved to be a swamp into which they went and had a fearful time in the water and mire. Maybe this saved them, for they were pursued. After a long time they got out. They kept away from all highways and from meeting people. Fields and

orchards were their only resources. For seven days they starved by day and traveled by night, avoiding everybody, till at last they reached the Eastern Shore of Maryland. There they found a friend. He was true-blue, and when he learned he had two genuine rebels before him he almost wept at the sight of their forlorn condition. Their story to him was like a romance that stirred his blood to enthusiasm. He took them in and transformed these ragged tramps; then rested them for days. When at last they felt recruited, his neighbors of the right stamp came in and six hundred dollars, in greenbacks, were made up and divided between them. These kind friends of the South sent them on to Baltimore with letters directing them to their friends there. There they found these other friends as stanch and true as ever breathed the air of the South. They tarried there thirteen days, treated to everything money could buy without spending their own. At last they found a way to the Potomac and, dressed as ordinary citizens, cautioned and directed by their friends, boldly took the train toward Harper's Ferry, so as to get into the Valley of Virginia where friends in Confederate uniforms would soon be found.

But that old saying that "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-glee" met them at the very door of safety. They got to the very last step, descended from the train, and a large guard of soldiers in Federal uniforms confronted them. "Who are you?" said the corporal of the guard? Of course, they put on the best face they could and said: "Friends." There was no chance to run. They were taken before the captain. He said a few words to the guard and they were separated to be examined apart. A long examination followed. Tanner first. O, the irony of fate! The captain was almost satisfied that he should let them go on, when he took from the pocket of Tanner a little pocket Testament that a tender soul had given him. Many a time it had solaced him in the waking hours of his soldier's life. But now it was to give him and his friend up to the prison again. On the fly leaf he had written "George C. Tanner, Cobb's Legion, Confederate Volunteers." When he wrote it, it was an honor to him. Now he wished he had burned it. Why had he not remembered that it was there when he was flying from Fort Delaware.

The captain read it with a smile. Then McCathern was brought and questioned. He lied all he could and told quite a straight story, but it did not tally with the other. At last he was confronted with the Testament. As soon as he saw it he said to the captain: "I give up, captain, and now let me say I am a Confederate soldier and have shot every Yankee I got a chance to shoot, and if I ever get back into line, I'll do it again." The captain took it good humoredly, and as he turned him over to the guards again said any indignity offered to these two brave young Southerners would be severely punished. Then they, who had been free now nearly a month, were soon going back to prison, and next day were safe at Point Lookout, not Fort Delaware as before. Point Lookout is on the sharp little promontory or cape just where the Potomac empties into Chesapeake Bay.

Determined to breathe again the air of heaven in freedom, each made up his mind to escape again. The spirit of liberty was so inherent that no dangers deterred them. Still nearer to Virginia than at Fort Delaware, everything seemed brighter. The very skies looked bluer. The vast swarm of prisoners had been increased by those who were confined in Fort Delaware being moved to Point Lookout.

Neither McCathern nor Tanner made any plan to go, but watched for a chance. For many days every avenue seemed so guarded that a feeling of desperation and hopelessness

began to prey upon the feelings of those brave young men. But they had tasted liberty and refused to despair.

One evening late a batch of nearly one thousand were carried out as usual under a heavy guard to cut wood for the camp. Tanner happened to be one of them. He cut wood like a hero—like he loved it better than all the rest of humanity. At the same time he piled up brush in the most careful way—just to get it out of the way he said, so the boys could get around easy. He cut wood and piled and piled. The poor Yankee had never seen so neat a chopper, nor brush—perfectly useless brush—piled so artistically. Many a ragged old Confederate smiled and said to himself, "He is a ——— fool for doing all that extra work," but Tanner kept on playing the fool.

Presently the crowd gathered up their quota of wood. Tanner was near by pretending to get his together. Then the march was taken up to return. There didn't seem to be any trouble whatever. Certainly there was none with Tanner, for Tanner was not among them. He was under the brush pile, not receiving company now; invisible to the outside world. The shadows of evening rapidly grew on. If a prisoner was missed the guard did not mention it. He didn't dare to, for it meant that he was to be put at once on the firing line where "Johnny Reb" had a gun and was everlastingly shooting it carelessly toward the Federal line. Tanner didn't have a tent to fold like the Arab, but he stole away all the same into dark and was lost to Yankee prisons forever. The next we hear of him he was shooting carelessly.

Where was McCathern all this time? Do you think he was idle? Not a bit. He was hunting about on his own account for something for idle hands to do who had no tools to work with. Sometimes the simplest things suggest the greatest possibilities. He saw a piece of iron hoop. At once the great ocean of liberty lay before him. He got it. Whether he stole it or not he made no parade to any Federal guard about his having it. Day in and day out he was quietly making a liberty hole. The dirt was successfully hid from common observation. The hole in the wall grew and grew. He saved from his scanty rations little by little, so that he would not starve while he hid away in deep swamps. One dark night the passage of freedom was large enough, and out alone he passed. He could not cross the wide Potomac by swimming and there was no boat at hand. He ran as long as he could; then he walked as fast as he could and all night he was busy putting distance between himself and the hated prison. When the morning broke once more he was many miles away. Then he hid in the darkest swamp he could find, and though hungry, sparingly he ate of his scanty food and laid down to sleep. Then as dark came on he pursued his unknown way, watching for a chance to cross the wide Potomac. At last he crossed and was in Virginia, but still in the enemy's lines. When provisions were gone it was starvation or risk capture. He starved, save when an orchard or a corn patch provided him with unripe provisions. Finally he got a glimpse of the far-off Blue Ridge Mountains. He guided his course toward them, and one weary morning he was at Snicker's Gap. This was disputed territory. Sometimes "Yanks," sometimes "Rebs" had it. Still cautiously he felt his way. All at once he ran up face to face with trouble—it seemed. Yonder was a man with others near by. He could not run, so he met him boldly and was ordered to stop. He didn't know whether he was of the South or not. There was a good deal of fencing between them in order to conceal identity; however, it came out that he was a Confederate. And who was the other man?

It was Mosby. He heard the half-starved McCathern's

story from end to end and then gave him his hand, and said: "I am Mosby."

Free once more. Free as the air of the blue heavens! Once more with the boys in the ranks, once more with the firing line, happy as an old Confed could be.

THE ARTILLERY AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

EVIDENCES OF THE CONFLICT OF AUTHORITY.

Capt. Charles E. Phillips, Battery E, Massachusetts, said: "About one o'clock, the enemy opened a heavy fire from a long line of batteries, which was kept up for an hour, but beyond the noise which was made no great harm was done. Having received orders from General Hunt and Major McGilvery not to reply to their batteries, I remained silent for the first half hour, when General Hancock ordered us to open. We then opened fire on the enemy's batteries, but in the thick smoke probably did very little damage." Similar reports were made by several of the chiefs of artillery and battery commanders, and there is no doubt that all had the same conflicting orders from the two commanders.

Brevet Maj. Gen. Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, referring to Pickett's Division, said: "I had counted on an artillery cross fire that would stop it before it reached our lines, but, except a few shots here and there, Hazard's batteries were silent until the enemy came within canister range. They had unfortunately exhausted their long-range projectiles during the cannonade, under the orders of their corps commander, and it was too late to replace them. Had my instructions been followed here, as they were by McGilvery, I do not believe that Pickett's Division would have reached our line. We lost not only the fire of one-third of our guns, but the resulting cross fire, which would have doubled its value. . . . On this occasion it cost us much blood, many lives, and for a moment endangered the integrity of our line, if not the success of the battle."

When General Hunt, twenty-four years after the battle, prepared, and it was published in the *Century Magazine*, his story of the 3d of July at Gettysburg, and which was subsequently published in "Battles and Leaders," it called forth a retort from Brig. Gen. Francis A. Walker, a member of General Hancock's staff. General Walker introduced his article by quoting the matter the writer has quoted above, and characterized it as constituting "a very severe impeachment." General Walker then shows that he had "had much correspondence and conversation with General Hancock on the subject; and, as the heroic leader of the Second Corps can no longer reply for himself, I beg leave to speak on his behalf." This indicates that Hancock, "The Superb," had answered his last call, that of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, when General Hunt's article was published, and for that reason General Walker, his friend, took up the cudgel in his defense.

The latter briefly, but courteously, replied that two antagonistic theories of authority were advanced. General Hancock claimed that he commanded the *line of battle* along Cemetery Ridge. General Hunt, in substance, alleges that General Hancock commanded the infantry of the line, and that he himself commanded the artillery. The reasoning of General Walker followed the line indicated by his proposition. He closed his defense by saying: "On the question of policy there is only this to be said, that a difference of opinion appears between two highly meritorious officers—one the best artill-

erist in the army, the other, one of the best, if not the best, commander of troops in the army—as to what was most expedient in a given emergency. Unquestionably, it would have been a strong point for us if, other things being equal, the limber chests of the artillery had been full when Pickett's and Pettigrew's Divisions began their great charge. But would other things have been equal? Would the advantage so obtained have compensated for the loss of *morale* in the infantry which might have resulted from allowing them to be scourged at will by the hostile artillery? Every soldier knows how trying and often how demoralizing it is to endure fire without replying."

After replying at some length, in which Hunt quotes authority for his action, he closed his rejoinder by saying: "Had my orders been fully carried out, I think their whole line would have been—as half of it was—driven back before reaching our position, and this would have given us our only chance for a successful counter attack." While Hunt's views just quoted are speculative on some things, it adds another witness that the right flank of the Confederate assaulting column was not subjected to the terrible front fire of artillery until it reached within canister fire, while the single line of which the left flank was constituted met a front fire of artillery at least three-quarters of a mile before it reached the famous stone wall.

No friend of the Confederate soldier will permit himself to engage in the dastardly effort of attempting to pluck a single leaf from the laurel crown of achievement which adorns the head of the spirits of the brave Confederate soldiers who accompanied the unrivalled heroes, Brig. Gen. Richard B. Garnett and James L. Kemper, up the slope of Cemetery Ridge, when the former fell from his horse pierced with an enemy's deadly bullet after he had reached within twenty-five paces of the famous stone wall; and the latter was lifted from his horse, pierced with an enemy's bullet which left him seriously wounded; or those matchless spirits who accompanied the peerless hero, Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Armsitead, as, fifty yards in advance of his brigade, waving his hat upon his sword, in the absence of a flag, saying to the brave Virginians who attended him, "Follow me," he led them upon the enemy with a steady bearing which inspired all breasts with enthusiasm and courage, till he scaled that famous stone wall and fell among the Federal soldiers mortally wounded; or the brave spirits of forty-two other Confederate heroes who scaled that wall and lay in the cold grip of death's hand beside their incomparable leader; these men made the supreme sacrifice by laying their precious heritage, life, upon the sacred altar of their country; or possible survivor of that famed assault, whom fate has kindly permitted to continue in life.

Continuing, General Hunt said: "As it was, the splendid valor of Pickett's Division alone enabled the Confederates, although defeated, to preserve their morale intact. Had they been repulsed without coming in contact with our infantry, their morale would have been seriously impaired, and their sense of superiority humbled."

This sentence was written twenty years after that bloody war had ended, and Hunt's mind should have been settled into a condition that would have enabled him to handle the matter treated of in a rational and charitable manner; his bumps of prejudice, enlarged while his passions held sway twenty years previously, should have become shrunk to normal proportions under the two decades of rest he had enjoyed. In his efforts to hand a bouquet to the men of Pickett's Division, he has permitted himself, possibly unwittingly, to cast an unwarranted slur upon more than three-fourths of that acknowledged grand body of Anglo-Saxon American

soldiers, the Army of Northern Virginia, which is refuted, not by speculative facts, but real achievements in its immediate subsequent career. Its successful retreat; its successful conveyance of practically the entire army train and other impedimenta, including its thousands of prisoners of war and a large part of its wounded soldiers, strung out to the length of seventeen miles, to the Potomac River, and farther; its defiant formation in battle array, confronting their alleged victorious antagonists, for at least a week, with scant supplies of food for men and horses, and a very deficient supply of ammunition; with their backs to the unfordable Potomac River, the latter having been swollen by unprecedented heavy and continuous rains; their bridge having been so damaged that it was rendered unfit for use until repaired; its successful repairing of the bridge, and their successful crossing of that swollen river on the night of the 13th and morning of the 14th of July, ten days after the repulse of the great Confederate charge; its successful retreat to its former position in the vicinity of Culpeper Courthouse, Va., are not speculative, but genuine achievements. Its subsequent career for nearly two years longer, successfully combating overwhelming odds in men and material, are calculated to convince the most skeptical that its morale after Gettysburg was not reduced nor was its sense of superiority humbled. The writer has not entered into details, but has simply enumerated great achievements to refute an unjust reproach cast upon a body of great American soldiers.

If "splendid valor" is the measuring rod of the fighting of the Confederate troops at Gettysburg, the writer insists that it is applicable to the fighting of the two divisions, Heth's and Pender's, of Hill's Corps, and the two divisions, Rodes's and Early's of Ewell's corps, when they won the brilliant victory in the first day's battle, which our antagonists insist was won by enormous odds against them, estimated at 50,000 and 60,000 Confederate troops engaged, which in both cases are fearful exaggerations, to about one-fourth or one-fifth of these numbers of Federal troops.

The fighting of every brigade in McLaws's and Hood's Divisions, of Longstreet's Corps, and Wright's, Wilcox's, Posey's and Perry's of Anderson's Division, Hill's Corps, may be properly designated as a display of "splendid valor" when they assailed in detail more than double their own numbers, and Confederate victory trembled in the balance. Superb and magnificent are not too extravagant terms when applied to every brigade engaged in the battle of the 2nd of July on the west side of Cemetery Ridge. This is especially true when the rugged character of the ground over which they advanced is taken into consideration.

Follow the advance of Johnson's division up the rugged sides of Culp's Hill, when its brigades advanced against that Gibraltar, and partial success crowned their efforts; but the darkness concealed the advantage that had been gained, or the battle of Gettysburg might have had a different story behind it.

Note the gallant resistance of Johnson's brigades against Slocum's Divisions on the 3d of July, backed by twenty guns of superb artillery, skillfully and effectively handled, while Johnson's troops had not the benefit of a single piece of artillery. Here was "splendid valor" in both charges.

"A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die."

SERVICE WITH THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

[From the diary of James L. Cooper, Captain and A. A. G. Edited by Deering J. Roberts, M.D., Surgeon C. S. A.]

Nashville, Tenn., August 5, 1866.—It was my fortune during the war to belong to a crack regiment and brigade. My regiment always stood high in the opinion of every one. I was first in Zollicoffer's Brigade, next in Crittenden's Division. In the battle of Mill Springs my regiment was deservedly pronounced a gallant one. At the next battle, Shiloh, in Statham's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, it again won high praise from General Breckinridge. At Baton Rouge, our next fight, under the same commanders, we sustained our name.

Murfreesboro was our next trial, and here, in W. C. Preston's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, Hardee's Corps, we fought so well as to obtain special mention from Gen. Breckinridge in his official report. After we arrived at Tullahoma, we were presented with a splendid silk flag by Mrs. Breckinridge, made of her wedding dress, and given to us as the most gallant regiment in the division. At Hoover's Gap we were placed in Bate's Brigade, and here and at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge won immortal renown. After this, as Tyler's Brigade, we were numbered among the best, and when our Division (Bate's) had apparently fallen into disgrace, and all were decrying it, our brigade (Tyler's) was acknowledged to be one of the best in the army. We were mentioned several times in official reports.

September, 30, 1861.—On this memorable day I left the home where I had lived with scarce a wish ungratified for seventeen years to join my fortunes with the 20th Tennessee Regiment, Company C. This regiment was at that time camped at Cumberland Ford, Ky. I left Nashville with Captain Bostick, of the 4th (East) Tennessee Regiment.

I was tormented by feverish anxiety for fear that the fighting would all be over before I got into it, but I was mistaken in my calculations.

I felt every inch of a big man when I was going about the day preceding my departure. In my gray coat with its bright brass buttons, I thought I attracted more attention than any other man in the city that day. I was very anxious for every one to know that I was only seventeen years old and that I was going to "join the 20th Tennessee Regiment, Colonel Battle, sir, at present in East Tennessee among the bushwhackers, but soon expecting to start to Louisville or Cincinnati." O, Lordy! how these things do make children of us all. God bless that old 20th Tennessee! May the memory of her noble deeds never die, but when I am old and this life seems about slipping from my grasp, may that name, "20th Tennessee," have power to flash up the flickering light of the eye and nerve the palsied limbs. I know it will do it; 20th Tennessee, I'm proud of you, glad that I was one of you. Couldn't you do more fighting, and better fighting, in a given length of time than anybody's regiment? and then when running was to be done, couldn't you do that? *You bet!* And then you were the boys that could march farther in a day, and go farther that night, and bring back more chickens, kill more hogs and sheep than anybody. You could play more cards and take in more money from the greenhorns than six common regiments. O, you were snatchers, and the like of you will never be seen again.

To return to Nashville. At four o'clock Monday afternoon I left the N. & C. depot. In spite of my joy at going to the army and my natural hardness of heart, some tears forced themselves from my eyes as we rapidly rolled away from the home where I could have been so happy if I would; and I

began to think about the chances for returning. A silent petition arose from my heart that God would bring me safely through all my wanderings and dangers back to that home. Other lips and hearts were praying for me too, and I did get back, sound in health and considerably improved in morals.

October, 1861.—On the first day of this month I reached Knoxville, where we learned that the 4th Regiment had started to Cumberland Gap, and were encamped that night about sixteen miles from Knoxville. With several officers of the regiment, I started about two o'clock and reached the camp that night at ten very much fatigued.

In the morning we resumed the march and reached the Gap on the 5th. I saw nothing strange on the route except the remarkable fondness for chickens and fresh meat which began to manifest itself among the troops.

On Sunday, the 6th, I left Cumberland Gap for my regiment, fourteen miles distant. I reached the ford before sunset and was greeted cordially by James W. Thomas, fourth sergeant of Company C, and was soon made to feel at home. On his account I was kindly received into mess No. 1, the best and laziest set of fellows in the company. Their names were Evan Shields, J. T. Callender, J. W. Thomas, T. H. Goss, Ralph Calhoun, and last, but not least, "Gabe," the gentleman who did up the chicken fixings, in other words, the cook. I was soon sworn in, and assigned a place in the rear rank. I drew an old rusty flintlock musket, and was told to consider myself a soldier. I thought this was doing things in style, especially as I was popped on guard about the third night, and that a rainy one. I was taken to one side by J. T. and seriously admonished as to the duties of a sentinel and the direful consequences if I neglected my duty, and I determined not to be caught napping on my post. A court-martial, and probably death, would, I thought, be a sad end to my dreams of military glory. Notwithstanding the rain, I got along finely.

We remained in camp about long enough for me to learn something about the life, and then started on a campaign against the enemy at Wild Cat, on Rock Castle River, distant from the ford about seventy miles. The first day we marched about nine miles, and as I had never carried a knapsack before I was very tired. We had a little adventure with the bushwhackers on the road, in which one cavalryman was killed. When about six miles from Wild Cat we came in collision with the pickets, who were driven in after a little excitement. After a miserable night, cold as the north pole, the next morning we advanced on the enemy. The crack of the old squirrel rifles in the woods for a time was all that could be heard, but presently the regular troops came out with their Minies, and skirmishing commenced in earnest. Our regiment was not engaged during the day, but was marched and countermarched over those mountains in a way that was almost as bad as fighting. Some fighting was done by the 11th Tennessee.

When night came we retired with a loss of fifteen killed and twenty-three wounded. This was on the 25th of October; on the 26th we started back leisurely to Cumberland Gap. The object of the expedition had failed, but no one was whipped. We had in action only one regiment of those present—the 11th, 19th, 20th, 29th Tennessee, and the 15th Mississippi, the latter being some distance in the rear. Rutledge's battery of artillery and a battalion or two of cavalry in addition were also with us, and the 17th Tennessee, which sustained the principal loss.

November and December, 1861.—The month of November was occupied in changing our front from Cumberland Ford to Mill Springs. At Cumberland Ford I was detailed to

accompany the wagon train, and did not rejoin the regiment for some days. About the first of November we started on our march for the Cumberland River. We encountered many hardships on the way. Our commissariat was poorly managed and several nights we were reduced to a couple of potatoes.

The first night we spent in camp at Cumberland Gap, there was a considerable fall of snow. As our mess had a good supply of blankets, we were able to keep very comfortable. Others did not fare so well. About the first of December we made preparations for crossing the river. An advance guard was sent over, and one dark night our regiment crossed on flats, which were made by the troops under direction of engineer officers.

When we were safely over, we were hurried out about two miles to take our stand on picket. We found there another regiment, the 19th Tennessee, which had crossed before us. We remained here for several days until a line of fortifications was made by the troops in rear of us, when we went back into camp.

Our force consisted of the 15th Mississippi, Colonel Stathem; the 20th Tennessee, Colonel Battle; 17th Tennessee, Colonel Newman; 19th Tennessee, Colonel Cummings; 25th Tennessee, Colonel Staunton; 28th Tennessee, Colonel Murray; 29th Tennessee, Colonel Powell; a battery of artillery commanded by Captain Rutledge, and one under Capt. Montserrat. Part of this force remained on the south bank of the river.

We passed the time here in fortifying and making our winter quarters, which we were destined never to occupy.

Christmas came while we were in this camp, "Beech Grove," and was celebrated by all, even the cook, getting drunk.

January, 1862.—Sunday the 19th of January, 1862, came and found us in our old camp. Events now occurring every day showed us that we would not remain quiet much longer. Skirmishing between the outposts was of frequent occurrence, and one, in which our messmate, Evan Shields, had a narrow escape, was followed by an advance of our entire command to Fishing Creek, about ten miles distant. The birds had flown, however, and we had our march for nothing.

On the 17th the Federal General Thomas, who had been at Columbia with his brigade, marched to unite with General Shoeff, who had been in our front, at Somerset. After concentrating they would cross the river below and above and have us at their mercy. After a council of officers had been called, Gen. George B. Crittenden who had arrived and taken command, determined to anticipate their design and to attack them in camp. The troops were ordered to cook rations and hold themselves in readiness, and at midnight the march commenced. General Thomas had this night reached a point about ten miles from our camp, and the intention was to attack at daylight of the 19th.

We had had much rain, and the roads were in a terrible condition. The order of march was as follows: first the 15th Mississippi; second, the 19th Tennessee; third, the 20th Tennessee. The artillery and other regiments followed. Two regiments were left to guard the camp. We marched steadily forward for several hours when the frequent halts and the number of staff officers dashing about told of our proximity to the enemy. Some of us still thought there would be no fight, that the Yankees would leave; but just as day was breaking a wounded man was brought to the rear; we now knew that we had to fight and prepared for it by piling up our blankets, knapsacks, and whatever would impede our movements. As soon as it was light, the sharp rattle of musketry in our front told that the 15th Mississippi was driving in the skirmishers, and we were double quickened

into line and moved to their assistance. When we reached our position on their right, the fight had commenced in earnest, and we were under fire directly. The rain was descending in torrents and our flintlock muskets were in bad condition; not one in three would fire. We were a little excited at first, and one man in Company B was shot by one of my own company. The excitement was soon over, and, with a shout that would have warmed an Egyptian mummy, we rushed up to the 15th Mississippi with only a fence between us and the enemy and did the best we could with our old flintlocks. Mine went off once in the action, and although I wiped the "pan" and primed a dozen times it would do so no more. I had just taken aim and pulled trigger, and was waiting for the hammer to descend, when I felt a "new sensation" across the small of my back; it was like the cut of a knife, and I knew I had been shot. My first thought was that the bullet had gone through me, and I was very much relieved to find it had not entered.

By this time the two regiments, the 20th Tennessee and 15th Mississippi, had lost half their number, and General Zollicoffer had been killed, no troops were sent to assist us, and with much confusion the retreat began. Every one for himself was the motto, and to get back to camp as soon as possible the idea. I started from the field with a considerable party, but was soon headed by the Yankees and compelled to hide. Most of my party were captured at that time. I remained hid until night and then tried to make my way to the river and cross. I marched up to the 38th Ohio about midnight and was "taken in." I was carried back to our old camps that night in time to see the last of the command cross the river, and was then taken to Somerset. I was under charge of Captain Choate, Company B, 35th Ohio Regiment, and was very kindly treated. At Somerset I was taken to General Shoeff, who paroled me, with permission to go through the town, and sent me to wait on the wounded. I sent a letter home by Dr. Cliff, who accompanied General Zollicoffer's body to Nashville. I saw General Zollicoffer after he was killed.

I remained in the hospital attending to the wounded men during this month, and witnessed many dreadful scenes of suffering and death. Our regiment's loss was one hundred and fourteen killed, wounded, and missing out of three hundred.

February, March, and April, 1862.—During these months I remained in the hospital at Somerset. Many of my comrades and acquaintances died from their wounds and sickness combined, but I fortunately kept my usual good health. I was at one time detailed to accompany Sergeant Grey to a private house, but found my position there unpleasant, and had to return to the hospital.

I escaped being shot, by an accident; a Yankee mistook me for one of the "Rebs" who had been paying attention to his lady love, and vowed vengeance. No one was hurt, however. Some of the "Rebs" visited around considerably, but as I did not have much fancy for the ladies I remained at home.

About the latter part of March, I think, we were notified to prepare for a trip to Camp Chase. We left Somerset in company with about one hundred Yankees, who were returning to their commands, on the 4th of April. The entire body was under charge of Dr. Boyle, a very gentlemanly officer, and who seemed to prefer the society of the Rebs to the Yankees. He treated us throughout the trip with uniform kindness and courtesy. We traveled on foot and in the wagons which were with us about seventy miles to Nicholasville, where we took passage on the cars for Cincinnati, which we reached during the night and were taken to the Fourth Street Hospital, a most comfortable place. The next morning

our paroles were then taken from us, and we were sent under guard to Columbus.

We reached Columbus at twelve that night and were immediately sent in omnibuses to Camp Chase, distant about four miles. We were sent into the prison to our respective messes, and told to make ourselves at home. I and four others had much difficulty in arousing our messmates. They were lazy, sleepy fellows, who had no sympathy with misfortune. After we had awakened them, they tried to entertain us some time before they would get up with most marvelous accounts of the number and size of the lice and vermin of all kinds abounding in the prisons. This was sickening to us, as we were just being initiated, but to them it seemed to afford infinite amusement.

The next morning I was fortunate enough to get into Mess No. 36, with some former acquaintances who had left Somerset before I had. I was received with a hearty welcome and felt better satisfied. I soon received letters from home and was supplied with clothing, money, etc.

We had some very cold weather here, but as we were well supplied with wood and stoves, we did not suffer. Provisions and clothing were plentiful, and but for the consciousness that we were prisoners, we might have been very well contented. The sentinels posted around the walls were generally polite, but sometimes a dirty blackguard, inspired by the thought of killing a Rebel, would fire through the prison. No one was hurt in our prison, but in the other prisons there were three casualties.

Considering all things, we were very well treated, and could have no just cause for complaint.

May, June, and July, 1862.—The interior of our mess would have presented a strange sight to a stranger. Its dimensions were 15x18 feet and in these narrow limits eighteen men had to live, for the weather was too disagreeable to remain out doors long. We did most of our own washing and all of our cooking. Our time was employed in different ways—reading, writing, card playing, making trinkets, mending old clothes, and a variety of other occupations made up our amusements. One or two religious revivals occurred, and a good many were converted. Several of my own mess professed religion, and I had come to the determination to become an "inquirer" myself when the revival ceased through want of a leader. One of our mess, Pink Martin, a young man of most remarkable moral courage now commenced "family prayers" in the mess and kept them up till our departure.

Some of Morgan's men were brought here about this time, also the officers from Island No. 10, who caused quite a sensation in our prison. There were some fine musicians in the prison, and many hours that would have hung heavily upon our hands passed rapidly away when listening to the songs and music. Dr. Becker, a noted violinist from Nashville, was here for a short time.

In May, Colonel Battle, our gray-headed leader, was brought to prison from the battle of Shiloh, with several members of the regiment. All had been severely wounded; one, so badly, in the head that his recovery seemed almost miraculous. He was shot through the head, just below the eye.

(To be continued.)

Men die, but principles can know no death,
No last extinguishment of mortal breath.
We fought for what our fathers held in trust;
It did not fall forever in the dust.

James Ryder Randall.

PARSONS'S BRIGADE OF TEXAS CAVALRY.

BY GEORGE H. HOGAN, ADJUTANT PARSONS'S BRIGADE ASSOCIATION, ENNIS, TEX.

In writing of the services of this famous brigade of Texas cavalry, I will first mention that I enlisted in Company E, under Capt. John Brown, at Rocket Spring, on July 21, 1861, and was mustered out, or discharged, at Hempstead, Tex., on the 25th day of May, 1865. I wish to explain, also, the reason why, at this late date, I am performing a service to the Trans-Mississippi Department that other and better men in this old brigade have failed to do.

At our State and general reunions, I often hear remarks by the careless observer that "you fellows in the Trans-Mississippi didn't know what fighting was. You should have been with us under Lee and Jackson, Joe Johnston; then you could tell what a battle looked like." I have refuted these aspersions so long, and have seen so little in our beloved VETERAN about "our side of the river," that I am tempted to come to the front and tell of some of the operations as witnessed by a "high private" in our brigade as a refutation that we never saw any service on this side the river; and it is from a sense of duty to my old comrades that I undertake a brief synopsis of the grand work accomplished by those gallant men, nearly all asleep now on the other shore, as well as a justification of our annual meeting by the survivors of the great cause for which we sacrificed our young manhood and which the whole world now acknowledges was right.

So much by way of apology for my appearance in our VETERAN, I shall give facts, not heresay, in setting forth a true history of our beloved South for the benefit of coming generations.

After we were mustered into service in the 12th Regiment of Texas Cavalry, July 21, 1861, we were drilled incessantly by our gallant colonel from that time until the following April, 1862, in various parts of Texas. The last camp as main drill grounds was below Houston, on Sims's Bayou. From there we proceeded to Little Rock by easy stages, which became the base of our first operation in real warfare when we met the enemy for the first time on the 17th of May, 1862, at Searcy Lane, between Little Rock and Batesville, on White River. A short account of this fight in a Northern history stated that: "A column of 1,200 men was started out from Batesville, then General Curtis's headquarters, with objective point Little Rock, they met a large force of Rebels below Searcy and defeated them with great slaughter, killing and capturing over 320. But, finding the enemy much stronger than they had anticipated, they fell back to Batesville."

Now for the truth: Colonel Parsons sent out Major Rodgers with 175 men and officers as a scout to feel out the enemy, and found him in the aforesaid Searcy Lane. We had two men killed and three wounded. We killed and wounded 185, captured nineteen fine army ambulances, the whole medical corps, and several thousand dollars' worth of army stores. This battle gave General Curtis such a scare that he abandoned his trip to Little Rock and started to Helena, Ark. He sent a flag of truce to Colonel Parsons, addressed to "Gen. William H. Parsons, general commanding the advance of grand army of the West." Colonel Parsons and his regiment were all of the grand army of the West, then stationed at Little Rock, and the only obstacle in the way of Curtis's capture of Little Rock with his army corps of 20,000 men.

We were next organized into a brigade, composed of the 12th, 19th, and 21st Regiments, and Pratt's Battery, under General Howse, and, with the addition of Col. Charles Morgan, constituted what was known as Parsons's Brigade of

Texas Cavalry, which title it maintained until the close of the war. Our brigade was kept well recruited until the end, May, 1865. It was a noted fact that whether fighting as a company, battalion, or regiment, the brigade was never whipped until our last engagement at Yellow Bayou, in May, 1864, where eighty-four out of the 12th were killed in retreat before overwhelming numbers, several thousand strong against eight hundred of the old brigade.

The service of this brigade consisted mostly in scouting, advanced picket duty for the army behind it; being the eye of the Trans-Mississippi Department, as it were. We occupied a front at one time from Cape Girardeau to the mouth of Red River, as companies, stationed sometimes a hundred miles apart, where they were still subdivided into squads of two to five men, ever on the watch and ever ready for duty, no matter what the call.

I can best serve the purpose of this article by giving a letter from General Parsons to his old comrades on the occasion of our reunion in 1878, in which he rehearses some of the exploits of his old command. He wrote:

"To have been participants in common peril is a remembrance that naturally binds the survivors in common sympathy. To have participated in common triumphs intensifies the feeling of fellowship.

"But when the memories of once common perils and innumerable common triumphs are added to the privations endured and hardships and suffering undergone in common, the loss by our side in conflict and in hospital of messmate and comrade, the hours again and again when the 'light of battle on your faces,' I have been in the charge, in the long day's ordeal of death or the skirmish line, or when, the conflict over, the saddest of all, having succored the wounded, we discharged the farewell shots o'er the graves when our heroes we buried—these are treasured memories which unite the survivors and sanctify your reunion, these are scenes that call up recollections and stir emotions to evoke the profoundest sympathies and illustrate the kindredship of our humanity and the brotherhood of men of the Twelfth and Nineteenth and the still living but absent veterans who shared events with us and to whom, in common with you all, on this occasion, I send greeting."

Colonel Parsons here gives a short history of our brigade. He says: "Thanks to the extraordinary skill and perfection in regimental evolution, the 12th Regiment, so largely composed of the flower of Ellis County, won the high honor a month after reaching the theater of war in Arkansas in 1862, when all other cavalry commands were dismounted, of being selected on account of proficiency to remain mounted and take first position alone until afterwards brigaded with the 19th Regiment under Colonel Burford.

"During a warfare of four years' incessant activities, the command participated in forty-eight distinctive engagements, mostly independent and unsupported, never sustaining a repulse except after a prolonged engagement with Admiral Porter's ironclads on Red River, and in the last battle of a forty days' series terminating at Yellow Bayou, La., in the finally triumphant expulsion of the Banks expedition from that valley in 1864. The scenes of your earliest regimental and brigade operations extended on the Mississippi River from Cape Girardeau, in Southeast Missouri, southward to the mouth of Red River; but at that date (1862), principally fronting Memphis and Helena, the base of the enemy's main army. Your outposts frequently covered one hundred miles front, guarding all approaches and acting as the argus eyes, the untiring scouts, of the incipient army that was organizing many miles to your rear while you were engaged in daily skirmishes with the enemy. There are other fields west of

the Mississippi, many gallant affairs of isolated detachment, like that to New Mexico, and some of primary and essential service on the Gulf Coast and in South Louisiana, which signalized the power of our arms by the unsupported efforts of small independent commands.

"The point, however, of perpetual menace and vital danger, especially to Texas, was the proximity of powerful Federal armies on the Mississippi front in the State of Arkansas, with that inland sea for their base of operations by fleets connecting with the very heart of their overwhelming resources, constantly hovering and ever ready to break through unguarded or too feebly held lines, their commanders coveting so much the occupation of our valley—first Arkansas, then Red River, as points of vantage, each to constitute a new base for an additional step for the final subjugation of Texas. Our lines once broken, whether on either Mississippi, Arkansas, or Red River, would have thrown open the approach to the invasion of Texas by the ever alert and powerful foe. The demonstrations at Sabine Pass and Brownsville and Galveston were only to divert us from the real point of attack, as there was no formidable land contingent in either case accompanying these demonstrations only made to distract attention from Texas, the real goal of their desires, and the real blow at last fell when they came in a converging attack on our northeastern border where your command kept faithful "watch and ward" through three long years of incessant activity.

"The slaughter of our brave youth and promising young manhood in the mountains of Virginia, Georgia, and Tennessee was an almost total contribution of life; but the services of the Trans-Mississippi Department, signalized by fewer stupendous engagements, have never been justly estimated in foiling again and again the intended invasion and devastation of Texas.

"Granting the mead of praise justly due other detachments west of the Mississippi, whether on the Upper Rio Grande, the Gulf Coast of Texas or Louisiana, yet this army of the Southwest always concentrated for action when not in motion, and, when inert, standing impatiently at their guns, sustaining its most painful losses in the scourges of camp life, but irresistible when the shock of battle came. This army has not yet found a historian to chronicle its renown or add its thrilling chapter to the general history of that gigantic conflict.

"The war by the South was strictly defensive; but while other States were scourged by ravaging armies, Texas alone was exempt from incursion, the only State with an army almost exclusively drawn from its own bosom whose sod was not crushed by the iron heel of the rapacious trooper.

"It is the high honor of your old brigade to have been the sleepless eye, whose untiring vigilance and intrepidity served as a cover to that gallant army's support, and who, whether in the incessant skirmish on the enemy's outposts or in lines, or repeated attacks upon gunboats on the White, the Mississippi, or Red Rivers with a disparity always amounting to temerity, impressed the enemy on your part with a conception of numbers that had no existence in reality.

"The Texas regiments of Virginia may have for a time succeeded in keeping the Federals out of Richmond, but the Army of the Trans-Mississippi, in whose praise no pæans are sung, did keep formidable Federal armies out of Texas and never allowed a hostile foot to march over her soil. . . .

"It was in our first and earliest campaign, in 1862, in Arkansas, when not a single troop occupied a defensive position between Texas and the advancing columns of Curtis, flushed with his victory at Oak Hill and within two days' march of Little Rock—it was at this critical juncture that

your cavalry organization, after a forced march from the coast of Texas to the capital of Arkansas, instantly crossed the river and resolutely confronted and opposed the further advance of Curtis's army. Unsupported and alone, except for Colonel Fitzhugh's regiment upon the scene of action, and while terror reigned at the capital, you proceeded to engage the Federal army.

"The first terrific onset when, at close quarters, the destructive double-barrels of the old Twelfth threw the elite of the St. Louis regiments into dismay, converting their panic into a rout, so successfully impressed Curtis with the conviction that his farther advance was opposed by a newly arrived army that he precipitately fell back to the north bank of White River and hastened couriers to Grant at Corinth, demanding that a fleet with supplies and reinforcements be sent from Memphis up White River to form a junction with him on that stream at Des Arc. Changing his line of march down the east bank of that stream and under its cover, Curtis attempted the strategic movement so fraught with peril to the Southwest. Again, however, ten miles east of Des Arc, at Cotton Plant, or Cash River, did our mere handful of Texas cavalry assail the head of Curtis's descending column, and the vigor of your attack successfully turned him from a junction with the fleet at Des Arc to a rapid retreat to the Mississippi, where he finally rested at Helena, and thus was foiled in his second attempt on Little Rock.

"If Curtis had succeeded in reaching Des Arc, he would have established a base of operation within forty miles with all rail routes to the heart of Arkansas valley, for it is a painful fact that we had no organized defense in our rear nearer than widely separated regiments en route to the front occupied by us.

"To these desperate and almost rash attacks upon formidable odds, followed in a short time by the capture of the entire 1st Wisconsin Cavalry by your command, and the subsequent vigorous maintenance of our perilous position between White River and Helena by our brigade, consisting of the 19th, Morgan's Battalion, 21st, and 12th, and the daily demonstration on the enemy's entire Mississippi line—all small, indeed, by comparison with the more imposing and dramatic events of the far east, but momentous in results to the fortunes of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and especially to the fate of Texas—is due the defeat of the successive movements on Little Rock.

"Those unfamiliar with war saw in their operations but incidents of dash, and estimated values by the magnitude of a captured train and lives imperiled. Time early disclosed that we had thwarted the strategic efforts of Federal commanders in their cherished endeavors to occupy the 'feed trough' of the valley of the Arkansas. Time was thus secured to organize an army in our rear, commanded successively by Hindman, Holmes, and Kirby Smith; and at the close of the war the Federal forces had made no nearer successful approach from that quarter than the valley of the Arkansas itself. When the Arkansas Post fell with its entire garrison your brigade covered the entire Mississippi front from its mouth to the Louisiana line, in frequent collision with coast guard gunboats; and when General Grant laid siege to Vicksburg, your column was moved (still on the river front) southwards across the line into Louisiana, in hearing of and facing the heavy guns, besieging that finally brought the downfall of that fated place.

"Here your command signalized itself by the capture of one and defeat of a second garrison of the Federals on the west bank near this point, and effectually disconcerted the

plantation experiments and every effort of the enemy to permanently penetrate and hold North Louisiana. The part borne by your command in the defeat and forty days' pursuit and hourly collision with Banks's army is better known because here, for the first time, we operated under the eye of our main army, whose advance you became by virtue of your veteran reputation, won during these campaigns as an independent command on the Mississippi outpost. Commencing with the attack on Admiral Porter's fleet the day following the battle of Mansfield, when the Admiral in his official report alleges such was the singular courage and hardihood of the assault on his ironclads by a soldiery without cover and armed alone with the rifle that it could only be accounted for (he reports) because the assailants were infuriated on Louisiana rum—when we lacked the necessary stimulant for our wounded in the hospitals.

"Commencing, we say, with this effort to intercept or disable the fleet, not a day or night elapsed during those forty days that the ring of your rifles was not heard around the one at Natchitoches, in the three days' battle with their rear army corps, on their retreat to Alexandria. During the incessant skirmish of weeks on its lines and taking up pursuit in its evacuation, the post of honor was again assigned you as an independent command to harass its rear, terminating with the last disastrous attack.

"In coöperating with the main body at Yellow Bayou, here out of two hundred and fifty-eight who participated in the 12th alone you sustained a loss in killed and wounded of eighty-three officers and men, or one-third of its then available strength. In this engagement, the 21st and Morgan's Battalion were operating actively on our right, and the 19th was held in reserve under fire, while the 12th occupied the extreme left in the line of battle resting on the bayou and charged with the main line, dismounted, across an open plain, upon Gen. A. J. Smith's army corps entrenched in a dense wood beyond.

"This was the last engagement in which our brigade participated, as it was the last of the many fruitless attempts to penetrate the great State of Texas during the mighty four years' struggle. Thus you were participants in the first engagement and the last battle west of the Mississippi.

"I now file this record of your valor in justice to our gallant dead and you, comrades, as survivors who so gallantly exposed your breast to ball and bayonet to avert the perils of invasion of the State from which you were drawn. When the future historian of the Trans-Mississippi campaign shall take up his annals, he may narrate events of greater magnitude, but for immediate results to the fate and fortunes of Texas, few successful movements can be recorded of graver and more decisive significance than those which can be traced directly to your first campaign in Arkansas in 1862, when, unsupported, without any army in existence west of the Mississippi, a few Texas cavalry regiments at the remote point arrested the most dangerous stride of the war toward Texas, which would have followed the possession of Arkansas that early day.

"But I do not essay the task of historian. I do desire, as your commander, to perpetuate for you and your children the deeds of arms, 'Whereof we all are witnesses' of the gallant men of the old command known as Parsons's Brigade of Texas Cavalry.

"The army of the west bank of the Mississippi was never defeated and only disbanded (70,000 strong) in one day. Simultaneously, with arms in their hands, in irregular masses, squads, or as individuals, they swarmed over the expanse of the State, wending their weary way to near or distant homes.

It was an hour of thrilling suspense and supreme anxiety to the citizen. The almost absolute military authority which had so long existed abdicated abruptly and without notice. Civil government itself, as a startling fact, was dissolved.

"No legal authority, civil or military, existed. You marched as an organized and disciplined body of veterans to the counties of your original enlistment, your homes, and for weeks voluntarily maintained your armed primary organizations for the protection of society until a tidal wave of threatened anarchy had subsided.

"This single memorable incident of voluntary protection, when no executive authority, civil or military, existed, is sufficient refutation of all imputations upon either your discipline as soldiers or your honor as men. The vaunted annals of kinghood in the days of chivalry present no prouder record of such voluntary sacrifice for the protection of the helpless than when, in a spirit of simple manhood, devotion to duty, in sight of your own homes with discipline unbroken, you maintained 'Watch and Ward' 'When all was lost save honor.'

"As protectors at the distant front when invasion threatened, or as conservators of order at home in the face of anarchy, Texas will yet in her annals honor the men of your old cavalry brigade who, first in front and thus last on duty, ever held the post of peril and honor."

The foregoing tribute by Col. W. H. Parsons to the survivors of our old brigade gives a short and true account of its splendid service for four long years, west of the Mississippi, and, as a humble member, I glory in its history as a unit in our gallant Western army. While its full history has never been written by a competent Southern pen, between us, the survivors, there is a bond that nothing in life can sever. To us in common there are memories of years of sleepless vigilance, fatigues of camp life, privations of the march, hunger, thirst, wounds, even life itself, for which all was made a freewill offering in our youthful days. The cause for which we fought has been vindicated in our old age, and we hand this down to our posterity as a priceless gift to all who trace their blood to members of our old command. I have practically copied Colonel Parsons's last words to his old soldiers, which vindicates my oft-repeated assertions that Parsons's Brigade, in regard to point of service during the sixties, stands in the front of all service rendered by any command in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Our Daughters of the Confederacy are collecting true data of the South's achievement during our great struggle; the foregoing is only a compendium, as it were, showing what one brigade could do, and I contribute as my mite to them for a truthful version, also to show the debt Texas owes us, the remnants of a once-powerful unit, in her service.

I here copy a general order from General Steele, at one time our division commander:

"IN THE FIELD, MAY 30, 1864.

"The brigadier general commanding is desirous of expressing to those who served under him during the recent campaign his appreciation of their services. Coming among you at a time when the qualities of men were severely tested, he has found in you the elements of soldiers and free men—courage, perseverance, and patient endurance of hunger and fatigue. During a pursuit of unexampled pertinacity, you have displayed all these qualities.

"To the officers and men of the 12th, 19th, and 21st, and Morgan's Battalion; of Masty's, Barnes's, and West's Batteries, also Hume's section of the Val Verde Battery, who have served under him at different times, he is happy to state that you have done well, none have done better, and it has

been the aim of the undersigned to save every man possible, your severe loss will show that the part you have taken has not been a light one.

WILLIAM STEELE,
Brigadier General, Commander of Division."

THE TRAGEDY OF DEVIL'S DEN.

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS JANE NELLIE HOGE, RICHMOND, VA.

The Rev. B. Lacy Hoge, pastor of the Baptist Church at Beckley, W. Va., died there on September 12, 1924. He was born in the Roanoke Valley, in Montgomery County, near Blacksburg, Va., the son of James Fulton and Eliza Johnston Hoge, the youngest of ten children.

The eldest son of this family, Andrew J. Hoge, was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. A picture of the young soldier, who entered the army at the age of sixteen, can be seen in Volumn IX of the "Photographic History of the Civil War." He lies stretched at the foot of "Devil's Den," with his gun leaning against the cliff. His handsome form caught the eye of the photographer, and under the original was written: "Whatever the results of the war, for this fine manly young Southern boy it is over."

He and several comrades had gone to this place after the battle was over, thinking they were safely hid, and were resting with their backs against the wall of stone, when a stray bomb fell and burst in his lap. All of the crowd fled except his cousin, Capt. John T. Howe, who, in danger to his own life, remained and cut the blanket from his shoulder and placed it under his head, brought water from a near-by stream and gave him drink, then placed the canteen between his elbow and body, received his dying messages, and closed for him his eyes, then himself fled from where stray bullets were falling. For years a father and mother wept and yearned and hoped, all in vain, that their boy might come up among the "missing" of those times.

When the Confederate dead were removed to Hollywood, his remains were identified by the Rev. Moses D. Hoge from faded papers in his pocket and a daguerreotype (which was buried with him) of his beautiful cousin, Helen Hoge, who later became Mrs. D. W. Mason. The "Photographic History" says he lay unburied in this secluded spot for a year.

The first intimation the family had of this picture was from an advertising sheet sent out by the *Review of Reviews*. The figure of the young soldier was recognized by ex-Gov. J. Hoge Tyler as that of his cousin, Andrew Johnston Hoge, and the leaflet was given to his sister, the writer of this article, by a friend.

Of the family of ten, to which he belonged, only two remain.

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mountain stream and sea."

ERROR.—The VETERAN calls attention to a mistake in the address of J. B. Boothe, author of the article on the "Tallahatchie Rifles, 'Cap' Houston," appearing in the December number, by which he was located at Lexington, Ky., when it should have been Lexington, Miss., Box 378. It is hoped that this correction will enable those whose letters may have been returned to now get in communication with Comrade Boothe.

WAR INCIDENTS.

BY J. M. RICHARDS, WEATHERFORD, TEX.

A near neighbor of mine is Comrade W. A. Massie, a most excellent gentleman and whose truthfulness I will vouch for. He was born and reared in Virginia, served as a courier for Gen. R. E. Lee, and received a Minie ball through his left shoulder in the battle of Fredericksburg. He tells an interesting story of how the kind-heartedness of Mrs. U. S. Grant on one occasion saved a Confederate from capture.

Prof. Rainey Fielding and Mrs. Grant were cousins and lived in the same neighborhood in Missouri during several months of the war. After the war, Professor Fielding went to Texas and for a time taught school in Parker County, then the home of Comrade Massie, and the two became very friendly and often recounted their experiences in the sixties. Mr. Massie says Fielding told him that one day in 1864 there came to him a Confederate soldier who had slipped into the territory occupied by Federals that he might visit his home for a day or two. This had been reported to the Federal authorities, and a detail of soldiers had been sent out to capture him. The Confederate appealed to Fielding to help him to escape, and Fielding conceived the idea of sending his friend to the home of Mrs. Grant, with whom the Professor was quite friendly. So he directed the soldier to go there and take a seat on her front porch as though he had been invited, as the Yankees would never look for him at her home. This advice the Johnny Reb followed, though not without much fear of capture. Shortly after he had thus seated himself, Mrs. Grant, looking out, saw some Federal soldiers coming up the road which passed her house, and they halted at the front gate, which was some distance from the house. She sent her small son to the gate to tell the soldiers, if they asked who lived there, that it was the home of Mrs. General Grant. After being thus informed, the officer naturally decided that to search the home occupied by the wife of his famous general would be an insult to the family, so he passed on, leaving the audacious Confederate calmly looking on—"so near and yet so far." Under cover of night, Johnny Reb returned to his friends in Dixie. A few days later, Mrs. Grant, meeting Professor Fielding, smilingly said to him: "Don't send any more of your Rebel friends to my house. If you do, I will deliver them up. It does not look well for the wife of a general to harbor his enemies."

This incident demonstrates not only the audacity of a brave man in the face of imminent danger, but also the sympathy of a noble woman.

Comrade Massie also related that while he was on the way to the hospital after receiving his wound, it happened that Colonel Mosby was on the same train, and he heard the latter tell that about the closest place he had ever been in was one time when he had stopped at the house of a friend, and soon after a squad of Yankee cavalry rode up to the house and asked permission to search it, saying they were hunting for Colonel Mosby, who, they had been informed, had been seen in that community. The lady of the house graciously consented, but added: "While you are at liberty to search my home, I have one request, that you will not disturb or excite a very sick man who is confined to his bed." To this the Yankee officer politely assented. In the meantime Mosby had taken off his uniform, placed it under the pillow, and crawled into bed, drawing the covering well up. The officer came in the room and looked Mosby straight in the face, but did not recognize him; he then searched other rooms and left. Mosby's comment was that this was his "closest shave," or the narrowest escape from capture he had ever experienced.

ASHBY.

BY ARTHUR LOUIS PETICOLAS.

Silver clear above the river,
Hear the bugle calling!
Through the forest by the river,
O'er the hills and o'er the river,
Shades of night are falling;
While the dusky echoes waking,
Airy, fairy music making—
Ashby's bugle calling!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley!
Ashby's bugle calling.

Wakeful pickets by the river,
Keeping watch and ward;
Soldiers sleeping by the river,
By the rapid, rushing river,
On the velvet sward;
'Neath the stars of midnight gleaming,
Stonewall's army peaceful dreaming,
Ashby's keeping guard!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley.
Ashby keeping guard.

Loud and clear above the river,
Hear the rifles ringing!
Flaming guns that set aquiver
All the echoes by the river,
Songs of death are singing:
Through the raging fight, and after,
Hears the foe, like mocking laughter,
Ashby's bugle ringing!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley!
Ashby's bugle ringing.

Well the Valley, well the river,
Knew the silver tone;
Knew the steeds whose hoof beats ever
Woke the echoes by the river.
White, and black, and roan
Were the steeds of valiant mettle,
Were the three that bore to battle
Ashby's self alone!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley!
Ashby's self alone.

But no more beside the river
Ashby's steeds career;
And no more the rushing river,
Hill and vale and rushing river,
Ashby's bugle hear;
Nevermore in charge or rally
Wakes the echoes of the Valley
Ashby's bugle clear!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley!
That we loved so dear.

In a sunshine gilded meadow
Fell that battle day:
Ashby formed us in the shadow
Of a wood; below, the meadow
Flower spangled lay;

While beyond, with pomp and daring,
Wyndham came with trumpets blaring,
Charging to the fray!
Futile all his pomp and daring,
Futile all his trumpets blaring,
Proved that fatal day.

Three fierce volleys, then a tempest
Set the echoes ringing!
Sweetly clear a silver tempest,
Deadly clear a silver tempest—
Ashby's bugle singing!
Down we charged on Wyndham's squadrons,
Charged on Wyndham's reeling squadrons,
All our sabers swinging!
Charged, and broke, and rode them over,
Stained with blood the meadow clover,
All our sabers swinging!

Riflemen beside the meadow
Swept the volleyed field;
From the copse beside the meadow,
Volleyed woodland by the meadow,
Back our footmen reeled!
Ashby spurred to lead them, crying:
"Charge!" They charged, but he was lying
Dead upon the field!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
O loved horseman of the Valley!
Dead upon the field!

Sadly sweet the bugle's calling
Over Ashby's bier!
Soft and low the bugle's calling
As the shades of night are falling,
But he does not hear.
Stilled forever by the river.
In the Valley, by the river,
Ashby's bugle clear!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley!
That we loved so dear.

RIGHT TO THE POINT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND CORPS, A. N. V.

To Gen. Jubal A. Early, commanding Division.

General: General Jackson's compliments to General Early, and he would like to be informed why he saw so many stragglers in rear of your Division to-day.

Respectfully,

A. G. PENDLETON, *A. A. G. Second Corps.*

HEADQUARTERS EARLY'S DIVISION, A. N. V.

To Col. A. G. Pendleton, *A. A. G. Second Corps.*

Colonel: General Early's compliments to General Jackson, and he takes pleasure in informing him that he saw so many stragglers in rear of my Division to-day probably because he rode in rear of my Division.

Respectfully,

JUBAL A. EARLY, *Commanding Division.*

"Of course, nobody but 'Old Jube' would have presumed to flip Stonewall in that way," writes R. W. Macpherson, of Toronto, Canada ("a good old Rebel" of the far North), who copied it from Major Stiles's book on the artillery of the A. N. V.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

BY CAPT. RICHARD N. REA, LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.

In the year 1863, that famous old house burner, Gen. W. T. Sherman, began his destructive campaign from Vicksburg to the line of Eastern Mississippi, destroying everything of value in the front of his army. He made this line of battle as farreaching and destructive as his later Georgia campaign, at which time the women, old men, and ministers of Atlanta got upon their knees and prayed him to spare their homes and city. With the same spirit as then manifested, he now waged his war of flame and destruction. The depopulation of the country soon followed, every freight and flat car being filled with people leaving to take up their residence among strangers. In his march to East Mississippi not a thing of value was left to the women and children. Desolation and want hovered over the land, the citizens of the State suffering almost starvation.

When this heroic army of a proud nation reached Brandon, sixteen or eighteen miles from Jackson, they found a beautiful fire-proof courthouse of great value. Sherman planned to destroy it, and every wagon team was put to hauling logs, pine knots, and every kind of combustible materials, and his large force soon had piled about the courthouse a solid mass of timber, saturated with oil, and, after it was set on fire, Sherman's heroic army moved on to other similar conquests.

Strange as it may seem, the courthouse did not burn, though there was left on each side of the building a big pile of ashes.

Brandon was the home of some of Mississippi's greatest men, among them Col. Robert Lowry, Governor McLaurin, Maj. Pat Henry, Col. W. K. Easterling, Hon. Edmund Richardson, Hon. Joseph M. Jayne, and the editor of the *Brandon Republican*, the Hon. A. J. Frantz. Col. W. H. Clark, who was killed at the battle of Altoona with the regimental flag in his hands, was also one of its honored citizens. All of them have passed away except Maj. Pat Henry, of the 5th Mississippi Regiment. He was and is a fine specimen of the old school Southern gentleman.

From Brandon, Sherman moved rapidly east, with Meridian as his objective. His well-organized army, by forced marches, soon reached the flourishing little town and destroyed it with the torch, its citizens suffering all kinds of misfortune. Here most of the Federal army went into camp, and soon a perfect system of foraging was inaugurated, and the county of Lauderdale was reduced to a starving condition.

The rest of Sherman's heroes were ordered to Marion, a town some five miles from Meridian. The commander of this detachment made diligent inquiry for my father's place of residence, my father and his two sons being at that time in camp at Resaca, Ga., and consequently far away from these interesting events at their home as planned by the Federals. My brave mother made every effort to protect her home, and buried all things of value the night before the arrival of the Federal troops in our town.

Many years before the war my mother had been initiated into the side degrees of Masonry, similar to the Eastern Star of the present day, little thinking of the help it might be to her in later life. We had quite a quantity of silver and three thousand dollars in gold, which she packed in a box and buried under a beautiful water oak tree at a late hour in the night. All the valuables of our home having been also secreted, my poor mother, as a solitary sentinel, guarded these family treasures while my two little sisters slept in peace, no doubt dreaming of daddy and brothers far away in Georgia.

Shortly after the sun was up, the enemy entered our town with a regiment of Wisconsin troops in the lead, and a company of cavalry, without invitation, hitched their horses to the huge swinging branches of our beautiful oak tree. Just at this time my mother, Mrs. Margaret Rea, made her appearance with her two little girls. She was ready for the early callers, and very soon the skirmishing began. However, a vicious horse, hitched directly over our treasure box, uncovered it and the silver and gold flew in every direction. With great bravery, the Yankees charged our sole fortune, and were making fine progress in their heroic attack. At this critical moment, my mother made the Masonic sign of distress, and at once the Wisconsin captain and others drew their swords and pistols and surrounded the robbers.

This brave officer succeeded in getting every piece of silver and gold, and returned our treasure box intact to my mother. He then placed a guard around our home, and slept upon the gallery himself as long as the Federal army occupied our once pretty village, which was the county seat of Lauderdale County. My mother told this Wisconsin captain she would pray for his return to his home in safety, and that she never would forget his kindness. In three or four days, the Federal troops folded their tents and made a hasty retreat to Vicksburg.

As to whether Masonry is a protection in the hour of danger, I know it is from actual experience.

The Federals had used the ground floor of the courthouse, in which part of the building the court sessions were held, for a stable to protect their horses from the inclement weather. As was their custom with such public buildings, when ready to leave they set fire to the courthouse, with all the public records in the second story. My mother and my two little sisters succeeded in putting out the fire after a hard fight, and this saved the fine old building and the public records of the county; yet, after the lapse of fifty-nine years, I have never seen a single reference in print to this heroic deed of a Southern woman. The town was burned, not a single business house being left.

My father was Lieut. Col. Constantine Rea, who died from wounds received in the Georgia campaign, after suffering the second amputation of his right leg. He is buried in the old Marion Cemetery by the side of his brave wife. He was lieutenant colonel of a battalion of sharpshooters for a long time, and no officer in the army had a better individual record or was held in higher esteem by his brother officers of the Army of Tennessee. He was a brave and accomplished officer, a loving husband, and a devoted father. Dear father, your boy is now eighty years of age, and feels that in the near future he will meet you among those gallant soldiers who have gone on before us.

When these exciting scenes were taking place in Marion, a large force of cavalry was busy in the effort to wrong or kill the old men remaining at home. Among these extreme sufferers was an old man, Mr. Feaster Foy, who was at home with his wife when a large force of Federal cavalry came up and demanded his money, which they had learned he had buried. On his declining to turn it over, they, in the presence of his wife, produced a rope, placed it around his neck, and, throwing the end over a limb of a near-by tree, proceeded to execute their threat. Very soon they let him down to the ground, asking him if he were willing to give up the money he had buried on his plantation. The victim again answered: "No." They drew him up the second time, and then the third time, when after his life was nearly gone, a large detachment of Confederate cavalry suddenly appeared on the scene and the Federals disappeared.

This friend of the long ago was a wealthy planter and a fine citizen. The "Feaster Foy Grays," commanded by Capt. W. P. Andrews, was uniformed and equipped by this patriotic citizen. Though he never fully recovered from this trying experience, he lived to an honored old age.

DIXIE

I sat one night in a theater
And watched the assembling crowd,
Which came from various walks of life,
From the poor to the rich and proud.

The empty seats were at last all filled
And we waited the curtain's rise,
While the orchestra played a medley of airs,
Suggestive of Southern skies.

The audience listened with nonchalance
To "Lay Down the Shovel and the Hoe,"
To the plaintive notes of "Ole Virginnie,"
And the sad refrain of "Old Black Joe."

When, suddenly, up from the orchestra pit
Came the gay, throbbing notes of a song
That still has power to quicken the pulse
And stir to emotion the throng.

'Twas "Dixie," of old, the South's battle hymn,
And its hearers seemed held in a thrall,
For several moments dead silence prevailed,
While one might have heard a pin fall.

Then, as if all were released from a spell,
Came a burst of unstinted applause
That swept o'er the house from the pit to the roof,
With a warmth that the coldest heart thaws.

While from aloft came a wild, piercing scream,
Ear-splitting, defiant as well—
Time was when its note caused the bravest to quail—
'Twas the blood curdling "old rebel yell."

Then the orchestra switched to a different air,
And the crowd became quiet and composed,
As I puzzled my brain to determine the cause
Of the sudden emotion disclosed.

The words of the song are childish and trite,
While the music is merely a jingle,
Why then, should its playing enthuse every crowd,
Setting every one's nerves all a tingle?

'Twas strange, but at last I began to perceive
That even the song as a whole
Mattered not, but the spirit it stood for
Was the thing that gripped the soul.

'Twas the symbol of a chivalric race,
That everything dared and lost,
But still fought on, and on, and on,
Never stopping to count the cost.

Tho' fighting 'gainst odds and hunger and cold,
High spirits and courage they kept,

Until their great leader surrendered his sword,
And then, and then only, they wept.

This is the thought that moves the hearts
Of those who hear the song,
Which never will fail to awaken a thrill,
Tho' the years be many and long.

And those who so proudly gave of their all,
And more, for a cause they deemed just,
E'en tho' defeated, shall ever retain
Our eternal love and trust.

—C. A. Moreno, *Missouri Division Commander, S. C. V.*

THE SOUTHLAND MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

In the following, Comrade S. O. Moodie, of the Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., of Houston, Tex., gives an account of the organization and purposes of the Southland Memorial Association, of which he writes:

"On the 5th of June, 1924, at our reunion in Memphis, I presented to the convention in the name of Dick Dowling Camp No. 197, U. C. V., a resolution looking to the establishment of a great Southland memorial to the women of the Confederacy, intending thereby to honor all those noble souls who for four long years suffered so many hardships, made so many sacrifices, and performed such noble service in behalf of the Confederacy. The resolution was adopted by unanimous vote.

"The Texas Division, having initiated the movement, took it up again at the State reunion at Fort Worth, October 3, and, after reindorsing the Memphis resolution, adopted articles of association and provided for a board of trustees, consisting of fourteen veterans, fourteen Sons of Veterans, and fourteen Daughters of the Confederacy, to serve for the first five years, after which the control of the Association property and franchise will pass solely to the Sons and Daughters in perpetuity. The purposes for which the Association was organized are declared to be: To raise funds, purchase grounds, establish, maintain, and operate a first-class institution of learning, to embrace all departments of science, art, and literature, to be opened to all white students of the United States on like terms and conditions, and to be operated on a strictly nonpartisan, nonsectional, and non-sectarian basis; and, when ready for matriculation of students, to be dedicated to the memory of the women of the Confederacy.

The board of trustees met on the 21st of November, 1924, and elected Gen. J. M. Cockran as president, Mrs. Joe Rowe as secretary, and Lon A. Smith as treasurer. I was elected vice president for the Veterans; Judge R. H. Buck, of Austin, for the Sons; and Mrs. Ella Steven Watson, for the United Daughters of the Confederacy. I was made director for solicitors, and now have begun functioning on behalf of the Association, and hope soon to be able to send out a prospectus fully outlining the work undertaken. We hope to make this the crowning act of our lives, the pride of the South, the Mecca to which students can come in future years, and, while supping at the fount of knowledge, behold evidence of the noble part played in that great struggle by the women of the Confederacy.

"Membership fee, only \$1.00. Contributions at the pleasure of the donors."

THE LAST ROLL

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

THE LONG SLEEP.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

All is still, the hush of twilight
Shrouds the silent, brooding hills—
Just the picket line of cedars
Guards the meadow and the rills.

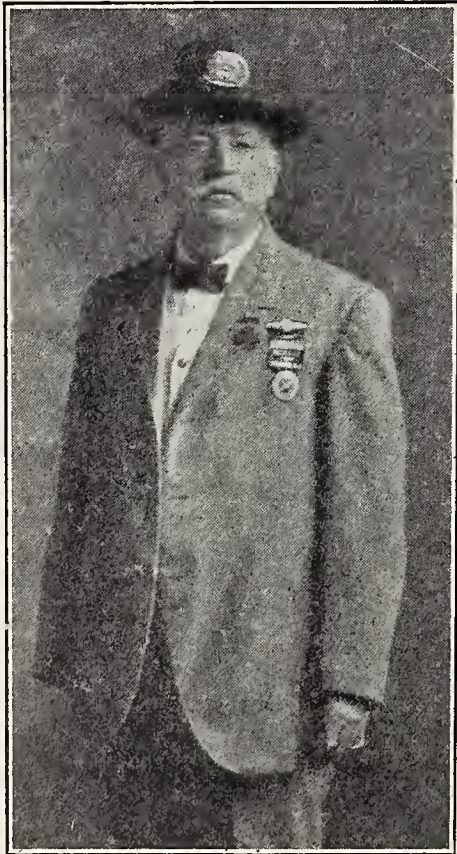
And the silver moon comes peeping,
Jealous of its rival god;
All is still where they lie sleeping
In their sacred, hallowed sod.

GEN. C. A. REED, U. C. V.

Gen. Clifton A. Reed, Honorary Commander South Carolina Division, U. C. V., died at his home in Anderson, S. C., November 10, 1924.

In the death of General Reed a shadow of sadness is cast over Anderson, where he was greatly loved by all who entertained his friendship. Not only there is his death deplored, but also throughout the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, in which he was a predominating character for several years and to which he had given many years of his life in advancing the organization for the welfare of his comrades.

Earnest and enthusiastic in his love for the cause of the Southern Confederacy, he left home, a mere boy, seventeen years of age, and enlisted as a private in the Rutledge Mounted Rifles, afterwards Company B, 7th South Carolina Cavalry. After a year or so of service on the coast, his command was ordered to Virginia. At the cavalry fight at Haw's Shop, he was wounded in both hands, his right hand being so badly injured that it had to be amputated. Ever since the war, General Reed had been one of the outstanding



GEN. C. A. REED.

figures among the veterans of his State. In recognition of his invaluable service and untiring efforts in behalf of his comrades, he was honored by the members by election to several high offices. He had been a member of the staff of every commanding officer for several consecutive years, with the rank of colonel, and he was later elected brigadier general of the Second South Carolina Brigade, U. C. V., and later being made Commander of the South Carolina Division. Following his voluntary retirement from this office, he was elected Honorary Commander for Life of that Division.

General Reed was a leading merchant of the flourishing town of Anderson and achieved remarkable success in his business ventures, acquiring a fortune, which enabled him to enjoy in ease and comfort his declining years. He was a courteous Southern gentleman, and won the love of all. He was a public-spirited citizen, giving his means, time, and brains to the upbuilding of his community and State. He was, to crown it all, a Christian, a member of the Baptist Church. Peace to his soul!

[C. I. Walker, Charleston, S. C.]

DR. THOMAS MEREDITH WYATT.

Dr. Thomas Meredith Wyatt was born in Blount County, Tenn., in 1842, and died at his home in Bentonville, Ark., on August 17, 1923. He served in the Confederate army as a member of Company F, 14th Tennessee Infantry. After the war he studied dentistry and completed the course at Louisville, Ky., then practiced in that State, later on emigrating to Arkansas, going by boat from Memphis to Little Rock by way of the Arkansas River. He settled at Dardanelle and resumed the practice of dentistry. In 1875 he removed to Russellville, where he built up an extensive practice. He was a progressive student of his profession and was one of the founders of the Dental Association of Arkansas.

In 1871, Dr. Wyatt was married to Miss Lizzie J. Parker, daughter of Rev. John C. Parker, of Parkersburg, and their happy married life lasted through more than fifty years, she surviving him. In 1890 they made their home at Bentonville. Several orphan children were reared within their home and were a credit to the training there received. Dr. Wyatt was very charitable, a friend to those in need. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from 1870, and a Mason of high standing, a Knight Templar, and the Bentonville Lodge acted as escort and conducted the Masonic ceremonies at the grave. His casket was draped in the flag of the Confederacy, whose cause he had upheld through four long years of war, and to whose principles he was ever devoted. He was a member of the Ku-Klux Klan of Reconstruction Days, and did his part toward the restoration of law and order throughout his country. He loved to talk of his experiences as a soldier of the Confederacy and often told the thrilling incident of his capture with a friend, and how they escaped.

Beside his wife, Dr. Wyatt is survived by a half brother, William Wyatt, of Stewart County, Tenn.

[From tribute by Mrs. Corinna Parker Burns.]

R. A. SMITH CAMP, JACKSON, MISS.

W. J. Brown, Adjutant, reports the recent loss of two members of R. A. Smith Camp No. 24 U. C. V., of Jackson, Miss.—J. Frank Price, of Company D, 2nd North Carolina Cavalry, who died October 17; and J. A. Terry, Company H, 18th Mississippi Infantry, who died November 6; both good comrades and sadly missed.

MAJ. W. G. ALLEN.

Maj. William Gibbs Allen, whose death occurred at Dayton, Tenn., on November 27, 1924, was one of those who won fame for gallantry and daring bravery as a soldier of the Confederacy. His war record was both as private and as officer, having served the greater part of the war as adjutant to Col. F. W. McKenzie. He was also a scout for Gen. Joe Wheeler, piloting the command of this intrepid leader across the Tennessee River, at Cotton Port, on one occasion. He was in twenty-two battles and was wounded several times, being told that he had a half dozen horses shot under him.

Major Allen belonged to the famous old Allen family of Mississippi, being a close relative of "Private" John Allen, and on his mother's side related to William Gibbs McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Allen, III, and a brother of the late Chancellor J. C. Allen, Judge N. Q. Allen, Maj R. Allen, Thomas Allen, and R. L. Allen, of Dayton, the latter being the only survivor of the six brothers. Mrs. Fannie Arrants, of Dedatur, is a sister, and W. B. Allen, Clerk and Master of Rhea County, is his nephew.

Before the war Major Allen was an official of Rhea County, when the county seat was at old Washington. He was also a merchant there, and after the war he resumed his business and became one of the leading citizens of the county, his home being a gathering place for political conferences in those early years of peace. He was an ardent Democrat and advocate of prohibition.

Major Allen had a remarkable memory and retained vivid collections of past events and had contributed many interesting chapters to the history of the war and early times in this section of the State. He was a man of the highest sense of honor, aggressive, of splendid business ability, and a Christian in its truest sense, being for years a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was a native of Jackson County, Ala., but his parents had removed to Rhea County while he was still in his teens, hence he grew up in Rhea County and always regarded himself as a Tennessean. He is survived by one son, John G. Allen, of Dayton, and two daughters, Mrs. J. O. Benson, of Chattanooga, and Mrs. Miller, of California.

Death came to him suddenly, and as he would have wished, while still enjoying the vigor of an active life, though in his eighty-ninth year. But it brought pain and sorrow to his hundreds of friends through that section of the State who appreciated his active and honorable part in life.

W. G. CORN.

Another one of the "Old Guard" has passed with the death of W. G. Corn, of Estill Springs, Tenn., who "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" on November 1, 1924. He was born September 10, 1843, and enlisted in April, 1861, when a little over seventeen years of age, in Company D, 17th Tennessee Infantry, and surrendered with his regiment in North Carolina in April, 1865, having served four years.

He professed religion at the age of twelve years and joined the Missionary Baptist Church at Bethpage, and lived a consistent Christian life to his death.

As a soldier he performed every duty cheerfully and bravely, whether in battle, in camp, or on the march.

As a citizen he was upright, honest, and charitable, and his words and deeds among his neighbors speak for themselves.

All in all, he has left a record of which his relatives and friends may be proud.

W. W. Courtney.]

CAPT. HENRY H. MARMADUKE.

Capt. Henry Hungerford Marmaduke, doubtless the last of those who participated in the first battle of ironclads, died in Washington, D. C., on November 14, 1924, at the age of eighty-two years. Interment was in Arlington National Cemetery, with full military honors.

Captain Marmaduke was born in Saline County, Mo., the son of M. M. Marmaduke, governor of Missouri in 1844; and his elder brother, John S. Marmaduke, was elected governor of Missouri in 1884. He was the last of the family of six brothers and three sisters and had never married. He left Missouri at the age of sixteen to enter the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and when the war came on in 1861, he became a midshipman in the Confederate navy, serving first with the fleet at New Orleans. When the Merrimac was fitted out as the ironclad Virginia, he was assigned to that vessel as a gunner, and directed a gun crew of fourteen men during that historic combat with the Monitor in Hampton Roads; and his bravery in this encounter while seriously wounded was officially recognized by Admiral Buchanan. Later he was assigned to the Shenandoah, and then to the Albemarle, until it was destroyed by Cushing's torpedo boat. In 1865 he was placed in command of the naval batteries on James River in front of Richmond, and, after the fall of that city, he commanded a company in the naval brigade and was wounded and captured in the battle of Sailor's Creek. At the close of the war he was in prison at Johnson's Island. Two of his brothers had been killed in action.

Since the war most of his life had been spent in Washington. For some years he was superintendent of the Consular Bureaus of the South American Republics, until 1902, when he was asked by the Colombian government to man the warship Bogota with an American crew, and with which he chased rebel ships up and down the coast. After the Colombian government won the war, Marmaduke was discharged with thanks and returned to his own country, feeling that he was past the age for further adventures of the kind. Since then he had lived in Washington, where he was connected with the Bureau of Republics for some years, later being agent for the collection of Confederate records in the office of Navy Records, from which he had retired.

Z. T. JOHNSON.

Z. T. Johnson, seventy-seven years of age, died at his home in Weatherford, Tex., on December 8, after an illness of several years. He was born June 4, 1847, at Clinton, N. C., where he was reared and lived to middle age. When the War between the States broke out, he joined Company B, 40th Regiment North Carolina Artillery, and served until the close of the war. Returning home, he again took up the everyday affairs of life and helped to build up his devastated country. On October 20, 1870, he was married to Miss Martha Ann Patterson, and thirteen years later they left North Carolina to make their home in Texas.

Comrade Johnson was a carpenter and contractor by trade, and at one time did much of the building in Weatherford and Parker County. Numbers of buildings now standing were erected by him. He was a member of the Methodist Church, and had lived a consistent Christian life since joining the Church in 1863.

Besides his wife, he is survived by three sons and five daughters.

After funeral services at the family home, his body was laid away in Greenwood Cemetery to await the resurrection morn.

MAJ. HIRAM FERRIL.

Died, at his home in Marshall, Mo., on May 24, 1924, Maj. Hiram Ferril.

He was born at Miami, Mo., November 30, 1837, and was therefore in his eighty-seventh year. He was the son of Henry and Martha Jones Ferril, pioneer settlers and founders of Miami. In 1866 he married Miss Eliza North Cruzen, daughter of Richard R. Cruzen, of Harper's Ferry, Va. Their only child, a son, died in infancy.

In 1861, young Ferril was studying law in Carroll County, Mo., and when Governor Jackson's first call to arms went out, he enlisted in Company B, 1st Regiment, Fourth Division, Missouri State Guard Infantry, for six months. He was severely wounded at Wilson's Creek, and also participated in the battle of Lexington, Mo. After being mustered out, he again enlisted in December, and was captured with the regiment a few days later, as they were going South. He was then a prisoner in St. Louis and Alton, Ill., until exchanged at Vicksburg in 1862. In the reorganization, he was elected first lieutenant of Company H, 9th Missouri Infantry, with which he served until the surrender at Alexandria, La., June 7, 1865, except when detached as post agent at Little Rock and Camden, Ark., and as adjutant of a cavalry regiment in the battle of Pine Bluff. He was in the battle at Gaines's Landing on the Mississippi River, also at Pleasant Hill, La., and Jenkins's Ferry, Ark.

About the year 1880, he was appointed deputy county clerk, served six years, and was then elected county clerk in 1886, and served four years. Judge Ferril, as his friends called him, was appointed a justice of the peace for Marshall Township in 1895, and, reelected without opposition, served as such until his death and as police judge of Marshall. He was a friend to every one, ever kind and ready to help.

[G. R. Cruzen, Shelby's Brigade.]

ABSALOM C. HARRISON.

Absalom Clinton Harrison, born December 10, 1841, in Perry County, Ala., the son of Samuel T. and Ann White Harrison, died at his home in Alto, Tex., July 8, 1924.

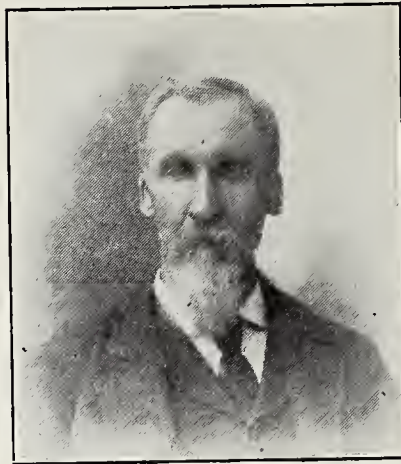
"Uncle Ab," as he was lovingly called by all who knew him, spent almost his entire life in and near Alto, his father having settled near that little town in 1854. He moved with his family to town in 1876, and continued to live there until his death. In 1868 he married Miss Virginia Fisher, only daughter of Green A. and Nancy Christian Fisher, and to them were born five children, only one, a son, Sam F. Harrison, surviving him, his wife having passed away in 1912.

My father had only the advantages of the rural schools of his day, but he was a great reader and had a wonderful memory. He entered the Confederate service in 1862, serving with Company A, 18th Texas Infantry, Walker's Division, and was discharged at the close of the war at Camp Martin, near Rusk, Tex., where he was serving as quartermaster. After the war he engaged in farming until 1876, when he engaged in the drug business in Alto, and continued, with his son as partner, until his death. He was also vice president and director of the Continental State Bank from its organization. He was a devout Christian, a member of the Missionary Baptist Church from early boyhood. He was a "dyed-in-the-wool Democrat," it was his boast that he never scratched the Democratic ticket. He never lost his love for the Confederate cause and never liked to hear the expression "Lost Cause," as he did not think the cause was ever lost. He with one other, who has died since his passing, were the last of his company, all gone, but none forgotten.

[Sam F. Harrison.]

JOHN WILLIAM MARKWOOD.

John William Markwood, a prominent citizen of Mineral County, W. Va., son of Henry and Mary Markwood, died at his home in Ridgeville on October 15, 1924, at the age of eighty-two years. His death was the result of a fall. He



J. W. MARKWOOD.

was born, reared, and lived his entire life at the place where he died except the four years he served the Confederacy. He was a member of the famous McNeill Rangers that did valiant duty for the Southland and which was composed of the best men of that section. He was one of the men who assisted in the capture of Generals Crook and Kell in Cumberland, Md., on February 25, 1865, just before the close of the war.

After overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties in entering Cumberland on that cold, dark, frosty night—a city that contained seven or eight thousand Union soldiers—and going into the hotels where the generals were sleeping and capturing them without a skirmish was the work of real men and heroes.

"Jack" Markwood was always known as an honest, upright man with whom it was a pleasure to do business, and a delight to make acquaintance and friendship. He was numbered among his acquaintance as a man of sterling worth and character. He was high minded and honorable, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for seventy years, and a Christian whose humility and faith exemplified the old-time Christianity. In private life he was as much a soldier of the cross as he was valiant on the battle field.

JAMES H. CLOWER.

On Saturday, November 8, 1924, a sudden summons came for veteran James H. Clower, Woodstock, Va., and, as one who never turned his back, but marched breast forward, answered the call. A few minutes before he was chatting with his wife in pleasant anticipation of the coming of his oldest son, a resident of Florida, whom he had not seen for a year. Swift was his passing!

Mr. Clower entered one Confederate service at the age of fifteen. He was enrolled in Imboden's Brigade, and served in Company D, 18th Virginia Cavalry, until the end of Appomattox. This boyhood experience, though brief, was ever fresh in his memory, keeping aglow the fires of patriotism and hatred of oppression.

At the age of seventy-eight he was vigorous and active, loving life in the open, a hunter and trapper and a skillful angler. And often after a day spent in the field with men of a younger generation, he would return well loaded with game and the least jaded one of the hunters.

Mr. Clower is survived by his wife, who was Miss Antoinette Winfield, daughter of Captain Winfield, Company Ashby's Cavalry, and a daughter and five sons.

By his request, he was laid to rest in the old gray, and casket, draped in the Confederate flag, was lowered into the sacred soil of the Veterans' Circle at Massanutten Cemetery, Woodstock. There among the comrades whom he loved may he awake to a joyful resurrection!

C. W. KING.

C. W. King, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Copiah County, Miss., died at his home in Clarksdale on October 22, 1924, after an invalidism of some three years occasioned by a broken hip. Death came suddenly at the close of a happy day, his wife's seventy-second anniversary, which had been specially observed by the family.

Comrade King was born in Copiah County, Miss., seventy-one years ago, and some fifty of those years he had been a resident of Coahoma County, dating from his marriage to Miss Mattie Stuart in 1873. Their golden wedding anniversary was celebrated on December 30, 1923. They removed from their country place to Clarksdale about twenty-five years ago. He was one of the largest land owners of the county, having an interest in some fifteen thousand acres of the rich Delta lands. He was one of the founders of the Farmers National Bank, of Clarksdale, established in 1897, which he was elected vice president. He was also secretary of the Planters Manufacturing Company, and had served as a member of the board of aldermen of Clarksdale. He served during the war with Powers's Cavalry, and some of his service was near Natchez and Baton Rouge. Surviving him are his wife and three children, also a sister. His friends were many, and during his invalidism his chief consolation was in their association, and through their cheering society the bonds of friendship grew stronger. He was known as one of the best financiers of that section, and though one of the wealthiest of its citizens, he lived a life of simplicity, quiet and unassuming always.

CAPT. JOHN WESLEY FITE, C. S. A.

The death of Capt. John Wesley Fite, at the home of his grandson, Lieut. Logan Carlisle Ramsey, U. S. N., Hampton Roads Naval Air Station, marks the passing of another of the heroes of the Southern cause.

Captain Fite was born in Jackson, Miss., September 29, 1840, and was the eldest son of Joseph E. and Margaret Isler Fite, and a descendant of one of the pioneer families of the State.

He enlisted in the Confederate army March 26, 1862, in Company A, of the 10th Mississippi Regiment, for one year, and was discharged for three years in Company D, in December of the same year. In 1862 he was made first lieutenant, and in 1863 was promoted to be captain of his company. His principal engagements in which he fought were: Shiloh, Tenn., April 4, 1862. Mumfordsville, Ky., September 14, 17, 1862. Stone River, Tenn., December 31, 1862, and January 3, 1863. Missionary Ridge, Tenn., November 25, 1863. Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864. New Hope Church, Ga., May 25, 1864. Chickamauga, Ga., September 19, 1863. Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864. Ezra Church, Ga., July 28, 1864.



CAPT. JOHN W. FITE.

Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864. Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

In the battle of Ezra Church on July 28, 1864, his company was the color company and lost seven men, three of whom were color corporals.

Captain Fite was slightly wounded in the battle of Jonesboro, and severely wounded in the battle of Franklin. He surrendered with his company with Johnston's Army at Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865, and returned home to assist in the care of his widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters. After the war he married Miss Amanda Donnell, daughter of W. H. Donnell. She died February 19, 1899.

In 1886 he went with his family to Washington, D. C., to enter the government service. At the time of his retirement, August, 1922, he was chief in charge of the U. S. Treasurer's Files, where, on account of his efficiency, he had been retained for years beyond the period set for retirement, which is seventy years. Captain Fite remained in active service until within one month of eighty-two years of age.

Immediately after his retirement he visited his sister, Mrs. M. L. Watts, of Jackson, Miss., and attended the Confederate reunion in New Orleans, in April, 1923. Immediately after his return to Jackson, he had a stroke of apoplexy, from which he recovered; but a second stroke, while in the home of his grandson in Hampton Roads, brought his splendid and useful career to an end. He died as he had lived, the brave soldier, useful citizen, devoted father, and loyal friend. He was an earnest Christian and served on the board of stewards of Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for more than twenty-five years.

Beside his daughter, Mrs. Walter Pitman Ramsey, of Washington, D. C., and his grandson is Hampton Roads, he is survived by another grandson, Lieut. Walter Pitman Ramsey, United States Navy on the United States Steamer Sumner, San Diego, Calif., and one great-grandson, Logan Carlisle Ramsey, Jr.

Captain Fite was a member of R. E. Lee Camp 171, U. C. V., Confederate Veterans, Washington, D. C., and R. A. Smith Camp No. 24, Jackson, Miss.

[J. W. Clingan, Companies A and D, 10th Mississippi Regiment.]

The following is taken from a tribute by Capt. Fred Beall, of Washington, his friend of many years:

"As a Confederate soldier, there was no braver, truer, or better soldier in the army. He faithfully obeyed every order and executed every demand that was ever made upon him as a soldier. He was loved by all who knew him as a soldier, and no man, of whatever rank, was more truly and sincerely loved or more faithfully honored than was Captain Fite. . . . His grandsons are like him in character and disposition. They are a credit to the United States Navy, and will be found faithful, brave, and true whenever the country needs them."

JOHN LEWIS LOGAN.

John Lewis Logan, for many years a professor in the State University of Kentucky at Lexington, died at Salem, Va., during November from injuries received when struck by a train as he stepped on the railroad track. He was devoted to the cause of the South, and in his late years was especially concerned for the salvation of his comrades of the Confederacy. He attended many reunions and distributed his religious tracts, one of which he had written especially for the veterans. He was a good soldier of Christ. He was educated at Washington and Lee University.

[Rev. E. W. McCorkle, Assistant Chaplain General U. C. V.]

WILLIAM HENRY SPRINKLE.

A beloved veteran of the Confederacy, William Henry Sprinkle, has joined his comrades who have journeyed into the great beyond. His death occurred on November 20, 1924, at his home in the town of Rural Retreat, Va. He was the only son of William E. and Sarah J. Sprinkle, and was born at Mount Carmel, Va., March 15, 1844. Mount Carmel is situated two miles east of Marion, the county seat of Smyth County, and one mile east of Royal Oak, which was the location of Maj. Arthur Campbell's fort, from which he ordered the assembling of the four companies of pioneer warriors who went from Fincastle County with Gen. Andrew Lewis in 1774 on the Ohio Expedition, and helped to win the victory at Point Pleasant over Cornstalk, the great Indian brave; and from this fort Major Campbell issued orders for the assembling of the immortal four hundred pioneers who marched with Gen. William Campbell to King's Mountain and there helped to win one of the most memorable victories gained by the American patriots in their struggle for freedom.

Born and reared in a historic community, where an altar of freedom was established a hundred and fifty years ago, and where, let us hope, it will perpetually stand untarnished, young Sprinkle responded to the call of his country to assist in repelling an invading foe. On April 2, 1862, with five other Smyth County boys, he started east to join the Smyth Blues, Company D, 4th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade. While traveling to Eastern Virginia, he was stricken with pneumonia, and after he convalesced from the attack he returned home to recuperate.

Realizing that he could not stand the hardships of infantry service, he was transferred to the 21st Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. William E. Peters, and became a private in Company E, under Capt. William Cox. He served with this command to the end of the war and was in a number of battles. He was in the battle of Jonesville, Va., and various other small engagements in Virginia and East Tennessee; was with Longstreet at the siege of Knoxville, and in the battle of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. His division was then transferred to the Valley of Virginia, and he was with General McCausland at the burning of Chambersburg; was a participant in the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864; and in the disastrous engagement at Cedar Creek in October of the same year. In March, 1865, his command was ordered to join General Lee at Petersburg, and it was placed on the right wing of Lee's army, on the Weldon Railroad, where it remained until the retreat from Petersburg. On the retreat, Sprinkle fought in the battles of Hatcher's Run and Five Forks; and he surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox. Owing to the loss of his horse, he had to walk to his home, a distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles. Thus ended the military service of a gallant Confederate cavalryman.

Comrade Sprinkle was a zealous Mason. He was raised to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason by Marion Lodge, No. 31, in 1873; and he remained a devoted and honored member of the Order until he joined the Lodge Celestial. The writer is the only living Mason who was affiliated with Marion Lodge when Brother Sprinkle was made a Master Mason.

He was thrice married. His first marriage was to Miss Belle Richardson, of Smyth County, Va., and to this union nine children were born, three sons and a daughter surviving him—Edgar T. Sprinkle, of Roanoke; Mrs. C. B. Francis, of Chilhowie, Va.; W. R. Sprinkle, of Bluefield, W. Va.; and G. V. Sprinkle, of Kingston, W. Va. His second wife was Miss Sarah Hankla, of Rural Retreat, and the third, Mrs.

Emma Chandler, of the same place. For forty years he had been a member of the Methodist Church, and he died happily in that faith.

For nearly seventy years the writer was intimately associated with Comrade Sprinkle, as schoolmate, Confederate veteran, and as Mason; and I can testify to his sterling worth, for I knew him well. He was of cheerful disposition, energetic, generous, and loyal to his friends. His body was consigned to the grave with full Masonic honors and his spirit has returned to God who gave it.

[William C. Pendleton, Company A, 45th Battalion Virginia Infantry.]

POLK DALLAS BURNS.

Polk D. Burns, born in Wayne County, Tenn., December 14, 1844, died at his home in Bentonville, Ark., after a year's illness. He enlisted for the Confederacy at Waynesboro in Company A, Capt. J. I. Biffle, in the 9th Tennessee Regiment, Dibrell's Brigade, later consolidated with the 17th Tennessee, and his company was commanded by Captain Anderson and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., March 5, 1865.

Mr. Burns was twice married, his first wife being Miss Sallie A. Kelley, and seven of their eight children survive him, all living in Western Texas. His wife died in 1907, and in 1911 he was married to Miss Corinna C. Parker, who also survives him. He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church, faithful in his Christian relationships.

It is said that Mr. Burns ran away from school to join the Confederate army, and he has told of capturing a flag from the enemy, but the particulars are not known. He was ever a faithful Confederate.

"'Tis mine to miss thee all my years,
And tender memories of thee keep;
Thine in the Lord to rest, for so—
He giveth his beloved sleep."

[His wife, Mrs. Corinna C. Burns.]

VIRGIL A. WILSON.

On the Sabbath eve of November 9, 1924, the gentle spirit of Virgil A. Wilson passed to the heavenly home, and on Armistice Day he was laid to rest in beautiful Oakland Cemetery, Atlanta, Ga.

Comrade Wilson was in his eighty-second year. He was the son of Samuel Hillhouse Wilson and Jane McCoy, and nephew of the late Dr. John S. Wilson, a noted Presbyterian divine. Virgil Wilson was a devoted Christian since early youth, a faithful friend, a loyal Confederate veteran, and served with honor throughout the war, taking part in many important battles. He was a member of the famous Georgia Infantry, whose survivors still hold their annual reunions in Atlanta on the 21st of July.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss F. C. Hughes Decatur, Ga., a son and two daughters, several grandchildren and great-grandchildren, also one sister.

E. S. AYCOCK.

E. S. Aycock, a member of the South Georgia Camp, 819 U. C. V., of Waycross, Ga., and a prominent citizen of Ware County, died on December 5, 1924, at the age of eighty-four years.

When war broke out between the States, Comrade Aycock enlisted in Company B, 30th North Carolina Regiment, Infantry, and he served faithfully to the end; and he made good a citizen after the war as he was a soldier, a loyal husband, and kind father, a Christian gentleman, and

ason. He will be missed by the comrades of the Camp, to
om he was ever loyal and devoted, and we shall hope to
et him in glad reunion on the other shore.

[T. E. Ethridge, Adjutant South Georgia Camp No. 819,
C. V.]

GEORGE E. HOGAN.

George E. Hogan was born in Spotsylvania County, Va.,
August 30, 1836, and at the age of ten years was taken to
ndolph County, now West Virginia, where he lived until
death on October 20, 1924, at Blue Lick Springs, in that
nty. He was in his eighty-ninth year. He was laid to
t in the Sweaker burial ground by the side of his wife, who
d several years ago.

'Uncle George,' as he was familiarly known, was a valiant
nfederate soldier, serving faithfully through the entire war.
was converted in early life and had since been a devout
mber of the Presbyterian Church. He was a man loved by
rybody.

His friend, W. Cam Hart, Elkins, W. Va.]

COMMANDER OF TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPART- MENT, U. C. V.

Gen. James M. Cochran, Commander of the Trans-Missis-
sippi Department, U. C. V., died at Dallas, Tex., on the night
December 25, death resulting within a week after a fall in
which his right leg was broken.

General Cochran was one of the youngest Confederate
veterans, being only seventy-eight years old. He was the
second male child born in what is now Dallas County, Tex., his
birth on June 1, 1846, being a month and some days before the
Confederacy was organized. He enlisted in the Confederate army
in the latter part of 1862 as a boy of sixteen, serving with
Company I, 30th Texas Cavalry, Gano's Brigade, Maxey's
Division; was promoted to sergeant in 1864, and so served to
the close.

A PILGRIMAGE.

Homage by Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Dickson, Chaplain's
Staff, United States Army, retired, of Washington, D. C.,
rendered on the occasion of the pilgrimage of the survivors of
the First Division, American Expeditionary Forces in the
World War, at the tomb of the unknown soldier, Arlington
National Cemetery, Sunday morning, October 5, 1924.]

The history of the First Division is a closed book.
It is not worthy to loose the seals thereof!
The chancery of heaven, known to God alone,
The record of those whose dust we cover with flowers.
This is a pilgrimage of love and reverence—
A pilgrimage safely guarded by unseen legions.
We see forms and faces from that place we call home,
Precious for loved ones through long days and longer nights.
The dark shadow fell on almost our every home.
The homage to woman who suffered most of all!
This is neither time nor place for us to acclaim.
We give that to others! Leave it to pious pilgrims—
To those who dwell on mountains capped with emotion—
To those who smelleth the raging battles afar off.
Children will here clasp their hands in prayer.
Praise! Profound veneration attend this presence!
And all from the valley of the shadow of death.
And the dim shadow of a once mighty substance.
We all of earth will come, will pause, will read—
We will well to speak the language God first gave man.

O leaves of oak! Come, form our winding sheet.

Leaves of strength! Come from the oak that defies the storm!

Come, rose leaves. See the place where dauntless valor sleeps.

Come, leaves of beauty. Leaves of beauty rest on beauty's
breast.

Comes, leaves of laurel. Mount high this Unknown Soldier's
brow!

Soldier! You rose from these ranks! Receive our homage
vow.

Come, emblem of every hope. Come, light painted flowers.

Come, those who first told man there is a God.

Come, flowers of Easter. Come, immortal Spring.

Come! Tell again the old, old story of His love.

Come, bless our leaning crosses. Come to our veiled Calvary.

Come! Tell loud the story! Let all the earth rejoice!

Come, O welcome night. Cover us with thy star cloth.

Catch every tear that falls—those beautiful bugles of reveille.

Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Dickson was the senior chaplain,
First Division, chaplain Sixth Field Artillery, the regiment
that fired the first shot for America in the World War. He
was in all the battles of the First Division.

HEROES IN GRAY.

BY T. B. SUMMERS, MILTON, W. VA.

I've read the history Roman,

I've read the history Greece,

I've read of noble yeomen

Who spent their lives in peace,

I've read of heroes martial

In many a bloody fray,

But never of more gallant

Than those who wore the gray.

I've heard the wartime music,

I've heard of battle strife,

I've seen the tattered remnant

Of what was vigorous life,

I've heard and known deep sages

Who knew what best to say,

But grandest down the ages,

Were those that wore the gray.

We sing of peace and plenty,

Of life, and all that's done,

And speak of deeds most gently

When done by noble son,

So are the minds embittered

When aught but good they say

Of laurels justly clustered

Around the brows of gray.

So, look we to the future,

The past is sealed and done,

No one need to draw the cloture

On any noble son,

Truth writes in history's page

To serve the coming day,

And through all time and ages

March heroes clad in gray.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
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41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North J Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

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

SOCIAL FEATURES OF THE SAVANNAH CONVENTION.

REPORTED BY MARY C. CHESLEY, OF BOSTON CHAPTER.

To attend a convention in Savannah means added inspiration to our great work and is also assurance that a round of unusual social delights are in store.

The first of this series was the dinner given on Monday evening, November 17, by the Division Presidents to the President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold. Thirty-eight States were represented around this table, so appropriately decorated with the U. D. C. colors, where the President General had the opportunity of meeting personally her leaders of the different Divisions.

On Tuesday the Savannah Chapter, U. D. C. entertained at luncheon in its beautiful Confederate Memorial Hall, the President General, officers, and special guests. The luncheon was made a sparkling feast by the many clever speakers introduced by the able toast mistress, Mrs. R. A. Grady. Those responding to her bright, unusual introductions were the local Presidents of the U. D. C., D. A. R., Colonial Dames, and civic clubs. These were followed by the President General, Mrs. Harrold, whose original descriptions of each ex-President General present were most unique. All of these responded to her very gracefully, and they were followed by the general officers.

The ball room of the DeSoto Hotel was the scene of the brilliant reception given by the Savannah Chapter on Wednesday evening to the officers and delegates of the convention. Handsomely gowned representative women from all over the United States had gathered to express their loyalty and enthusiasm to the ladies of the hostess Chapter, whose President, Mrs. A. B. Hull, stood at the head of the receiving line; and, with the President General, general officers, and others, welcomed the U. D. C. delegates to historic and beautiful Savannah.

The most unique entertainment given during the convention was the oyster roast given at the Shrine Club by the Sons of Confederate Veterans. On arrival at these beautiful grounds, we found long tables on which were pickles, crackers, cheese, and a blunt instrument which looked like a mighty weapon, but which we were told was the oyster opener. After we had taken our places, the gentlemen served the oysters, almost red hot, in their thick, rough shells. To hold them and open the shells with the mighty weapon required a little practice, but we were soon initiated and enjoyed this unusual feast. The setting for this picnic is deserving of special mention, for nowhere but in Savannah are found such groves of live oaks festooned with yards and yards of hanging gray moss. To those who had never had the rare oppor-

tunity of visiting Savannah before, this setting was beautifully impressive.

The most brilliant event of the social week was the be given to the Pages attendant on the convention, on Friday evening at the DeSoto Hotel. This bevy of pretty girl representatives of every State where there are U. D. Chapters, added charm, youth, and beauty to the convention. Every one, young and old, entered into the spirit of this occasion, and the ball will long be remembered as the brightest event of convention week in Savannah.

There were many private dinners and luncheons given special guests by different committees and directors, to the President General, Mrs. Harrold, and other officers. The Colonial Dames and D. A. R., in a most hospitable way served luncheons on the third floor of the Auditorium every day of the week to all attending the convention, except Saturday when we even entertained at the Y. W. C. A.

The delegates left Savannah with regret in their hearts a sincere appreciation of the many and varied forms of social delights.

U. D. C. NOTES.

[Several publicity chairmen sent material on November for the December VETERAN. There was not space in the Department for these notes and for an account of the Savannah convention, and we felt that the latter should have the right of way. As far as possible, the material sent in November and in December is being used this month in condensed form.—EDITLR U. D. C. DEPARTMENT.]

* * *

Mrs. W. H. Estabrook, Custodian of Crosses, has asked that Chapters be reminded that all orders for Crosses of Honor and Crosses of Service "must be filed in the office of the Custodian General *three weeks before the day intended bestowal.*" See Rule 7, Sec. 1.

* * *

October is convention month in many Divisions, and reports received from Arkansas, Maryland, New York, Kentucky, Missouri, and North Carolina showed enthusiasm and increased interest in all lines of work.

Mrs. Lora Goolsby, 612 East Capital Avenue, Little Rock is the new President of the Arkansas Division.

* * *

Kentucky Division's twenty-eighth annual convention was held in Frankfort. An appropriation of \$1,000 was made to the endowment fund of the Richmond Museum. Through the Education Committee, Mrs. John Woodbury, Chairman, the Daughters have secured the designation of Kentucky Day in the schools, on which the history of the State shall be emphasized. The State Department of Education

and out programs officially. One feature of the program on Historical Evening is particularly interesting. Living pages from "Southern Women in War Times" were the little girls dressed to represent the women of the book—Capt. Lily Tompkins, the Misses Cary, and others, each giving a short sketch of the one whom she represented.

Two members of this Division—Mesdames McKinney and McCarty—have been appointed Grounds Committee of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Commission, which has under its supervision of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Park at Louisville. This park has been taken over by the State of Kentucky, and plans are rapidly developing for making it interesting and beautiful. Ground has been broken for the house to be erected near the entrance, a replica of the house in which Jefferson Davis was born. This was not a log cabin in any means, but, since Samuel Davis, the father, was a planter of means, the house was an unusually large and handsome cottage for those early days, when all homes in that part of the country were, of necessity, built of logs. Donations of colonial furniture will be asked for, and it is hoped that the house will have a history. The first gift was presented by Mrs. Mary Cloud, a mahogany wall bracket and candlestick for same, brought by Miss Cloud's grandmother when she moved from Louisa County, Va., to Kentucky. Officers for the coming year:

President, Mrs. Harry McCarty, Nicholasville.
First Vice President, Mrs. Stanley Johnson, Lawrenceburg.
Second Vice President, Miss Frankye Ried, Hickman.
Third Vice President, Mrs. M. J. Clarke, Madisonville.
Recording Secretary, Miss Anna Belle Fogg, Frankfort.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Ray Rose, Nicholasville.
Treasurer, Miss Priscilla Griffith, Ghent.
Historian, Mrs. Grace Murray Mastin, Lexington.
Registrar, Mrs. M. J. Walton, Paducah.
Auditor, Mrs. R. T. Stone, Hopkinsville.
Custodian, Mrs. Edmonia Roberts, Bardstown.
Permanent Records, Mrs. G. T. Fuller, Mayfield.

* * *

Louisiana.—Belle Chasse, once the home of Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate statesman, was the scene of a brilliant gathering on Saturday, November 29, when the Judah P. Benjamin Memorial Association tendered a reception to all clubs, fraternal, patriotic, memorial, civic, and bar associations and to all persons interested in reclaiming and preserving the beautiful mansion and in making it one of the show places of the South. More than two thousand invitations had been issued. Belle Chasse is a building three stories high, with large halls, double parlors and with large galleries built entirely around the house. It is situated on a beautiful highway, across the river from New Orleans, and faces the mighty Mississippi.

Refreshments of delicious Louisiana coffee and old-fashioned cookies brought back memories of the days when Judah P. Benjamin entertained in his own lavish way. The signing of the charter was a feature of the afternoon, and from the beautiful winding stairway, Gen. Allison Owen, president of the organization, welcomed the guests and introduced Dr. George Butler, author of Judah P. Benjamin's biography, who spoke of the interesting life of Mr. Benjamin. Mrs. Florence Tompkins, represented the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Music was furnished by the Police Band. As Judah P. Benjamin served under four flags—the American, the Confederate flag, the French flag, and the English—these flags were conspicuous in the decorations of palms and flowers.

Mrs. Frank Harrold, President General, stopped for a few

hours in New Orleans on Monday, December 1, en route to Houston, Tex., where she went to attend the convention of the Texas Division, U. D. C. Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, President of Louisiana Division, and a few of her officers and Chapter Presidents, entertained Mrs. Harrold informally at a luncheon and with an automobile ride around the city.

* * *

Maryland.—The twenty-ninth annual convention of this Division was held October 29, in the historic city of Frederick, as guests of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, all reports showing steady advancement in the various lines of work.

Mrs. Franklin Canby, of Hagerstown, is the new President of Maryland Division. The Executive Board of the Maryland Division antedated by a month the action of the Savannah convention—viz., that a director be appointed in each Division to secure subscriptions for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Mrs. Preston Power, of Baltimore, was appointed to this work.

Ridgely Brown Chapter, of Rockville, on November 9, unveiled, in the Circuit Court room, in the presence of a large gathering, a bronze tablet erected by the members in memory of Lieut. Col. Ridgely Brown, who commanded the 1st Maryland Confederate Cavalry in the War between the States. Also a portrait of this brave and gallant officer was presented to the county by the Ridgely Brown Camp, U. C. V.; four of the six surviving members attending the ceremonies. Four veterans of the World War were presented with Service Crosses by the Daughters. A chaplain of the C. S. A., Rev. J. W. Duffy, of Washington, gave the invocation.

Seventeen hundred more names are required by Miss Sellman to complete the Calendar started two years ago. Communicate with her at 206 Rockwell Terrace, Frederick, Md.

Officers for 1925 are:

President, Mrs. F. P. Canby, Hagerstown.
First Vice President, Mrs. John Harrison, Baltimore.
Second Vice President, Miss Mae Rogers, Hyattsville.
Third Vice President, Mrs. J. C. White.
Fourth Vice President, Miss Julia Belt, Dickerson.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. F. Young, Hagerstown.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Clayton Hoyle.
Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Westcott, Baltimore.
Registrar, Mrs. C. N. Boulden.
State Editor, Mrs. Preston Power, Baltimore.
State Historian, Mrs. LeRoy McCardell, Frederick.
Custodian, Miss Sallie Maupin, Baltimore.

Director of Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. Henry West, Baltimore.

Parliamentarian, Mrs. Jed Gittings, Bethesda.

Chaplain, Mrs. John Jones, Braddock Heights.

(The Editor regrets not having the addresses of all officers.)

* * *

Missouri Division met for its twenty-seventh convention in Jefferson City, with Winnie Davis Chapter as hostess. The sessions lasted three days, and the Publicity Chairman reports it the most successful in the Division's history. John S. Marmaduke Chapter won the silver loving cup for the largest number of new members. Also the \$10 in gold for the best scrapbook. The Missouri Division is always interested in the VETERAN, the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter winning the prize of \$10 this year for securing the largest number of new subscriptions. Present at the convention were the Commandant of the Missouri Confederate Home, Mr. Chambers, and his wife, who expressed deep appreciation for the many thoughtful attentions to the inmates on the part of the Daughters. A remarkable scheme of landscape work is being developed at the Home, including the building of dams across the waste

land, producing artificial lakes, construction of driveways, planting twenty acres in blue grass to include a golf course, and other wonderful improvements, the expense for which is met with money cleared from operating the farm connected with the Home.

* * *

Great interest in bestowing Crosses of Service has been manifest in Mississippi recently. On Armistice Day, the Stephen D. Lee Chapter, at Columbus, carried out a beautiful ceremony when ten Crosses of Service were presented. The Chapter will have another presentation on January 19.

Mississippi has been called to mourn the loss of two loved and valued members—Mrs. Nettie Story-Miller, ex-President of the Division, whose beautiful life was an inspiration to all who knew her; and Mrs. Callie Harrison Sykes, a leader and past officer in the Stephen D. Lee Chapter, and Honorary Vice President of the Division. As a girl of the sixties, she had a part in the Memorial Day observed at Columbus, Miss., on April 25, 1866. Her loyalty, her interest, and her personal knowledge of things of that period made her service as Historian invaluable to the Chapter.

* * *

Mrs. A. J. Field, of New York, writes of the Division convention:

The ninth convention of the New York Division was held at Hotel Astor, in New York City on October 9, 1924, with a large attendance. The reports of the three Chapters were given by the Presidents, and told of increase in membership, in educational work, and in all the lines of endeavor. The outstanding work of the Division is the educational, with Mrs. F. E. Hill, chairman, who reported over sixteen hundred dollars to the credit of the educational committee during the past year.

The musical hour of Convention Day was unusually attractive and inspiring. A group of songs of the old South was sung by Miss Julia Hume, dressed in costume of the old days, while Mrs. Morse Hubbard gave a group of the best and sweetest of the modern songs.

The guests of honor present were Commandant Hatton, of the Veterans' Camp, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, Past President General, and Mrs. Alexander J. Smith, Recording Secretary General.

On Armistice Day, at a dinner dance given by the New York Chapter of the Military Order of the World War, a Service Cross was presented to the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, New York Division, U. D. C., and the presentation speech was made by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, former President General.

* * *

Mrs. Erwin, of Durham, writes of the North Carolina Division convention:

The twenty-eighth convention of the North Carolina Division, held in Rocky Mount, in October, stands out as the most important in the history of the organization. The President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, was present, also Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, ex-President General; Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton, of South Carolina, Historian General; and Mrs. Charles S. Wallace, of North Carolina, Third Vice President General; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, Past Recording Secretary General; and Mrs. F. M. Williams, Honorary President U. D. C.

The report of Mrs. R. P. Holt, the President, showed a remarkable amount of splendid things accomplished.

Officers for the coming year are:

President, Mrs. J. Dolph Long, Graham.

First Vice President, Mrs. Henry London, Jr., Raleigh.

Second Vice President, Mrs. S. L. McKee, Sylva.

Third Vice President, Mrs. J. Harper Erwin, Durham.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Hadley Woodard, Wilson.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Don Scott, Graham.

Registrar, Mrs. Emma Wallace, New Bern.

Treasurer, Mrs. Charles S. Wallace, Morehead City.

Historian, Mrs. S. H. Anderson, Fayetteville.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. O. E. Mendenhall, High Point.

Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. E. R. McKethan, Fayetteville.

Chaplain, Mrs. John Bridges, Tarboro.

Mrs. Henry P. Battle, Rocky Mount, Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte, and Mrs. Henry London, Pittsboro, were chosen Honorary Presidents of the Division.

The convention unanimously indorsed Maj. Gen. Robert E. Hoke as North Carolina's representative in the centennial group on Stone Mountain Memorial, thus leaving a place for Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew in the other group in the memorial.

Mrs. H. A. London presented the report of the pension committee. The committee was instructed to go before the legislature to seek the removal of the property clause from the pension law and ask a more specific definition of the term "blind and maimed." The convention indorsed, at the request of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, at Charlotte, the campaign of the American Legion and other patriotic organizations for increased pensions. The Daughters also gave their indorsement to the movement for a full-time chaplain at the State penitentiary.

The untiring efforts and work of Mrs. R. P. Holt as President were warmly praised by various speakers from the convention floor.

After the convention had authorized a committee to appear before the legislature in the interest of an appropriation for the Gettysburg monument and asked that every Daughter coöperate in securing the advancement of this fund, the twenty-eighth annual session of the State division adjourned to meet in Elizabeth City next October.

* * *

The South Carolina Division meets in historic Charleston too late (December 9) for a report for this month's VETERAN, but Mrs. H. S. Farley sends items showing activity in Chapters along various lines. Stonewall Chapter, Chesterfield, marked the grave of an unknown Confederate soldier with a granite marker.

J. B. Kershaw Chapter, of Laurens, is marking all graves of Confederate dead in the county. Lucinda Horne Chapter, Saluda, has placed ninety markers this year. Drayton Rutherford, of Newberry, has placed one hundred and sixty markers within the past few months.

The live Winthrop College Chapter, at the beginning of this session, divided the Chapter into teams for a members' drive, the Blues and the Reds, the former winning the contest.

Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, has compiled a pamphlet containing the names of Confederate soldiers who died in service and are buried in Columbia, with whatever record of tombstone carries; also the names of members of the Church who were last in service and buried elsewhere. The pamphlet is bound in gray with the U. D. C. emblem on the cover. This Chapter has distributed at its own expense 3,100 historical pamphlets during the year, and has given a scholarship at the University of South Carolina.

Paul McMichael Chapter, Orangeburg, leads the Chapter in the Division in the number of Crosses of Service bestowed. On Armistice Day sixty-one Crosses were presented, three of which were given to young men who made the supreme sacrifice.

Ellison Capers Chapter, Florence, reports all graves of Confederate veterans marked in that county, except one cemetery. William Wallace Chapter, Union, has given a subscription Miss Rutherford's Scrapbook to the high school.

* * *

Mrs. Annie Grace Drake, Chairman Publicity for Texas Division, reports on the convention in October:

After a most harmonious meeting, the twenty-eighth annual convention of the Texas Division adjourned on Thursday, December 4, to meet next year in Marshall, Tex. The tesses were the Houston Chapters—Robert E. Lee, Oran Roberts, and Jefferson Davis—with Mrs. Whit Boyd as general chairman of the local committees.

Business sessions were held in the local Y. W. C. A. building while the evening entertainments were held in the ballroom of the Rice Hotel, the Pages' Ball being held in the ballroom of the Gunter Hotel.

Social functions were the luncheon given in honor of the President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, and Mrs. E. W. Harrold, President of the Texas Division, the auto drive on Wednesday afternoon, followed by a brilliant reception at the home of Mrs. J. O. Ross, and the Pages' Ball under the auspices of the Sons of Veterans. Presidents' Evening was featured by an eloquent address from the President General, Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson presiding, and Historical Evening was marked by a beautiful program, the principal address given by Commander Lon Smith, Texas Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the awarding of prizes by the Historian of the Division, Mrs. Bettie Magruder.

The new City-County Hospital was dedicated Tuesday afternoon under the auspices of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, a hospital bearing the name of the honored President of the Confederacy, whose portrait was unveiled on this occasion, Gen. J. C. Foster, Commander of the Texas U. C. V., presided over the ceremonies.

Mrs. J. K. Bivens, of Longview, was elected President of the Division, and other officers, most of whom were reelected, were named as follows:

First Vice President, Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson, Houston; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. W. Brosig, Navasota; Third Vice President, Mrs. G. A. Gray, Belton; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. D. M. Cushing, San Antonio; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. M. Turner, Longview; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. T. Dunavant, Dallas; Treasurer, Mrs. W. E. Johnston, Fort Worth; Registrar, Mrs. A. M. Jones, Austin; Historian, Mrs. Bettie Magruder, San Angelo; Custodian, Mrs. T. H. Bowman, Austin; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. B. B. Harrold, Houston; Poet Laureate, Mrs. P. S. Summers, Marshall. The afternoon session was saddened by a telegram to Mrs. Harrold, President General, announcing the death of her father. As a tribute of respect, the meeting was adjourned immediately, and a committee was sent to express to her the sympathy of the Division.

A student loan fund, open to the lineal descendants of Confederate veterans, was established during this convention. In its report, the Education Committee set out the need of such a fund. The report also showed that \$8,000 was spent by the Division last year on scholarships and loan funds.

IN MEMORIAM.

The sympathy of our great organization has been deeply touched by the sorrow which has come to our President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, in the death of her father, Mr. William S. Walker, of Monroe, Ga., which occurred early in December. The Walker home at Monroe has long been famous for its ideals of Christian service and hospitality.

Another death which has cast a shadow on the organization is that of Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Morrison, of North Carolina, so widely known for her efficient work in that State as a Daughter of the Confederacy and beloved for her personal attributes. After a long illness, her spirit passed into the realms of rest on the 24th of December.

Historical Department, U. C. V.

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

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

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

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

FEBRUARY PROGRAM.

The Wilderness campaign.

Spottsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 12, 18.

J. E. B. Stuart and Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864.

Second Cold Harbor, June 1, 3.

Tell of Grant's plans now to attack Richmond from the south.

TENNESSEE DIVISION PRIZE ESSAY.

The Junior High School Medal is given this year by Mrs. Mary Noel Moody in memory of her father, Judge J. H. Estes, Haywood County, who served in the 6th Tennessee Regiment, Company A.

Rules governing medal contest in junior high school:

Subject: Jefferson Davis.

Only pupils of the seventh and eighth grades are entitled to enter this contest.

Essays must be typewritten on 8½x13 inch paper.

Sign your essay with number.

Seal your number with your true name and address.

Essays will be judged in accuracy, originality, and style.

Mail essay not later than April 15, 1925, to Mrs. Leon Kirby, State Historian, 901 Stirling Avenue, North Chattanooga, Tenn.

ROBERT E. LEE HONORED IN GREECE.

The largest building at the Near East Relief's orphanage in Syra, Greece, will henceforth be known as the Robert E. Lee Memorial, in recognition of large contributions made toward its erection by the people of the State of Virginia. The building was dedicated with impressive ceremonies.

A memorial tablet in the hallway bears a biography of Lee, written by one of the Armenian orphan boys. It begins:

"In the beautiful State of Virginia, near the home of George Washington, lived one of his dearest friends, General Lee. On January 19, 1807, a sturdy son was born and named Robert Edward. As a boy Robert was not lazy, but loved to work for himself. Because he was strong and active and cheerful, he was greatly loved by all. He never caused his family sorrow by using bad language."

The remainder of the biography recounts Lee's public career, but these first sentences are interesting as showing the traits which seem most admirable to his young Armenian biographer.—*Exchange*.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dex
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside We
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. F.
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simp
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wri
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackb
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dink
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrou
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. War
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Ya
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstr
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyw
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Mi
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fie
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blen
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Har

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

THE NEW YEAR.

Most cordial and affectionate New Year's greetings to each and every one, with the heartfelt wish that a protecting Providence may enfold you in the coming days. Opportunity stands knocking at the door. May there be no deaf ear to the call for service. May each, with faces set toward the horizon, with the music of past memories ringing in her ears, pledge afresh her loyalty and best efforts to carry on the noble work which is our heritage, always remembering our motto in loyally upholding our righteous pledge.

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Faithfully yours,
MARGARET A. WILSON, *President General*.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

NEW MONUMENT IN OKLAHOMA CITY.

Mrs. James R. Armstrong, State President Oklahoma C. S. M. A., writes from Oklahoma City, as follows:

"Oklahoma sends love and greetings for a very happy and prosperous New Year to our beloved Veterans, Life Mothers, and coworkers of our organization.

"The Jefferson Davis Memorial Association of our city is quite proud of its work the past year in erecting the beautiful monument in Fairlawn Cemetery, in memory of our dear veterans, who so loyally and lovingly followed their great leaders through 1861-65; and we have done this within the ranks our own veterans, Sons, and Daughters of Oklahoma City. We only know two other monuments in the State, one at Durant and one at Tahlequah. On Thanksgiving our Association entertained the veterans and life members, about forty-five in number, with a beautiful luncheon in the home of the President, Mrs. James R. Armstrong. We are studying Miss Rutherford's 'Scrapbook' each meeting and only wish that every Association would do the same, as it is most helpful and all would enjoy it so much. We think it is the best ever.

"To our dear President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, our love and appreciation for her many sweet words of help and comfort.

"Only wish that every member of the C. S. M. A. could see our beautiful monument. Come to Oklahoma. We welcome you. Hope to meet each one in Dallas at the next reunion, May, 1925."

THE HUNTINGTON, WEST VA., ASSOCIATION.

The Confederated Memorial Association of Huntington West Va., held a memorial and business meeting on November 13, being entertained at the home of the local President Mrs. Thomas Hope Harvey, who is State President. wish that we could give a vivid picture of the stirring scene this gathering of the old and the young, those choice spirits who venerate the cause of the South, those who fought for and those who love them who fought. With an ever-increasing membership of over three hundred, their wonderful President notwithstanding the limitations of years of invalidism, proved what heart interest can accomplish in a community. The program follows, but the sweet music, the words of inspiration, and the sympathetic tributes paid to the noble dead, our late Commander in Chief, and others lately passed, the genial comradeship of a union in fidelity expressed in gracious and bountiful hospitality, these can but be suggested to the imagination.

Music; The Lord's Prayer; Reading of General Haldeman's last message in the VETERAN; Roll call of deceased members of past year; Old Gray Jacket recited, Mrs. Wayne Ferguson; Musci; "Dixie"; "Annie Laurie"; A Message from the President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, expressing her love and interest, was read to the members; a Silent Prayer; Welcome by Mrs. Thomas Hope Harvey; Reading of minutes and discussion of business, Mrs. L. A. Daniel, First President, presiding. Voting in twelve new members; statement by Treasurer; a canvass for subscriptions to the VETERAN; election of officers; echoes from the Memphis reunion as follows; How the reunion impressed me as a whole—Hollenbeck; Our Heroes, Mrs. Bradford; Our Girls; Southern Gentlemen, Miss Jannette Hatch; Our Thanks to Mrs. Woodyard; Why we love the C. S. M. A., Mrs. F. McAlhatten; The Joy of the Hour, Miss Sallie Jones; One Feels who is left Behind, Mrs. L. A. Daniel and Mrs. Wayne Ferguson. After the program, delicious refreshments were served. The meetings of the association are all held at the home of Mrs. Harvey.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL HALDEMAN.

A memorial service was held in memory of our beloved Commander in Chief, U. C. V. Gen. William B. Haldeman, November 16, in Memphis, Tenn., under the auspices of the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, assisted by C. No. 28, U. C. V., and other veterans.

Engraved invitations were sent out by Mrs. Charles

yan, Vice President, C. S. M. A., and Capt. C. A. De
ussure, commanding Camp No. 28, U. C. V.

A beautiful program was arranged by Mrs. Mary H. Miller,
ate President C. S. M. A.

FATHER TABB.*

A REVIEW BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT.

The most eloquent and the shortest epitaph known to me
s found in a family graveyard in Tidewater, Va. Beside
name and dates of birth and death are two words: "*Con-
federate Veteran*." Thus inscribed by a devoted wife, these
words express all that need be said of manhood, valor,
egrity.

It is such eloquence as is fitting for the memory of America's
st famous epigrammatic poet, Father Tabb. This dis-
tinction was given by the editor of a volume of epigrams
published by the Oxford University Press in the Oxford
-land Series. Through long years the name, Father Tabb,
has been associated with a conception of beauty and purity,
the essence of poetic expression. The wide range of publica-
tion of his verses in American magazines has popularized the
name of the poet priest.

The small volumes of collected poems are to be kept among
treasures. Such a volume has been in sick room a benison,
a phial of attar of roses, each poem a tiny drop of distilled
eternity to weary heart, poignant with holy devotion and
peace. Again, iridescent with the light and color of philo-
sophic thought, a conjuring with words, a mental delight.
In, pure fantasy for the playful mood.

Those who have so loved Father Tabb's writings welcome
with gratitude this "Life" and rejoice that a volume giving a
complete collection of his poems is promised by the author.
The table of contents shows the range and interest of this
book:

Birth and Boyhood; Civil War Experiences; Conversion to
Christianism and Preparation for the Priesthood; The Priest;
Teacher; The Friend; The Man; The Author; Blindness
and Death; Religion and Poetry; Favorite Poets and Their
Influence; a True Lyric Poet. Each chapter is replete with
nate knowledge and sympathetic treatment.

Father Tabb: *Confederate Veteran*" is a title of nobility
which deserves a story. Add to this the word *Virginian*, signify-
ing the undying loyalty and patriotism of such heritage, and
the brief designation becomes eulogistic.

Born in Amelia County, Va., at the plantation home, The
-st, John Banister Tabb was nurtured in like environment
that of the greatest general of the English-speaking race
the noblest of his compatriots in the Army of Northern
Virginia. Every one of Southern lineage to-day should pro-
- this book and read with pride another record of plantation
and of that glorious civilization that has passed forever.
In no other homes have ever come such high gifts as were
-ed to the Southern Confederacy.

From Lee, the matchless warrior, stretched the octave of
-ness to poet. Two of peerless gifts—Sidney Lanier and
- Banister Tabb—have been accorded world-wide recogni-
-.

Together they suffered the martyrdom of war. Fellow
-ners at Point Lookout, the harrowing details of their
-y and pain are too horrible, declares the author of this
-, to be printed in its pages. Reference is made to Lanier's
-er Lilies," that marvelous product of three weeks' labor,
-nce book of poetic concepts later given tone and musical

ther Tabb: A Study of His Life and Works," with uncollected and
-ished poems, By Francis A. Litz, Ph. D. Price, \$2.50. The Johns
-as Press, Baltimore.

expression in finished poems. The limited circulation of
Lanier's only novel may be accounted for because of its
accuracy in depicting some phases of that war so bitter
to Confederates and so embarrassing to the fair fame of the
victorious army. Now that organizations are formed for the
purpose of promoting world peace, I suggest that "Tiger
Lilies" be republished and used as propaganda. It is the
most succinct, unanswerable, and heavenly thought plea for
the brotherhood of man as opposed to that obnoxious, obscene,
bane—war.

There is one scene of Confederate history which baffles the
chisel of the sculptor of the "Gray Minstrel"—Stone Moun-
tain—the meeting of Lanier and Tabb at Point Lookout.
What artist can limn the picture of the worn, gray-clad young
soldier—he of slender grace, ecstatic with the spirit of music,
as he stood with his flute that twilight hour and sent notes of
surpassing sweetness to find echo in the soul of a sick and
weary fellow sufferer—to be known as fellow poet and friend
for all time hence!

Father Tabb tells the story of this first meeting: "Here in
this hell hole I met Sidney Lanier. Late one evening, while
I was lying in my cot, ill with fever, the distant, clear, sweet
notes of a flute reached my ears. I was entranced. I said to
myself, I must find that man. I was told that the player was
a young man from Georgia who had just come among us.
I forthwith hastened to find him out, and from that hour the
flute of Sidney Lanier was our daily delight. It was an angel
imprisoned with us to cheer and console us. Well I remember
his improvisations and how the young artist stood there in the
twilight. Many a stern eye moistened to hear him, many a
homesick heart for a time forgot its captivity. The night sky,
clear as a dewdrop above us, the waters of the Chesapeake far
to the east, the long gray beach, and the distant pines seemed
all to have found an interpreter in him. In all those dreary
months of imprisonment under the keenest privations of life,
exposed to the daily manifestations of want and depravity,
sickness, and death, his was the clear-hearted, hopeful voice
that sang what he uttered in after years."

The fidelity of Father Tabb to the principles, inborn and
bred, for which he suffered in war, led to the designation,
"Unredeemed Rebel," a title he claimed for himself. Only
lesser souls "bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift
may follow fawning."

A study of the life and works of Father Tabb is a revelation
of the genius of the Southerner. Original to eccentricity, there
was yet a brilliant mentality wedded to practical common
sense. As teacher, this is marked. The failure of present-day
educational systems to induce culture has become a lament.
To read, write, and speak the English language, in a literate
way, is becoming a lost art. School boards should examine
Father Tabb's "Bone Rules for Teaching Grammar."

Indeed, this volume on Father Tabb is a source book of
valuable information. The collected poems included are a
treasury.

Fidelity to his past is, in one instance, expressed by Father
Tabb in his tribute to his black mammy. Her epitaph is
worthy the pen of our great poet of epigram:

"Died, at The Forest, Amelia County, Jenny Thompson.

"To Jenny, whose faithful service to our household ended
only with her life—

"To her, O Tenderness Divine,
Be thou as she to me and mine."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

LOOKING FORWARD AND BACK.

THE BATTLE AROUND OLD PRINCIPLES.

The time to help preserve the theory of government for which the Confederate soldier fought, and which is now attacked under the guise of a so-called and misnamed "child labor" amendment to the Constitution, is now at hand. Thirty-eight State legislatures are now, or shortly will be, in session, and this question of adoption or rejection of this amendment will be before them. Powerful forces are at work to engraft this socialistic principle upon our government. Leading them are the American Federation of Labor and the National Federation of Women's Clubs, it is asserted. With them are the Socialists and the mass of paid professional "reformers." Opposed to the amendment stand thirty-eight organizations of manufacturers and over eighty State and national organizations of farmers. With these are aligned the Virginia State Chamber of Commerce, the New York State Chamber of Commerce, the West Virginia Bar Association, and many similar farm and business organizations. That no single true American would support the substitution of our theory of the rights of the States and the home with this Bolshevistic proposal for the nationalization of the youth of the land can be readily believed. But the proponents of this measure are alert, crafty, and overlook no means to carry their point. A false and beguiling sentimentalism is spread thickly through the propaganda of the movement and many women are its victims. It is hard to get the truth to people, hard to sift truth from propaganda and sophistry when we do get it. The indications are that the American people are not willing to turn over their government to the crack-brained theories now upheaving Europe. A paper which loudly supports this government intrusion of the home is now wildly shrieking against "the tyranny" of inspection of income tax returns! It is vital to the safety and the continuance of our American nation that the people withstand now this mass attack upon our fundamentals of government and Americanism by these forces of socialism, shallow sentimentalism, and bureaucracy. It is a comfort to know that the women of the country are too generally informed on vital questions to be led in a mass by demagogues or deceived leaders. The great mass of the intelligent women of this country, numbers of them in the women's clubs of the country, in spite of misguided attempts to lead them into this socialistic morass, may be depended upon to support the continuance of fundamental American principles.

REPORTS AND CAMP NEWS.

Texas reports the following officers elected at a meeting Dick Dowling Camp No. 281, of Port Arthur: Commander R. A. Shivers. First Lieutenant Commander, Henry Crawford. Second Lieut Commander, Henry Matire. Adjutant Dr. O. I. Baker. Surgeon, Dr. C. W. Fulbright. Quartermaster, H. F. Baker. Chaplain, C. N. Ellis. Treasurer, F. P. Wood. Color Bearer, S. R. Nicks. Historian, J. Payne. Judge Advocate, A. W. Dycus.

The Second Brigade of the Texas Division reports through Brigade Commander Ed. S. Carver the following appointments:

Brigade Adjutant, W. B. Simmons, Orange.
Brigade Quartermaster, C. C. Nicholson, Jacksonville.
Brigade Inspector, O. M. Stone, Jasper.

District of Columbia and Maryland Division reports through Division Commander, John A. Chumbley the following staff appointments, all of Washington, D. C.:

Adjutant, E. W. Pillow; Inspector, Alphonse Gouldner; Judge Advocate, George T. Rawlins; Quartermaster, W. Wilkinson; Commissary, John F. Little; Surgeon, Dr. C. Clarke; Historian, Major E. W. R. Ewing; (Ballston, Va.) Chaplain, Rev. A. R. Bird; Color Bearer, Guy Hardy.

"TO THE 'DAUGHTERS' GOD BLESS 'EM."

The Savannah convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy brought prominently to the public mind the greatness and importance, in a national sense, of this great woman's organization. The newspapers gave it as no importance and serious publicity as they extend to any semblance of women of the country. In fact, the U. D. C. stands in the front rank of patriotic orders and women organizations, it being equalled by but two others and surpassed by none. The membership now exceeds one hundred thousand, a membership obtained not through paid solicitation nor field agents, but by the patriotic endeavors of the women themselves. The order expends on educational work and bestowing of scholarships, in cash and scholarship value, a total of around one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A special sum of thirty thousand dollars was voted at Savannah toward their history work. The Jefferson Davis Highway stands out as one of their great works and monuments, and boulders mark the country which are being erected and have been erected by the U. D. C. The liberations of this body are marked by a dignity and standard of ethics not always observed by other organizations, either of men or of women. Its committee reports attest the

importance of the affairs of the organization as well as the ability of the women who handle these affairs. Its influence now extends overseas—its work covers this continent.

THE S. C. V. TWENTY YEARS AGO.

In June, 1904, twenty years ago, there was held in the city of Nashville, Tenn., the first joint convention of the United Confederate Veterans and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, whose name has now been changed to Sons of Confederate Veterans. It was the ninth annual reunion of the Sons. Dr. Thomas M. Owen, at that time Commander of the Alabama Division of Sons, in speaking to the veterans, said: "I pledge the Sons to be loyal to you forevermore. You have admitted us to the house of our fathers. Shall we remain in it? We will, for always. We will perpetuate your memory and keep alive your fame." In speaking to the Sons, Gen. W. B. Bate said: "Your purpose is to preserve and perpetuate the history of the country and to correct any slurs and slanders that may be cast and see that the reputation of your father be protected." Past Commander in Chief of the S. C. V., Biscoe Hindman, made a speech, and was followed by a talk by the then Commander in Chief, William McL. Fayssoux. W. Covington Hall was then Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff S. C. V. Gen. Irvine Walker addressed the Sons and stated that the veterans wished the Sons to erect the monument to the women of the South, and had passed a resolution to that effect. Comrade James Mann, in response, proposed the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we accept willingly the responsibility the veterans have placed upon us of erecting a memorial to the women of the Confederacy, and that we pledge our sacred honor to the consummation of this labor of love."

At this reunion it is interesting to note that Robert E. Camp, of Fort Worth, Tex., reported a membership of 1908, which was three times as large as the membership of any other reporting Camp. Next came John A. Broadus Camp, of Louisville, Ky., with 450 members. Beauregard Camp, of New Orleans, reported 390 members; and Sam Davis Camp, of Ardmore, Ind. T., 306 members. The action of officers resulted as follows: N. R. Tisdal, Commander in Chief S. C. V.; J. J. Davis, of Louisville, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department; R. E. L. Munum, Commander Army of Tennessee Department; and A. A. Skean, of the Indian Territory, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department.

SCATTERING SHOTS.

Did you ever hear of a Northern orator praising Jefferson Davis to a Northern audience or illustrating some prime virtue by bringing in his name? did you ever read of this being done or ever see such in Northern papers? How many, many times have you heard Southern orators illustrate some prime virtue by naming Lincoln to Southern audiences! How much in his praise have you heard or read in the South? How much? Well, what's the answer? Who's looney now? A man is reported to have rewritten the Bible, using "every word English" so that "all can understand it." This person should be restrained. He would cheerfully paint a cigarette between the mocking lips of the Mona Lisa to bring that much discussed lady more up to date. His rudiments of appreciation are so lacking that he could with equanimity place a memorial to old John Brown in the Confederate Battle Cemetery at Richmond.

The Florida S. C. V. got out an attractive program of their thirty-fourth annual convention and reunion, which

was held in Tampa in October. Among the orators of the reunion were Col. John Z. Reardon and Judge Raleigh Petteway. The social side of an unusually interesting meeting was graced by a ball at the DeSoto Hotel, automobile rides, and a reception at the Tampa Yacht and Country Club.

AS WERE THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

A very wise man, a bishop of a great Church, writes to this editor; "While the Romans conquered the Greeks with arms, the Greeks conquered the Romans with learning when the young men of Rome went to Athens to study. If seems our Southern people, having been defeated in battle, are being defeated in education. As long as our young men go North to the great Northern universities we shall have Northern sentiment becoming more aggressive and energetic among us." The woeful truth of this utterance is attested by too many instances we can all call to mind where both young men and young women have returned to their homes from Northern institutions of learning totally befuddled as to their country's true history. Our pulpits, our newspapers, our religious and educational publications, all supported by Southern money, are in too many cases purveyors, purposely or innocently, of Northern propaganda. Efforts to defend our Southern history and institutions and the memory of our fathers from slander is termed, even by some of our own people, "keeping alive strife." The total absence of mention or praise of Jefferson Davis, even in the South, in papers and pulpit, while floods of adulation of Lincoln sweep ever about us everywhere is significant. It is not a difference in character to the detriment of resident Davis that causes this. It is due to the known or unconsciously absorbed pressure of propaganda of which our educators, writers, and speakers are victims. We are being educated away from truth, away from reverence for our country's history and the glory of our own fathers.

FROM AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

The following letter, dated July 31, is from an English friend in Canada, Mr. Percy Fletcher, whose address is the Pacific Club, Victoria, B. C., and it should have had earlier attention. It is hoped that some patron of the VETERAN can help him to secure a Confederate button. Mr. Fletcher writes:

"As a reader of your most interesting paper, I am loth to let go by unnoticed a mistake in this month's issue. On page 255 (July number), you refer to 'the Speaker of the House of Lords.' There is no Speaker of our Upper House, the Lord Chancellor being in the chair. The Speaker occupies his position in the House of Commons, in which Lady Astor sits. Years ago, I met the Langhorne sisters at White Sulphur Springs, Va., so am interested in your paragraph, but felt constrained to rectify the mistake.

"I may mention that I am an Englishman—a veteran of the World War, and regret that I was not born early enough to have followed the glorious Confederate flag, which hangs, together with our Union Jack, in my study here. Have several relics of Bull Run, picked up by myself years ago when in Virginia. What I have been trying to do for a long time is to secure a service button of the Confederate army which has been really used. May I enlist your aid in that quest? I am in tutorial work, and have several American pupils with whom I have lengthy discussions on the 'War between the States!'"

"THE SONGS OF DIXIE."

It is a pleasing announcement that another edition of "Echoes from Dixie" is now available, for many inquiries have been made for a good collection of Southern songs since the supply of this work was exhausted some months ago. This collection was compiled by Mrs. Hampden Osborne as leader of the Confederate Choir No. 1, and later was revised and added to. An interesting Foreword by Matthew Page Andrews tells of the place music holds in Southern life, and this collection gives many of the sweet old songs our mothers used to sing, the Confederate war songs which stirred and sustained our fathers in the sixties, songs of love, and the old hymns which were so comforting to those who gave their best beloved for their country. Both words and music are given, and only in this collection will be found Jeb Stuart's great song, "Jine the Cavalry."

That any people should wish to preserve their songs in the original form seems incomprehensible to a certain Chicago periodical, which gave a review of the first edition of this collection in the following:

"We are not able to comprehend the purpose of keeping alive the memories that rankled in the days of the Civil War. Why keep on printing the 'secesh' words of 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' for instance? Why retain such stuff as 'Davis, our loved President' and similar hog wash that has no place in our patriotic song? There have been loyal versions of that song. Isn't it as well to let the other kind die?"

In other words, we should realize that "Dixie's songs are o'er, her glory gone on high," Who was it said, "Let me write the songs of a country and I care not who writes her laws"? The North has so long written history for the South that it would now write our songs. As we don't happen to feel just that way, we will go on singing our songs as they were written. This collection gives the original versions—and no Yankee emendations—and it should be used in our Southern schools that the children may be trained in that sentiment for home and country that is impressed most deeply through song.

The new edition is advertised in this number of the VETERAN.

MARKING OUR BATTLE FIELDS.

Special attention is called to the first message sent out by the Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia, Confederate Veterans, in which he brings out the great work yet to be done in properly marking the battle fields of the South:

OFFICE OF ADJUTANT GENERAL,
PETERSBURG, VA., November 17, 1924.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

1. The Grand Commander, deeply sensible and appreciative of your renewed confidence imposed in him, with an ever-abiding faith in your generous support, cheerfully enters upon the duties and privileges of another year, trusting in that unerring providence which has ever been our support and stay in the past for guidance and accomplishment. No constructive work or achievement looking to the perpetuation of our cause and the memory of its heroic defenders could possibly deserve our attention more than the marking of the principal battle fields of Virginia made sacred by the blood and sacrifices of her heroic sons. For sixty long years the people of Virginia have waited and prayed that an opportunity might be afforded them of contributing to this much-deferred but sacred duty. The hour and opportunity have met.

Prompted by the action of the patriotic citizens of Rich-

mond, whose committee is now actively engaged in marking the battle fields around that city, and their expressed desire to have us coöperate with them, and having received the voluntary approval and hearty support of the Command of the Virginia Division, Confederate Veterans, and that of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Confederate Veterans of Virginia, Memorial Day, May 30, 1925, has been designated as the time when all the people of Virginia will be requested to make an offering for that purpose. A committee composed of Veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy will arrange in their several localities to receive the offering and present each contributor with a miniature Confederate flag as a souvenir of the occasion, and forward all contributions to the Battle Field Markers Association in Richmond, which is now incorporated. And it is remembered that when you have yielded to every impulse of your better nature and responded to every suggestion of patriotism and sacred obligation to your comrades and posterity, there will still be mute voices from hundreds of battle fields echoing and reverberating from every hill and valley of Virginia, pleading for justice and appealing for recognition of plighted vows. Then let your offering be as free and princely as the lives of those you seek to perpetuate were heroic and sacrificial.

2. The soldiers of the Grand Camp need no reminder that the next annual meeting will be held in Staunton, a city whose history is known to the world by the fame of Stonewall Jackson, and whose generous hospitality is sung by all who have been permitted to enjoy it. The date fixed for the reunion is June 16, 17, 18, 1925.

By command of

GEN. C. B. LINNEY, *Grand Commander.*
CARTER R. BISHOP, *Adjutant General.*



"Lest We Forget"

These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

PRICE, \$1.50 EACH

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ATTALLA FOUNDRY AND MACHINE CO., ATTALLA, ALA.

THIS YEAR'S HARVEST.

This year's harvest of important farm crops, the highest in price in five years though not the greatest in output, was valued at \$9,479,902,000 by the Department of Agriculture—\$753,013,000 higher than last year's revised total of \$726,889,000 and \$1,663,882,000 higher than in 1922, when the values aggregated \$7,816,020,000.

The combined producing area was smaller this year, 355,210,400 acres, compared with 355,594,730 in 1923.

Spring and winter wheat crops were highly satisfactory, but corn had an unfavorable season. Cotton, planted late, suffered from drought, but a fair crop was produced.

A large crop of potatoes on a smaller acreage than in recent years resulted in unusually favorable weather.

Corn maintained its rank as king of crops. Although production was 600,000,000 bushels less than last year, the value was \$188,000,000 more than the 1923 crop, the estimate for this year being \$2,405,468,000.

Cotton ranked second, with \$1,683,000,000, of which \$1,487,225,000 was the value of lint and \$196,048,000 the value of seed.

Hay, with a total value of \$1,467,000,000, was third crop in point of income.

Wheat ranked fourth, with a total value of \$1,136,596,000.—*National Tribune*

Who can supply a copy of Dabney's Life and Campaigns of Stonewall Jackson? Write to the VETERAN" stating condition and price asked.

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Highest prices paid. Write me what you have. Also U. S. used before 1870. I will not remove them from the envelopes, I will pay more for them on the envelopes. Write me to-day.

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MR. C. E. BROOKS

John W. Davis, of Roanoke, Va., had an uncle, Milton Harmon, killed in the battle of Chancellorsville, in Stonewall Jackson's Brigade, and he wishes to secure his war record, company and regiment to which he belonged, etc.

Elijah H. Gullede, Marlowe, Okla., Route 1, wishes to find some comrade belonging to his company or who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. He was with Company A, 15th Tennessee Cavalry, having enlisted in Henry County, Tenn. He is trying to get a pension.

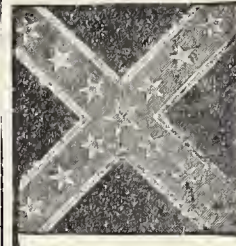
J. H. Mathes, of Hamlin, Tex., Route 6, who served with Company I, 37th Mississippi Regiment, wishes to get in communication with some surviving comrade, as he is trying to get a pension. He enlisted in March, 1862, and his regiment was under Colonel Benton.

Benton B. Megown, prosecuting attorney for Ralls County, at New London, Mo., asks the replacement of a copy of the VETERAN received in a mutilated condition, and says: "I file each copy away after reading, for future reference, and cherish them very highly, for I obtain history from the VETERAN that I cannot find in any of the histories."

R. V. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., wants to hear from anyone who was living in Macon County, or Montgomery County, Ala., in 1863, and can give him information relative to the company, regiment, and brigade to which his father, Dr. Richard V. Mitchell, and his uncle, Col. John Gregory Stokes, belonged. Doubtless some surviving comrades can give him information of the company, regiment, and under whose command each enlisted.

Mrs. Anna DuBose Burt, 204 Dixon Street, Tuscumbia, Ala., wishes to hear from any comrades or friends of her father, Dr. Wilds Scott DuBose, captain of Company E (Anthony Grays), 2nd Battalion, North Carolina Infantry, C. S. A. Later he was appointed assistant surgeon, 7th Regiment Confederate Cavalry. She wishes to join the Daughters of the Confederacy, and her papers must be signed by some veterans who can testify to his service.

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OLD BOOKS.—Cash paid for old books and pamphlets on Texas, Louisiana, California, Utah, and other Southern and Western States; also for autograph letters, books, scrapbooks, or pamphlets by or about Lee, Davis, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Wilson, and other famous historic Americans. M. H. Briggs, 5113 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Col. W. A. Love, of Columbus, Miss., writes of the booklet on State Capitols of the South: "I very much appreciate its educational value, while admiring the fine style and make up. It should be in the hands of our young people generally."

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



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Confederate History

The following books were largely procured through the sale of the library of the late Gen. B. H. Young, former Commander in Chief U.C. V., and some of them are offered now through the VETERAN for the first time, owing to their scarcity. Nearly all books in the list are scarce and most of them the single volume, so mention second and third choice in sending your order.

Destruction and Reconstruction. By Gen. Richard Taylor.....	\$3 00
Hampton and His Cavalry. By Edward L. Wells. (Long out of print).....	5 00
Four Years under Mars' Robert. By Major Stiles.....	3 00
Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards. (Long out of print).....	5 00
Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson. By his wife.....	3 00
Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. Compiled by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. (First edition)	3 50
Partisan Life with Mosby. By Maj. John Scott.....	4 00
Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon. (Memorial edition).....	5 00
Confederate War Papers. By Gustavus A. Smith.....	2 00
Life and Campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Jordan and Pryor. (An old copy, first edition).....	4 00
Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry. By W. C. Dodson.....	3 00
The Immortal Six Hundred. By Maj. J. J. O. Murray.....	2 00
Memorial Volumes of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	3 00
History of the Laurel Brigade, Ashby's Cavalry. By Capt. William N. McDonald.....	4 00
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THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Confederate Veteran

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VOL. XXXIII.

FEBRUARY, 1925

NO. 2



PRESIDENT DAVIS AND GENERALS, C. S. A.
(See page 43)

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.

2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.

3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.

4. Mathew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

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

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DON'T NEED MONEY.

According to a Treasury statement, \$40,000,000 in matured Victory notes and \$22,000,000 of war savings certificates have not been presented for payment, though interest on them ceased at maturity. At the rate of interest borne by them, owners of such government obligations are daily losing \$7,316; and, in the meantime, the money is being held idle in the Treasury to pay them whenever called for. How much of the foregoing amounts represents negligence and how much lost or destroyed securities is, of course, not known.

This, however, is not all of the story. During the war's progress a temporary form of Liberty Bond was issued to subscribers with the explanation that a new bond would be exchanged for it later. The government made good its pledge. It printed the new bonds, sent them to the banks in every community, and notified the people to bring in the old ones and get them. But there are yet \$43,000,000 of the old bonds unaccounted for, though their interest

coupons were long since exhausted. Some of them will turn up from time to time, but many of them probably will never be seen.

A great deal of pains was devoted to explaining how to handle the government's bonds while the campaigns were in progress. But some apparently never learned. Many of them have undoubtedly been destroyed in one way or another, some in fires, but holders will probably be presenting such as remain for a generation to come. It is a practically foregone conclusion, however, that Uncle Sam stands to be a gainer from the carelessness of his sons and daughters. He will not have to redeem unregistered bonds that are lost or destroyed.—*Chattanooga News.*

J. H. Tate, of Dallas, Tex., who served with Company A, 15th Alabama Infantry, under Col. W. C. Oates, Laws's Brigade, Hood's old Division, Longstreet's Corps, wants to find out if any of his comrades are now living. His address is No. 3905 Main Street.

Lewis County (W. Va.) In the Civil War

By ROY BIRD COOK

Author of "Family and Early Life of Stonewall Jackson," "Collins Settlement of Old," Etc.

A historical work of exceptional interest. It embraces a complete review of the participation of Lewis County and its citizens in the Civil War; unpublished rosters of Lewis County men in Federal and Confederate service, and is replete with details of more than local interest.

A limited edition has been published.

Price, \$2.00

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James & Law Co., Clarksburg, W. Va.
Major's Bookstore, Charleston, W. Va.
Joseph K. Ruebush Co., Dayton, W. Va.
Jarrett Printing Co., Publishers
Charleston, W. Va.

Mrs. L. P. Lane, of Macon, Ga. (No. 144 High Street), wishes to hear from anyone who can tell of the John Lane who equipped and financed Lane Brigade, C. S. A. She thinks he lived on Orchard Knob, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rev. E. L. Shettles, 2906 Speedway Austin, Tex., is collecting material for the University of Texas under the Littlefield bequest, and would like to hear from those who have books on Southern State history, old newspapers, autograph collectors, pamphlets, etc., on any famous Americans; also Confederate stamps.

Judge Horace N. Caldwell, of Fowler, Calif., makes inquiry for information on two Confederate uncles, one of whom he mentions as Capt. William Caldwell in Confederate cavalry, and who was killed at Atlanta; thinks he enlisted from Henry County, Carroll, or Obion. The other uncle was Marion Davis, enlisting from Henry County, who was captured at the fall of Island No. 10 and taken to a Federal prison at Chicago.

WANTED.—Confederate and old United States Stamps before 1875. Do not remove the stamps from envelopes. Collections purchased. GEORGE HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York.

Confederate Veteran.

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

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. }

VOL. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1925.

No. 2.

} S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

REUNION DATES.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
219 GODCHAUX BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS LA., January 3, 1925.
GENERAL ORDERS No. 7.

1. In the mammoth State of Texas is the great, growing city of Dallas. The hospitable people of that city have invited us to hold our 1925 reunion there, and the invitation has been accepted.

2. The thirty-fifth annual reunion and convention of the United Confederate Veterans will, therefore, be held in the city of Dallas on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, May 19, 20, 21, 22.

3. Officers and Camps will take due notice and endeavor to have all veterans who are able to be present at our fraternal gathering at the Dallas, Tex., reunion. It is further urged that those who can so arrange will endeavor to be present at the preliminary proceedings on Tuesday, May 19, and by their presence and good cheer encourage the Sons of Confederate Veterans, who hold official sessions on that day.

4. The Confederated Southern Memorial Association, which convenes at the same time, will at 12 o'clock noon on Thursday, meet with us in joint session and have charge of the memorial services.

5. The Dallas Chamber of Commerce, which has in charge arrangements as to headquarters hotel, the selection of able chairmen to direct the work of the major committees, etc., is now working on those important details and comrades will be advised in the near future through this office and the public press.

6. General orders will issue as to the various Departments of the staffs of the Commanding General.

7. A full complement of our beautiful, incomparable Southern women will be there to greet us. Their presence and charm at our reunions always create that wonderful atmosphere which is a quality by itself in its magic power to uplift.

8. The enthusiasm of the Dallas people, as they hold our convention in prospect, is an earnest of the beautiful hospitality which awaits all who can attend.

9. Many of our noble comrades have answered the last roll call since our gathering in Memphis last June, but we learn

that there are still many who will enjoy their first reunion experience at Dallas next May.

With my loving greetings to you all, your comrade,

JAMES A. THOMAS, *General Commanding.*

Official.

HAMPDEN OSBORNE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

PRESIDENT AND GENERALS, CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

The illustration on the first page of this number is from an old print, and it is rather unique as to the uniforms of our generals, which look more U. S. A. than C. S. A.; and as these generals, with one exception, were West Point graduates, they may be shown as they were when fighting for Uncle Sam. At least, General Lee, at the top, is shown in his uniform as captain of Engineers U. S. A., and in the flush of his mature manhood. To the left is General Beauregard, easily recognized; but A. P. Hill, to the right, is not easily recognized as the trusty lieutenant of Lee and Jackson, when he wore a full beard. Another unfamiliar picture is that of T. J. Jackson, to the center left, while bonny Jeb Stuart holds up the center right. Bragg and Joe Johnston look familiar, but the picture below that of Jackson, which is labeled "John Morgan," can hardly be that of the dashing cavalry leader from Kentucky. There was another General Morgan, John T., of Alabama, and this may be his picture. Who knows?

ERRORS TO BE CORRECTED.

First, let the VETERAN apologize for the error in date of Gen. Turner Ashby's death as given on the front page of the January number, which should have been June 6, instead of January 6, 1862. He was killed while leading a charge on foot, his horse having been shot under him.

On page 454 of the December number, in the last paragraph of Mrs. Fowler's article on "The Bravest Are the Tenderest," she states that General Wheeler was a lieutenant general in the Confederate army, when in fact his highest title was major general. See "Gen. Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee," by DuBose, page 429, footnote. Rev. G. B. Harris, of Ripley, Tenn., called attention to this error.

CHAIR OF SOUTHERN HISTORY.

The leading undertaking of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Tennessee for several years has been the raising of a fund of \$50,000 for a building at Peabody College for Teachers, in Nashville, that will be a home for girls of Confederate descent, a building that will be the typical home of the old South and the place that will mean home to these Southern girls while they are preparing themselves as teachers to go out through the country with a message to the unfolding minds of youth.

When this fund of \$50,000 is secured for the purpose mentioned, Peabody College, through its president, has pledged the establishment of a Chair of Southern History, by means of which it is hoped that teachers may be better grounded in the history of this Southern country and thus be able to instill in youthful minds and hearts a proper appreciation of what the South has done in the building of this great republic.

Never was the need of such training more apparent than now, judging by the flood of misinformation on historical events that has swept over this country through special propaganda. The effect of such propaganda was mortifyingly evident in an address recently made in Nashville, in which the speaker attributed every good and perfect gift developed in the character of General Lee as having been handed down from the Mayflower. By the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh and the pioneers of the Virginia colony, let us resolve to give our Southern country her rightful place in history!

Some \$40,000 of this fund has been pledged, and Chapters over the State are working to complete the fund by the convention in May. To friends within and without the State an appeal is made to join in this undertaking and help to establish this Chair of Southern History in Peabody College, whose work is the training of teachers from every section of the country, and who go out to the young people of every section. Mrs. Owen Walker, of Franklin, Tenn., is chairman of the U. D. C. committee, and every Chapter in the State is helping to make up the fund. The time is short, but vigorous effort will bring success. Let us all get to work.

MISS LUCY WHEELER.

Widely deplored was the death of Miss Lucy Wheeler, eldest daughter of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, which occurred on Christmas Day, 1924, at the ancestral home at Wheeler Station, Ala., after a year or more of failing health. Since her father's death, she had managed the large estate of many thousand acres which was settled by General Wheeler just after the War between the States. The old homestead, among its majestic oaks, contains many relics of General Wheeler.

Miss Wheeler was widely known for her relief work in the Spanish American War, during which General Wheeler added laurels to his Confederate fame. She also rendered conspicuous service as a Red Cross worker in the World War and had kept up her activity in welfare work. She is survived by three sisters and a brother, Col. Joseph Wheeler, United States army.

An inquiry comes for an opinion as to the most successful and unsuccessful battle of Generals Grant and Lee, and leads to the suggestion that an article by some of our well-posted contributors on this subject would be quite interesting.

MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.

At Washington, D. C., on the night of January 18, the great soul of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, former President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, passed from the frail body into the spirit land, and the mortal part, worn with years, was taken back to its native Texas and tenderly laid away.

Cornelia Branch was born in Texas on February 13, 1840, the daughter of Judge Edward T. Branch, a soldier of the Republic of Texas who had helped to achieve its independence at the battle of San Jacinto and subsequently a member of its first congress and of its supreme court.

She was married at the age of fifteen to Henry Clay Stone, Virginian by birth, and at her husband's death in 1887, she devoted herself to the education of her son, whose promising career as a physician was cut short by his early death. Not embittered, but softened and sweetened by her sorrows, she became even more active in the organizations with which she was affiliated and in which she became prominent by her ability and zeal. She was President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, 1908-09, and had previously served two terms as President of the Texas Division, honored and loved by the membership, as was attested by the jeweled badge presented to her upon retirement. In other organizations she also won recognition, having served as First Vice President of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, Corresponding Secretary of the Colonial Dames, a patriotic member of the D. A. R., First Vice President of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs, President of the Texas Woman's Press Association, and in other capacities demonstrated her ability as leader and worker. Ever interested in the cause of education, she worked with committees and wrote many papers in that interest while associated with these Texas organizations. She was one of the organizers of the Arlington Monument Association, and was chairman of the committee on design of the beautiful Confederate monument in Arlington Cemetery. And she took an active part in work of the Daughters of the Confederacy during the World War.

Mrs. Stone was one of the brainy women of the Southland and her mentality was strong to the last. At the U. D. C. convention in Savannah, November, 1924, she was a faithful attendant on the sessions, keenly interested in the work, and ever devoted to the cause. A deserved tribute came to her in the establishment of a scholarship in her name to be given at Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, and her appreciation was fittingly expressed. It was her gentle boast that she had lived under four governments—first, that of the Republic of Texas, then under the United States, the Confederate States, and again under the United States.

It was such noble women as Mrs. Stone who, by their sacrifice and devotion, helped to sustain the Confederate cause in the sixties and, when peace came, were the inspiration of the Confederate soldier to again build up his country. No one alone can Texas claim her, for she belongs to the whole South.

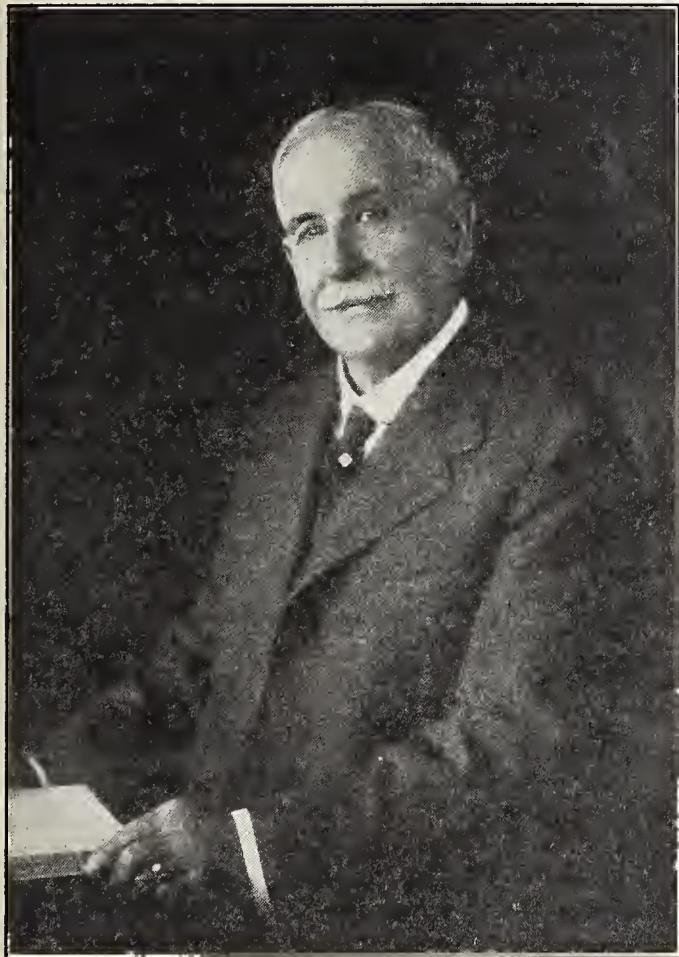
OLD SOUTHERN SONGS BROADCASTED.—The Confederate Choir No. 1, of Portsmouth and Norfolk, Va., led by Mrs. Martha Nelson Osborne, who organized it in 1907, sang by radio on the evening of January 19, at the Norfolk Broadcasting station, and many thousand enjoyed hearing the old war-time melodies. Dixie was given as a solo by Mrs. Osborne while other songs were rendered by the members of the Choir in solo parts, with the Bonnie Blue Flag by the chorus. This is a splendid way to carry the old songs into the homes of the whole country.

CHAPLAIN GENERAL U. C. V.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., January 15, 1925.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 1.

On October 17, which was but a few days before our lamented Gen. W. B. Haldeman passed from us, he wrote to the Rev. Henry M. Wharton, D.D., proffering him the



REV. H. M. WHARTON, D.D.

office of Chaplain General of our U. C. V. federation, he to take up the mantle left by our greatly loved comrade, Rev. J. W. Bachman, who had been "called up higher."

Dr. Wharton replied promptly, accepting the high office; but death sealed the lips and stilled the hand of General Haldeman before he could issue official orders to perfect the appointment. It is now, therefore, and with special pleasure, that Gen. James A. Thomas, Commander in Chief, gives full official sanction to the expressed wish of General Haldeman, and has issued proper commission as of December 1, 1924, to Brig. Gen. Henry M. Wharton. The General Commanding further commends that distinguished divine to the high respect, the sincere love, and the prayers of all the comrades.

By order of the General Commanding.

HAMPDEN OSBORNE.

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V.

Rev. Henry Marvin Wharton, who has recently been appointed Chaplain General U. C. V., a native Virginian, now of Baltimore, Md., was born in Culpeper County, Va., September 11, 1848. He entered the service of the Confederacy before he was sixteen years of age, joining the Signal Service, and was located in the winter of 1864 and 1865 between Petersburg and Richmond on the Appomattox River. When General Lee retreated, the men of the Signal

Service were placed in regular line and, instead of flags, were furnished with muskets, and followed General Lee.

Dr. Wharton was with General Lee at the surrender at Appomattox. Returning to his home, not yet seventeen years of age, he soon began the study of law, attending the University of Virginia and afterwards engaged in the practice of law until he was twenty-five years of age, when he entered the gospel ministry. He is a member of the Isaac R. Trimble Camp, No. 1025 U. C. V., of Baltimore, and is pastor of the Brantly Baptist Church, which he organized thirty-eight years ago. It is now the largest Church of its denomination in the State. Dr. Wharton is still in the active ministry, and, in addition to the work of his large pastorate, he has been for many years president of the Southern Hospital of Baltimore.

HISTORIC MYTHS.

While the VETERAN has many times called attention to the false foundation on which Whittier's poem on "Barbara Frietchie" is based, and has given proof that the old lady was bedridden and physically incapable of waving a flag in the manner described, that myth bobs up every now and then in some form. The latest is the motion picture of that name which is being shown all over the country, even in the extreme South, and evidently without protest from Southern people, although its effect will be as harmful in creating the wrong impression of Stonewall Jackson and soldiers of the Confederacy as was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in giving the wrong impression of slavery. However, Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradentown, Fla., states that he has brought this before the local Chapter U. D. C., and Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere should be interested in suppressing the picture.

Captain Carnes brings out some good points on several of these historic myths, starting with the famous "Barbara," of which he wrote to the *Evening Herald*, at Bradentown:

"The advertisement and exhibition of the film play, 'Barbara Frietchie,' brings to mind an old war myth—originating in a poem by Whittier—that was long ago shown to be without foundation.

"It is never too late to contradict a falsehood, and the proved facts are that the Confederate troops did not pass Barbara Frietchie's house in marching through Frederick, Md., on the evening of September 6, 1862. General Jackson had been severely injured by a fall of his horse on the 5th, was not with his division when it marched through the town under command of General Starke, and he did not go into Frederick until the morning of the 10th, when he started his army on the march to Harper's Ferry.

"I will now quote from the letter of Mr. Valerius Ebert, a nephew of Barbara Frietchie, written in commenting on a publication in the *Baltimore Sun* of alleged facts on which Whittier's poem was founded. He wrote: 'I have just read a communication to the *Sun* purporting to set forth certain facts in relation to the life and character of the late Barbara Frietchie, the heroine of Whittier's celebrated war poem. It may not be improper to state that I am the nephew of "Dame Barbara," and had the settling up of her husband's estate in the capacity of administrator. This necessarily threw me into frequent communication with the aged and venerable dame. Barbara Frietchie, my venerable aunt, was not a lady of twenty-two summers, as your correspondent alleges, but an ancient dame of ninety-six winters when she departed this life. . . . Nor did she depart this life in September, 1863, but died on the 18th of December, 1862. Now, a word as to the waving of the Federal flag in the face

of the Rebels by Dame Barbara on the occasion of Stonewall Jackson's march through Frederick. Truth requires me to say that Stonewall Jackson, with his troops, did not pass Barbara Frietchie's residence at all; but passed up what is popularly called "The Mill Alley," about three hundred yards above her residence, then passed due west toward Antietam, and thus out of the city. But another and still stronger fact with regard to this matter may be here presented—viz: the poem by Whittier represents our relative (then ninety-six years of age) as nimbly ascending to her attic window and waving her small Federal flag defiantly in the face of Stonewall Jackson's troops. Now what are the facts at this point? Dame Barbara was, at the moment of the passing of that distinguished General and his forces through Frederick, bedridden and helpless, and had lost the power of locomotion. She could at this period only move, as she was moved, by the help of her attendants. These are the true and stern facts, proving that Whittier's poem upon this subject is fiction, pure fiction, and nothing else, without even a semblance of fact.'

"Another war myth hard to down is the 'Battle above the Clouds,' connected with the fighting around Chattanooga. When that minor afternoon battle was in progress, along the road across the foot of Lookout Mountain, there was a fog, approaching a drizzle of rain, through which the flash of guns showed red, and in describing it some newspaper writer for a Northern paper mentioned the fighting in a cloud. From that originated the story of the 'Battle above the Clouds' though no clouds were ever seen as low down as Craven's Farm, the scene of that conflict; and from that story thousands of people were led to believe that the Federal army performed the superhuman act of charging up the steep cliffs of Lookout Mountain and driving the Confederates from it. I was in command of the artillery then on Lookout Mountain, one of the four batteries of my battalion, as evidenced by a government official tablet now there, and I assert that there *never was any fighting on top of Lookout Mountain*. The entire battle ground was between the mountain and the Tennessee River, where the monuments now stand as evidence of that fact.

"And, going back further in our history, consider that much cherished New England myth of 'Paul Revere's Ride.' It has been plainly shown that Paul Revere did not make the ride so finely described in poetry. He started in company with another man named Dawes, but Paul Revere was captured and did not get through. Poetic fiction has immortalized Paul Revere, and Dawes, who made the ride through, has been ignored.

"It is hard to correct an error started in public print, especially if put into verse by a good poet."

IN MANY BATTLES.—In renewing his subscription to the VETERAN, George D. Ewing, of Pattonsburg, Mo., writes: "I was inducted into the Confederate service with the 4th Kentucky Cavalry on September 10, 1862. Altogether, we participated in thirty-six engagements before the close of the war. Our colonel, H. L. Giltner, was promoted to command of a cavalry brigade, and soon after that I was advanced from private to orderly sergeant and had charge of couriers at brigade headquarters, and most usually acted as aide-de-camp during engagements. I don't suppose more than five per cent of the old command are now living. . . . This is my eighty-third birthday (January 2), and the vision of the prophet as recorded in the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel so often recurs to me: 'Can these bones live?' It was demonstrated to the prophet on that occasion, so by faith we may walk the residue of life, looking for full assurance of rising to a greater life where joys are supreme."

BILLINGTON S. WALKER, OF GEORGIA.

One of the most prominent and progressive citizens of Georgia was lost to that State in the death of Mr. Billington Sanders Walker, on December 3, at his home in Monroe, at the age of seventy-two years. He was born in Walton County and his life had been practically spent there, and as citizen and leader in affairs of civil and religious interest, his life and character had been an inspiration to others. His father was Judge Dickerson Holliday Walker, who was colonel in the Georgia Militia during the War between the States.

After attending the public schools of his town, Mr. Walker completed his education at the University of Georgia, graduating in 1872. He then opened a law office in Monroe, and was known as a leader in that profession. Later he entered the commercial world, organizing the Monroe Cotton Mills, of which he was president until a few years ago. He helped to organize the Bank of Monroe, and was its president until his death. He was a leader in every movement that meant progress in his town, and equally interested in the welfare and upbuilding of its religious life. He was a member of the First Baptist Church there, a Mason, a member of the civic club, and was a liberal contributor to all educational and charitable work. His home was the soul of "great-hearted hospitality," and in that commodious mansion he and his wife, who was Miss Alice Mitchell, only recently celebrated their fiftieth anniversary, when friends gathered from all parts of the South for the occasion.

The following from the *Atlanta Journal* is a worthy tribute to his high citizenship:

"In the death of Mr. Billington Sanders Walker, father of Georgia's chief magistrate, the State loses a citizen of highest worth. Throughout a long and honorable career, Mr. Walker's talents were given unstintedly to the upbuilding of his community and his commonwealth. It was characteristic of him that he lived the greater part of his more than three-score years and ten in the town of his birth, cherishing its every association and loyal to its every interest,

"To him is given a large measure of credit for the establishment and progress of the famous Fifth District Agricultural and Mechanical School on the borders of Monroe, and also for the promotion in Walton County of reclamation projects which added immensely to the agricultural productiveness of that region and lighted the way to similar enterprises in other districts of Georgia. In the realm of industry and finance, he proved not only his masterful abilities, but his public spirit as well and his devotion to things constructive and forward-going. Closest to his heart, however, were the interests of education and of the Church. The University of Georgia, of which he was an honored graduate, knew no stancher friend; while the great faith of which he was a follower looked to him as a tower of strength.

"Himself a scion of the South's goodliest traditions, Mr. Walker was the father of distinguished children. His son, the Hon. Clifford Walker, is governor of Georgia. Of his five daughters, Mrs. Frank Harrold, of Americus, is President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; while in the others, Mrs. J. B. McCrary and Mrs. Paul Vose, of Atlanta; Mrs. Robert McWhorter, of Athens, and Mrs. Hampton Field, of Cartersville, the highest type of community interests find gracious leadership and patronage. The governor and all who share his bereavement have the sympathy of the State in the loss of their revered father, who was so true and good a citizen."

"HAVE GLORIFIED A FALLEN CAUSE."

This monument
Perpetuates the memory
Of those who,
True to the instincts of their birth,
Faithful to the teaching of their fathers,
Content in their love for State,
Died in the performance of their duty,
Have glorified a fallen cause
By the simple manhood of their lives,
The patient enduring of their suffering,
And the heroism of death.
And who,
In the dark hours of imprisonment,
In the hopelessness of the hospital,
In the short, sharp agony of the field,
Found support and consolation in the belief
That at home they would not be forgotten.

Let the stranger
Who may in future times
Read this inscription
Recognize that these were men
Whom power could not corrupt,
Whom death could not terrify,
Whom defeat could not dishonor.
And let their virtues plead
For just judgment of the cause
In which they perished.

Let the South Carolinians
Of another generation
Remember that the State taught them
How to live
And how to die.
And that from her broken fortunes
She has preserved for her children
The priceless treasure of their memories.
Teaching all who may claim the same birthright
That Truth, Courage, and Patriotism
ENDURE FOREVER.

In sending a copy of this tribute to patriots of the sixties, John Grimball Wilkins, of Charleston, S. C., writes:

"This inscription on the Confederate monument in the city of Columbia, S. C., written by William H. Trescott, of Charleston, is considered the most beautifully expressed lines in the English language to be found on any monument. It is the true story of our dear Old South, it tells in such forcible words of the bravest fight the world has ever known, and for the truest cause; it puts the Confederate soldier in a place that belongs to him alone, the bravest man in all history, a man who fought against the greatest difficulties and gave life and fortune that Dixie, the land of romance and chivalry, might live for other generations to enjoy.

"As a South Carolinian stands before this splendid monument under blue Southern skies and reads these words in such clear-cut English, his thoughts will wander back over the years to the days we had great men, soldiers that have never been surpassed or, more likely, equaled—R. E. Lee, Jeb Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, and that beloved man who brought South Carolina out of darkness in 1876 into the sunlight—Gen. Wade Hampton. How those Red Shirt boys followed that brave leader when Yankee carpetbaggers and scalawags, encouraged by the United States government and Republican politicians, tried to put the negro in power in the brave

Palmetto State, doing everything in their power to humiliate our people. Time goes on and life changes, but history and memories of the older ones can really appreciate the strong, manly lines on the Confederate monument in Columbia, Like the monument in Richmond of R. E. Lee, it makes you proud that you are a Southerner, a child from good Old Dixieland.

"Our great country is united now under one flag. The Stars and Bars has been furled, the old gray line has almost faded away, but recollection still lives and the South of ours is still Dixie and the Southern Cross and Bonnie Blue Flag that bore the single star will always be associated with the greatness of the South."

CHURCH BELLS DONATED FOR CONFEDERATE CANNON.

In her reports as Chairman of the Committee on Church Bells, appointed by the general organization U. D. C., Mrs. Henry A. London of Pittsboro, N. C., has collected some interesting incidents connected with the bells so patriotically donated by Churches to furnish material for Confederate cannon. More has been collected about the church bells of North Carolina than any other State, owing to opportunity through residence in that State, and an interesting bit is a poem that was published in a Raleigh paper when the four Churches of that city offered their bells to the Confederate government in April, 1862, lines which convey the real sentiment of these patriotic Churches. This poem was reproduced from a Richmond paper, and was entitled "The Bell":

"Loosen the bolts, lower me down,
Cannon must be made;
From hill and vale and leaguered town,
A nation calls for aid.
The joy of a country's heart is gone,
The light of a people fled;
To hearts and hearths, the foe presses on
O'er the forms of the gallant dead.

No more should the tongue of the village bell
Give forth its cheerful strain
Till freedom and peace together shall dwell
In this fair sunny land again.
So haste! to the foundry let me go,
Where my brazen sides may yield
A weapon of death to the insolent foe,
And then—away to the field!

Transferred again to my lonely perch,
When the battle's fought and done,
A peal I'll ring from the village church
For countless glories won.
And now a song for the brave who bled,
Ere victory crowned the day;
And a dirge for the names of the honored dead
Who fell in the fearful fray."

J. H. Williams, of Glendale, S. C., now in his eighty-fourth year, sends his renewal order and says he hopes to live several years more and will stand by the VETERAN. "I still read in its pages with great interest and pleasure the campaigns of Lee and Jackson and other great leaders of the greatest army that ever existed. I was with Lee at the surrender at Appomattox. My best wishes for the VETERAN, its editor, and staff."

TRIBUTES TO GENERAL LEE.

(Written on the death of General Lee in October, 1870, by Professor J. M. Looney, a prominent educator of the State of Texas.)

Out on the tremulous wire,
Afar on the wings of the wind,
On iron steeds breathing with fire,
And steamships that leave earth behind—
Away over mainland and ocean
To the farthestmost civilized shore,
The news has filled earth with emotion,
The news that our Lee is no more.

And now, Southern youth and sweet maiden,
Go twine me a wreath for the brave;
Bring roses, bring hyacinths, laden
With perfumes, to garland his grave;
And while your grief swells like a billow
O, come and tread softly with me,
And let us hang wreaths on the willow
That droops o'er the dust of our Lee.

Ye States that so long have been voiceless
And crownless in national woe,
While the tear drops are stealing noiseless,
Adown Southern cheeks they now flow,
Come out from defeat and disaster,
Each wreck 'neath the liberty tree,
Come mourn for the loss of the master,
And hallow the great name of Lee.

Soft is thy name, Alabama,
And sweet is thy flower-laden vale,
But, hark! from each winding savannah
Comes forth the low tones of a wail,
The wail that no respite can borrow,
The dirge of all joy and glee;
While drap'd in the mantle of sorrow
Thou mournest our brave chieftain Lee.

Florida, true was thy host—and
Their deeds were the theme of the brave,
But shadows now rest on thy coastland
And gloom settles down on the wave;
Beautiful bride of the ocean,
Sweet queen of the far-moaning sea,
We know that thy patriot devotion
Is true to the memory of Lee.

The mothers of Georgia are weeping,
Their wail may be heard in the air,
For many a loved one lies sleeping
Where Sherman brought death and despair;
But deeper than all is the sadness
That broods from the hills to the sea,
And hushed is the last note of gladness
Since death waved his scepter o'er Lee.

Kentucky, perplexed on the border,
How stands thy account with the brave?
Thy sons, will they spurn the new order,
And gather with us at the grave?
Let the shades of old Hickory number
The rifles that flashed for the free,
Let partisan faction now slumber,
And mourn for the great chieftain Lee.

Beautiful Louisiana!

Realm of the cotton and cane,
Now soft on each verdant savannah
Steals mournfully onward the strain;
Each field and the dew-spangled meadow,
Each fountain that rolls to the sea,
Grows sad in the scowl of the shadow
That looms in the death of our Lee.

And Maryland, mother of Howard,
Of Carroll, of May, and of Key,
Sweet land that ne'er nurtured a coward,
Now what need we say unto thee?
While the Potomac rolls on to the ocean,
And the Chesapeake kisses the sea,
O, come with a heartfelt emotion
And mourn at the grave of our Lee.

Missouri, redeem thy ideal,
Come back to thy faith and thy love,
And let the dark cloud of the real
Thy soul from its lethargy move;
Remember the days of thy glory,
Remember the brave and the free,
Let Shelby and Price tell the story,
And honor the great name of Lee.

From the realms of the rich Mississippi,
Where the cotton was picked by the slave,
A requiem ascendeth to heaven
Wrung out from the hearts of the brave;
In the wail of her sad desolation
Now hushed is all her joy and glee,
While hers swells the grief of a nation
That mourns for the loss of our Lee.

On the plains of old North Carolina,
The home of full many a brave,
While tyranny's fetters confine her
To a doom worse than that of a slave;
While her sons and her daughters are weeping
That oppression should laugh o'er the free,
The full tide of woe is now sweeping
All thoughts to the memory of Lee.

Arkansas, throned on the mountain
Afar 'mid the wilds of the West,
Thy glades and thy silvery fountains
Still shadow the isles of the blest;
Though oppression would fain mar thy beauty
And tramp on the hearts of the free,
Thy sons are still true to their duty,
And hallow the name of our Lee.

On the rice fields of old South Carolina,
Where Africa's flag is unfurled,
Where the jet of the Phillis and Dinah
Now vie with the queens of the world;
A still deeper gloom is now stealing
From Pickens clear down to the sea,
And a debt in the depths of her feeling
Is stirred by the death of our Lee.

Come, Tennessee, join the numbers
And help in the requiem strain,
The shade of the hero that slumbers
Deserves now thy deepest refrain;

While greatness is honored forever
And virtue immortal must be,
Come, stand by the beautiful river
And hang up a trophy to Lee.

Virginia, proud Old Dominion,
Queen of the cliff and the wave,
No slime from the kiss of the minion,
Has sullied the hue of thy brave;
But still in the high courts of glory
Thy record the kind angels keep,
And the sod is still dew bright in story
Where the ashes of Washington sleep.

Blest mother of heroes and sages,
Whose fame shall but brighten with years,
Whose name through a long line of ages
A nation shall hallow with tears,
Thy Lee is now laid on thy bosom
Where Washington slumbered before;
Their dust shall but mingle to blossom
When time and sorrow are o'er.

But the portals of heaven are swinging
A spirit from earth's at the door,
And choirs of angels are singing
Come rest thee in bliss evermore;
And far on those upper heights laden
With flowers immortal and free,
'Neath the sweet gleaming splendors of Eden,
Now Washington wanders with Lee.

COOLNESS IN A CRITICAL SITUATION.

BY CAPT. W. W. CARNES, BRADENTOWN, FLA.

In a recent communication to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, giving some personal recollections of the battle of Perryville, Ky., I made mention of Maj. James G. Martin, of General Donelson's staff, as an active participant in the flank attack on Buell's army there. His readiness to coöperate with Colonel Wharton in that venture was characteristic of the man as I knew him—an active, impulsive soldier, as fearless as he was enthusiastic. Through association with him on the staff of my brigade commander, at whose headquarters I was a frequent visitor, I became well acquainted with Major Martin, admired him as a soldier, and was glad to know he reciprocated my regard. In writing about that Perryville attack under Colonel Wharton, the mention of Major Martin brought to mind a remarkable meeting he had with a Federal officer that night after the battle, and I now regret that I did not earlier write about it while some of the persons interested were living. Major Martin was as modest as he was brave, and he never made publication of his adventure, but I learned the facts when he made report to General Donelson of all that occurred, and I now give them as remembered by me.

After all the fighting was over, and brigade and division commanders of both armies were endeavoring to get their troops in order, the brigades of Cheatbam's Division, which had pushed further to the front following the enemy's broken left flank, were being drawn back for alignment with other commands to form a new line in thick woods. During the realignment, Major Martin was sent on some staff duty connected with commands being reorganized further to the left, and not finding the troops sought on his line extended, he turned to the right to look for them further to the front, and

came face to face with a mounted Federal officer. It was a bright, moonlit night, but in the shade of the woods neither saw the other until they were so close that their horses's heads almost touched, then each recognized the other as an enemy. Major Martin carried his pistols in the holsters at the front of his saddle, and he quickly sought the handle of the one on his right, and had partly drawn it, when his opponent said: "Hold on, I have the advantage of you, so you had better surrender." Then Martin saw the other man's pistol already leveled at him, so he stopped with his own pistol partly drawn and waited, making no reply to the summons to surrender. Then the Federal officer said: "You are evidently a Rebel officer. You must see that you are my prisoner." Martin replied: "I would not surrender to any single man on God's earth." Still keeping his weapon directed at Martin, the other said: "I am Major ——— (name now forgotten), of General McCook's staff. You see the advantage I have over you, and you are almost in our lines." Our officer then said: "I am Major Martin, of General Donelson's staff, and you have ridden about into our lines; if you are going to shoot, be quick about it, and if you miss, the next shot is mine."

Just then one of the Confederate infantry came along in rear of Major Martin and asked where he could find Maney's Brigade, and Martin at once told him to go on to the right and he would find his command. Then to the Federal officer he said: "You see, I am right in claiming you are in our lines." The other replied, "Well, Major, we must settle this situation in some way. You surely can't expect me to surrender to you, and I don't wish to shoot a brave man to settle it. Suppose we settle it in this way. My general's headquarters are a short distance in rear of me. You go with me to General McCook's headquarters, and I will, after proving the correctness of my assertions to you, see that you are permitted to return to your own lines." Martin said he at once accepted the proposition, and the other officer turned about and rode ahead of him without looking back, showing that he appreciated the quality of his opponent. They soon reached General McCook's headquarters and when they dismounted, near the other members of the staff, one of them called out, "Hello, Major, brought in a prisoner?" and he replied: "No, a visitor." The Federal officer then introduced Major Martin to all officers present, and made a full statement of the conditions under which Major Martin came to them.

After a short stay, during which he was socially entertained, Major Martin was permitted to return to our lines, his late opponent accompanying him part of the way.

That was one of many instances in which brave men on opposite sides dealt with each other in time of war, and in this instance is shown the cool grit of Maj. James G. Martin in a situation in which the average soldier, even though not lacking in courage, would have been made prisoner.

After the battle of Murfreesboro, when our army fell back to Shelbyville, General Donelson was promoted to major general and ordered to East Tennessee, and I never met Major Martin afterwards, but I have always remembered him as a most gallant soldier and affable gentleman.

"Above their wreath-strewn graves we kneel:
They kept the faith and fought the fight:
Through flying lead and crimson steel
They plunged for freedom and the right.
May we, their grateful children, learn
Their strength who lie beneath this sod,
Who went through fire and death to earn
At last the accolade of God!"

COMPANY RECORDS.

BY COL. W. A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

Sketch and roster of Company E, 11th Regiment, Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, Davis's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, 1861-65.

Verily, coming events cast their ominous lights and shades athwart the paths of men and people.

Before secession became a reality, or the shot was fired that resounded around the world, the young men of the Southwestern portion of Lowndes County, Miss., organized a military company, with headquarters at the village of Crawford, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

Owing to its position relative to county lines, the membership embraced near-by residents of both Noxubee and Oktibbeha Counties.

The name chosen was Prairie Guards, in commemoration of their blackland home, which, as a part of the rich East Mississippi prairie section, became famous as the "Granary," or "Egypt," of the Southern Confederacy.

Being in the main sons of plantation owners, and enjoying substantial *ante-bellum* prosperity, they decided upon having a handsome uniform, which was made by Harrison Johnston, a merchant tailor of Columbus, Miss. Just what rules or ideas of styles governed in designing it is not known, but, as a dress uniform, it was probably not excelled in material and make up by any, at least in Mississippi.

The accompanying picture of the captain gives a fair impression of all the suits, that of the privates lacking only the insignia of official rank. But the time was fast approaching when a uniform less showy but of equally serviceable material would be in daily demand.

Immediately following the secession of Mississippi on January 9, 1861, Gov. J. J. Pettus ordered the company, along with seven others of the State, to proceed by way of Mobile, Ala., to Pensacola, Fla., to assist troops from those States in taking possession of the navy yard, arms, and munitions of war then at Pensacola. These companies were organized into a regiment and remained there until February 8, when they were disbanded, and the Prairie Guards returned to Crawford where, a few days later, they were given a sumptuous barbecue dinner in honor of their participation in that brief offensive, but bloodless, campaign.

Rumors of impending war becoming daily more prevalent, the organization was not only kept up to its original strength, but new members were received at each meeting, and great enthusiasm prevailed when its services were again tendered to the State. On that auspicious occasion a flag was presented to the company by the ladies of Crawford. It was a new banner to their forefathers who had fought under the Stars and Stripes, but the old flag, representing a new sectional political party then in power, no longer safeguarded State rights under the Constitution, but despised and violated with impunity some of its provisions. Besides, the Star-Spangled Banner that they had been taught to honor and defend was then waving over 75,000 men whose purpose was to coerce and conquer as political subjects the people of the South.

And so the new flag was thrown to the breeze with a pledge of zealous, undivided support. As to how well it was fulfilled, let the four years' record of arduous service bear testimony.

It was not until the 27th of April, however, that they received orders and on the 30th rendezvoused at Corinth, Miss., and became Company E, of the 11th Regiment, Mississippi Volunteer Infantry. On May 13, the regiment

was mustered into the Confederate service at Lynchburg, Va., and on the 19th, reached Harper's Ferry and was placed with the 2nd Mississippi, 4th Alabama, 1st Tennessee, and 6th North Carolina regiments in a brigade under command of Gen. Barnard E. Bee, and, upon his death at Manassas, under Gen. W. H. Whiting. Later the 2nd and 11th Mississippi were ordered to Richmond and united with the 42nd Mississippi and 55th North Carolina in forming a brigade commanded by Gen. Joseph R. Davis.

During the summer of 1861, all the company flags were retired, and that of the Prairie Guards was sent home and is



CAPT. J. T. W. HAIRSTON,
1835-1908.

yet in the possession of the ensign's family. The regulation flag adopted by Congress was presented to the regiment at dress parade, and on it was inscribed, "*Eleventh Mississippi, Manassas.*" The battle of Manassas was fought under these flags and their similarity to the Stars and Stripes came near causing great disaster to a Confederate command, hence the adoption of the Southern Cross, or battle flag.

And, while the adoption of the Confederate service uniform theoretically retired the Prairie Guards' dress suits, they practically continued in use by individuals and were not restricted to the company, but became articles of barter and sale in other commands. The gilt star on the privates' coat collars under the regulations indicated the rank of major, and two instances are given, one where an honest mistake succeeded, another where an attempted ruse signally failed. During the battle of Seven Pines, when General Whiting's troops were being unmercifully and unnecessarily shelled, an exploded piece struck Jim Love on the hip, cutting off the tail of his dress coat and knocking him down; but, rising and taking in the situation, he started to the rear, using his musket for a crutch. He, with others, more or less hurt, was met by President, Davis, who said: "Major, rally the men here. Let no one leave the field." The other instance occurred on a cold, stormy night, when Frank Dailey entered an already crowded cabin on the roadside and ordered it vacated for himself and staff. Facing him stood a big six-

footer, who said: "Dailey, by dams, we Texas fellows don't vacate for majors of your make." So the bogus major and staff slept under a cedar tree with only blankets for covering and "cussin'" their bad luck.

ROSTER OF THE PRAIRIE GUARDS.

As the company officers in the Pensacola campaign were practically the same as at Corinth, only those of the latter are given:

J. T. W. Hairston, captain. Graduate of the University of Virginia. Served until September, when, owing to illness, he resigned, later accepting a position on the staff of his kinsman, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. Quoting from General Stuart's order No. 13, from Cavalry Headquarters, October 9, 1862, just before entering upon his Pennsylvania campaign: "Major J. T. W. Hairston is hereby appointed Division Provost Marshal." During his staff service he ignored a verbal demand to fight the Prussian soldier of fortune, Heros van Borche, who was lieutenant colonel and assistant adjutant general on General Stuart's staff at the time.

Among other distinguishing characteristics, the picturesque Prussian was the reputed owner and bearer of the largest sword in the Confederate army, but whether it burst in action, as did the largest cannon, the Lady Polk, is not known.

William H. Gray, first lieutenant, died at Camp Fisher, 1862.

Alexander H. Ledbetter, second lieutenant, resigned in 1862.

Johnson Hinkle, third lieutenant, died at Harper's Ferry.

Edward G. Sanders, orderly sergeant, died at Harper's Ferry.

Thomas Carr, ensign, wounded at Gaines's Mill; killed at Gettysburg.

PRIVATES.

Abbott, Isaac, discharged.

Allen, John, killed at the Wilderness.

Allen, William A., killed at Gettysburg.

Autry, James, discharged.

Ball, John W., killed at Gettysburg.

Beekham, J. W., killed at Seven Pines.

Belton, Dr. W. H., second and first lieutenant; brevet captain, wounded at Gettysburg; discharged.

Bird, William, died at Winchester.

Broadfoot, W. G., wounded at Seven Pines and Gettysburg; died in prison.

Brown, George, discharged.

Boone, William.

Brown, John C.

Butler, Samuel F., elected major 11th Regiment at Corinth; promoted lieutenant colonel; killed at Sharpsburg.

Carr, John W., wounded at Gaines's Mill; discharged.

Cooper, Charles S., wounded at Gettysburg; captured at Petersburg.

Copeland, Thomas, killed by a Confederate cavalry captain in a personal encounter while in North Carolina.

Craig, Reuben, captured at Weldon Railroad.

Crouch, Hilary, wounded at Gettysburg.

Crouch, Elbert R., died at Harper's Ferry.

Davidson, Dr. Roderick O., company commissariat; appointed clerk in Treasury Department at Richmond.

The Doctor was a man of parts, adding to his professional knowledge of music, poetry, science, and air navigation. He composed several stanzas of martial music, and, to popularize his productions, had them printed and organized a Glee Club. He sang of maple buds and dogwood blossoms, of his native Dixieland, and compared it with

"Topsy-turvy Yankeedom,
Whence worthless arts and isms come."

He also marshaled his conflicting hosts on Bull Run's so-called bloody stream and made

"McDowell cross that Rubicon,
His legions falter, fire, and run."

Drury, John, died.

Edmonds, Jeff L., wounded at Sharpsburg and Gettysburg; discharged.

Edwards, George W., killed at Gettysburg.

Ervin, Artemas J., third and first lieutenant and captain; wounded at Gettysburg and Weldon Railroad; furloughed.

Ervin, Dr. Frances H., wounded at Gaines's Mill; detailed in Medical Department and Acting Assistant Surgeon.

Gartin, Socrates, died.

Goolsby, Pleasant, third lieutenant; killed at Gettysburg.

Hairston, Joab E., discharged.

Hairston, John H., transferred to Virginia cavalry.

Hairston, Samuel E., transferred to Mississippi cavalry.

Halbert, Henry P., school-teacher, third, second, and first lieutenant and captain; wounded at Gaines's Mill; killed at Gettysburg.

Halbert, Alexander J., wounded at Gettysburg; discharged.

Halbert, John C., wounded at Gettysburg; captured in North Carolina.

Halbert, John E., killed at Gaines's Mill.

Haines, Micheal, discharged.

Hearn, Rev. W. C., captain; resigned to be lieutenant colonel of the 41st Mississippi Infantry. (See letter.)

Hinkle, Albert J., discharged.

Howarth, Joseph, wounded at Manassas; killed at Sharpsburg.

Howard, Nathaniel, wounded at Gettysburg.

Huccaby L., wounded at Manassas; killed at Gettysburg.

Hunt, William G., transferred.

Jones, Dr. W. Oscar, wounded at Gettysburg; discharged.

Jones, John T., wounded at Gaines's Mill, at the Wilderness, and killed at Gettysburg.

Jones, James A., discharged.

Kirksey, Jehu, wounded and captured at Seven Pines; wounded at Gettysburg; captured at Hatcher's Run.

Knox, William, died.

Lee, Smith, killed at Seven Pines.

Lincecum, E. Pluribus, died.

Love, David C., lawyer, wounded at Petersburg; furloughed.

Love, John C., school-teacher, wounded at Gaines's Mill, at Gettysburg, and captured in the trenches at Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

Love, James D., wounded at Seven Pines, at Gettysburg, and captured; remained in hospital and prison eight months.

Love, Joseph C., died of measles at Williamsburg, April, 10, 1862.

Martin, David J., lost arm at Manassas; discharged.

Martin, Liberty, killed at Gettysburg.

Miller, Henry C.

Mimms, Thomas J., third and second lieutenant; killed at Gettysburg.

Mimms, John R., wounded at Seven Pines; killed at Gettysburg.

McGuire, Patrick, wounded at the Wilderness.

Moorehead, James, killed at Gettysburg.

Moorehead, Thomas, wounded at Gettysburg; died.

Moorehead, Stephen, died at Harper's Ferry.

Morgan, John H., the only man of the thirty-eight unhurt in Gettysburg battle.

Nance, William C., transferred to Company F, Noxubee Rifles.

Nash, Dr. Peter W., lost leg at Manassas; discharged.

Newman, Priestly, discharged.

Norwood, Fletcher, killed at Gettysburg.

Norwood, John, died.

Norwood, William, killed at Gaines's Mill.

Norwood, James D., captured in trenches at Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

Owen, David.

O'Sullivan, Dennis, lost leg at Bethesda Church; died.

Powell, Thomas M., wounded at Gettysburg; discharged.

Porter, William, discharged.

Quinn, Barnard, wounded at Gaines's Mill; discharged.

Quinn, Houston, wounded at Manassas; discharged.

Quick, John, died.

Rainey, William E.

Roberts, T. H., died.

Robertson, John, died.

Scales, Dr. T. Sidney, third lieutenant; wounded at Po River; furloughed.

Scales, Walter W., color sergeant; headquarters clerk; wounded at the Wilderness, Gettysburg, and captured in the trenches at Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

Sealy, James, discharged.

Sherman, John L., wounded at Manassas and Gettysburg.

Smith Lee, killed at Seven Pines.

Smith, W. Frederick, discharged.

Shields, Dr. William B., appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 11th Regiment at Corinth, May, 1861.

Stephens, Samuel J., wounded at Suffolk; captured at Petersburg.

Stephenson, Solomon, wounded at Gaines's Mill.

Tharp, Henry P., wounded at Gettysburg; captured at Petersburg.

Tomlinson, Prof. B. B., wounded at Malvern Hill.

Thompson, Elbert, transferred to Company F., Noxubee Rifles.

Travis, Richard N., discharged.

Triplett, Glover B., wounded at the Wilderness; captured at Petersburg.

Turner, John., killed at the Wilderness.

Turner, David, wounded at Gettysburg.

Walker, Thomas W., wounded at Manassas and at Gettysburg.

Wells, William B., discharged.

Wilkins, Henry M., killed at Gettysburg.

Wilkins, David C., killed at Gettysburg.

Wilkins, Charles S., wounded at Spotsylvania Courthouse; captured at Petersburg.

Wilkins, Thomas W., wounded and captured at the Davis House.

White, Priestly, discharged.

White, John T., wounded at Gettysburg.

Williams, Maxy M., wounded at Manassas and at Gettysburg and captured at Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

Williams, John T., wounded at the Wilderness.

Woods, John K., wounded at Gettysburg; captured in North Carolina.

"John K." was a six-footer, with corresponding weight and foundation, and was frequently detailed as litter bearer.

He was also noted for loud talking, and, when asked the reason, said: "I was born and raised in a sawmill, and it comes natural." In the early days of the war, when meat was plentiful and discipline at a discount, a large piece of meat was dropped on the line dividing the quarters of Captains Hairston and Tucker. While the two were discussing which should have it moved, "John K." came by and Captain Hairston said: "Mr. Woods, please remove that meat." The reply came loud and strong: "Captain Hairston, I didn't put that meat there and I'll be d—d if I move it."

When last heard from "John K." was a Baptist preacher in Texas. As a matter of course, he quit "cussin'" and, in addition to making full proof of his ministry, it is hoped that he never descended to the plane of whispering oratory now so prevalent in our pulpits to the vexation of the old and dull of hearing.

The oft-repeated "Discharged" is applied in the main to members under eighteen and over thirty-five years of age, who, after the passage of the Conscript Act, elected to return home or join other commands. In the wounded and captured lists there are some repetitions, for several recovered and others were exchanged, but the "killed" and "died" are as given. Recapitulation: Killed, 26; died, 16; total, 42.

No stone however humble marks their resting place. They sleep in unknown graves in the swamps of the Chickahominy, in the thickets of the Wilderness, on the plateau of Manassas, at Sharpsburg, and Gettysburg. At the battle of the latter place, on the afternoon of the 3d of July, 1863, fifteen were killed and twenty-two wounded of the 38 rank and file that charged Cemetery Ridge, which was protected by a stone wall and defended by a superior force.

During the Blue and Gray Reunion there in July, 1913, the fiftieth anniversary of the battles, about one hundred Mississippians were there to review the grounds of their "offensive" action and to rededicate themselves to the cause of constitutional rights and local self-government.

From a personal letter under date of "Quantico, Va., July 27, 1922," Brig. Gen. Smedley D. Butler, of the United States Marines, who took a prominent part in the reenactment of the battles of Gettysburg, this is quoted: "In studying the battles, we found many complimentary references to the services of the Mississippi regiments."

As a fitting close to this lengthy article, the following communication is given:

TALLADEGA, ALA., August 15, 1895.

"Dear Comrade: I am an Alabamian, but my war record goes away down with Mississippi, both with Mexico and between the States. I was on the Crawford Circuit, near Columbus, and went to Virginia with the Prairie Guards, 11th Mississippi Regiment, and commanded by Capt. Watt Hairston, who served four months, when he was discharged on account of ill health. I was elected captain and served until the reorganization of the army, when three captains of the 11th Regiment were elected field officers of the 41st Mississippi Regiment—W. F. Tucker, colonel; W. C. Hearn, lieutenant colonel; and Bird Williams, major.

"After having served faithfully at the battles of Munfordville and Perryville, Ky., Bragg's campaign, I was, on account of physical disqualification, retired from the service at Knoxville, Tenn.

"I always felt proud of the Mississippi soldiers with whom I have been associated. They were true, courageous, and indeed patriotic gentlemen.

"Truly and sincerely yours,

W. C. HEARN, D.D."

THE MYTH OF THE CONFEDERATE HOLLOW SQUARE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

"Many authorities doubted that the formation portrayed in this picture was used at the battle of Gettysburg. Not until the meeting of the survivors of the First Corps at Gettysburg in May, 1885, were these doubts finally dispelled. Late in the afternoon of July 1 General Buford had received orders from General Howard to go to General Doubleday's support. Buford's cavalry lay at the time a little west of the cemetery. Though vastly outnumbered by the advancing Confederate infantry, Buford formed his men for the charge. The Confederates immediately set to forming squares in echelon. This consumed time, however, and the respite materially aided in the escape of the First Corps, if it did not save the remnant from capture. Cavalry in the Civil War was not wont to charge unbroken infantry, the latter being better able to withstand a cavalry charge than cavalry itself. In such a charge the cavalry ranks become somewhat blended, and arrive in clusters on the opposing lines. The horses avoid trampling on the fallen and wounded, and jump over them if possible. Buford's threatened charge was a successful ruse."

The foregoing matter is preceded by a beautiful picture, representing infantry soldiers standing in the form of a hollow square, the four sides of the square show the men facing outward, their guns held at a present arms. The picture, followed by the reading matter quoted above, is shown at page 235, Volume 4, "Photographic History of the Civil War," prepared and published by the *Review of Reviews* Company.

As the head of Heth's column of Confederate troops approached the west bank of Willoughby Run, situated more than a mile west of the town of Gettysburg, Pa., about 9 A.M. on the 1st of July, 1863, along the Cashtown road, the movement caused the Federal cavalry division of Brig. Gen. John Buford, consisting of the brigades of Cols. William Gamble and Thomas C. Devin, and Tidball's Battery of Horse Artillery, commanded by Lieut. John Calef, to assemble in battle array on the east side of the run; the reserve brigade of the division, commanded by Brig. Gen. Wesley Merritt, having been previously detached and sent to Mechanicstown.

The left of Gamble's Brigade rested on the Fairfield road and its right on the railroad track. Devin's Brigade was formed on the crest of the hill, its left joining the right of Gamble's Brigade, its right resting on the Mummasburg road, connected by skirmishers and videttes with the pickets on the three roads on his right leading toward Carlisle, thus establishing a continuous line from the York road at its crossing over Rock Run to the left of Gamble's Brigade on the Fairfield road. Calef's Horse Battery was placed in position, one section north of Cashtown road, a second section south of that road, and the third section on the right of the left regiment of Gamble's Brigade.

As soon as Heth's formation was completed, he advanced, assailing the Federal cavalry with infantry and artillery, gradually forcing it back perhaps two hundred yards. About 10:15 A.M., Wadsworth's Infantry Division, of the First Army Corps, accompanied with a battery of artillery, led by Maj. Gen. John Fulton Reynolds, commanding the left wing of the Federal army, reached the field and was placed in position, relieving the cavalry, which withdrew to the flanks of the line of battle. As the infantry of Wadsworth's Division formed, a portion of the 3rd Indiana Cavalry found horse holders, borrowed muskets, and fought with the Wisconsin regiment that relieved them.

Heth's Division fought with the Federal infantry and artillery for some time with varying success, and finally there was a cessation of the firing, when the troops rested for an hour or more. In the meantime other infantry and artillery of both armies continued to arrive and extend the line. Heth received orders to attack the enemy in his front, with the information that Pender's Division would support him.

When Heth advanced the remnant of Archer's Brigade, occupying the right of his division, was commanded by Col. B. D. Fry, of the 13th Alabama Brigade, General Archer and a considerable number of the men of his brigade having been captured during the day. After advancing a short distance, Colonel Fry discovered a large body of cavalry threatening the right of the division and changed his front, thus protecting the flank of the division during the engagement.

The men of Heth's Division having become considerably exhausted and their ammunition having been consumed, about 4 P.M. three brigades of Pender's Division—Scales's, Perrin's, and Lane's—were ordered forward to charge the line in front, Thomas's Brigade, of the same division, having been retained to meet a threatened movement from the left. Lane's Brigade was ordered to the right and formed on the extreme right of the division. Here he deployed a strong line of skirmishers to his right, and at right angles to the line of battle, to protect his flank, which was exposed to the Federal cavalry. Pettigrew's and Archer's brigades in the first line were in Lane's immediate front. Continuing to move forward with skirmishers by the left flank, and at right angles to the line of battle, Lane gained ground to his right, and, on emerging from the woods, Lane found his line had passed Archer's Brigade, and that his entire front was unmasked. He then moved forward about a mile, and, as the 7th Regiment had been detained a short time, forty men had been thrown out to keep back some of the enemy's cavalry, *which had been dismounted*, and were annoying his troops with an enfilading fire. He moved across that open space at quick time until a large body of Federal cavalry and a few infantry opened upon his line from the woods on Seminary Ridge, when his men gave a yell and rushed forward at a double quick, the whole of the Federal force beating a hasty retreat to Cemetery Hill.

Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard, who was in command of the Federal troops after the death of General Reynolds, which occurred about 10:45 A.M., said in his official report: "About 4 P.M., I sent word to General Doubleday that if he could not hold out longer, he must fall back fighting to Cemetery Hill on the left of the Baltimore pike; also a request to General Buford to make a show of force opposite to the enemy's right, which he immediately did."

Col. William Gamble, 8th Illinois Cavalry, commanding First Brigade of Buford's Division of Cavalry, reporting the operations of his brigade on the 1st of July, said: "In the afternoon, the enemy, being strongly reënforced, extended his flanks and advanced on our left in three strong lines to turn that flank. The general commanding division ordered my brigade forward at a trot, and deployed in line on the ridge of the woods, with the seminary on the right. Half the 8th New York, 3rd Indiana, and 12th Illinois were *dismounted and placed behind a portion of a stone wall* and under cover of trees.

"The enemy being close upon us, we opened a sharp and rapid carbine fire, which killed and wounded so many of the first line of the enemy that it fell back upon the second line. Our men kept up the fire until the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, approached so near that, in order to save my men and horses from capture, *they were ordered to mount and fall*

back rapidly to the next ridge, on the left of the town (Cemetery Ridge), where the artillery was posted. The stand which we made against the enemy prevented our left flank from being turned, and saved a division of our infantry."

But as the stand was made by dismounted cavalry, there was no need for a hollow square, as there was no attempt to charge the infantry lines with mounted cavalry. In every instance when the cavalry fought on the 1st of July, it is clear that it was done by dismounted men.

Colonel Gamble closes his report of the operations for that day with the following phrase: "This brigade had the honor to commence the fight in the morning and close it in the evening." The writer will add that, so far as the action of the cavalry went, the battle was begun in the morning with dismounted Federal cavalry and closed in the evening with dismounted cavalry.

General Buford, commanding the Federal cavalry, in reporting, said: "Seeing our troops retiring, and their need of assistance, I immediately rushed Gamble's Brigade to Doubleday's left, and *dismounted* it in time to render great assistance to our infantry, and to check and break the enemy's line. My troops at this place had partial shelter behind a low stone fence and were in short carbine range." This is what the survivors of the First Corps state was "Buford's threatened charge was a successful ruse," at their meeting at Gettysburg in May, 1885. Buford's report should be considered in connection with the report of Col. William Gamble, commanding the alleged charging Federal troops.

Col. Abner Perrin, 14th South Carolina Infantry, commanding McGowan's Brigade, consisting of the 1st, 12th, 13th, 14th South Carolina Regiments and 1st Rifles, part of Major General Pender's Division, Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, encamped near Cashtown on the Chambersburg and Gettysburg road, said that, about eight o'clock on the morning of the 1st of July, he received orders to get under arms, and the brigade, except the Rifles, which were left to guard the wagon train, commenced the march on the turnpike leading to Gettysburg, at the head of the division and just in rear of Heth's Division. When within three miles of Gettysburg, he was ordered to file down a road, form line of battle, leaving sufficient room between his left and the Gettysburg road for Scales's Brigade, and to throw out skirmishers to cover his right flank.

Skirmishing between the advanced infantry of Heth's Division and that of the enemy, as well as heavy artillery firing, had already commenced in his front. He was soon notified that Heth would advance, and he should make a corresponding movement forward, preserving his alignment with General Scales on his left. They moved through the open field about a mile, where they halted in rear and in supporting distance of Heth's Division, which had now become closely engaged with the enemy in front. Here Lane's Brigade took position on his right, to protect his flank from the enemy's cavalry and some infantry reported in that direction. Here they remained in position until about three o'clock, and were again ordered forward, and again advanced a half mile, when they came close to Heth's Division, pressing the enemy, within a short distance in their front.

He remained in this position probably until after four o'clock, when he was ordered by General Pender to advance, and to pass Heth's Division should he come up with it at a halt, and to engage the enemy as circumstances might warrant. He soon came up with and passed Pettigrew's Brigade, the men of which were much exhausted by several hours of hard fighting. Here Perrin availed himself of a ravine, which sheltered his men from the enemy's artillery, to reform his

line, and instructed regimental commanders when the advance was resumed not to allow a gun to be fired at the enemy until they had received orders to do so.

They now moved forward, preserving an alignment with Scales's Brigade, and, as soon as the brigade began ascending the hill in front, they were met by a furious storm of musketry and shells from the Federal batteries to the left of the road; but the men scrupulously obeyed the instructions given—not a gun was fired. The men received the enemy's fire without faltering, rushing up the hill at a charge, driving the enemy to their last position at Gettysburg.

They continued the charge without opposition, excepting from artillery, which maintained a constant and most galling fire upon the men, until they got within two hundred yards from the grove near the college. Some lines of infantry had shown themselves across the field, but disappeared as the men got within range of them. While crossing the last fence, about two hundred yards from a grove near the college, his brigade received the most destructive fire of musketry it had ever been exposed to, but continued to press forward, without firing, until the edge of the grove was reached. Here the 14th Regiment was staggered for a moment by the severity and destructiveness of the enemy's musketry. It looked to Colonel Perrin as if this regiment was entirely destroyed.

Here Colonel Perrin found himself without support either on his right or left. Scales's Brigade had halted to return the enemy's fire, near the fence, about two hundred yards distance from the enemy. Lane's Brigade was not in his sight at the time. This gave the enemy an enfilading fire upon the 14th Regiment. This regiment most gallantly stood its ground. Colonel Perrin now directed the 1st Regiment to oblique to the right, to avoid a breastwork of rails behind which he discovered the enemy was posted, and then to change front to the left and attack in his flank. This was done most effectually. The enemy was here completely routed. This caused the whole of their artillery on the left, at least thirty pieces, to be limbered up and moved to the rear. Much of their artillery would have been captured, but the 1st and 14th in their pursuit again met a force of the enemy's infantry, strongly posted behind a stone wall, near the left of the college. It was the work of a few moments, however, to dislodge them.

These two regiments, now reduced in numbers to less than half the men they carried into the battle, pursued the enemy to within the town of Gettysburg, capturing hundreds of prisoners, two field pieces, and a number of caissons.

While the 1st and 14th Regiments were assailing the enemy and driving him from his breastwork near the college, Colonel Perrin ordered the 12th and 13th Regiments to oblique to the right and charge the enemy, strongly posted behind a stone fence, to the right of the college, from which he had kept up a constant and withering fire of musketry upon the front and right flank of the brigade. These two regiments had necessarily to change direction to the right somewhat, so as to meet the enemy full in front. This movement was most brilliantly performed by the two regiments, and most skillfully managed by their officers. They rushed up to the crest of the hill and the stone fence, driving everything before them, the 12th gaining the stone fence, and pouring an enfilading fire upon the enemy's right flank. The 13th then coming up made it an easy task to drive the enemy down the opposite slope and across the open field west of Gettysburg.

After penetrating the enemy's lines near the college, the change of direction of the 1st and 14th to attack the enemy in flank to the left, and the oblique movement and change of direction of the 12th and 13th to attack the enemy in flank

to the right, necessarily separated the brigade into two parts. As soon as Perrin knew the enemy had been routed on his right, he ordered the 12th and 13th to unite again with the 1st and 14th, who were pursuing the fleeing force.

Of all the facts that have been brought forward no evidence is found in the official reports on either side to indicate that the Federal cavalry present and active during the battle of the 1st of July, 1863, attempted to make a show of aggressiveness on horseback against their Confederate antagonists, hence there was no necessity for the formation of a hollow square by the Confederate soldiery on that date.

Was Colonel Perrin's maneuver, by which his brigade was divided into two parts, and formed into two lines facing in opposite directions, construed by that meeting of the First Corps at Gettysburg in May, 1885, to be a hollow square? When he sent his 1st and 14th Regiments to attack the enemy in flank to the left, and caused his 12th and 13th Regiments to oblique and attack the enemy in flank to the right, the reader will note that these last two regiments assailed the dismounted cavalry behind the stone wall, and it is possible that their detention prevented the capture of Federal prisoners and artillery on a much larger scale; but Colonel Perrin's maneuver cannot be construed by any military tactics as the formation of a hollow square, nor did Colonel Perrin so consider it. The maneuver was most bravely and skillfully executed, and served the purpose for which it was intended; but two parallel lines of soldiers, if such these were, do not constitute a hollow square. All the evidence shows that Buford's show of force on Doubleday's left (Perrin's right) was converted into an active assault by his dismounted cavalry, and these were "approached so near that, in order to save" his "men and horses from capture, they were ordered to mount and fall back rapidly to the next ridge on the left of the town," etc.

But what shall be said of Col. Abner Perrin and the brave men constituting his heroic brigade? Colonel Perrin's maneuvering and the achievements of his brave men, after they passed Heth's leg-weary troops, bare of ammunition, partook of the spectacular, as they pressed from point to point and forced the stubborn enemy to relinquish his hold. Colonel Perrin plainly showed he was a soldier of sagacity and courage. Can the grand qualities displayed by this gallant South Carolinian and his equally gallant men be pictured in language too strong? His achievements on that date marked him as a man of valor and a soldier with the capacity of knowing what to do in battle, doing it in the face of a storm of death-dealing monsters filling the air by which he was surrounded and adding their discordant and raucous din to the fearful thunder of artillery and roll of musketry. Terrible as is war, it yet displays the spiritual grandeur of man daring to defy his mightiest hereditary enemy—death.

Maj. Joseph A. Englehard, Assistant Adjutant General, operating with Pender's division, reporting, said, among other things: "Too much credit cannot be awarded to Colonel Perrin and the splendid brigade under his command for the manner and spirit with which this attack was conducted. To the former, the government has recognized his valuable services in a manner the most grateful to the true soldier, by a prompt promotion. Of the latter, all who are acquainted with their gallantry on this occasion unite in their commendation to both. Their commander (General Pender), who fell mortally wounded the succeeding day, was most enthusiastic in their praise."

Evidently these brave men, though a large number of them yielded their life blood (Colonel Perrin said that "the loss of the brigade in killed and wounded did not fall short of 500" for that day), felt

"The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

As indicated above, Colonel Perrin was promptly promoted to brigadier general, but early in the following campaign his brilliant career was cut short. This occurred at The Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania Courthouse, on the 12th of May, 1864. The writer participated in nearly all the great battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, and the one fought on the 12th of May, 1864, appeared to be the most desperate and protracted of any he ever engaged in. It began at dawn and continued without intermission until after midnight. For at least fourteen hours the din was incessant, and many brave men in both armies yielded their life blood.

THE AFFAIR AT MAY'S FERRY, TENN.

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

Crew's First Brigade, Georgia Cavalry, consisting of the 1st, 2nd, 3d, 4th, and 6th Georgia Regiments, was stationed at Kimbrough's Crossroads (and for some days previously) on the 24th of December, 1863, when, in the early forenoon, orders were received to march toward Dandridge. This was to get in the rear of Colonel Campbell's brigade of Union cavalry, which had left Dandridge that morning to attack Colonel Russell's Alabama brigade, of our division (John T. Morgan's), stationed near May's Ferry on the French Broad, a few miles above the town.

Campbell met and engaged Russell, who fell back a short distance. Campbell decided to content himself with the slight preliminary advantage gained and turned to the left, making for the Chucky Road through the woods, in which he was forced to abandon one of his guns because of a broken axle. Arriving at the Chucky Road, he found the Georgia brigade near by on his left, barring the road to Dandridge (if he intended to return to that point), so his only route open which would allow him to get out of a tight place was across the North's farm. This he took. My regiment being in the lead, General Morgan ordered Captain Jack Lay, of my Company, G, to capture their battery, which was at the crossing of the road, assuring Captain Jack that he would support him with the brigade. Result, Company G charged and captured the battery. No support having appeared, it was charged by a regiment, the battery and prisoners recaptured, and the company dispersed with the loss of several killed and wounded and thirteen men captured in turn, including our third lieutenant, Washington Mathes ("Long Wash").

In the meantime Campbell's rear regiment came up, dismounted, and built a temporary breastwork with rails brought from the opposite (north side of the narrow field. These breastworks extended from the road some two hundred or more yards. After our company had been scattered, completely routed, the rest of the regiment and brigade, unaccountably held back, came up, the 6th Georgia on the right against the breastworks. It was repulsed with loss.

In attempting to swing around the left of the breastwork, and within ten paces of it, our major, Alfred Bale, fell from his horse, shot through the head. We mourned his loss deeply. He was a man of a deeply religious nature, quiet and gentlemanly, and quite popular with all.

I have always regarded that move—cavalry charging against such an obstruction—as utterly ill-advised and foolish. It was a task for seasoned, veteran infantry. Cavalry, mounted, was utterly useless.

The rest of the brigade swerved to the left in pursuit of Campbell's force, and in crossing the field west of the North house, another gun was left, one wheel gone, whether it was shot off or not, I cannot say. Campbell escaped without further loss, so far as I ever learned, and arrived at Mossy Creek at about 10 P.M. (Campbell's report to General Sturgis.)

Now for a bit of explanations: An account of the fighting as reported here was given me by comrades who were engaged, as I was not in the fight for a very good reason. The night previous, my horse, Brownie lay down to rest, and in doing so had the misfortune to lie on the stump of a white oak shoot about four inches above ground, the roots of which had all rotted away. When I proceeded to rub him down in the morning I discovered that the stump, having no roots to hold it, was stuck fast in the muscles of his left ham. I jerked it out and found it had penetrated nearly four inches, leaving a hole into which I could insert my fore finger full length. Then came the order to march. I went to Colonel Hart and showed him the stub, explaining the nature and depth of the wound, and begged him to let me off of the raid, saying that my horse could not make it. He replied: "I am sorry, but you will have to go as far as you can. We will need every man we have to-day." I went back to my horse and got tready. Choking with indignation, I was only a boy still, and I loved my "Brownie." A more steady and faithful servant could not be had anywhere. I felt that this would be our last ride, and I was not mistaken.

We started down the road at a brisk trot toward Dandridge, and when we arrived at the Mitchell farm, a mile or less from Dandridge, we cut through the farmyard by a lane connecting the Morristown and Chucky roads, turned up the latter, and passed Carson's, to the Neff farm. By the time we reached Carson's, Brownie's leg had become so stiff that he could no longer bend it, but dragged his hoof, and finally, when almost opposite Carson's house, he stopped with a groan, wistfully looking ahead to where his comrades were disappearing, a half mile up the road. I groaned too. I felt lost. As between any of the enemy who might come up the road from Dandridge and the uncertainty of the results ahead of me, I was in a fix; afoot in a none too friendly neighborhood, with some notable exceptions.

We had in our company a loose horse named "Billy Smith" that was "on a furlough." His master had gotten himself another mount, and had turned "Billy" out to grass while his sore back was healing. But Billy had some good friends in the company whom he could not be induced to desert for any consideration, not the least was his owner, and he would accept a caress as his due from nearly every man in the company. He knew them all, knew they were his friends, and so he stuck to them. When he grew hungry on the march, he would drop out of line to browse by the wayside, and when the command would get so far ahead as to be lost to sight sometimes, Billy would raise his head, give a snort, and then tear up, or down, the road in pursuit with his tail in the air, and, catching up with the company, crowd into the ranks anywhere—just so that he could be with Company G. When Brownie, utterly unable to go further, stopped, I looked around a bit in a quandary, when, to my great joy and high hopes, I saw "Billy Smith" quietly browsing by the side of the road. Quickly slipping off the bridle, and throwing it over my shoulder out of sight (Billy was a bit capricious at times), I made haste over the hundred or more yards between us to where he was feeding and spoke to him when but a few paces distance, "Hello, Billy! I want you." He raised his head for a moment, then, seeing who it was speaking to him, put his nose to the ground and continued nibbling. Ap-

proaching him quietly, I put my hand on his neck and slipped it along to his long forelock, then brought the bridle forward and slipped the bit into his mouth. He offered no resistance, and leading him back to where Brownie was resting on his three good legs, I changed the saddle to Billy's back, after seeing that the blanket was well fixed to protect the sore, which was in a way to heal nicely. Mounting swiftly, after giving "Brownie" a hug in good-by, with tears in my eyes I rode away and left him to his fate. I am to-day not ashamed of my weakness of the moment. But I always loved a good horse, and Brownie was one of the best in every respect, though not one of the speediest, but got there just the same.

In the meantime, I heard the firing in front and, speeding up the road, dashed into the woods above Neff's barn, swerved to the right where I expected to catch up with my regiment, which I knew would hold the right of the line in action that day. I had passed almost through the woody tract when I suddenly debouched from the thicket and found myself rushing toward a line of about two hundred bluecoats afoot and making fast time toward the rear. There was a bare forty yards between, and if they were not surprised by my sudden appearance, I most certainly was by theirs. I threw Billy back on his haunches and swung him into a right wheel over a dead white oak sapling about six feet high. The horse's weight bent the top like a hoop, and when it passed from under him, the end flew up and caught my left foot and nearly unhorsed me. The bluecoats called upon me in no polite terms, "Surrender, you Rebel son of a gun," only they did not say "gun." Surrendering just then was not on my program—far from it—and as I turned tail to them, I shouted back a strong direction for them to go somewhere, and made tracks back to Neff's barn. There I found a chum, Dick Murdock, who, in the scattering of our company, had become separated from the rest and had taken refuge in the barn. He then told me hurriedly of what had occurred, but he did not know what I had learned, so I told him that if those fellows kept on they would soon be upon us, and we'd be obliged to leg it. But as it turned out, my sudden appearance on their front, with the possibility of a force in the woods behind me, caused them to change their line of march toward the May's Ferry road, and they crossed the field to our right and about five hundred yards distant. This was much to our great relief, as neither knew how things had turned out, nor just where we might find our regiment.

As soon as we discovered our "friends in blue" obliquing across the field toward the river, we felt greatly relieved, and bravely (?) opened fire on them, which appeared to have the effect of accelerating their pace somewhat. The only attention they paid to us was to walk a little faster until a dip in the ground hid them from view. I do not think we did any damage, as the range was too great and the targets were moving a bit too fast for us at that distance. Now for us to find the command.

During this interval we could hear the sound of small arms firing away on the left front, indicating retreat and pursuit. Campbell was doing his best to save his two remaining guns, which he succeeded in doing by making frequent halts and countercharging, but always giving ground, though checking the pursuit. Dick and I rode out through the woods and on to where our beloved major lay, face up, showing the bullet hole in his forehead above the right eye, and the jagged hole in the crown where it made its exit—the victim of an ill-advised charge. The whole affair was ill conceived, and we suffered more than the enemy by more than twoscore. Couriers sent in search of Colonel Russell, with orders for him to follow up Campbell and strike him on

the right flank and rear, failed to find him. This has never been satisfactorily explained. We followed Campbell to and across the Morristown road, but, dark night setting in, we ceased the pursuit, too dark to operate. The next day we returned to our point of starting at Kimbrough's—an almost futile expedition. We lost a number of good men and officers for very small results. My company lost in all twenty-two men—thirteen being captured. One incident worth recording was this, my captain, John R. Lay, as gallant a little man as ever lived, was knocked from his horse during the scrimmage which resulted in the recapture of the battery by Campbell's men, but managed to escape capture by playing possum, though his horse was captured.

Now mark how the wheel of fate turns. On the 27th of January following, during a fight at Fair Gardens, *my last fight*, one of La Grange's regiments charged ours. The Federal colonel was riding this same horse in the charge. The colonel was killed, shot off, as Captain Jack had been knocked off, and the horse recovered. Captain Jack then rode him to the end of the war, without further mishap, and surrendered with Johnston's army. This was told me by Captain Lay himself in a letter from Cresson, Tex., in 1903.

These two actions are not given in the list of actions, large or small, though many of less consequence are.

Our next encounter with the enemy was with General Sturgis, at Mossy Creek, on December 29, where we lost nearly one hundred men and were forced to retreat. Another *illegally conducted affair*, which left such a bad taste in my mouth that I have not yet gotten rid of it. Few of the participants in the affair on either side are still living, and of those but few will have forgotten the part they took in it nearly sixty years ago. All the commanders on both sides have long since crossed. One Confederate commander now living is Gen. Felix Robertson, of Waco, Tex., now near his eighty-fifth milestone—and, possibly, Gen. Isaac N. Sherwood, member of Congress from Ohio, whom we had the honor of meeting once or twice in heated argument; but I am not certain he was at Mossy Creek, a small affair, yes, but more or less important in immediate results.

SERVICE WITH THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

(Continued from January number.)

[From the diary of James L. Cooper, Captain and A. A. G. Edited by Deering J. Roberts, M.D., Surgeon C. S. A.]

August, 1862.—As well as I can remember, on the 10th of this month, we were ordered to leave Camp Chase for exchange at Vicksburg. Rumors had been prevalent in the prison for some time, but nothing definite was learned until the evening of the 9th, when a big sergeant came into the prison and, mounting a barrel, in a stentorian voice gave orders to prepare three days' rations and be ready to leave at midnight. Never were orders obeyed with more alacrity, and long before the appointed time every one was ready and waiting. Of our mess, No. 36, the following members went out that night: Pink Hughes, Pink Martin and brother, Abbey Hill, James L. Cooper, William Vardyn, Tennesseans; Dolph Pearson, Charley Taylor.

Two of our mess, Dr. Nunnally and Mr. Tribble, being citizens, we had to leave behind, and one, Dr. Beufort, was left by an error in the rolls.

Everything looked peculiarly green and fresh to me as we left that place of our long confinement. The birds seemed to sing a gayer note, and every object was altogether more attractive from force of contrast. We had to walk about two

miles to the railroad, but all seemed sorry when we reached the place. There was much to look at and admire in the walk by men who had not been outside a wall in ten months, some longer. We passed around Cincinnati about sunset, and next day reached Cairo, where we were to take boat passage for Vicksburg. Here we were joined by thousands of other prisoners from different places, until five transports were thoroughly packed. The one we took had twelve hundred on her. At night, when all lay down, there was not a foot of spare room.

We started down the Mississippi in high hopes of soon seeing Dixie. Alas! how many of those gallant men whose hearts beat fast with the thought of seeing home and friends once more found but graves in that Dixie. Of the five Tennesseans from our mess, two found their last resting place in the South.

We were convoyed by the gunboat Essex, which caused much delay by sticking on sand bars. We received a hearty welcome from the citizens of Memphis, where the guards had to keep the ladies off the boat. With no incidents, except seeing a corpse in the river occasionally, we steamed slowly toward Vicksburg, which place we reached about eight days after our departure from Camp Chase. Here we bade an adieu to Uncle Sam, and once more took up our abode with the boys in gray.

We left Vicksburg the morning after our arrival and proceeded to Jackson, where the regiment was encamped. I had scarcely left the cars when I met several members of my old company, and soon learned all the changes that had taken place in my absence. I spent one night with the regiment and then joined the "prisoners," who were encamped near the city. The day following, the regiment started to Holly Springs, and in a few hours the returned prisoners of Breckinridge's division left for the same place. We found them sixteen miles north of Holly Springs, and here I drew a gun, this time an Enfield rifle, and was again a Confederate soldier.

I found the chief amusement now, in the army was gambling; playing "keno" was the most fashionable game, and in every direction you might see a crowd of soldiers gathered around a "keno box."

September, 1862.—About the first of this month Breckinridge's Division was ordered from its camps near Grand Junction to Tennessee. With much enthusiasm did we obey the order. We had a dull trip to Mobile, the railroad was in such a terrible condition, but no murmuring was heard; all were overjoyed at the idea of going to Tennessee. It was late in the evening when we left Mobile, and quite dark by the time we reached Tensas Station. Here we had quite an adventure with a train loaded with sutler stores, etc., and when we at last started several boxes of tobacco and other articles were found on the train. No questions were asked. On our car we found a box sent by some fond "Ma" to her soldier boy, which contained lots of nice things.

We proceeded onward for several days, passing through Montgomery and Atlanta, and finally, eight days from the commencement of our trip, reached Knoxville, Tenn. From this point we expected to march into Kentucky, but were disappointed. General Breckinridge, with the Kentucky Brigade, started, and we were ordered to Murfreesboro. We started with high hopes of soon seeing home and of getting good clothes and something to eat. We crossed the Tennessee River in flats at Bridgeport, having great trouble with our baggage; slept two nights on the cars and arrived at Murfreesboro before day one cold morning that I shall never forget. Wagons were scarce, and we had to transport baggage to camps on our backs, which was no light work, for the distance was more than a mile.

Everything looked homelike in this country. We had been so long in the swamps of Mississippi that anything else would have been a relief; but this was peculiarly pleasant.

October, 1862.—We had been in camp only a few days when my mother and Kittie Robinson came after me. I succeeded in getting a leave for four days, and I used this furlough about five weeks. We left Murfreesboro about three o'clock one very chilly afternoon, and stayed that night at Triune, and the next day we reached Kittie's home before dark. Here for a time I almost forgot there was a war in my intense delight of rest and fine living, and until my departure to the regiment, enjoyed myself hugely in riding about, hunting, fishing, and such amusements.

We were aroused from sleep several times by the announcement of the approach of Yankees, and sometimes were forced to ride all day through the woods and bottoms hiding from them. There was no Confederate force between us and Nashville, and the Yanks, being rather straitened in the provender line, came out for something to eat.

November, 1862.—Before the middle of this month I had bidden farewell to my relatives—a long one it was destined to be—and returned to my regiment. I was well received by the mess, as I brought quite a supply of provender. Our mess at that time numbered four men—John Savage, James Stevens, M. T. Smith, and myself. They were fine fellows to live with; all having an eye to business, which means they were ready to pick up any little thing they saw lying about; and not being very particular as to the owner, they kept us supplied.

When I returned to the regiment they were encamped at Stewart's Creek, eight miles from Murfreesboro, on the Nashville road. We were put here on advance guard. Bragg's army had by this time reached Murfreesboro on the retreat from Kentucky. As might have been expected, we were kept pretty busy watching the Yankee raiding parties. On one occasion they came out from Nashville, driving our cavalry back, and burned Lavergne, about four miles from our camp. Our regiment was hurried down, but arrived too late to be of any service. We succeeded in extinguishing some of the burning houses, but the greater part of the village was destroyed.

We had some intervals of rest, and a pretty lively time generally. There was a pretty deep snow this month, and we had quite a snowball battle with our neighbors, the 45th Tennessee. We also had a huge rabbit hunt, capturing scores of them.

About the latter part of this month we were relieved from picket duty by other troops and ordered back to camp at Murfreesboro.

December, 1862.—During the first of this month we remained in camp, west of Murfreesboro, with nothing to disturb the monotony of camp life but occasional drills and reviews. Christmas came and passed, and about this time we were put into a brigade composed of the 60th North Carolina, the 1st, 4th, and 3rd Florida, and commanded by General Preston, of Kentucky. The first time we were brought together was to witness a military execution, a day or two after Christmas. . . . All this day the rain poured down in torrents, and as night approached the gloomy clouds seemed to hover over our camp as portents of the dark scenes through which we were soon to pass. It was such an evening as would make one at home draw closer to the fire and give himself up to the enjoyment of home, thankful if no duty called him abroad. But alas! for the poor soldier. About four o'clock a courier came galloping up with orders to cook rations and prepare for action. We had been in some measure

prepared for this, for all that day we had heard the heavy discharges of artillery in the direction of our outposts, and knew the enemy were approaching. However, we went to work, and as one of our "inimitables" had just stolen a rooster, we soon had everything in readiness.

About dark, Hardee's Corps, being pressed back from its position near Eagleville, came in and went into camp near us. The next morning we tore down our tents, loaded the wagons, and started out to take our position. We marched through Murfreesboro to music, with colors flying, and every one full of enthusiasm and "fight." Our brigade was the right of Breckinridge's Division, and as this was the right division, we formed the extreme right of the army.

Tuesday night found us in position on the south bank of Stone's River. We constituted the reserve division and had been attached to Hardee's Corps. The enemy had formed in front of our line on the left, and north of the river, and considerable skirmishing ensued. Wednesday morning, December 31, the left of our army attacked the enemy before light. We had quite the advantage at first and drove them back in confusion. Our division was two miles from the fighting, so for some time we had the pleasant post of listeners. There was a very high wind, and all we could hear of the small arms was a rushing noise, but the incessant din of artillery which continued from daylight till dark, could have been heard almost anywhere in that country.

About twelve o'clock the enemy succeeded in checking the hitherto irresistible progress of our troops, and the reserve was ordered into action. We marched quickly to the ford in the river, and with shouts of enthusiasm crossed and formed into line. Excited as I was, I looked around and thought: "What an awfully sublime scene." Wounded men were coming in a stream, dead were lying all around, and on every living face was seen the impress of an excitement which has no equal here on earth. All around us the smoke of battle had settled down, rent aside every moment by the thunder of artillery. To the left the battle still raged furiously, and ever and anon there would rise above every sound the swelling shout of men rushing to the bloody charge. But the finest sight of all was our division ranged in order of battle, awaiting the command "forward." We were formed across a high hill on perfectly open ground, so that every regiment could be seen. Our regiment formed the extreme right, resting on the river.

About the time we started forward the firing had almost ceased, and a most unearthly silence prevailed. We moved forward slowly at first, Preston's Brigade leading. When we had advanced two hundred yards, the sharpshooters commenced popping away, killing and wounding numbers of our men. Our walk then quickened into a run, and the whole line dashed forward with a shout. We were a little confused by a brick house on the road, but soon got around it and swept forward in gallant style. The firing had by this time changed into a regular roar, both of artillery and small arms, and, as we rose on a little hill, it was so heavy that the line was ordered to lie down. We lay there close to the ground in an old cotton patch for a few moments, then, with a regular old Tennessee yell, we rose to our feet and started for the Yanks. Those in our front did not wait very long, but "tuck the back track," leaving us about thirty prisoners and numbers of wounded. A large proportion of our men had been wounded by this time, for they were falling every step. We did not have more than one hundred and fifty left, and we had done all men could do and had to fall back, taking our prisoners, however. It was here that I captured my *first* prisoners. We retired leisurely about a quarter of a mile, where we found the rest of the brigade.

There was a scene of great confusion, and had not the enemy been too nearly whipped, he could have annihilated our army. As it was, he was content to be let alone. Bragg and Rosecrans were pretty much in the same condition on the night of December 31.

We had lost some good men from Company C that day. One little incident is worth narrating. At the battle before this, at Fishing Creek, I was in the rear rank, and my file leader, Tom Brown, was shot exactly in the center of his throat, making a bad wound, from which, however, he recovered. At this battle of Murfreesboro, I was in the front rank, and my rear rank man, George Jones, was shot in precisely the same place as Brown, from which he died instantly, the ball having cut some large artery.

By this time both sides seemed willing to quit fighting for the day, and silence settled down over that bloody field.

After dark we were moved to the right, passing over many dead bodies, and in the darkness stepping on them before we knew it. When we had marched nearly a mile, we formed into line, stacked arms, and were told to go to sleep. We lay down, but for a time sleep was impossible to men who had passed through such dreadful scenes *that day* and expected a renewal of them on the morrow. Thoughts of home would creep in, and many a fervent prayer was breathed that night. Many souls had passed to eternity that day.

January, 1863.—The morning of the first day in the new year found us in position about the center of the army. The preceding night had been very cold, and numbers of the wounded had perished from the combined effects of their wounds and the cold. I had been detailed "on the infirmity corps," and was busily occupied all the morning bringing in the wounded, both Confederate and Federal. I walked over part of the battle field and saw some terrible sights. In one place two brothers were lying dead, both killed by the same shell.

Contrary to our expectation, there was no fighting this day, but some very lively skirmishing, during which we were very much exposed to the shells which flew in every direction. We occupied our position in front of the lines until night, when we were ordered back into the rear. We then built up fires and lay down for another night's rest, thankful for having been kept from death that day at least.

The next day the enemy's left effected a crossing on Stone's River opposite our extreme right, and General Bragg determined to attack them in position. He ordered General Breckinridge to make the attack with his division. We were hurried back across the river and thrown into line, our regiment being the right regiment of the army, with the exception of some cavalry. No sooner had we reached our place than the roar of four pieces of artillery gave the signal: "Forward!" The sharpshooters had been cracking away pretty briskly in our front, and we had gone only a short distance when their line was discovered, reaching away to the right of us, and outflanking us. This was more than we expected, but the line moved steadily on, looking only to their front. As we entered an open stubble field, several hundred yards wide, the enemy being in the woods on the other side, the whole line, both artillery and small arms opened upon us with a deafening roar, and the groans of men on all sides told how true was their aim. Our men replied, and the battle had commenced in earnest. After firing at long range for a while, our whole line dashed forward with a gallantry which was irresistible and swept the Yankees from their position, taking numbers of prisoners. They rushed pell-mell to the river, where they were sheltered by the bank, and, aided by fresh

troops and massed artillery from the other side, made a successful stand. Our troops were scattered in the ardor of pursuit and, not expecting such resistance, were thrown into some confusion and fell back in disorder. The lines were reformed in the place where the fight commenced and then we had time to count our numbers. In this bloody fight of not more than an hour's duration, Breckinridge's Division had lost more than a thousand men. Gen. Roger Hanson, of Kentucky, being one of that number.

We spent the greater part of that night—it was dark when the fighting ceased—in marching about and in standing picket. To add to our discomfort, a cold rain was falling, which put an end to all hope of sleep. The next morning we put up breastwords and awaited an attack. Toward night it was whispered about that we would evacuate Murfreesboro, and, about two hours before day, the retreat commenced. We struggled through the mud till we reached Murfreesboro, and started out on the Wartrace road. When day dawned we were several miles from the Yankees, but they were very willing to let us alone. They were about as badly whipped as we were. We stopped to rest about dinner time, and I washed my face and hands for the first time in five days, and as may be well imagined, I felt somewhat refreshed.

The loss from our regiment in this battle was one hundred and fifty out of about three hundred. The killed of our company were: G. S. Jones and George Watson. Six or seven were wounded, some of them pretty badly.

Our brigade commander acted very gallantly in the battle, winning good opinions from every one. When one of the Florida regiments seemed wavering in the first day's fight, he seized their battle flag and, dashing to the front, so animated them by his example that they rallied and drove the Yankees from their position.

We marched to Allsonia, and rested for a day or two, and then went to Tullahoma.

We were encamped in a low, muddy place, very distant from wood, and the weather was bitter cold. On the whole, it was about as disagreeable a month as I passed the whole time I was in the army.

February, March, April, 1863.—During these three months we remained near Tullahoma, and were kept busy when the weather would admit fortifying, drilling, and reviewing. We formed a complete semicircle of breastwords and redoubts around the place, which we were destined never to use. There was some terrible weather, but as we had moved to a better camp and had built chimneys to our tents, we did not suffer from it as much as we had before. Rations were pretty scant, but by stealing and foraging around a little, we managed to keep enough on hand to sustain life. One of my mess had been captured at Murfreesboro, and had been replaced by George Davis, his equal in meanness, but not so good a messmate. He was no more honest, but was too lazy to steal, and consequently we felt Smith's loss. He was decidedly the best rogue in the mess. George Davis, in addition to his many faults, got very sick while the other two members of the mess were out at Hurricane Creek on a "bender." I had to nurse him, and the poor fellow came very near dying.

There were some splendid reviews near this place, and at one of them we were presented with the celebrated flag by Mrs. Breckinridge, wife of our general. We were still in Preston's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, and Hardee's Corps. General Hardee drilled us twice at this place, and complimented the regiment very highly upon its proficiency.

(To be continued.)

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE TERRITORIES.

(In the following letter, written by James M. Lyle, of Kansas, to his uncle, James V. Lyle, in Columbia, S. C., is given a vivid statement of conditions then existing in the disputed Western Territories, and especially in Kansas, the scene of so much bloodshed and contention a few years before the War between the States. James M. Lyle was a brilliant young leader of the forces opposing Jim Lane's party (the followers of John Brown), and Lane and his men, therefore, desired to be rid of him, so an assassin was hired to do their dirty work, and young Lyle was murdered on June 29, 1857, his life being a sacrifice to his devotion to his Southern principles. He has been referred to as the first martyr of the South's struggle for constitutional rights, and he should be known and remembered as a hero who opposed John Brown and upheld, even unto death, the institutions and principles of the South in the days before the sixties. This letter was sent to the VETERAN by his daughter, Mrs. Jimmie Lyle Moore, of Palmyra, Mo., and is given here in large part as the testimony of an active participant in the struggle over the border Territories.)

LEAVENWORTH CITY, KANSAS TERRITORY,
February 15, 1856.

Dear Uncle: For a long time past I have been intending to write to you in relation to matters and things in Kansas; but for the last two months there has been so much excitement and so many thrilling events transpiring in our Territory, and I have been engaged so constantly either in expeditions against Abolitionists or in professional and official business, that I have found it altogether impossible to write to you sooner, as I desired. But as there is now a momentary calm both in politics and business, owing to the extreme cold weather, I wish to write you briefly of the true state of affairs here, believing that the people of the South do not properly appreciate the momentous issues involved in the affairs of Kansas, and that every effort should be made to enlighten and inform them of the facts which, as residents of Kansas, come under our own observations and notice. . . .

In the first place, the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas were organized at the same time. The President appointed territorial officers for each Territory at the same time. Reeder was appointed governor of Kansas. He organized her legislature, assembled, passed laws, and adjourned. Kansas remained without law. The people demanded a legislature. Reeder refused their demands. He shut himself up in privacy and scorned the wishes and desires of the people; they petitioned and remonstrated without effect. By his unpardonable delay and neglect he became odious to squatters, and the name of Reeder became a by-word of reproach. Soon his intentions could be discerned. He was seen in daily communion with Abolitionists and emissaries of the Emigrant Aid Society of Massachusetts, planning and conceiving those infernal designs against the institutions of the South which afterwards were fully developed.

He had matured a grand plan to submerge the rights of the South in Kansas and to abolitionize the Territory, and was attempting by silence and by official neglect to accomplish his base purpose. He refused to order an election for the legislature, because he knew that the proslavery party was in the majority; he delayed the election through the winter in order that the Territory might be overrun by Northern fanatics and Abolitionists. Believing that his project would be easily accomplished, he fixed the day of election on the 30th day of March, 1855. After having first circulated through the Northern States the time of election, indulging in the hope, as he did, that by first informing the people of

the North of the day of election, that he could hurry the hordes of Abolition hirelings into the Territory by the first boat of the season and surprise the friends of the South, give them no time for action, and thus control the first election and elect an Abolition legislature. This was the favorite and studied object of this arch agitator and demagogue, which, although it signally failed, showed the extent to which misrule and maladministration were carried in Kansas. The patriotic sons of the South, ever on the alert and ever vigilant, mistrusted the man and foresaw his designs. We went into the contest determined not to be outdone, and the result was a complete triumph, and a total defeat of Reeder's party. We elected every member to both branches of the legislature, with the exception of one member to the Lower House. The Abolitionists were discomfited, and Reeder smarted under the stings of defeat, but, nevertheless, was compelled by an imperative sense of duty to give certificates of election to the members who had received a majority of votes. But, notwithstanding the great delay in ordering an election, he still determined to vex and harass the people of Kansas to their uttermost endurance, left the Territory, and went home to Pennsylvania to feast with and be toasted by his Abolition brethren of the North, and did not return to Kansas until the first of July, at which time he called the legislature together at Pawnee, a pet town of his own, which he desired to build up, a town far in the interior of the Territory, surrounded by a wild waste of country, which, although fertile enough, was at that time almost totally uninhabited, a town by name and on paper, but devoid of houses, with no accommodations, and with no conveniences, and which has since been no town at all, by its being on the government reserve around Fort Riley. At this out-of-the-way place, with no mail facilities, at least one hundred and fifty miles from any post office, the legislature was assembled. No houses to occupy, the members were compelled to camp upon the open prairie, to do their own cooking, and to sleep either under their wagons or tents. The legislature met, organized, and immediately passed an act adjourning their session from Pawnee to the Shawnee Mission, the most suitable and convenient place in the Territory. . . .

Governor Shannon, his successor, reflecting the opinion of President Pierce, immediately on arriving in the Territory, declared his firm determination to enforce the laws at all hazards. But, notwithstanding the opinion of the Supreme Court, notwithstanding the known sentiments of the administration, notwithstanding the decided stand taken by Governor Shannon, the Abolition party of Kansas continued their fanatical opposition to the laws of the Territory and denounced it as an illegal body, as a Missouri legislature. True to its own vocation, resolved to crush the proslavery party if possible, bent on mischief and consistent in their known opposition to law, to justice, and right, the Abolition party avowed through its newspaper organs, its speakers, and meetings and conventions, its determination to resist the laws of the Territory, thus exemplifying abolitionism in its true colors and showing the rottenness, the corruption, and fanaticism of the Abolition party in every part of our Union, in being the agitators of the peace and quiet of the nation, the enemies of the country, the only enemies of the Constitution, and their determination to subject and vandalize the South or sink our great ship of state. Led on by Reeder, Lane, and other unprincipled men, these Abolition dupes, ignorant and blinded by fanaticism, have persevered in their opposition to law and order. They refused to vote on the day prescribed by law for the election of a Congressman. Knowing their weakness, convinced that in a fair and open contest they would

be overwhelmed, and knowing that the proslavery party numbered the majority of votes, they traitorously and cowardly set a different day upon which to vote for their candidate for congress.

There being no law or precedent for their revolutionary procedure, their judges of election not being sworn by anyone competent to administer oaths, they well knew that they could perpetrate any fraud however gross and unwarrantable, that they could vote ten times as well as once, and they they could write down as many names as they deemed proper to accomplish their villainous purpose, which was to make it appear to the country that abolitionism was predominant in Kansas. But this was only the beginning of the treasonable and revolutionary movement of this treasonable negro thieving and rascally political organization. Being themselves the dross of Northern societies, the scum and offcast of the North, the offspring of chanel houses and prisons, the disciples of Garrison and Parker, slick with the slime of villainy and outlawry, knowing no restraint of either justice or morality, holding nothing sacred, they advance in their traitorous career. They appointed what they called an executive committee, a kind of directory clothed with supreme powers. This body of men called together a convention of Abolitionists, known everywhere as the Topeka Convention, a mock constitution was adopted and submitted to the Abolition party (not the people) for their approval or rejection, and since they have gone so far as to hold a mock election for what they termed State officers; . . . they perpetrated every conceivable wrong and outrage; they stealthily killed the stock of proslavery men, burned their houses, and offered insult and injury to their persons when perchance they could get one in their power. In these deeds they sustained each other, and rescued from the custody of the sheriff several Abolition criminals who had been taken by legal process. In short, they openly and avowedly rebelled against the Territorial government, to quell which Governor Shannon was compelled to order out the militia. The people everywhere responded to the call of the governor, and we were sent to Lawrence to aid the sheriff in enforcing the laws. The cowardly Yankees, although boasting of their prowess and of their fortifications and entrenchments at Lawrence, and although well armed with Sharpe's rifles, yet humiliated themselves when our gallant boys reached Douglass County; they sued for peace and (although almost every one doubted their sincerity) peace was made, and themselves saved from a whipping, which every proslavery man felt ought to be inflicted. In that treaty these fanatics bound themselves to obey the laws of the Territory; they promised to aid and assist in the execution of any process, and to surrender all criminals in their midst; and yet as soon as we had left their neighborhood, they showed their disregard of promises and agreements by denouncing the citizens who had responded to the call of the governor; and they denounced in still more unmeasured terms the laws of the Territory and declared their purpose to resist them, and since have been attempting to carry out the schemes and purposes of the Topeka Convention by holding their bogus elections for members of the legislature, etc. In this part of the Territory we have prevented these elections, not only because they are in violation of the law, but because they are in violation of the treaty made at Lawrence, by which they pledged their faith to abide by the laws. Thus things exist in this Territory.

I have only given a plain abstract of events as they have occurred in this Territory, a sufficient outline, however, to show the position of the two parties and to show the causes which have created the disturbances and outbreaks in Kansas.

By the organic act establishing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, the question of slavery was left to the people of the territories, the doctrine of squatter sovereignty was fully established. Has this principle, the principle of non-intervention, been carried out? Had the Abolitionists confined themselves to the legitimate action of citizens, our Territory would never have been the theater of such excitement and turbulence as has prevailed here for months past. But the Territorial government of Kansas had hardly been established when the reckless and unprincipled Abolitionists of the North, led on by Chase, Greeley, and Hale, set on foot a grand and infamous scheme to abolitionize Kansas and thwart the wishes and intentions of the honorable and better part of the people of the Territory. Massachusetts chartered an "Emigrant Aid Society," the avowed purpose of prohibiting slavery in Kansas. The agents of this society, the most base and truckling Abolitionists, negro thieves, recognizing the equality of the white man and negro, these agents have, since the organization of the society which employed them, been canvassing and speaking through the North, revamping all the stale and base charges against slave holders, which has been their theme for years, appealing to the passions and prejudices of the people, and offering their dupes inducements to go to Kansas, which they never fulfill. . . .

Should Congress inflict any outrage upon our rights, if our wishes shall be disregarded, we will plant ourselves upon the remedies which belong to an insulted people; our rights are the common rights of the South, our interests are the same, and every slave State of this Union should be as prompt to hurl back the shaft of injustice and wrong, when aimed at Kansas, as when pointed at her own sovereignty; then why the supineness and inactivity of the South heretofore? It cannot be disguised that the South has been somewhat derelict in her duty to her Kansas brethren. She has stood back only as a silent spectator of the scene. Missouri, gallant Missouri, has fought this battle almost single handed and alone. Her noble and high-toned sons have buffeted the waves of Northern fanaticism, knowing the momentous issues involved, and duly appreciating the results dependent upon those issues, they have displayed an indomitable perseverance and energy which should be responded to by every true Southern heart. Notwithstanding the reproaches and condemnations heaped upon them by the almost entire North, notwithstanding the epithet so freely applied of "Border Rufians," they have stood by their friends in Kansas in every emergency in their hour of need. Now it behooves the more Southern States to rally to the support of their border sister, not simply to applaud and toast her conduct, but send material aid, send your men. . . . Emulate the conduct and example of Missouri. Kindle the fires of enthusiasm along your shores, your valleys, and over your hill tops, inform your people. . . . Massachusetts and New York and other Northern States are sending their hired emissaries here by hundreds, through their infernal agencies, the Emigrant Aid Societies, and why should not the South encourage the emigration of some of her industrious and honest yeomanry to counteract them? Abolitionism has quartered her hirelings and paupers in every part of our fair Territory, and why should we not have some of our Southern brethren here to hold them in check and by their moral power to crush them out from the Territory? We have true men, we have State Rights men, we have as loyal men to the institutions of the South as can be found; in short, we have now, as we have always had, a majority of the people with us, yet we appeal to the South for succor and substantial assistance. We are

(Concluded on page 78.)



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

"God grant they have found the plains of peace,
Where the souls of heroes find release!
In the spirit of Christ may they dream God's dream
Of brotherhood and a love supreme,
Where never a battle plaint shall stir
And their banners be white as their own souls were—
God bless them!"

CAPT. W. T. SAXON.

After a long and useful life of eighty-eight years, Capt. W. T. Saxon, of Hamilton, Tex., died at his home there on December 23, 1924. In a letter to the *VETERAN* of December 18, his daughter wrote: "Father has taken the *VETERAN* ever since its publication, but says he fears the inclosed will be his last subscription. He sends his love and wishes all success to the loved *VETERAN*."

A native of Alabama, born at Autoga, Falls County, just across the Alabama River from Montgomery, April 23, 1836, young Saxon completed his education at the Alabama Military Institute, and entered upon his life work as a surveyor. As a young man of twenty-five, he was located in Brooksville County, Fla., in 1860-61, and his most important work in that State was in surveying the Everglades. For that he received \$20,000, which money he used in advancing the cause of the Confederacy. He organized the Hernando Guards, in July, 1861, which he commanded as Company C, of the 3rd Florida Regiment, serving with the Army of Tennessee under Generals Bragg, Johnston, and Hood. He was wounded at Perryville, but led his company at Murfreesboro, and was in many other memorable engagements of the war. On July 12, 1863, his company captured four hundred Federal troops.

After the war Captain Saxon returned to Florida, and was his county's representative in the State legislature for two terms, 1866 and 1867. In 1868 he organized a den of the original Ku-Klux Klan in Southern Florida. Later he was a member of the surveying staff of the Iron Mountain Railroad for some years, and laid off a large part of the company's lines as they are to-day. He went to Texas in 1873, locating at Hamilton the next year, and for four years taught school there in a little double log cabin. He was editor of the *Hamilton Herald* in 1876, the first editor of that paper. He became county surveyor in 1877, and had held that office continuously during the forty-seven years since. In 1878, he laid off the boundary lines of Hamilton County, and had surveyed every line in the county.

Captain Saxon lived his long life without many of the handicaps of age. His eyesight was never impaired, and he had never worn glasses, though he spent much time in reading. His hearing was still acute, and it was seldom that he suffered from illness. His life was one of activity, and in his last year he could manipulate the plumbline and compass as dextrously as when doing the first surveying in Texas. He was a

day older than the State of Texas, having been born just the day before the battle of San Jacinto. He held the longevity record as a public office holder in the State.

Surviving him are a son and daughter—troupe Saxon, of Oklahoma, and Mrs. Charles Camp, of Hamilton.

JOHN E. HARRISON.

On the 20th of November, 1924, John Eaton Harrison, second son of Capt. George Fisher Harrison, of Longwood, Goochland County, Va., died at the home of his son in Richmond, Va., after some years of suffering.

He was born at Elkora, Cumberland County, Va., May 19, 1848, and there passed the first five years of his life. From Elkora the family moved to Longwood, Goochland County, from which place he enlisted in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was assigned to the Fredericksburg Artillery, Pegram's Battalion, September 14, 1864, and he served in this branch of the service until paroled at Appomattox.

Comrade Harrison was an ardent Confederate, and to the end of his life was uncompromisingly faithful in his defense of those inalienable principles which lived and glowed in the breasts of the little tattered band at Appomattox, and which, even then, at a word from "Marse Robert, would have given them the *pep* to cut their way to victory or death.

Like thousands of others after the war, young Harrison went to work on the farm, and continued to do so during the sad years of reconstruction.

He was twice married: On January 3, 1877, to Miss Mary E. Wingfield, of Hanover County, who died in 1880, leaving a son and daughter. In 1889, he married Miss Cora A. Dickinson, of Charlotte County. They lived in Richmond until 1895, when they removed to Burkeville, in Nottoway County. In April, 1924, they moved back to Richmond, to the home of their son, Hugh Taylor, where he died. The children of his first marriage also survive him.

Comrade Harrison was a devout Episcopalian and dearly loved the grand old Episcopal service.

He was laid to rest in the family burying ground at his wife's old home in Charlotte County.

D. A. WELCH.

In the death of D. A. Welch, at Savannah, Tenn., on November 16, 1924, his home community was deeply grieved. By his gentle courtesy and generous response to all calls for help, this Confederate veteran deservedly numbered his friends by his acquaintances. With his twin brother, T. J. Welch, who survives him, he enlisted in Company G, 1st Confederate Regiment of Cavalry, under Capt. J. W. Irwin. Though only sixteen years of age, they served efficiently and faithfully with mature men. At the close of the war, the only assets these two young men had were honor, health, and energy. This foundation being the best that God gives, they builded well, commanding the respect of their fellow men and accumulated wealth, with which they were very generous. In every way have they been esteemed, useful citizens, always ready to help in everything that was of benefit and uplift to the town. Such lives are an inspiration to young men and a blessing to the community in which they live.

After several months of suffering, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Mr. D. A. Welch quietly passed into the Great Beyond—

God blessing and comforting him all the way,
Leading him tenderly into his own perfect day.

[Miss N. M. Sevier, Savannah.]

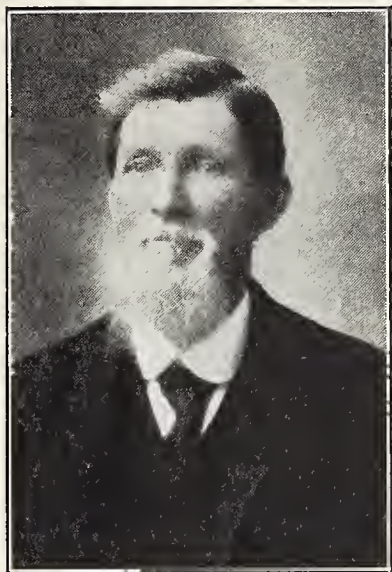
JUDGE SAMUEL B. LEWIS.

Judge Samuel B. Lewis, aged eighty-three, died suddenly at his home in Fayetteville, Ga., on December 2, 1924.

He was born in Campbell County in 1841, moving to Fayette County when a young man. He served four years in the Confederate army, Company E, 35th Georgia Regiment. After the war, he returned to Fayette County and in 1867 married Miss Lucy Hilsman. He was Ordinary of Fayette County for eighteen years, postmaster for thirteen years, and had held several offices in the Confederate Veterans' Association of Georgia, including Brigadier General of the North Georgia Brigade; President Old Soldier's Reunion, held annually at Tyrone, Ga.; first lieutenant of Paul J. Semmes Camp, and aid-de-camp on Brigadier General Wise's staff in 1922. He was a Mason, Odd Fellow, and a member of the Methodist Church.

He leaves a wife, seven daughters, and one son, as follows: Mrs. J. B. Mitchell, Kenwood, Ga.; Mrs. C. A. Dixon and Mrs. J. H. Holt, Fayetteville, Ga.; Mrs. C. R. Gibbs, Hapeville, Ga.; Misses Ruth, Lois, and Mattie Mae Lewis, Fayetteville, Ga.; and C. B. Lewis, of Atlanta, Ga.

Judge Lewis was held in high esteem by all who knew him. Funeral services were held at the home, and interment was in the Fayetteville Cemetery.



JUDGE SAMUEL B. LEWIS.

ORTHODOX CREED SMITH.

O. C. Smith, aged seventy-nine years, passed to his reward on December 12, 1924.

He was a strict member of the Presbyterian Church and an honored citizen of Martinsville, Va., where he had made his home for a number of years.

He was born in Campbell County, Va., and, as a boy, entered the service of the Confederate States of America as a member of Coit's Battalion, Kemper's Brigade, Longstreet's Division. During a fight at Cox's Church, near Petersburg, he was captured and taken to Hart's Island, N. J., where he was kept in prison until June, 1865.

Mr. Smith was associated with the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for nearly forty years, being a close friend of its president and founder.

The funeral was conducted from Anderson Memorial Church by Rev. W. P. McCorkle, a former pastor of this Church. An unusual feature of the service was the presence of all of the ministers of the town, a testimonial of the universal popularity of the deceased.

Mr. Smith was a valued member of Stuart-Hairston Camp, U. C. V., a man of strong convictions, irreproachable character, and sterling worth. Exquisite floral offerings testified the number and esteem of his friends. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Cabell Smith, who is Honorary President of the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, two sons, Cabell and Carrington Smith, a daughter, Mrs. George Wilson Cabell, and one granddaughter.

HON. J. HOGE TYLER.

In the passing of ex-Gov. James Hoge Tyler, on January 3, Virginia mourns the loss of one of her "first citizens," and one who held the respect, love, and admiration of his fellow citizens. He was seventy-eight years old.

Born August 11, 1846, at Blenheim, in Caroline County, the ancestral home of his father, George Tyler, a lineal descendant of President Tyler, James Hoge Tyler held for many years a conspicuous place in the public life of Virginia, following the example set by his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. The height of his career was reached in his election as governor of Virginia, which office he held from 1898 to 1902, and had previously served as State senator and as lieutenant governor.

It was during his administration that the Home for Needy Confederate Women was established in Richmond, and by his interest and sympathy with the undertaking, Governor Tyler greatly aided this movement. He presided at the formal opening of the Home in 1900, and in every way cheered and helped the devoted band of women who had worked so earnestly for its success.

Leaving school to enter the Confederate army, young Tyler served under General Lee until the surrender at Appomattox, when he returned to the farm to aid in rebuilding the South's agriculture; and it was from the farm that he was called in 1877, when elected to the Virginia senate. As a private citizen he had helped to develop the mining and manufacturing resources of the State and to introduce advanced farming methods; and as a legislator he became known for his efforts to reduce the tax burdens of the people, and he was largely influential in solving the problem of the huge State debt that followed the ruinous path of war.

Governor Tyler's mother was Eliza Hoge, daughter of Gen. James Hoge, of Pulaski County; she died at his birth, and the boy grew up in the home of his grandfather until the latter's death in 1861, when he was placed at Schooler's Academy, later going to Minor's, a famous old Virginia school; and it was from this school that he went into the Confederate army as a boy soldier.

Governor Tyler is survived by his wife, a son, and two daughters. Death came to him at his home in Radford, Va.

EDGAR BLACKWELL.

Mr. Edgar Blackwell died at his home near Wicomico Church, Northumberland County, Va., in the beautiful twilight of the evening, of July 19, 1924, nearly eighty-two years of age. He was a gallant Confederate soldier. "Ned" Blackwell, his very name meant heroism and valor, everything to constitute a brave Southern soldier. His ardent admiration for Jefferson Davis never abated as the years rolled by. He considered it an honor to be called a rebel. As old age crept upon him, often so feeble, but mentally strong, he loved to talk of the sainted Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and the experience of his war days. He belonged to the 9th Virginia Cavalry (Lancaster), Captain Ball's company.

Mr. Blackwell married Miss Adaline Harding, daughter of the late L. T. Harding, of beautiful Gascony. She was a true, loyal wife, administering to his every want, making his declining years as peaceful as possible. She and one son are left to mourn their loss. May God's everlasting arm shield them in these hours of sorrow.

[Mrs. Bettie Harding, Mrs. Clarence Snow, Miss Marjorie Beoth, *Committee.*]

CAPT. WILLIAM BAKER BEESON.

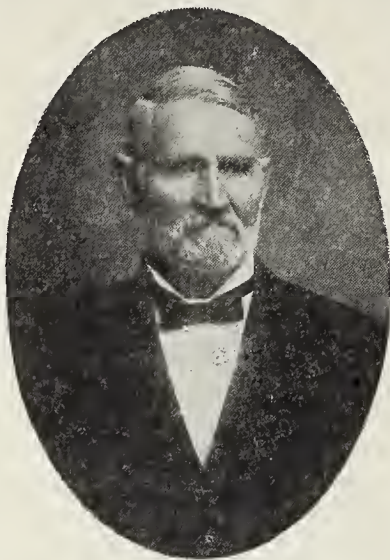
"Leaf after leaf drops off, flower after flower,
Some in the chill, some in the warmer hour:
Alive they flourish, and alive they fall,
And earth who nourished them receives them all.
Should we, her wiser sons, be less content
To sink into her lap when life is spent?"

—Walter Savage Landor.

After a long, beautiful, useful, and successful life of ninety-five years, two months, and three days, Capt. W. B. Beeson, honored Alabama citizen, fell asleep at the home of his eldest daughter, Mrs. S. A. Conger, at Arcadia, La. He

was born at Scottsboro, Ala., October 2, 1829, and died December 5, 1924. On December 2, 1857, he was married to Mary Frances Sibert, of Keener, Ala., and they reared a family of ten children, all of whom were given a college education.

Captain Beeson's body lies in the old home cemetery at Duck Springs, near Keener, Ala. For seventy-five years he was a leader in the Methodist Church, and for more than seventy years a leading Mason. For two sessions, 1894-95 and 1896-97, Captain Beeson represented his county in the State legislature of Alabama.



CAPT. W. B. BEESON.

At the beginning of the War between the States, in the fall of 1861, he and Jeptha Edwards organized Company G, of the 49th Alabama Volunteers. It was first called the 31st Alabama, but was changed to the 49th. Edwards was elected captain and W. B. Beeson first lieutenant. In December, the company was ordered to Nashville, Tenn. In May or June, 1862, Captain Edwards was elected colonel, and Lieutenant Beeson was elected captain of his company, which he commanded until its surrender at Port Hudson.

At the battle of Shiloh, Captain Beeson's command did efficient service. In the afternoon of the first day's fight, it was in the charge that broke the enemy's line, isolating General Prentiss's command and causing him to surrender. Captain Beeson remembered distinctly seeing the white flag go up at Prentiss's headquarters, and then seeing this general surrender his two thousand troops. It was at Shiloh that W. B. Beeson, then lieutenant, got permission to carry a gun, which was shot out of his hand and his clothing was shot through. He escaped unhurt. He "borrowed" another gun from a dead Union soldier and continued the fight.

The 49th Alabama Regiment did gallant service at Corinth, Miss., Baton Rouge, La., and in the fifty-three-day siege at Port Hudson, Miss.

It was at Port Hudson that General Gardner's little army was surrounded by an army of Federal soldiers, commanded by General Banks, whose force outnumbered the Confederates five to one. During the entire siege the Confederates had no beef and subsisted mainly on dried peas, parched corn, and mule beef. Captain Beeson never liked peas any more and never tried mule beef again.

Brigadier General Beall ordered Captain Beeson's company

of one hundred men to take a hill in front of the breastworks. This he did after a hot fight, during which he was wounded in the left arm. He never gave up his command, but sent for a surgeon to dress his wound on the field of battle. After the fall of Vicksburg, Port Hudson was surrendered. The privates were paroled July, 1863, and the officers were taken to Johnson's Island, on Lake Erie. The winter there was most severe. The building was of a temporary nature, two stories high, made of rough boards placed up and down, with no ceiling, and only one stove to warm eighty people. The Southern men were not accustomed to such severe weather nor to such open houses; and many of them died of exposure.

When Captain Beeson was exchanged, he joined his regiment in time for the battle of New Hope Church, near Dallas, Ga. Meanwhile the 49th Alabama Regiment, when exchanged, was reorganized at Cahaba, and assigned to General Scott's Brigade with the 27th, 35th, 55th, and 57th Alabama; was sent to Johnston's army; the brigade, then in General Loring's Division, wintered at Dalton, taking part in the Dalton-Atlanta campaign, continually fighting and skirmishing, but with comparatively small loss until it got to Atlanta, where many were sacrificed on the altar of patriotism. The regiment, reduced to a paltry number, was merged into the 27th in July, 1864, by consolidation with the 27th and 35th Alabama, which also had been reduced to mere squads. Ordered to North Carolina, commanded by Capt. W. B. Beeson, it surrendered with Johnston's army near Smithfield, March 31, 1865. ("Confederate Military History," Vol. 7, p. 307-8.)

Under the history of the 49th Alabama Regiment, page 209, "Extracts from Official War Records," one finds "No. 74 (652) Scott's Brigade, Army of Mississippi, General Loring, Capt. W. B. Beeson commanding regiment." This shows that Captain Beeson was in command of the 49th Alabama regiment before it was merged into and became the 27th, which he commanded at the time of the surrender.

On June 28, Captain Beeson was at the battle on Pine Mountain, where Bishop-General Polk was killed. He was in the hard eight-day fighting at Kennesaw Mountain where Joseph E. Johnston defeated Sherman in his attack, killing nearly as many men for Sherman as Johnston had in his command. He was in the battle of Peachtree Creek just north of Atlanta. Here his command was greatly complimented for its bravery in battle. It had driven the men away from a Federal battery, and was in the act of taking the guns when the command to retreat was given.

After the terrible slaughter at Peachtree Creek and the siege of Atlanta, Captain Beeson was in the Kinston, N. C., and Bentonville, N. C., engagements, these being the last fights of the army, which was surrendered near Greensboro on March 31, 1865. At this place he received his discharge.

Before his death, Captain Beeson had the pleasure of knowing that his sons would place a bronze tablet commemorating his bravery in the Stone Mountain Memorial Hall.

He leaves four sons—Dr. J. W. Beeson, Atlanta, Ga.; Dr. J. L. Beeson, Milledgeville, Ga.; Prof. William J. Beeson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Dr. M. A. Beeson, Stillwater, Okla.; and three daughters—Mrs. S. A. Conger, Arcadia, La.; Mrs. John C. O'Gwynn, Mobile, Ala.; and Mrs. E. T. Bruce, Bruceville, Tex.

JASPER N. WHITE.

At Sheffield, Ala., on December 25, 1924, Jasper N. White died after a brief illness, having nearly completed eighty years of age. He was a loyal Confederate soldier and a life-long member of the Cumberland Church. Of his six children, three survive him. He was buried in Maple Hill Cemetery.

JOHN KELSEY MOORE.

John Kelsey Moore was born at Marion, Perry County, Ala., June 23, 1844. At that place on January 19, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company H, 28th Alabama Infantry, Manigault's Brigade, Hindman's Division, Army of Tennessee, and served until the end of the war.

After the war he went to Texas, and finally settled at Luling in 1874. There he lived until January 29, 1924, when he joined his many old comrades who had crossed to the other shore.

A Southern gentleman, a good Christian, he died honored and respected by all who knew him.

JUDGE L. H. TYREE.

At the age of seventy-eight Judge L. H. Tyree, one of those brave soldiers who fought under Forrest, passed away at his home in Trenton, Tenn., on December 19, 1924.

Lemuel Hiram Tyree was born June 15, 1846, at Spring Hill, Tenn., the son of Cyrus and Emily Tyree. In 1859, after the death of the father, Mrs. Tyree moved her family to West Tennessee, near Trenton, and it was from here, at the age of sixteen that Lemuel Tyree joined the Confederate army, and became a member of Company B, 19th and 20th Regiment, Tennessee Cavalry. He served his country with distinction until he was seriously wounded in a battle fought near Holly Springs, Miss., and he carried the bullet to his grave.

He was a graduate of Princeton, class of 1872, and one of the best-loved boys of the class. Returning home, he entered the practice of law and, until two months before his death, was an active member of the bar.

On November 25, 1885, he married Miss Annie E. Taylor, whose family were pioneers of Tennessee. She survives him. He was a loving and devoted husband.

Judge Tyree was a man of rare ability, loved and honored by all who knew him.

He was a member of the Trenton Baptist Church, and had been its senior deacon for thirty-five years. He taught the Young Men's Bible Class, and had not missed Sunday school in sixteen years nor prayer meeting in thirty years.

After a life of service to God and to his fellow man, he rests.

DR. WILLIAM Q. HAGLER.

Wide sorrow was occasioned by the death of Dr. William Q. Hagler, leading physician and splendid citizen of Mansfield, Henry County, Tenn., at the age of seventy-eight years. He had been practicing medicine in that county for over forty years, ministering with skill and kindness to the sufferings of thousands.

Dr. Hagler was born in Henry County, near Haglersville, in 1846, and as a boy soldier he served with distinction all through the war as a member of Company E, 20th Tennessee Cavalry, and was wounded. Returning home after the war, he studied medicine and received his degree from the University of Nashville. His first practice was at Como, later at Mansfield and the surrounding territory. He was an Odd Fellow, an exemplary citizen, and a noble man. At his death he was president of the Henry County Medical Association, keeping in touch with the advanced methods of his profession, holding the respect of his fellow physicians as well as the devoted love and admiration of his patients. He was a high type of that noble, self-sacrificing, and conscientious calling, "an old-fashioned country doctor," a man of quiet mien, charitable and sincere.

Dr. Hagler is survived by his wife, who was Miss Alice Manley, and by two sons and a daughter. He was buried with Confederate honors at the Pleasant Grove Cemetery.

[P. P. Pullen.]

HENRY E. FOOTMAN.

Henry E. Footman, born in South Carolina, May 28, 1845; died in California, October 5, 1924.

Henry E. Footman was a worthy descendant and representative of old-time Carolina stock, inheriting the faith of his fathers in all of its purity and simplicity, and true to their principles to the day of his death. He was born and reared in Williamsburg County, S. C., and received his early education in the schools of that vicinity. In January, 1864, he was admitted to the State Military Academy of his native State, then a part of the Southern Confederacy. During that year the waning fortunes of the Confederacy made it necessary for the government to call into active service all available forces. Previous to that time all colleges for men in the State had closed their doors and had entered the military service in various capacities; but the Military Academy, being the training school for future officers of the army, was held intact as long as possible with a view to its future military contribution to the government. When the exigencies of the case made it imperative, the body of cadets was called to the front as a battalion, with their teachers as majors, captains, and lieutenants, and the cadet officers as sergeants and corporals; and with great enthusiasm did they respond to the call.

The battalion was assigned to the brigade of General Jenkins, himself a former graduate of the institution, but their military service was limited largely to the region between Charleston and Savannah and on the retreat before Sherman through South Carolina at the close of the war.

Henry Footman bore his share in the fighting and the hardships incident to those trying days with characteristic courage and fidelity, but passed through the struggle physically unharmed. Some years after the war he was one of those who sought fortune on the golden shores of the Pacific, lured by the generous soil and the hospitable climate of California. He arrived in San Francisco in the year 1869 and felt himself at once revived by the teeming energy of the people, the bigness of everything—physical, moral, commercial—and the cordial welcome and bounding hope that were met on every hand.

From the beginning of statehood, California has taken her rank among the leaders in public education, and Mr. Footman soon found himself at the head of a public school in the historic old County of Monterey, the scene of some of the stirring events that culminated in winning this splendid State for the American Union. In his capacity as a teacher, he accomplished an excellent work, bringing to his task those high personal qualities of honor, truthfulness, justice, and dignity so characteristic of Southern life and education. To this important work he devoted several years of his life, winning the confidence and respect of all with whom he was associated. He subsequently entered commercial activities, in and about the Bay Region of the State, of which San Francisco is the metropolis. Here he married Miss Nettie Barr, whose family had also migrated from Williamsburg County, S. C.; and spent the major part of his subsequent life in the city of Oakland, a seat of educational and moral refinement and culture.

The only surviving member of his immediate family is a son, Henry E. Footman, Jr., a business man of ability and integrity in San Francisco.

The old Palmetto State has a goodly number of children and grandchildren abiding under the sunny skies of California, all of whom retain an abiding love and veneration for the mother State, and among those none have been more devoted to her memory than Henry E. Footman.

[Melville Dozier, Los Angeles, Calif.]

CAPT. J. A. FOWLKES.

Capt. J. A. Fowlkes, one of the oldest and most beloved citizens of his county, passed away at his home in Schulenburg, Tex., on October 19, 1924, at the age of eighty-two years. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and four sons.

John Abner Fowlkes was a native of Texas when it was a republic, born within a few miles of his late home, on February 14, 1843. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, his forefathers going into Ireland after the reign of Cromwell, and later coming to America. His grandfather, E. B. Fowlkes, of Culpeper County, Va., moved to Arkansas in 1839, and his father, of the same name, went on to Texas and located in Fayette County, and during the first years of the republic he was chiefly engaged in fighting Indians. He also taught school, being a man of liberal education, a graduate of Georgetown College, Washington, D. C. He later engaged in farming, and had a plantation in Colorado County, and during the sixties served the Confederacy in the militia. He married Miss Mary McClelland, of Arkansas, and the second son was John Abner Fowlkes, who grew up on the plantation, but he was at school in Lavaca County when the war came on in 1861, and volunteered there in a company under Capt. Fred Malone. This was soon disbanded, and he then enlisted in Company C, of Willis's Battalion, which left for the front with more than seven hundred men, sustaining heavy losses during the war. In October, 1862, this command crossed the Mississippi River to assist General Van Dorn's army, and during 1863 took part in the Vicksburg campaign. After the fall of Vicksburg, Willis's Battalion was under General Forrest until the fighting at Harrisburg, and afterwards was under General Maury at Mobile, later returning to Mississippi, where a half of the Texas troops were furloughed. Comrade Fowlkes got one of these furloughs, and made his way home, walking from army headquarters to Beaumont, and by rail and horseback for the rest of his journey.

As soon as some order had been restored, he took up farming and so continued throughout life, accumulating a handsome acreage. He was married in 1869 to Miss Mary McKinnon, whose father went from McNairy County, Tenn., to Texas in 1850.

JOSEPH A. JONES.

On Sunday afternoon, December 2, Rev. J. A. Bryan, the son of a Confederate veteran, in a touching and beautiful service, officiated at the funeral of Joseph A. Jones, of Birmingham, Ala., a Confederate veteran, Adjutant of Camp Hardee, and trustee of the Mountain Creek Home for veterans.

Mr. Jones was a fearless and chivalrous man, who, when the need arose, offered himself to his country, and during the four years of the War between the States served honorably in General Wheeler's command. A living and loving follower of the Man of Galilee, he combined in his nature the courtesy, the kindness, the courage and chivalry that mark the highest life of Southern manhood. Ever ready to give a friendly hand to the friendless, an arm of strength to the weak, and to comfort the sorrowful, his passing is mourned by citizen friends and by brothers in arms of Camp Hardee, who extended their sympathy to the sorrowing family.

There has been with us no kinder, gentler, or more manly man than he who, after marching many years on life's highway, slipped aside and closed his eyes for rest, closed them for a moment to open them in realms of ineffable glory, for it has been said "the pure in heart shall see God."

[Mrs. Margaret K. Halyburton, Birmingham, Ala.]

A. W. WASHBURNE.

A. W. Washburne was born in Cumming, Ga., July 5, 1842. Later on, he lived in Decatur, Ga., removing in 1890 to Meridian, Miss., where he breathed his last on March 5, 1924.

This brave soldier of the Confederacy enlisted in a company connected with Gen. "Tige" Anderson's Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V., and participated in the battles of First Manassas, Dam No. 1, Garnett's Farm, Malvern Hill, Rappahannock Station, Thoroughfare Gap, Sharpsburg, Funkstown, Knoxville, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Second Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Reams's Station, Fort Harrison, Fairview, Appomattox. He was at all times a true, faithful, and efficient member of his command, one in whom his officers safely trusted, and upon whom they confidently relied in every time of special stress; and he was a faithful member of Walthall Camp, U. C. V. at Meridian.

In Meridian, Miss., where Mr. Washburne lived for thirty-five years, he became known as an unusual and impressive character in the community. He was long a devoted and efficient elder in the First Presbyterian Church of that city, being for years superintendent of the Sabbath school. Modest and retiring in manner, and of strong determination in matters of right and duty, he placed his home city under untold obligations for his services to the municipality. A member of the city council for a long term, his activities were continuous and of far-reaching benefit. He took executive interest in the management of the Meridian waterworks, and was chairman for the board of the work of erecting a high school building for the city. On his retirement, his associates in public duties presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane as a token of their regard. [Mrs. R. M. Houston.]

PETTUS W. SHELL.

Pettus W. Shell was born in Newberry District, S. C. April 13, 1841, and died at his home in Houston, Miss., on October 23, 1924, eighty-three years of age. During the night he slipped away, and the family found him sleeping the last long sleep when they arose in the morning—a happy way to go.

His father moved to Mississippi, bought land, and settled in Chickasaw County in 1845. His mother died when he was six years old. At the age of twenty, he joined the Buena Vista Rifles, and was mustered into the service of the Confederate army, Company A, 17th Mississippi, April 27, 1861. Surviving this conflict, he took up the tasks of life and was in the mercantile business in Houston for a period of thirty-five years; but that which distinguished him most was his service to his Church and the religious life of his community. He served as a steward in the Methodist Church for fifty-one years and as superintendent of the Sunday school for more than twenty-five years. During most of this time he was a regular attendant and member of the Annual Conferences, as a layman from his district. He served a term of four years as a member of the board of supervisors of Chickasaw County, and was for twenty-four years a member of the board of education.

Comrade Shell was married in 1866 to Miss Elmina Westbrook, who died in 1871, leaving one daughter. His second marriage was to Miss Susie E. Matthews, of Monroe County, who survives him with a son and daughter.

The quiet frame of this good and godly man was tenderly laid to rest in the family plot in the cemetery at Houston, after funeral services from the Methodist church.

[A Friend.]

DR. E. W. WATKINS.

Dr. E. W. Watkins, who died on March 9, 1924, at his home in Ellijay, Ga., was born in Jackson County, Ga., September 25, 1839, and his early boyhood days were spent in that county. In his passing, Ellijay and Gilmer County sustained the loss of a loyal citizen and faithful physician during the active years of his practice. Dr. Watkins entered the Confederate army at the age of twenty-three, and served as a first lieutenant in Wheeler's cavalry. After the war he moved to Blairsville, Ga., where he met his life-long partner, Miss Georgia Butt, and they were married on January 27, 1866. Soon afterwards he entered the Cincinnati Medical College, and was graduated with honors in June, 1869. After practicing in Union County for a short while, he moved to Ellijay, Ga., where he built up a large practice and acquired considerable wealth.



DR. E. W. WATKINS.

Dr. Watkins was prominent in many circles, having the honor of being the first county school commissioner of Gilmer County. He was mayor of Ellijay, and was a member of the Georgia legislature for a number of years. He was a member of the Methodist Church and took an active part in its uplift until his death. Devoted to his family, he was a loving husband and father. He was the oldest survivor of the medical world of North Georgia, being eighty-five at his death. The service rendered by him will long be remembered by those who knew him.

He is survived by his wife and three sons—Dr. E. W. Watkins, of Ellijay; Dr. E. C. Watkins, of Brooklet, Ga.; and Claude Watkins, of Brighton, Colo.; also by two grandsons.

COMRADES AT JEFFERSON, TEX.

During the past year, two members of Gen. Dick Taylor Camp, No. 1265, U. C. V., at Jefferson Tex., have answered the last roll call, Comrade Louis B. Todd enlisted in Company A, 1st Texas, Infantry, and served in Hood's Brigade, A. N. V. After the war he returned to Jefferson, Tex., and filled several official positions, the last of which was justice of the peace, which he held until declining health forced him to resign. He had many friends and no enemies, and passed peacefully away on January 1, 1925.

Comrade Joe H. Rowell enlisted in Company B, 6th Alabama Infantry, from Talapoosa County, Ala., in April, 1861, and served till the close of the war, after which he came to Marion County, Tex. He engaged in farming for a few years, then moved to Jefferson, and engaged in merchandising, which he followed, until his death at Jefferson, on August 30, 1924. He was for several years mayor of the city, and was largely instrumental in securing waterworks, sewerage, and other public improvements. He was a leading member of the Baptist Church, a useful and highly respected citizen.

[Davis Biggs, Adjutant Gen. Dick Taylor Camp, No. 265 U. C. V.]

HOUSTON HAYNIE.

Houston Haynie was born in Pontotoc County, Miss., November 7, 1845, and spent most of his life there. His father was Elijah B. Haynie, who settled in Mississippi, from Anderson District, S. C., and died in 1846, soon after going to Mississippi.

Houston Haynie grew up in the home of his grandfather Caldwell, and his early career was on a farm, during which time he attended the country schools. In 1862, at seventeen years of age, he enlisted in Company G, of the 48th Mississippi Infantry, under Capt. John N. Sloan and Col. A. B. Hardcastle. Later he was under the command of Col. W. H. H. Tyson, in Lowrey's Brigade, Pat Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. His regiment joined the army at Tullahoma, Tenn., and took part in the famous Atlanta campaign. He was at Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Ringgold Gap, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Jonesboro, and was in the big engagement of the 22nd of July, 1864, before Atlanta. With Hood's army, he went back into Tennessee, and captured many Federal prisoners on the way to Franklin. He was engaged in detail duty at the time of the battle of Franklin, and immediately thereafter his company was disbanded, and its members secured horses and many of them joined Forrest's Cavalry. With that famous command, Mr. Haynie engaged in desultory fighting and skirmishing until his surrender at Meridian, Miss.

Only once was he wounded, and that was at New Hope Church. His health was good throughout the service, and when mustered out he was ready to take up the battle of civic life at once. His possessions consisted of the clothes he wore home and a dollar bill on an Atlanta bank. At twenty years of age, he took up farming on his grandfather's place for three years. He then got married, and set up for himself in Union County, which was then a part of Pontotoc County. The prospect of making a better living for his increasing family induced him to migrate to Texas, a brother having already moved to the Lone Star State. He took his wife and two children to Texas, in 1885, and located in Kaufman County. Two years later he built a home in Kemp, but continued farming and accumulated large acreage, which he sold at a good profit, and invested in land adjoining the town site of Kemp. In 1901 the family became identified with mercantile enterprise, the sons engaging as general merchants under the title of Haynie Brothers. They are still connected with merchandising there, and among the other family connections are large interests in land in Kaufman and Henderson Counties.

Some years ago, Comrade Haynie organized the First National Bank of Kemp, and was a director and vice president from its organization. He died on the morning of September 2, 1924, having almost completed his seventy-nine years.

He was buried in the Kemp Cemetery, by the Odd Fellows, of which order he was a Past Noble Grand.

COMRADES AT MARTIN, TENN.

Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 872 U. C. V., of Martin, Tenn., has lost three members during the past year, as follows:

A. C. McWhirter, seventy-seven years of age; served with Company K, 20th Tennessee Cavalry.

J. A. Carrington, ninety-three years of age; served with Company H, 20th Tennessee Cavalry.

J. N. Cook, eighty-four years old; 12th Kentucky Cavalry.

These comrades made fine soldiers through the war and good citizens since, and will be greatly missed

[D. J. Bowden, Adjutant.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

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

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Avenue

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODRIF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North K Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: In her recent bereavement, the President General has received so many messages of love and sympathy from individual members, Chapters, and Divisions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy from every section of the country that she has been overwhelmed with these expressions of friendship. In times of sorrow, it is a comfort to know that friends abound. She feels that it is impossible for her to tell how much it means to her, but she wishes to convey her heartfelt thanks for the love and friendship which has been so beautifully manifested.

A request has been received for information regarding the adoption of the star and cotton boll emblem which appears on the cover of the U. D. C. Minutes. At the general convention in 1901, held in Wilmington, N. C., this emblem was suggested by the Committee on Mottoes and Emblems, and was adopted by the organization. Each point of the star is tipped with a thought, and each should be accepted as an epitome of our duty at all times. Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney has expressed the meaning of the five-pointed star in words which will make all Daughters realize the beauty and significance of this important emblem:

"Surely, in the firmament of woman's endeavor, there is no brighter star than the one bearing the words, 'live, love, think, pray, dare.'"

"Live to brighten the declining years of the men who wore the gray; live to educate their posterity and thereby fasten more securely the rights and privileges of citizenship upon a pure Anglo-Saxon race; live to hand down to generations to come a truthful history of these men and of the times in which they lived.

"Love the land made holy by their blood and sacrifice.

"Think upon the problems that confront the world to-day and be a factor in solving these problems.

"Pray for strength to accomplish the things needful to make the U. D. C. the greatest organized force for good the world has ever known.

"Dare to stand for the traditions of our Southland and fearlessly present them to a wondering world."

CROSSES OF SERVICE.

Many of the greatest leaders and heroes of the World War were sons or grandsons of Confederate veterans. The world is proud of them to-day, but there was no recognition of the connection between the two generations of heroism until the United Daughters of the Confederacy adopted the Cross of Service, with its symbolic inscription: "The brave give birth to the brave." There is not a State in the South but has many citizens eligible for this award. It is a duty of each Chapter to see that every one is discovered and recognized. It will

add important items to our records and the historical facts disclosed will surprise your expectations.

Chapters which have not appointed a Custodian of Crosses of Service should elect one at once. A special form record blank showing both war records and proper indorsements is required. These blanks may be secured from the Director of World War Records for your Division. Mrs. J. A. Roundtree, 3210 Cliff Road, Birmingham, Ala., is General Chairman for this work. To the Division bestowing the greatest number of these crosses during the year, the Blount Memorial Cup is offered by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, of Macon, Ga., in memory of Col. James H. Blount, C. S. A., and Maj. James M. Blount, Jr., U. S. A., Cuban, Philippines, and World War.

Days for the formal presentation of these crosses are January 14, birthday of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury; January 19, birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee; June 3, birthday of Jefferson Davis; September 27, birthday of Admiral Raphael Semmes; November 11, Armistice Day.

PLEDGES FOR THE COMING YEAR.

For the benefit of the members who were not present at the Savannah convention, the following pledges, made by your representatives in your names, are recapitulated:

Establishment of a Woodrow Wilson Memorial Scholarship at the University of Virginia, at a cost of \$12,000. Of this amount, to honor the memory of our great War President by advancing the cause of education, \$6,085 was pledged at Savannah.

Establishment of a Fellowship at Randolph-Macon Woman's College at Lynchburg, Va. This is to be named in honor of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas, Honorary President and ex-President General of the U. D. C.

Establishment of a \$30,000 fund to be known as the Historical Foundation Fund, to aid in establishing and preserving the truth in regard to our Southern history.

Approximately \$3,500 was pledged to the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Fund for needy Confederate Women.

It might be well to add to this list of undertakings a reminder of Article VII, Section 2, of the general By-Laws, which says: "Each Chapter shall, on or before the first day of March, pay into the General Treasury, through the Division Treasurer, the annual per capita fee of twenty cents for every member in good standing on the Chapter roll."

Please do your utmost to secure payments of your pledges in full. These pledges are obligations of honor and the President General sincerely trusts that as members of our great patriotic society you will recognize them and meet them with glad willingness.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

The following chairman of committees, appointed for the new year, have sent in their acceptances to date:

Education.—Mrs. T. T. Stevens, 620 West Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women.—Mrs. A. Norris, 713 Platt Street, Tampa, Fla.

Official Stationery.—Mrs. E. L. Huey, Bessemer, Ala.

Finance.—Mrs. W. E. Massey, 738 Quapaw Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.

Credentials.—Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, Paducah, Ky.

Division Constitution and By-Laws.—Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Greenwood, Miss.

History.—Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, Charleston, S. C.

Memorial.—Mrs. John W. Daniel, Savannah, Ga.

"Women of the South in War Times."—Mrs. Edwin Robinson, 532 Fairmont Avenue, Fairmont, W. Va.

On November 30, the President General left Americus, Ga., her home, for Houston, Tex., to attend the annual convention of the Texas Division. At New Orleans, on December 1, while en route, she was met at the station by the President of the Louisiana Division, Mrs. Florence Tompkins, the former President, Mrs. Kolman, Mrs. Charles Granger, Miss Doriska Cautreaux, Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, and Mrs. H. H. Ward. It was gratifying to have this opportunity to talk personally with the Louisiana Daughters concerning the work of our organization and to aid them in solving some of the problems relative to the realization of its aims and purposes. The President General was delightfully entertained in New Orleans with a pleasant drive and luncheon, after which she resumed her journey to Houston.

In Houston, the Texas Daughters were more than cordial in their reception. The President General considered it a privilege to meet so many members of our organization there. On the evening of December 2, the formal opening of the convention took place in the ball room of the Rice Hotel. On this occasion, after expressing her gratitude and appreciation of the honors tendered her and the United Daughters of the Confederacy through her, your President General delivered a formal address. All business meetings of the convention were featured by interesting reports from the different officials of the Texas Division, the report of the Division President, Mrs. E. W. Bounds, of Fort Worth, disclosing an unusual record of work accomplished during the past year. At the closing session of the convention, Mrs. J. K. Bivins, of Long view, was elected President for the new year.

The President General had previously accepted the invitation to attend the convention of the South Carolina Division, on December 9, in Charleston, but the death of her father caused a change in her plans. Reports from Charleston tell of wonderful progress and growth made by the South Carolina Division during the year just ended. This Division led all others in the number of new Chapters organized and, at the Charleston convention, the Division Director for the book, "Women of the South in War Times," Miss Marion Salley, of Orangeburg, reported the sale of 1,332 copies, and she is to be congratulated on her fine work.

Our organization has recently suffered the loss by death of two of our most valued members.

On November 25, 1924, Mrs. Thomas W. Wilson, of Gastonia, N. C., Past President of the North Carolina Division, and Chairman of the Rutherford History Committee.

On December 24, 1924, Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash Morrison, of Tarboro, N. C., Past President of the North Carolina Division, and Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee.

Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Morrison were distinguished members of the U. D. C., loved and appreciated by hosts of friends, and had given many years of faithful service to our organization and the causes for which it stands.

IN MEMORIAM.

We record with profound sorrow the death of our beloved ex-President General and Honorary President, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Galveston, Tex.

At Washington, D. C., January 18, 1925, in her eighty-fourth year, Mrs. Stone laid down the cares and responsibilities of a noble and useful life, enriched by service to family, nation, and her Creator.

The President General wishes to express personally her appreciation of the long, unselfish service of this illustrious and noble woman, who gave so freely of her ability, time, and strength for the advancement of every interest of our organization.

In the name of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the President General expressed deepest sorrow in a telegram sent to the family; and a wreath of flowers conveyed our loving tribute to "The Sweetheart of the Confederacy."

During the year just begun let us dedicate the services of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the "God of our fathers, to the highest destiny of our country, and to the welfare of our fellow beings."

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Kentucky.—The John C. Breckinridge Chapter, of Owensboro, presented eight Crosses of Service on the birthday anniversary of Admiral Semmes, the impressive exercises being held on Sunday afternoon in the Central Presbyterian Church, which had been elaborately decorated in Confederate red and white, and which was filled with an interested audience. The speaker of the afternoon, Hon. Herman A. Birkhead, paid an eloquent tribute to the life and achievements of Admiral Semmes, and also emphasized the high appreciation in which the recipients of the Crosses of Service should hold them as evidence of the deeds of their fathers and grandfathers as well as their own service in the war. One of the crosses was presented to the family of Theodore Levy, a gold-star veteran.

* * *

Maryland.—Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, Hagerstown, has adopted its second Confederate veteran, whom they are also placing in the Richmond Home. This ex-soldier is eighty-six years old, with no relatives, and no longer able to make a living in his little machine shop. The Chapter supplied him with warm clothes and blankets, a generous Christmas box, and by having glasses fitted for him, his only expressed wish was gratified—viz., "I'd just like to have my eyes fixed so that I could read my Bible."

Christmas boxes were sent by this Chapter to the Maryland Confederate Home, at Pikesville, and a box of jellies, with other things, was sent to the Home for Confederate Women in Baltimore.

* * *

Missouri.—This Division is proud of the fact that twenty delegates traveled to far-away Savannah for the convention; also that the Chapters made such an enviable record in the number of credentials returned; and that one of the members won the Roberts medal and another the prize for the largest number of "Women of the South in War Times" sold through one Chapter. Missouri plans to continue its active campaign

for subscriptions to the VETERAN. Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter, St. Louis, entertained recently the Confederate veterans of the city at their hall in the Jefferson Memorial Building. The other five U. D. C. Chapters and the S. C. V. attended, and all were entertained with a delightful program.

* * *

North Carolina.—Mrs. John H. Anderson has sent to us the interesting list of prizes offered through her as Historian of the Division. Few of these carry a monetary value of less than \$10, and several are for \$20 and \$25. There are in all twenty-nine prizes. Mrs. Anderson is stressing reminiscences, "Christmas in the Confederacy," and is meeting with marked success in her efforts to collect these from veterans and women of the sixties. Mrs. Anderson has sent us also a pamphlet entitled, "The Administration of Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler as President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, 1923-1924." This is a history of the work of the general U. D. C. during the two years, and for it Mrs. Anderson was awarded a prize at the recent North Carolina Division convention, this prize being one of six won by her. With some of her prize money she met the expense of printing the pamphlet, and is presenting it through her Chapters to the members of the U. D. C.

* * *

South Carolina.—The U. D. C. in this State are rejoicing over the addition of 1,000 new members during the past year; the organization of eight new Chapters; the winning of the \$50 prize for the largest number of World War Records; of having in the Division the Chapter that gained the greatest number of new members; and of having sold the greatest number of copies of "Women of the South in War Times"—1,332.

This Division held its annual convention in Charleston two weeks after the adjournment of the Savannah convention. The beautiful new Fort Sumter Hotel on the Battery was headquarters, with 150 delegates, officers, and guests of honor in attendance. Every report showed the result of hard work, increased interest, and enthusiastic loyalty. Preëminent was the whole-hearted indorsement of the candidacy of Mrs. St. John A. Lawton for President General, the spontaneous springing of the delegates to their feet to second the action of the Executive Board showing the love and esteem in which Mrs. Lawton is held by her adopted Division.

The convention appropriated \$100 to the Historical Endowment Fund; indorsed the recommendation of the Lee Memorial Committee that the funds in hand be retained as a trust fund; indorsed a resolution to petition the legislature now in session to permit wives and widows of veterans to live in the Confederate Home; and indorsed the recommendation of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee of the Division that the highway be marked with permanent markers through the State.

The splendid program on Historical Evening was featured with the presentation of the tattered flag of the Edgefield Riflemen to be preserved in the recently renovated relic room in Columbia.

The Division Commander of the Sons of Veterans appealed for coöperation in organizing Camps of Sons, and recommended that a committee of U. D. C. be appointed to work with a similar committee from the Sons. This was done. The Division President, Mrs. Black, has adopted as a slogan for 1925: "A Camp of S. C. V. and a Chapter of C. of C. for every Chapter of U. D. C."

Whenever there was a cessation of business, the Charleston Chapter had provided social features, such as only Charleston can furnish—luncheons, receptions, and teas. After adjourn-

ment, the delegates attended the unveiling of a handsome granite boulder on James Island, erected by the Secessionville Chapter to commemorate the very important battle from which the Chapter gets its name.

The following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. O. D. Black, Johnston.

First Vice President, Miss Edythe Loryea, St. Matthews.

Second Vice President, Mrs. Alice Beard, Columbia.

Director Edisto District, Miss Marion Salley, Orangeburg.

Director Pee Dee District, Miss Julia Ragsdale, Timmons-ville.

Director Piedmont District, Mrs. J. B. Steppe, Spartanburg.

Director Ridge District, Mrs. J. B. Towill, Batesburg.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. T. M. Wells, Manning.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. Cottingham, Dillon.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Ivey, Florence.

Historian, Mrs. J. F. Walker, Union.

Registrar, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, Pickens.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Agatha Woodson, Edgefield.

Auditor, Mrs. J. F. Jacobs, Sr., Clinton.

* * *

Tennessee.—In many towns and cities of this State special exercises were held on the 19th of January to commemorate the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and this was one of the special days for presenting Crosses of Honor to veterans. At Nashville exercises were held in many of the schools, the U. D. C. Chapters sending representatives to make short talks on General Lee. In the evening a dinner was given by the affiliated Chapters in honor of the Confederate veterans of the community, and there was also music and speeches.

Nashville Chapter No. 1 has taken its quota of copies of "Women of the South in War Times," and there will be other Chapters of the State showing a full quota by the time of the convention at Cleveland in May.

The John W. Lauderdale Chapter, of Dyersburg, is making a roster of the Confederate soldiers furnished by that county, a work that should be done by some Chapter of every county of the State.

* * *

Virginia.—From Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, of Norfolk, we have received a copy of the program of the recent Virginia convention, decidedly the most attractive Division program we have ever seen. Mrs. Walke believes that it was the "best ever" of Virginia Division conventions, Historical Evening standing preëminent, with a varied program, the two main speakers being the Historian General, Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton, whose subject was "History of the Work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy," and Dr. Louis Mendoza, who spoke on "Women in War."

The figures in the credential committee's report were unusual—"Ready when called for. Total, 372. Tallying with Registrar and Treasurer, 367." Committee reports showed that relief work, education, and historical were claiming the interest of every Chapter.

The name of Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton was presented to the convention by Mrs. Walke for President General in 1925. She was enthusiastically indorsed. "Virginia is proud to claim this Daughter as her own, and as a former President of the Virginia Division."

The social affairs included a reception given by Mrs. Walke in her home, a reception by Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, and an automobile drive through the city.

Hope-Maury was the hostess Chapter.

are well address to the House, vindicating the right of the South to secede. The fire of these words from the lips of Mr. Benjamin still burn. "We are told that the laws must be enforced; . . . that the South is in rebellion without cause, and that her citizens are traitors. Rebellion! the very word is a confession; an avowal of tyranny, outrage, and oppression. It is taken from the despot's code, and has no terror for other than slavish souls. When, sir, did millions of people as a single man rise in organized rebellion against justice, truth, and honor? . . . Traitors! Treason! Aye, sir, the people of the South imitate and glory in just such treason as glowed in the soul of Hampden; just such treason as leaped in living flame from the impassioned lips of Henry; just such treason as encircles with a sacred halo the undying name of Washington!"

GREETINGS FROM CHARLESTON, S. C.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Charleston, S. C., greets the other Confederate Memorial Associations in this new year, 1925. During the past year we have accomplished our usual work of caring for the graves of Confederate soldiers and of observing Memorial Day with appropriate ceremonies at the graves of these soldiers.

We have given burial to one veteran in our Soldiers' Plot in Magnolia Cemetery and have marked his grave with a simple headstone like those of his comrades who are lying in the same plot. We have also inclosed with substantial cement posts and iron rails another plot in our city where thirty-six Confederate seamen were buried during the Confederacy. Two years ago we erected a marker with their names at the plot and have now inclosed it.

FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association is holding regular monthly meetings, which are well attended and much good work is being accomplished. They have decided to contribute \$50 to the Stone Mountain Association for last year and \$50 for 1925. At the latest meeting Gen. Norman Hawkins, of the D. of C. Brigade U. C. V. was elected an honorary associate member of the association, also Mr. Frank Conway, of the U. S. C. V. In their immediate plans is the organizing of a Junior Memorial Association. The inestimable value of these children's organizations we have seen in the results of the training which Confederate associations foster, making patriotic and dependable citizens who uphold the principles they have inherited.

THE OLD GRAY COAT.

BY MRS. M. W. SLOAN,* HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

In his old faded gray uniform,
My soldier lover came back to me
From Appomattox, where each hope seemed dead
And all but honor lost for Lee.

From the height of fifty years I stand
And look back upon those sad days of strife,
When brother fought brother and father, son,
And all the air with bitterness was rife.

When the call to arms rang through the South,
Her sons *en masse* sprang eager to that call;
No foeman's foot her sacred soil should press,
For this they pledged to her their lives, their all,

*Widow of Capt. John Sloan, of North Carolina.

This spirit was their shield and buckler
Through those four long, disastrous years—and then,
With arms stacked, banners furled, "The Solid South"
Their slogan, weaponless save tongue and pen,

They fought and won a greater victory
Than Lee or Grant ere hoped or dreamed to win;
For though defeated they were heroes still,
Their foes were proud to say, "We are akin."

Since that day on Appomattox field,
Twice has the war cry crashed against our ears,
Shoulder to shoulder, the blue and the gray,
Marched to battle as brothers and as peers.

America! One great people we,
There is no North, no South, no East, no West.
Our nation leads the world, God make us wise
To lift "Old Glory" high, so that its crest

May be a beacon light of hope and freedom
To those who sit in darkness and despair;
For us, Liberty's blazing torch and crown,
A pledge of our faith, that God doth care,

Tenderly, in aloes and in myrrh,
We've laid away that war-worn, old gray coat,
Memories lurk amid its threadbare folds,
Too hallow'd to be spoken or be wrote.

The lessons taught by those heroic deeds
Have made our sons the men they are to-day;
That old gray coat to us is glorified,
A shrine, where we, as patriots, pause to pray.

F. M. Hope, of Wichita, Kans., writes something of his record with the Missouri troops, saying: "I joined the 4th Missouri Cavalry in June, 1861, and was wounded at Harts-ville, Mo., and again at the bloody battle of Jenkins's Ferry in Arkansas, April, 1864. When General Price made his famous raid in the fall following, I foolishly went with him before my broken leg had healed properly, but the idea of going back to old beloved Missouri was too great to withstand. I was captured on our return with General Marmaduke at the battle of Mine Creek, Kans., having my horse shot under me, and had to walk from there to Warrensburg, Mo., on an uncured broken leg, which was in pretty bad condition. I was taken to Rock Island on the 1st of December, 1864, and the next March was sent to Richmond, Va., getting there just in time for the surrender. I then walked most of the way to Memphis, Tenn., and got back home to Scotland County, Mo., on the last day of May, 1865, having been in the war four years lacking a few days. . . . On my tombstone is engraved the Confederate flag, with Company F, 4th Missouri Cavalry."

Richard Carpenter, of Cumby, Tex., writing of the death of his father at the age of eighty-seven years, R. L. Carpenter, of Wichita, Kans., says: "He had many volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and prized them so highly that he asked me to preserve them and to continue his subscription, which I will do during my life or the life of the VETERAN."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS

D. S. ETHERIDGE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 GEORGE A. MACON, Memphis, Tenn. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 JAMES S. DAVENPORT, Vinita, Okla. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo, Miss. *Inspector in Chief*
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee, Fla. *Commissary in Chief*
 DR. WILLIAM F. HUBBERT, Dallas, Tex. *Surgeon in Chief*
 REV. B. A. OWENS, Lathrop, Mo. *Chaplain in Chief*

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D. S. ETHERIDGE, *Chairman*. Chattanooga, Tenn.
 N. B. FORREST. Atlanta, Ga.
 DR. W. C. GALLOWAY. Wilmington, N. C.
 LUCIUS L. MOSS. Lake Charles, La.
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY. Wichita Falls, Tex.
 JESSE ANTHONY. Washington, D. C.
 L. A. MORTON. Duncan, Okla.



DIVISION COMMANDERS

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 D. C. and MARYLAND—Washington. John A. Chumbley
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York. Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Atlanta. John Ashley Jones
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green. Malcolm H. Crump
 LOUISIANA—Baton Rouge. J. St. Clair Favrot
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. Charles A. Moreno
 MISSISSIPPI—Oxford. Judge T. C. Kimbrough
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Newberry. John M. Kinard
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Montvale. R. A. Gilliam
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

WHAT THE EDITOR THINKS.

A LITTLE CURTAIN RAISER.

This begins the third year of this department under the present editor, and it begins without a single communication from outside; not a single "order" or list of officers. So I shall have to write it all up myself, filling in space to as good advantage as possible. I hope the VETERAN will not think I am using valuable space frivolously or to little purpose. I shall introduce some serious thoughts and indulge in some few comments, homilies, expurgations, and explosions. I hope the three members of the S. C. V. who are subscribers to the VETERAN will all take careful heed!

WE ARE TO BLAME!

We of the South are to blame for the secondary place and false position generally assigned our section in the history of this great country and for the distortions of truth which pass as history and are accepted generally by this country and the world at large as history. An astounding and reprehensible indifference on the subject confronts us everywhere; one might almost say there exists a hostile feeling in the South against those who would rouse us up to the assertion of the truth and the maintainance of our birthright. It is like the rebellion of one supine under an opiate who rails against those who would rouse him to life and action. Mr. Robert D. Ford, the accomplished editor of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, one of the very few Southern editors who take an interest in saving our history, says recently along this line: "Out of that strange indolence comes the reason why the legend of the 'Pilgrim Fathers' has gained wide credence throughout the United States and even in Great Britain; out of that grew the remarkable mistake made by President Wilson when he urged colleges and institutions of learning throughout the United States to join with New England in celebrating the anniversary of the establishment of the first self-determining body of America; and out of that also came the amusing and infuriating circumstance of the hanging in the House of Lords a painting showing the landing of the 'Pilgrim Fathers' and beneath it the inscription, 'the landing of the colony from which sprang the permanent settlement of America.'"

Even our patriotic orders, dedicated to the "preservation of the truth of history," put the subject aside and ignore it or treat it feebly. I know of but one great organization which does a full measure of work along this line, and does it correctly and without bias, and that is the United Daughters of the Confederacy. There is a great national woman's organization whose efforts along the lines of history are so

biased in favor of the North as to resemble propaganda and to arouse a suspicion of propaganda. A man's national patriotic organization has been noticed of late to make public stuff that is offensively sectional and anti-Southern in its implications. The Southern members of these two great organizations remain apparently mute—certainly they are unable to correct things. Moving pictures spread before the eye a feast of distorted and untrue stuff which is offered as "history." Even so wretched a fabrication and so thoroughly exposed a lie as the Barbara Frietchie incident is now exploited in the movies and advertised in our great city papers as "an intensely interesting and clean presentation of historical facts." England celebrates the "suppression of slavery" and places a wreath on Lincoln's bust, yet England was the most responsible of all for the institution of slavery in this country and forced it upon us against our protest, while Lincoln, incorrectly and universally hailed as an emancipator, never emancipated anybody and openly announced that he would cheerfully keep all the negroes in slavery if that would serve to preserve the Union. A commonplace incident, devoid of danger or consequence, is magnified as a great feat in the case of Paul Revere's ride, Revere being a paid rider who was given fees to go on such trips, whether he was paid for this special "ride" or not; while the almost superhuman incident of the Hundley exploit in Charleston harbor is almost unknown and totally unsung. Politicians from Southern constituencies boldly and without fear advocate political measures saturated with a political philosophy which would make their Southern fathers turn in their graves—and hold their jobs. Street gamins in New York, slum bred, who have rarely seen a star and would not know the difference between a bullfrog, a bullfinch, and a bull yearling see Grant's tomb and Sherman's statue and bound their country by that—and even then know as much as most of us do. Our papers and pulpits spread abroad the propaganda of the North, and the heroes and heroic events of the South lack heralds and trumpets. There are teachers in Southern schools who never heard of Sam Davis and leaders of women's clubs who knew of no officer named Bedford Forrest—both these facts came to my personal knowledge. Our so-called intelligentsia may repeat to you all the tales of conflict which raged around the Ægean Sea, but they do not know who is responsible for slavery in this country, although the South is blamed for it. A general and widespread inertia possesses us. What is the remedy? Perhaps there is none, and future generations will rank us as lowly as we deserve, while the great deeds and fair names of our ancestors will have been successfully besmirched and beclouded and a "fable agree

upon" shall pass down the aisles of time posing as the history of our great nation!

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

The following verse is respectfully dedicated to some amendments to our Constitution already fastened upon us and another which certain elements of the population hope to fasten later:

"Nor has the world a better thing,
Though one should search it round,
Than this, to live one's own sole king
Upon one's own sole ground."

HOBSON'S CHOICE!

In January, 1863, Lincoln placed Gen. Joe Hooker in command of the Northern forces styled the "Army of the Potomac." He wrote him at this time a remarkable letter, in which the President lectured the General to a fare-thee-well. He told him that he was ambitious; that he had let his ambitions thwart Burnside, who just a little before had been thrown into the discard after his disaster at Fredericksburg; and he accused him of instilling a false spirit into the army. "Neither you nor Napoleon," said Lincoln, "could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails. But we know it was not the spirit of the army, which fought well, though not as well as the Confederates, but the inferiority of the officers of the North, which was responsible for the showing the Army of the Potomac made against the inferior numbers of the Army of Northern Virginia," "that incomparable body of infantry," as Horace Greeley said. Jesse Grant, in his biography of his father now being published says that General Grant always considered Gettysburg a Confederate victory, and he adds: "Lee had just gotten the better of Meade as he had of Burnside, Hooker, Pope, and McClellan." But I am ahead of my story; Lincoln's letter to Hooker, after this lecture, winds up with, "and now beware of rashness, beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories." Less than four months after this admonition, at Chancellorsville, Stonewall Jackson marched fifteen miles along the front of Hooker's army, assailed his right flank, and swept his army from the field in one of the most brilliant of Confederate victories. How little Lee thought of Hooker's abilities is shown by his placing his army of seventy thousand men with a bare handful of sixteen or seventeen thousand men, sending Jackson with thirty thousand men on this great flank movement. What Lincoln must have thought of his choice of generals can scarcely be imagined.

DO YOU THINK SO?

Here are some interesting items from this biography of Grant by his son Jesse. Read them and see if you can say: "Yes, yes." "I have no record of ever having heard father mention the surrender of General Lee. In our family the final act of the drama was never discussed. I know that father had great respect for General Lee, both as a man and a soldier. Notwithstanding this, he considered Gen. Joseph E. Johnston the greatest general the South produced. He supported this contention by saying that at the close of the war Johnston's army alone was in condition to continue the struggle, and this was true, although Johnston had fought continuously against either father or Sherman. Father considered Gen. Phil Sheridan his most able commander." After this the story goes into the assassination of Lincoln, and tells a strange story of an "unsuspected conspirator"

who was doubtless commissioned to kill Grant and who made strenuous efforts to do so, but was foiled. This man was, of course, never apprehended and his identity will perhaps always remain a mystery.

THE SCRAPBOOK.

Miss Mildred Rutherford's January issue of the "Scrapbook" contains "The True History of the Jamestown Colony—The True History of the Plymouth Rock Colony." It is a valuable and illuminating article full of valuable references. Unfortunately, it seems to me, there is too much reference to the supposed derelictions of Capt. John Smith. Whether Smith measured up or not to the highest standards of accuracy in his written accounts, whether he was or not a model of virtue, he stands as one of the foremost and most vital figures of this great time, and his deeds were great. Our great task is to present the overwhelming point of the supremacy of this Virginia movement in the establishment and growth of this country. There is no need now to go into details which do not vitally affect this single point. It is task enough to combat the Pilgrim Father myth, without smoothing out immaterial points in the smaller matters of the great movement. Smith stood at the front of this great movement and had his being with the great men of that time, the founders of this great nation. Let him be, and let's get at the important work of correcting the errors of New England propaganda, too long endured as truth.

THE OLD TOWN OF DUMFRIES, VA.

Referring to the article in the VETERAN for December, page 477, W. J. Chapman, of Baltimore, wrote to B. L. Aycock, Kountze, Tex., about the old town of Dumfries, Va., saying:

"This town was our post office in Prince William County, Va., where I was born in 1848 (near there); and I was mail carrier for the Richmond government from September, 1861, to March, 1862, when the Southern army retired to the Rappahannock River, near Fredericksburg, Va. The town of Dumfries was settled along in late 1600 or early in 1700, and the old stage (telegraph) road leading through there and on from Washington to Richmond was frequently traveled by Gen. George Washington from his Mount Vernon home on the Potomac River. The bricks were mostly brought from England, and a return cargo of tobacco was taken on, as the Quantico Creek was then a navigable stream for sailing vessels. Now it is only a slight trace of water during most of the year. Our home was near the camp of General Whitney's men, the 4th Alabama, 1st Tennessee (Col. Peter Turney), 2nd Mississippi, 11th Mississippi, 6th North Carolina, and Imboden's Battery. I was old enough to remember everything about war times. I visited the battle field of Second Manassas and saw so many dead Yankees that I never forgot the look of the field.

"Dumfries was at one time the county seat, and had many elegant brick buildings, nearly all of which are now in ruins, though the town still exists and does some business and is a post office. I carried many bags of mail from Brentsville to Dumfries, and on my final trip I left a room filled with letters and mail matter at Brentsville, intended for you soldier boys around the old town. I rode thirty-six miles twice a week on my mail trips, and you know how the roads were in Virginia during that winter. I often think of my experiences and never tire of reading and hearing about the war."

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, BALTIMORE.

Because of numerous inquiries, I feel that I should put myself on record in the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as to the manner in which I turned over to the U. D. C. the book, "Women of the South in War Times."

Some years ago, at the suggestion of the then Adjutant General of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, a publisher wrote to me asking me to prepare a book on the heroism of the women of the South during the War between the States. It so happened that for years I had been collecting material from diaries and scrapbooks with a view to publication. Consequently, I very gladly accepted the suggestion of the publisher and prepared the material. When I finally placed it in his hands in 1918, I received the following reply;

"We have had your manuscript on 'Women of the South in War Times' examined by some three competent readers. *They are all of the opinion that it is not acceptable for publication in its present form.*

"*At the outset, let me say that in our opinion this is not the time for fostering sectional rancor or prejudice.* There has been, we know, a great deal of this in years past, but we think the time has arrived for both the North and South to 'bury the hatchet.'"

To this I replied: "I regret that your readers have so misunderstood the purpose of my book, 'Women of the South in War Times.' There is absolutely nothing therein that is intended to 'foster sectional rancor or prejudice.' In fact, there is a great deal there to remove it, if for no other reason than on the basis that 'the truth will set us free from sectional prejudice as nothing else can.' I have told the truth without malice or vindictiveness, and I am thereby performing a real service for all America, North or South. Apparently, your readers have no conception of the genuine gratitude real liberal Northern people have expressed to those Southerners who, without rancor or prejudice, tell them the truth so that they may know things they did not know before. I have been most cordially thanked by Northern people for telling them just the things that I have told in this book, and these broad-minded and liberal Americans have said that they can now love the South and understand it as they never did before. Charles Francis Adams expressed the hope that I would write what I have set down in this manuscript.

"If it were not tragic, it would be amusing to note the innocence of a national viewpoint among many of your own city—even among the intelligentsia. I recall that former Governor Pennypacker, then president of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, censured me for publishing a picture of Gen. 'Napoleon B.' Forrest, on the ground that Forrest was 'a mere swashbuckler and not entitled to any respect as a military leader.' I sent word to him at the time that if he would read history, even with a minimum degree of a *national* spirit, he would find out how far wrong he was. I suggested that he look up the memoirs of Grant and Sherman, who testified that Forrest was one of the ablest that the war produced!"

The publisher in question declined to accept the manuscript of "Women of the South in War Times"; and so, without further ado, I turned it over to the Daughters of the Confederacy; and it is their book, except for the fact that I control the material therein and the management of the campaign for distribution. Of course, the present publishers expect to make a fair return on the distribution of the book, but the royalties are to be turned back into promoting the circulation of the volume, so that the achievements of the

women of the South and of their descendants, the Daughters of the Confederacy, may be known to as many as possible and misunderstanding as to both removed from the public mind.

HISTORY OF LEWIS COUNTY, W. VA.

Lewis County, W. Va., is perhaps most widely known as the native county of Stonewall Jackson, who was born at Clarksburg, but its history from pioneer days has been the theme of many writers. The latest of these histories is that of its "Civil War" period, from the secession of Virginia from the Union to the formation of the new State of West Virginia, and there was much transpiring within its borders that had effect on the fortunes of the South in its struggle for independence, for this county was as active as any in the effort to establish a new State.

Roy B. Cook, of Charleston, is the historian of its war period, and in this small volume has painstakingly brought out the events of interest within its borders, when sentiment was so divided, and has given the data for both sides without partisan bias. What he has done for Lewis County should be done for every county in every State of the South, and thus would the history of the South in the sixties be made more complete. Lewis County furnished troops for both sides, and is credited with some seven hundred and forty-five soldiers for the Union against two hundred and fifty for the Confederacy; and it was the scene of some bushwhacking and other **unlawful method** of warfare—in plan terms, murder and thievery—as terrorize d some other sections of the South, when previous law-abiding citizens seized the opportunity to take while the taking was good. Weston, the county seat, just a small town then, was the scene of some exciting incidents.

The book closes with a short chapter on Stonewall Jackson and one on President William McKinley, a part of whose war service was in Lewis County. It is of limited edition, and sells at \$2. Orders should be sent to the author, Mr. Roy B. Cook, Charleston, W. Va. See advertisement in this number.

"RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE."

Of all the books written about General Lee, this volume of "Recollections and Letters," compiled and edited by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, gives a more intimate view of those characteristics which endeared him as a man, the nobility and sincerity of his daily life. "General Lee, the man, the citizen, the spiritual leader, as friend, as husband, as father, as lover of little children, the greatest soul of the modern world and the most humble, is shown in his own letters in this volume as nowhere else." It is an uplift to the spirit to realize thus the noble purity of his character, and old and young in this and every other country will benefit by acquaintance with a life so directed by the principles of right and duty.

A new edition of this work has recently come from the press, with the addition of a Foreword by Gamaliel Bradford, whose book on "Lee, the American," is a tribute to one in whom he could find no fault. And there is a concluding chapter added by William Taylor Thom, who was a student at Washington and Lee under the greatest of its presidents, and it was at his suggestion that this new edition has been gotten out. In this later material, Mr. Thom presents evidence from the office of the Chief Engineer U. S. A. that General Lee's first assignment after his graduation from West Point was to Savannah, Ga., and his work was on the fortifications on Cockspur Island, called Fort Pulaski, and that first assignment was no

to Hampton Roads, or elsewhere, as some biographers have stated. Such a book as this should never be allowed to get out of print, and Mr. Thom has done more for his generation than he perhaps realized in sponsoring this edition.

The book was commended by special resolution by the U. D. C. in convention at Savannah, last November, and it is a work that should be in every library and school. It is handsomely bound, and comes from the press of Doubleday, Page & Company. Price, \$5. Orders can be sent to the VETERAN.

SHOCK OFFICERS.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Here's a list of officers of the emergency troops for the local defense of Richmond, Va., and when I say emergency, I mean it, as the records say they were government clerks, commissary and quartermaster employes, sailors from the fleet, and, in fact, anything that could walk and hold a gun, ranging from the cradle to the grave.

Ayres, William, Mississippi, Major.
Baker, Bolling, Florida, Major.
Beasley, R. H., Virginia, First Lieutenant, Adjutant.
Cullen, M., Virginia, Captain.
Ennis, R. J., Virginia, Major.
Jones, James F., Virginia, Colonel.
Ford, C. H., Virginia, Major.
Keese, J. T., Virginia, First Lieutenant, Adjutant.
Locke, M., Virginia, Captain.
McAnerny, John, Alabama, Lieutenant Colonel.
McMillan, B., Texas, First Lieutenant, Adjutant.
Matthews, Ro. A., Virginia, First Lieutenant.
Minor, R. O., Virginia, Major.
Morton, Robert C., Virginia, Major.
Powell, Richard, Virginia, Captain Quartermaster.
Raney, David G., (lieutenant Marine Corps, Navy), Florida First Lieutenant, Adjutant.
Scruggs, D. E., ———— Colonel.
Sutherland, S. F. Maryland, Lieutenant, Colonel.
Talbott, Allen, Virginia, First Lieutenant, Adjutant.
Tanner, W. E., Virginia, Lieutenant Colonel.
Taylor, M. P., North Carolina, Major.
Tompkins, R. A., Virginia, Captain.
Towson, J. E., Virginia, First Lieutenant.
Vaughan, J. B., Virginia, Major.
Vaughan, James D., Virginia, First Lieutenant, Adjutant.
Waller, Richard F., Virginia, Major.
Zimmer, Louis, Virginia, Captain.

A REAL SON OF THE CONFEDERACY.—In sending his subscription order to the VETERAN, Jeff Davis Stewart, of Poplarville, Miss., writes: "My father, Lieut. Robert Cayson Stewart, Company E, 5th Mississippi Regiment, was wounded at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was sent to Atlanta, Ga., where he died and was buried within a few feet of where the Confederate monument now stands. About thirty years after his death, my mother had his grave located and placed a stone to his memory, through the kindness of Mr. L. P. Thomas, who was then sheriff of Fulton County. . . . When I am dead, I feel that on and around my heart will be found the imprint of the Stars and Stripes, but within that heart will be found a package wrapped in Confederate gray, and within it are pictures and tokens of real love, pictures of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and many more of that great host of mighty men who went out to war in 1861, and later, under

worse conditions, volunteered to reestablish white supremacy in our beloved Southland; and tied about that precious package are tresses from the brows of the noble mothers of the sixties. And until these pictures and tokens are annihilated, then, and then only, will I cease to love the gray, the Stars and Bars, the men that wore and carried them, the mother that toiled for and prayed for them, and all those who suffered, worked, and strove for the triumph of right and principle in the Southland. Peace be with them!"

BRIGADES OF JACKSON'S CORPS.—S. K. Dendy, of Seneca, S. C., who served with Company F, Orr's South Carolina Rifles, says he doesn't think the VETERAN has ever given a list of the troops constituting Stonewall Jackson's Immortal Corps, which were as follows: General Scales's North Carolina Brigade; General Lane's North Carolina Brigade; General Thomas's Georgia Brigade; General McGowan's South Carolina Brigade; and last, but never the least, Stonewall Jackson's Virginia Brigade. Perhaps a few other troops helped to make up this corps.

Charles H. Carson, of Roanoke, Va. (Times-World Corporation), is gathering data on that period of Stonewall Jackson's life which was spent at the Virginia Military Institute, and he would like to hear from anyone who can give him any information on that line. His grandfather, Col. R. P. Carson, 37th Virginia C. S. A., was in the class of 1854, with Jackson, and at the time of his death was the oldest living graduate of the Institute. Mr. Carson is also making a collection of old Southern newspapers of just before, during, and after the war, and anyone having such for sale is asked to communicate with him.

In renewing subscription for the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York—and this Camp takes a dozen copies regularly—Commander C. R. Hatton writes that he hopes to continue it for years and years to come—"for we could not get along without the VETERAN," he says: "To me it is without a peer or comparison in appreciation, long may she wave and flourish in reminder of the days of yore."

THE OLD CONFEDERATE.

BY T. B. SUMMERS, MILTON, W. VA.

When you hear the "Dixie Song"
Pealing out both free and strong,
Then you feel your foot is light,
And your heart you know is right,
Thinking of the days ago,
"Dixieland," your rallying song.

While your comrades, full of cheer,
Stand "Attention" round you, near,
With a smile and cheery word,
Same as you so often heard,
How the field was gallant won
By the "Rebel Yell" and gun.

Days apace will come and go,
Thinning ranks of friend and foe;
But no day will ever be
Saddened by a victory
That was won on sea or land
By the brave, devoted band
Of Dixie.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE TERRITORIES.

(Continued from page 61.)

contending not only against the enemy here, but we are struggling against a stupendous outside pressure from the North. Abolitionism is in the minority, it is true, but yet strong enough to create mischief and breed discord. Encouraged and stimulated by their Northern masters, they are sanguine of success, and are making Herculean effort to entail upon Kansas all the demoralization and curse of Abolitionism, having no sense of honor or spirit; the base and cowardly sycophants are untiring and energetic. You may whip them and put your heel upon their necks, and yet they persevere in their dirty work.

It is evident that Kansas must be and is the great battle ground between the two sections of the Union. Here the issue between the North and South must be determined. We know it here, and we want our Southern friends to know it. Missouri well knows the fact that her own institutions are involved in this contest, and her noble and gallant son, David R. Atchison, knows that the future weal or woe of our common country is involved in the settlement of Kansas matters.

I have thus described the situation of Kansas affairs. I believe (although I am denounced by the Abolitionists as a ruffian and I have had many difficulties with them) that I have correctly stated the position of the parties. How long this state of things will last, I cannot say.

NOTICE.—We are requested to announce that the author of "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-To-Be" will now contract for a new edition of this book. The book is to be revised and adapted for school libraries. The contract may also cover a trade edition, as there is a constant demand for it for private libraries.

The only contract ever made for the publication of this book was cancelled in 1914. The author owns the copyright and is sole proprietor of the publication.

Publishers who would be interested in handling this book are invited to communicate with the author.

Address Howard M. Lovett, Rappahannock, Va.

U. D. C. COOKBOOK.—Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., reports that all copies of the U. D. C. Cookbook have been sold, and the net profits for the scholarship endowment exceed \$5,000. More than three hundred orders had to be returned, as the supply of books was exhausted. Mrs. Bashinsky hopes to get out a larger work of the kind, announcement of which will be made at the proper time.

E. Berkeley Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., wishes to hear from anyone who can give information of Maj. N. S. Finney, who was at the head of the Confederate armory at Augusta, Ga., Samuel C. Robinson, of Richmond, Va., or their relatives; and anyone who knows about the revolver factories at Macon, Atlanta, Ga., and the location of the Spiller & Burr revolver works.

ATTENTION TENNESSEANS.—J. H. Faubion, Leander, Tex., who served with Company C, 26th Tennessee Infantry, under Col. John M. Lillard, wants to have a kind of "get-together meeting" of Tennessee veterans at the Dallas reunion in May. Comrades might write to him about it.

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

(An Old Song.)

On a lone, barren isle, where the loud roaring billows
Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew drooping willows,
Like fond weeping mourners, lean over his grave.
The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Yet, Spirit Immortal, the time cannot bind thee,
But, like thine own eagle that soars to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee
No name which before thee immortality won.
The nations may combat and war's thunders rattle,
No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

O, Shade of the Mighty, where now are the legions
That fought but to conquer when thou didst lead them on?
Alas! they have perished in the far distant regions,
And all save the fame of their triumphs is gone.
The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle,
They hear not, they heed not, they're free from all pain;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.



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WANTED.—Confederate and Old United States Stamps before 1875. Do not remove the stamps from envelopes. Collections purchased.

GEORGE HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York.

NOTICE CORRECTED.—I did not leave my husband's bed and board, as it belonged to me and I took it with me and worked and kept myself. Mrs. B. S. —Item in the Carlisle (Pa.) Evening Sentinel.

FROM X TO O—A negro woman came into the office of the estate for which she worked to receive her monthly wages. As she could not write, she always made her mark on the receipt—the usual cross. But on this occasion she made a circle. "What's the matter, Linda?" the man in charge asked, "Why don't you make a cross as usual?" "Why," Linda explained earnestly, "Ah done got married yesterday an' changed mah name."—The Canadian American.

RACE SUICIDE?—Mrs. Frank Scotts is back in Newell, Iowa, with her thirteen children, from a trip to La Crosse, Wis. Though they occupied five seats on the train, they had only one ticket and had the family Bible ready to prove all the children were her own and all less than five years old, thus entitled to ride free. She has been married less than ten years and is the mother of nineteen children, all boys. There are five sets of triplets and two pairs of twins.—Nation-Tribune.

High Blood Pressure

High blood pressure frequently leads to paralysis. This dangerous condition may be easily, inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Gladly send particulars.

DR. H. H. STOKES, MOHAWK, FLA.

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THINGS TO REMEMBER.

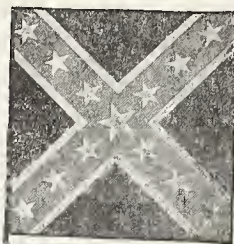
The value of time.
The success of perseverance.
The pleasure of working.
The dignity of simplicity.
The worth of character.
The power of kindness.
The influence of example.
The obligation of duty.
The wisdom of economy.
The virtue of patience.
The importance of talent.
The joy of originating.

A patron of the VETERAN wishes to get a complete set of the Southern Historical Society Papers, published at Richmond, Va., and anyone having such for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN. He also wishes Volumes XI and XII to complete another set.

THE FAMILY TREE.—At a recent meeting of the Classical Association at Lexington, Ky., a group of teachers during the lunch hour were discussing the tracing of genealogies. "I never wanted to trace mine very far back," said one, jokingly. "I'm afraid I might find some one hanging on my family tree." "By the neck or tail?" asked another.—Canadian American.

A REMARKABLE MEMORY.—A Haskett-Cremona violin, over a hundred years old and worth a fortune, stolen from its original owner and sold for a trifling sum of \$27, has been recovered and returned to its original owner by Thomas J. Camper, a disabled overseas veteran as the result of a remarkable memory feat. A violin bow was brought to Camper for repair. He at once recognized the bow as one that he had repaired eight years ago as an amateur, and that it belonged with the famous instrument now recovered. Investigation showed the rightful owner's initials carved upon the case and completed the identification. Camper was formerly a private in the 103rd Field Artillery and received an injury to his spine during his period of service with the A. E. F. He was prevented from resuming his prewar occupation of machinist and awarded a course in vocational training by the U. S. Veterans' Bureau to prepare him to carry on in music merchandising and musical instrument repairing.

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HER MODESTY.—"Is your wife one of those women who look at their husbands and say: 'I made a man of him!'" asked the impertinent friend. "No," answered Mr. Meekton. "My Henrietta is very unassuming. She merely says she has done her best."

Deafness

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BOOKS—OLD AND NEW

It becomes more and more difficult to procure certain books on Confederate history, and some orders from the January offering had to be held while effort is made to locate other copies. While the following list falls short of what it should be, these are all valuable works and will add much to any library.

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis. (Two volumes).....	\$8 00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by J. B. Richardson.....	6 00
The War between the States. By Alexander H. Stephens. (Two volumes).....	7 50
Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieutenant Sinclair.....	4 00
Partisan Life with Col. John S. Mosby. By Colonel Scott.....	4 00
Civil History of the Confederate Government. By Hon. J. B. L. Curry.....	1 50
Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy. By Mrs. A. B. Hull.....	3 00
The Case of the South against the North. By Henry Grady.....	2 50
The War between the States. By Dr. Bledsoe.....	1 00
Narrative of Military Operations. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.....	4 00
Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	3 00
Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. Compiled and edited by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. Handsome volume, new edition. Illustrated.....	5 00
Confederate War Papers. By Gustavus A. Smith.....	2 00
Alphabetical List of Battles of All American Wars.....	2 00
Life and Diplomatic Correspondence of James M. Mason. By his daughter, Miss Emily Mason. (One copy).....	4 00

WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES

Compiled and edited by Matthew Page Andrews for the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

A book that should be in every home and library of the country. Regular price, \$2.50, post-paid; special price with the VETERAN one year, \$3.50.

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THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Confederate Veteran.

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Dec 25

VOL. XXXIII.

MARCH, 1925

NO. 3



CHATHAM, IN TIDEWATER VIRGINIA.

This old manor house, built in Colonial days by William Fitzhugh, sterling patriot, is on a terraced hillside across the Rappahannock River from Fredericksburg. George Washington often enjoyed its wonderful hospitality, and tradition has it that here he wooed the widow Custis, and that here Robert E. Lee plighted troth with Mary Randolph Custis, daughter of Washington's adopted son. "Fitzhugh of Chatham" gave much service to his country, being a member of the House of Burgesses, of the Continental Congress, and of the Virginia House of Delegates. His high regard and admiration for that illustrious English statesman, William Pitt (Lord Chatham) was shown in the naming of his estate. The building is of gleaming white brick and distinctly Georgian in architecture, both in exterior and interior. (See page 88.)

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

- 1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
- 2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
- 3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
- 4. Mathew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

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

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If there are any surviving members of Company E, 24th Tennessee Regiment (Captain Baskerville), who can testify to the service of Joseph Wallace Hunt, they will please communicate with Mrs. J. W. Hunt, 321 East Franklin Street, Hillsboro, Tex., who is trying to get a pension.

Miss Nan Wickersham, Tacoma, Wash. (Tacoma Woman's Club House), wants to get in communication with members of the Word and Sims families, of Tennessee. John and Fanny Collins Word lived in Lebanon, 1804-21, and had four sons—Thomas, James, Edmund, and John. Thomas Sims, born in Hanover County, Va., 1744, went to Granville County, N. C., 1765, and to Wilson County, Tenn., 1815, where he died about 1843. He served in the Revolutionary War. His son, Chesley Sims, married Eliza (or Louisa) Brown in North Carolina.

WANTED.—Old Confederate and United States stamps before 1876. Do not remove stamps from envelopes. Stamp collections purchased. George H. Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Anyone who can testify to the war service of J. N. Mathews (or Nelson Mathews), who enlisted in Columbus, Muscogee County, Ga., on August 4, 1863, with Capt. Charles T. Nash and Lieut. Col. J. B. Oliver, will please write to Mrs. John D. Jarvis, at Lovett, Fla., who is trying to get a pension for his widow, now old and afflicted.

J. V. Cunningham, of Blue Grove, Tex. (Box 142), was a sharpshooter of Company C, 22nd Virginia Infantry, serving under Capt. H. B. Dickison, Colonel Patton commanding the regiment; was with Early in the Valley and with General Lee around Richmond. He would like to hear from any old comrades now living.

W. K. Simpson, of Robert Lee, Tex., asks for information on the service of James Madison Fletcher, who, it is understood, joined the 2nd Cavalry in Stoddard County, Mo., Springfield the county site. He was under Captain Phillips and General Marmaduke; was wounded at Springfield. His wife is in great need, and friends are trying to get a pension for her, hence this inquiry for her husband's war record.

Lewis County
(W. Va.)
In the Civil War

By ROY BIRD COOK

Author of "Family and Early Life of Stonewall Jackson," "Collins Settlement of Old," Etc.

A historical work of exeptional interest. It embraces a complete review of the participation of Lewis County and its citizens in the Civil War; unpublished rosters of Lewis County men in Federal and Confederate service, and is replete with details of more than local interest.

A limited edition has been published.

Price, \$2.00

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- T. P. Wright & Co., Weston, W. Va.
- James & Law Co., Clarksburg, W. Va.
- Major's Bookstore, Charleston, W. Va.
- Joseph K. Ruebush Co., Dayton, W. Va.
- Jarrett Printing Co., Publishers Charleston, W. Va.

Mrs. Mattie Adams, 315 Alamo Street, Terrell, Tex., wishes to hear from anyone who can give information on the war record of her husband, William Walton Adams—the company, regiment, etc., with which he served. He joined the army at Moscow, Miss., where he owned a plantation. Also wishes to learn the company and regiment with which her father, George Washington Edwards, served. He joined the Confederate army at Macon, Miss., where he owned a plantation, which was afterwards sold to Jacob Holberg. It seems there were two soldiers named George Washington Edwards in the Mississippi troops, but one was killed at Gettysburg; the other lived through the war and died at Macon, Miss.

Mrs. Loretto Keenan, 111 Linden Avenue, Clarksburg, W. Va., seeks information on the war records of three brothers, Martin, Patrick, and Darby Donnelly, who enlisted in the Confederate army from Tennessee. Patrick and Darby died in action; Martin afterwards died in St. Louis. She would like to find out where they enlisted, regiment, company, under whom served, and where they were killed.

Confederate Veteran.

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

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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. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1925.

No. 3.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

FROM OFFICIAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS U. C. V., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 9.

There being a vacancy in the office of Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, the Commander in Chief, by virtue of authority vested in him, hereby orders Maj. Gen. W. M. Wroten, Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., to assume command of said Department. All officers and veterans will respect and obey him as such.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 10.

There being a vacancy in the office of Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, the Commander in Chief, by virtue of authority vested in him, hereby orders Maj. Gen. R. A. Sneed, Commander of Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., to assume command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., and that all officers and veterans will respect and obey him as such.

February 11, 1925.

CIRCULAR No. 1.

From letters received by this office, it appears that many of our officers who served on the staff of Gen. W. B. Haldeman at the Memphis reunion in 1924 either failed to receive or omitted to consider the significance of General Orders No. 2 (of post-reunion series), issued as of date July 10—to-wit:

"The General Commanding hereby announces that the appointments heretofore made by him of staff officers will continue during his term of office, with such additions as he will make from time to time, and they will be obeyed and respected accordingly."

This order by General Haldeman, having been affirmed by Gen. James A. Thomas, as set forth in General Orders No. 6, of date January 3, 1925, from these headquarters, the appointments made by General Haldeman in his General Orders No. 3 (ante-Memphis reunion series), as of date September 6, 1923, are now in full force and effect.

By order of the General Commanding.

HAMPDEN OSBORNE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

PRESIDENT AND GENERALS, C. S. A.

Referring to the group picture on front cover of the February VETERAN, Judge John Purifoy, of Montgomery, Ala., writes: "While they have a peculiar and, as you say, unique appearance in their U. S. uniforms, a close inspection satisfies me that all are true to name. I saw seven of them in person during life; do not remember to have seen Bragg and Morgan. I think the picture must be that of John H. Morgan, the great cavalry leader killed at Greeneville, Tenn., September 4, 1864, as I have examined a picture evidently made subsequent to the group picture specimen, and the resemblance is unmistakable. (See page 155, Volume X, 'Photographic History of the Civil War.') It is not that of Gen. John T. Morgan."

BRITISHER CHARMED BY THE SOUTH.

Col. John Buchan, eminent British historian, who paid a visit to Richmond not long ago, has written the Confederate Museum that he considers the Southern memorials of the War between the States "infinitely the most impressive things on the American continent."

His letter, in part, follows:

"I cannot tell you what my wife and I felt about our visit to Richmond. To one like myself, who all his life has been enthralled by the greatness of Lee and the charm of the Confederacy, the visit was one long romance.

"Both my wife and I had a choke in our throats most of the time. All your memorials of the War between the States are conceived with such beauty and simplicity that they are infinitely the most impressive things I saw on the American continent."

Colonel Buchan intends to pay another visit to the South as soon as possible, he declares.

In sending this report of Colonel Buchan's visit to Richmond, Mrs. Charles E. Bolling adds to it: "Colonel Buchan is the foremost military critic of England, as well as historian. He has written a four-volume history of the World War, and is considering writing a life of General Lee, such as Henderson wrote of Stonewall Jackson."

PICTURES THAT DISTORT HISTORY.

That history might be most successfully taught by means of moving pictures is evident by the popularity of historical drama which has been presented in that way, but, to judge by many so-called historical pictures which have been presented throughout this country, it is but another means of carrying on that insidious propaganda which has been used to credit the North with everything good in the building of this republic to the utter exclusion of the South from anything worth while.

Especially is this true in pictures which have presented the history of the sixties. The Barbara Frietchie picture referred to in the February VETERAN is an example of how a great general of the Southern cause is defamed by the acceptance of a poetic lie; and another picture now being shown throughout the South, "Abraham Lincoln," is equally distortful of history. This picture was recently shown in Nashville despite effort made by the Daughters of the Confederacy here to prevent it, though a concession was made in allowing it to be censored by a committee from the different Chapters. By this censorship, several scenes were cut from the showing here, but will doubtless be replaced and shown at other places where the people are not informed as to their untruth and the harmful impression they make on the younger generation. In this picture Lincoln was, of course, presented as the savior of his country, and incidents of his life were shown in the light of sentiment rather than of truth. Incidents of history were jumbled to secure the dramatic climax, which, with the idealization of Lincoln and his every act, makes the picture altogether untrue to history and objectionable otherwise.

"If the history involved meant nothing to us," writes Anne Rankin in the *Tennessean*, "the film might well be accepted as the idealization of a spirit that triumphed over hardship, ignorance, poverty, and discouragement of circumstances, as well as over unbelievable ungainliness of figure and homeliness of face, and that in a tragic crisis stood for unanswerable right against unanswerable wrong.

"Yet there happen to be those among us who resent the obloquy thus put upon our own people, and who, without meaning to be merely contentious, feel a pride in the humanity and patriotism for which our own people stood, even in that tragic day that so dowers Lincoln with all virtue and our fathers with none.

"And it is undoubtedly true that the picture's impression on the younger present generation is just this: The North stood for freedom and all the virtues; the South for slavery and all the forces of wrong; the gaunt and sorrowful figure of Lincoln embodies all nobility.

"The fact that the leaders of the South were men of long-proved patriotism and loyalty, that the people themselves had descended from generations who had shared in the building of the nation, that there were principles of government and constitutional rights that went into the forming of the Confederacy, that such a people with such a history must by reason have had something of right on their side, is ignored.

"It is a big moment in the picture when the young Lincoln dedicates himself to the freeing of the slaves, yet we have his own words for it that, slaves or no slaves, he fought when the war came to preserve the Union.

"It was a dramatic climax, too, when, after an agony of waiting, a great army came marching from far and near in answer to his call for volunteers to force the South to stay in the Union; yet history again gives us his own words, from a speech to Congress, defending the right of secession.

"It was, of course, the film's highest point when Lincoln

signed his Emancipation Proclamation; yet, according to history, even this far-famed act was by Lincoln's own acknowledgment nothing more than a war measure intended to damage his enemy and in no way a measure of real freedom, since it liberated not a single slave owned by Northern people or in territory held by Northern arms.

"Taken as a whole, the picture makes slavery the entire cause of difference between the North and the South, with a fine regard for dramatic appeal and a fine disregard for truth. It puts into the hearts of the present generation a wholly erroneous story of the ideals for which their Southern fathers and grandfathers fought."

Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere should be vigilant in trying to suppress such presentation of history. It means eternal vigilance will be necessary to put down hydra-headed untruth.

THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL HALF DOLLAR.

Coinage of the Stone Mountain Memorial Half Dollars was begun on January 21, and announcement has been made that these coins will be ready for distribution on May 1, the plan being to have sufficient orders in advance to take up the first million coins of the issue on that day through orders being given in advance. These coins will be sold at one dollar each, and the remainder of the issue of five million will be reserved for sale at a higher price for the completion of the Stone Mountain Memorial. The press report was that the first coin from the mint was sold for one thousand dollars.

The first million coins will be assigned by quotas to the twelve Federal Reserve Banks, by which they will be distributed to the banks in their respective districts. Orders can be placed with these banks, and those who wish to procure one or more of these coins should place orders with their banks at one dollar each before the date mentioned.

"From a historical standpoint, this is the most important memorial coin ever issued by the government of the United States." It is a memorial to the valor of the soldiers of the South, and the bill for its issuance was passed by Congress without a dissenting vote in either house. The coin is very beautiful, bearing on its face the figures of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson on horseback, a reproduction from the design of memorial on Stone Mountain. On the reverse is an eagle alighting on the summit of Stone Mountain, with an inscription in tribute to the valor of the soldiers of the South.

The special act of Congress for the issuance of these coins was approved by President Coolidge on March 17, 1924, and coinage was begun on January 21, 1925, the one hundred and first anniversary of the birth of Stonewall Jackson!

(While the unfortunate situation which has developed in connection with the Stone Mountain Memorial will delay the work to some extent, friends of the movement are confident that the Association will overcome this satisfactorily and as quickly as possible.)

GEN. THOMAS D. OSBORNE, U. C. V.

The passing of Gen. Thomas de Courcy Osborne, Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., has brought sorrow and loss to the great organization of which he was a prominent and valued member. Death came to him at his winter home in Belton, Tex., on February 16, and his body was taken back to Kentucky and laid to rest in Cave Hill Cemetery, at Louisville. A sketch of his life will be given in the VETERAN for April.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.

REPORT BY MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, CHAIRMAN U. D. C. COMMITTEE.

"Honor to whom honor, tribute to whom tribute, justice to the name of Jefferson Davis—American" These, the opening words of the report of Miss West made to the U. D. C. convention in Asheville, N. C., contain in brief the creed of the committee.

1913.—The Jefferson Davis Highway, proposed at New Orleans by Miss Decca Lamar West, of Texas, and adopted as a paramount work by the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The highway as first proposed was to run from Washington, D. C., to San Francisco, Cal., and to include on the route as many as possible of the places made memorable by Confederate history. The spur from Fairview Ky., to New Orleans, La., was added later on account of the great monument erected at the birthplace of Jefferson Davis.

1918.—Indorsed by the Sons of Confederate Veterans at general meeting in Tulsa, Okla. Not being a road building organization, the U. D. C. devised the plan of having highway departments of various States adopt the name Jefferson Davis Highway for that part of the route in their States.

1920.—A sufficient number of States having secured legal designation of highway name, a fund was raised by subscription from the floor to print a map, outlining the entire route proposed. Published with the indorsement of the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy and the advocacy of the National Highways Association, Washington, D. C. Order of Asheville convention. Tourist marker for poles, etc., also adopted. Three horizontal stripes, six inches wide, red, white, and red, with the letters J. D. H. in black, four and one-half inches high, one above the other, one in each stripe.

1922.—At Birmingham, Ala., the convention voted to mark Point Isabel, Tex., to commemorate the landing of the Mississippi troops under Col. Jefferson Davis, of the United States army, in 1846, during the war with Mexico. Resolution offered by Mrs. James Henry Parker, of New York.

1923.—Official name had now been secured by Kentucky, Texas, Virginia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia (southern route).

Route marked throughout Kentucky, North and South Carolina.

Route partly marked in Texas, Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, and Mississippi.

Banner Report for 1923.—South Carolina reported Jefferson Davis Highway legally designated, most of it built, entirely marked with tourist markers. Bowlders at historic spots by two Chapters. Systematic tree planting to begin in November. Maps in every chamber of commerce and in most of the public schools and libraries.

1924.—Name secured by Alabama. Southern route in Georgia included in Highway. This is the historic road along which President Davis and his party made their last march. Granite bowlders erected at boundary lines of Virginia and North Carolina and between North and South Carolina. The U. D. C. convention passed a resolution empowering the chairman and committee to ask Congress to consider this route when any extension of government work is projected.

1925.—Objectives for this year: To secure legal designation in New Mexico, Arizona, and California, also Louisiana and Mississippi. In these last two, portions of the highway are called Jefferson Davis, but by popular opinion only. State and Highway Department action will be secured.

To erect three milestones—one at Washington, D. C., at San Francisco, Calif., and at Fairview, Ky.

For every State on the map to be able to make a report as complete as that of South Carolina in 1923.

For States not on the Map.—From all State highway estimates received there was a total of 3,417 miles on the Highway. There are in the States not on the Highway 240 Chapters, about 14 miles to a Chapter. The committee hopes to secure from these Chapters one dollar per mile for each mile, \$14. To do two specific things: First, to be able to coöperate with the National Highways Association in having our route included in their maps in color (this body distributes maps more widely than we could hope to do); and, second, to publish a road book, giving mileage, describing physical condition of road, illustrated with pictures of historic places.

"There's a long, long trail a winding
Through the land of the U. D. C.,
'Tis the Jefferson Davis Highway,
And it calls you and me.
We never will stop working
Until all our dreams come true,
Till the day that I go driving
O'er that long, long trail with you."

THE TWENTY-FOURTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

BY REV. H. D. HOGAN, ROSEDALE, KANS.

The 24th Tennessee Regiment was organized at Camp Trousdale, near LaVergne, Tenn., in 1861. Don Allison was elected colonel, and Thomas H. Peebles, lieutenant colonel. The regiment had an organization of ten companies, with something like a thousand men. Without mentioning certain historical events—going into winter quarters at Bowling Green, Ky., the fall of Fort Donelson, and our hasty retreat to Corinth, Miss., to checkmate Grant's concentration of troops at Pittsburg Landing—I will pass on to what was one of the bloodiest battles of the war, known as the battle of Shiloh.

Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, found us in mortal combat with the blue. Colonel Allison being incapacitated, it devolved on the intrepid Peebles to lead the regiment to victory. With his horse shot from under him, a stubborn foe in the open—now with uplifted sword flashing in the sunlight of that beautiful Sunday morning—we still hear that stentorian voice rising above the din of battle: "Forward! Forward! Forward, boys! Forward!" which gave inspiration that led to victory. That stentorian voice appealed to General Prentice, who, after capture, asked: "Who commanded that regiment with the big voice!"

Sunday evening, at the hour that General Johnston fell, the enemy had been driven from the field in wild disorder. If Beauregard had pressed the rout, he would have captured Grant's entire army.

At the organization of the regiment at Camp Trousdale, the ladies of Nashville presented the 24th with one of the most beautiful battle flags, which was soon to be a leading factor in a great battle. As the ordnance department had not provided a more suitable flag for service—a smaller flag that could be carried through brush without hindrance—our highly prized flag was destined to be a central figure in the victorious onslaught of the first day's battle.

The 7th opened up bright and cheery. The night had been followed by a heavy rainfull, which extinguished the many fires that caused much suffering to the wounded and dispelled the terrible stench incident to such a bloody battle. We engaged the enemy only to be forced back by Buell's fresh troops to a line parallel to the old Shiloh Church. The two

lines were in close proximity, and we fought in the open. Jack Reece, our gallant color bearer, unflinchingly stood with the colors unfurled to the morning breeze, which was a great inspiration at this tense moment. Under the folds of those colors, I was severely wounded, as well as the color bearer. Here the curtain falls, and I am next found at Corinth nursing a wound.

At first dress parade after the battle, the regiment unanimously presented the old bullet-scarred battle flag to Colonel Peebles, as a mark of high appreciation of his gallantry on the field of battle; and these colors are sacredly held by T. H. Peebles, Jr., who will take this loved relic to Dallas next May.

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

(IN THIS PRIZE ESSAY, DOROTHY CONRAD, A LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL OF HAGERSTOWN, MD., GIVES AN ORIGINAL VIEW OF THE SUBJECT.)

For half a century the history of the United States is a troubled prelude to the bloody conflict which we know variously as the "War between the States." It was the most cruel, bloody, unnecessary incident that ever happened in this land. Then for four long years amid alternate gloom of defeat and exultation of victory, now for North and now for South, the fratricidal conflict continued until its close with the surrender of Lee.

We must go back many years to find the real causes which led up to the bitter struggle. Mere sectional jealousy had much to do with it. During the nineteenth century railroads did not unite so closely with their iron bonds the widely separated parts of the country. New Orleans was as many days' travel from New York as New York is to Paris. The business interests of the North differed greatly from that of the South. The South raised cotton, which she sent to England, and in return the English, or England, sent furniture, clothes, etc. The North then began the manufacture of these things and wished for tariff laws which would protect their industries and force the people of their country to buy from them; while the South clung to State Rights and a narrow construction of the Federal Constitution. The North and West became more national in their points of view and favored a broad construction of that document as regards the power of congress to deal with banking, internal improvement, and a host of similar subjects affecting the economic life of the United States as a whole.

Forty years before the first State seceded, the people had thought that the slavery question was peaceably settled forever by the Missouri Compromise. But it came up again and again. In the Compromise of 1850, the Kansas-Nebraska Act and Dred Scott Decision were other attempts to find peaceable settlements.

The North was wrong, and the South was right. But so generous a people were they that all they asked was to be let alone. The Lincolnites wouldn't do that, so the South had to stoop to fight the mudsill. The South was only doing what the thirteen did in 1876 to shake off the tyrannical yoke. It's the same thing precisely, only the shoe is on the other foot and pinches mightily.

Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, plead with all the strength of that wonderful brain of his to bring a peaceful settlement between the North and the South. His plea was always peace. The people of the South did not want war, but it was forced upon them by those dumb Yankees.

There has never been an honest, truthful history published and taught in the schools of the real causes of the war. The

North persistently and untruthfully asserts that the cause of the war was the slavery question.

The real cause of the war was State Rights, the right of self-government. The slave question was not brought into the war until after the war started. Then the Abolitionists raised a great cry of the cruelty of slavery, keeping them in bondage. Way back in the history of this country, there was a great scarcity of labor in the South. In fact, they were inviting immigration from over the sea to till their fields of cotton and cane.

In the East the Yankee, with his usual greed, conceived the idea of fitting up ships with molasses, beads, rum, etc. and sailing to Africa. After making the chief of the tribe drunk with rum, they were able for a few trifles to purchase his subjects. Taking that child of the forest, who knew nothing, they were packed on the ships like sardines, with no comforts. While taking this long, tiresome trip, many of them died. Most of them were allowed to lie among the living until they were fed to sharks.

No Southern man owned a slave ship and was not even captain of one.

I have told you what the North did for the South. Now I will tell you what the South did for the North.

After the negroes came to them like heathens, the Southern people civilized, Christianized, and trained them. After one hundred years of training under cultured and Christian people, the North wanted them back. They were ready to make them their equals. After the people of the North had their manufactories and nobody to run them, they thought they would go South and get the negroes they brought over here to work for them. They were mistaken. The Southern people did not educate them for nothing. The North did not want to pay as much for them as they received. The North then thought it became a crime because they could no longer reap a profit from a sale of that same black man.

When this Union was founded, each and every slave State demanded an agreement that if their people were not satisfied they could peaceably withdraw, which the State of South Carolina did, and was followed by many others. The other States followed as quietly as South Carolina, with no thought of war. Abe Lincoln signed an armistice with South Carolina that there would be no war declared or no shot fired until they thought the matter over.

South Carolina sent a commission to Washington to meet Lincoln. These men were kept there for four long weeks waiting for that conference. While they were waiting, Lincoln secretly was fitting up ships to sail away to the port of Charleston to capture or take by force Fort Sumter. All this was done while he was under an armistice and no war had been declared.

It happened that the night when the ship was to go into Charleston a storm arose. A Southern commander, getting wind of this ship's coming to take possession of this fort, warned the Union that if they came in they would be fired upon. This warning, they took no heed of, because, they thought they were only saying that to scare them. The South showed them. They were fired upon, which was right. Abe Lincoln was the one to break the Constitution. War had not been declared until then.

Four long years followed of terrible war, in which the Southern army was led by that great Christian soldier, our beloved Robert E. Lee. They fought till the last ditch and never surrendered until outnumbered, half naked, and on the verge of starvation. Let it be remembered that these were the conditions they surrendered to.

THE BONDS OF FRATERNITY.

[The following is a part of what the late Dr. J. W. Bachman, of Chattanooga, member of the Phi Kappa Fraternity of Princeton University, 1859, had prepared to respond to the toast, "Phi Kaps in the Old South," at a convention banquet, in Nashville, Tenn., which, at the last minute, he was unable to attend. His address was published in Phi Kappa Sigma News Letter of January, 1914.]

My Brethren: It is a good long flight of years, and crowded with great history, from December, 1860, to this night. It was then in New York City and the fifth convention of our Fraternity.

I would not tell you much of that stormy meeting. The clouds of national dissolution were gathering on every horizon and in some quarters reaching to the zenith. Blood was hot and words were bitter, and, for a day, it seemed there would be a fraternal dissolution. It was a time of testing. But I do want to tell you that out of that stormy night there came a bond of union which some of us saw hold firm and true in the wildest strife of battle, in the bitterest conflict of hearts, a bond which holds our Fraternity in closest fellowship over the nation to-day.

At that convention this new pledge was added: "To still all political and religious interference and agitation whenever and wherever it may arise in the Fraternity." And a letter of friendly counsel, signed by every delegate, was sent to every chapter.

Remembering that body of thirty-four men—after the storm had passed—seated at the banquet table, as we are to-night, in loving fellowship, I thank God that we were given grace to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace.

But you ask me to speak of the Old South. What memories! What sights and shadows crowd the vision! The members of the Fraternity in the South before 1860 were few in number but great in quality. Only about two hundred and fifty, but of the best blood of the land. There was a courage and chivalry, a devotion to right as they saw it among the brethren of the South of which we may well be proud. There was a deference to womanhood and a manliness toward friend and foe that left no blot on the fair name of the Fraternity. Most of my generation sleep in soldier graves. We still shed tears and put flowers on their tombs; but, thank God, they lived.

In an old Colonial mansion on the banks of the Shenandoah hangs the portrait of a cavalier and soldier. Underneath his name is a peculiar writing: "Yours to count on." On the field of battle Gen. Jeb Stuart added this to his name when asked for aid, and that signature carried with it, if needed, every officer and every man of his twelve thousand cavalry.

You could "count on" the Phi Kaps of that day to fill their place. They quit themselves like men and left us a heritage better than gold.

The Old South! How I wish I had time to tell you of those days of old. Life was Arcadian in its simplicity and well-nigh ideal in its conditions. The social life was clean, clear, and joyous. Family life was patriarchal for children and for slaves. Hospitality was in the blood.

There was an aristocracy. It was one of wealth, of blood, and of honor. Of wealth, not for display, but for culture, for travel, and for charity. Of blood, to protect the family for posterity. Of honor, that a good name might ever be kept above the price of rubies.

The Old South! We welcome you, brethren, with open arms and loving hearts to the land and the new generation filling our place; and we welcome you with a great joy and pride to its history and its memories.

You will pardon an old man, within three years of his fourscore, for saying it is and has been to him the best of all lands. I love its hills and mountains, its rivers and plains, its birds and flowers, its people—rich and poor, white and black. They are my people. It has given to me all, and all these years I have struggled to give her back the strength and power of my life. Comrades and brethren, wife and children, kith and kin, sleep in her bosom; and in a little while the privilege will be mine to rest with them.

The Old South had its day of glory and honor, and will still live on. But I rejoice in the vision of another age of growing brightness.

Many of my years have been spent as one

"Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,
And does not deem it all a dream.
Others will sing the song,
Others will right the wrong.
Finish what we begin;
And all we fail of, win."

"THE ORIGINAL TRAMP."

Rev. W. B. Crumpton, of Montgomery, Ala., Chaplain Alabama Division, U. C. V., writes:

"The article in the December VETERAN, 'Heading for Dixie,' has borne an abundant harvest. A lady in North Carolina sent it to her home paper in Missouri, in which it was seen by a young man, a descendant of one whose home opened to me on my tramp in 1862, who sent it to his father. The latter wrote me a very kind letter, telling of many interesting things that have occurred in the country over which I tramped on my trip south. Two of the county papers printed and sent me copies. A postmaster wrote an interesting letter. All of which I greatly appreciate.

"In order to a better understanding of 'Heading for Dixie,' I am sending 'A Prelude to Heading for Dixie,' and will be grateful for its publication.

"I was an Alabama boy. My oldest brother went to California in 1849. On a visit home, just before the war, he thought it would be good for the 'baby' brother to get out and see the world. The excitement about war was getting up a stir and some of my schoolmates, older than I, were enlisting. He hurried me off to California, where I found the war excitement was great. After about two years, he went out to see how I was getting along. He found me in a state of mind—red hot to go back and join the Confederate army. I had practically agreed to join a cavalry company that was secretly forming to go across the plains. He would not hear to that for a moment. Later, I understood that the company carried out its purpose and the last man was butchered by the hostile Indians.

"Seeing that nothing would satisfy me but to go, he thought out a scheme which he considered better for me. An old mining companion lived on a good farm near Beloit, Wis., and my brother thought I would be willing to remain in this elegant home and go to school, giving up the idea of going South. I readily agreed to the visit, but, of course, he knew not what was in my mind.

"On November 30, 1861, I sailed from San Francisco to New York, and on January 1, 1862, I reached the home of his old friend in Wisconsin. I spent two months in that delightful home, then, on March 6, I went to Chicago, ostensibly (to the family) to see the Fort Donelson prisoners in Camp Douglas. After a day with them, I pulled out on the 9th,

a Sunday morning, for Dixie, as related in the December issue.

"It might be interesting to those who read that story if I should add: I paid the fisherman who put me over at Neely's Landing one dollar, and walked out on the Missouri side with a one-dollar bill of Illinois money. That was the last *real money* I saw until, in 1864, at Vicksburg, after the surrender, a kind lady gave me, a wounded soldier, a dollar greenback—the first I ever saw. The lecture I have often delivered I named 'How a Boy Got through the Lines to the Confederacy; or, the Original Tramp.' I set the pace for all tramps that came after me—in begging my way. I was always honest about asking for entertainment, saying: 'I have no money.' Uncle McCullough, that dear old man mentioned in my former story, responded heartily: 'Come right in, my son; it don't take money to go here.'

"I am grateful to you and all friends who have responded."

"IN TIDEWATER VIRGINIA."*

A REVIEW BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT.

Books that go as ambassadors to other peoples, bearing to them the most precious kind of knowledge, knowledge of another civilization, are among the precious ones in literature. It is thus we class the slender volume entitled "In Tidewater Virginia."

Beginning with the Island above the quaint and charming old town of Fredericksburg, on the Stafford side, where it is said Governor Spottswood purposed to realize a Utopia more than two centuries ago, the writer of these sketches transports us in fancy down the Tidewater trail on either side of the beautiful Rappahannock to visit homes of historic interest. Down the river the pilgrimage extends to Urbanna and "Rosegill," where the Wormsleys lived in "English state." We are given alluring, at times tantalizing, glimpses of that matchless civilization made illustrious the world over by two names, Washington and Lee.

At Fredericksburg, "where the echoes of the past are laden with the absorbing story of famous personages, the impress of whose achievements are still reaching to the farther shores of this vast country," where in charming proportions is blended the progressive and interesting activities of to-day.

The home of Mary Washington, with its boxwood garden and archaic kitchen; Kenmore, the home of Fielding Lewis and his wife, Betty Washington, "one of the most beautiful of ancestral dwellings in America;" Sunrising Tavern, made famous as a rendezvous of the country's greatest men—Lord Fairfax, George Washington, John Paul Jones, John Marshall, John Randolph of Roanoke, and many others—are among the show places visited daily by tourists. Another home, that of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, stands under the "dapple shade of that beautiful black walnut which ornaments the north lawn of a striking Colonial residence on the west side of Main Street."

Across the Rappahannock from Fredericksburg stands Chatham, an old manor house of gleaming white brick, built in Colonial days by a sterling patriot, William Fitzhugh, who selected as his bride Ann Randolph, of Chatsworth, Henrico County. Their daughter, Mary, became the wife of George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington, grandson of Martha Washington. Their daughter, Mary Randolph Custis, by marrying him who was afterwards Gen. Robert E. Lee, united the two great American families of Washington and

Lee. Tradition asserts that those rare old trees at Chatham, or the lofty panelled walls of the interior, were silent witnesses of the plighted troth of George Washington and Martha Dandridge Custis and of Robert E. Lee and Mary Custis. Thus is romance, tradition, and history blended in this book.

The author disclaims the title of historian in the following words: "This is the simple story of the old homes on the Rappahannock River. I would like to include in the recital the achievements of those who lived therein. But to give that meritorious inclusion its due meed of worthy praise requires the pen of the real historian, and oftentimes, though the power behind the little instrument may be a deep student of history, inaccuracies and subtle aggressiveness have been known to creep in."

Thus prepared, the reader need not be critical of the absence of painstaking research and may join lightheartedly in a delightful journey of the touch-and-go kind by means of automobile from one historic home to another. One must take the all-too-fleeting views and impressions as they are given and not look for the solid work of the historian.

Indeed, these sketches suggest the notebook of artist or poet. The artistic values are denoted, the contrasts of past and present, while not always deftly drawn, are fine in conception, so that the reader's imagination can hardly fail to add details to complete the picture. There is no failure to impart the atmosphere of this land of heroism, culture, and romance. No other land is so entrancing, no other claims such names of immortal fame, no other such gentle breeding, such gifts of genius, such tragedy of war.

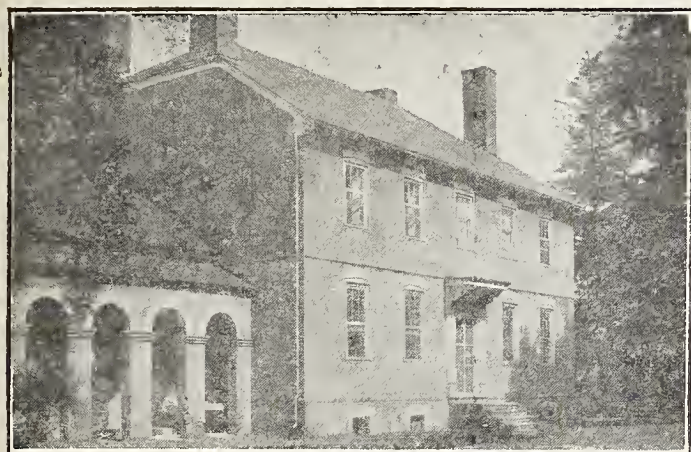
Going back to earliest records: "Battle-scarred Brooke's Bank, in Essex County, has the depth of beauty that is seen in the face of a battle-scarred veteran, if through the grizzled visage there shines undimmed a kindly soul, and the features radiate the fire of patriotism and courage. . . . Through the scars on its old brick face, inflicted by gunboats on the Rappahannock during the War between the States, and the more serious ones, the result of time and tenants, its soul shines through. . . . Perhaps no name in Virginia is more closely associated with a number of great and good men as 'Brooke.' Brookes were known in Maryland as early as 1650, and in Virginia the name is found in even earlier records. . . . Robert Brooke, justice of Essex County in 1692, had a son Robert, who was one of that picturesque group, the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, that in August, 1716, successfully undertook that famous expedition from Williamsburg to the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains."

A Georgia poet, Dr. Frank O. Ticknor, has written the pretty lines to keep memory green of the Golden Horseshoe Knights,

"The knightliest of a knightly race," etc.



HOME OF MARY WASHINGTON, FREDERICKSBURG.



KENMORE, BUILT BY COL. FIELDING LEWIS.

There is given a brief account from old records of that famous expedition, which ended after the Shenandoah River was crossed, "and the governor buried a bottle with a paper inclosed, on which he writ that he took possession of this place in the name and for King George I of England."

"There is a tablet in the courthouse at Tappahannock now, on which is engraved a horseshoe, symbol of that daring bit of exploration, and the motto *Sic juvat transcendere montes*. Above are engraved these words:

"IN MEMORY OF
ROBERT BROOKE, GENTLEMAN. JUSTICE
OF YE OLD COURT 1692-1706,
AND OF
ROBERT BROOKE, JR., DEPUTY CLERK
OF YE OLD COURT, 1700,
AND HORSESHOE KNIGHT."

"Others adding luster to the name Brooke are Dr. Lawrence Brooke, surgeon on board the Bon Homme Richard; Robert Brooke, governor of Virginia; Roger Brooke Taney, the celebrated Chief Justice; Francis T. Brooke, the eminent jurist; Col. John Mercer Brooke, architect of the Virginia (Merrimac), inventor of the Brooke gun, for many years instructor of physics at the Virginia Military Institute; and many more." This is but one illustration of how honorable names and old homes have been handed down from father to son. Associated with the name of Brooke is that of Maury in notable achievement.

In the book entitled "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-to-Be" may be found in the story, "The Beginning and End of a Great Navy," an account of the building of the first ironclad vessel, when the Merrimac was rechristened the Virginia.

John Mercer Brooke was a genius. He had helped Matthew Fontaine Maury invent the machine for the laying of the Atlantic cable, and in the Confederate navy they worked together to devise the fighting ship which became the wonder of the whole world. The story of Maury, the "Pathfinder of the Seas," is told in "Grandmother Stories" (pages 138-149).

The Maury home at Fredericksburg should be a shrine for the United States navy, for it was Maury who founded the Naval Academy, National Observatory, Navigation Charts, Weather Bureau, and contributed more material benefit to the government than any scientist of his day.

I wish that the fine personnel of the navy to-day could be expressed in honoring this great name in naval history. The striking Colonial residence on the north side of Main Street

should be owned and kept as a shrine by the United States navy—another glory to Fredericksburg and the grand names there venerated.

In the trying days of 1861, Maury visited his much-loved family at this home and later wrote: "I have just returned from the sweet old burg."

"In Tidewater Virginia" is a volume of one hundred and fifty-six pages, comprising fifty sketches and thirty pictures of noted places. The names of the inmates of these homes appeal to all lovers of history and romantic literature. Far-famed are the beauties and belles of Virginia, heroines in wartime and yet finer heroines in days of reconstruction. That highborn pride in race and ancestral honor has kept these homes as sweet dwelling places, rarely deserted, never forgotten.

The home a shrine is the code that makes a great people. Virginia, rich in all that makes a nation great, was the State to give, to sacrifice, to lose most in all wars from the Colonial rebellions and Tarleton's raids in the American Revolution to the raids of the Federal gunboats on the Rappahannock and the final fall of Richmond.

The writer of this book on "Tidewater Virginia" pens many charming paragraphs that would adorn a garden book, delicately etched pictures of dignified dwellings with their gardens of leaf and bloom. Not often are dark lines traced telling of desolation and decay, or sad signs of war's destruction. Only here and there are offered facts most eloquent, as of Blandfield, the home of the Beverly's since Colonial days:

"To those of a former generation, who knew and loved the old place in the days of its past glory, what material changes would there be to-day! Where is all the hand-carved paneling? And many pieces of imported mahogany are missing. Where are the interesting family portraits? It is said that during the War between the States fifteen wagon loads of handsome furniture, including family portraits, were carted from Blandfield to equip the homes of unappreciative and undeserving persons." This is as near to subtle aggressiveness as the author approaches.

Is not this mild yet lofty tone of rebuke the spirit of proud old Virginia? The honored mother of long lines of Presidents, statesmen, soldiers, her high-born distinction is recognized the world over. Her venerable prestige enriches the history of every country of our race. She is motherland to farthest Western States, and are we not one people once more, with claim to a common heritage since the colony of Jamestown?



A KENMORE INTERIOR.



THE MAURY HOME AT FREDERICKSBURG.

Old Virginia holds the family sacred, and these bitter fortunes of war may be treated as scandals in the family, not to be mentioned in polite society. Her noblest traditions may be shared by all to the last generation; the world is invited to do homage at her shrines.

In this beautiful spirit write Virginians of Virginia; and they are true to type, for the great can afford to be generous. Will not the labor of Northern writers to belittle this civilization and establish biased history fall down before such a spirit of simple grandeur?

Far-reaching are the ties that bind Americans to the Old Dominion. Numberless pioneers have gone forth to set up her standards in other States. That pride and passion of race that beats in the veins of Virginia's distant children is an urge that must ever be reckoned with. Who can fail to respond to this thought of the author of "In Tidewater Virginia" on leaving one lovely old home, "Gaymont":

"With a reluctant good-by, we thank the fates for making this visit possible, while way down deep somewhere in our innermost being some chord in our code of ethics has been gently touched and an indefinite desire to live to finer ideals possesses us—the culture, the intelligence, and, above all, the honest, straightforward sincerity of our forefathers is as never before realized."

To all who have personal knowledge of these homes on the Tidewater trail, this little book will appeal as one to recall and hold dear memories. To those who know not the land except by tradition, it will come as a revelation in poetic and artistic values, of mellowed beauties and historic interest to be found without crossing oceans. A land for pilgrimages and inspiration, enticing to historian or craftsmen in lit-

erature. Scenes of a great past, perchance the scene of a great future. It is well worth the journey to see the enchanting Rappahannock. The writer says in farewell:

"But the big heart of the river abides there still, and through the long length of it overflows with fragrant memories of a picturesque and significant past and definite messages from worthy grandsires are sent from yet existent homes on the banks, homes whose gardens still breathe the breath of aromatic boxwood, the spicy redolence of the old-time favorites, and the friendly and luxurious English ivy and clematis.

"Fulfilling its meritorious mission, the identity of its water is absorbed in the capacious and hospitable bosom of the Chesapeake Bay."

WAR'S WILD ALARMS.

BY B. L. AYCOCK KOUNTZE TEX.

On March 9, 1862, Hood's Texas Brigade, at winter quarters near Dumfries, Va., began a retiring movement toward Fredericksburg, and without incident reached that ancient city and occupied the heights and camped there. One fine morning in April, the long roll suddenly sounded, and then and there was hurrying to fall into line to go back across the Rappahannock. Wading the river, we stopped at Falmouth, where the rumor was that Hindman's scouts had followed our trail from Dumfries; this was a cavalry command. At our camp we read in Northern papers the reports that we had retreated in a panic.

When it was ascertained that the Yankee army was changing its base to Yorktown on the Peninsula, orders came to move, and a few miles out we encountered a swollen creek. The boys hesitated to "wade in," and Colonel Hood set the example by coming back and wading through the water, which was, not over his boot tops, just to show that the creek was no obstacle. The march continued on to Yorktown. Here, out of range of guns, we camped till May 5, then it was our privilege to take the "post of honor" (the post of danger) as rearguard on the retreat to the Chickahominy. On then through Williamsburg, no enemy pursuing so far as we knew.



THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER NEAR FREDERICKSBURG.

Passing through this little city, another command took our place, and we were hurried *slowly* to a point where was a landing of the enemy to cut off our retreat—Eltham's Landing—our first contact with the Yanks. Our only casualty was a severe wound for Corporal Sapp, of Company H, who was shot by the outpost picket, disfiguring his chin for life. This was all of Eltham's Landing fight, at least, for the 4th Texas. A great battle occurred at Williamsburg. We could hear the booming cannon. The attack by the enemy there was on the troops which had relieved us.

But what a story could be told of Gaines's Mill, Gettysburg, Antietam, The Wilderness, Chickamauga, and that mythical "battle above the clouds!" And these were not all.

MOTHERS AND MAIDENS OF THE SIXTIES.

BY CAPT. JOHN G. HERNDON, EAST FALLS CHURCH, VA.

Much has been told in song and story of the bravery of Southern men, their gallant bearing in war and peace, but precious little, ah! too little, about noble mothers and maidens in their wonderful self-denial and sacrifice during the War between the States. The book published on "The Women of the South in War Times," telling of the sufferings and privations endured during the period that tried the souls of women as well as men, should be in every home of the country. Often they suffered for the necessities of life because of their willingness to sacrifice to send to the soldiers not only food, but blankets made from curtains and portieres that they might be kept warm, and many times their own clothing was used to make underwear for the boys at the front. At every opportunity the things made up and the socks knitted were gathered together at some central point in the neighborhood, and often sent by some trusted servant to the camps. The faithful bearer would generally deliver them safely, though at times they were captured and the goods confiscated, when, making their escape, they would return home and report their thrilling experiences while in the enemy's camp and their ingenious plan of escape.

However, these losses did not dampen or hinder the efforts of the noble women in using every spare moment to continue their work of making garments, lint, and bandages for the soldiers; and often there were additional duties thrust upon them in caring for sick and wounded men after every battle; and yet, with all their extra care and burden, not one word of complaint was heard, though toiling day and night for the relief of suffering; and that patience and fortitude continued until the end of the struggle for justice and right.

These were some of the things they endured; but not all by any means. Often young maidens would ride for miles at night to give warning of the approach of the enemy and to relate the dire threats made if they could, by night raids, capture certain troops of ours.

One instance among many is given here to show the wonderful spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice of young womanhood. Living near the town of Warrenton, Va., a young lady of pleasing and attractive manners, a great favorite in her community, well educated, overheard the threats of the Yankees, who surrounded the town and neighborhood, against Mosby and his men in retaliation for several raids made upon them. This command was about twenty miles off, stopping in the several homes, as they never had a permanent camp. The Yankees purposed to make a raid that night and, if possible, capture Mosby and his men. The young lady caught her horse and rode off early in the night, evading the pickets, and reached Mosby's quarters, notifying him in time to escape. No timidity or fear about that, but a willing-

ness to risk her life, if need be, to save those gallant defenders of her home and country. Many somewhat similar incidents could be mentioned. God did bless our mothers and children. Divine Providence seemed ever over them, for often they were left without a protector—husbands, fathers, and sons in the army—surrounded by negroes. Many were treacherous and revengeful, some among them faithful and true, and who, be it said to their praise, would in many cases have laid down their lives to protect their mistress and her children.

Surrounded as they were with all of these trying conditions, nothing daunted them or lessened their fidelity to their native land or undermined their true and patriotic womanhood.

Thanks be to God for the noble and self-sacrificing women in those days of terrible strife and uncertainty!

I hope I may be pardoned for making some quotations from my mother and one or two other saintly spirits of those days.

Writing to me in camp, in the winter of 1862-63, she said: "You know, my son, your grandparents are old, your father is failing, and my health very poor, and you are all I have to look to as a protector for your sisters and little brother. Yet God can preserve your life in the army as well as at home. He did mercifully protect you twelve months in the strife and brought you safely to us again, and we should be willing to trust him still; and if you should fall, we have this assurance, that heaven would be your home, safe with Jesus, and the many loved ones who have gone before us. If God be for us and our everlasting portion, all will be well. The richest blessings of heaven be yours, my son, prays your mother."

A noble mother left with three little boys (their father having died), and living near the main thoroughfare in the Valley of Virginia, was often hostess to officers and privates of the Army of Northern Virginia. She tells how "two officers, one a surgeon, the other an adjutant of a regiment, being indisposed, came on in advance of the army to seek a 'quiet asylum,' they said, for the night. I gave them the parlor, which I had converted into a bedroom (there being no use for parlors now) and endeavored to make them as comfortable as possible. In the morning, the doctor remarked: 'Madam, we are so comfortably fixed, we would like to share your hospitality for another night, if convenient.' I told them they were at liberty to do so. The following morning, after giving breakfast to about forty, and being somewhat at leisure, I was again called to feed ten hungry soldiers and some refugees. When I entered the room again, the doctor, with a pleasant smile, remarked: 'We still linger.' 'Yes,' said the adjutant, 'why should we make haste to leave the only place we have found that seemed like home?' May the God of battles ever be near them and ward off every blow."

Another wrote: "What grateful beings soldiers are! A kind word, or even a sympathetic look seems to fill their hearts with gratitude. One who had tarried but for a night, and for whom I had done comparatively nothing, remarked, in my oldest son's presence: 'I would be willing to stand at this door and fight the Yankees 'till Christmas if it would secure safety to the inmates.' Another soldier, standing near, added: 'And I would stand by your side.' My heart has been overwhelmed with gratitude, and I feel as though I did not deserve the slightest meed of praise; yet, if their wishes could preserve me and mine, we would never be molested, I am sure. Nor will we be. God has promised to be a Father to the fatherless and the widow's God. He promised, and will he not do it?"

"I would rather trust and be deceived
Than never trust at all."

Again: "O, if I could be on the battle field each day when the fighting ceases, how thankful would I be to be permitted to minister to the suffering and speak some soft word of cheer and comfort to the dying; but, alas! I cannot. Woman's sphere is limited, but, thank God! her prayers are not. This is my only consolation."

General Sherman said to a lady: "Madam, until we burn the women and children out of house and home, we will never conquer the South." These quotations are used to show the true loyalty and devout spirit of mothers and daughters of those trying days. And be it said to the praise of these daughters of the Confederacy, their zeal and enthusiasm are still in the good work of caring for the old "boys who wore the gray," and they are contributing in time and money to having a full and truthful history written for future generations.

May the Great Giver of every blessing abide with these faithful daughters in their good work for country and humanity.

A PAIR OF NAVY SIXES.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

Next to a good horse, the average Confederate cavalryman wanted most and pinned his hopes to "a pair of navy sixes." The young Southerner took to the cavalry service as naturally as a duck to water. He was accustomed to horses and firearms from early boyhood. While he did a lot of fighting on foot with carbine and rifle, he much preferred to fight astride a good steed with a "pair of navy sixes."

The saber was a strange weapon to him. The very fact that he spent so much time making grotesque gestures with it for the edification of the drillmaster gave him a deep-rooted prejudice against it as a weapon. It was all right for parade or guard mount, perhaps, but he simply could not see it for a fight.

The revolver was more to his liking. The manual was simple—to draw and open fire. He understood it and liked it. That was why when he "joined the cavalry" his first thought was to get himself "a pair of navy sixes," or, to be more explicit, a brace of revolvers, Colts preferred, of 36-caliber, or what was known as navy size, to distinguish it from the army size, or 44-caliber.

But the acquisition of any kind of a revolver was difficult. The Colt, the first practical revolver, was brought out about 1836 and at first was looked upon as a mere toy. It was small in size and caliber. Then came the Seminole and the Mexican Wars. Colt made large-sized revolvers, big, cumbersome weapons of 44-caliber, which were effective as a club when the six shots had been exhausted.

The popularity of this weapon among army officers on frontier service, Texas Rangers, and cowboys was quick and widespread. Colt could not supply the demand, and prices jumped to as much as \$500 for a single weapon.

Before the War between the States, the Southerner, when he went armed, usually carried a pair of Deringers. Deringer was a Philadelphia arms maker who made a small, single-shot pistol of heavy caliber, but he had many imitators, and the name Deringer was applied to any large bore, single-shot pocket pistol. They were always of small size and easily carried in the pocket, which was one reason for their popularity in the South. The pepperbox pistol, which was popular in the West in the fifties, never was much used in the South.

When the war began, there was a great clamoring for re-

volvers in the South, but none were to be had. In the government arsenals taken over by the various Southern States were only a few hundred "horse pistols," clumsy, single-shot weapons, most of which had been converted from flintlock to percussion. Nor was there in the entire South a single factory for making revolvers. Revolvers of the Tranter & Adams type were made in England before the war for Southern dealers and stamped with the dealers' names. Allen & Wheelock and other New England firms also furnished pistols and pepperboxes for the Southern trade.

The South had fine gunsmiths, but they devoted their time to making sporting rifles, fowling pieces, and duelling pistols. A few set to work to make revolvers, using the Colt as a model, but they were unable to patent them, and the number made was very small. Some of these will be discussed later in this article.

When war seemed inevitable, and, in some instances, after the secession of the States, Southerners went North to buy arms. They had no difficulty in making contracts with Northern manufacturers. Colt, Whitney, and other well-known arms makers were eager to furnish arms to the South. The State of North Carolina bought five hundred navy revolvers from Colt in March, 1861, for \$8,454. Delivery of the weapons, however, was a more difficult task, and more than half the shipments designed for Southern ports were seized. But the eagerness of Northern manufacturers to do business with the seceding States became so much of a public scandal that Secretary of War Cameron reported, in May, 1861, that his brother, Col. James Cameron, had been authorized to go to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Providence, Boston, New Haven, and Hartford to investigate the sale of arms to the South.

There is abundant evidence to show that Col. Samuel Colt, as well as other Northern arms makers, was not averse to making weapons for the Southern States. A Baltimore collector has a Colt navy revolver, model 1851, made at Hartford and bearing on the cylinder an engraving of the battle of Hampton Roads, March 8, 1862, and crossed Confederate flags. Some light on its history would be interesting.

One of the principal sources of arms supply to the South was by capture. For that reason a mention of the revolvers used in the Union armies is of interest, because the various types fell into the hands of Confederate ordnance officers and were reissued to the troops.

General Ripley, Chief of Ordnance of the Union Army, reported, June 30, 1862, that since the outbreak of the war the Federal War Department had purchased the following: Colt holster revolvers, 39,368; Colt belt revolvers, 14,816; Remington revolvers, 10,640; Savage revolvers, 11,274; Whitney revolvers, 3,288; Beal revolvers, 1,346; Joslyn revolvers, 975; Starr revolvers, 4,900; horse pistols, 1,977. Total, 88,585.

The report does not show, but it is probable, that the Colt holster, Remingtons, and Joslyns were 44-caliber, and the Colt belt, Savage, and Whitney were 36-caliber. The Starr and the Beal were made in both sizes.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that 44-caliber became the regulation bore of the Union army revolver, while in the Confederate army the 36-caliber was preferred. Also of interest is the fact that Confederate ordnance reports refer to it as 37-caliber, and a careful measurement will show this to be correct.

Owing to the difficulty of getting arms to supply the immediate demand, the uncertainty of the War Department as to the best weapons on the market, and the pressure of politicians and salesmen urging the merits of this or that

type, there was a great variety of arms in the Union armies in the early part of the war. Few of them stood the test of hard army service and survived. The Starr revolver was discarded as "too delicate for service." The Savage also was not a success for army use.

The markets of Europe were open, and the Union and Confederate governments, as well as various Northern and Southern States, sent agents there to purchase arms. Every imaginable kind of "shooting iron" was offered for sale, and the Union government in particular purchased arms that were more of a menace to the troops carrying them than to the enemy.

Large quantities of the Lefauchaux, a French pin-fire revolver of 12 millimeters, or about 42-caliber, were purchased by Northern agents. Gen. John C. Fremont bought thousands on his own account, and Col. George Schuyler bought 10,000 more. Ripley's report of June, 1862, shows 11,940 Lefauchaux revolvers imported since the beginning of the war. Southern agents probably bought some, too, because the weapon was not uncommon in the South.

Other French revolvers imported by the North and probably by the South were: Devisme, six-shot, 36-caliber, percussion. Raphael, six-shot, 42-caliber, double-action, center fire metallic cartridge. Perrin, six-shot, 44-caliber, double-action, metallic cartridge. Houllier & Blanchard, six-shot, 44-caliber, percussion.

The Devisme was an ingenious weapon, but hardly suited for army service. The Houllier & Blanchard was, perhaps, the most practical of all, but seems to have been used little. The Raphael and Perrin were good, but required special cartridges, which was the principal objection to the Lefauchaux and other pistols using the pin-fire cartridge.

In England were purchased the following: Adams, five-shot, 44-caliber, percussion. Kerr, five-shot, 44-caliber, percussion. Tranter, five-shot, 44-caliber, and six-shot, 36-caliber, percussion. Bentley, five-shot, 44-caliber, percussion.

All these types were used in the Confederate army. Maj. Caleb Huse, who was sent abroad by the Confederate War

Department early in 1861 to buy arms, contracted with the London Armory Company for its output of Kerr revolvers. Col. J. M. Payne, collector of the port of Wilmington, N. C., in 1864-65, reports 900 Kerr revolvers and 900 Kerr powder flasks received by blockade runner, October 31, 1864. The Fingal, which was the first vessel to run the blockade with arms, arrived at Charleston November 13, 1861, and in her cargo were 500 revolvers. They were probably Kerr or Adams pistols. Colonel Payne's record book previously referred to shows receipts at Wilmington as follows: April 16, six cases pistols; May 13, thirty cases revolvers; May 21, seventeen cases revolvers and two cases pistols; August 4, ten cases revolvers. Unfortunately, there is nothing to show the type or total number of the weapons.

In the *Richmond Dispatch* of March 10, 1863, appeared this advertisement:

"Fine English Revolvers.

"Just received from England, six Tranter's fine revolving pistols, 80-and 120-bore. Price, \$220 each. H. E. Nichols, Columbia, S. C."

Of all the revolvers identified with the Confederacy none attained the fame of the Le Mat, or "Grape Shot," revolver. While it lacked the simple mechanism and wearing qualities of the Colt, the criterion by which all the war revolvers were judged, the Le Mat was an ingenious and effective weapon and won instant popularity in the South.

The inventor of the Le Mat was Dr. Jean Alexander Francois Le Mat, a physician of New Orleans, who was an inventive genius. He was granted a patent by the United States October 21, 1856, for his revolver, but apparently none were made until the outbreak of the war. He was given a contract by the Confederate government for 5,000 of his revolvers. Being unable to get the necessary machinery in the South, Le Mat took passage on the Trent, the same vessel which carried Mason and Slidell. Going to Paris, he began the manufacture of his 10-shot revolvers. Toward the latter part of the war, he entered into partnership with C.



SOME TYPES OF CONFEDERATE ARMS.

Top row, left to right: Navy pistol, with belt hook; made by S. Sutherland, Richmond. Confederate revolver, brass frame, 36-caliber; marked on top of barre., "Spiller & Burr," and on side of frame, "C. S."

Bottom row, Confederate revolver, Colt model, 36-caliber; marked on top of barrel, "Leech & Rigdon, C. S. A." Confederate revolver, Colt model, 36-caliber; marked on top of barrel, "C. S. A." It has twelve cylinder stops.

Girard, and evidence shows a branch factory was opened in England. The Le Mat revolver contained a cylinder with chambers for nine ball cartridges of 42-caliber, the cylinder revolving on a center barrel shooting a 66-caliber grapeshot cartridge, all fired by percussion caps. After the war, the manufacture of Le Mat revolvers using metallic cartridges was carried on, but there is no evidence to show that they were made until after the close of the war.

The first of the Le Mat revolvers received in the Confederacy were presented to officers of high rank. In the Confederate Museum at Richmond are Le Mat revolvers used by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, Gen. Patton Anderson, and others. How many of the weapons were made is uncertain, but a check up of the specimens in public museums and private collections failed to show any with a serial number above 4,000, which would indicate the total number made did not exceed that.

Details of the Le Mat mechanism were changed frequently, and of half a dozen Le Mat weapons picked at random hardly more than two will be found alike. The marking also was changed. First they were stamped on the barrel: "Le Mat's Patent," then "Col. Le Mat's Patent," then "Col. Le Mat, Paris;" next, "Syst. Le Mat, Paris," and finally "Le Mat & Girard Patent." The last-mentioned were made in London.

Colonel Payne's record book shows four cases of Le Mat revolvers received June 16, five boxes received May 16, and four cases received July 27, 1864. There is nothing to show how many weapons were in a case or a box.

Delivery of the revolvers must have begun early in the war, however, for the *Richmond Whig* of December 4, 1862, contains this advertisement:

"Le Mat Revolvers.

"We have remaining a few of these celebrated pistols, manufactured by Le Mat in Paris, for sale at reduced prices. Kent, Paine & Company, Richmond."

In his successful cutting-out expeditions against the enemy's blockaders, Col. John Taylor Wood had his men armed with Le Mat revolvers, using fourteen buck shot in the center-chamber to sweep the decks of the vessels.

In the South at the outbreak of the war were arms makers who specialized in Kentucky rifles, or, as they were better known in the South, Tennessee rifles, in honor of Jackson's Tennesseans at New Orleans. They also made duelling pistols and Deringers, and some of them tried their hands at making revolvers.

Among the better known of these arm smiths were Samuel Sutherland, who had a large factory at Richmond; H. E. Dimick, of St. Louis, whose Plains rifles were famous; W. B. & C. Fisher, of Lynchburg, and Thomas Riffin, of Knoxville. These men were gunsmiths and are not to be confounded with those Southern firms which dealt in weapons and military supplies, such as Canfield Bros. & Co., Baltimore; Hyde & Goodrich, New Orleans; Courtenay & Tennent, Charleston; and T. W. Radcliffe, Columbia, S. C. English revolvers, Allen pistols, swords, buttons, and other military equipment are frequently found bearing the names of these firms; but they were made for them and not by them.

There was only one plant in the South where pistols—not revolvers—were made on a large scale before the war. That was the factory of William Glaze & Co., known as the Palmetto Armory, at Columbia, S. C. When the first secession convention was held in South Carolina in 1852, the convention awarded the Palmetto Armory a contract to make arms, including the U. S. model 1842 pistol. These weapons were

well made, brass mounted, and stamped: "Palmetto Armory, S. C. Columbia," and a large palmetto tree. There is no record showing how many were made. During the war the Palmetto Armory seems to have been used entirely for repairing arms. There is no record of any arm being made there originally between the outbreak of the war and the destruction of the plant by Sherman in 1865.

As has been said, the outbreak of the war found the South with no revolvers in its arsenals and no plant in the South equipped to manufacture revolvers. A number of Southern gunsmiths and mechanics made a few by hand for their own edification. William Abel Shawk, of the firm of Shawk & McLanahan, of Carondelet, a suburb of St. Louis, made a few brass-frame revolvers for his friends. They were six-shooters, 36-calibre, with round barrel. When the war came on the Shawk plant was used for altering and repairing muskets for the Union forces. It is said guns were made there; but the records do not establish that fact.

This leads up to the most interesting of the arms products of the war-born Confederacy, the so-called Confederate Colt. As a matter of fact, there were half a dozen varieties of the Confederate Colt and made by as many different firms. But the pioneer in that line seems to have been Charles H. Rigdon, of St. Louis, a close frined of Shawk's. Rigdon was a scale maker and mechanical genius. Early in the war he went to either Columbus or Macon, Ga.—there is some doubt as to which place—and began the manufacture of a navy revolver similar to the Colt. His first partner was a man named Leech. There was a Thomas Leech who made swords for the Confederacy at Memphis the first year of the war, and it is not unlikely he is the man. These revolvers were made with an iron frame and were stamped: "Leech & Rigdon, C. S. A.," and the serial number.

In 1863-64, Rigdon and Capt. A. J. Smith established a revolver factory in a one-story frame building on Marbury Street, Augusta, which was operated until the close of the war. There is a Confederate Colt similar to those stamped "Leech & Rigdon," except that it has 12-cylinder stops instead of six, and is stamped on the barrel, "C. S. A." In lieu of evidence to the contrary, they are believed to have been made by Smith & Rigdon. The records indicate a man named Ansley was at one time connected with the firm. After the war Rigdon was warned that the Colt firm planned to prosecute him for infringement on the Colt patents, and he never returned to St. Louis.

In discussing Confederate Colt revolvers, it is interesting to note that Gen. Gabriel Rains, who was an inventive genius and who built the big Confederate powder works at Augusta, Ga., claimed to be the originator of the Colt patents in all their essentials.

Perhaps the most interesting species of the Confederate Colt is that known to collectors as the brass-frame Colt. It is of navy size and similar in general outline to the Colts of Leech & Rigdon and Smith & Rigdon, except that the frame is of brass and the barrel rifling is six grooves right, whereas the rifling of the iron-frame Colts was invariably seven grooves left, like that of the genuine Colt revolvers.

Where and by whom the Confederate brass-frame Colt was made are matters of conjecture. The weapons bear no stamp except the serial number. Search of the War Department records throw no light on this subject.

General Gorgas, Confederate Chief of Ordnance, reported November 15, 1863, that revolvers were being made at Macon, Columbus, and Atlanta, and that the output was "500 a month." On December 31, 1864, Gorgas reported that pistols manufactured or remade in the South in 1864

totaled 2,353. It is supposed that he used the generic term "pistols" referring to revolvers, as there is no evidence of any single-shot pistols being made in the South after 1862.

Gorgas reported, August 12, 1861, that Edward Want, of New Bern, N. C., had been awarded a contract to make 5,000 pistols for the government, delivery to begin in three months. But New Bern fell into the hands of the enemy, and there is no evidence to show that Want ever made a single weapon for the Confederacy.

Another type of Confederate Colt was made in Texas, but where and by whom are mysteries which diligent search by collectors and students of history has not unraveled. The report of the Texas Military Board to the Legislature, November 4, 1863, says Tucker, Sherrod & Co., of Lancaster, Dallas County, had been given a contract to make 3,000 revolvers after the pattern known as Colt's, one-half army, remainder navy size. Apparently, few were delivered, and the contract was cancelled. However, Confederate Colt revolvers, with a peculiar flat frame, all of iron were made in Texas and are found in both army and navy size, caliber 48 and caliber 37. They bear no names; simply the serial number.

Still another interesting Confederate product was a reproduction of the heavy revolver which Colonel Colt made for the United States Dragoons and Mounted Riflemen on frontier service, and known as the Colt Dragoon. Its Confederate imitation was a well-made weapon, with iron-frame, firing six shots of 44-caliber, and with seven and one-half inch barrel. It bears no name, and might have been made at any of the plants mentioned later in this article.

Revolvers were also made for the Confederacy after the well-known model of Eli Whitney, of Connecticut, whose weapons enjoy a reputation second only to that of Colt. The Confederate Whitney revolvers always had brass frames, were 36-caliber, with six shots and seven-inch octagonal barrel. The earlier ones were stamped on the barrel "Spiller & Burr" and on the brass frame, "C. S." Later, the name was omitted. The Spiller & Burr factory was at Augusta or Macon. The records are not clear on this point.

Early in the war, S. C. Robinson, of the S. C. Robinson Arms Company, Richmond, offered to furnish 3,000 revolvers on the Whitney model, both army and navy size, at \$20 each. The offer was accepted; but there is no record to show that any of the weapons was delivered.

Thomas W. Cofer, of Portsmouth, Va., was granted a patent for a revolving pistol in 1861. According to DeBow's *Review* of March-April, 1862, the weapon was superior to the Colt and was being manufactured on a small scale. A few of these revolvers have been preserved. They are six shooters, of 36-caliber, with seven-inch octagonal barrel, and brass frames. A marked peculiarity is that they have sheath triggers, an unusual feature for a military weapon. They are stamped: "T. W. Cofer's patent, Portsmouth, Va."

Efforts of students of Confederate history to identify the makers of the Confederate brass-frame Colts and Dragoon Colts have been attended by disheartening failures because of the incompleteness of Confederate records.

Records show that in addition to the Rigdon plant, there was a government pistol factory between Jackson and Campbell, and Adams and D'Antignac Streets, Augusta, operated by Maj. N. S. Finney, ordnance officer, where revolvers similar to the Colts were made. These may have been the brass-frame Colts.

There is evidence to show that the Macon revolver factory was that of D. C. Hodgkins & Sons, and that their product was a Colt model army revolver. The plant was taken over by the government.

Early in the war, Elias and Louis Haiman had a sword factory at Columbus, Ga., under the firm name of Haiman & Brother. Later, machinery was installed for the manufacture of Colt model revolvers. The Haiman plant was burned April 19, 1865, by Federal troops under General Winslow operating against Savannah. Some pistol-making machinery was removed from Columbus to Tallassee, Ala., in 1864, according to contemporary accounts, but there is nothing to show whose machinery this was.

Confederate reports make numerous references to a revolver factory at Griswoldville, Ga. This factory was burned by the 10th Ohio Cavalry, November 20, 1864. General Kilpatrick, the Federal commander, says in his report that it was very large and valuable, but details about the plant and its product are strangely lacking and seemingly impossible to get at this late day.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

"Then more fierce

The conflict grew; the din of arms, the yell
Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,
The groan of death, commingled in one sound
Of undistinguished horrors."

During the afternoon of the 3rd of July, 1863 General Lee determined upon an immediate return to Virginia. Brig. Gen. John D. Imboden, who had been operating on and protecting the left flank of the Army of Northern Virginia on its advance into Pennsylvania, reached the vicinity of the Gettysburg battle field about noon of July 3, and was assigned to duty to aid in repelling any cavalry demonstrations in the rear of the army. No serious demonstrations having been made, his command took no part in the battle, so he and his men were merely spectators of the grand tragedy which was enacted a few miles east of their position.

At the instance of General Lee, Brig. Gen. Imboden met the latter at his headquarters after midnight, when General Lee informed him that nearly all the transportation of the army and the care of all the wounded would be intrusted to him. He was ordered to recross the mountain by the Chambersburg road and then proceed to Williamsport by any route he deemed best, and without a halt till he reached the river, to rest there long enough to feed the animals, then ford the river, and not halt again till he reached Winchester, where he, Lee, would communicate with him. General Lee made the necessary orders to Dr. Lafayette Guild, the army medical director, to see that all wounded who could bear the rough journey should be placed in the empty wagons and ambulances. Several other verbal orders were given General Imboden, as well as a sealed package, containing a communication of a confidential character, addressed to President Davis, which package was given with special instructions that under no circumstances should he permit it to fall into the hands of the enemy.

General Imboden's command consisted of about 2,100 effective present, and all well mounted, including McClanahan's Battery of horse artillery. To this force General Lee added eight Napoleon guns of the Washington Artillery, under the immediate command of Major Eshleman; a four-gun battery under Captain Tanner, and a Whitworth under Lieutenant Pegram. Hampton's Cavalry Brigade, now under the command of Col. P. B. M. Young, with Capt. James Hart's four-gun battery of horse artillery, was ordered to cover the rear of the trains moving under General Imboden's

convoy. Seventeen guns added, with the six-gun battery of McClannahan, gave General Imboden twenty-three pieces.

General Imboden said: "Shortly after noon of the 4th, the very windows of heaven seemed to have opened. The rain fell in blinding sheets; the meadows were soon overflowed, and fences gave way before the raging streams. During the storm, wagons, ambulances, and artillery carriages by hundreds, nay, by thousands, were assembling in the fields along the road from Gettysburg to Cashtown, in a confused and apparently inextricable mass. As the afternoon wore on there was no abatement of the storm. Canvas was no protection from its fury, and the wounded men lying upon the naked boards of the wagon bodies were drenched. Horses and mules were blinded and maddened by the wind and water, and became unmanageable. The deafening roar of the mingled sounds of heaven and earth all around us made it almost impossible to communicate orders and equally difficult to execute them."

About 4 P.M., the head of the column was put in motion near Cashtown and began the ascent of the mountain in the direction of Chambersburg. General Imboden remained at Cashtown giving directions and putting in detachments of guns and troops at what he estimated to be each quarter or third of a mile. It was found from the position of the head of the column west of the mountain at dawn of the 5th, the hour at which Young's cavalry and Hart's battery began the ascent of the mountain near Cashtown, that the entire column was seventeen miles long when drawn out on the road and put in motion. As an advanced guard, the 18th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. George W. Imboden, was placed in front with a section of McClannahan's Battery. Next to them, by special request, was placed an ambulance carrying, stretched side by side, two of North Carolina's most distinguished soldiers, Generals Pender and Scales, both badly wounded, but determined to bear the tortures of the journey rather than to become prisoners. General Imboden shared a little bread and meat with them at noon, and they waited patiently for hours for the head of the column to move. The trip cost poor Pender his life. General Scales appeared worse hurt, but stopped at Winchester, recovered,* returned to his command, and fought through the war.

General Imboden's orders were peremptory that there should be no halt from any cause whatever. If an accident should happen to any vehicle, it was immediately to be put out of the road and abandoned. In the language of General Imboden:

"The column moved rapidly, considering the darkness, and from almost every wagon for many miles issued heartrending wails of agony. For four hours I hurried forward on my way to the front, and all that time I was never out of the hearing of the groans and cries of the wounded and dying. Scarcely one in a hundred had received adequate surgical aid, owing to the demands on the hard-working surgeons from still worse cases that had to be left behind.

"Many of the wounded in the wagons had been without food for thirty-six hours. Their torn and bloody clothing, matted and hardened, was rasping the tender, inflamed, and still oozing wounds. Very few of the wagons had even a layer of straw in them, and all were without springs, the road rough and rocky from the heavy washings of the previous day. The jolting was enough to have killed strong men, if long exposed to it. From nearly every wagon as the teams trotted on, urged by whip and shout, came cries and shrieks as these: 'O God! why can't I die?' 'My God! will no one have mercy and kill me?'

"Stop! Oh! for God's sake, stop for just one minute; take

me out and leave me to die on the roadside.' 'I am dying! I am dying! My poor wife, my dear children, what will become of you?'

"Some were simply moaning; some were praying, and others were uttering the most fearful oaths and execrations that despair and agony could wring from them; while a majority, with a stoicism sustained by a sublime devotion to the cause they fought for, endured without complaint unspeakable tortures, and even spoke words of cheer and comfort to their unhappy comrades of less will or more acute nerves. Occasionally a wagon would be passed from which low, deep moans would be heard. No help could be rendered to any of the sufferers. No heed could be rendered to any of their appeals. Mercy and duty to the many forbade the loss of a moment in the vain effort then and there to comply with the prayers of the few. On! On! we must move on. The storm continued, and the darkness was appalling. There was no time even to fill a canteen with water for a dying man; for, except the drivers and guards, all were wounded and utterly helpless in that vast procession of misery. During this one night, I realized more of the horrors of the war than I had in all the preceeding years.

[NOTE.—General Imboden had entered the service of the Confederate States early in the spring of 1861 as captain of a battery of artillery which participated in the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, and had been continuously in active service since.]

"And yet the darkness was our safety, for no enemy would dare to attack where he could not distinguish friend from foe. We knew when day broke upon us we should be harassed by bands of cavalry hanging on our flanks. Therefore, our aim was to go as far as possible under cover of the night. Instead of going through Chambersburg, I decided to leave the main road near Fairfield, after crossing the mountain, and take a near cut across the country to Greencastle, where daybreak on the morning of the 5th of July found the head of the column. It was now twelve or fifteen miles from the Potomac at Williamsport, the point at which the train would cross into Virginia."

Here the apprehended troubles began. After the advance—the 18th Virginia Cavalry the front guard—had passed perhaps a mile beyond the town, the citizens to the number of thirty or forty attacked the train with axes, cutting the spokes of ten or a dozen wheels and dropping the wagons in the streets. The moment General Imboden heard of it he sent back a detachment of cavalry with instructions to capture every person engaged in the work, and treat them as prisoners of war. This heroic method stopped the trouble at that point, but the Federal cavalry began to swarm down on the moving column from the fields and crossroads, making their attacks in small bodies, and striking where there were few or no guards, and thus creating great confusion. General Imboden himself had a narrow escape from capture by one of these parties—perhaps fifty men—that he tried to drive off with canister with a section of McClannahan's Battery that was close at hand. Col. G. W. Imboden, commanding the 18th Virginia Cavalry, hearing the firing, turned back with his regiment at a gallop, and by the suddenness of his movement surrounded and captured the entire party.

After a great deal of desultory fighting and harassment along the road during the day, nearly the whole immense train reached Williamsport on the afternoon of the 5th. A part of it, with Hart's Battery, came in next day, Colonel Young having halted and turned his attention to guarding the road from the west with his cavalry. General Imboden and his associates took possession of the town to convert it

nto a great hospital for the thousands of wounded which had been brought from Gettysburg. All the families were required to go to cooking for the sick and wounded, on pain of having their kitchens occupied for that purpose by the accompanying force. They readily complied. A large number of surgeons had accompanied the train, and these at once pulled off their coats and went to work, and soon a vast amount of suffering was mitigated. The bodies of a few who had died on the march were buried. All this became necessary because the tremendous rains had raised the river more than ten feet above the fording stage of water, and they could not possibly cross then. There were two small ferryboats, or "flats," there, which were immediately put into requisition to carry across those of the wounded who, after being fed and having their wounds dressed, thought they could walk to Winchester. Quite a large number were able to do this, so that the flats were kept running all the time.

Their situation was frightful. They had probably ten thousand animals and nearly all the wagons belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia under their charge, and all the wounded, to the number of several thousand, that could be brought from Gettysburg. Their supply of provisions consisted of a few wagonloads of flour in General Imboden's brigade train, a small lot of fat cattle which he collected in Pennsylvania on his way to Gettysburg, and some sugar and coffee procured in the same way at Mercersburg.

General Imboden's orders were to stop long enough at Williamsport to feed his animals, and to immediately cross the Potomac and proceed with his train to Winchester without stopping, where he would hear again from General Lee. A nonfordable Potomac River was not contemplated when these orders were given to General Imboden. A less courageous commander, and one with less initiative ability, would probably have failed to meet the emergency which confronted General Imboden. To face every opportunity in life thoughtfully and ask its meaning bravely and earnestly is the only way to meet the supreme opportunities when they come. General Imboden had several brave and efficient helpers, both among the subordinate leaders and among soldiers in the line. How the situation was met will be told in next paper.

THE BATTLE OF CLOYD'S FARM.

BY THE LATE W. P. ROBINSON, FIRST LIEUTENANT, RINGGOLD'S BATTERY, C. S. A.

The Federal campaign of 1864 in Virginia began by General Grant's crossing the Rapidan River on May 4, his purpose being to destroy Lee's army and take Richmond. Before beginning his campaign, Grant, commanding all of the Federal armies in Virginia, ordered Gen. George Crook to move up the Kanawha River, May 2, to operate against the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad with an army of 8,555 infantry and cavalry, including ten pieces of artillery. To protect his right, he sent Gen. W. W. Averill, with 2,000 picked cavalymen, to move via Logan Courthouse to Saltville, on the railroad, to take and destroy that place if possible; then, to destroy the railroad to Dublin Depot, while General Crook himself was with the main body of his army, consisting of three brigades, twelve regiments of infantry, the first under the command of Col. R. B. Hayes (afterwards President of the United States), the second brigade under command of Col. C. B. White, and the third brigade under command of Col. H. G. Sickel. The army, numbering 6,555, including ten pieces of artillery and 400 cavalry, under Col. J. H. Oley, moved by Fayetteville and Princeton, his purpose being to

reach Dublin Depot on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, destroy that place, with the large commissary supplies stored there for General Lee's army, then to tear up the railroad track six miles to New River Bridge and destroy it, thereby cutting off all communication of Lee's army with Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee.

The Confederate authorities, it seems, were entirely ignorant of the fact that General Crook was on his march to Dublin Depot, for General McCausland, with his brigade,



CADET W. P. ROBINSON.

had left Princeton the evening before General Crook reached there. Marching rapidly, McCausland reached Dublin on May 7 to take the cars for Staunton to reënforce General Breckinridge. On arrival at Dublin, he received orders from Brig. Gen. A. G. Jenkins, commanding the Department of Western Virginia, to postpone his departure, and, on the next day, his command was moved to Cloyd's Farm, five miles from Dublin, to meet General Crook, then approaching with a large army.

The Ringgold Battery, on its way to reënforce Lee's army, was halted at Dublin Depot on the evening of May 6, and on the 7th of May, 1864, was ordered to Cloyd's farm to prepare to meet the advancing enemy; they were the first troops to reach there. We went into camp, and Capt. Crispin Dickinson,

Lieut. A. Whitlocke Hoge, and I rode to the top of Cloyd's Mountain. Lieutenant Hoge insisted that Captain Dickinson allow him to take his gun up on top of the mountain and fortify and prepare to meet the enemy, saying it was the proper place to fight. As I believed the enemy would not stick to the road, but would deploy and come up in line, on each side of the road and would capture Hoge's gun and his men, I prevailed on Captain Dickinson not to let him do it.

We returned to camp, and on the morning of the 8th, General McCausland arrived with the 36th and 60th Virginia Regiments and Bryan's Battery of six guns. He placed the troops in line on the 8th and they remained until the morning of the 9th, when the enemy engaged us. Capt. T. A. Bryan's Battery of six guns, commanded by Captain Bryan in person, was put in position on the left of the road running from Dublin to Cloyd's Mountain, about twelve hundred yards from the base of the mountain. The 36th Virginia Regiment reached Cloyd's Farm from Dublin Depot on Sunday, the 8th of May, at 10 A.M., and was put into position on the extreme left to support Bryan's Battery, which was posted on an eminence in their immediate front. The official report of Capt. Crispin Dickinson gives the position of each gun of the Ringgold Battery, as follows: "The first section, composed of two 12-pounder Napoleon guns, the first in charge of Lieut. William P. Robinson, the second in charge of Lieut. A. B. White, was placed in position on the right of the road leading from Dublin to Pearisburg, and near it, and 1,200 yards from the foot of Cloyd's Mountain, commanding said road for that distance. The second section, composed of one 3-inch rifled gun and one 12-pounder Napoleon gun, was put

in position as follows: The rifled gun on a line with the two former, and immediately between the guns of the second section of Captain Bryan's Battery, and to the left of the above-named road. The fourth gun was put in position on the extreme right of our line of artillery and four hundred yards to its front and on a line with our infantry. The rifle gun was under my own supervision and the fourth was in charge of Lieut. A. W. Hoge. My company numbered one hundred and thirty men present for duty, and twenty-nine men, armed with muskets, were put in charge of Lieut. W. H. Lipscomb, who took position on a line with the fourth gun and near its left to support it.

"The artillery fire commenced about 9 A.M., none of my guns participating in the firing except those of the second section. About ten o'clock our infantry on the right became engaged, and in fifteen minutes commenced giving way, when one gun of the first section was ordered to the right for their relief. Lieut. William P. Robinson was in charge of the gun and moved as rapidly as possible and took position in an open field about seventy-five yards in the rear of our line of infantry, and fired as rapidly as possible seven spherical case shells into the ranks of the enemy, who were advancing through the woods. The gun then ceased firing for a short interval for fear of killing our own men (who were still retreating) until all had passed behind the gun, when a charge of canister was thrown into the enemy's line, doing considerable execution. The gun was limbered up and moved off the field slowly, one of the wheel horse's legs being broken. The second gun, in charge of Lieut. A. B. White, began firing, about the time Lieutenant Robinson moved his piece to the right at a column of the enemy advancing on our left. For twenty or thirty minutes the fire was kept up with great rapidity, doing good work. The ammunition of the limber being exhausted, the limber of the caisson was ordered to take the place of the limber of the gun, and the latter take its place. The caisson limber not being forthcoming, in a few minutes Lieut. A. B. White went in person to see after it, and found two of the drivers refusing to drive their horses up to the gun. About this time the 45th Regiment, which had rallied in front of the gun, gave way and left it too much exposed to attempt its removal. Accordingly, the gun was abandoned, the cannoneers bringing off all of the equipment. The third gun, in my own charge, was fired rapidly for the last thirty minutes of the fight on both the enemy's infantry and artillery on our left, doing some execution, their ranks being broken at almost every fire, and I believe that one of the enemy's teams was disabled by a shell from this gun. This was the last gun to leave the field, and when limbered up the enemy was not more than seventy-five yards from the gun, and no infantry support. The fourth gun was, no doubt, handled with great deliberation, and inflicted a heavy blow upon the enemy, they being within three hundred yards of the gun in the open field. Our line of infantry giving way upon our right left this gun flanked by the enemy and no way to withdraw it, all the horses being killed or captured, the men escaping the best way they could. The loss in this action was Lieut. A. W. Hoge, privates M. J. Hoge and Samuel H. Jones, killed; privates C. A. Dalton and Fred C. Davis badly wounded, and two others struck by fragments of shell. The loss in horses was five killed at the third gun, one injured at the first gun, and sixteen horses killed or captured at the fourth gun. Two 12-pounder Napoleon guns and two caissons were left upon the field. All of the men acted with a great deal of coolness, except the two mentioned before, one of whom redeemed himself in the battle of New River Bridge the next day."

The infantry was placed in position to the right of the road leading from Dublin to Cloyd's Mountain, as follows: Col. B. H. Jones, in his official report, says: "The 60th Virginia Regiment, by order of Gen. A. G. Jenkins, was posted four hundred yards in front of the line occupied by the 36th Virginia Regiment and the artillery on the left of the road, and its left rested on the main turnpike road leading to the mountain, and its right on the 12-pounder Napoleon gun commanded by Lieutenant Hoge, of the Ringgold Battery. A company of Montgomery Home Guards, under Capt. W. G. Ryan, was put in position on the right of the 60th Regiment and to the left of the 45th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. William H. Browne. The ground now occupied by the regiment was highly favorable, it being a bluff with an unobstructed front for at least four hundred yards. Here the regiment constructed of fence rails a safe protection from musketry."

The 45th Virginia Regiment reached the battle field at 9 A.M., May 9, and was put in position by Gen. A. G. Jenkins on a line with the 60th Virginia Regiment, its left resting on the right of this regiment. General Jenkins then put the 45th Virginia Battalion, Lieut. Col. H. M. Beckley, in position on the right of the 45th Virginia Regiment, its left connecting with the right of that regiment. Our force, numbering in all 2,400 men of all arms. The battle began at 10:30 A.M., on our right flank in front of the 45th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Browne, and the 45th Battalion, Colonel Beckley, and then shifted to the front of the 60th Regiment, the enemy making the attack with eight regiments against the right flank of the Confederate line, composed of the 45th Virginia Regiment (700 men) and 45th Battalion (183 men), and by overwhelming numbers forced them back. They then attacked with three regiments our right center, held by the 60th Virginia Regiment, one company of reserves, and one piece of artillery, a 12-pounder Napoleon under Lieutenant Hoge. The enemy in making this charge had to come over a level meadow six hundred yards in width, and they were driven back with great slaughter three times by the infantry fire and by grape and canister from Lieutenant Hoge's 12-pounder Napoleon gun. Six color bearers were shot down, and two of the enemy's colors were left lying on the field. The field being cleared of the enemy, our men thought the victory won, but the enemy, having defeated our extreme right, then crept up under the hill and with a dense column of men charged the 60th Virginia Regiment and Lieutenant Hoge's gun, overcoming them by overwhelming numbers and put them to rout. Lieutenant Hoge fought his gun until the enemy were in ten feet of it. The official report of Lieut. Col. J. M. Comly, 23rd Ohio Regiment, says, "The struggle at the guns was of the fiercest description, the artillerymen attempting to reload when our line was not more than ten paces distant. Lieut. Stevens shot one of the gunners at that distance."

Rutherford B. Hayes was colonel of this regiment, and William McKinley was a lieutenant, and both were in the charge. Each became President of the United States. White-law Reid, later United States Ambassador to Great Britain, was also in this charge, and in his life of President McKinley, he says of it: "Two of the guns were fought by the Confederate cannoneers until the Federals were in ten feet of the guns."

Corp. Robert Hodnett and privates J. J. Smith, Ewell Stone, and D. E. Bentley were among the last to leave the gun. Lieutenant Hoge, seeing the enemy in thirty feet of his gun and his infantry support in retreat, said to his men,

Boys, take care of yourselves the best you can," then ran to his horse in the woods back of his gun, mounted him, and

rode up and down among the infantry, trying to rally them to charge and retake his gun, and, in so doing he was shot and mortally wounded. Private Bentley, who acted as gunner at this gun, says that he had left only one charge of powder and two balls, and, seeing an officer on a white horse at the head of his troops charging his gun, he loaded his gun, took deliberate aim, fired, and saw the horse and rider fall to the ground; then he took to his heels and escaped with his life. Lieut. William H. Lipscomb, in command of twenty-nine men armed with muskets, took position on the line with the 60th Virginia Regiment and near Lieutenant Hoge's gun and defended it with great bravery, having two men badly wounded, Corp. Fred Davis and Private C. A. Dalton. A preacher (whose name is not remembered), who volunteered with this little band was killed, and Lieutenant Lipscomb himself had a hole shot through his clothes and half of his hat brim shot off, and he retreated from the field with the other infantry after seeing all was lost. Among others who fought bravely with Lipscomb were David Herndon, John A. Coleman, T. J. Ferguson, T. B. Yeaman, and James W. Gregory, the last having a narrow escape, his clothes being riddled with bullets.

About the time our troops on our right flank were being hard pressed and calling for reinforcements, Gen. John McCausland, hearing that General Jenkins had been mortally wounded and carried from the field, assumed command of the army. He at once ordered the 36th Virginia Regiment, under Lieut. Col. Thomas Smith, to the support of our right flank, then being driven back by the enemy. They double-quickened the whole distance, which was considerable. At the same time he gave this order, McCausland rode to my section and commanded me to follow him to the right with one of my 12-pounder Napoleon guns, leaving the other gun in charge of Lieut. A. B. White, and Sergt. S. S. Berger. My cannoneers mounted the limber of the gun and I mounted my horse, and we followed the General as fast as we could. When we reached the point where he wanted my gun put in position, the cannoneers—Alfred Bennett, Sidney S. Payne, N. B. Walker, J. D. Wilkinson, W. W. Hogans, and drivers William Midkiff, Polk Hodnett, and David W. Hudson under Sergt. William D. Slayton—in a moment of time had the gun in position and loaded with shell, I, myself, sighting the gun at the enemy and giving the command to fire as fast as the gun could be loaded.

In a short time after I began firing, the 36th Virginia came, and General McCausland, sitting on his horse by my gun, and to the left of the 36th Virginia resting on the gun, ordered them to charge. They went down the hill in good alignment, and I thought they would sweep the enemy from before them, but in a few moments their Lieutenant Colonel Smith was shot down and carried from the field, and the regiment came running back in great disorder behind my gun and could not be rallied. After Lieutenant Colonel Smith was wounded, Maj. William E. Fife took command and tried to rally the men, but could not. Major Fife, in his official report writes: "It was at this point that Lieutenant Colonel Smith was wounded and borne from the field, a fact of which I was ignorant until the regiment left the field. The men were formed on the crest of a hill about two hundred yards in our rear, which position it maintained until the enemy had flanked us both to the right and left, when they were forced back in considerable disorder and could not be rallied. It was at this point that most of our casualties occurred."

The list of casualties in the battle of Cloyd's Farm, May 9, 1864, shows that the 36th Virginia Regiment had eighteen men killed, three officers wounded, fifty-five men wounded,

thirty men captured, and five men missing; aggregate loss, one hundred and eleven.

When the 36th Virginia Regiment was driven back, I ceased firing for a short time for fear of killing our own men, who were still retiring, until all the men had passed my gun (see official report of Capt. C. Dickinson). The enemy then charged my gun in great numbers, flushed with victory, and when they were in fifty yards, I opened on them with double canister, mowing them down with great slaughter, shooting grape and canister at them until there was no enemy seen to shoot at.

By this time the 36th Virginia Regiment, the only support my gun had, retreated clear out of sight, leaving my gun and men on the field. Seeing all our troops in full retreat, and having driven back the Federals, my sergeant, William Slayton, brought his saddle horse and put him in place of the wheel horse, whose leg was broken. My gun and caisson then retreated leisurely toward Dublin Depot, and I went on foot (my horse having broken away from his holder) to look after the gun I had left under Lieut. A. B. White. I found Sergt. S. S. Berger, privates Hugh Daily and T. L. Poindexter firing away at the enemy, P. W. Ragsdale carrying the ammunition to the gun. I saw the Federals would have the gun in a few minutes, as the infantry support was in full retreat, so I went to the limber and ordered the drivers to mount their horses and drive up the hill, limber up the piece, and carry it off the field; but two of the drivers were so frightened they refused to mount their horses. I called Tom Poindexter from the gun to assist me, and we put the drivers bodily on their horses; failing to get them to move, I threatened to shoot them. But all at once they put spurs to their horses, and we had to get out of the way to keep from being run over. The third driver, R. C. Chaney, however, acted bravely, sitting on his horse under a galling fire and obeying orders. The lieutenant in command of the gun told Sergeant Berger he was going after more ammunition. The ammunition came very soon, but the lieutenant was not seen any more until next day. To the credit of Sergeant Berger and his brave men, I wish to say they fought their gun until the enemy was within fifty yards, when I ordered them to leave; and I believe we were the last men to leave that part of the field. On our left flank, defended by Bryan's six guns, and one three-inch rifle gun under command of Captain Dickinson, there was no attack made until one o'clock, when Lieut. Col. Thomas Morris, 15th West Virginia Volunteers, charged our seven guns and caused them to retreat. There was no support to these guns except Company A, 36th Virginia Regiment.

McCausland complained that General Jenkins changed his plan of battle. The fact is, General Jenkins only moved forward McCausland's troops on the right of the road four hundred yards to the brow of the hill that commanded the meadow, six hundred yards wide, over which the enemy charged the 60th Virginia Regiment and Lieutenant Hoge's gun, and were driven back three times with great slaughter. The colonel of the 60th Virginia Regiment and the Federal officers all say our position was a splendid one. Eleven regiments charged our two regiments and a small battalion of one hundred and eighty-three men and one 12-pounder Napoleon gun under Lieutenant Hoge. General Crook's official report says: "As soon as the Second Brigade had fairly engaged the enemy, I ordered a charge of the other two brigades across the intervening meadow of one-fourth to one-half mile wide. These brigades charged across this meadow through a most galling fire of musketry and artillery. A part of the Third Brigade was thrown into confusion, but soon

rallied. It was then that the gallant Colonel Woolworth was killed and Lieut. and Adj. John H. McLaughlin and a color bearer were badly wounded by a shell.

This shell was fired from a howitzer of Bryan's Battery, commanded by Serg. Milton W. Humphreys (now professor of Greek, University of Virginia), who was a sergeant in Bryan's Battery, and in the battle of Cloyd's Mountain commanded a bronze howitzer, which was detached and paced on a knoll some distance to the left of the battery. Capt. D. W. Glassie, commanding one of the Federal batteries, was the first to get one of his guns in position to fire on our left wing, firing twenty rounds, Sergeant Humphreys replying vigorously until he put the Federal gun out of action. It was believed by all who saw the shot that the gun was dismounted. All the Federal guns then disappeared in the woods.

The Federal artillery was kept out of action by Bryan's Battery and Captain Dickinson's gun until our right wing was defeated, and then when the Federal infantry charged our left, some of Bryan's guns fired upon the enemy while the rest retired from action, all the infantry having left the field. When the Federals were coming down the mountain, Bryan's guns and Captain Dickinson's long range rifle gun prevented the enemy's artillery getting into position to fire on us; and Captain Glassie of the Federal battery said: "The fire of the Rebel guns was so accurate and rapid that I was obliged to retire, having six men wounded, one limber pole broken by shell, five horses killed and wounded, and my gun carriages were considerably cut up."

Sergt. S. H. Mattox, the gunner at Captain Dickinson's rifle gun on our left, says that when nearly surrounded and the infantry support all gone, he said to Captain Dickinson that he ought to retreat. Dickinson replied: "We have no orders to leave." Sergeant Mattox said: "All have left but us, and you are the only one that can give orders." Captain Dickinson then left with his gun, being the last to leave that part of the field.

The plan of battle was all wrong. We had seven pieces of artillery on our left, which was not attacked until one o'clock, after our right had been beaten back. Four of them at least should have been on our right when the battle began to have thrown canister and grape into the ranks of the enemy charging our troops there. My gun was the only one sent to the right after the battle began, and then only after our right was defeated. In this battle the losses of killed and wounded was greater than any battle of the Revolutionary War. Out of twelve regiments on the Federal side, five were Virginians and the cavalry were Virginians, and one of the batteries were Kentuckians.

Gen. W. W. Averill failed in everything he was to do, being badly defeated in several engagements, and, being pursued by our cavalry, he sought safety by joining General Crook's army at Union. On reaching Dublin, General Crook found the military stores removed to safety, and then marched to New River bridge, destroying it. In his official report he says that "at Dublin I saw dispatches from Richmond stating that General Grant had been repulsed and was retreating, which determined me to move to Lewisburg as rapidly as possible." He retreated the way he came, having done nothing but destroy New River bridge. In the battle of Cloyd's Farm, the official returns of casualties of Union forces in the engagement give the losses in killed, wounded, and captured at 688, and McCausland's official report says he captured two hundred of Crook's command. The official records give the Confederate loss as 538 killed, wounded, and captured.

General McCausland ordered all our troops to retreat to New River bridge, and, rallying as many of the infantry as he

could, he formed them into a rearguard and successfully protected our rear from repeated charges of the Federal cavalry until within two miles of Dublin, when we were met by four hundred of Gen. John H. Morgan's Kentucky Cavalry, under Col. D. H. Smith, who formed in the woods on the side of the road, and when the enemy came up poured a destructive fire into their ranks, driving them back hundreds of yards and holding them in check for over an hour, until our army made good its retreat, slowly, to New River bridge.

We indorse the above as a correct and true account.

WILLIAM H. LIPSCOMB, *Second Lieutenant*;

S. S. BERGER, *Sergeant*;

JAMES W. GREGORY, *Sergeant*;

WILLIAM D. SLAYTON, *First Sergeant, Ringgold Battery*.

SERVICE WITH THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

(Continued from February number.)

[From the diary of James L. Cooper, Captain and A. A. G. Edited by Deering J. Roberts, M.D., Surgeon C. S. A.]

May and June, 1863.—In May we took up the line of march down the railroad in the direction of Wartrace, very much elated over leaving the miserable country around Tullahoma. After moving around a good deal, we encamped about four miles from Wartrace, on the east side. We had nothing to do, and provisions of every kind were plentiful. What more could a soldier want? A stream ran near our camp, and from it we caught fine fish, which were quite a rarity. While here Generals Breckinridge and Preston both left us, the former going to Mississippi, the latter to Mexico, on some mission. The departure of General Breckinridge caused quite a scene in our regiment, as the men were devotedly attached to him. When he came to bid us farewell, he could not trust his voice to speak more than half a dozen words; and, wheeling his horse, he galloped off and was soon out of sight.

We were now transferred to Bate's Brigade, A. P. Stewart's Division, Hardee's Corps. The brigade was composed of the 20th Tennessee, Col. T. Smith; 8th and 15th Tennessee, Col. Tyler; 37th Georgia, Col. Joe Smith; 4th Georgia Sharpshooters, Major Caswell; and the Eufaula Light Artillery. The corps was composed of Johnston's and Stewart's divisions.

A number of troops had about this time been sent to Mississippi to Johnston's army, so our force was reduced very much. As soon as the enemy heard that part of our force had been sent off, preparations were made for the long-delayed advance.

Hoover's Gap, Wednesday, June 24, 1863.—On Tuesday, June 23, we had an inspection by Major Clare, of General Bragg's staff. During the inspection the roar of cannon was heard in our front, and we began to think we would soon have some fighting to do. The next day, about two o'clock, a courier came galloping up, pale with fright and excitement, and announced the enemy in two miles of our camp. The drum beat the long roll immediately, and in a very short time our regiment and the Georgia Sharpshooters were on the march to the threatened point. The other regiments were to follow as soon as ready. The Yanks had run over our cavalry, and came very near surprising us. When we had marched a mile and a half, a stray cavalryman announced them in sight.

The regiment was instantly thrown into column by companies, skirmishers thrown out, and double-quickened forward. Soon we saw their cavalry videttes coming at a gallop. Our skirmishers fired on them, and they did not wait for a second volley, but turned and fled. The regiment was marched onward a short distance and thrown into position to support a section of artillery, which had come up. We were placed immediately in front of it and sheltered by a little hill. The Yankee line was now in view, and they soon replied to our battery. Our position was very much exposed to their shell, and three of our men were killed at the same time. To add to our discomfort, it had begun to rain and we were almost overflowed.

After remaining here for half an hour, the Yankees attempted to flank us on our left, and we were moved to meet them. They had taken possession of a hill, covered with large trees, from which General Bate determined to drive them, if possible, and ordered our regiment to make the attempt. We formed in the edge of the woods and advanced up the hill. The undergrowth was very thick and we were unable to see the Yankees until within thirty yards of them. Their first line was driven back in great disorder, but the woods was full of them. Here I think I killed my first Yankee, and maybe my last one. We ran against a line of Yanks that was too strong for us, and, falling back in no confusion, but with considerable swiftness, was then the order. We retired a quarter of a mile and reformed, but no advance was made. We marched about through the mud that night until every bone in my body had a thousand aches, but still no rest. The next day we were on picket, the enemy not advancing any on our part of the line. Friday evening the whole line advanced, and considerable skirmishing and artillery firing ensued. The night was spent expecting an attack, which did not come. Saturday morning the whole division started back to Tullahoma, which point we reached that evening very much fatigued. Sunday the everlasting Yanks had us out again. This day General Starnes was brought in mortally wounded.

In the bloody little fight at Hoover's Gap we had sixty-two men killed and wounded out of one hundred and fifty in action. From our company James T. Callender was killed, as was also Maj. Fred Claybrooke. Numbers of our men were scattered around through the country, not expecting this fight. Some of them were captured and others did not get in for weeks.

July and August, 1863.—About the first day of July we began our retreat from Middle Tennessee. We evacuated Tullahoma in the night, burning what stores we could not remove. The next morning we crossed Elk River and waited until the enemy came up. Our brigade was left there as a rearguard until the army got some distance in advance. There was some pretty sharp cannonading, and some of the cavalry were killed. When we left this river, we hurried rapidly on and overtook the command on the mountains. We descended the mountain near Jasper, Marion County, and crossed the Tennessee River below Lookout Point, where we went into camp to recruit our strength after the long, fatiguing march.

After remaining here about a week, we were loaded on the cars and taken through Chattanooga to Tyner's Station, on the Chattanooga and Knoxville Railroad, fifteen miles from Chattanooga. At Tyner's Station we went into camp for the summer, and the army was drilled and disciplined until it was again in fighting order and ready for the enemy. We were troubled by several things. The rations were scanty and bad, the wood was hard to get, flies and lice equal to those of Egypt abounded, and the weather was exceedingly hot.

Near the last of August, the enemy commenced shelling Chattanooga, and his movements showed a determination to attempt the passage of the river. Our command was put in motion and marched down the river to some ferry. About the last of the month we were ordered to Knoxville, and got as far as Loudon, where we were ordered back to the main army.

September, 1863.—The first of this month we were ordered back to Chattanooga. At Loudon we met Buckner's command retreating from Knoxville, which had been occupied by the enemy. We went as far as Charleston by rail, and while there an election for third lieutenant took place, in which I was defeated. I was then promoted to first sergeant. We left Charleston on foot, and after some hard night marching, we crossed the Chattanooga railroad at Ooltewah and proceeded to the first station above Ringgold on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, where we learned that the army had evacuated Chattanooga.

Next morning we went to Lafayette, about twenty miles from Chattanooga, and then occurred one of the most exciting campaigns of the war. General Rosecrans, commanding the Federals, was very careless, and several times escaped destruction only by the neglect of our generals. On one occasion, at some cove in the mountain, our brigade and division were in advance, and had some pretty sharp skirmishing. On the 16th of this month we commenced our preparations for the long-looked for battle which was to decide this campaign. On the 17th we left Lafayette and marched toward Chattanooga, going slowly, and on the 16th, late in the evening, we came up with the Yankee advance near Chickamauga River. When the firing commenced, our regiment was in the rear of the ordnance train, and had to double-quick about half a mile in dust shoe deep to regain our position in line. We were exposed to artillery that evening, and two men in the brigade were killed. Night put an end to the fight, and we lay down to dream of to-morrow and the terrible struggle we knew it would bring.

On the morning of the 19th, we were put in motion about sunrise, and both armies made preparations for the day. The day was bright and beautiful, and the world never seemed half so attractive before, now that there was a good chance for leaving it soon. Everything was quiet until about eight or nine o'clock, when light skirmishing began on our right. Within a half hour, the battle commenced in earnest, and from that time till dark there was a continued roar of small arms and artillery that made the very leaves on the trees quiver. I never heard such a crashing of small arms before, and hope I never will again. Stewart's Division was moved to the right by slow degrees, so that by midday we were directly in rear of the heaviest firing. Our corps (Buckner's) had been engaged some time when our division was ordered into action. We were sent in by brigades, and Clayton's and Brown's had preceded us. We saw them both repulsed, and, moving to the front, we were soon under a very heavy fire. We pressed steadily forward unchecked by the murderous discharges of their small howitzers, loaded with canister and grape, and drove the first line from their position. Here occurred the prettiest fighting during the whole war. We rushed up on a little hill, and the enemy was just below us, all crowded together in a deep hollow. Our rifles were in prime condition and our ammunition so good that I really enjoyed the fight. The enemy's reserve was soon brought up, and then we had hard work to hold our position. Finally, near dark, we were driven back some distance, when night put an end to the conflict.

(To be continued.)



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

"When the 'gray line' breaks on the last long mile,
God grant them 'hail' and a cheery smile
And the clasp of a comrade's hand
In that far land, beyond farthest star,
Where God's sainted armies are
In the brave front ranks at his right hand—
God keep them!"

CAPT. WILLIAM P. ROBINSON.

On November 14, 1924, the long and honorable life of Capt. William Pleasant Robinson came to a close, after long illness, at Danville, Va., where the greater part of his life had been spent. Funeral services were held at the Methodist church, where many friends, relatives, and Confederate comrades gathered to pay their last respects to one who had been a prominent and active participant in the life of the community.

William Pleasant Robinson was the son of William Robinson, of Charlton, England, and Amanda Bowles, of Chesterfield County, Va., in which county he was born on June 5, 1842. After several terms at Emory and Henry College, he entered the Virginia Military Institute, from which he graduated in 1861. He was with the corps of cadets under Lieut. T. J. Jackson who guarded John Brown in 1859, and saw him hanged. In April, 1861, he went with a cadet corps to camp of instruction, Richmond, and acted as drillmaster for the infantry. With other cadets, he was selected to drill the artillery, and later entered the Confederate service as first lieutenant in Ringgold's Battery, 13th Virginia Battalion. At Cloyd's Mountain, he had charge of two Napoleon guns, and, under the immediate command of General McCausland, held the Federal infantry in check (after the Confederate infantry had been driven from the field by overwhelming odds) long enough to permit the army to make good its retreat. Along the lines at Petersburg, in charge of two pieces of artillery, he was under constant fire from Federal infantry for nearly a year. At the battle of the Crater, having his two pieces of artillery on the right and in a salient angle, he fired directly into the Crater, doing much execution. On the retreat to Appomattox, guns being dispensed with for lack of horses, the company, under command of Lieutenant Robinson resorted to rifles, and, with other small bodies of infantry and cavalry, held Sheridan's cavalry in check until midnight, cutting their way out, and were included in Lee's surrender.

In time of peace as well as war, Captain Robinson was a noble citizen, a high-toned Christian gentleman. For many years he was a leading merchant of Danville, where he married Miss Blanche Sydnor, daughter of Rev. Thomas W. Sydnor, D.D., and reared four sons. His wife died in January, 1923, and since that affliction he had been in failing health. The four sons survive him, all prominent citizens of the Old Dominion.

Captain Robinson was an honored member of Camp Cabell Graves, U. C. V., of Danville, from its organization.

GEN. JOHN K. BARTON, U. C. V.

On January 19, 1925, at the home of his daughter, at Vonore, Tenn., Gen. John K. Barton, U. C. V., prominent and worthy representative of our Southern cause, passed away to join his comrades on the heavenly camping ground.

John Keyes Barton was born at Tallassee, Ala., on September 5, 1846. He was a student at the University of Alabama in 1862-63, and from there he entered the Confederate army and served as captain in the reserves of Gen. Jack Echols. Later he joined his command in the 63rd Alabama.

In the ranks of his comrades in the United Confederate Veterans, he always assumed an active and prominent part, giving his time and substance in perpetuating the memory of the deeds of our Confederate soldiers. He was first Brigadier General in the U. C. V., and then chosen as Major General as Commander of the Alabama Division. Afterwards, when his health failed him, he was made Honorary Commander during his life. Up to the time of his death, he was always ready and anxious to do his part.

While performing his duties at the State Capitol he contracted influenza and never fully recovered from its effects.

He was married at the age of twenty-one years to Miss Clara Trimble, and there survive him one son and three daughters, Charles C. Barton, of Kansas City, Mo., is his son, and his three daughters are: Mrs. Charles M. Niles, of Vonore, Tenn.; Mrs. A. C. Gibson, of Birmingham, Ala.; and Mrs. Beverly Head, of Tuscaloosa, Ala.

[By his friend for sixty years, John R. Kennedy, Tuscaloosa, Ala.]

COL. ROBERT T. COLES.

After a lengthy illness, Col. Robert T. Coles died at Huntsville, Ala., on February 13, 1925, in his eighty-third year. He was a highly appreciated citizen of Marshall County, where he had long engaged in farming.

As a Confederate soldier, Colonel Coles entered the service as a private of Company F, 4th Alabama Infantry, April 29, 1861; was promoted to first lieutenant and assigned for duty as adjutant of the regiment in March, 1862, and so served until he was paroled at Appomattox. He took part in many important engagements, and was wounded in the seven days fighting around Richmond.

A simple service was held at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Charles C. Anderson, members of the Egbert Jones Camp, U. C. V., attending in a body; and the Daughters of the Confederacy were well represented among the many other friends present. Over the casket was draped the Confederate battle flag. The Confederate ritual was used in the services at the grave, after which his comrades passed by and each dropped in a sprig of evergreen, symbol of undying memory. Commander R. L. DeYoung placed on the grave an iron Confederate Cross, and Adjutant C. L. Nolen placed a Confederate flag near it, then the grave was covered with the beautiful floral offerings.

Four sons and a daughter survive him, also two sisters.

ARKANSAS COMRADES.

Camp No. 449 U. C. V., of Paragould, Ark., has lost five members during the past year:

J. T. Hopkins, seventy-eight years old; North Carolina Infantry.

D. C. Huston, eighty years old; Georgia Cavalry.

J. W. Thompson, eighty years old; Arkansas Cavalry.

W. M. Weatherley, ninety years old; Tennessee, Forrest's command.

A. T. Hartsaw, seventy-eight years old; Arkansas Cavalry. [A. Yarbrough, Adjutant.]

CAPT. G. JULIAN PRATT.

At the age of eighty-one years, Capt. G. Julian Pratt died at his home, Walnut Grove, near Waynesboro, Va., on December 25, 1924.

His father was an Englishman who came to America about 1830, first settling in the old town of Alexandria, where his three sons were born, the eldest of whom was G. Julian Pratt, born March 6, 1843. In 1856 the family removed to Charlottesville, and the three sons were students in the University of Virginia when the war came on. Enlisting as a private in the company composed of students of the university, and known as the Sons of Liberty, Julian Pratt entered upon his military career at the age of eighteen years. The company was placed in the Albemarle Battalion, but in July, 1861, it was disbanded by Governor Wise, and Julian Pratt then enlisted in Company G, 59th Virginia Volunteer Infantry, which was also disbanded in January, 1862. He then reported to Gen. Henry A. Wise, at Norfolk, Va., received his commission as captain, and was assigned to enlist and organize a company of marine artillery to defend the marshes at Roanoke Island. While on detailed duty in February, 1862, he was captured and confined on a prison ship for about a year. Upon being exchanged, he enlisted with Col. J. D. Imboden's regiment of Partisan Rangers, and was made orderly sergeant of his company. Subsequently, with Francis M. Imboden, brother of General Imboden, he enlisted a company of cavalry inside the enemy's lines, equipped them from the enemy's stores, and this became Company H, of the 18th Virginia Cavalry, of which he became first lieutenant; and from the battle of Piedmont, where Captain Imboden was captured, to the close of the war, Captain Pratt was in command of the company. He was slightly wounded twice, had five horses shot under him, three of them in the battle of Winchester. He participated in many of the major battles, including Bunker Hill, New Market, Piedmont, Winchester, Gettysburg, Lynchburg, and others.

After the war, Captain Pratt married Miss Mary E. Brown, of Washington, D. C., settled at Walnut Grove, and became a pioneer in the raising of pure-bred live stock. Five children were born to them, three daughters and two sons, all surviving him.

Captain Pratt was widely known as a man of far-sighted vision, a Christian gentleman, charitably inclined, and affiliated with various fraternal orders, holding the high esteem of all who knew him. His commanding general appreciated his soldierly qualities, and sometime after the war wrote him a most commendatory letter, saying that he "commanded with the highest credit one of the best companies of the regiment."

CAPT. H. C. LINDSEY.

Capt. H. C. Lindsey, eighty-two years old, met a tragic death by fire at his home in Waco, Tex., on January 27, 1925. He had been ill for a few days when the sad accident occurred.

When the war began in the sixties, young Lindsey was a student in the University of Alabama, and he and his entire class, including the late Judge George Clark, of Waco, enlisted in the Confederacy. He entered the army as a lieutenant of the 47th Alabama Regiment, being promoted to the rank of captain for bravery on the field of battle. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia, under Longstreet, Lee, and Jackson. His grandfather served in the General Assembly of South Carolina in 1776, and Captain Lindsey was a native of that State. He had lived in Waco since 1882, where he had practiced law. His wife and two sons survive him. Capt. Malcolm Lindsey, now at Fort Benning, Ga., is one of his sons.

JUDGE G. O. WARNOCK.

Judge G. O. Warnock, who died very suddenly at Waynesboro, Ga., was one of the leading citizens of Burke County.

He was born in Burke County and lived all his long life of eighty-three years within its confines. His parents were Ella and Nancy E. Moore Warnock, and he was the youngest of the four children, his father dying when he was only six months old, and he was the last of his family. One brother was killed at Sharpsburg, and the other was severely wounded in the same battle, but lived until 1886.

Judge Warnock was a gallant Confederate soldier, enlisting with Company B, 7th Georgia Volunteers, of which he was made second lieutenant at its organization. After six months with this company, he organized a company known as the 21st Georgia Cavalry, with which he was in active service for two years. He then became a lieutenant in the 7th Cavalry, was wounded and captured at Trevillian Station, Va., and taken to Fort Delaware until the close of the war. He never lost his love for his old comrades, and his activities in the United Confederate Veterans' organization continued until his death. He was the commander of Camp Gordon, in Burke County.

The judge owned large interests in Burke County, and took an active interest in the affairs of his city and county. His charities and Church work were large, and he was one of the pillars of the Methodist Church in Waynesboro. For a long number of years he was clerk of Burke Superior Court, a member of the Board of County Commissioners, an alderman of the city, and active in banking circles, and a staunch Democrat in politics. He was a member of the board of stewards of the Methodist Church and belonged to Waynesboro Lodge No. 274, F. and A. M. In his death Waynesboro and Burke County have lost a man of great worth.

A. W. MASHBURNE.

A. W. Mashburne was born in Cumming, Ga., July 5, 1842. Later on, he lived in Decatur, Ga., removing in 1890 to Meridian, Miss., where he breathed his last on March 5, 1924.

This brave soldier of the Confederacy enlisted in a company connected with Gen. "Tige" Anderson's Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V., and participated in the battles of First Manassas, Dam No. 1, Garnett's Farm, Malvern Hill, Rappahannock Station, Thoroughfare Gap, Sharpsburg, Funkstown, Knoxville, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Second Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Reams's Station, Fort Harrison, Fairview, Appomattox. He was at all times a true, faithful, and efficient member of his command, one in whom his officers safely trusted, and upon whom they confidently relied; and he was a faithful member of Walthall Camp, U. C. V. at Meridian.

In Meridian, Miss., where Mr. Mashburne lived for thirty-five years, he became known as an unusual and impressive character in the community. He was long a devoted and efficient elder in the First Presbyterian Church of that city, being for years superintendent of the Sabbath school. Modest and retiring in manner, and of strong determination in matters of right and duty, he placed his home city under untold obligations for his services to the municipality. A member of the city council for a long term, his activities were continuous and of far-reaching benefit. He took executive interest in the management of the Meridian waterworks, and was chairman for the board of the work of erecting a high school building for the city. On his retirement, his associates in public duties presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane as a token of their regard.

[Mrs. R. M. Houston.]

MAJ. J. C. BARCLAY.

Maj. Joseph Crew Barclay, sole survivor of the Ellsworth Zouaves of the War between the States, died on May 19, 1924, in his eighty-sixth year.

Major Barclay was noted for his unusual energy and strength, and his passing was caused by a gradual failing of the vital powers in one month.

He was a Kentuckian, born at Russellville, Ky., July 16, 1838, the son of Hugh and Luan (Hall) Barclay; his father being from Fincastle, Va. He was educated at Bethel College, Russellville. In 1856 he went to Chicago and joined two elder brothers in the drug business there. It was in Chicago that he met Colonel Ellsworth and joined his company of Zouaves. This military organization attracted nation-wide attention by the perfection of their drill. So great was the demand to see the company, that Coloney Ellsworth took them on a tour of the East in 1860, going to New York and West Point, where thousands saw the men and wondered at their proficiency. They drilled at West Point in the presence of General Hardee, General McClellan, and Capt. Jefferson Davis.

Returning to Kentucky later in the year, young Barclay entered the Confederate army. When leaving Chicago for Kentucky, he met Colonel Ellsworth on the street, and Ellsworth said to him: "Barclay, it appears that we are sure to have war. If anything happens that you ever fall into my hands, I want you to know that you will be in the hands of a friend."

Major Barclay shook hands warmly with Colonel Ellsworth and assured him of like sentiments.

It happened that Colonel Ellsworth was the first Federal officer killed. For some time Major Barclay was drillmaster in Virginia, most of the time at Richmond, and drilled many of the afterwards famous officers of the Confederacy.

Major Barclay was twice married, first to Ann E. Dulaney, sister of William Lee Roy and Hiram Wordford Dulaney (of Morgan's Cavalry), Bowling Green, Ky., and later to Mary Ronald, of Louisville, Ky., a daughter of Mrs. William Hudson. She survives him.

He was buried in Russellville, where so many of his loved ones are resting. A man of sterling qualities, genial disposition, and unfailing optimism, he was welcomed wherever he went, and he won many friends who wish there was another "Jo Barclay." [M. D. M.]

A. H. GROCE.

After some two years of failing health, A. H. Groce peacefully "fell on sleep" at his home near Swann Station, N. C., on December 26, 1924, aged seventy-eight years.

In the VETERAN for January was given the picture of Comrade Groce with his twin brother, both having enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of seventeen and given valiant service with Company H, 70th North Carolina Regiment, during the latter part of the war; and since the war they have been among the constructive citizens of the State, helping to rebuild that portion of their beloved South. He and his twin brother had attended many of the Confederate reunions together and enjoyed telling of their experiences when "wearing the gray."

Comrade Groce is survived by his wife, four daughters, and two sons, also by three brothers (one of them his twin) and a sister. The pallbearers were his nephews and great-nephews.

He was a charter member of the Morris Chapel Methodist Church, and for a long time he was superintendent of its Sunday school. He was faithful to every trust, and no man stood higher in the estimation of his neighbors.

CAPT. WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

In early evening of January 8, 1925, the spirit of Capt. William T. Ellis, "first citizen" of Owensboro, Ky., passed into the realms of immortality, leaving the memory of great accomplishment in a life handicapped by early misfortunes. He was born near Knottsville, Ky., July 24, 1845, the son of Luther and Mary Kallam Ellis, his ancestors of Revolutionary stock, having come from Virginia to Kentucky in 1814.

Left an orphan when about eleven years of age, William T. Ellis soon started out to make his own way. He was not quite sixteen when he entered the Confederate army in October, 1861, being mustered in as a private of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, which became a part of the celebrated Orphan Brigade. As one of Joe Wheeler's cavalry in the army of Tennessee, young Ellis performed all the duties of a soldier until the final surrender, April 28, 1865. He had taken part in many battles, but escaped serious injury. At the close he was a noncommissioned officer in charge of scouts.

Returning to Daviess County, Ky., he was soon at work to support himself while studying in Pleasant Valley Seminary, one of the best schools of Western Kentucky at the time. For two years he worked and studied, then taught school and read law and was licensed to practice in 1868. He then entered the School of Law of Harvard University and graduated with the class of 1869. Returning to Owensboro, he became one of the leading attorneys there. In his life of more than fifty years at Owensboro, he had been honored with the responsibilities of public office many times, from his election as county attorney in 1870, as Democratic presidential elector, as congressman for a number of terms, to his retirement from public office in 1895; and since his retirement he had given attention strictly to his legal work, in which he he achieved large success. He was known as an orator, and on many occasions he spoke before his comrades of the Southern cause, for his service as a Confederate soldier was the greatest part of his life to him, and he looked after the affairs of his less fortunate comrades as would an elder brother. He made a great success as a lawyer, but he would leave his most profitable work as a lawyer to help a friend or an old comrade without other reward than the love of doing a service.

Captain Ellis was married twice, but had no children. His first marriage was to Miss Alice Coffey, in 1871, and she lived only a few years. His second wife was Miss Mattie B. Miller, daughter of Dr. W. P. Miller, of Louisville, who survives him. A young brother, Dr. J. W. Ellis, also survives, the two having been constant and devoted companions all their lives.

Captain Ellis was at all times an active member of the United Confederate Veterans and was an honorary member of the W. T. Ellis Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans at Owensboro.

COMRADES OF SWEETWATER, TEX.

W. T. Hightower, Commander of E. C. Walthall Camp, No. 92 U. C. V., of Sweetwater, Tex., reports that the Grim Reaper has struck down two members of E. C. Walthall Camp within a week.

"J. W. Wright, aged ninety-five years, who served as first lieutenant of Company E, 12th Texas Cavalry, died on January 17, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Fannie Nunn, and his remains were sent to Dallas. Lieutenant Wright served in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

"A. M. Sheppard, aged eighty-three years, who served as a member of Company B, 18th Texas Infantry, died January 21, at the residence of his son, N. C. Sheppard. His service was west of the Mississippi River."

DR. JOHN T. HUFF.

Dr. John Taylor Huff, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of West Virginia, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. P. L. Marsh, in Parsons, W. Va., on February 1, having nearly completed ninety-two years. He was born at Port Republic, Rockingham County, Va., on July 14, 1833, the oldest of a family of nine children, and the last of them all to be taken. At an early age he graduated from the Richmond, Va., Medical College, and shortly afterwards became demonstrator of anatomy at the Winchester Medical College, of which he was a postgraduate. When the struggle between the North and South came on in 1861, he joined the Southern forces, and saw much service during that four years of fearful carnage. He was at the battle of Carrick's Ford, where General Garnett was killed, and at many other battles he rendered medical and surgical aid and was blessed by the poor suffering soldiers to whom he gave relief.

From that time on he has been ministering to humanity and relieving the sick, and thousands of homes have been blessed by his timely ministrations.

In December, 1864, Dr. Huff was married to Miss Louisa Moyers and located for practice at McDowell. In 1870, he moved to Beverly, in Randolph County, W. Va., but in 1872 he removed to Centerville, going from there in 1878 to Buckhannon, where he practiced his profession until early in 1911, when he located at Salisbury, Md., but after a few months he located at Parsons and entered practice with his son, Dr. Ford Huff, who was one of the leading physicians of that community, and he kept up his practice, despite advanced age, until a few months ago.

Dr. Huff was a member of the Episcopal Church, was a Mason since 1869, and a charter member of Randolph Lodge, No. 55, at Beverly, being Junior Warden when the lodge was constituted.

He is survived by one son and five daughters, also by nine grandchildren.

His body was taken to Buckhannon and laid by the side of his wife, who died in 1918.

Thus ends a long and useful life. A place is made vacant that is hard to fill. In addition to being a kindly and able physician, he was a good neighbor and worthy citizen.

DR. J. E. MAYFIELD.

Dr. J. E. Mayfield died suddenly on October 23, 1924, at his home in San Antonio, Tex., at the age of eighty-one years. He had been an invalid for several years. He was a native of Tennessee, but for more than a half century had been a resident of Texas.

Dr. Mayfield was born in McNairy County, Tenn., February 25, 1843. At the age of nineteen he enlisted in the Confederate army as a sergeant of Company G, 8th Texas Infantry, January 1, 1862. He was transferred to Troop H, Fourth Texas Cavalry, November, 1863. Later, he was transferred to Green's Brigade, then to Hardaman's Brigade, and still later to the Department of Mississippi, and served there until paroled in 1865.

At the close of the war he was made district clerk of Nacogdoches County and served until 1867. He entered Tulane University in 1869 and took up the study of medicine. Graduating two years later, he returned to Nacogdoches County and practiced medicine until he moved to San Antonio in 1909.

Dr. Mayfield is survived by his wife, a brother, and a sister.

The funeral was held under the auspices of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of which he was an active member for several years.

CAPT. H. C. MICHIE.

Henry Clay Michie, aged eighty-three years, died at Staunton, Va., on January 29, 1925, from the effects of a severe fall some days before. He was visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Catlett, when the sad accident occurred.

Captain Michie was born in Albemarle County, Va., January 9, 1842. He entered the military service of the State of Virginia, April 17, 1861, in the Southern Guard, a company of students of the University of Virginia. After serving about two weeks at Harper's Ferry, this company was ordered back to the University and disbanded. He immediately entered the Confederate service and served to the end of the war as a private, second sergeant, first sergeant, first lieutenant, and captain. He was not absent from his regiment, the 56th Virginia Volunteer Infantry, from October, 1862, to March, 1865, unless in a hospital or Federal prison. Captain Michie was wounded in the battle of Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862, and again at the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862. He was slightly wounded and taken prisoner in the charge of Pickett's Division at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. In the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, he had been a commander of John Bowie Strange Camp, at Charlottesville, brigadier general of the Third Virginia Brigade, and later brigadier general of the Fourth Virginia Brigade.

Captain Michie was a prominent farmer in Albemarle County, his estate being known as "The Meadows." He is survived by five children—three daughters and two sons, one of the latter being Maj. H. C. Michie, U. S. A., stationed at Washington, D. C.

His body was taken to Charlottesville and there interred.

ROBERT M. STEVENS.

Comrade Robert M. Stevens was born in Buncombe County, N. C., September 6, 1845, the son of Henry and Nancy Foster Stevens, and was educated in the schools of the county. He enlisted in Company F, 60th North Carolina Regiment, and saw real service in many of the hard-fought battles of the Western Army, surrendering with Joe Johnston's army in North Carolina in 1865. He was the last survivor of eight brothers who were in the Confederate army, all of whom lived to return home after the close of the war. He was married September 2, 1872, to Miss Louise C. Sherrill, and to this union were born a son and a daughter, both of whom survive him, also one sister. Comrade Stevens was an honored and esteemed member of Zebulon Vance Camp No. 681, U. C. V. His death occurred on January 7, 1925, the home of his daughter, Mrs. Albert Reed, near Asheville, N. C., after a long illness.

[J. W. Goodwin, Commander Fourth Brigade, North Carolina Division, U. C. V.]

HENRY C. DICKSON.

Henry C. Dickson was born in Alabama, May 21, 1844, his parents removing to Columbia County, Ark., when he was only a child. It was from there he volunteered and helped to form Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment of Heavy Artillery. He was in Vicksburg during the siege and helped to man the gun known as "Whistling Dick." He was at Alexandria, La., when notified of the surrender, and walked from there to his home in Arkansas, arriving on the day he was twenty-one, tired and footsore, but happy.

Comrade Dickson answered the last roll call on January 12, 1925, at Hosston, La., at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. W. Worley.

DR. JOHN T. HOFF.

One of the most remarkable men in West Virginia—Dr. John T. Hoff—nearly ninety-two years of age, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. P. L. Marsh, in Parsons, on February 1, 1925. He was ill but a few days, and his wonderful mind was clear to the last.

This wonderful man was born at Port Republic, Rockingham County, Va., on July 14, 1833, the oldest of a family of nine children, of whom he survived all. At an early age he graduated from the Richmond Medical College, and shortly afterwards became demonstrator of anatomy at the Winchester Medical College at Winchester, Va., of which college he was a postgraduate. As a Confederate soldier, he was in the service from the very beginning of the War between the States, and as a surgeon amputated the first limb amputated in the Civil War from a man by the name of Dangerfield after the battle at Philippi, which was the first battle of the war. He was also at the battle of Carrick's Ford (now Parsons) where General Garnett was killed, and was a participant in other battles during his years of service.

In early manhood he was married to Miss Louise Moyers, and to this union six children were born. In 1870 he located for practice of his profession at McDowell, Highland County, Va., and later on practiced at Beverly, Randolph County (now West Virginia), Centerville, Upshur County, Buckhannon, Salisbury, Md., and since 1911 had been at Parsons, with his son, Dr. Ford Hoff; and he remained in active professional life until within a few months of his death, with a keen and accurate mind.

He was a member of the Episcopal Church at Buckhannon. He was made a Mason at Monterey, Va., in 1869, and was a charter member of Randolph Lodge, No. 55, at Beverly, being Junior Warden when the lodge was constituted.

He survived by one son and five daughters, also by nine grandchildren.

J. A. CREAGER.

On Sunday, February 1, there passed to his reward James A. Creager, one of the oldest and most honored citizens of Wilbarger County, Tex., in his eighty-fourth year.

He was the son of William and Bexia McKinney Creager, born in Red River County, Tex., November 26, 1841. When he was four years old his parents moved to Grayson County, where he grew up on his father's farm. When the great struggle between the North and the South began, he joined Capt. Tom Bowen's company, Stone's Regiment, Ross's Brigade, and served throughout the war. He was a true son of the South, a valiant soldier, and a faithful comrade.

Returning to his home in Grayson County, he began farming again. He married Miss Nettie Cave in 1867, and fifteen children were born to them, eight of them reaching maturity, and only six surviving him—three sons and three daughters.

Comrade Creager located in Wilbarger County forty-five years ago and became one of the leading citizens of the county. He was made a Mason in 1865, and advanced in office to be Worshipful Master in Mantua Lodge.

In 1865 he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the First Methodist Church of Vernon, now among the largest Churches of Northwest Texas, was organized in his home, he, his wife, and his son being among the charter members, and through all the years since he had been a faithful and consistent member.

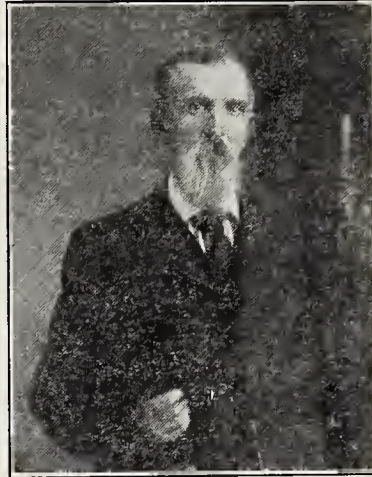
Mr. Creager was perhaps the oldest native Texan living in the State. His life was active and useful, and as citizen, soldier, Mason, father, Christian, he lived out his allotted

span, honoring every station in life which he filled. He was laid to rest by the side of the beloved wife, who preceded him some fifteen years.

[From tribute by E. L. Moore.]

CAPT. J. M. CUTCHEN.

In the dawning hour of the new year the spirit of that grand old veteran of the Southern cause and cultured gentleman, Capt. J. M. Cutchen, of Whitakers, N. C., passed on the great highway to immortality. Captain Cutchen was a brave and gallant soldier of the Confederacy. He was with the old Edgecombe Guards when it organized in April, 1861, and went to the battle front to fight and to die for the right and the independence of our Southland. He was at Bethel when the gallant, heroic Wyatt fell, the South's first martyr, and, barring the time he was incapacitated from service by reasons of wounds from



CAPT. J. M. CUTCHEN.

which he came near bleeding to death, he was in many of the the hardest-fought battles of war, and on that ever-to-be lamentable day in April, 1865, he was with the immortal Lee at Appomattox. Soon after his return to his stricken, devastated Southland home, he was happily married to Miss Cornelia Wheless, of Nash County, and of this union there were eleven children, nine of whom survive him.

By reason of his fine judgment, his intelligence, and wise application of business principles to agricultural pursuits, Captain Cutchen, amassed a large estate. He was a large planter until age began to weaken his powers, then, dividing his lands among his children, he retired from the activities of busy life to the ease and enjoyment of his comfortable home. He lived nobly and well the eighty-three years allotted him. For many years he was a prominent member and supporter of the Methodist Protestant Church, and in every phase of life, amid all its problems, he was upright and honorable in his dealings, and so scrupulously honest that in scheduling his taxes he would add another hundred dollars to cover any article of property he might have overlooked. Thus he lived through all his long years commanding the respect, the confidence and the affections of his fellow men. His life partner still lives and, burdened with her great sorrow and the infirmities of old age, she calmly awaits the coming of the sunset, the brighter morrow, and the reunion in the heavenly home. His surviving sons and daughters—all prominent, influential men and women in the social and business activities of Edgecombe and Nash Counties—are Mrs. Mamie E. Braswell, Mrs. W. T. Braswell, Mrs. J. S. Cutchen, Mrs. R. A. Bradley, J. M. Cutchen, Jr., of Whitakers; and Mrs. Minnie C. Gorham, Mrs. W. H. Killebrew, Mrs. J. S. Gorham, and Henry W. Cutchen, of Rocky Mount. To them he bequeathed something above commercial value—the memory of an unblemished life and an honored name.

The last sad obsequies were conducted by his pastor and burial was in the cemetery of the town.

This humble flower, this little immortelle, I place on the tomb of my friend.

[J. W. Blount, Whitakers, N. C.]

DR. ROBERT WILEY REA.

Robert Wiley Rea, son of George and Sarah Rea, was born at Gallatin, Miss., on February 4, 1844. When the War between the States began, his three older brothers enlisted, leaving him to assist his parents. But in the spring of 1862, at the age of eighteen, he also enlisted in Company G, 36th Mississippi Infantry, under Col. Drury J. Brown and Capt. L. B. Harris. As orderly sergeant, he participated in the campaigns in Mississippi until the fall of Vicksburg, after which he joined the Army of Tennessee and fought bravely under Johnston and Hood.

He was first under fire in trenches around Corinth, and took part in the battle of Farmington. On October 3, 1862, he was severely wounded in the shoulder and sent home until January 1, 1863, when he rejoined his regiment at Snyder's Bluff, on the Yazoo River. After Pemberton's defeat at Baker's Creek, he was called into the works at Vicksburg. Here he remained under constant fire and in great privation during the siege from May 18 to July 4. After the surrender of Vicksburg, he was in parole camp at Enterprise, Miss., until exchanged and sent to Mobile. Under General Sears, his regiment joined the Army of Tennessee and took part in the subsequent campaign in Georgia, including the battles of New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, and Atlanta. After the fighting in Tennessee, Sergeant Rea was detailed in the commissary department under Major Flournoy. He was paroled at Jackson, Miss., in the spring of 1865.

In 1869, he graduated from the Medical Department of Tulane University, leading his class in diagnosis. In 1874, he was married to Miss Rula Oliver, of Wesson, where he had established himself in his profession. His wife and five children—two sons and three daughters—and seven grandchildren survive him.

Dr. Rea proved himself worthy the name of soldier when a mere boy in our Southern army. Much more did he prove his faithfulness to a Higher Captain by the long life of self-denial and patient service that he lived for others. If it is true that "the essence of courage lies in its persistence," then Robert Wiley Rea, through fifty years of unwavering, unquestioning effort to make life better for others, has earned the title—hero.

COL. MALCOLM H. CRUMP.

Col. Malcolm H. Crump, Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp at Bowling Green, Ky., widely known for his interest in the scientific development of Southern Kentucky, died suddenly at Bowling Green on January 14, 1925, after some weeks of failing health. He was a native of Virginia, born in Culpeper County, October 24, 1849, and located in Kentucky some fifty years ago, after graduating from the Virginia Military Institute with a degree in science. For some years he taught in Hopkinsville, and then filled the chair of Science at Ogden College. He assisted in organizing the old Bowling Green Guards in 1880, and served as captain for several years; he also commanded the 3rd Kentucky Regiment at one time, and during the war with Spain served as lieutenant colonel on the staff of Colonel Castleman.

Colonel Crump was patriotic and ever interested in what would build up his home community. He was an advocate of good roads, and served as secretary of the Warren County Chapter of the Dixie Highway Association. He was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, and also of the local order of Elks. His wife, who was Mrs. Mary Poyntz, died in 1920. A son, Malcolm H. Crump, Jr., survives him.

Though too young to be a Confederate soldier, he was a strong supporter of the principles for which the South had

fought and ever actively interested in the work of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

CAPT. JAMES MCCLURE.

Capt. James McClure, who died at his home near Lake Spring, Mo., on July 11, 1923, was born in Belmont, Ohio, June 4, 1840, and was thus in his eighty-fourth year. He was the oldest of eight children born to Lewis and Sarah McClure. His widowed mother took the family to St. Louis, Mo., in 1857, then to the farm where Captain McClure died.

When the war came on in 1861, young McClure was among the first to go out for the South and among the last to return home. He enlisted under Gen. Sterling Price and served with distinction throughout the conflict, participating in the battles of Wilson's Creek, Dry Wood, Lexington, Prairie Grove, Mansfield, and Perkins's Ferry. At the close of war he surrendered at Baton Rouge, La., as captain of Company E, 8th Missouri Infantry.

Returning to the home in Missouri, he engaged in farming, and so continued. He had lived in Phelps County for sixty-six years. He served two terms as collector of revenue of the county, and on several occasions was a delegate for the county in the Democratic State conventions.

Captain McClure was married to Miss Jessie Herrington, of St. Louis County, Mo., in December, 1889, and of their five children, he is survived by two sons and two daughters. He was of the Old School Presbyterian faith, and his Christian thought was to do all the good possible while in this life, hospitable in his home and charitable to all in need. Two brothers are left of the large family. He was buried at Lake Springs Cemetery, after funeral services, "under the shade of the trees" in the yard of the Methodist church, in the presence of many friends and relatives.

DR. JAMES L. NAPIER.

Dr. James L. Napier died at his home in Blenheim, S. C., on May 13, 1924, in his eightieth year. He entered the Confederate service at the age of sixteen years, serving with the Pee Dee Light Artillery, Pegram's Battalion, Jackson's Corps, through the entire war.

After returning home, he entered college and graduated in medicine, ranking high in the profession in South Carolina. This Christian physician occupied a place in the hearts of the people whom he served that was only exceeded by his devotion to them. During his illness, hundreds visited his home and offered their services, so great and so sincere was their love for this "beloved physician."

Dr. Napier was chairman of the board of examiners of the South Carolina State Medical Association. During his long life of service he had contributed greatly to the cause of medicine and was most highly regarded by all of his brothers in the profession. Hundreds attended the funeral. The casket was draped with the Confederate flag, and memorial wreath, tied with red and white ribbons, was placed on the casket by a special committee from the U. D. C.

Dr. Napier's wife, who was Miss Donaldson, of Blenheim, died some years ago, and five sons and two daughters survive him.

[Mattie M. Brunson, Historian Maxey Gregg Chapter, U. D. C., Florence, S. C.]

A CORRECTION.—In the sketch of John M. Coleman, appearing in the VETERAN for December, it was stated that he was a prisoner at Camp Chase, when it should have been Camp Douglas. He was a member of the George B. Eastin Camp No. 803 U. C. V., of Louisville, Ky.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

MRS. J. T. BEAL, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

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

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Place

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North K Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: In order to secure the maximum result from the efforts we make, it is necessary that our work be directed through organized channels by means of the properly organized committees.

The President General has made more than four hundred committee appointments during the past few weeks a task which has consumed a vast amount of time and thought; and although "laborious and wearisome it is; vividly interesting it is; heart-warming it is," it is a task which carries with it a deep sense of the responsibility attached. The President General has tried to select for these committees women of sincere purpose, whose enthusiastic and earnest work will accomplish splendid results.

With every committee charged with tasks of such vital importance, I wish I could write here at length of its hopes and expectations, but each general chairman will doubtless send out letters at the earliest possible time outlining the work of her committee. Remember, the acceptance of an appointment on a committee should always mean acceptance of the responsibility to work.

The new committees authorized by unanimous consent at the thirty-first annual convention are as follows:

1. To advance the name of Matthew Fontaine Maury for the Hall of Fame of New York University.

Every five years a board of electors from all sections of the country selects the names of distinguished Americans for the Hall of Fame of New York University. The nomination list was opened to the public on February 1, 1925. Names may be submitted until March 15, 1925. A committee, of which Mrs. Alfred W. Cochran, 101 West Eighty-Fifth Street, New York City, is chairman, will represent the United Daughters of the Confederacy in presenting the name of the "Pathfinder of the Seas" for this honor.

2. Designer of the Flag, the "Stars and Bars."

The following motion was unanimously carried at the recent convention: "That a committee of seven, of which the Historian General, Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, Charleston, S. C., should be chairman, be appointed by the President General to investigate the question of who designed the flag, 'Stars and Bars,' and report to the next convention."

3. Memorial Approach to Arlington.

Since the Memorial Bridge over the Potomac River at Washington will connect the National Memorial Cemetery with the capital city, and since the approach to the mansion will be a part of the memorial plan, the President General was empowered to appoint a committee to represent the United Daughters of the Confederacy in an effort to direct the nature of this Memorial Approach to Arlington. Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney has been named chairman of this committee.

4. Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation.

This committee was authorized to coöperate with the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association in the celebration of the one-hundred fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and to contribute \$1,000 toward the purchase of Monticello, the old Jefferson home. Members of this committee are Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, New York City, chairman; Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Richmond; and Mrs. Bennett I. Bell, Nashville, Tenn.

5. Woodrow Wilson Memorial Scholarship.

Mrs. T. T. Stevens, 620 West Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga., General Chairman of Education, is chairman of this special committee to establish this scholarship for law students at the University of Virginia. An endowment fund is to be created, amounting to \$12,000, by contributions from each Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, by Chapters where there are no Divisions, and by individuals. This fund is to be the nucleus from which, it is hoped, to create an endowment for a chair for the study of International Law in the University.

6. Historical Foundation Fund.

Recognizing that the work of the History Department, in perpetuating and preserving the true history of the South, is one of the most vital undertakings of our organization, the Historian General, in her report at the recent convention, recommended that we raise a fund of \$30,000, to be known as the Historical Foundation Fund of the U. D. C. The purpose of this will be to make a concentrated effort to get the truth of our history before the world; and the first work to be done will be that of producing and having shown a motion picture embodying the history of the South. The fund is to be raised by voluntary contributions from Divisions, Chapters, and individuals. The History Department has, in the past, had practically no funds for the carrying on of this work. The committee to take charge of this fund and direct its use will be composed of the Historian General, Mrs. Lawton, as chairman, and the Division Historians as members of the committee.

7. Committee to secure subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

A resolution was adopted at Savannah, directing that a committee be appointed, with the Editor of the U. D. C. Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as chairman, to solicit subscriptions for this, our official publication. It is the hope of the President General that each Division Director will organize a systematic campaign to increase the circulation of this magazine. Mrs. R. D. Wright, of Newberry, S. C., is chairman of this committee.

8. Prize Committee on the Permanent Fund of the Mrs.

Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women.

Mrs. J. P. Higgins, the Treasurer General, has offered a prize of \$25 to the person submitting the best plan for the creation of a permanent fund for this relief work. Mrs. R. H. Chessley, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass., is chairman of the committee in charge.

A check for \$10,000 has been received, the Treasurer General announces, through the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter and the New York Division, as coming from Mr. Bernard Baruch, of New York. Mr. Baruch gives this money as a memorial to his mother, who was an enthusiastic member of our organization, to be used for the endowment fund of the university prize committee, known as the Mrs. Simon Baruch prize.

It was decided at the Washington convention to raise an endowment fund of \$10,000, which would enable the organization to offer a biennial prize of \$1,000, to stimulate research work in Southern history among students attending Northern Universities.

Mr. Baruch's splendid contribution will enable the committee to announce shortly terms and details for the first competition.

The President General, in behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, expresses to Mr. Baruch sincere appreciation for this great gift, and trusts that he will ever regard this fund as a most fitting tribute to the memory of his beloved mother.

On January 28, the President General attended the Executive Board meeting of the Georgia Division, held in Macon. Splendid reports of the activities of the one hundred and twenty-seven Georgia Chapters were read at the session, and, judging from these reports, it is evident that the Georgia Division is making every effort to meet the work of the general organization with one hundred per cent efficiency.

One of the most important decisions made at this meeting was the selection of a subject for the annual historical essay contest for 1925. The Georgia Division offers a State medal for this annual contest, in which approximately 13,000 children compete every year. The subject selected for 1925 is "The Southern Cross of Honor and the Cross of Service." This subject seems peculiarly fitting, in that it combines the story of the beloved Cross of Honor of the heroes of the sixties with the coveted Cross of Service of the late World War.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga., Historian for Life of the Georgia Division, has written a pamphlet especially adapted for this contest, entitled "The History of the Cross of Honor for the Heroes of the War between the States and the History of the Cross of Service for the Heroes of the War between Nations." This pamphlet contains valuable information and will be of interest to members in each Chapter in our Association.

In her report at the Savannah convention, the President General, speaking of the importance of each member wearing our official badge, said:

"For official or formal occasions, the insignia of the association should be suspended from, or worn upon, a red white and blue ribbon, to give it the dignity to which it is entitled and to prevent its being used as a brooch."

The Second Vice President General, who has charge of the sale of these pins, states that so many inquiries have reached her asking for information regarding changing the brooches that she has asked that the following information be given all members:

"Members of the organization having the brooch badge

(the one unattached to either gold bar or with the red, white, and red ribbon) may have their badges converted into either of the two mentioned at the following prices:

"Converting the brooch into the one with gold bar, attached with two small gold links, \$1.25.

"Converting the brooch into the official ribbon badge, \$3.50. Badges, with check for alterations, should be sent to the Second Vice President General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Box 26, Chatham, Va. Please inclose fifteen cents additional for registration.

"Ribbon for replacing that used on badge may be secured from Mrs. Merchant at a cost of ten cents for ribbon for one badge."

The President General records with deep sorrow the death of General Osborne, father of Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Louisville, Ky. General Osborne died in Belton, Tex., February 16, 1925. The sympathy of the entire membership of the United Daughters of the Confederacy goes out to Mrs. Woodbury in her bereavement.

Hoping that the tie of friendship and unity in our organization may grow steadily stronger and more enduring, I am
Faithfully yours, ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas.—Mrs. Stillwell, of Little Rock, writes that at the recent Division convention the manuscript for the "History of Arkansas's Part in the War between the States," written by Professor Thomas, of the State University, was submitted to the committee for approval.

Also, Arkansas's Scholarship Law Fund has grown in four years from \$285 to \$3,633, most of this being loaned and doing wonderful work.

* * *

From Georgia comes an interesting account of the mid-winter meeting of the Executive Board, held January 24, at the Hotel Dempsey in Macon. The morning session was occupied with reports from the various officers, the President, Mrs. Walter Grace, Sr., leading with a résumé of the work for the past year and with an outline of the plans for the coming year. Noticeable among the many matters reported was the announcement by Mrs. Oscar McKensie that the Division Yearbook, which will appear shortly, will be published absolutely without cost to the Division; the statement by the treasurer, Mrs. Charles Tillman, of \$989.17 on hand for the Stone Mountain Fund, and a balance in the treasury of \$872.83; the report by Miss Alice Baxter showing \$2,000 on hand, of the \$10,000 to be raised as a loan scholarship fund, known as the World War Memorial Endowment Fund, the amount in hand already functioning. Featuring the afternoon session was the speech of the President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, who reviewed the work of the organization for the past year and told of some recent developments. Between the sessions, the members were entertained at a beautiful luncheon by the Sidney Lanier Chapter in the Rainbow Room of the hotel. The colors of the Confederacy were carried out in every detail of the decorations. The place cards bore the picture of the birthplace of Sidney Lanier, and copies of Mrs. W. D. Lamar's book, "Lanier, the Musician," were given as souvenirs.

* * *

Mrs. W. T. Fowler, of Frankfort, sends in detail a description of the observance of General Lee's birthday at Lexington, Louisville, and Frankfort, Ky. Twenty-eight veterans were guests of the Lexington Chapter in the Palm Room of the Phoenix Hotel, other guests bringing the number to

more than one hundred. A delightful program of music and speeches followed the luncheon. The A. S. Johnston Chapter, of Louisville, had as guests at dinner at the Watterson Hotel the veterans from the George V. Eastin Camp and from the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, prominent among these being William L. Harrison, eighty-two of the 39th Virginia Cavalry, and George A. Boaze, of the 53rd North Carolina Cavalry, both of whom were heard on the interesting program arranged by the Daughters. The Frankfort Chapter enjoyed a midday luncheon at the New Capitol Hotel on the 19th, combining in its program tributes to Lee and to Jackson. At a recent meeting of this Chapter, Miss Fogg gave "A Review of the History of the United States by Matthew Page Andrews," a paper that received honorable mention in the general U. D. C. contest. Mary Prince Fowler, C. of C., read "Answers to Historical Questions," which was also entered in the general U. D. C. contest.

* * *

The birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee was fittingly celebrated on January 19, at 8 o'clock, in the Memorial Hall of New Orleans, with the bestowal of Crosses of Honor. New Orleans Chapter No. 72, was the hostess Chapter, assisted by other local Chapters, Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Chairman of Crosses of Honor, presiding at the meeting. Mrs. Florence Tompkins, President of Louisiana Division, spoke on Robert E. Lee. Other interesting numbers followed, after which the Crosses of Honor were bestowed.

The birthday of Gen. Stonewall Jackson was celebrated on January 21, at the Confederate Home by the Stonewall Jackson Chapter. Mrs. Florence Tompkins told of the life of Stonewall Jackson, and, after a short musical program, the members of the Chapter brought to each inmate of the Home fruit, cake, candy, and soft drinks.

* * *

In the notes from Maryland for January, we credited Mrs. Preston Power with being Director for the VETERAN for that Division. Mrs. Power is Director in the Baltimore Chapter, Mrs. Anna Floyd, of Frederick, being the Division Director.

* * *

The W. D. Holder Chapter, of Jackson, Miss., entertained the Confederate veterans, their wives, members of the Chapter, and other guests at a Lee-Jackson memorial meeting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Lampton on January 19. The main feature of the enjoyable program was an address by Dr. E. K. Means, a loyal Kentuckian, now pastor of Galloway Memorial Church. During the social hour that followed, delicious refreshments were served by the hostesses.

* * *

Mrs. McMahan, of Blackwater, writes that the Missouri Division is striving for new members and working very hard for the relief and educational funds. The Division has pledged \$1,000 for Stone Mountain, and \$200 for the Woodrow Wilson Endowment Fund. With impressive exercises the Brown Rivis Chapter, of Richmond, presented recently fourteen Crosses of Service. The five Chapters of Kansas City held their annual breakfast in Muehlebach Hotel, January 19, complimentary to the U. C. V., in honor of General Lee's birthday anniversary. The Blackwater Chapter has a unique feature in its observance of the day: Each guest takes a gift, and these are afterwards sold at a bazaar. The Margaret McLure Chapter, of St. Louis, held its annual ball February 13, at the Chase Hotel, the proceeds from which go to its educational work.

Mrs. L. G. Rice, Cincinnati, is welcomed as Publicity Chairman from the Ohio Division, and tells us of how two Chapters observed January 19. "Not sectional loyalty, but allegiance to country" was the keynote of President R. E. Vinson's (past President of the University of Texas) address before the Alexander Stephens Chapter at their annual Lee's birthday dinner at Park Lane Villa. A luncheon of sixty covers was presided over by Mrs. Maxwell Berry, the Chapter President, the President and the Secretary of the Division, Mrs. A. S. Porter and Mrs. Charles Owen, being among the guests. The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter held its exercises at the home of Mrs. J. B. Doan. An especial feature of this delightful meeting was a paper, "Personal Recollections of Gen. R. E. Lee," written by Miss Christine Bond, of Baltimore, who knew the General intimately and who describes the social life of White Sulphur Springs, Richmond, and Lexington preceding, during, and after the war, when General Lee was the prevailing spirit. Tenderly and clearly were all the details given by this sweet Southern woman, now eighty years old. The paper was read by her cousin, Prof. Beverly Bond, of the University of Cincinnati. The music for this anniversary in Ohio consisted of Southern songs by two students from the Conservatory of Music, Grace Thomas, Selma, Ala., and Margaret Reddick, Paducah, Ky., with a banjo accompaniment composed by Miss Reddick's brother.

The members of the A. S. Johnston Chapter are so vitally interested in the future conservation of all "Christmas greens" that they have pledged themselves not to use any "living green."

* * *

Mrs. Fraley, of Hampton, sends us some notes this month from the Virginia Division. When Chapters hold their Lee birthday meetings in schools, the Chapter usually arranges and presents the program. At Jarrett this order was reversed this year, the Chapter being entertained with a program rendered by the children, consisting of Southern songs rendered in chorus, and papers, very comprehensive in their scope, read by the older students. The Chapter gave evidence of its appreciation by presenting the book, "Southern Capitals," to the school. The Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, of the Virginia Division, but located in Philadelphia, held its usual annual meeting on Lee's birthday at the home of the First Vice President, Mrs. Dicer. After the business session, a delightful luncheon was enjoyed, the feature of the table decoration being a beautiful birthday cake in white and red. This Chapter is interested especially in educational work, and entertainments have been given during the year, the proceeds from which are used for this purpose.

* * *

Mrs. Farley, of Saluda, writes that a number of Chapters of the South Carolina Division bought health bonds during the campaign of the Tuberculosis Association at Christmas time.

The Wade Hampton Chapter, of Columbia, has sent to Chapters all over the country copies of the two pamphlets recently published by them: the "South Carolina Relic Room," and "The Burning of Columbia."

Probably the most conspicuous work of this Chapter is their constant attention to the Confederate veterans at the Home in Columbia. On the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, a dinner was given to these veterans and the girls of the sixties, with appropriate memorial exercises. The John McKellar Reynolds Chapter, of Greenwood, held a very impressive memorial service at the First Baptist Church on January 19. Douglas Featherstone, World War veteran,

made the address; and Service Crosses were awarded. Mention was made of the passing away of ten Confederate veterans and seven widows of veterans, and a white carnation was placed in the wreath as the name of each was read. A turkey dinner was served to the veterans, their wives, and to the widows of veterans.

The Hampton-Lee Chapter, of Greer, has organized a choir of thirty-two voices; has presented to the Taylor High School a steel engraving of General Lee, and voted to send relics to the South Carolina Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

Other Chapters presenting Service Crosses on January 19 were the St. Matthews Chapter and the Charleston Chapter.

The South Carolina Yearbook for 1925, compiled by the historical committee, Mrs. J. F. Walker, chairman, has just been issued. This little book is a treasure house of information, the value of which cannot be estimated to the Chapters of the South Carolina Division.

* * *

Mrs. Robert W. Brown, Honorary President, reports that the Rosalie Brown Chapter, of Erwin, Tenn., on February 10, presented to the Unicoi County High School a set of "The South in the Building of the Nation," a valuable addition to the school library. Mrs. R. M. Fortune, Chapter Historian, made a brief but impressive presentation speech. In accepting the books, Professor Vance mentioned that our public libraries are lacking in Southern history, and that little is known of the part the South had in the making of our great republic.

* * *

Mrs. J. Harvie Dew, President of the New York Division, calls attention to two errors in report for that Division in the January VETERAN, as follows: The amount to the credit of the educational committee is \$16,000 instead of \$1,600; and a Cross of Service was presented by the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter to Col. Hugh Thompson, son of the late Governor Hugh Thompson, of South Carolina, and not to the Chapter as stated. [The omission of a line in copying notes for the printer throws the blame for this on the VETERAN.]

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORDS: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

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

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

April.

Sherman in the West and South.

Joseph E. Johnston—Leonidas Polk.

Johnston displaced by Gen. John B. Hood.

Atlanta captured.

Nashville taken, December 15, 16, 1864.

Gen. Lee restores Johnston to command of Southern forces.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CONFEDERATE CALVALRY.

April.

General John McCausland and T. T. Munford.

GENERAL LEE'S ANNIVERSARY IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY MRS. FANNIE MONCURE MARBURG, PHILADELPHIA.

Perhaps readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will be interested in a brief account of the celebration by the Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C., of the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Paying homage to General Lee on January 19 is so universal among the Daughters throughout the South that space could not be spared for all, but we hope for unusual warmth of attention because we are so far from home, domiciled in this State of Quaker Penn., and in a city so reminiscent of the great Benjamin Franklin. Not that we are unhappy exiles; for various reasons, we have wandered north of Mason and Dixon's Line, many for quite romantic ones. In fact, a charming Philadelphia Quaker lady once observed that our membership reminded her of the Sabine women, who had been stolen by the Roman soldiers, since nearly all of us were here by right of having been captured by Yankee husbands. We feel, however, that in this beautiful, even if now frozen, Keystone State, we occupy, in a very small way, a keystone position with our love and loyalty and understanding of both sections.

The meeting of the Philadelphia Chapter on the 19th of January, this year, took the form of a reception and luncheon held in the Rose Garden of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. Every Southerner had a thrill on entering the room, for Mrs. Edward W. Beach and her entertainment committee had decorated the tables most gracefully with gray moss and pine cones, and at every place was a circular red card with the dear familiar cotton just ready to be picked.

Mrs. John W. Goodwin, the President, received the guests, and presided most graciously over the program that followed the luncheon. Our own Chapter Chaplain, Rev. Crosswell MacBee, pronounced the invocation. We were favored in having as our guest of honor Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, ex-President General, who, in her charming style, paid a glowing tribute to the fame of our Lee in other lands. She described her experiences in presenting two busts of General Lee, one at Sandhurst, England, and the other at St. Cyr, France, and the appreciation of Lee as man and soldier so characteristically expressed by the representatives of each nation. A Chapter member, Mrs. Louis Lewis, made an inspiring talk on passing on the torch of our Southern ideals, as epitomized in Lee, to those who are to follow. Another of our own, Mrs. Leo Nelson Sharpe, sang several delightful selections. It was discovered during the program that we had a Confederate veteran among our guests, Capt. Frank W. Nelson, from the R. E. Lee Camp, Virginia. He was immediately introduced and welcomed right royally. He told of some of his experiences in Pickett's Division, 56th Virginia Regiment.

One of the most stirring and appealing features of the exercises was the bestowal of eleven Crosses of Service on descendants of Confederate veterans who had served in the World War. Most of these were sons of members of the Chapter. One proud and muchly-to-be envied mother, Mrs. W. K. Beard, had three sons decorated, and all of them were volunteers. The Crosses were bestowed by Mrs. Philip H. P. Lane, who did valiant service here during the war as State Director of War Work. She has since become Director of War Records, and is so vigilant in the service that she captured the twenty-five-dollar award given by Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, La., for the greatest number of Crosses given in proportion to the Daughters of the Confederacy in a single State. Mrs. Lane spoke feelingly in presenting the Crosses.

(Concluded on page 117.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeanne D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard Memphis, Tenn.

ANNUAL CONVENTION AND MEMORIAL DAY.

My Dear Coworkers: The date for the reunion of our noble leaders, the United Confederate Veterans, has been set for May 19-22, and as our C. S. M. A. convention meets, according to our constitution, "at the same time and place," you are given time in which to make your plans and, I hope, to prepare for a large delegation to Dallas. Special railroad rates will be given as usual, and that alone should insure a large attendance. Let us have the *best* reports ever, and prove to the world that we are not an organization in name only, but that we are alive to the purpose and plans left in our hands by our mothers.

How many associations have really active historians? May I not urge that each association send *before* Memorial Day any historical data that can be gathered to Miss Rutherford, our Historian General, at Athens, Ga.? Do send something, if only a few lines, that will prove that you have a *live* interest in perpetuating the true history of the South.

Faithfully yours, MRS. A. McD. WILSON.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

THE LADIES' HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Ladies' Hollywood Memorial Association, of Richmond, Va., following a custom of sixty years, observed the anniversary of Gen. R. E. Lee's birth. According to our constitution, January 19 is one of our regular meetings, and the association feels that it has honored itself by honoring our Southern chieftain. The meeting was well attended, and the members each pledged to try to bring in a new member this year.

Has it ever occurred to you what a wonderful organization we could make if every member, or a majority, would try to get a new member each year? Every day, somewhere, there is a vacancy. The vacant chairs and the broken ranks must be filled. May I ask the coöperation of the Memorial Associations throughout the grand old State to begin now and try to build up their association, and make this year the greatest in our history? Let us make this effort and show that we are true, loyal daughters of those splendid women who, by their fortitude and patience in most trying times, began this noble work, and are leaving it to us as a gracious and precious legacy.

The Hollywood Memorial Association was also well represented at the service on Sunday night, January 18, under the auspices of R. E. Lee Camp C. V., at Monument Meth-

odist Church, where Rev. George Booker, in a scholarly manner, spoke on the "Character of Lee."

MRS. B. A. BLENNER,

*Corresponding Secretary Hollywood Memorial Association,
State President C. S. M. A. of Virginia.*

THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL LITERARY SOCIETY.

Mrs. Blenner also reports: "At a meeting of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, in January, the report of the House Regent, Miss Susie Harrison, showed that more than ten thousand people had visited the Confederate Museum in 1924, an increase of more than seven hundred over the previous year. The report shows that there were 9,120 pay visitors during the year, of which 4,666 were Northern, or foreign; 900 school children were admitted free; 200 delegates to the American Historical Association in December; 109 visitors on birthdays of General Lee and President Davis; 75 teachers, attending the Virginia Educational Association. The delegates to the American Historical Association were most complimentary on our wonderful collection, and many came back for the second and third time.

"The report of the Vice Regent of the Virginia Room, Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, shows that Virginia has been most generous in giving into our keeping the war memorials her people laid away in the sixties. I wish I could mention them all, but one of the most important was the original appointment by L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, dated August 31, 1861, and addressed to Gen. Robert E. Lee, Staunton, Va., notifying him of his appointment as General of the Confederate States of America, with consent of Congress. This document was found among the papers of L. H. Chandler, United States District Attorney of Virginia after the war. The letter was found by his granddaughter, Mrs. Emma Goldthwaite of Melrose, Mass., and was presented by her."

RETURN OF A CONFEDERATE FLAG.

The Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association of Memphis, Tenn., held a meeting in Confederate Hall, February 4. The President, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, called the meeting to order and the Chaplain of the Association, Mrs. Bettie Gray, offered a beautiful and appropriate prayer. After the reading of the minutes, business was taken up. There was much interest in the Judah P. Benjamin Memorial Association, and the corresponding secretary was requested to write for further details of the purchase of Belle Chasse. Interesting letters were read from other memorial associations. The

secretary was requested to write messages of love to veterans and members who were ill.

The members of this association have been especially fortunate in the recovery of valuable documents and relics. Always essential; the importance of this work has increased as the years go by. A valued recovery was that of a Confederate regimental flag returned by a Union man through our Vice President General, Mrs. C. B. Bryan. The history and disposition of this relic will be given in the next issue of the VETERAN. Such instances of nobility and generosity which prompts the recognition of the sincerity and loyalty of the South makes the childish mouthings of a Commander Saltzberger seem beneath the notice of thinking people. The magnificent response of the South in every national exigency since the war has awakened consciousness to her justification.

AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

Many, many persons prominent in social and club circles were interested in the benefit card party given by the Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association, C. S. M. A., on January 30, in the Lee House at Fifteenth and L Streets. Those serving on committees with the President, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Fred, were: Mrs. Jessie Lee Webb, Mrs. Frank Morrison, Mrs. Harvey Ball, Mrs. Henry G. Clay, Mrs. John E. Fowler, Mrs. Nelson Page Webster, Mrs. Claes Hallencreutz, Mrs. Forrest Vrooman, and Mrs. Edward E. Britton. The party was a delightful affair and a handsome sum was realized. If a series of such entertainments were undertaken by our other C. S. M. A., there would soon be an amount in our treasury sufficient to accomplish some of the things for which we have been striving, and we would show that we are alive and what we have done in the past. We can do even better to-day. The spring is here, and what more propitious time to begin, when new interest is awakening everywhere.

OUR GOLD BAR MOTHERS.

We are anxiously awaiting news items from our Gold Bar Mothers. We must make special effort to locate them and pay them this honor while they are still with us. Any mother with a living son who fought for the Confederacy is eligible for the presentation of a gold bar. Mrs. Ernest Walworth, Chairman for the Gold Bar Mothers, earnestly requests that all Confederated Southern Memorial Association members inquire of the ministers in their cities and in neighboring cities if there are any such mothers in their flocks. Mrs. Walworth's address is 1918 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

THE LINCOLN ANNIVERSARY.

Robert Woodward Barnwell (one of the "Sons") in the Florence (Ala.) Times, gives a timely presentation of the present-day Lincoln worship in the following:

"A propaganda is going on, and it is greatly overdone. It is one thing to demand of the South fair treatment for the memory of a man, even though it suffered so cruelly at his hands, and quite another to ask them to take him to their hearts as one of their best-beloved heroes.

"No one wants to hinder the healing of old wounds. No one wants to play the rôle of 'Devil's Advocate,' and rake up all that could be said against a man's life and character. Mr. Lincoln was born in the South of Southern parents and forefathers, how then could we possibly be whole-hearted in trying to keep him back from the plaudits of the North? But our ideals are wholly different. Yea! verily. If we take

a type like Lee or Davis or Hampton, we cannot turn without a wrench to even the excellencies of a type so wholly different. It is not that we feel hostile to the Northern type (though in truth we do), but that confessedly Mr. Lincoln was of still another and different type altogether.

"Some of us have been readers all our lives. Some of us have been vastly absorbed by the interest of that frightful war of the sixties. Every one of these readers know that whatever 'Life of Lincoln' be followed, he stands forth in its pages as a man *sui generis*—an abnormal type. Let it be called genius, but grant one must that there was a chasm.

"Now, Mr. Davis embodied in splendid illustration the Southern ideals. General Lee even advanced our ideals, but in line. We understand (in meekness) both. No one ever understood Mr. Lincoln. How near he came to being hissed off the stage is proverbial. Success may consecrate his type, but if we try to follow, where will we be?

"Our heroes are untouched by defeat. If a man like Mr. Lincoln meets failure, his abnormality at once delivers him over to the sneerers.

"Now look at this contrast. The policies of the North were crooked as a ram's horn, forever based on differing principles. Storm winds just blew them around. If ours could have been charged with obstinacy, yet were they true to their pole even as the compass is true. Who guided the ships? A great joker, a most melancholy man, a man of absolute self-confidence guided the first, amid the bewilderment of all his crew. A calm reasoner from premises as old as government, the other.

"All right! Ye new teachers of the South, flash out! Let your sympathies for a poor boy's struggles lead you. Let your admiration for a wonderful wrestler, never whipped till both shoulders are on the mat, carry you along; but as for me and my house, God help us, we abide. Peace to Mr. Lincoln's ashes! And for the manacled prisoner, the homage of the instruction of our children in his character and principles."

RELICS FOR CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.

The recent acquisition of two interesting and valuable war relics by the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., has been announced. They are:

A letter from Commander John L. Porter, of Portsmouth, designer of the Merrimac, written November 4, 1861, concerning the construction of that vessel; and the only portrait of Jefferson Davis made from life.

Commander Porter's letter was written to Rev. J. S. Moore, of Cahaba, Ala., and contains two drawings, showing the construction of the Merrimac, or Virginia, as well as the following interesting reference to it:

"I have converted the Merrimac into a floating battery, and she is said to be the eighth wonder of the world. No nation has ever attempted anything of the kind on so large a scale. She is all done to putting on the iron, which we are now at work on."

The letter was presented to the Museum by Miss Martha B. Porter, of Portsmouth, granddaughter of Commander Porter. It will be placed in the Virginia Room.

The Jefferson Davis portrait is the work of J. A. Elder, of Richmond, and was painted after the war at the Davis home at Beauvoir, Miss. It shows Mr. Davis as an old man, with snowy hair and beard. His face bears traces of the suffering he endured while a prisoner at Fortress Monroe. This portrait now hangs in the Mississippi Room.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS

D. S. ETHERIDGE, Chattanooga, Tenn.....*Commander in Chief*
WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va.....*Adjutant in Chief*
ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va.....*Historian in Chief*
GEORGE A. MACON, Memphis, Tenn.....*Quartermaster in Chief*
JAMES S. DAVENPORT, Vinita, Okla.....*Judge Advocate in Chief*
JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo, Miss.....*Inspector in Chief*
JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee, Fla.....*Commissary in Chief*
DR. WILLIAM F. HUBBERT, Dallas, Tex.....*Surgeon in Chief*
REV. B. A. OWENS, Lathrop, Mo.....*Chaplain in Chief*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

D. S. ETHERIDGE, *Chairman*.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
N. B. FORREST.....Atlanta, Ga.
DR. W. C. GALLOWAY.....Wilmington, N. C.
LUCIUS L. MOSS.....Lake Charles, La.
JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY.....Wichita Falls, Tex.
JESSE ANTHONY.....Washington, D. C.
L. A. MORTON.....Duncan, Okla.



DIVISION COMMANDERS

ALABAMA—Fort Payne.....Dr. W. E. Quinn
ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....E. R. Wiles
D. C. and MARYLAND—Washington.....John A. Chumbley
EASTERN DIVISION—New York.....Silas W. Fry
FLORIDA—Tampa.....S. L. Lowry
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....John Ashley Jones
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Malcolm H. Crump
LOUISIANA—Baton Rouge.....J. St. Clair Favrot
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Charles A. Moreno
MISSISSIPPI—Oxford.....Judge T. C. Kimbrough
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....C. M. Brown
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....J. E. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Newberry.....John M. Kinard
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....J. L. Highsaw
TEXAS—Austin.....Lon A. Smith
VIRGINIA—Montvale.....R. A. Gilliam
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

FUTURE OF THE S. C. V. AND THE PRESENT.

THAT SYMPOSIUM!

The queries addressed to the members of the Executive Council have brought replies from the Commander in Chief and from Dr. Galloway, Commander Army Northern Virginia Department. Commander in Chief Etheridge writes:

"You requested that I write a short article on 'The Future of the S. C. V.' that you might have by the tenth of this month. Realizing that it is now too late to give you anything for this paper, at the same time I will, herewith, give you my views on the subject that you may use at any time you see fit or in any way you see fit.

"I not only believe that the Sons of Confederate Veterans should be continued in the future as an organization, but I believe it should be strengthened and made a potential agency in the social and civic life in every Southern community. This cannot be accomplished by any lackadaisical policy of merely sustaining a name, but a way should be found for arousing the patriotic and filial sentiment of the younger generations in the South and at the same time furnish such interest in the activities of the association as will make its membership attractive and aggressive. If the organization is to remain as it is, only to be seen, heard, and felt at 'reunion times,' then there is no need of further elaboration of its activities—or further attempt to extend its influence, for it will not be very long now until 'reunion' days will be over, because the 'fathers' are rapidly passing, so that in a few years there will be none to 'people a reunion session'; but if it is to become a potential factor in directing the thought of future generations in this section and in perpetuating the names and achievements of the 'fathers' who won immortal fame and glory by engaging in an honorable and patriotic enterprise in behalf of liberty, justice, and the ennobling of the American experience in government, among the glories and distinction of American soldiery, it ought to consider and devise a more effective and more responsible organization than it now is. It is a very inviting course and one that no other may preëempt. The only question is whether there is sufficient virility, sufficient will, and sufficient incentive remaining in the hearts and minds of the young men of the South to pursue it.

"Regreting exceedingly my inability to reply to your communication sooner, and assuring you of my hearty coöperation at all times in matters pertaining to the Sons of Confederate Veterans, I am

"Cordially and sincerely yours, D. S. ETHERIDGE,
Commander in Chief, S. C. V."

Dr. Galloway writes: "The S. C. V. should be made perpetual. And answering the question, 'Shall the S. C. V. take its place among the leaders of Southern patriotic and benevolent confederations in educational, commemorative, and historical work?' I reply by all means, yes; and a vigorous, virile, competent committee should be selected to consummate the desired ends. To your question, 'Do you suggest or approve any decided change in the present policy of the S. C. V.?' I reply that there should be enough change in the present policy to meet the answer to question answered above, with others to follow as conditions warrant."

To both these good comrades and efficient officials the Editor wishes to extend his sincere thanks for their replies, regretting that the failure of the other members addressed to reply should limit, to that extent, the value of this "round-table" talk which we had hoped to have.

HELP! HELLUP! AND HOLP!

The United States Mint has started coining the half dollars with Lee and Jackson upon them for the Stone Mountain Association. The Director of the Mint writes us that the demand is so great and so many letters are being received concerning the issue that they have made public through the press the fact that these coins will be delivered to the Stone Mountain Association and be disposed of by them. The Association has announced that they will be distributed through the various national banks and that one dollar will be charged for each half dollar in the distribution of the first installment of the coins. This great interest is encouraging and inspiring. But what must it suggest to the vigilant treason hunters and sniffers of the Grand Army of the Republic. Boy, page Messrs. Suszgabber and Arsenburg, past and present Commanders in Chief of the G. A. R. and self-appointed keepers of "our-loyalty-on-straight." Tell them this dreadful tale and let them get busy. Treason is afoot!

DEPARTMENT NEWS AND GENERAL ORDERS.

Commander George W. Sidebottom, of the West Virginia Division, sends the following list of his staff and brigade officers:

DIVISION ORDER No. 1.

1. By virtue of my appointment as Division Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans for West Virginia, I have assumed command of all brigades and camps of the Confederation in this State.

2. I hereby announce the following appointments of my official staff and brigade commanders:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Dr. J. B. Taylor, Huntington.

Judge Advocate, T. W. Peyton, Huntington.
Inspector, G. N. Wilson, Elkins.
Surgeon, Dr. C. T. Taylor, Huntington.
Color Bearer, C. H. Ricketts, Huntington.
Historian, W. R. Burdette, Lewisburg.
Commissary, C. L. Haines, Charles Town.

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, A. S. Johnston, Union.
Second Brigade, A. D. Daly, Hinton.
Third Brigade, Braxton D. Gibson, Charles Town.

Headquarters Army of Tennessee Department sends the following:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPT.,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
LAKE CHARLES, LA., December 1, 1924.

GENERAL ORDER No. 1..

To be read before every Camp of the Army of Tennessee Department.

1. I hereby announce the appointment of the following comrades as members of my official staff. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly:

Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Charles H. Winterhalter, Lake Charles, La.

Department Quartermaster, J. Pink Cagle, Louisville, Miss.

Department Inspector, H. B. Richardson, New Orleans, La.

Department Commissary, J. J. Slappey, Roanoke, Ala.

Department Judge Advocate, George W. Silvertooth, Memphis Tenn.

Department Surgeon, Dr. William R. Dancy, Savannah, Ga.

Department Historian, J. Sutton Jones, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Department Chaplain, Dr. E. K. Means, Jackson, Miss.

Assistant Department Adjutants.

E. S. Burks, Newton, Miss.

W. D. Edwards, Monroe, La.

G. B. Pendley, 204 Cordy Street, Tampa, Fla.

W. S. Owen, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Assistant Department Quartermasters.

R. A. Bettis, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Fulton Bell, Leland, Miss.

J. D. Tillman, Jr., 1924 Thirty-Fourth Avenue, Meridian, Miss.

James M. Turner, Spring and Second, Atlanta, Ga.

Assistant Department Inspectors.

W. A. Nolen, 211 Market Street, Water Valley, Miss.

J. J. Goss, Rockmart, Ga.

S. A. Groves, Drawer F, Citra, Fla.

J. C. Tillman, Minden, La.

Assistant Department Commissaries.

Oswald Rodgers, Tallahassee, Fla.

G. H. Wallace, Kosciusko, Miss.

Arch Avery, Jr., 97 Oakdale Road, Atlanta, Ga.

James C. Harris, Sheffield, Ala.

Assistant Department Judges Advocate.

G. W. Ritter, Harrisburg, Miss..

A. M. Feltus, Natchez, Miss.

D. S. Sanford, Milledgeville, Ga.

Judge Bernard Harwood, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Assistant Department Historians.

Z. A. Brantley, Louisville, Miss.

Sam B. Boyd, 106 West Fifth Avenue, Knoxville, Tenn.

E. G. Thomas, 107 Woodlawn Avenue, Tampa, Fla.

Paul H. Leonard, Reidville, S. C.

Assistant Department Surgeons.

Dr. W. L. Moor, Tallahassee, Fla.

Dr. S. W. Johnston, Vicksburg, Miss.

Dr. W. M. Dunn, Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. G. L. Gardiner, Crowley, La.

Assistant Department Chaplains.

Rev. Wallace Cliff, Monroe, La.

Rev. H. J. Mikell, Atlanta, Ga.

Rev. George H. Stuart, Birmingham, Ala.

Rev. B. F. Wallace, Shreveport, La.

2. Staff officers are earnestly requested to assist Camp and Division officers in building up the organization in their respective localities. It is considered the paramount duty of staff officers to see that their local Camps are in good standing at general headquarters and to assist in organizing new Camps.

By order of:

LUCIUS L. MOSS,
Commander.

Official:

C. H. WINTERHALER,
Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

IN MEMORIAM.

Headquarters reports with deep regret the death of Col. Malcomb H. Crump, Commander Kentucky Division, S. C. V. Colonel Crump was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and was at one time Commander of the Third Kentucky Regiment, and during the Spanish War was on the staff of Colonel Castleman with rank of lieutenant colonel. He was noted as a geologist and was a member of the Royal Arts Society of Great Britain.

CAMPS AND MEMBERSHIP.

Number of Camps and Membership in each State as per 1924 rolls are shown below:

State.	Camps.	Membership.
Alabama.....	17	318
Arkansas.....	22	543
District of Columbia.....	1	78
Florida.....	9	291
Georgia.....	17	254
Headquarters.....	1	57
Kentucky.....	6	78
Louisiana.....	21	771
Mississippi.....	41	820
Missouri.....	4	150
New York.....	1	100
North Carolina.....	4	265
Oklahoma.....	8	231
South Carolina.....	6	113
Tennessee.....	7	944
Texas.....	27	544
Virginia.....	38	1,382
West Virginia.....	6	115

This shows a grouping of over half the total membership of the S. C. V. in the four States of Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Texas and Arkansas come next in order, and the balance of the States fall far behind. This

should be corrected. There was an increase of seventy per cent in membership in 1924 over the rolls of 1923, and if this continues we shall have a membership of about twelve thousand this year. But even at that, nonactive and uninterested members are of little use. They come and go, bloom forth at reunion times, pay dues when earnestly solicited, wobble around, and waver in and out. *One thousand* earnest, working, active men, associated together in the ranks of the S. C. V. could revolutionize interest in our history work and our real purposes. Any number of supine and nonactive members, uninspired by love of country and ignorant of the need of our confederation along historical and educational lines, are of no use whatever.

"A VOICE FROM THE TOMB."

Is what the Lynchburg *News* editor calls the eruption below which illumined the pages of the *News-Sentinel*, of Fort Wayne, Ind.? In speaking of the Stone Mountain enterprise and the sale of memorial half dollars to help finance this great work, this paper says: "There are to be three figures—Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson—three traitors whom it is now proposed to honor solely because they were leaders in an effort to blast this Union that human slavery might be perpetuated."

Is it not remarkable, even in the mongrel and largely foreign population of Indiana, that a member of what Mendenhall calls the "so-called human race" should be found at large thinking such thoughts and emitting such verdigrised sentiments? Truly, the Lynchburg *News* editor says: "The *News-Sentinel* is well named. It is news that anything like this could exist outside of a museum."

But this freak specimen of Indianan superloyalty goes further:

"In 1865 the Union army forgave the rebels, but they did not forgive the treason of Davis, Lee, and Jackson. Such treason cannot be honored in monuments of stone without dishonoring the men, living or dead, who fought to defend the Union against the assaults of the South. The Stone Mountain monument should not be permitted. Indeed, it ought now to be erased even if it is necessary to use siege guns!"

But there is more to come. This remarkable specimen of shrieking asininity emits this further bray, surely it is a gem. Speaking of the memorial half dollar, just to be issued, he says:

"As well strike off a special issue of half dollars bearing the helmeted faces of William Hohenzollern, Ludendorf, and Hindenburg! They, like Lee, Davis, and Jackson, were determinedly engaged in an effort to destroy the United States of America. If we honor one enemy, why not another? We agree with the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic in their petitions for the repeal of this special coin law."

The pitiful part is that this strange creature does not stand alone in his sentiments. There are a great many Northern people who hold these ideas, even if in slightly less jaundiced degree. The head officials of the G. A. R. have so expressed themselves, and we see evidences of it only too frequently in too many places. Only those strange people of beatific visions who make reunion speeches assert the disappearance of the bloody chasm and the total lack of ill feeling between the sections. In closing, we might ask the privilege of changing the title which the editor of the Lynchburg *News* placed over his comments anent the effusions of the Fort Wayne *News-Sentinel*. In view of the odor which surrounds this writing, and realizing that there is a dignity and calm about

the tomb, we should not associate it with any comment as to this *News-Sentinel* writer, but we should head our references, "A Voice from the Cesspools"!

FIRST CALL FOR THE REUNION.

Orders and communications from the various headquarters now specialize in reunion news and announcements. The place is Dallas, the time is May 19–22, inclusive. The S. C. V. opening night will be May 19 in accordance with our general custom. Headquarters for the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be the Adolphus Hotel—make a note of that. After a little while any communication in regard to reunion business addressed to Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Walter L. Hopkins, care Adolphus Hotel, Dallas, Tex., will have headquarters attention. Make a note of all this.

NEGROES NOT CITIZENS.

Nation-wide interest has been aroused by a suit, filed in the Federal District Court of New Orleans, which seeks to enjoin Walter E. Cohen, negro comptroller of customs of that port, from exercising the duties of his office. The suit attacks the validity of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution as applied to negroes, and the bill alleges that Cohen is not a citizen of this country, but is "a person of African blood and descent, and is inherently incapable of being a citizen of the United States."

H. Edwin Bolte, an attorney of Washington, D. C., in whose name the suit is brought, declares that the grounds upon which it is based have never been decided by the courts; that three-fourths of the States did not ratify the amendment, nor was it adopted by the required two-thirds of both houses of Congress; and he alleges that eleven States of the Union at the time of the adoption of the resolution culminating in the alleged Article XIV were unconstitutionally deprived of the equal suffrage in the Senate; that these States were by coercion forced to ratify it, and that Congress did, without power or authority, declare said amendment to the Constitution adopted as a part of the Constitution.

African slavery in the United States was an intolerable institution—but it is unquestionable that a serious error was committed when suffrage was conferred upon negroes. Without in any way disparaging the various good qualities of the colored people, they are fundamentally unfitted for citizenship in this country, where the insurmountable barrier of race forever prevents them from assimilating, and to which they were wrongfully imported in the first instance as slaves.

The true solution of the negro problem lies in rectifying the original mistake by returning the negroes to their homeland of Africa, with government protection and assistance, and encouraging them there to set up their own state and government, under whose ægis they can work out their own salvation and enjoy institutions fitted to their nature and present stage of development.—*American Standard*.

Referring to mention by Mr. Jennings, Editor of the S. C. V. Department, to three members of the organization who were subscribers to the *VETERAN*, George B. Bolling, Department Inspector, S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., says: "As I am one of the three subscribers, I would be glad to know who the other two are. I think we have about 40,000 Sons, and it is a pity that they are not represented by ten per cent, at least. When my subscription is out, you can renew it, and I hope I will always be *one* of the three."

GENERAL LEE'S ANNIVERSARY IN PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued from page 111).

First, she decorated Col. Cyrus S. Radford, then followed the son of our President, Private Hampton C. Goodwin; Lieut. Robert F. Beard, Ensign John Beard, Private W. K. Beard, Jr., Lieut. W. K. Beard, II; Capt. Edward D. Harris, Lieut. Com. Maxwell Case, Lieut. Edgar Marburg, Lieut. Donald F. Lippincott, and Master Gunner M. Graham Tull. Lieut. Robert F. Beard expressed the thanks and appreciation of our gallant soldiers and sailors. He said that he and his brothers, and perhaps most of the others, had been "raised by the Daughters of the Confederacy," and owed all they were to that environment and ancestry.

Every Daughter there, I believe, gazed through misty eyes on the heroes of the present and turned inward eyes to her page of treasured memories, then she realized the meaning of the inscription on the Cross of Service: "The brave give birth to the brave."

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND UNSUCCESSFUL BATTLE OF LEE AND GRANT.

In response to the request in February VETERAN for an opinion as to the "most successful and unsuccessful battle of Generals Grant and Lee," Sam H. Pollard, a veteran of nearly eighty years, living at University Station, Shawnee, Okla., sends the following:

"The battle of The Wilderness was the most successful that Lee ever fought, and the battle of The Wilderness was the most *unsuccessful* one that Grant ever fought. Grant marched out of Washington with an army of 125,000 men, fully equipped. A historian says: 'Grant had 125,000 men and a wagon train that reached sixty-five miles.' Lee had at that time 62,000 men.

"With that large army and the slogan, 'We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer,' Grant crossed the Rapidan River and marched on to give Lee battle. Lee did not wait for Grant, but went to meet him, and met him in The Wilderness, a vast forest full of underbush and with only narrow roads here and there. Grant did not know that Lee's men were so near, but when they rushed into those wilds and the fight began, he must give battle or retreat, so for two days this host of men, near 200,000, 'fought breast to breast in the thickets.' There 'men fell and died unseen, their bodies lost in the bushes and their death groans drowned in the roar of battle. In the midst of these horrors, the woods caught on fire, and many of the wounded were burned alive.'

"Lee pressed forward, and when night came he had taken a part of the Federal breastworks. On the morning of the 7th, Grant made no motion to attack Lee. That night he marched toward Spotsylvania Courthouse. Lee found out his plans, and when the front of Grant's army reached the Courthouse, they found Lee's army behind the breastworks. The evening of the 8th, the two great armies were facing each other on the banks of the Po River. For days Grant made many attacks, and 'On the morning of the 12th his men made an opening and poured in by thousands.' Lee's men rushed up and a terrible battle took place. 'The trenches ran with blood and the space was piled with dead bodies.' Grant held that position, but could not break through the second line.

"Grant had sent Phil Sheridan on a raid near Richmond. History says: 'When Grant reached Spotsylvania, he decided to send a corps of cavalry forward on a raid toward Richmond. This force was to cut Lee's communications, take Richmond, and be in a position to attack the rear of Lee's

army after Grant crushed him at Spotsylvania.' Gen. Fitz Lee, who saw them, says: 'Ten thousand horsemen riding in a single road, in column of fours, made a column thirteen miles in length, and with flashing sabers and fluttering guidons were an imposing army.'

"Grant moved to the rear and Lee moved to the North Anna River. While Grant was trying to flank Lee, Lee got to the old works at Cold Harbor. Grant made an attack at daylight, and his troops, sinking into a swamp, were killed by thousands, Lee lost but few men. A second assault was ordered, but the men would not move forward. Thirteen thousand of their comrades had been killed in less than half an hour; they could not stand the awful fire.

"On the night of June 12, Grant began to move his army south of James River, but 'Lee again stood in Grant's way to Richmond.' In the battles from The Wilderness to Cold Harbor, Grant had lost 60,000 men, while Lee's loss was 18,000 men.

"The victory of Lee at The Wilderness and the defeat of Grant decided for the time the fate of Richmond and prolonged the war eleven months and three days."

HELPING VETERANS IN THE WEST.

Thomas L. Johnson, Commander of the Department of Arizona Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, with headquarters at No. 11 West Adams Street, Phoenix, Ariz., makes inquiry for any surviving comrades of Capt. F. L. Warner, Company A, 1st Regiment of Heavy Artillery, C. S. A., who were with him on the steamer St. Louis from Memphis to Fort Harris, on the 12th of April, 1861. Captain Warner, now enfeebled by age and blindness, is anxious to hear from some of his old comrades.

Mr. Johnson adds: "It will be interesting to know that Maricopa Post. No. 720, Veterans of Foreign Wars, during the ceremonies of last Decoration Day, installed all Confederate and Union veterans of this city and vicinity as honorary members. It is our desire to 'carry on' and do everything possible for these comrades, who are growing old and passing away so rapidly."

OLDEST LIVING CHAPLAIN, C. S. A.

Referring to the publication made some months ago on the oldest living commissioned chaplain of the Confederate army, Dr. William Anderson, of Blacksburg, S. C., writes that Rev. John Huske Tillinghast, now rector emeritus of Zion Episcopal Church, Eastover, S. C., was chaplain of the 44th Regiment, North Carolina Troops, Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V., from April, 1862, to October, 1863. He was born in Fayetteville, N. C., and celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday on September 19, of last year, in good health and possessed of all his mental faculties. He served the St. John and Zion Episcopal Churches, of Richland County, continuously and actively for over forty-five years.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN THE FAR WEST.

From Commander O. C. Myers, of the John B. Gordon Camp, No. 1456 U. C. V., Seattle, Wash., comes the announcement that the monument for which the Daughters of the Confederacy of that State have been working for some years will soon be a reality. It will be erected on a lot in the cemetery where several Confederate veterans have been buried, and they want the material to be Stone Mountain granite. It will be fourteen feet high, of simple design, and with a suitable inscription. The dedication is planned for some time in June.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

We are on the threshold of a new year. The convention has been held, and we know the fate of the various Divisions up to date. Again, this special committee, Women of the South in War Times, makes an appeal for the fulfillment of our pledge. This is the record (doubtless an old story to most of you). Nevertheless, an old friend must always be given consideration.

At the St. Louis convention the distribution of 10,000 copies of our book, "Women of the South in War Times," was assumed by our general organization. Distribution of the book is as follows: 1921-22, 997 copies; 1922-23, 1,684 copies; 1923-24, 2,004 copies.

We have 5,315 copies yet to be circulated. There is one outstanding fact that this report points to directly, which is that we are not meeting our obligation with any degree of urgency. Here is work and opportunity for the Daughters. Our aim for 1924-25 may, *will*, be: Every Division Chapter to respond to their quota assignment by sending a check for "The Grand Total" to their Director, thus treating it as a Chapter debt or tax. The books could later on be disposed of, for always, when on sale, they are quickly picked up.

Will we not gird on our armor and pledge ourselves anew in our service to preserve the memories of these great deeds of "The Women of the South in War Times"?

With grateful appreciation of the interest of our dearly beloved President General, the Directors, and all who have rendered service in extending the work.

Yours for coöperation,

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

In Richmond, Va., the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. White was celebrated by an informal reception at their home on the afternoon of December 15, 1924. More than a hundred guests called to extend their good wishes and congratulations, and floral tributes from friends within and without the city made a beautiful display. Mr. White is a native of Scottsville, in Albemarle County, and Mrs. White was Miss Moseley, of Prince Edward, but they have lived in Richmond since 1872. He served as a Confederate soldier in the 55th Virginia Regiment, Fitzhugh Lee's Cavalry, and is a Past Commander of the Lee Camp U. C. V., also on the board of the Confederate Home there, and is always interested in matters pertaining to his Confederate comrades. In 1924 he was made Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Virginia Division, U. C. V.

STONEWALL JACKSON MATERIAL WANTED.

Charles H. Carson, P. O. Box 1136, Roanoke, Va., a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, has been at work for several years gathering data for a book concerning the period from 1851 to 1861 that Stonewall Jackson was a professor at the Virginia Military Institute. Mr. Carson's grandfather, Col. R. P. Carson, who recently died in Abingdon, Va., was a pupil of Jackson's and served with him in the war. Any material of any kind—*anecdotes, newspapers, books, letters*—regarding the time that Jackson was in Lexington will either be purchased, or, if loaned to the writer, will be carefully handled and returned. Communicate with Mr. Carson direct, especially any old cadets of the Institute, or the families of cadets who were at the Virginia Military Institute during Jackson's time.

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION.

In renewing his subscription, John Acee, of Wilmington, N. C., writes: "I read every line in the *VETERAN* with the deepest interest, in fact, I consider the publication almost an institution. The whole South should support it; it ought to be endowed. I wish it was many times larger and could be issued oftener. As it is, it is a small voice crying out from under the mountain of untruth, misrepresentation, and propaganda which has been persistently smeared through our histories, encyclopædias, and press from the time of the Mayflower myth to date. I desire to particularly commend the brilliant and remarkable article by Dr. Mary Scrugham in the October number, also the several splendid comments along other lines by Mr. A. H. Jennings, of Virginia. The South needs more men like Mr. Jennings, also more publications like the *VETERAN*."

In sending an order for a copy of "Women of the South in War Times," W. H. Awl, of Monroe, La., writes: "I have long wanted the book, but did not know where to get it. The last time I saw my mother, she was standing on the steps of our home watching my brother and me as we were returning to our command from a furlough. I was paroled on the 7th of June, 1865, and was sixteen on the 10th. I served as courier for nearly three years with the 1st Trans-Mississippi Cavalry. I shall always keep the *VETERAN*."

INVITATION TO THE REUNION.

From one who loves the *VETERAN*, loves the "Library of Southern Literature," loves the "Women of the South in War Times," loves Southern hospitality, loves the boys in gray, the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Memorial Association, the Sons of the Confederacy, and everything pertaining to the old South: Come to Dallas, May 19, 20, 21, 22, 1925. You have often heard of the honey pond and the fritter tree. Come to Dallas and see them, and learn for yourself that it is in full bloom for this occasion. Come and participate in the hospitality of the old Lone State of Texas. Buy your ticket and leave your money at home; you will not need it here.—*Your Comrade, J. S. Downs, Company F, 45th North Carolina Regiment, Daniels's Brigade, Rodes's Division, Ewell's Corps, A. N. V.*

OLD BOOKS.—The *VETERAN* has many inquiries about old books, and anyone having the following for sale is asked to please write, stating condition and price wanted. Some of these books are:

Wheeler's Memoirs and Reminiscences.

Wreaths from the Woods of North Carolina. By Mary Mason.

A Genealogical History of Cadwallader Jones.

Life and Times of William L. Yancey. By John W. Dubose.

The Immortal Six Hundred. By Maj. J. O. Murray.

History of the Orphan Brigade. By Col. John Porter Thompson.

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

History of Stuart's Cavalry. By McClellan.

Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry. By Dodson.

Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. By Richardson.

Life of Forrest. By Dr. J. A. Wyeth.

Battles and Biographies of Missourians. By W. L. Webb.

Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards.

The index for the 1924 volume of the VETERAN is ready and will be mailed upon request to those patrons who are binding their volumes.

Volumes of the VETERAN from 1893 to 1902 are inquired for. Good price will be paid for copies or volumes in good condition. Write to the VETERAN.

The library of the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, N. C., needs the number of the VETERAN for December, 1919, and October, 1921, and it is hoped that some patron can supply them.

If there are any survivors of Mess 10, Prison 1, Camp Chase, Ohio, 1864-65, they are asked to communicate with one of the boys of said mess, C. A. Rice, 1109 Madison Avenue, Huntington, W. Va.

Mrs. Anna W. Bill, Ozark, Ark., wishes to know if any relatives of Col. William H. Faith can be located, and if so, that they will communicate with her. The U. D. C. Chapter there was named for Captain Faith, and the members wish to learn something of the family.

Manly's Battery, Children of the Confederacy, of Raleigh, N. C., is making a collection of Confederate money, and friends who have any to spare are asked to kindly donate to this collection. Address Miss Martha H. Haywood, 210 Boylan Street, Raleigh.

Clyde S. Davis, of Neeses, S. C., Route 4, Box 29, wants a copy of "Memoirs of Sergeant Smith Prentiss," by George L. Prentiss, and a copy of the "Orations of John Smith Preston." Anyone having them for sale or knowing where they can be procured will please respond.

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J. J. Robertson, of Abilene, Tex., Route 4, who served in Company D, 11th Missouri Infantry, M. M. Parsons's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department, wants a "get together" meeting of all members of the old brigade who may be at the Dallas reunion on May 20, 1925, and he asks that all interested will write to him.

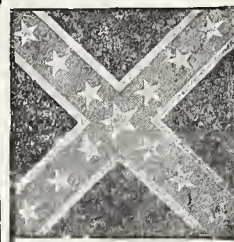
Mrs. J. W. Waring, 1411 West Main Street, Enid, Okla., will appreciate any information from members of Company A, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry (Duke's), on the service of Charles Wallace McAfee, who enlisted at Louisville, Ky., in 1861. Information of his war record is needed in order to get him into the Confederate Home of Oklahoma.

Albert Robertson, of Buckner, Mo., is exceedingly anxious to get a copy of the "History of the Orphan Brigade," and anyone having a copy for sale will please communicate with him. He was a member of Company C, 9th Kentucky Regiment, a part of the Orphan Brigade, and through this history he hopes to get the names of old comrades with whom he marched and fought in the sixties.

Mrs. J. W. Hinson, of Marianna, Fla., wishes to get in communication with any old comrades or friends of her uncle, Thomas W. Parrish, who can give any information of his service as a Confederate soldier. It is stated that he joined the army in Tennessee and was wounded in the service, carrying the bullet to the end of his life. He lived for many years after the war, and died at the home of his son, John Parrish, in Illinois. Mrs. Hinson was Miss Sadie Ann Watkins, and she wishes to get this information so as to join the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Horace N. Caldwell, of Fowler, Calif., is trying to get some information on the war record of his uncle, Capt. William Caldwell, who, he thinks, served under General Forrest, and that he enlisted either from Henry or Obion County, West Tennessee. Another uncle, Marion Davis, enlisted as a mere boy late in the war and served with troops on Island No. 10, where he was captured and was in prison in Chicago to the end of the war. Any surviving comrades of either will confer a favor by writing to Mr. Caldwell.

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George Hakes, of 290 Broadway, New York City, desires to complete his collections of old envelopes used during the Confederacy. He specially desires old envelopes with pictures of the Confederate flag, soldiers, war sayings, etc., also envelopes from slave dealers, etc. Do not remove the stamps. Mr. Hakes will pay high prices for above.

Anyone having the volume of VETERAN for 1902 in good clean copies will kindly communicate with the VETERAN. The full volume is wanted, and copies must be in good order. Numbers for January and February, 1894, and October, 1921, also wanted.

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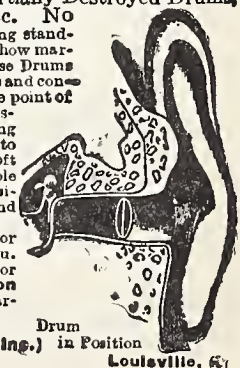


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Advance and Retreat. By Gen. J. B. Hood	3 50
Recollections of a Naval Life. By John M. Kell.	4 50
Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Compiled by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. (Original Edition)	3 50
Southern Poems of the War. Compiled by Emily V. Mason	4 00
Recollections of a Virginian. By D. H. Maury	3 50
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Life of Stonewall Jackson. By John Esten Cooke	5 00
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Life and Campaigns of Gen. R. E. Lee. By J. D. McCabe	4 50
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke	5 00
Poems of James R. Randall. Edited by Matthew P. Andrews	3 00

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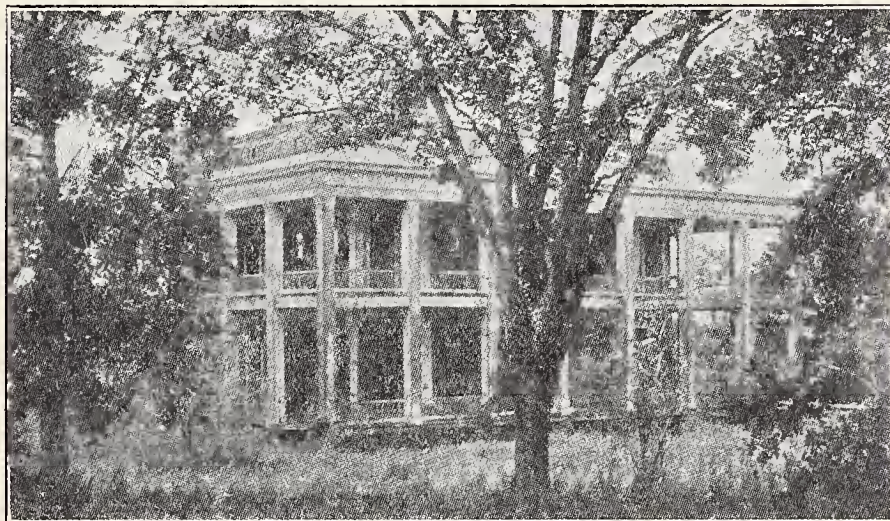
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VOL. XXXIII.

APRIL, 1925

NO. 4



BELLE CHASSE, NEAR NEW ORLEANS, LA.

.. This old plantation home of Judah P. Benjamin, successively Attorney General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State, C. S. A., has been dedicated as a memorial to Louisiana's illustrious adopted son. It was here that he spent some of his most active and useful years before the War between the States, and where he became an authority in the making of sugar from Louisiana cane. An association has been formed for the restoration of this old home, the membership made up from the Confederate organizations and other citizens of the State, but it will not be confined to the State, as the whole South will wish to join in the memorial to one who gave his brilliant talents to the service of the Confederacy. (See page 124.)

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New Edition**ECHOES FROM DIXIE**

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The genuineness of this volume is also testified by the following quotation from the review of a Chicago magazine: "Why keep on printing the 'secesh' words of 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' for instance? . . . There have been loyal versions of that song. Isn't it as well to let the other kind die?"

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Stonewall Brigade Comrades: If you are coming to the reunion, let me hear and I will find homes for you.—W. MINOR SWANN, 5829 Tremont Street, Dallas, Tex.

If there are any surviving members of Company E, 50th Tennessee Regiment, who knew Joshua E. Mize, they will please communicate with his son, H. H. Mize, of Cadiz, Ky.

K. T. Eason, Adjutant Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., Houston, Tex., would like to hear from any surviving members of Company E, 8th Georgia Infantry, Anderson's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. Address him at 644 Arlington Street, Houston, Tex.

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

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VOL. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1925.

No. 4.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

FOR RESTORATION OF ARLINGTON.

JOINT RESOLUTION IN CONGRESS AUTHORIZING THE RESOTORATION OF THE LEE MANSION IN THE ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY, VIRGINIA, PASSED WITHOUT A DISSENTING VOTE, FEBRUARY, 1925.

Whereas the era of internecine strife among the States having yielded to one of better understanding, of common loyalty, and of a more perfect Union; and whereas now honor is accorded Robert E. Lee as one of the great military leaders of history, whose exalted character, noble life, and eminent services are recognized and esteemed, and whose manly attributes of precept and example were compelling factors in cementing the American people in bonds of patriotic devotion and action against common external enemies in the war with Spain and in the World War, thus consummating the hope of a reunited country that would again swell the chorus of the Union; therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed, as nearly as may be practicable, to restore the Lee Mansion in the Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia, to the condition in which it existed immediately prior to the Civil War and to procure, if possible, articles of furniture and equipment which were then in the mansion and in use by the occupants thereof. He is also authorized, in his discretion, to procure replicas of the furniture and other articles in use in the mansion during the period mentioned, with a view to restoring, as far as may be practicable, the appearance of the interior of the mansion to the condition of its occupancy by the Lee family.

Passed the House of Representatives January 21, 1925.

Attest: WILLIAM TYLER PAGE, *Clerk.*

Senator Swanson, of Virginia, worked hard for this bill, and to him and to Senator Pepper, senior Senator from Pennsylvania, is due credit for its passage by the Senate, and it went through without a dissenting vote. An interesting work will be in helping to locate the old furnishings, but no definite plans have yet been made in that direction.

RENUION NOTES.

The latest report from Dallas about reunion arrangements is that the Executive Committee has been appointed, with Col. J. T. Trezevant as General Chairman. Other members are: Hon. Louis Blaylock, Capt. W. H. Gaston, J. C. Duke, Nathan Adams, George Waverley Briggs, Vice Chairmen; Mrs. J. C. Muse and Mrs. J. F. Self, Honorary Vice Chairmen; J. B. Adou, Treasurer; Herbert Carpenter, Executive Secretary.

Colonel Trezevant is a native of Tennessee and a citizen of Texas for more than fifty years, a veteran of four years' service in the Confederate army; was wounded at Shiloh. He is one of the builders of the city of Dallas and a leader in civic, social, and commercial affairs for the public welfare.

Other committees so far appointed and their chairmen are as follows: Finance, W. D. Jones; Housing, F. E. Moran and W. H. Stratton; Reservations, M. J. Norrell; Music, D. L. Whittle; Information and Registration, W. H. Hitzelberger; Military Affairs, Maj. Deshler Whiting; Speakers, Tom Finty, Jr.; Program, Elmer Scott.

The Adolphus Hotel is official headquarters for the reunion.

ATTENTION, VETERANS!

We are making arrangements to give an outing for two weeks and to pay the expenses of travel, going and coming, to a limited number of Confederate veterans at The Wharton Grove Camp Ground, located in Lancaster County, Va. This letter is written with the hope that you may give it free publication and ask other papers to copy. Any old Confederate veteran, or his widow, not able to pay for a two-week rest and recreation will, as far as our accommodations permit, be received for two weeks' time.

The camp has been open for thirty-two years. There is every advantage of a good and healthful time, and as our list is filling up rapidly, I should be glad to extend the invitation far and wide.

Anyone wishing to apply will kindly address the undersigned at 224 West Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore, Md., and a blank application will be sent at once.

HENRY M. WHARTON, *Chaplain General U. C. V.*

Other Southern papers please copy.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, C. S. A.

In presenting a picture of the old plantation home of Judah P. Benjamin as its frontispiece this month, it is appropriate that the VETERAN make some reference to this outstanding figure among those who gave their time, talents, and fortunes for the establishment of the Southern Confederacy. While one of the most brilliant, yet practical, minds of the Confederate cabinet, he has never received due recognition of the service he rendered.

It was on the island of St. Thomas, August 6, 1811, that Judah Philip Benjamin first saw the light, and he was still a little boy when his parents came to the United States, settling at Charleston, S. C. The family was so poor that some of the children were sent to relatives at Fayetteville, N. C., and at the academy there Judah was known for his diligence as a student. He entered Yale College in 1825 at the age of fourteen—but his poverty forced his withdrawal two years later. In 1828, he went to New Orleans, and there began his independent career as a tutor, later on taking up the study of law, which he had chosen as a profession. In December, 1832, when but little more than twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar, and shortly thereafter married Miss Natalie St. Martin, whom he had tutored in English and by whom he had been well instructed in French. He entered politics in 1842, and was elected to the Louisiana legislature. He was a member of the Louisiana constitutional conventions of 1844-45, in both of which he did good service.

In 1846, Mr. Benjamin was forced to seek rest because of threatened blindness, consequent on having for so long overtaxed his physical powers, and he retired to his plantation on the Mississippi, seven miles below New Orleans. During his life there he turned his energies toward the production of sugar from the Louisiana cane, and contributed many noteworthy articles on the subject to one of the leading magazines of the South, which form a most interesting chapter in the history of American sugar. But when his crop was ruined by a Mississippi flood, and a friend failed to meet a note which he had indorsed, he was forced to give up this home and turn elsewhere to rebuild his shattered fortune. He again took up the practice of law, and in a few short years had recovered from his financial losses. In 1852 he was elected to the State Senate of Louisiana, and the same year to the United States Senate, in which he took his seat on March 4, 1853. He was a forceful speaker in that body, especially when Southern affairs were under discussion, and became noted for his skill and eloquence in debate. He was reelected in 1859, and was one of the Southern Senators who withdrew after secession, his speech of farewell being an eloquent effort of February 4, 1861.

Soon after that he went to Montgomery, Ala., the temporary capital of the Confederacy, and President Davis appointed him Attorney General in his cabinet, his legal training and ability, as well as his capacity for work, fitting him admirably for this position. Later on he was given the portfolio of War, and in March, 1862, was made Secretary of State, and so served to the end.

After the last parting with Mr. Davis, he made his way to the Florida coast, and from there, in an open boat, made a voyage of six hundred miles to the Bahamas, and thence to Southampton, England, in August, 1865.

In England he had to begin life anew, his fortune all gone, and at the age of fifty-four he began the study of English law, making a support meanwhile by writing articles on international law. Within a year he was admitted to the English bar, and his career thereafter was a brilliant success. In

1872, six years after beginning his practice there, he was made Queen's Counsel, the highest attainment in great Britain.

At the age of sixty-five, in writing to a friend, he said he thought that to work from ten in the morning to seven at night was not excessive labor. When on the verge of seventy, his step was as firm and elastic as it had every been, and at seventy he wrote: "I still keep up my old jog trot."

Mr. Benjamin kept actively at work as a lawyer until the close of 1882, when he retired. During the next year he went to Paris, where he died May 6, 1884, and was buried in the famous cemetery of Pere la Chaise. His life is a brilliant example of success over the handicaps of poverty and misfortune, and how, in late middle life, he began anew to carve his way to fame and fortune.

NOW THAT I'M NINETY-ONE.

BY J. C. PITCHFORD, CANTON, MISS.

The birthday bells are ringing loud,
In glad and joyous tone;
To me they bring a solemn sound
Ninety-One! Ninety-One!

God has given me length of days,
My race is nearly run;
I cannot ask for still more time
Now that I'm ninety-one.

The world has been most kind to me,
I've had my share of fun;
I hope I did my share of good
Ere I was ninety-one.

For now I'm old and blind and gray,
My task is nearly done;
There's not much work a man can do
When he is ninety-one.

While on the battle field I lay,
Bleeding beside my gun,
I never thought I'd see the day
When I was ninety-one.

'Tis strange that I have lived so long,
My comrades all are gone;
But God knows best, I'll know the rest
Beyond my ninety-one.

There still must be some work for me,
Some duty yet undone.
Show me, O Lord, for I am now
Already ninety-one.

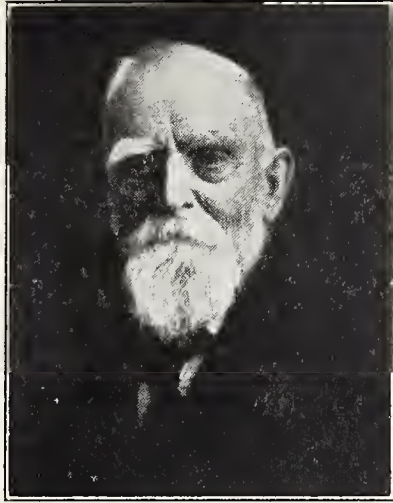
Ring on, old bells; ring loud and clear;
My jubilee will come—
Indeed I feel 'tis almost here
At mile post ninety-one.

May all who love grant me a sigh,
A tear I claim from none;
The world owes me nothing for my
Fourscore-ten-and-one.

January 26, 1925.

ONE OF THE OLDEST CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

One of those patriotic Marylanders who left home to take up arms for the South was Thomas H. White, of Hagerstown, now ninety-three years old. Home ties were binding, but in 1862 he felt the call of the South so great that he left family and all earthly possessions to respond to the need of his brothers in gray. He was made a first lieutenant in Col. E. V. White's Battalion of Cavalry, and was soon sent back through Maryland in charge of the advance guard of Jackson's Division. After the fighting at Antietam had begun, Colonel White's command was sent back to Leesburg, Va., where they routed the Federals, who were attacking the town, took their artillery, and drove them toward Washington.



THOMAS H. WHITE.

While making a desperate charge during the battle, Colonel White was wounded accidentally by one of the disabled Confederates who had been staying at Leesburg to recuperate. Lieutenant White was riding by his side (they were first cousins and brothers-in-law), and caught him as he was falling, and brought him out alive, though severely wounded. He was taken to a house near by, but as there was danger of capture, a wagon was procured and Colonel White was taken within the lines and nursed until he could move comfortably.

It was after this that General Lee called for some one for special duty, and when Colonel White asked Lieutenant White about taking the place, the latter said: "I came here to help the South. If I can do more good there, I am willing." In this special capacity, he was sent almost anywhere, into Maryland many times, and he succeeded in getting a map of the fortifications of Washington, which his wife's sister, Ann Virginia Gott, carried to Leesburg and there delivered to the Confederate authorities. She afterwards married Benjamin J. Jones, who also belonged to Colonel White's Cavalry. Thomas White served under General Lee until the war closed; he was never paroled, but just came home after all was quiet again. His farm had been occupied by the Federals a long time, and it was literally torn to pieces, fences burned, etc. He went back to farming until 1898, when he and his wife moved into Hagerstown. The accompanying picture was taken on his ninety-third birthday. His vitality and strength are most remarkable for one of his age.

Comrade White has been married twice, his first wife, Mary Ellen Gott, the eldest of seven children, and his second wife, Laura R. Gott, being the youngest. Seven sons and a daughter were born of the first marriage, and there are four sons and a daughter still living.

The VETERAN goes to his home regularly, and he is still an interested reader.

NEARING THE CENTURY MARK.—One of the oldest of Confederate veterans is Simon Rothschild, who lives at 39 West Twenty-Seventh Street, New York City, and who recently celebrated his ninety-eighth anniversary. It is not known what command he served with.

A NORTHERNER'S TRIBUTE TO LEE.

In sending the following tribute to General Lee by a Northern man, Matthew Page Andrews, of Baltimore, refers to this as "a ray of bright idealism," and adds: There are many men and women in the North who appreciate the genius and character of the leaders of the embattled South, and these Americans are individually and collectively carrying on in the spirit of my friend, the late Charles Francis Adams. Recently at the tomb of General Lee, at Lexington, Va., Mr. Edgar J. Rich, of Boston, said: "I conceive that as the years pass he will hold a place in the hearts of the people of this country, North and South, equal to that held by any American. It will not be because of his marvelous military skill, great as it was, greater than that of any soldier between Napoleon and Foch, a skill which was worth 100,000 troops to the gallant Army of Northern Virginia. It will not be because of his achievements. It will be because of the grandeur and sublimity of his character. Never throughout his life was a single act influenced in the slightest degree by self-interest. Can this be said of any man in history since Jesus of Nazareth gave his life on the cross? When clouds gather and conflict is near, he, a colonel of cavalry, is offered the command of the army of the United States. The greatest prize of a soldier's ambition is within his reach. He intensely loves the Union, in whose service he has won distinction. He knows only too well that in the end the North, with its unlimited resources must prevail. But Virginia, his beloved Virginia, is about to secede. His first loyalty is to the State. At West Point he was taught that a State had the right to withdraw from the Union without being in rebellion. When the State withdraws it is his duty to go with it. He declines the offer and resigns from the army. Then followed four terrible years, during which he inflicted far greater losses than he suffered. But whether in victory or in defeat, his great qualities of mind and soul shone forth resplendent. If victory was his, the praise was given to others; if defeat came, through failure of his subordinates, he accepted the responsibility. The end of strife comes. His first message is to his dear people of the South, for whom his heart bleeds: 'Henceforth conduct yourselves as true and loyal Americans.' His property has been swept away. Offers of all kinds come to him. We can imagine with what scorn he declined the offer of the presidency of an insurance company at a salary of \$30,000 a year when told that the company did not expect him to perform any service, but merely to give the use of his name. Then comes the offer of the presidency of Washington College with a salary of \$1,500 a year. This he accepts, hoping that he may be of some service to the young men of the South in the up-building of Christian character and in impressing upon them the duty of loyalty to the united country. We of the North ask that we may share in reverence the memories of his sublime soul; and as an earnest of that wish, we place this wreath upon the sepulcher which holds his mortal remains."

HELPED TO RESTORE THE NAME.

The late Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone was largely responsible for the restoration of the name of Jefferson Davis to the Cabin John Bridge at Washington, erected during the time he was Secretary of War under President Franklin Pierce. In a letter to Mrs. Stone, under date of March 2, 1909, Gen. Luke E. Wright, then Secretary of War under President Roosevelt, wrote: "I can quite understand your feelings of gratification at the successful result of your efforts to have the name of Mr. Davis restored to the Cabin John Bridge. At the same time, I beg to thank you for your kindly expressions with reference to the President and myself."

MEMORIAL DAY.

BY MARIE E. REDDY.

A mellow Southern day
Flooded with sunshine,
The spring green everywhere,
And flowers abundant!

In the quiet streets
And shaded parks,
The laurel luxuriantly
Perfumes the air.
And men in gray coats
Are greeted with smiles,
Smiles that are born
In adoration and pride.
Amid arches and flags
Of red, white, and blue
The men of "'61"
Now gallantly pass.

Yes, warriors in gray,
Your smile on parade
Is a challenge and prayer
To the throngs on the way.
O, men in gray coats,
Your names are blessed,
And carved in the stone
Of a mountain shall live.

BEAUTIFYING BEAUVOIR

A special work for some Confederate organization—undoubtedly the Daughters of the Confederacy—might be the beautifying of the place where President Davis spent his last years and where he wrote his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." This should be one of the show places of the South, of the country, and it could be made a place of beauty and distinctive as a type of the old Southern home. "Beauvoir" means handsome or fine view, and the place was so named because of the fine view of the sea from the premises. It should also present a fine view from the sea or the seaside. The mansion should be restored as it was when Mr. Davis lived there, with such of the furnishings of that time as could be recovered or procured, such as has been done for the Hermitage, home of Andrew Jackson, near Nashville, Tenn., or what is to be done for Arlington, the home of General Lee. Landscape attention should be given to the outside, with green sward and flower beds and sightly walks. Any additional buildings erected should be placed in the background, so that the mansion shall ever have the place of a jewel in appropriate setting.

Beauvoir is a sacred place, sacred as the refuge of him who gave all for the South, sacred as the home of those who defended the South. The time has come to consider it when no longer so needed, and plans should be made for its restoration to the old beauty and dignity. A suggestion on this line has already been made to the local U. D. C. through the press of that section, and the organization generally will be interested in this work. It will be remembered that the Sons of Confederate Veterans purchased the place from Mrs. Davis, and later allowed it to be converted into a Confederate Home under State control.

ONE OF THE OFFICERS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

The publication of the list of names from the war-time autograph album belonging to R. V. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., is still bringing responses from the families of some of those officers imprisoned on Johnson's Island in 1864. The latest reported is from Mrs. Edward Pelham McGehee, of Lake Village, Ark., who writes that this list, as republished in the *Arkansas Gazette*, was noticed by her father, Capt. James McMurry, now living at Lima Landing, Ark. He is eighty-seven years old and as active as a man of fifty. He is still wonderfully interested in everything, and likes to hear from his Confederate comrades, especially those with whom he shared the privations of prison life. He has always been a student, and teaches in the Presbyterian Sunday school at Lake Village.

Referring to the date of that list of prisoners, January 1, 1864, Captain McMurry says: "A day I can never forget, because of the hardships suffered by the prisoners on account of the intense cold, the thermometer registering twenty degrees below zero on that day. Gen. W. N. R. Beall commanded a brigade of Arkansans composed of the 15th, 16th, and 23rd Arkansas Infantry and 1st Arkansas Battalion. Capt. Beall Hempstead was adjutant; Capt. John B. Fellows, inspector and aid de camp. James McMurry, captain and A. I. M., 23rd Arkansas Infantry. We were messmates in a room on the second story, Block 2, in the prison on Johnson's Island for many months. These were all the Arkansans on General Beall's staff. He and Beall Hempstead came from Little Rock; John R. Fellows from Camden; James McMurry from Lake Village. I have my oath of allegiance subscribed and sworn to, June 12, 1865, with my description below: 'The above named has ruddy complexion, light hair, blue eyes, and is five feet eleven inches.'"

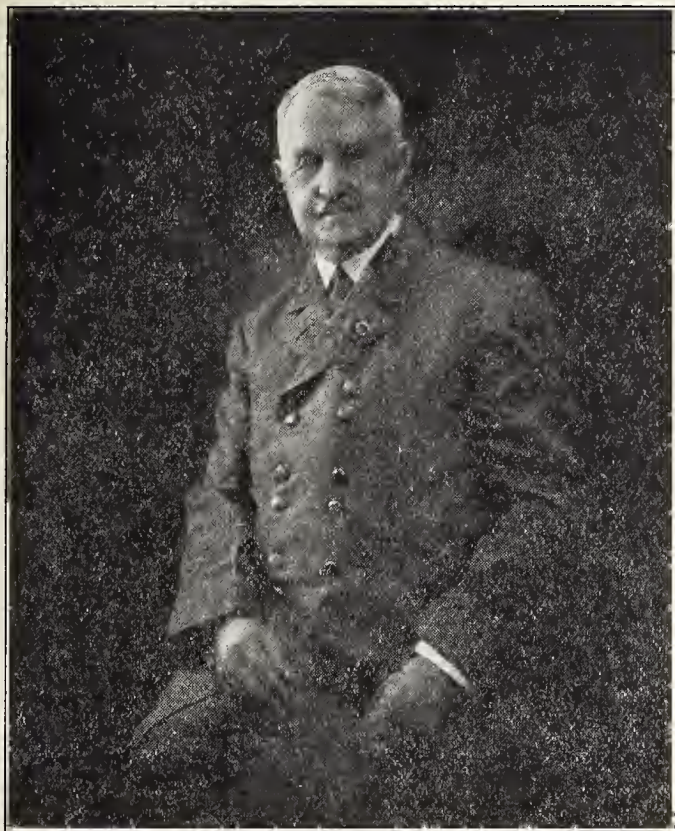
AFTER SIXTY YEARS.—A leather-and-brass bound Episcopal prayer book, originally owned by the mother of C. H. Mapp, of Meridian, Miss., has lately been recovered by the latter. His mother was Miss Ella C. Scott, of Milledgeville, Ga., and this prayer book was taken from her home by Capt. Paul Colston, a Federal officer, during Sherman's march through that section. The book was returned to Mr. Mapp by H. C. Hopkins, of Campbell, N. Y., a nephew of Captain Colston. He first wrote to the postmaster inquiring about the family of Miss Scott, whose name was on the fly leaf of the book. Even Bibles were not safe during that march.

A REAL HERO.—During the disastrous fire at the Beauvoir Confederate Home, at Biloxi, Miss., in which several lives were lost, a negro attendant at the Home, Albert Clark, did heroic work in carrying out women inmates of the hospital, which was next to the burning building, and also rescued the wife of one of the veterans who was lost; and he was willing to go again into the burning building, and wept that he was prevented from risking his life in that way. Albert Clark deserves to be classed among the heroes of the year and rewarded accordingly.

"The glories of our blood and State
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down
And, in the dust, be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

GEN. THOMAS D. OSBORNE, U. C. V.

Thomas Decourey Osborne, Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., died at Belton, Tex., February 16, 1925. He was the son of Lee Byrd and Ann Elvira (Fox) Osborne, born near Owenton, Owen County, Ky., November 8, 1844.



GEN. THOMAS D. OSBORNE, U. C. V.

His paternal grandfather, Bennett Osborne, served as lieutenant in the Revolutionary army. In 1846 the family removed to Louisville, and in 1859, to Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he attended Union University. When the War between the States began, the University closed, and he went to Manchester, Tenn., and enlisted in Company A, 6th Kentucky Infantry (Orphan Brigade).

At Dallas, Ga., he was shot down and left severely wounded on the field; was honorably retired at Augusta, Ga.

General Osborne was a member of the Baptist Church, and identified with its work locally and throughout the Southern Baptist Convention. No patriotic or civic cause ever called on him in vain. He was a gifted newspaper editor and writer, and his pen was wielded vigorously in behalf of any worthy cause.

In 1870 he was married to Miss Christine Charlotte Ray who, with four daughters, seven grandchildren, and one sister, survives him. His daughters are Mrs. William B. McGarity and Mrs. Agnes O. Urwick, of Belton, Tex.; Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Louisville, Ky.; and Mrs. Charles Humphrey Bauer, of New York City.

General Osborne was a member of the George B. Eastin Camp, No. 803 U. C. V., and life secretary of the Orphan Brigade. The building of a suitable memorial to President Jefferson Davis was suggested by S. A. Cunningham, then editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who was a guest of the brigade at its reunion in Glasgow, Ky., in 1908. General Osborne was a member of the first committee appointed, and the only one of the two then living to be present at the unveiling at Fairview last June, when he was one of the speakers on the program.

The funeral was held at the Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky., conducted by Dr. E. Y. Mullins, President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, assisted by Dr. A. T. Robertson.

THE BATTLE NEAR DEEP BOTTOM, VA.

BY J. W. LOKEY, BYARS, OKLA.

On August 16, 1864, the Federals, having been reinforced by troops moved from the south side of the James River, attacked our breastworks near Deep Bottom, Va., driving us out of the trenches and about four hundred yards back. Seeing reinforcements coming up, our forces rallied and, with the aid of these fresh troops, drove the enemy back and recaptured our works. As we were going into this fight, we met General Lee and staff coming out. Notwithstanding that bullets were whistling through the trees, the General was riding in a walk and seemed perfectly indifferent to danger.

Just as we got into the breastworks, Private Swinson, of my company (Company B, 20th Georgia Regiment), jumped on the breastworks, saying: "Come on, boys." These were the last words he ever spoke, as he fell mortally wounded. During this fight I heard only one cannon shot. The shell from it came over the breastworks near me and struck one man on the head, scattering his brains on several men near him. The same shell cut another man's arm off between his shoulder and elbow, knocking him down. These men belonged to a different command.

As there were only three of our regimental stretcher bearers present, Captain Mitchell, of my company, asked me to help take Swinson to the rear. We carried him some distance before we found an ambulance, in which we placed him. I never saw him again, as he died that night.

In passing through the woods on our way back, a wounded Yankee called to me to give him some water. He was lying on his canteen, which had water in it, and I got it out and gave him a drink, then placed his knapsack under his head. He was very grateful, thanking me several times, and said if he ever got well he was going to write his wife how well I had treated him; he also said this was the first fight he had been in, and that he had been told if he ever fell into the hands of the Rebs they would kill him. I told him that we were not savages, and we never hurt a prisoner: that later on we would have men looking after the wounded, and I had to hurry on back to the front.

I heard that we had a brigadier general killed in this fight, but have forgotten his name; was told that he was a very brave officer and the youngest brigadier in the army at that time.

As this battle was fought mostly in the woods, I could see but little of it. I would like for some one to write of it for the VETERAN, giving particulars of the fight, troops engaged, and the losses on both sides.

I think General Lee was satisfied that this was a feint movement on the part of the enemy to cause him to move some of his troops to the north side of the James River. This was the last time I ever saw General Lee, though I was at the surrender at Appomattox.

AN AIRPLANE OF THE SIXTIES.

In the latter part of 1864, while in camp below Richmond, on the north side of the James River, a man, seeming to be about sixty years old, dressed in citizen's clothes, came to the camp with the object of interesting us in a flying machine on which he had been working for twenty years. He

made a speech, describing how a bird could ascend, sail, and descend, and said his machine when completed would be in the shape of a very large bird, capable of carrying a small engine, a man, and several shells. As soon as he had completed it, he wanted to sail over the Yankee camps some dark night, blow fire out of the mouth of this monster bird, and from a trapdoor drop shells in the Yankee camps, and thus stampede the Yankee army. With this monster bird, he could sink every Yankee gunboat on the James River.

He told us that his trouble in completing the machine was shortness of funds. He asked for a contribution, and several of the boys gave him from five to twenty-five dollars. I didn't have any money to give, but I was very anxious to see that man stampede the Yankee army.

GALLANT SOUTH CAROLINA BRIGADE.

BY B. F. BROWN, AUGUSTA, GA.

In Judge John Purifoy's article in the February VETERAN, under title of "The Myth of the Confederate Hollow Square at Gettysburg," he pays splendid tribute to McGowan's South Carolina Brigade, so skillfully and courageously commanded by Col. Abner Perrin, of the 14th South Carolina Infantry. This is the first I ever heard of that "Myth," but as a survivor of the battle of Gettysburg and McGowan's Brigade, I desire to thank Judge Purifoy for these words of high praise:

"But what shall be said of Col. Abner Perrin and the brave men constituting his heroic brigade? Colonel Perrin's maneuvering and the achievements of his brave men, after they passed Heth's leg-weary troops, bare of ammunition, partook of the spectacular, as they pressed from point to point and forced the stubborn enemy to relinquish his hold. Colonel Perrin plainly showed he was a soldier of sagacity and courage. Can the grand qualities displayed by this gallant South Carolinian and his equally gallant men be pictured in language too strong? His achievements on that date marked him as a man of valor and a soldier with the capacity of knowing what to do in battle, doing it in the face of a storm of death-dealing monsters filling the air by which he was surrounded and adding their discordant and raucous din to the fearful thunder of artillery and roll of musketry. Terrible as is war, it yet displays the spiritual grandeur of man daring to defy his mightiest hereditary enemy—death."

The men detected, before they fired a gun on that memorable day, that in Colonel Perrin they had a commander of mettle and capacity.

Judge Purifoy concludes his article by saying that "Colonel Perrin was promptly promoted to brigadier general, but early in the following campaign his brilliant career was cut short. This occurred at The Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania Courthouse, on the 12th of May, 1864." He says he "participated in nearly all the great battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, and the one fought on the 12th of May, 1864 (The Bloody Angle), appeared to be the most desperate and protracted of any he ever engaged in. It began at dawn and continued without intermission until after midnight. For at least fourteen hours the din was incessant, and many brave in both armies yielded their life blood."

General McGowan was in command of his brigade in the battle of the 12th of May, and what follows is taken from his official report to Maj. J. A. Englehard, Assistant Adjutant General, Wilcox's Light Division. Onitting his account of the operations after the Wilderness up to the morning of the 12th of May, the report reads: "In getting into this trench, we had to pass through a terrific fire. The brigade found in the

trenches General Harris and what remained of his gallant brigade, and they—Mississippians and Carolinians mingled together—made one of the most gallant and stubborn defenses recorded in history. These two brigades remained there holding our line without reinforcements, food, water, or rest, under a storm of balls which did not intermit one instant of time for eighteen hours. The trenches on the right of The Bloody Angle ran with blood and had to be cleared of the dead bodies more than once. To give some idea of the intensity of the fire, an oak tree, twenty inches in diameter, which stood just in the rear of the brigade, was cut down by the constant scaling of musket balls and fell about 12 o'clock Thursday night, injuring by its fall several soldiers of the 1st South Carolina Regiment.

"The brigades mentioned held their position from ten o'clock Thursday morning until four o'clock Friday morning, when they were withdrawn. The loss in my brigade was very heavy, especially in killed. Our men lay on one side of the breastworks and the enemy on the other, and in many instances the men were pulled over."

That tells the story of the desperate and protracted character of the battle of The Bloody Angle. I was one of the several soldiers of the 1st South Carolina Regiment injured by the oak tree when it fell. The injury to me was not serious, but it drew a little blood, which was more than the bullets did. Such was the impression made on me by my personal experience with that tree that I returned to and examined it the day after the battle. When within a few steps of it, I picked up on the field a piece of cotton twine, with which I took the actual circumference of the stump at the break about five feet from the ground. It measured sixty-three inches. I still have it as a memento of those awful eighteen hours. The stump is preserved in the United States National Museum, Washington, D.C. Attached to it is a card bearing the following inscription:

"BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURTHOUSE, MAY 12, 1864.

"Section of an oak which stood inside the Confederate entrenchments near Spotsylvania Courthouse. It was cut down by musket balls during the attempt to recapture the works previously carried by the Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, May 12, 1864.

"Presented to the Ordnance Museum by Brevet Major General N. A. Miles, commanding First Division, Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, and transferred to the United States National Museum in 1888."

I visited the museum on June 2 and 11, 1917, during the Confederate reunion in Washington.

THE LITTLE BRONZE CROSS.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS.

The boys who wore the gray,
Their ranks are thin to-day,
The rearguard of that valiant host,
Whose deeds are Dixie's proudest boast.

You know them when you meet,
And how your heart does beat—
How proud it gleams upon his breast,
The tiny cross of Dixie's best!

Salute! He wore the Gray!
He fought, a soldier's way!
Serene in honor, brave in loss—
A Soldier with the Southern Cross!

A VIEW OF RUTLEDGE'S "LINCOLN: A SOUTHERN VIEW."

BY A. H. JENNINGS, HISTORIAN IN CHIEF, S. C. V.

A distinct contribution to wholesome Lincoln literature is afforded by Archibald Rutledge's "Lincoln: A Southern View" as published in the January number of *The Reviewer*, of Chapel Hill, N. C. Mr. Rutledge presents what he terms a "Southern View," which stimulates the wish that it could likewise be truly entitled a "National View," for it is sane, restrained, and lacking in both rancor and the silly adulation of the myriad Lincoln worshipers. "The first difficulty I encountered," says Mr. Rutledge, "was an obstacle reared by those who, well meaning but unwise, have attempted to replace a Great Man by a Great Tradition. Of all the lives of Lincoln I have read (and I have missed very few) Herndon's really seems the best, the best because it is the most intimate, the most Boswellian, the least pretentious. In it I see Lincoln as he really was, chewing tobacco, singing ribald snatches, telling stories that 'would have made Quintillian stare and gasp?' I see him rugged, uncouth, unrefined in appearance, speech, thought, or behavior; but tender-hearted, big, gasping the fundamentals, human, and appealing."

In some of his allusions, Rutledge leans far toward kindness. Without the sustaining body of his article, one might fear he, too, had drunk at the gushing fountain of propaganda and that he, too, was under the shadow of the "Lincoln Myth." "After the death of Calhoun, the South had no statesman who could rival him," yet statesmanship is one of the few things which the apotheosis has not twined, laurel-like, about him. "Slowly the South is coming to a measure of appreciating of Lincoln," but this does not mean or should not mean that the South is accepting the overripe meat of the "myth" or is becoming reconciled to the panegyrics of the apotheosis. The multitude of the deceived and propagandized in the South is very great; their voice is as the sound of many waters; yet when we say "the South" we mean that which *is* South and of and in the South, and this element has always known and seen Lincoln, and their vision is largely that of the pre-mythical and pre-deified Lincoln, the opinion and viewpoint which prevailed when there was no occasion and no thought whatever of the later apotheosis. Mr. Rutledge strikingly points out that Lincoln must be judged by some of the outstanding points of his career, points which are too often ignored in the general chorus of praise. One of these points, which in saner days will be a measuring rod and a weighing scale, refers to the treatment of the Confederate Commissioners who went to Washington in the winter of 1861:

"Mr. Lincoln's behavior at this time was characterized by an astuteness that was all the more formidable because it was hidden behind a cloak of placid good will. He did not refuse to see them (the Commissioners), but referred them to Secretary Seward. Seward assured them that Fort Sumter would not be visited save by peaceful vessels; Lincoln permitted this impression to prevail, though he was at the moment secretly dispatching, with the peaceful Federal vessels, the most powerful warship in the American navy, the Powhatan. This move might have been astute, but it led to the conviction and to the charge by the Confederates that they had been betrayed; and I do not see how history, impartially written, can escape the vindication of their opinions. *Such astuteness, at variance as it is with the highest sense of honor, the South does not now appreciate, and it is not likely ever to esteem.*" [Italics mine.]

This point impresses Rutledge apparently more than any

single item of the Lincoln career; he makes it largely the base for the quiet but terrific indictment drawn later.

Another peak performance which is pointed out as one of the inevitable later measuring rods in the Emancipation Proclamation:

"The South has always considered this, and, as long as she adheres to the truth, presumably always will consider it, a gesture toward peace, the offer of terms. Elsewhere the proclamation was received in a variety of ways; by Whittier and others of his meager comprehension of the true situation, with delight; by many as a concession of defeat; by still others as a great humanitarian document. This last impression has been made for many years to prevail; and out of it has come the spurious works of art presenting Lincoln as the Great Emancipator. To me there is nothing so ludicrous as a statue of Lincoln fondling negro children with one hand and striking off shackles with the other. Even the most venial and smattering student of history must know that for the negro Lincoln had no special love. Assuredly the Emancipation Proclamation is, in some respects, the least humanitarian of any state paper in history. The truth of such a claim is readily apprehended as soon as the facts are known. In his first inaugural, Lincoln had made a deliberate voluntary promise that he would never interfere with the institution of slavery. Every one knows that during the first two years the South had the advantage in a military sense—the war had almost been won. In the North it was unpopular—something had to be done. Then came the Proclamation. It proposed that the South return to the Union with slavery intact. If the South did not return to the Union within a hundred days, the slaves within the seceding States would be freed. No mention was made of the slaves of those States still in the Union. If the President had power to confiscate property in Virginia, which was out of the Union, had he less power in Maryland, which was within the Union? It was clearly designed not to benefit the slaves, but to destroy the resistance of the South."

Mr. Rutledge then goes on to draw attention to the sinister threat of a servile insurrection which the proclamation carried, what Miss Tarbell called "the dagger poised behind the South." It was really war on women and children, for the men of the South were at the front. "The horror of a freedman's uprising would strike at defenseless homes. It was not thus that Lee and Jackson made war. Possibly I feel too strongly about this aspect of the affair; yet it is an aspect that must be considered by the careful student of history." Thus gently does Mr. Rutledge dismiss this most sinister purpose of Lincoln's whole career, a purpose totally at variance with the idea of a "great heart," so popularly depicted as Lincoln's chief characteristic. What "brooding love," what "great heart" would or could subject helpless women and children of his own race to the horror of the rapine and murder and incendiarism of a black uprising, examples of which at that period were not so far from view?

Now comes the very dreadful, yet unescapable, indictment which Mr. Rutledge lays at the door of Lincoln's faithlessness toward the South and the lack of confidence in his integrity which his words and acts had inspired. For it was by this feeling toward Lincoln, which the South inevitably held, that a turn toward peace, at the Proclamation gesture of Lincoln, was made impossible. "Had the South accepted the President's offer, it would have returned to the Union victorious, and with its economic system intact. But the South was in no mood to compromise. She felt she was fighting invading armies. Her temper was stern. Her forces were triumphant. But there was a deeper reason why the mediation offered in the Proclamation was not acceptable to the South. I hope

I can explain this without giving offense to anyone. The South did not wish to deal with the Federal power because it feared treachery. Was not the Proclamation itself a direct repudiation of the promises regarding slavery that had been made in the first inaugural? The South felt that the mask which had long effected a disguise was off at last."

This indictment, based upon the sternest of facts, is obliged to meet the serious contemplation of the real writers of history, the men who shall later supersede the idol makers and write of the real Lincoln.

The "View" lays considerable stress upon the Cooper Union speech, more than necessary, it might seem. For while it shows how this speech, now listed among the "classics" required for college study, was a matter of fact not at all the speech Lincoln delivered at Cooper Union, it does not mention the more famous Gettysburg oration, which likewise was scarcely the oration as it is now known. It is admitted that the address as made fell flat, was a distinct anticlimax to the occasion, and scarcely a newspaper of the Union spoke of it with any favor. Its principal sentence about "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" was "lifted" almost bodily from Webster, who was a model Lincoln studied deeply, and Webster is said to have taken it from Walpole.

Speaking of the fulsome laudations of Lincoln now the fashion, Mr. Rutledge says: "It is hard for me and for the South to believe that the set attitude toward Lincoln nowadays is the result of sincere belief, understanding, and affection. Lincoln is recommended by teachers and preachers as a model, indeed I am seldom certain, after a vague effusion of preliminary praise, *whether the speaker is going to mention Lincoln or Christ.*" [Italics mine.] The "View" says most entrancingly: "There is no denying the fact that exterior roughness is no earnest of noble and generous sentiments; and we of America, champions, presumably, of democracy, have certainly thought too little of the cleansing power of long inheritance. Of what worth are education and culture if we are more truly proud of a product of the soil than we are of a product of our own planning and our labor? The South has always held faith in the power of heritage, of breeding and culture, to make for character and conduct, believing that honor and integrity, noble sentiments and generous dealing, sensitive perceptions and candor of thinking—these can be and often are the fruit of culture. It has generally been the fashion in this country to damn aristocrats heartily; yet it was conceived by aristocrats—and to aristocrats we have always looked for genuine guidance—to Washington and the Adamses, to Madison and Calhoun, to Roosevelt and Wilson. If culture is contaminating, as the canonizers of President Lincoln would have us believe, vain is the march of civilization. The South feels, and with justice, that culture, heritage, everything North or South which Lincoln did not possess, is designedly sunk into insignificance in order that a character possessed of other qualities may be elevated."

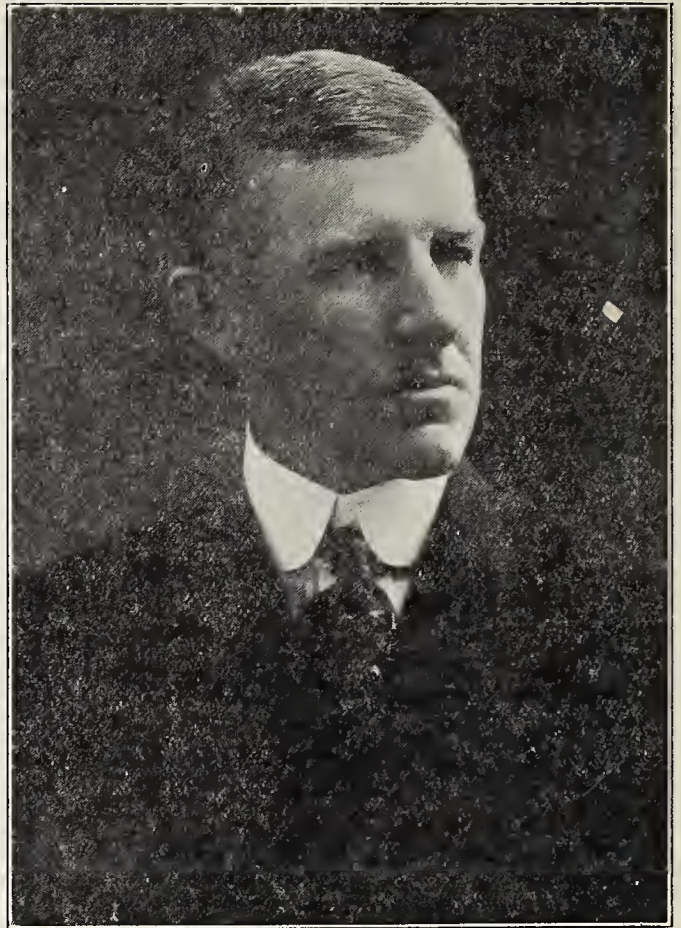
Mr Rutledge says: "The South feels that many of the real facts concerning the momentous period of the Civil War have been suppressed; she feels that the textbooks of history do not present the whole truth, The South wonders whither candor has fled." Not only does the South "feel" that history is untruthfully presented and largely distorted, but she *knows* it, and can and does *prove* it. Textbooks are not the only offenders; moving pictures and the very words and utterances of our own writers and speakers likewise offend truth.

The closing of the "View" is as follows: "The fabulous figure of a heroic mold fashioned by the panegyrists and the writers of textbooks must give place to a more genuinely real figure. Southerners are, we hope, a generous-hearted people.

Their present view of Lincoln is, I think, the one just stated; moreover, they feel that he possesses, and especially since his pitiable and lamentable death, a certain alien grandeur, a certain appealing, lonely sadness, a certain melancholy attraction and solitary charm." Well—we *are* generous hearted and, being generous hearted, we may think that—I shall not dispute it here in this review.

A GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT.

This whole country was recently stirred by the tragedy at Sand Cave, Ky., and the heroic efforts of volunteer workers to rescue the adventurous victim. The outstanding figure in this engineering work was H. T. Carmichael, superintendent



HENRY ST. G. T. CARMICHAEL.

dent and resident engineer of the Kentucky Rock Asphalt Company, located near Sand Cave, who directed the sinking of the shaft and encouraged his brave and unselfish workers in the hopeless task. The world honors these men, and the South is proud of them as men who gave of themselves unsparingly in behalf of another. "Greater love hath no man than this"—

The VETERAN is proud to present a picture of the leader in this work, Henry St. George Tucker Carmichael, as a son of the South. His father, John Carmichael, and an uncle were cadets at the Virginia Military Institute and fought with the corps at New Market. In the War with Spain, his father was with the U.S. Engineering Corps. His maternal grandfather, John Randolph Tucker, was Attorney General of Virginia during the War between the States, and his uncle, Harry St. George Tucker, has been Congressman from Virginia for twenty years. Mr. Carmichael graduated from Washington and Lee University with the degree of Civil Engineer, and

this late accomplishment is a tribute to the training received there.

As Assistant Inspector in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Mr. Carmichael represented the Third Congressional District of Kentucky at the reunion in Memphis, with Mrs. Carmichael as Matron of Honor. He expects to be at Dallas, also, and "the boys" there in reunion will honor him as "one of them." One of his three sons is now a cadet at the V. M. I.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S CORPS.

BY W. G. PETERKIN, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

In the VETERAN for February, S. K. Dendy gives a partial list of brigades constituting Stonewall Jackson's Corps, naming five brigades—Scale's, Lane's, Thomas's, McGowan's, and the Stonewall Brigade—and adds that "perhaps a few other troops helped to make up this Corp."

There were nineteen brigades in the Second Corps when commanded by Stonewall Jackson, divided into four divisions, which included the original division of Jackson himself.

My father served for the first fifteen months of the war in the 21st Virginia Infantry, in the Second Brigade of Jackson's old division, and for the remainder of the war he served on the staff of the Chief of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. During his lifetime, he acquired a sizable library of books relating to the War between the States, which library is now in my possession, and from volumes therein contained I have derived the following data, which may be of interest:

When Jackson, then still a major general, immediately at the close of his famous Valley Campaign, came from the Valley in the latter part of June, 1862, to participate in the Seven Days' fighting before Richmond, his old division, then under the immediate command of General Winder, was composed of the following:

First Brigade "Stonewall," Brig. Gen. C. S. Winder. General Winder, while in command of the division, was killed at Cedar Run, August 9, 1862.—2nd, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 38th Virginia Regiments.

Second Brigade Lieutenant Colonel Cunningham.—21st, 42nd, and 48th Virginia Regiments and 1st Virginia Battalion.

Third Brigade, Colonel Fulkerson.—10th, 23rd, and 37th Virginia Regiments.

Fourth Brigade Brig. Gen. A. R. Lawton.—13th, 26th, 31st, 38th, 60th, and 61st Georgia Regiments.

During the operations beginning with the campaign of Second Manassas and ending with the return of the Army of Northern Virginia from Maryland after Sharpsburg, Jackson commanded a wing of the army which comprised, in a general way, the same troops that afterwards composed the Second Corps, when, early in October, 1862, the Army of Northern Virginia was formally reorganized into two Corps, and Longstreet and Jackson were promoted to be lieutenant generals and placed in command of the First and Second Corps, respectively.

The Second Corps, as thus organized, comprised the following:

SECOND CORPS, LIEUT. GEN. T. J. JACKSON.

Chief of Artillery.—Col. Stapleton Crutchfield (wounded at Chancellorsville, 1863; killed at Sailor's Creek, 1865).

Ewell's Division, Maj. Gen. R. S. Ewell.

General Ewell was disabled for many months by the wounds he received at Groveton on the eve of Second Manassas, which cost him his leg. This division was commanded by Brigadier General Lawton till the latter was wounded at

Sharpsburg. After that it was led by Brigadier General Early, who later received the permanent rank of major general.

Chief of Artillery.—Maj. A. R. Courtney.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. A. R. Lawton (Colonel Douglass). 13th, 26th, 31st, 38th, 60th, and 61st Georgia Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. Jubal A. Early. 13th, 25th, 31st, 44th, 49th, 52nd, and 58th Virginia Regiments.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. R. Trimble. 15th Alabama Regiment; 12th and 21st Georgia Regiments; and 21st North Carolina Regiment.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. H. T. Hays (Colonel Forno, Colonel Strong). 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Louisiana Regiments.

D. H. Hill's Division, Maj. Gen. D. H. Hill.

Gen. D. H. Hill was detached to the South during the last part of 1862.

Brig. Gen. (later Maj. Gen.) R. E. Rhodes.

Chief of Artillery.—Maj. Hilary P. Jones.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. R. E. Rhodes. (Brig. Gen. E. A. O'Neal). 3rd, 5th, 6th, 12th, and 26th Alabama Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. George Doles. 4th and 44th Georgia Regiments; 1st and 3rd North Carolina Regiments.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. A. H. Colquitt, 13th Alabama Regiment; 6th, 23rd, 27th, and 28th Georgia Regiments.

It is interesting to note that John B. Gordon was at this time colonel of the 6th Georgia Regiment.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. A. Iverson. 5th, 12th, 20th, and 23rd North Carolina Regiments.

Fifth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. S. D. Ramseur. 2nd, 4th, 14th, and 30th North Carolina Regiments.

A. P. Hill's Division, (The "Light" Division), Maj. Gen.

A. P. Hill.

Chief of Artillery.—Lieut. Col. R. L. Walker.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. C. W. Field. 40th, 47th, and 55th Virginia Regiments; and 2nd Virginia Battalion.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. Maxey Gregg (killed at Fredericksburg), Brig. Gen. S. McGowan, Col. A. Perrin. 12th, 13th, and 14th South Carolina Regiments; 1st South Carolina Provisional Regiment, and Orr's Rifles.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. E. L. Thomas. 14th, 35th, 45th, and 49th Georgia Regiments.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. H. Lane (Lane had succeeded Branch, who was killed at Sharpsburg). 7th, 18th, 28th, 33rd, and 37th North Carolina Regiments.

Fifth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. J. Archer. 5th Alabama Regiment; 19th Georgia Regiment; 7th and 14th and 1st Provisional Tennessee Regiments.

The 19th Georgia Regiment seems to have been a part of the time, attached to Thomas's Brigade.

Sixth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. W. D. Pender (later Brig. Gen. A. M. Scales). 13th, 16th, 22nd, 34th, and 38th North Carolina Regiments.

Jackson's Old Division, Brig. Gen. W. B. Taliaferro, Brig.

R. E. Colston, later Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson.

Chief of Artillery.—Capt. J. B. Brockenbrough.

First Brigade (the Stonewall).—Brig. Gen. E. F. Paxton. (Colonel Baylor, Colonel Grigsby).

After General Paxton was killed at Chancellorsville, the "Stonewall" Brigade was led by Brig. Gen. J. A. Walker. 2nd, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33rd Virginia Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. R. Jones. (Col. Bradley T. Johnson.)

(General Jones had commanded the division at Sharpsburg in September, 1862, until he was wounded. In 1864 this brigade was consolidated with the Stonewall Brigade, under General Terry). 21st, 42nd, 48th Virginia Regiments; and 1st Virginia Battalion.

In 1863, the 25th, 44th, and 50th Virginia Regiments were added.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. William B. Taliaferro. (Col. A. B. Taliaferro). 10th, 23rd, and 37th Virginia Regiments; and 47th and 48th Alabama Regiments.

Fourth Brigade (Stark's Brigade).—(Col. L. A. Stafford, Col. Edmund Pendleton), Brig. Gen. Frances T. Nicholls, (Col. J. N. Williams).

(Gen. W. E. Stark who, after Gen. J. R. Jones was wounded, had succeeded to command of the Division, was killed at Sharpsburg, and at the time of the Second Corps was formally organized no permanent commander had been appointed; after General Nicholls was appointed, he led this brigade till he was disabled by wounds at Chancellorsville.) 1st, 2nd, 10th, 14th and 15th, Louisiana Regiments.

Corps of Reserve Artillery.—Col. J. Thompson Brown.

McGowan's South Carolina Brigade.

When the Second Corps was organized, Col. Samuel McGowan commanded the 14th South Carolina Regiment in Gregg's Brigade, of A. P. Hill's Division, and he succeeded to the command of the brigade after Gregg's death at Fredericksburg, and was promoted to brigadier general.

Scales's North Carolina Brigade.

When the Second Corps was organized, Col. A. M. Scales commanded the 13th North Carolina Regiment in Pender's Brigade, of A. P. Hill's Division. Scales, I believe, succeeded to the command of this brigade when, on reorganization after Chancellorsville, Pender was promoted to be a major general, which rank he held at the time he was killed at Gettysburg.

There were naturally many other changes from time to time in brigade and division commanders, arising from casualties and other reasons. For instance, although at the time of Sharpsburg, September, 1862, the Second Corps had not been formally organized as above stated, Jackson then had under his command very nearly the same organizations afterwards included in the Second Corps; and Colonel Henderson (in his "Stonewall Jackson") says that at the close of the first phase of the battle of Sharpsburg, there was not a brigade in Jackson's command led by the same officer who had taken it into action three or four hours earlier.

After Jackson's death in May, 1863, the Army of Northern Virginia was reorganized in three corps; Longstreet retained the First, and Ewell and A. P. Hill were made Lieutenant Generals. The former (who had returned to active service notwithstanding the loss of his leg) succeeded Jackson in command of the reorganized Second Corps, and A. P. Hill took the new Third Corps.

As it might be of interest to have a record of the organizations of the First Corps at the time the regular corps organizations were adopted, in October, 1862, I append hereto a separate memorandum showing the First Corps organizations:

FIRST CORPS, LIEUT. GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET.
(FALL OF 1862).

Anderson's Division, Maj. Gen. R. H. Anderson.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. C. M. Wilcox. 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th Alabama Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. William Mahone. 6th, 12th, 16th, 41st, and 61st Virginia Regiments.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. W. S. Featherston (Col. Carnot Posey). 12th, 16th, and 19th Mississippi Regiments; and 2nd Mississippi Battalion.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. A. R. Wright. 3rd, 22nd, and 48th Georgia Regiments; and 42nd Georgia Battalion.

Fifth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. E. A. Perry. 2nd, 5th, and 8th, Florida Regiments.

McLaws's Division, Maj. Gen. Lafayette McLaws.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. B. Kershaw. 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, and 15th South Carolina Regiments; and 3rd South Carolina Battalion.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. P. J. Semmes. 10th, 50th, 51st, and 53rd Georgia Regiments.

Third (Cobb's) Brigade.—Brig. Gen. — (later, Brig. Gen. W. T. Wofford). 16th, 18th, 24th Georgia Regiments; Cobb's Georgia Legion, and Phillips's Georgia Legion.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. W. Barksdale. 13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st Mississippi Regiments.

Pickett's Division, Maj. Gen. George E. Pickett.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. R. B. Garnett. 8th, 18th, 19th, 28th, and 56th Virginia Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. L. A. Armistead. 9th, 14th, 38th, 53rd, and 57th Virginia Regiments.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. L. Kemper. 1st, 3rd, 7th, 11th, and 24th Virginia Regiments.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. M. Jenkins. 1st (Volunteer), 2nd, 5th, and 6th, South Carolina Regiments, Hampton Legion, and Palmetto Sharpshooters.

Fifth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. M. D. Corse. 15th, 17th, 30th, and 32nd Virginia Regiments.

Hood's Division, Maj. Gen. J. B. Hood.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. B. Robertson. 3rd Arkansas Regiment; 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. E. M. Law. 4th and 44th Alabama Regiments; 6th, 54th, and 57th North Carolina Regiments.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. George T. Anderson. 1st, 7th, 8th, and 11th Georgia Regiments.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. Robert Tombs (Col. H. L. Benning). 2nd, 15th, 17th, and 20th Georgia Regiments.

Ransom's Division, Brig. Gen. M. Ransom.

1. *Ransom's Brigade*, 24th, 25th, 35th, and 49th North Carolina Regiments.

2. *Cooke's Brigade*, 15th, 27th, 46th, and 48th North Carolina Regiments.

Reserve Artillery.—Washington Artillery, Col. J. B. Walton. Alexander's Battalion, Lieut. Col. E. Porter Alexander,

A UNIQUE BATTLE.

BY JOHN PUNIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The town of Williamsport is located in the lower angle formed by the Potomac River with the Conococheague Creek. These streams inclose the town on two sides, and back of it about one mile there is a low range of hills that is crossed by four roads converging at the town. The first is the Greencastle road leading down the creek valley; next the Hagerstown road; then the Boonsborough road; lastly the river road.

Early on the morning of July 6, 1863, General Imboden received report of the approach from Frederick of a large

body of Federal cavalry, with three full batteries of six rifle guns each. These were the divisions of Gens. John Buford and Judson Kilpatrick, and Brig. Gen. Pennock Huey's Brigade of Gregg's Division, consisting, as he afterwards learned, of twenty-three regiments of cavalry and eighteen guns, a total force of about 7,000 men.

General Imboden immediately posted his guns on the hills that concealed the town, dismounted his own command to support them, and ordered as many of the wagoners to be formed as could be armed with guns of the wounded that had been brought from Gettysburg. In this work General Imboden acknowledges valuable aid by Col. J. L. Black, of South Carolina; Capt. J. F. Hart, commanding a battery from the same State; Col. William R. Aylett, commanding the 53d Virginia Infantry; and other wounded officers. By noon about seven hundred wagoners were organized into companies of one hundred each and officered by wounded line officers and commissaries and quartermasters. About two hundred and fifty were assigned to Colonel Aylett on the right next the river, about as many to Colonel Black on the left, and the residue, about two hundred, were used as skirmishers. General Imboden held his own command well in hand in the center.

[NOTE.—Colonel Aylett's regiment was a member of Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Armistead's Brigade, and Colonel Aylett was wounded in the great Confederate charge on July 3. General Armistead, it will be remembered, was mortally wounded after he had leaped over the stone wall behind which the Federal line on Cemetery Ridge was in position, and fell into the hands of the enemy.]

Though General Imboden does not enumerate them in his forces in position prior to the beginning of the battle which was fought at Williamsport in defense of the train, General Lee, reporting, said: "Here they were attacked by a strong force of cavalry and artillery, which was gallantly repulsed by General Imboden, whose command had been strengthened by several batteries *and by two regiments of infantry, which had been detached at Winchester to guard prisoners, and were returning to the army.*" The returning regiments were the 54th North Carolina, of Hoke's Brigade, and the 58th Virginia, of Smith's Brigade, detached at Winchester to escort prisoners of war to Staunton, and the 13th Virginia, of Smith's Brigade, was detached and left at Winchester to guard captured property, etc. The extended duties of the three regiments named prevented them from reaching the Gettysburg battle fields.

The Federal force appeared in front about half past one o'clock on the Hagerstown and Boonsborough roads, and it was the signal for opening the battle. Every man in that little command understood that if they did not repulse the enemy they would all be captured and the Confederate army would be ruined by the loss of its transportation, which at that period could not have been replaced in the Confederacy. The battle opened by artillery by both sides. The firing from the Confederate line was very rapid, and caused the Federal assaulting force to hesitate about advancing. Fortunately for the Confederate force engaged, when it became known that one of the batteries had run out of ammunition, and an ordnance train arrived from Winchester, two wagonloads of ammunition were ferried across the river and run upon the field behind the guns, and the boxes tumbled out to be broken open with axes. With this fresh supply, the Confederate guns were all soon in full play again. As the enemy could not see the supports of the Confederate guns from the hilltops, General Imboden moved the whole line forward to their full view, in single ranks, to show a long front on the Hagerstown approach. The line passed the Confederate guns fifty or one

hundred yards, where they were halted awhile, and then were withdrawn behind the hilltop again, slowly and steadily.

Leaving Colonel Black's wagoners and the Marylanders on the left to support Hart's and Moore's batteries, Hart having been put in command by Colonel Black when he was obliged to be elsewhere, General Imboden moved two of his regiments to his right to meet and repel five advancing dismounted Federal regiments. These regiments, with McNeill's Partisan Rangers and Colonel Aylett's wagoners, had to sustain a very severe contest. Hart, seeing how hard they were pressed on the right, charged the Federal right, and, at the same time, Major Eshleman advanced his eight Napoleons four hundred yards to the front, getting an enfilading position, from which, with the aid of McClanahan's Battery, they poured a furious fire into the Federal line. The Confederate force on the right of the line charged the Federal force, which fell back sullenly to their horses.

Night was rapidly approaching, when a messenger from Gen. Fitzhugh Lee reached General Imboden and urged him to hold his own, as he, Lee, would be up in half an hour with three thousand fresh troops. This news was sent along General Imboden's line, and was received with a wild and exultant yell. With this information, the hard-pressed little band knew that the battle was won, and it caused them to slowly push forward. Almost at the same moment they heard distant guns in the Federal rear and right on the Hagerstown road. They were Stuart's guns, who was approaching on that road, while Fitzhugh Lee was approaching on the Greencastle road. That settled the contest. The Federal force broke to the left and fled by the Boonsborough road. It was too dark to follow. When Gen. Fitzhugh Lee joined General Imboden with his staff on the field, one of the Federal shells came near striking him. He thought it came from Eshleman's Battery, till, a moment later, he saw a blaze from the Confederate gun streaming away from him.

About 125 Federals who failed to reach their horses were captured. General Imboden states he could never ascertain the loss on either side. He estimated the Confederate loss at 125. The teamsters fought so well that the battle became known as "the wagoners' fight." Quite a number of them were killed in storming a farm from which sharpshooters were rapidly picking off Eshleman's men and horses.

General Imboden estimates his whole force engaged, wagoners included, did not exceed three thousand men. His ruse, practiced by showing a formidable line on his left, then withdrawing it to fight on the right, with numerous Confederate artillery, twenty-three guns, led the enemy to believe that the Confederate force engaged was much greater than it really was.

[NOTE.—The facts and quotations used from General Imboden, in the foregoing article are obtained from a lucid sketch written by him and published in "Battles and Leaders," prepared by the Century Magazine.]

Gen. Alfred Pleasanton, commanding the corps of Federal cavalry, said: "The grand attack of General Lee's army on July 3, on the left of our line at Gettysburg, having been successfully repulsed and defeated, orders were given for the cavalry to gain his rear and line of communication, and harass and annoy him as much as possible in his retreat.

"Buford's division started from Westminster, passed through Frederick City, where it was joined by Merritt's Brigade from Gettysburg, and proceeded to the vicinity of Williamsport on July 6, where the enemy's pickets were driven in to within a half mile of his trains at the town. A small train and some forty mules were captured, but the

enemy was in too strong force to permit farther damage at that point."

Kilpatrick's Division was joined by Huey's Brigade, of Gregg's Division, on July 4th as it passed Emmitsburg, and on July 6, "while Buford attacked at Williamsport, Kilpatrick's Division attacked the enemy at Hagerstown."

This indicates that the Federal cavalry was put in motion immediately after the repulse of the great Confederate charge on July 3, and it caused a corresponding strenuousness on the part of the Confederate cavalry. This arm of the Confederate service was commanded by Maj.-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. While the Federal leaders planned and moved to execute the destruction of the Confederate trains and to cause any other embarrassment to their retreating adversary, Generals Lee and Stuart were alert with plans and activities to meet them. The Confederate cavalry was so disposed as to afford the greatest protection to the army trains and the flanks of the moving army. The infantry and artillery of the latter, however, were in no great danger from the hovering cavalry detachments, as the latter were wary of infantry connected with artillery. Assignment was made of several detachments, each being fully advised as to the part it was to play. The very conditions which existed necessarily required the heads of such detachments to be prolific in initiation, as no set rule could be laid down that would meet all conditions.

For two days after the Confederate cavalry began its movements on the evening of July 4, it spent practically sleepless nights, and was engaged in active operations day and night either fighting or marching to counteract the movements of their ever-alert opponents. Such activities, by a stroke of good fortune, concentrated all the detached and scattered bodies in the vicinity of Hagerstown on the morning of July 6, with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart present to command and stimulate the combined forces.

Under General Stuart's bold manipulation, his tired troopers and their badly jaded horses, both of which had been constantly on the move for the greater part of day and night for a month, and their ranks had been greatly reduced by their long and arduous march, repeated conflicts, and insufficient supplies of food, seemed to gather new strength, and, under the impulse of the necessity, assailed their stubborn adversary with boldness and determination.

Under the magic influence of Stuart's manipulation, though the Confederate cavalry force was very much smaller than that of the enemy, by a bold and vigorous attack, with a reliance on that help which had never failed him, Stuart hoped to raise the siege of Williamsport. He learned from Brig. Gen. W. E. Jones that the Confederate wagons were congregated in a narrow space at the foot of the hill near the river, which was too much swollen to permit their passage to the south bank. His gallant troopers drove the dismounted Federal skirmishers from street to street in Hagerstown, where they had taken a determined stand, and some time elapsed before the town was entirely clear. The Federal force then took the road, first toward Sharpsburg, but afterwards turned to the Williamsport road. Just as Hagerstown was cleared, Stuart heard the guns at Williamsport, six miles distant. After driving the Federal skirmishers out of the town, in each successive stand made by them they were dislodged and closely pursued by the mounted men, but made one effort at a countercharge, which was gallantly met and repulsed. The Federal force was now very near Williamsport, and the determined and vigorous attack in rear soon compelled the besieging enemy to leave in hasty discomfiture by the Downsville road. His withdrawal was favored by night, which set

in just as the Confederate force reached the ridge overlooking Williamsport.

To add to the trepidation of the Federal besiegers of the Confederate wagon train at Williamsport, Gen. James Longstreet "thought himself fortunate when he found that he could reach Hagerstown in time to relieve the trains at Williamsport, then seriously threatened." Reaching Hagerstown about 5 P.M., his column moved down the Sharpsburg pike and encamped about two miles from Hagerstown. The fact that he had reached the vicinity was ample without his having to make a demonstration against the forces of the enemy.

When General Stuart reached Hagerstown, July 6, he found that a small body of Confederate infantry, under Brig. Gen. Alfred Iverson, also held the north edge of the town, aided by the cavalry of Robertson and Chambliss. General Iverson reached the town on July 6, where he found the Federal cavalry engaged with the Confederate cavalry. He was convoying a train which he sent back to the rear, deployed skirmishers, fixed an ambushade, and he stated that he believed he killed, wounded, and captured as many of the enemy as he had men. His loss was three killed and six wounded. He stated that he drove the enemy through Hagerstown, and marched within two miles of Williamsport that night, in support of Stuart's cavalry, which came up during the fight. Iverson's small infantry force was the remnant of his brigade left from Rodes's attack in the battle of the 1st. of July, when a large part of it was killed and captured.

Longstreet's infantry force and Iverson's small command numbered infantry in ample force to effectively handle the large Federal cavalry force present. It is not necessary to state to any old soldier that cavalry, during that war, had no fondness for organized infantry and artillery where the numbers and equipment were in the vicinity of par.

General Buford said: "The expedition had for its object the destruction of the enemy's trains, supposed to be at Williamsport. This I regret to say was not accomplished. The enemy was too strong for me, but he was severely punished for his obstinacy. His casualties were more than quadruple mine." This estimate was wholly guesswork, and really pure bombast.

Gen. Judson Kilpatrick said that General Custer had joined Buford's attack on Williamsport and had his force ready to advance with the prospect of success, when he received a dispatch from Colonel Richmond, whose force was in advance to check the Confederate march, that he was attacked with infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Word came at the same time that a column of infantry was moving on his right flank. It was now 6 P.M. A few moments later, General Buford sent a staff officer to him to say he was about to retire; that he feared the enemy would move down on the Sharpsburg pike and intercept their retreat. He stated that his "command was in a most perilous position, attacked in front, rear, and flank, and no prospect of a safe retreat until night." Slowly the regiments of each brigade fell back, taking up one position after another, repulsing each attack until night set in and they formed a junction with Buford, both commands going into camp near Jones's Crossroads.

By extraordinary good fortune, General Imboden and his valiant helpers had saved a greater part of the army trains. Imboden states that a bold charge at any time before sunset would have broken their feeble line, and then the whole force, with the entire trains in their charge, would have fallen an easy prey to the enemy.

The fortuitous combination of occurrences which operated

to throw their protecting shield around that immense aggregation of vehicles and their helpless burden of human suffering, because of the enforced necessity of their standing on a narrow strip of low ground along the Potomac River, in the vicinity of Williamsport, Md., on July 6, 1863, is rarely witnessed. It is not necessary to describe the helpless condition of that comparatively inert mass, the only protection of which was a brave but greatly inadequate force. We find the first dim rift in the lowering cloud which enveloped them was the arrival of the two regiments returning from their detached duties of escorting a large number of prisoners of war to Staunton. The next event, and which tended to greatly broaden that almost imperceptible fissure, was the arrival of Stuart and his several acting independent detachments of tired horsemen; and Iverson's little band of gallant infantry played its part in that protecting shield. The arrival of General Longstreet, with his organized infantry and artillery, was the culmination of events which aided in the hasty discomfiture and, but for the friendly safeguard of approaching night, probably a disorderly retreat of the destructive forces which were hovering around.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

THE TRUE STORY OF HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.

BY ISAAC MARKENS, NEW YORK CITY.

Although the death of John Wilkes Booth on the morning of April 26, 1865, has been clearly established, an impression prevails that the assassin of Lincoln for many years after he shot the President at Ford's Theater, in Washington, on the night of April 14, lived under assumed names at various towns in the West and Southwest and passed away a few years ago. How far from right are the many stories being published from time to time on this subject is shown by the following:

Near Port Royal, Va., at the home of Richard Henry Garrett, Booth made his last stop after leaving Washington. In a barn about one hundred yards from the Garrett house, Booth and his companion, David E. Herold, were found at 2 A.M., guards having been stationed near the Garrett house and around the barn. Jack Garrett, a young son of Richard Henry, was sent to the inmates of the barn to appeal for their surrender. To this Booth replied with an oath: "You get out of here; you have betrayed me." Through the cracks of the barn showed the light of a burning candle carried by the pursuing party. Inside the barn was dark. Repeated demands for surrender having been refused by Booth, he was told by Lieut. L. C. Baker, the government detective, one of the soldiers, that fifty men with him, armed with carbines and pistols, made escape impossible. Booth demurred, saying: "This is a hard case, I swear." Then he asked for time to consider. Finally Baker warned Booth that unless he surrendered his arms and came out of the barn, the barn would be fired. Booth answered he was a cripple, with one leg, he had but one leg, and if Baker's men would withdraw fifty yards from the door of the barn, he would come out and fight them; he asked for a chance for his life. To this proposition Baker replied he did not come there to fight. Next, one of the Garretts was requested to pile some brush up against the corner of the barn, pine boughs. Here further conversation with Booth ceased. After a while the two fugitives engaged in much talk, which ended with Booth saying to Herold, "You damned coward, will you leave me now?" Next Herold came to the door and said: "Let me out." The firing of the barn followed; loose hay blazed very rapidly. In Booth's hands was a carbine. Sergeant Burton Corbett, of the 13th New York Cavalry, whose mind was upon Booth attentively, was

told by one of his companions that Booth was watching him and that he aimed the carbine at him. Corbett then, believing that the time had come, shot him through a large crack in the barn. The wound was made in the neck, a little back of the ear, and came out a little higher up in the upper side of the head. He was shot at fifteen minutes past three o'clock, lingered two hours and a quarter, and died in terrible agony. Secretary Stanton, when informed of the capture and death of Booth, the same night sent a tug to Alexandria to meet the steamer Ide, having Booth's body on board. From the tug the body was transferred to the monitor Montauk at 1:45 A.M. the next day, April 27, taken out of the blankets in which it was wrapped, and placed on deck in charge of a guard. Later that day, by direction of the Secretary of the Navy Welles, the body was seen on the Montauk by the Surgeon General and his assistant, Judge Advocate General Holt, John A. Bingham, William T. Moore, Col. L. C. Baker, Lieutenant Baker, Lieutenant Colonel Conger, Charles Dawson, J. L. Smith, and Alexandria Gardner, government photographer. It was then delivered, after the Surgeon General had made his autopsy, in a strong box to Colonel Baker. To further establish identification beyond doubt, J. F. May, of Washington, who had removed a tumor from Booth's neck two years before, readily found the scar. The body was further identified by his initials on his right arm in India ink, and by the personal recognition of many intimate acquaintances. The Surgeon General at this time cut from Booth's neck a section of the spine through which the ball passed. The same day a secret burial of Booth was made on the arsenal grounds at Washington, the body being lowered in the grave in a pine gun box stored in the Ordnance Department close by. There it rested until February 15, 1869, when, upon the request of Booth's mother, the body, by order of President Johnson, was delivered to the sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore. In accordance with instructions of Edwin Booth, J. H. Weaver, undertaken of Baltimore, and Harvey & Marr, undertakers of Washington, the body was prepared for burial, after being further identified by a dentist who had filled Booth's teeth. It was then taken from Washington by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and three days later, on February 18, interred in lots 9-10, Area Dogwood, Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, said lots being in the name of Mrs. Mary Ann Booth.

Further evidence of the fate of Booth is found in the payment by the government of \$75,000 to his captors, in accordance with a reward offered by the War Department, April 20, 1865, which was distributed, in 1866, to eight army officers and detectives and twenty-six soldiers, of which E. J. Conger, detective, received \$15,000, and Burton Corbett, the man who shot Booth, \$1,653.85, the same as all other soldiers.

What purports to be the true story of Booth's escape, as told recently by pretended relatives of the assassin, now living in the West and elsewhere, in face of the above statement based on official records in Washington, is pure fabrication, as shown by the following documents on file in the War Department, dated February 15, 1869:

"To Brevet General George D. Ramsey, Commanding Washington Arsenal.

"The President directs that the body of John Wilkes Booth, interred at the Washington Arsenal, be delivered to Mr. John Weaver, sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore, Md., for the purpose of having it removed and properly interred. Please report the execution of the order.

"I am, etc.,

E. D. T., A. A. G."

General Ramsey replied as follows:

"Major General E. D. Townsend, A. A. G., U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

"Sir: I have the honor to report that the body of John Wilkes Booth was, on Monday afternoon, the 15th inst., delivered to the person designated in the order of the President of the United States of the same date.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant

GEORGE D. RAMSEY,

Brevet Major General U. S. Army Commanding."

How far from true is the statement of one Blanche Bates, a reputed niece of John Wilkes Booth, that his mother or any others of the Booth family visited him in the West after his "escape," or believed-in escape, is evidenced by a letter by Edwin Booth, his respected brother, as early as September 11, 1867, to General Grant at Washington, from Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, where he was then stopping:

"Gen. U. S. Grant.

"Sir: Having once received a promise from Mr. Stanton (Secretary of War) that the family of John Wilkes Booth should be permitted to obtain the body when sufficient time had elapsed, I yielded to the entreaties of my mother and applied for it to the Secretary of War, I fear too soon, for the letter was unheeded, if indeed it ever reached him. I now appeal to you, in behalf of my heart-broken mother, that she may receive the remains of her son. You, sir, can understand what a consolation it would be to an aged parent to have the privilege of visiting the grave of her child, and I feel assured that you will, even in the midst of your most pressing duties, feel a touch of sympathy for her, one of the greatest sufferers living.

"May I not hope, too, that you will listen to our entreaties and send me some encouragement, some information how and when the remains may be obtained? By so doing you will receive the gratitude of a most unhappy family, and will, I am sure, be justified by all right-thinking minds should the matter become known to others than ourselves.

"I shall remain in Baltimore two weeks from the date of this letter, during which time I could send a trustworthy person to bring hither and probably bury the remains on the family grounds, thus relieving my poor mother of much misery.

"Apologizing for my intrusion, and anxiously awaiting a reply to this,

"I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,
EDWIN BOOTH."

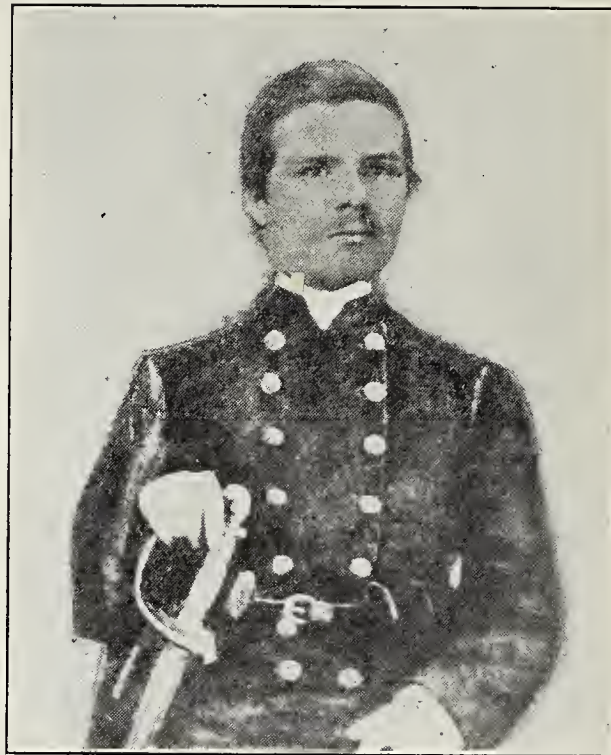
To this letter General Grant, so far as known, made no reply, probably from disinclination to confer with President Johnson, his superior, with whom he and Stanton, about this time, were involved in the political squabble which led to Johnson's impeachment. Here Edwin Booth ceased to figure on the matter of his brother's remains until February 10, 1869, twenty days before Johnson's retirement from the presidency, when he addressed Johnson, begging that he will not delay in ordering the body to be given to the care of the aforesaid Mr. Weaver, and at the same time he requested of the President the return of a trunk of his brother's at the National Hotel, Washington, for which he had once applied, but was refused, it being under the seal of the War Department, and which he thought might contain relics of "the poor misguided boy," which would be dear to his sorrowing mother and of no use to anyone. "Your Excellency," wrote Edwin "would greatly lessen the crushing weight of grief by giving immediate orders for the safe delivery of the remains of John Wilkes Booth to Mr. Weaver, and gain the lasting gratitude of your obedient servant, Edwin Booth."

MISSISSIPPI MILITARY STATISTICS.

BY COL. W. A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

As a result of a State-supported Department of Archives and History, which issues an official and statistical register quadrennially, or during each succeeding administration, her citizens generally are informed, not only upon transactions of recent, but of the remote past. Therefore the following résumé of facts bearing upon Mississippi's military history during the four years of war against secession is here given, hoping that it may induce like contributions from other States.

In response to the advice of Gov. J. J. Pettus, the legislature called a State convention to meet in Jackson, on January 7,



W. A. LOVE, 1848-19—.

1861, to consider the existing relations between the government of the United States and the government of the people of Mississippi and to adopt such measures for vindicating the government of the State and the protection of its institutions "as shall appear to demand" that attention.

On January 9, the convention assembled, organized, and passed an ordinance of secession by a vote of 84 to 15.

On the 21, Jefferson Davis announced the withdrawal of Mississippi from the Union to the United States Senate and delivered his farewell address to that body.

The convention of the Confederate States at Montgomery, Ala., on January 25, elected Jefferson Davis President of the Confederacy.

A convention, in obedience to the proclamation of the President, assembled at Jackson for the purpose of ratifying the constitution of the Confederate States and to place the State upon a war footing.

According to the census of 1860, the number of white males in Mississippi between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was 70,295. The total enlistments of the State during the war in the Confederate army was, in round numbers, 80,000. The State furnished the Union army 545 whites and 79,000 negroes. The State furnished five major generals and twenty-nine brigadier generals, field officers omitted.

In April, 1861, President Davis asked for 1,500 Mississippi troops to aid in the defense of Pensacola, Fla. The 9th and 10th Regiments, under command of Col. J. R. Chalmers and Col. S. M. Phillips, were sent in response to the call.

The following regiments from Mississippi took part in the Virginia Campaign of 1861: The 2nd, Col. W. C. Falkner; 11th, Col. W. H. Moore; 13th, Col. William Barksdale; 17th, Col. W. S. Featherston; 18th Col. E. R. Burt.

Principal military operations within the State in 1862: May 29, General Beauregard evacuated Corinth; September 10, Natchez taken by Federals; September 19, 20, battles of Iuka; October 3, 4, General Van Dorn attacks Corinth; December 2, General Hovey occupies Grenada; December 5, battle of Coffeeville; December 20, General VanDorn takes Holly Springs; December 27, Federals attack Vicksburg.

Operations in 1863: April 17-May 5, Grierson's raid; April 29, naval battle at Grand Gulf; May 1, battle of Port Gibson; May 12, Federals take Raymond; May 14, Federals occupy Jackson; May 16, battle of Champion Hill; May 17, battle of Big Black and Vicksburg invested by Federals under General Grant; July 4, Vicksburg surrenders; July 16, Jackson evacuated by General Johnston; November 16, Charles Clark inaugurated governor at Columbus; December 17-25, battles at Rodney and Port Gibson.

Operations in 1864: February 1, Yazoo River expedition by Federals; February 27, 28, battle at Canton; May 24, battle of Holly Springs; June 10, battle of Brice's Crossroads; July 14, 15, battles of Harrisburg; August 7-14, battles of Abbeville, Oxford, and Hurricane Creek.

In a contribution to the Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society, Volume VIII, Gen. Stephen D. Lee gives an index to campaigns, battles, and skirmishes in the State from 1861 to 1865, as published by the Federal government in the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Series I. This includes all battles and skirmishes in Mississippi and on the Mississippi River, and brings the grand total to about 450 in number, showing that the two armies were in almost daily combat, developing many minor engagements.

Occurrences in 1865: On May 4, at Citronelle, Ala., Gen. Richard Taylor surrendered to General Canby and issued orders from Meridian, Miss., reciting the surrender of General Lee and stating that the war was over. . . . May 10-20, General Forrest's cavalry command paroled at Gainesville, Ala.; May 6, Governor Clark issued a proclamation calling a special session of the legislature to meet at Jackson, May 18. On May 22, Governor Clark was arrested by General Osband, of the United States Army and the legislature adjourned precipitately and all members fled, some by rail and dirt roads, some in coaches and carriages, some as equestrians and pedestrians, all determined to get somewhere else. But here begins a chapter which does not properly come within the purview of this paper.

Aside from the remarkable number of battles and skirmishes fought in Mississippi, the enlistments in proportion to military population may invite explanation, if not criticism. First, it is a result of the duplication of names consequent to promotions, transfers, and details to various departments, and to the fact that there were many in the service over forty-five and under eighteen years of age. For instance, in Company H, 6th Mississippi Cavalry, there were about one hundred rank and file. Of these seventy were under twenty years of age and their average was below eighteen, one of which was the writer, seventeen years and two months at the date of the surrender. This Company was doubtless an exception, but the boys were well represented in all the cavalry commands, verifying the assertion that the "seed corn" of the Con-

federacy was being utilized in its efforts for independence. They were a jolly lot, to be sure, those boys in jackets of gray, always ready for a frolic or a fight, by night or by day, and the few yet remaining can be depended upon to cheer when Dixie is played, grow cotton, and vote the straight Democratic ticket.

However, the "buttermilk" cavalry boys must give first place to the old "web-foot" infantry on questions of proficiency in indiscriminate foraging.

While strictly conscientious respecting private property, an opportunity was never unimproved to "fill up." The usual introductory plea—with a woebegone expression—was: "Mister (or Miss as the victim might be), *I haven't had anything to eat in three days,*" which generally secured something; and how they held it all is a mystery. Stomachs, haversacks, pockets, and canteens, all full, they might be likened—apologies to either or both—to the pelican.

The popularity of a recently adopted slogan, "Made in Mississippi," recalls the fact that the material of the suit worn by the writer was grown on the farm, the wool having been shorn, carded, spun, dyed, and women, and the cloth cut, fitted, and made all at home. The only contribution to the whole outfit by the Confederacy was the brass buttons, and they were "hand-downs" that had been used by older brothers in the campaign in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

This statement is made in commemoration of the undying love, devotion, and self-sacrifice of the sainted mothers of the South who have passed to the other side, and while

"Over the river we are nearing,
They are thronging to the shore,
To shout our safe arrival
Where the weary weep no more."

W. A. MASSIE, FIRST LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

A CORRECTION BY J. M. RICHARDS, WEATHERFORD, TEX.

In contributing a "War Incident" to the VETERAN (published on page 20 of the January number), I made a slight mistake as to the official rank of Lieut. W. A. Massie. My principal purpose was to call attention to the extraordinary courtesy shown by Mrs. U. S. Grant, wife of General Grant, to a scouting Confederate soldier who was known at that time to be within the Federal lines and for whom a company of Yankee cavalry was making search. My further purpose was to show the nerve and audacity this hunted Confederate displayed when he calmly walked into the home of Mrs. Grant and nonchalantly took a seat on her front porch. Incidentally, I referred to Comrade W. A. Massie, a neighbor through whom I learned this little war incident, erroneously stating that he, while serving as a courier for General Lee, was severely wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. Comrade George Percy Hawes, of Richmond, writes to correct my statement, and says: "I knew W. A. Massie very well. He was first lieutenant of C. W. Fry's Battery, Second Corps, A. N. V., and I was present when he was shot by a rifle ball through his left shoulder as he jumped upon the breastworks and waved his hat, recklessly defying Yankee bullets. Seeing he was seriously wounded, I helped him upon my mare and into my saddle. Placing myself behind the saddle, I carried him to the hospital."

The facts as to Lieutenant Massie's having been severely wounded through his shoulder are correct. The error consists in ascribing to him the position of a courier when he was first lieutenant of Fry's Battery, Second Division of Artillery, Second Corps, Col. Thomas H. Carter commanding.

Comrade Hawes was a courier on the staff of Col. Thomas H. Carter, and bears testimony to the fidelity and gallantry of his personal and most highly esteemed friend and army comrade, Lieut. W. A. Massie, formerly of Hanover County, Va., who was also severely wounded through his right thigh at the battle of Spotsylvania.

SERVICE WITH THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

(Continued from February number.)

[From the diary of James L. Cooper, Captain and A. A. G. Edited by Deering J. Roberts, M.D., Surgeon C. S. A.]

(September 19, 1863.)

We slept on our arms that night prepared to renew the battle early dawn. Nothing decisive had been done, but the enemy were very much alarmed. We had captured a good many guns from him, and had driven him from several strong positions. All night long the Yankees were busy arranging their lines, and the clatter of thousands of axes, fortifying, and the rolling of artillery to positions told us that to-morrow would be a bloody day. Numbers of wounded had been left between the lines, and their cries for help were heart-rending.

Just at daybreak we sprang to our feet and prepared for the expected attack. It did not come, however, for the Yankees had had enough of us the preceding day. Everything was so quiet this beautiful Sabbath morning that for several hours all thought there would be no fighting. About nine o'clock the terrible slaughter commenced again, and from that time until dark our ears were again deafened by such noise and confusion as seldom fall to the lot of man to hear. At sunset, despite the most determined opposition, we had driven them back at every point and they were in full retreat for Chattanooga. Then every one seemed wild with joy, from generals down to privates, and all joined in the exultant cheers that rang over that blood-stained field, telling in tones as loud as "heaven's artillery" that we were victorious. Wild shouts ran from one end of our lines to the other, even the poor wounded fellows lying about through the woods joining in.

Provisions were brought up, and, as soon as our excitement had subsided, we lay down to obtain that much-needed rest, expecting ere the night was over to start in pursuit of the retreating Yankees. We were too tired to heed the dead bodies lying all around us, so close we could almost touch them with our hands.

Contrary to the expectations and desire of every one, we remained on the battle field all day Monday, and spent the greater part of the day in rambling about over the field. The ground was thickly covered with brush and fallen limbs, which were very dry, and the batteries had in many places fired this, and some of the wounded men, unable to get out of reach of the flames, perished miserably in the fire. Our dead were all buried during the day, but the greater part of the Yankees were left where they fell.

On the 22nd, we were exposed to a very heavy fire of artillery for two or more hours. We were lying down in the grass, and numbers of the men actually went to sleep while the shells were bursting all around them. Our brigade was small at this time, numbering a thousand muskets; out of this we lost over six hundred. In my regiment the loss was ninety-eight out of one hundred and sixty-two.

We moved quietly down to Chattanooga and, forming our lines around the place, fortified and went into camp. Our lines extended from Lookout Mountain to Chickamauga River, and had a fine position.

October, 1863.—We were almost starved during this month.

The rations were very scant at best, and sometimes the railroad did not come up to time. Then it was dreadful. I well remember when for three days, in place of our meat ration of three quarters of a pound of beef, or one-sixth of a pound of bacon, we drew one spoonful of sugar daily. We were constrained to add to our allowance by "charging sutlers" and eating all other kind of trash that came in our way.

Our picket line was very near the enemy, and after a time an agreement was made to quit firing at each other, so after that it was easy work standing guard. Quite an exchange of papers, tobacco, and coffee was kept up until orders from headquarters put an end to it.

With the exception of an occasional shell, we were exposed to very little danger during this month, and had rations been more plentiful we could have had a right easy time. My mess had again been changed; there were now W. and J. Barnes, J. Stephens, and myself.

We were moved about so often that we did not have much chance for making ourselves comfortable, but by the aid of big fires we managed to keep from freezing. Part of this month the rain descended incessantly and the weather was about as bad as could be. The army continued in excellent health and spirits, notwithstanding the many trials we were subjected to, and waited for the enemy to be starved out of Chattanooga, giving him an occasional shelling by way of reminder. How we were disappointed will soon be shown.

November, 1863.—Longstreet's corps was sent to Knoxville about the first of this month. Other troops were also sent off, and add to this the short rations, bad weather, and the inactive life we had been living for two months, it will be seen that we were in poor plight for an active campaign.

On the morning of the 24th, the enemy's long lines were discovered along the outside of their fortifications. We at once knew that their expected movement had been started, and at three o'clock the sharp rattle of musketry was heard on our right, where our skirmishers were attacked. Our regiment was moved to the extreme right, where we were exposed to a pretty sharp artillery fire, and one of our company, James Mitchell, was killed. He was buried that night under circumstances which called forth a repetition from one of the company of "the burial of Sir John Moore." Poor fellow, their relative positions were considerably different.

At night we moved back to our former position and spent the night in cooking rations and carrying our baggage up the steep ridge behind us. Morning found our army in position on the top of Missionary Ridge all the troops, but skirmishers, having been withdrawn from the valley below. The enemy maneuvered about all the morning, and it was not until after midday that any general advance was made. Every movement in the plains below was visible to us, and a sublime scene was presented to our view when the massive columns began their onward march. In front of the foot of the ridge was a field half a mile in width, and as they entered this, our artillery, with one simultaneous peal, began the work of death. The Yankees crossed the field and pressed forward up the ridge. In front of our division they were easily repulsed, but our lines were broken, both on the right and left of us, and the enemy, forming at right angles to our fortifications, swept everything before him. Our brigade, commanded by Colonel Tyler, fought nobly, and when the retreat commenced marched leisurely and in good order to the rear. We were the only command of the whole left wing which was unbroken. General Bragg, in his official report, said "that the army was saved was owing to Bate's small but gallant brigade." General Bate was soon after made a major general and Colonel Tyler a brigadier.

I was marching slowly away from the top of the Ridge, and had just fired my gun at the Yankees, when I felt a sensation as if some one had struck me with a board. I knew that I had been shot, and, after an examination, started from the field. I crossed the Chickamauga River, and made my way to the railroad, hoping to get on the cars. At the station I learned that the cars would not come up, and, with many other wounded men, I started down toward Dalton. I marched all night and reached Ringgold before day. The next day I arrived at Dalton, twenty-five miles from Missionary Ridge. I was completely broken down, and my wounds were quite painful. I got on the cars here and started, on top in a cold rain, for Marietta, where I went to the hospital, but was taken the next day to an uncle's, where I was doomed to undergo much suffering.

I was very kindly treated by Dr. Setts, a practicing physician in that place, and had everything which could be supplied by friends and relatives. Uncle Ike's and James Thomas's families were living together, and the house was small and pretty full.

December, 1863-January and February, 1864.—My wounds gave me a great deal of trouble during the month of December, and it was not until Christmas that I commenced improving. I had quite a rest from soldier life, but it was too painful to be pleasant. In January, I was able to go about.

My uncles' families were living then at opposite ends of the village, and I spent my time in visiting from one to the other. I was under lasting obligations to Dr. Dupre for his kind attention, and believe he saved my life. I was also very kindly treated by Mr. Morgan and his family.

Having sufficiently recovered to be sent back to the army, about the 1st of February I rejoined my regiment at Dalton, then encamped upon a high hill one mile north of the place. My mess was very comfortably settled in a little doghouse of a place, about ten by six feet. The prospect was not very cheering, and as the surgeon told me I was unfit for duty, I got another furlough and went, rejoicing, back to Marietta.

About the last of February several divisions of the army were started to Mississippi to meet a movement in that direction, but an advance in front of Dalton necessitated their recall just as the advance reached Montgomery, Ala. The movement on Dalton was only a feint, and after a few days of skirmishing, the Yankees went back to Chattanooga. Our loss was trifling. I had gone to Hogansville when this movement commenced, and started back to my command, but had only reached Atlanta when I heard the news of the retreat, and very willingly deferred my return to the army until the expiration of my furlough.

March and April, 1864.—I procured a furlough for a few days in March and went back to Marietta, after which I made up my mind to stay with the army until wounded again or sick. Our camp life was varied by different amusements. For the religiously inclined, there was a considerable revival of religion in the brigade to attract their attention; others, not so pious, could attend the cockfights, and also take a hand at poker or seven-up. I am afraid those of a pious turn of mind were decidedly in the minority. The men of our army took up ball playing here as an amusement. Breaking down the stocks also became quite fashionable, and many laughable incidents occurred. During the winter we had much sport in snowballing, there being an unusually heavy fall of snow.

During the winter Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had superseded General Bragg in command of the army, and as part of his strategy consisted in feeding his men well, we were living upon the fat of the land, which was poor enough. The contrast to

our previous diet was so marked, however, that we imagined we were doing finely. General Johnston gave universal satisfaction, and a marked change was soon perceptible in the army. He infused a portion of his active spirit into his subordinate officers, and as a consequence we were better clothed and better provided for in every way than we had been for a year before.

The approach of warm weather told us that our work for the summer would soon begin, but no one had a thought that the task would prove so long and bloody. Near the latter part of April everything was made ready for action, and every day we listened for the sound of cannon at our outposts.

May, 1864.—We were kept in constant excitement during the first week of this month, and about the 8th were marched out in earnest. The enemy had driven in our advance and were in position at Tunnell Hill when we formed our lines at Rocky Face Ridge. They soon came up in our front, and brisk skirmishing commenced. We had excellent works and were comparatively safe. We remained here several days in full view of each other, and, being on an elevated position, we had a fine view of the fighting between the pickets. On the night of the 12th our troops evacuated Dalton and marched to Resaca. During the night of the 13th we worked at the fortifications, and on the 14th, about twelve o'clock, the enemy advanced in force and began a heavy attack. We repulsed several assaults, and about three o'clock we were sitting behind our rail piles waiting for another charge, when I was shot by a sharpshooter who had crawled within a short distance of the works. I was sitting down, closely wedged in by my companions on every side, for the position was very exposed, when all at once I felt a terrible shock and, with a sinking consciousness of dying, became insensible. In an instant I recovered my senses, and found myself with my head fallen forward on my breast and without power to move a muscle. I could hear the blood from my wound pattering on the ground, and, thinking that I was dying, almost thought I saw eternity opening before me. I felt *so weak*, so powerless that I did not know whether I was dead or not. The noise of the battle seemed miles away, and my thoughts were all pent up in my own breast. My system was paralyzed, but my mind was terribly active. My head was full of a buzzing din, and the sound of that blood falling on the ground seemed louder than a cataract. I finally recovered the use of my tongue and, still thinking I was dying, told the boys that it was no use to do anything for me, that I was a dead man. This time I could hear remarks around me, which, although very complimentary were not at all consoling. Finally Captain Lucas told the man directly behind me, J. Gee, of Company D, to catch hold of the wound and try to stop the blood. To my surprise he succeeded, and in half an hour or less time, I had sufficiently recovered my strength to start to the rear. I walked half a mile through a perfect shower of balls and reached the ambulances perfectly exhausted. I was taken to the hospital, and that night we were sent by rail to Atlanta. I suffered some from my wounds before I reached Atlanta, but was well cared for when taken to the hospital.

After a short time I was taken to Marietta, which I almost considered my home, being cared for by my aunts, and I had a delightful rest for a week; the Yankees moved us, however, so we went to Atlanta. I was in a car loaded with girls, and we took up our abode in a theater there, the Atheneum. Here we expected to stay only a week or two, but the sequel proved a much longer term of acting on the stage.

In the action before mentioned one of my company, John Savage, was killed. Regimental loss about sixty from a hundred and fifty.

June and July, 1864.—Our stay in the theater at Atlanta was particularly pleasant. We had a merry crowd and nothing to do but to amuse ourselves, and, of course, we took advantage of the opportunity. The first week in July, having recovered from my wounds, I started back to the army and found my regiment busily engaged in fortifying just beyond the Chattahoochie River, the army having fallen back to that point.

We held our position here a few days, in full view of the enemy, with continued skirmishing in our front, and then retired to the south bank of the river. We now enjoyed two or three days of much-needed rest. On the 16th of July, General Johnston, to the deep sorrow of the whole army, was superseded in command by General Hood. On the 18th of July I received my promotion to aid. The letter from General Tyler in regard to it said: "for meritorious conduct" was the position given. Very flattering indeed. From the 16th to the 22nd we were maneuvering about and skirmishing, and on the 22nd we had a big fight. In this engagement, F. Horton, one of my old company and an intimate friend, was killed.

On the 23rd I was ordered upon duty as aid at brigade headquarters, and, mounted on a mule, under these cheering auspices, I commenced my career as a staff officer. The men of the brigade were particularly kind to me, and I got along famously.

The latter part of the month was occupied in marching and countermarching around Atlanta, and skirmishing had become so common that it excited little or no attention. The last of July found us about three or four miles west of Atlanta, well fortified, and the Yankees only a little distance from our front. They were near enough to annoy us with shells, and would occasionally hurt some one. We were well fed and in pretty good spirits.

(To be continued.)

THE NIGHT AFTER GETTYSBURG.

BY BERKELEY MINOR, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

After reading Judge Purifoy's "Night of Horror" in the March VETERAN, I copied some notes about that night after the battle of Gettysburg from an account I wrote soon after the war, thinking another view of it, from within, as it were, would be of interest.

Near Gettysburg, July, 1863.—As night came on there were signs of movement, and we (the wounded of the Rockbridge Battery) were soon in an ambulance train, moving west and south toward Virginia. The moon was full, or near it, and the ghastly corpses of the dead Yankees on a portion of the battle field we had to pass over were a dreadful sight. It was part of the battle field of some days before, I thought, for they had been dead some time and the faces of some had the bright moonlight on them. Never had war seemed so fearful to me. They were Yankee soldiers whom our men had had no time to bury, and their friends had not been able to reach them in our lines.

We moved on for the rest of that night and all the next day. Much rain fell during the day, making our progress slow. By night we were ascending the Blue Ridge, and our progress was slower still. It was a weary time. It must have been after midnight, I think (I had no watch), when we were descending the mountain. It still rained, at times heavily, which alone would have made the movement of the long train slow on a narrow mountain road; but it became evident from the frequent stops, couriers passing, and the noise of cannon in front, that the enemy's cavalry must be trying to

cut off our train. Some dropping musketry fire was also heard.

We now seemed to be coming to the foot of the mountain and to be getting nearer and nearer to a gun which, posted to our left, was firing steadily, by the sound of the shells, apparently right across the road along which we were moving. We found out soon that the road we were on fell into the pike which ran at the foot of the mountain, and the train was turning to the right along the pike there. The enemy held the road to the left, and a gun there was firing along the pike at our train, which they could not see, as it was very dark, but they could aim by the sound. Of course, then, each team and vehicle was most exposed as it approached the turn, and went very slowly up to it and then drove like mad around it. We crawled up to it and, just before we got there, heard the gun fire and a shell go hurtling in front of us, and the teams just ahead of us dashed forward at full speed, the drivers lashing the horses tremendously. We did not get far, however, before we heard the gun, and then came the sharp crack of the shell just behind us, or somewhere very near, and the ambulance in front of us stopped—a horse was killed or something broke; but our driver had no notion of stopping to help, indeed, it would have been useless to do so. We could not have helped them in such a stampede as filled the road from side to side with vehicles of all sorts and flying cavalrymen, for by this time the force of our men who had been holding the enemy back up the road must have given way, and were dashing along the road pell-mell with the wagons and ambulances.

The last thing I saw of that broken-down ambulance was a glimpse I had of poor Tom Williamson making a desperate effort to limp across the road to a house on its edge, badly wounded as he was in the foot. Then for some minutes there was a mad rush along the pike, a *sauve qui peut*, the road being filled from side to side with vehicles and horses, their iron hoofs striking sheets of fire from the stony surface of the pike. I realized at what a dangerous speed we were going, and how fatal a collision with one of the heavy wagons would be, and I tried to get our driver, by whom I was sitting on the front seat, to moderate the speed, I even caught the reins and tried with my one hand to pull them in; but he had completely lost his head and just swore at me and drove harder than ever, so there was nothing for me to do but to "grin and bear it," but I thought every minute we would go down in the *mélee*. The poor wounded men, too, in our ambulance were dreadfully shaken and hurt. But the end soon came, and our driver was made to halt very quickly by a squad of Yankee cavalry which suddenly overtook us, and, with pistols in our faces from both sides, and many oaths, ordered an instant halt. These fellows then dashed on to catch those in front and others came along in considerable numbers.

The rain had held up for some time, at least I think so, for the excitement of the last hour had been so great that I paid very little attention to the weather. But now it began to pour down, and it was very dark. I soon noticed that there was only one Yankee near us, and he much more intent on sheltering himself from the rain than in guarding his prisoners, indeed, most of them were more or less badly wounded and could not get away. I had gotten out of the ambulance and was standing near another Confederate, a stranger to me. I whispered to him that we might easily slip through the fence unobserved. He assented and, watching our opportunity when the Yankee's back was turned, we slipped into the field to the left of the road, which we thought nearest the Potomac. We had our haversacks, and my unknown friend had a pair of boots slung over his shoulder. We made our way silently,

but very slowly, across the field, for our feet sank deep in the wet soil, and soon we were safe from any pursuit, at least, for the time. For awhile we went on blindly through field and wood, guiding ourselves by the noises we tried to leave behind us. At last, these died out and we paused at an open space on a slight eminence to get breath. As we rested and looked back, we saw the flash of a cannon that lit up the somber landscape and enabled us to note its position on the slope of the mountain we had left shortly before, and then, after some seconds, came the dull roar of the report echoing from the hills around, and then a deep stillness, which was broken no more. It was strange, the sublime effect of that last flash and report of the conflict and tumult we had been in most of the night.

Never in my life did I spend half an hour's exertion to better purpose than in the effort of that night to get away from the enemy. If I had failed then, I would have had small opportunity later to escape, and as the exchange of prisoners ceased soon after this, most probably I would have spent the rest of the war in a Yankee prison, or died in one of them, as so many did in the latter part of the war. So I thank God for guiding me and helping me to escape.

By this time I had made acquaintance with my unknown friend, found out his name, and where he belonged. His name I have forgotten, though I met him once afterwards in Virginia in the Army of Northern Virginia. Should he chance to read this, I wish he would drop me a line (B. Minor, 1229 Wertland Street, Charlottesville, Va.).

We moved on farther, hoping to find some house where we might get shelter and something to eat, yet we knew we had to be very cautious, as most of the people about would not be likely to help escaped prisoners, and we were unarmed. Suddenly we came to a road, a large pike, but everything seemed quiet. We crept up and, to our surprise, found several vehicles in the road, ambulances and wagons, but the drivers and horses were gone. We looked into one of the wagons loaded with soldiers' baggage of all sorts. Evidently it was a Confederate train left to the enemy, so each took a knapsack and went into the woods again. We gave up looking for a house in the dark, and, coming to some bark piled for the tanyard, we made a shelter of it and gladly lay down to sleep; for we had had little or no sleep for two nights. When we awoke it was day and still raining, a steady drip. Without a watch, we had no idea what time it was, but thought it was afternoon. We overhauled the knapsacks we had gotten, but found only clothes and letters, nothing to eat. I had some sugar in my haversack, which we ate, and my comrade had a bottle of whisky, of which he took a moderate drink, but I did not join him in that, as I feared it might go to my head. Then we set out for some house, as we greatly needed food. We had gone but a little way when, through the woods, which were open, with little undergrowth, we saw a column of Yankee cavalry winding along a road. We kept quiet to let them pass, but while we were watching them, a little noise attracted our attention, and we saw a Yankee cavalryman not more than ten or fifteen yards off. However, he was looking in another direction, probably being a vidette thrown out from the column we were watching. We dropped in our tracks and remained motionless, almost holding our breath, for there was very little cover, and he would surely have seen us had he looked our way. But he passed on, and we were again mercifully saved from prison. We let them all get well out of sight, and then took the road that we guessed was south, for we had no sun to go by. We saw several houses, and fell in with a citizen, a farmer, who gave us but cold comfort, telling us the whole country was full of Union troops,

who would be sure to catch us sooner or later. So we pushed on, changing our route after leaving him out of sight. We left the road and rested awhile in a cornfield, when we overheard some citizens, who came near without seeing us, but the tenor of their talk made us feel they would be more likely to harm than to help us.

It had cleared up and was near sunset, and we felt that we must make an effort to get food and lodging for the night, so we just made for the first house we saw, and this time we were guided to the house of a friend, a substantial farmer, on the right of the road and about a hundred yards from it. The people seemed to guess at once who we were, and evidently took our side of the quarrel between the North and the South. Some good old apple brandy was offered and did us much good, and we ate a hearty meal, the first since we had left Gettysburg. Before dusk, a son of the family, who came in from Leitersburg, a town not far off, alarmed the family about harboring us, and the master of the house evidently thought he would run serious risk of having his house or barn burned if we were found there. Here was a dilemma, but a friend of his, David Beck, as I afterwards learned, came in about that time and took us to his home, about a half mile off, where we had a good supper and then went to rest in his barn. There in the hay we slept delightfully after the two previous nights' vigil. This man, David Beck, seemed to have a bitter grudge against the Yankees, and was very kind to us. I have tried to reach him since the war, that I might make some acknowledgment of his kindness, but my letter was returned from Leitersburg "unclaimed."

We did not waken early the next morning, and after eating the breakfast kindly sent to us by our host, we were considering what to do next, when we were delighted to see some Confederate cavalry come filing along, and heard that the enemy had been driven away and that Lee's army was nearing the Potomac. We then bade good-by to our kind friends and set out with these Confederates for Hagerstown.

INCIDENTS IN BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, KY.

BY DAVIS BIGGS, JEFFERSON, TEX.

I read with great interest, in the January *VETERAN*, Captain Carnes's account of his battery at the battle of Perryville, Ky., in October, 1862. Donelson's Brigade, at that time, in addition to Carnes's Battery, was composed of the 8th, 16th, 51st, and 38th Tennessee regiments, the latter commanded by Col. John C. Carter, who afterwards, as brigadier general, with Generals Gist and Strahl, of Cheatham's Division, was killed at Franklin.

As Captain Carnes states, we turned back at Harrodsburg, marching in the night, through Perryville, I think, about eleven miles. Cheatham's Division was on the left, in the timber, until afternoon. Up to that time there had been some skirmishing only on the right, over the possession of a small creek. About one or two o'clock, Donelson's Brigade was ordered to the right at double-quick, and about this time the artillery opened up. After going some distance, we were halted in rear of the batteries. Some of the boys began to crack walnuts while the shells and long-range Minies were dropping around and whistling overhead. Soon we advanced through a field where the grapeshot and shrapnel were rattling against the cornstalks, which had been cut and shocked up, also thinning our ranks. Here Colonel Carter's horse was killed and he himself wounded in the leg; but he continued to advance on foot until a loose horse, which had been ridden by a Federal colonel, Jackson, who had been killed in our front, was caught by a member of the regiment, and the Colonel

was assisted to mount. And, by the way, he rode that same horse, a sorrel, out of Kentucky.

Going through this field, the 38th got somewhat mixed with the 16th, Col. John H. Savage's regiment, a fine officer, a grizzled veteran of the Mexican War like General Donelson, and, I think, a West Pointer. But he called bayonets "bag-onets" when ordering his men to use them on the charge.

After passing the field, we struck a rock fence diagonally, each pushing off a few rocks to make climbing easier. This made quite a clatter, and with the firing in front and on their flank, as described by Captain Carnes, stampeded the Yankee infantry, who had been steadily falling back, and caused them to retreat precipitately, leaving the batteries in our front unsupported, many of the gunners and horses having been killed or wounded. These were fine 12-pound Parrott rifles. I saw some of them many times afterwards.

Some of the prisoners we captured looked very like part of the 5,000 we had previously captured at Munfordsville, and we accused them of violating their paroles. We held possession of the field until just before day, when we fell back to Camp Dick Robinson, where we met part of Kirby Smith's force, which also looked somewhat like Yankees, as they had defeated the Federals at Richmond, Ky., and captured a lot of clothing and other supplies.

I am glad to know that Captain Carnes is still living. I am sure he remembers well our gallant Colonel Carter, and also our Lieutenant Colonel Guinn, who was badly wounded in front of Atlanta in July, 1864. Carnes's battery was often near us in camp, on the march, and in the fight. It was an inspiration to see them dash up into position, wheel around like a flash, and, with machine-like precision, begin to load and fire. They were camped near a water tank on the railroad just south of Dalton, Ga., in February, 1864, when the 38th returned to the brigade after an absence of several months in East Tennessee, on detached service. We had been traveling about a week on a freight train, coming through Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, stopping occasionally to cook and warm over fat pine and rosin fires. The weather had been cold and soap and water scarce, and when we began to unload opposite their camp, one of the batterymen yelled out: "Hello! boys, here's one of them nigger regiments Jeff Davis called out."

I forgot to state that we got a lot of good, warm blankets and comfortable blue suits in this fight. I was a member of Company D, 38th Tennessee.

EFFORTS TO CAPTURE CHARLESTON, S. C., AND EVACUATION OF THE CITY.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, GREENVILLE, S. C.

Note, please, the word "Evacuation." Charleston was never taken by the enemy. Several determined and hard-fought assaults, designed to capture this impregnable city, were made on the water front by the enemy's fleet, and on land by way of James Island. Yet Charleston was never given up by the Confederates until February 17, 1865, the date of Sherman's capture of Columbia, the capital of the State, on his march from Savannah, Ga., through the Carolinas. If the several thousand Confederate soldiers in and around Charleston had not been withdrawn by orders from General Beauregard to General Hardee, at that time, it is reasonable to assume that Sherman would have sent a force to attack the city in the rear and thereby made prisoners of all her brave defenders.

There had been several bloody battles in front, on the sea side of the city, but these efforts to capture Charleston all

failed. The fleet of the enemy once made a daring and resolute attempt to pass through the channel between Fort Moultrie and Fort Sumter, but it was repulsed with heavy loss and a signal defeat. Again, General Denham (I think), in command of seven thousand men, landed on James Island in the early summer of 1862 and attempted to take Charleston by that route. He surprised the Confederate heavy artillery, a few companies of Col. Thomas G. Lamar's Regiment, 2nd South Carolina Heavy Artillery, occupying the sand fort at Secessionville, and but for hasty reënforcements to the Confederates, Secessionville would doubtless have fallen, and Charleston would probably have been taken finally by way of James Island.

Again, in the summer of 1863, the siege of Morris Island took place. On this sand bank near Fort Sumter, and five or six miles from the city, the Confederate heavy artillery held Battery Wagner and other sand forts for weeks after the Union forces effected a landing at the remote end of this sandy island. They used heavy guns and entrenched a strong force of infantry, and kept up a terrific bombardment and fighting through a long and bloody siege, until at last the Confederates withdrew, after much suffering and a considerable loss of life. After Morris Island was evacuated, the enemy used long-range cannon, shot down the walls of Fort Sumter, and made it impossible for the Confederates to use the cannon in Fort Sumter. But infantry troops with small arms still held the fort, being protected by bombproofs and the débris of battered brick walls, until February 17, 1865, when Charleston was abandoned on account of the movements of Sherman's army.

Aside from the battles mentioned, our soldiers in and around Charleston had several picket conflicts with the enemy on James Island and John's Island, and possibly at other places. From Morris Island, after that point fell into the enemy's hands in 1863, the city of Charleston was shelled almost continuously by day and night. Occasionally a shell or cannon ball would fall in the very heart of the city. The steeple of St. Michael's Church was once shot through, and shells fell in the cemeteries of St. Philip's and the First Baptist Churches, on Church Street.

The gun on Morris Island, called by the Yankees, "The Swamp Angel," with heavy mortars, did this long-range mischief. They were shot from a distance of five or six miles. Only a few lives were ever lost by these missiles, and not much material damage was suffered by the city.

On the 10th of February, 1865, just a week before Charleston was given up, a severe fight occurred on the picket line, James Island. Across this island, from the Stono River to Secessionville, some seven or eight miles, there was a strong embankment with a battery of heavy artillery and a few cannon every half mile or so, with a company, or half company, occupying each, chiefly the men of Lamar's regiment. Besides, Major Lucas's Battalion of "Regulars" held Battery Pringle and Battery Tines, along Stono River. Two or three miles in front, two regiments of negro troops, and some light artillery, commanded by white officers and supported by gunboats in Stono River, passed over Grimball's Causeway and attacked our pickets along the marshes, who numbered not over two hundred in all. They fought bravely, however, all day, "falling back" probably a half mile or so during the whole day. When night came, the Union troops withdrew and left the Island. Both sides suffered a good deal for a small engagement. Major Manigault, a fine officer, who was in command of our pickets, was severely wounded and captured. I was on guard that day at "Battery One," manned by some sixty men of Company G, Lamar's Artillery;

and early in the morning—a bright clear day—I could see the guns and bayonets of the Union troops gleaming in the sunlight as they were crossing the embankment over the marsh, known as Grimball's Causeway, to open their attack on our pickets. After that things were fairly quiet in and near the city of Charleston till February 17, when the Confederates (several thousand), under General Hardee, were all withdrawn during the night, partly through the city and partly by other routes near by. A goodly number passed from James Island over a bridge that spanned "Wapoo Cut," on to the mainland south of the city. Next morning the enemy landed at the east foot of Tradd Street, from the water front, and the mayor, Hon. George W. Williams, formally turned over the city to the military control of the Union army occupying that section of the sea coast of South Carolina.

A private soldier, still not much more than seventeen years old, I, of course, did not know so much as some others about the situation, so critical just then for the Confederacy and our Southland. But a good deal I did know even then, and I learned much more later on, about which I wish to tell in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, concerning our march through the Carolinas, the two battles at Averysboro and Bentonville, N. C., and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's terms with Sherman, and so on—provided, however, that more is desired after this publication.

The death rate of Southern soldiers in and near Charleston, 1861-65, was not very great, comparatively speaking, by actual conflict in battle. This was true in other cities along the sea coast; and it was so because they often fought "on the defensive," and were, to some extent, protected by forts and entrenchments. But the fatality was often quite large as caused by various sorts of diseases, more especially the fever of different types—yellow fever, typhoid, and malarial. These maladies killed many men and officers.

The heaviest losses in killed and wounded sustained by the Confederates at Charleston took place, doubtless, at Secessionville, in the naval attack, the siege of Morris Island, and the all-day picket fighting, to each of which engagements reference has been made. Colonal Lamar was wounded at Secessionville, but soon recovered, yet subsequently died of yellow fever. Captain Read was killed while directing the aim of a cannon. Some of the enemy mounted the parapet, and a few got over into the fort. Of General Denham's seven thousand many were killed and wounded in the charge, and still a greater number perhaps in the slaughter as they were retiring through the marshes after being repulsed. About two weeks later, General Denham withdrew his forces from James Island. Before the siege of Morris Island (I think it was), the enemy in barges surprised Fort Sumter one night. But they were beaten back with great loss.

SOME "SURE-ENOUGH" CONFEDERATES.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In the latter part of 1862, for what reason I know not, several State organizations were transferred to the regular army of the Confederacy, and seemingly kept that status until the end of the war. I know that the 36th Georgia was the 1st Confederate Infantry, and the 40th Tennessee was the 5th Confederate. The 4th Confederate was composed of the 1st Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi regiments, but I presume that many of these regiments were entirely new bodies. A list of their officers, as taken from the Confederate States Congressional Journal, is given in the hope that I can learn more from some one of them. This is the list:

Jacob Aderhold, ———, lieutenant colonel, 1st Confederate Infantry.

Porter J. Bibb, Alabama, quartermaster, 4th Confederate Infantry.

E. Bourges, ———, adjutant, 14th Confederate Infantry.

J. M. Browne, Kentucky, adjutant, 16th Confederate Cavalry

T. D. Claiborne, North Carolina, lieutenant colonel, 7th Confederate Infantry.

M. C. Claiborne, North Carolina, colonel, 7th Confederate Infantry.

John T. Cox, Kentucky, colonel, 12th Confederate Cavalry.

E. M. Dodson, Georgia, major, 1st Confederate Infantry.

F. Du Monteil, Louisiana, colonel, 14th Confederate Cavalry.

H. H. Flint, Georgia, captain, 7th Confederate Cavalry.

O. G. Ginley, Arkansas, quartermaster, 5th Confederate Infantry.

Charles T. Goode, Georgia, colonel, 10th Confederate Infantry.

L. L. Goodrich, Mississippi, adjutant, 8th Confederate Infantry.

J. C. Gordon, Georgia, lieutenant colonel, 1st Confederate Infantry.

C. C. Henderson, Tennessee, colonel, 5th Confederate Infantry.

G. M. Jessee, Kentucky, lieutenant colonel, 6th Confederate Cavalry.

W. McR. Jordan, Florida, adjutant, 15th Confederate Cavalry.

S. T. Kingsberry, ———, captain, Company L, 7th Confederate Cavalry.

Marion C. Kiser, South Carolina, quartermaster, 1st Confederate Infantry.

John F. Lovin, Tennessee, second lieutenant, Company B, 3rd Confederate Infantry.

M. McCarthy, Mississippi, quartermaster, 8th Confederate Infantry.

Henry Maury, Alabama, colonel, 15th Confederate Cavalry.

T. F. Mitchell, Georgia, adjutant, 8th Confederate Infantry.

T. J. Myers, Florida, lieutenant colonel, 15th Confederate Cavalry.

John C. Noble, Kentucky, commissary, 6th Confederate Infantry.

R. H. Partridge, Florida, major, 15th Confederate Cavalry.

Omar H. Paull, Georgia, quartermaster, 10th Confederate Cavalry.

John S. Prather, Alabama, lieutenant colonel, 8th Confederate Cavalry.

John B. Rudolph, Georgia, major, 10th Confederate Infantry.

J. H. Sikes, ———, major, 7th Confederate Infantry.

M. M. Slaughter, Alabama, lieutenant colonel, 10th Confederate Infantry.

George A. Smith, Georgia, colonel, 1st Confederate Infantry.

Horace M. Smith, Alabama, adjutant, 4th Confederate Infantry.

V. H. Taliaferro, Virginia, colonel, 7th Confederate Cavalry.

Julius G. Tucker, ———, Colonel Tucker's Regiment.

John B. Villepigue, South Carolina, colonel, 1st Confederate Infantry.

W. B. Wade, Alabama, colonel, 8th Confederate Cavalry.

J. F. Wilkerson, Tennessee, adjutant, 12th Confederate Cavalry.

J. P. Wilson, Tennessee, second lieutenant, Company B, 3rd Confederate Infantry.

THE LAST ROLL

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

TAPS.

BY W. H. GIBBS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

One by one they pass away,
Heroes of sixties and to-day;
As soldier and as citizen,
In every trial noblemen;
When forced by numbers war to cease,
In sterner strife they conquered peace.

In early, care-free days of youth
They learned to ride and speak the truth,
The mean to hate, the wrong to shun,
The right to guard tho' blood should run;
Now that the living all are old,
Their sunset sky is bright with gold.

The youngest, nearing fourscore years,
The sound of drum at tattoo hears;
As once the bugle blew retreat
While glory honored his defeat,
So calmly now his form he wraps
In robe to lay down at Taps.

ROBERT M. STEVENS.

The death of Robert M. Stevens at his home on the Fairview Road, Asheville, N. C., on January 7, 1925, removed the last of the well-known eight "Stevens Brothers" of Buncombe County.

He was the son of Henry and Nancy Stevens, and was born September 6, 1845, at the Stevens homestead, long a picturesque old landmark on the Hendersonville Road, five miles south of Asheville. This home was noted throughout this section for the genuine Southern hospitality it extended. Scarcely a day went by but the lumbering old stagecoach passing its door stopped and a guest alighted. It housed a big, happy family—nine sons and two daughters growing to manhood and womanhood within its doors. Loge and Andy, two slaves, who could handle a banjo and fiddle with so much skill and joyous abandon that even the most phlegmatic feet were bewitched, played for their old-fashioned dances and big parties. It was a typical Southern country family of the sixties.



ROBERT M. STEVENS.

When the War between the States broke out and the call came for Southern men, Robert Stevens and seven of his brothers answered (one had died a few years previous). They donned their suits of gray and marched away to fight for their old home and thousands of others like it in our Southland. They fought bravely, courageously, and honorably throughout the whole war, the Stevens brothers being represented in every battle from Murfreesboro to Bentonville. No enemy ever had a chance to shoot at their backs. Mr. Stevens and five of his brothers belonged to the 60th North Carolina Regiment.

They fought their last battle at Bentonville, N. C., under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, whom they all loved and revered. Though wounded and imprisoned at different times, they all returned home alive at the close of the war, and the circle was unbroken until 1901, when the death of Thomas N. Stevens occurred.

This Stevens family sent out the largest number of *brothers* from any one family in Buncombe County to fight for the Confederacy, and, so far as we have been able to learn, the largest number from any one family in North Carolina. They were all born in the county of Buncombe, spent their lives within its borders, and all lie buried in the bosom of its hills except Alfred, who is buried in the adjoining county of Macon.

Although of a retiring and unassuming disposition, never engaging in public debate on political struggles, Comrade Stevens was well-informed, and was deeply interested in the welfare of his country and his fellow man until the day of his death.

The last but one of a large family, the passing of Robert Morris Stevens was marked with genuine and widespread sorrow and regret. He will be remembered as a kind and generous neighbor, a loyal friend, a good citizen, a courteous gentleman.

He was buried at Gash's Creek Church Cemetery beside his wife, who was Miss Louisa Camilla Sherrill, who died eleven years ago.

Among the large number attending his funeral were many of his old comrades. His grave was heaped with beautiful flowers, including a design from the Asheville Chapter, U. D. C., and one from the C. S. M. A., of Asheville. A silken Confederate flag fluttered above it in the breeze, which was a fitting testimonial to a gallant Confederate soldier, the last of the eight Stevens brothers who wore the gray.

He is survived by one son, James Edgar Stevens, and one daughter, Mrs. Albert Reed, both of Fairview Road, Asheville, N. C. Also one sister, Mrs. N. A. Penland, of Swannanoa, N. C.

CAPT. J. K. THOMPSON.

Capt. John K. Thompson died at Point Pleasant, W. Va., on January 3, 1925, after some ten years of invalidism. He had passed his fourscore of years.

Comrade Thompson was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and served in the Confederate army with conspicuous gallantry, both as captain of a company and as adjutant, receiving four major wounds and others of lesser nature, losing an eye in a fight in Greenbrier.

After the war, he spent the larger part of his life on his farm in Putnam County, removing to Point Pleasant about ten years ago.

Of an old Whig family, he took a prominent part in politics, and had served the State as legislator and the government as United States marshal. He was never married.

COL. HENRY C. GILLILAND.

Henry C. Gilliland was born of Irish parentage near the Grandberry lead mines in Missouri, March 11, 1845, and died at his home in Altus, Okla., April 21, 1924, after a long illness.



HENRY C. GILLILAND.

When Henry was eight years old, his father, Joseph C. Gilliland, took his family of eight children, six boys and two girls, to Texas, finally locating in Parker County, eleven miles north of Weatherford. Joseph Gilliland died soon after going to Parker County, but the boys worked hard and soon had a good farm under fence and a home built, by which their condition was greatly improved. The educational facilities were very poor, but by diligence and perseverance, Henry Gilliland acquired a good business education and was a splendid scribe. He served a term as court clerk of Parker County, and at his death was serving his seventh term as justice of the peace of Altus, Okla.

In February, 1863, at the age of seventeen, Henry Gilliland enlisted in Company H, 2nd Texas Cavalry, and served to the end of the war. He then joined the Texas Rangers and was soon made captain of his company, during which time he engaged in many hard-fought battles with the Indians and outlaws.

For many years he was adjutant of Altus Camp, No. 1417 U. C. V., and had served one term as Commander of the Third Brigade, Oklahoma Division, U. C. V. He had also been appointed by Gen. William Taylor, commanding the Oklahoma Division, as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff for the Division.

Comrade Gilliland was a violinist of note, being the champion fiddler of five States, and he was considered the greatest "fiddler" of the world. He had been called to New York City and his playing recorded by a phonograph company, and its thus reproduced everywhere.

He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Susan Borden, of Texas, whom he married in December, 1869. Of their eight children, four boys and four girls, five are now living. His second marriage was to Mrs. Mollie Aldridge, of Fort Worth, in August, 1914, and who died in 1917.

Colonel Gilliland was a devout Christian, having been a member of the Baptist Church for many years and always in his place in Sunday school and church. Funeral services were held at the Baptist church, with the largest gathering ever in the church and many beautiful floral offerings. The burial services were conducted by his Confederate comrades, Daughters of the Confederacy, and the I. O. O. F.

ARKANSAS COMRADES.

The following comrades of Camp Stonewall Jackson, No. 1684 U. C. V., of Altus, Ark., have died since our last report: W. T. Nichols, Stand Watie's Battery of Arkansas, died October 11, 1924, at the age of eighty years.

P. R. Standfield, Company D, 1st Georgia Confederate Regiment, died December 11, 1924, aged eighty years.

Comrade Standfield was adjutant of Camp Stonewall Jackson for several years.

[A. T. Jones, *Commander*.]

CAPT. T. C. HOLLAND.

On February 12, 1925, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Blankenship, in Steedman, Mo., Capt. T. C. Holland passed to his reward. He was born February 16, 1841, in Bedford County, Va., and was educated in the schools of the county.

At the outbreak of War between the States, young Holland enlisted, in the month of April, in the Patsy Lane Rifles, a volunteer company, which was mobilized and mustered into the service at Lynchburg, Va., as Company G, 28th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Brigade, Longstreet's Division. He was elected, at the beginning, orderly sergeant of his company.

His command took a conspicuous part in the first battle of Manassas, and was afterwards sent to the Virginia Peninsula, participating in the spring campaign under command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. At Williamsburg, they were engaged from the beginning to the end of the battle and sustained heavy losses. Following this bloody conflict, young Holland was elected lieutenant. His command was one of the first engaged in the opening of the Seven Days battles around Richmond. At Gaines's Mill, he seized the flag of his regiment and led his company in the famous charge that broke McClellan's line. Here he fell desperately wounded and was picked up and sent from the field. Recovering from his wounds, he joined his company and was promoted to captain. At Gettysburg, he fell at the stone wall beside his brave commander, General Garnett, both seemingly mortally wounded. General Garnett died on the spot, and Captain Holland lay there until the next day, when he was sent by the Federal authorities to a hospital and finally recovered. He was then sent to Johnson's Island and held as a prisoner of war until the surrender of the armies of the Confederacy.

After the war, Captain Holland went to Missouri, where he made his home, first at Fulton. Finishing his education at Westminster College, he then entered the mercantile business at Sedalia, and later at Kansas City. He was a faithful and helpful member of the Church and was a Christian who exemplified a spotless character as gentleman, friend, and public-spirited citizen.

He was a tireless worker in the veteran organizations and was at the time of his death, and had been for many years, Commander of the Eastern Brigade of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., with the rank of brigadier general.

GEORGE FISHER HARRISON.

George Fisher Harrison, of Goochland, Va., died on January 17, 1925, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Hendricks, near Gordonsville, Va., at the age of seventy-nine. The funeral services were at Christ Church, of which he was a member and vestryman.

The dominant experience of Comrade Harrison's long and useful life came to him in tender youth as a soldier in the War between the States. He enlisted with Pegram's Artillery in the fall of 1863, at the age of sixteen, and began active service in the spring of 1864. He served with his regiment until the close of the war, being one of the small remnant who surrendered at Appomattox. If he could have chosen his day of burial, he would have been content to have it fall, as it did, on the natal day of General Lee.

Mr. Harrison was distinguished by a cordial manner, which to all who knew him was the index of a heart that overflowed in good will to all. In his later years, his chief pleasure was in local and general reunions of Confederate veterans. The gray, in which he bravely fought and which he so proudly wore in old age, was his shroud.

CAPT. AMOS R. SHARIT.

Death has again invaded our ranks and taken from us our friend and fellow comrade, Capt. Amos R. Sharit, who enlisted in Company A, 1st Florida Infantry, which was one of the first companies to be mustered into service of the War between the States. Comrade Sharit was born on Saturday, March 12th, 1842, and passed away within six days of his eighty-third anniversary. He is survived by his wife, four children, twelve grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

We deem it worthy to give a short episode of his war record while in camp at Pensacola, Fla. General Bragg, in command of the troops stationed there, called for volunteers to embark to Santa Rosa Island, where they expected to capture Fort Pickens, garrisoned by the New York Zouaves. This expedition was entrusted to Gen. Richard Henry Anderson, of South Carolina, an old army officer. To volunteer were four hundred Floridians and two hundred and fifty Georgians, and, in addition to these, there was one independant company from Georgian and one artillery company. The troops landed on Santa Rosa Island at 2 o'clock on the morning of October 9, 1860, surprised the camp of New York Zouaves, and their camps and buildings were set on fire. Finding it impossible to inflict further damages on the Federals, General Anderson ordered a retreat. Twenty prisoners were taken by the Confederates. The Federal loss was fourteen killed and thirty-six wounded. Confederate loss, twenty-eight killed, thirty-nine wounded, and thirty captured. In this battle Captain Sharit was severely wounded, the ball passing through his body below his right shoulder. He was carried to the hospital at Pensacola where he remained for several months. When discharged as cured of his wound, his loyalty and patriotism prompted him to reënlist, and he served his Southland until the surrender.

Thus has passed to his eternal rest a brave, dutiful, genial, generous, golden-hearted Confederate veteran. To our Comrade Sharit were given the sincerest tears and the most truthful tributes ever given to a simple, honest, white-souled soldier. Peace to his ashes!

We share the sorrow of his family, for we as well have lost a dear soldier comrade.

[Fred G. Wilhelm, Adjutant.]

JOHN H. MORGAN CAMP, OF COMMERCE, GA.

The following members of John H. Morgan Camp, No. 1330 U. C. V., have answered the last roll since October, 1924:

W. C. Davis, Company E, 18th Georgia Infantry.

W. A. Dale, Company I, 27th South Carolina Regiment.

D. I. Hoopaugh, Company E, 16th Georgia Battalion of Cavalry.

Thomas L. Carson, Company A, 2nd Georgia Regiment.

M. L. Jewell, Company K, 8th Georgia Regiment.

R. M. Hamilton, 2nd South Carolina Regiment.

These were all brave and true soldiers of the Confederacy, and also true soldiers of the cross.

[G. L. Carson, Adjutant.]

JAMES W. CUNNINGHAM.

James W. Cunningham was born February 15, 1844, in Hardy County, Va. (now W. Va.), and died at his home near Reese's Mills, Mineral County, W. Va., March 26, 1924.

In 1862, at the age of eighteen years, he answered the call of the South to defend her from invasion, and joined Capt. George F. Sheets's Company of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, A. N. V. At Culpeper Courthouse he was wounded in the arm, and carried the bullet to the grave. Though once captured, he was soon exchanged and served through the war to the end at Appomattox.

Comrade Cunningham is survived by his wife, who was Miss Lizzie Seymour, and a son and daughter.

DR. M. S. BROWNE.

Dr. Moreau Sequard Browne, one of the leading citizens of Winchester, Ky., a devoted friend and patron of the VETERAN, died at his home in that city on March 2, 1925, after many months of declining health.

Dr. Browne was born in Carter County, Tenn., November 3,



DR. M. S. BROWNE.

1844, the son of Isaac H. and Ruth Nave Browne. At the age of seventeen, he volunteered as a private in the 37th Tennessee Infantry, and served in that command, the 57th Tennessee Infantry, and the 6th North Carolina Cavalry, to the close of the war. He was discharged with the rank of ensign.

After the war he was in North Carolina for a year, then removed to Robertson County, Ky., in 1867. Shortly afterwards he went to New York City as a student of medicine, in which he graduated in 1872. He then returned to Kentucky and practiced for a time at Mount Olivet, later going to Louisville and graduating from the law school there in 1874. He practiced law for a time at Mount Olivet, but ill health caused his removal to Cassville, Ga., in 1876, where he practiced law until 1883, when he located in Winchester, Ky., and the built up a large and lucrative medical practice. He had been a leading citizen of that community, taking part in all movements of public welfare and improvements and serving ten years on the city council.

In 1868, Dr. Browne was married to Miss Martha Congleton, of Nicholas County, Ky., who died in 1886, leaving a son and daughter. His second marriage was to Miss Martha Clay Prewitt, of Winchester, who died in 1924. A son of this marriage was accidentally killed while a student at Oxford, Miss. He is survived by a son, Dr. I. H. Browne, of Winchester, and a daughter, Mrs. James W. Chambers, of Clinton, Miss.; also by two grandchildren.

Dr. Browne was a member of the Presbyterian Church and always active in his religious duties.

W. S. EADDY.

On the morning of December 31, 1924, W. S. Eaddy, well known as "Grandpa" or "Uncle Spy," died at Lake City, Fla., after an illness of two days. He was a man of rare personality, a self-made man in every sense of the term. He was a Confederate veteran, called to fight for his country while in his teens, and faithfully did his part through four years of service, enduring many hardships. After the war, he returned home, and the following year he married Mrs. Criss Lawrence (Miss Mary Stone), who preceded him to the grave some fourteen years.

Comrade Eaddy was a Christian gentleman, a man of charming manner, and attracted all who came in contact with him. He was of unusual vitality, both physically and mentally, for one of his advanced age, having celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday in June. He walked a great deal, going from house to house and talking to the people about following Jesus, whom he so much loved. He was a member of the board of supervisors of registration of Williamsburg County for many years.

Surviving him are three sons and two daughters, also five brothers. Interment was at the family burying ground, and four grandsons and two nephews acted as pallbearers.

CHARLES JONES FARRIS.

Charles J. Farris, born and reared in the vicinity of Bridgeport, Ala., was the oldest of the five children of David and Martha Parton Farris, and was born April 4, 1843. He died on December 25, 1924, at Bridgeport, where his life had been spent.

At the beginning of War between the States, young Farris enlisted in the Confederate army and was a true and faithful soldier to the end. He served with Company I, Capt. W. J. Matthews, 17th Tennessee Regiment, Zollicoffer's Brigade. His first battle was at Mill Springs, Ky., and he was surrendered by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina.

"Uncle Dick," as he was widely known, was a charter member of the Bridgeport Camp, U. C. V. He attended all reunions far and near, and also many U. D. C. meetings. He is survived by a brother, D. C. Farris, of California, and a niece, Mrs. Whit Lawson, of Bridgeport, with whom he lived. His wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Moore, died some years ago. His passing leaves only six members of his camp at Bridgeport. [Mrs. Eleanor Haley, Bridgeport Chapter U. D. C.]

R. W. CHOATE.

From memorial resolutions passed by Jeff Lee Camp, No. 68 U. C. V., of McAlester, Okla., the following is taken:

"On the 13th of October, 1924, the immortal spirit of our honored and beloved comrade, R. W. Choate, took leave of its earthly tenement. In the last few years of his life, Comrade Choate was the victim of several painful accidents, which impaired his health and rendered him a cripple.

"As a Confederate soldier, he served in Cabell's Brigade, Dobbin's old regiment, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, commanded later by Colonel Gordon, M. M. Bateman being captain of his company.

Comrade Choate was born in Arkansas, November 29, 1844. He removed to Texas, and thence to Oklahoma, about thirty-five years ago, in which State he resided until his death.

"Resolved, That in the death of Comrade R. W. Choate, this Camp has lost a loyal member, the community a patriotic citizen, the Church a zealous and devoted member, and the family a kind and loving father."

[M. G. McDonald, S. S. Haile, W. A. Treadwell, *Committee.*]

JOHN B. FAY.

John B. Fay, a native of Cumberland, Md., died at his home, Dunn Loring, Fairfax County, Va., January 16, 1925, in his eighty-second year. He enlisted at the beginning of the war in Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade, and a year later was transferred to McNeill's Rangers, a company organized for scout duty along the Potomac between Martinsburg, W. Va., and Cumberland, Md., in which he served to the close of the war.

Comrade Fay planned the capture of Generals George Crook and Benjamin Kelly in Cumberland, Md., February 21, 1865, the city being garrisoned with 8,000 Federal troops. He worked out all the preliminaries of the capture and served as pilot for fifty scouts, entering the city on the southwest, capturing two squads of pickets on the way, and after securing the generals, whose headquarters were in separate hotels, led the way out of the city on the east side, and after a race of a hundred miles delivered the generals safe and sound to Confederate authorities, "the most daring and thrilling incident of the entire war," according to Gen. John B. Gordon in his "Reminiscences of the War."

[J. W. Duffey, Washington, D. C.]

COMRADES AT FORT SMITH, ARK.

The following members of Camp Ben T. Duval, No. 246 U. C. V., of Fort Smith, Ark., have died since the Memphis reunion:

Dr. R. M. Osborn, Company H, Engineering Corps; died June, 1924, aged seventy-nine years.

J. M. Keese, Richmond Grays, 1st Virginia Infantry, died September 26, 1924, aged eighty-three years.

Thomas L. Fuller, Company F, 3rd Alabama Cavalry, died December 9, 1924, aged eighty-two years.

Our Camp has only six active members left, but we are planning to send delegates to the Dallas reunion. The average age of the members is eighty-two years and nine months.

[Joe M. Scott, Adjutant.]

IVEY F. REDDICK.

Ivey F. Reddick, who died December 4, 1924, in his eighty-ninth year, in Darlington County, S. C., belonged to the Pee Dee Light Artillery, Pegram's Battalion, Jackson's Corps, and served through the entire war—a gallant and efficient soldier.

In the reconstruction period which followed the war, Mr. Reddick did a man's part in the redemption of his State. His wife died some years ago, and he is survived by five sons and one daughter. The funeral services were held at High Hill Baptist Church, of which Mr. Reddick had been a consistent member for so many years, and his body was laid to rest in the churchyard.

[Mattie M. Brunson, Historian Maxey Gregg Chapter, U. D. C., Florence, S. C.]

JAMES W. HAYNES.

At the age of ninety-four years, James Wilson Haynes died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mollie Crossman, in Joplin, Mo., in which community he had lived for more than forty-five years. As a Confederate soldier, he served under General Price and General Lee.

Besides his four daughters and three sons, he is survived by one hundred and thirty-five grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren; also by four brothers and a sister.

JUDGE GEORGE R. BRIGGS.

On the 12th of October, 1924, death came suddenly to Judge George R. Briggs at his home in Douglas, Ga. He would have completed his eighty-fifth year on December 29. He was born in St. Louis County, Mo., but his parents removed to Virginia when he was two years old, and in that State he was reared and educated, graduating from the University of Virginia.

Answering the call of the South in 1861, George Briggs served faithfully through the war, as a member of Company —, — Virginia Regiment, and his record was that of a brave and gallant soldier. He was a member of Camp Spivey, U. C. V., of Douglas, and was always interested in whatever pertained to the history of the South in the sixties.

After the war, George Briggs went to Georgia, locating at Reynolds, where he married Miss Bessie Taylor in 1872. He taught school at Reynolds and other places in Georgia, and at one time was president of the Female College at Perry. He went to Alabama in 1893 and in that State was admitted to the bar for the practice of law, and later in the year located at Douglas, Ga., which has since been his home. There his nine children were born, only four of whom survive him—three daughters and a son; his wife died in 1898.

Judge Briggs retired from active practice some years ago. He was a lifelong member of the Baptist Church, being a charter member of the Church at Douglas, and had probably filled every office of that Church, and was senior deacon and teacher of the Bible class at his death. He was also a Mason of many years' standing.

A beloved citizen has passed from that community, a man whose friends were numbered in every walk of life. His long life of Christian citizenship will ever be an inspiration to those who follow him.

DAVID PEECE VANMETER.

David Peerce VanMeter, son of William C. VanMeter and Martha Ann Peerce, was born in Hardy County, W. Va., February 20, 1844, and died at his home, Moose Range, Saskatchewan, Canada, December 6, 1924. In November, 1871, he was married to Kate A. Seymour, of Petersburg, W. Va., who died in 1874. His second wife was Bettie Peerce Vause, of Mattoon, Ill., and to them were born seven sons and one daughter.

He united with the Presbyterian Church at Moorefield, W. Va., May 19, 1860, was elected to the eldership of the Church in 1897, and served faithfully in that office for thirteen years, during which time he was called on often to represent his Church in Presbytery and Synod.

In 1910, he removed with his family from his home in the Old Fields to Canada, locating near Winnipeg, Manitoba, but later he and four sons took up homesteads in Saskatchewan, building their homes on adjoining sections. Thus he and his sons became pioneers of the great Northwest, with its hardships and joys, even as his forefathers were pioneers of the South Branch Valley of the Potomac in the early part of the eighteenth century. He was a worthy son of the sturdy, honest settlers of the valley.

When eighteen years of age, Comrade VanMeter enlisted for the Confederacy, serving in Company F, 7th Regiment, Virginia Cavalry A. N. V., to the surrender at Appomattox. Eighteen months of the time he was in prison, first at Point Lookout, and later at Fort Delaware.

He is survived by his wife, one daughter, and six sons, also by three sisters and one brother.

DR. O. T. DOZIER.

After an illness of some weeks, Dr. O. T. Dozier, pioneer resident of Birmingham, died at his home in that city on February 10, 1925, at the age of seventy-six years. He was a citizen much beloved, having been prominently connected with the development and improvement of the city.

Orion Theophilus Dozier, son of Dr. Thomas Henry and Martha Dayle Dozier, was born in Marion County, Ga., August 18, 1848. His father was a Methodist minister, and served as a hospital surgeon with the rank of major in the Confederate army. The family came of Colonial and Revolutionary ancestry, pioneers of Virginia. One ancestor is mentioned as Daniel Marshall, an Indian fighter and founder of the first Baptist Church established in Georgia. The Doziers were French Huguenots who emigrated to England and then to Virginia, the first of the name coming to America with Capt. John Smith.

Dr. Dozier graduated from the Atlanta Medical College in 1874, and then took a special course in the medical department of the Illinois University, and began practicing at Attalla, Ala., in 1874, and for some years practiced in Missouri and Georgia. In 1890, he located at Birmingham and established a medical institute.

During the War between the States, he served with Company A, 2nd Georgia Regiment. He was married in 1874 to Miss Elizabeth Lewis Powers, of Campbell County, Ga., and is survived by two sons and six daughters.

Dr. Dozier was a writer of ability and had published several volumes of poems. He was also an inventor of note, among his inventions being a rapid-fire gun.

CAPT. AARON G. DAVIS.

One of the best and most valuable members of Camp Townsend has been lost in the death of Capt. A. G. Davis, Commander of the Camp in its early days, and at the time of his death, January 29, 1925, serving as First Lieutenant Commander. He was an enthusiastic Confederate at all times, his greatest pleasure being to assist his comrades of the gray and their widows and to meet with friends and comrades at the reunions.

Captain Davis was born in Kentucky, February 1, 1845. The family moved to Ellis County, Tex., in 1860, and he there enlisted in Stone's Regiment in 1861; was afterwards a member of Company C, 34th Texas Cavalry, under Col. A. W. Terrell, Buchel's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. He was in the campaigns in Louisiana and Arkansas, participating in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Blair's Landing, Yellow Bayou; and was in all of Kirby Smith's campaigns in Louisiana until Bank's army was whipped out of the State. After the surrender east of the Mississippi, his command was ordered to Hempstead, Tex., and was surrendered by Gen. Kirby Smith to General Canby on Union gunboats at Galveston, May 26, 1865.

In 1868, Comrade Davis moved to Calvert, Tex., the terminus at that time of the H. & T. C. R. R. He was a contractor and built many of the first houses of the town. In his last years he was a member of the Baptist Church and had been for forty years an officer in the Masonic Lodge at Calvert.

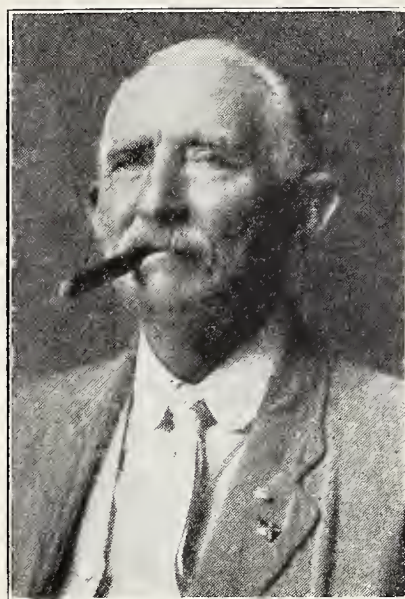
After services at the Baptist Church, he was laid away with Masonic rites. His coffin was draped with the Confederate flag, as he had wished. A good man and a true friend, a gallant Confederate soldier has crossed the silent river to bivouac with his comrades of the army in gray.

[J. K. P. Hanna, Adjutant Camp Townsend, No. 111 U. C. V.]

THOMAS NATION SHEARER.

Thomas Nation Shearer, born in Blountsville, Ala., December 29, 1844, died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 25, 1924.

The family removed to Mississippi in 1849, and there, in April, 1861, Thomas Shearer enlisted in Capt. T. H. Shackelford's Company E, 4th Regiment, Confederate States Infantry. He was captured with the entire command at Island No. 10, in May, 1862, and was in prison at Camp Douglas for ten months. Exchanged at Vicksburg, the command was reorganized as Company D, 54th Alabama Regiment, Col. Alpheus Baker, who was later made brigadier general and attached to the division of Major General Loring. The command engaged



THOMAS N. SHEARER.

in the defense of Vicksburg, and was in the battle of Baker's Creek. Cut off from Pemberton's army, General Loring, by skillful maneuvering, marched his command, under cover of night, around the left wing of Sherman's army to Jackson, where it was actively engaged until the fall of Vicksburg. It was then sent to Mobile, Ala., becoming part of the army under Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk. During the remarkable campaign in Georgia, it was sent to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, reaching the Army of Tennessee at Resaca, May 17, 1864.

It was in the heat of stirring events as the army slowly retreated seventy-four days along a line of one hundred miles, scarcely ever out of the sound of the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry; the picket line almost a regular line of battle, bloody skirmishes almost daily, sometimes rising to the dignity of pitched battles, as at Resaca, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mill, Kenesaw Mountain, and Marietta. All through those strenuous days and nights the young soldier bore himself with the fortitude and courage of the veteran he had become. On the 20th of July, 1864, at Peachtree Creek, in the assault on the enemy's position, he was painfully wounded, a hurt from which in his later years he suffered much discomfort. After the fall of Atlanta, his command was returned to Mobile, where it was on duty until the end. In May, 1865, he was surrendered with the forces of Lieut. Gen. Dick Taylor, at Citronelle, Ala.

Some time after his return to Okolona, he was engaged in business at Starkville, Miss. In the awful days of reconstruction, the same steady, fearless qualities that had characterized the true soldier made him in that perilous time a valuable, trusted citizen.

He was twice happily married. First, in May, 1869, to Miss Anna Longstreet Lucas, and to them were born two sons and five daughters, all surviving except one son. His second marriage, in 1895, was to Miss Bessie Longstreet, a cousin of his first wife, and both nieces of Gen. James Longstreet. An adopted son, nephew of his second wife, was also reared in his home as an own child.

Few men have lived fourscore years more worthily than Comrade Shearer. As a soldier, brave and faithful; loyal, as a citizen. The parole he had given when he laid down his rifle

meant to his honest soul just what it said. He never wavered though, from his firm conviction that the cause he had struggled to the very best of his ability to maintain was absolutely just. An upright, honorable gentleman, tender, gentle in his home life. Better than all, and perhaps the foundation of his high character, he was a devout Christian. He had gone with a daughter and other relatives to the home of another daughter, Mrs. Mahlon Brown, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., to celebrate the happy holidays. In the midst of the joyous festivities, suddenly the last call came, and calmly he passed away to join the loved ones who had already crossed the dark river and to meet and greet his beloved comrades on the parade grounds of eternity.

His body was taken back to the Mississippi home, and there, on Sunday December 27, surrounded by a throng of sorrowing friends, clad in his gray uniform, with the flag so dearly loved folded across his breast, all that was mortal of this good, true man was laid to rest.

"Lord, keep his memory green."

Besides his immediate family, there are left to mourn the loss of a loved and honored brother, two sisters, both widows of Confederate soldiers, and an older brother, who served throughout under General Cleburne. A younger brother, who served two years in Forrest's Cavalry, died some years ago. [A Comrade.]

WILLIAM EDWIN BEVENS.

With the death of William E. Bevens, of Newport, Ark., on August 5, 1924, the last survivor of the Jackson Guards, organized at Jacksonport, Ark., has passed to the eternal camping ground.

William Bevens was born at Morganton, N. C., on March 5, 1841, the family removing to Arkansas in 1843 and locating at Jacksonport. He began working in his brother's drug store there in 1856, and when the war came on he enlisted with Company G, known as the Jackson Guards, of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, May 5, 1861, and served throughout the war. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and also took part in the battles at Ringgold Gap, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Franklin, and Nashville. The cause of the Confederacy was ever dear to him, and he was the moving spirit in the erection of the Confederate monument at Newport, Ark., his home town. On this are the names of every member of Company G, and every year, as the only living member, he visited the monument and placed on it a wreath in memory of his comrades. Some years ago he published his "Reminiscences of a Private," a tribute also to his comrades of the gray.

After the war, Comrade Bevens opened a drug store at Jacksonport, and was in business there until 1880, when he removed to Batesville, and ten years later located at Newport, where he had been in the drug business with his son, and was actively at work until his last illness. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Jennie Green, and two sons; also by a sister at Archer, Tex.

The life of this comrade was one of unselfish service and devotion to family and friends, and friends increased in number with the advancing years. A true Christian, he was charitable with his means and thoughts and words. His comrades of the gray found in him sympathy and help when needed. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was his never-failing companion, and he read it religiously. His copies, carefully preserved, were given to the school library to be used in teaching the history of the sixties.

After funeral services at the First Methodist Church, of which he was a life-long member, his body was taken to Batesville and there laid away to await the resurrection morn.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

MRS. J. T. BEAL, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

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

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Place

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North K Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The 1925 reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held May 19-22, at Dallas, Tex. This annual event is one of the most important occasions of the year to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. In many ways it transcends in importance even our own general convention, and its regular recurrence always brings intense interest and enthusiasm to the members of our organization.

It is a joyous privilege and an honor for the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with hearts brimming eagerness and with generosity that glories in the gift, to cheer life's eventide for those gray patriots who followed the Stars and Bars.

There are two flourishing Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Dallas, and we know that every effort will be made to insure the success of the reunion. Mrs. J. C. Muse, a former President General, is President of the Dallas Chapter, while Mrs. Julian Wells is President of the Bonnie Blue Flag Chapter, organized last year by Mrs. J. F. Self, with a charter membership of one hundred and thirteen members.

The President General has suggested that during the reunion a dinner be given for the Division Presidents, following the plan of the Presidents' dinner given annually at the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Hugh Miller, 917 West Thirty-Eighth Street, Kansas City, Mo., has been named to make preliminary arrangements for this dinner, and all Division Presidents planning to attend the reunion will please notify Mrs. Miller. At the request of General Thomas, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, the President General has named Miss Lucy Kirk Scott, daughter of Mrs. James Scott, of Lynchburg, Va., a former President of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., as Maid of Honor for the South, to represent our organization on his staff. Miss Scott has graciously accepted the appointment. The honor of representing the United Daughters of the Confederacy as Matron for the South on the staff of the Commander in Chief has been accepted by the President General.

The minutes of the annual convention at Savannah will have been distributed by the time this letter reaches you. Since the minutes comprise a permanent record of our work during the past year, as well as the program adopted for the new year, it is essential that each Chapter be provided with several copies of this volume in order to direct properly U. D. C. activities. Mrs. A. J. Smith, Recording Secretary General, 411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, New York, will furnish copies at twenty-five cents each.

Memorial Day.—It is through the patriotic observance of

such anniversaries as Memorial Day that it is possible to inspire the youth of to-day with the great lessons of the glorious past. Daughters of the Confederacy have always striven to celebrate this day in a manner befitting its significance, and, I am sure, each Chapter will this year again pay proper tribute to our heroes, thereby making of their lives a living force for future good.

By a unanimous vote of the members of the Executive Board, a request for a Cross of Service for the collection of War Medals at the Smithsonian Institution has been granted, and the Cross has been forwarded by the Custodian of Crosses.

Adopting as a slogan the pledge, "Every Member Get a Member," let us ask ourselves these questions:

What am I doing to prove my interest in my own U. D. C. Chapter; in helping it to achieve its objects and purposes?

Can my friends who do not belong to the U. D. C. recognize my interest in the work by the work I do myself?

Do I attend the U. D. C. meetings as often as I should?

How can my fellow members classify me? "Interested," "Enthusiastic," "Cold," or "Indifferent!" Can they list me as a worker, eager to serve, or as a drone, merely a "hanger-on?"

What have I done during the past six months of genuine benefit to the U. D. C?

Are my criticisms of my own Chapter and our organization honest and with good intent?

Is it right for me to leave all the work to others and yet expect an equal share in benefits?

What kind of a Daughter am I, anyhow?

In its struggle for independence in the sixties, the South had the sympathy of more than one foreign nation, and among its soldiery were number of foreign volunteers of noble birth. Of these was the Prince de Polignac, who gave to the Confederate government that sympathy and support that the Marquis de Lafayette had earlier given the American colonies in their struggle against the English crown. When war between the southern and northern sections of the United States was declared in April, 1861, the Prince de Polignac immediately offered his sword to that side which personified, for him, the opinions he had cherished all his life. His offer was immediately accepted by the Confederate government, and, on July 16, 1861, he received the rank of lieutenant colonel of infantry in the armies of the Confederacy.

General Polignac displayed great valor and spirit at the battle of Mansfield, La., where he won a complete victory under the standards of the Confederacy. He was given the rank of major general dating from the day of his victory, April 8, 1864.

An event of unique interest and significance to all descendants of the Confederacy occurred at Mansfield, La., on April 7, 1925. On this date the monument erected by the Louisiana Division U. D. C. to Maj. Gen. C. J. Polignac, C. S. A., was unveiled during the annual convention of this Division.

The members of General Polignac's family—his wife, the Princess de Polignac and his son, Prince Victor Mansfield Alfred de Polignac, who unveiled the monument—came from France to be present on this occasion. They were accompanied to Louisiana by Miss Mary Poppenheim, of Charleston, former President General, and by your present President General.

The Marquise de Courtrivon, daughter of General de Polignac, is President of the Paris, France, Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Cordially yours.

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Chairman Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, asks that a correction be made in a statement given in the opening part of her report read at the Savannah convention, in which she said that the idea of the Highway originated with Miss Decca Lamar West. Miss West hastened to write to Mrs. Woodbury that the suggestion of this memorial originated with Mrs. Alexander B. White, and that Mrs. W. D. Lamar was the first chairman. Mrs. Woodbury hopes that this correction may be made also in a footnote in the Savannah Minutes.

* * *

The Father of our Country is not the only person born on February 22. Mrs. William Stillwell, Publicity Chairman for Arkansas, celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday on that date. Her interest and enthusiasm in U. D. C. work is an inspiration to women many years younger.

Memorial Chapter, of Little Rock, has just organized a C. of C. Chapter, with more than one hundred members.

Mrs. George B. Gill has been appointed Division Chairman of the Children's Founder's Roll, with a chairman in each Chapter to coöperate with her in this life of mark for the Stone Mountain Memorial.

* * *

Mrs. Fowler, of Kentucky, reports great interest in the C. of C. Chapters on the part of the U. D. C. in Earlington and Paducah. At the January meeting of the Paducah Chapter addresses on Good Roads were made by Mrs. J. L. Woodbury and Col. Ben Weille, the Chapter promising coöperation. Earlington sent a Christmas box to the veterans at Pewee Valley, and will remember them again with an Easter box.

* * *

The entire general organization is interested in the following announcement from Mrs. Kolman, of Louisiana. We are delighted that a sister Division is to enjoy the honor and privilege of entertaining these distinguished guests from abroad:

"The monument erected to the memory of Major General de Polignac, who distinguished himself at the battle of Mansfield on April 8, 1864, when General Mouton was killed, and who sprang to the head of the troops and led them to victory, will be unveiled on Wednesday, April 8, at 3 P.M., on the battle field of Mansfield. Princess Camille de Polignac, widow of the hero of Mansfield, and her son, Victor Mansfield de Polignac, who was named after the historic Mansfield, will sail for America on March 14, and will reach Mansfield on

Tuesday, April 7, after a visit to Washington, New York, Richmond, and Charleston, S. C. They will be guests in the home of Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, who will accompany them to Mansfield. The monument will be unveiled by Victor Mansfield, and there will be a splendid program at the monument arranged by Mrs. S. A. Pegues, President of Kate Beard Chapter U. D. C., of Mansfield, and local chairman of the Monument Committee. Other members of the committee in America are Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, General Chairman, and the Louisiana Committee, Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Chairman, Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Mrs. Charles Granger, Mrs. Peter Youree, Mrs. Arthur Weber, and Mrs. Pegues."

Again Louisiana Day, April 30, will be celebrated with a program in every school in the State, the State Superintendent and the Orleans Parish Superintendent coöperating in every way possible with the Chairman of Education, Mrs. F. C. Kolman.

* * *

Mrs. Power, of Maryland, sends the following notes from that Division:

Miss Georgia Bright, Director World War Memorial, reports \$1,900 in bank. This sum will probably be equally divided between the University of Maryland and the Johns Hopkins Hospital, for the benefit of the men of Confederate ancestry who will take up the study of medicine.

Mrs. J. P. White, Third Vice President of the Division, has accepted the State Directorship of the Children of Confederacy.

Maryland has sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. James R. Wheeler, an ardent lover of the Southland and gallant soldier of the Confederacy. He was president of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Home at Pikesville and held the same office for the Home for Confederate Women in Baltimore.

Two new Chapters have been organized, one in Baltimore to be called the James R. Wheeler, the other in Ellicott City, to be known by the name of Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, the respective Presidents being Mrs. Adelbert W. Mears and Mrs. John Lawrence Clark.

The bust of General Robert E. Lee, after which those at Sandhurst and at St. Cyr are copied, belongs to Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., and was loaned by that Chapter. It is the only one ever made during the General's life.

Chaplain General Henry Marvin Wharton will take a prominent part in the exercises to be held on the 3rd of June. He will give the invocation and has also promised to sing "The Bonnie Blue flag."

* * *

The activities of Missouri Chapters are described by Mrs. McMahan, of Blackwater:

Margaret McLure Chapter, of St. Louis, held a ball for the educational fund in the Palm Room of Hotel Chace, which was a financial and social success. The grand march was led by Colonel Stone, U. S. A., commander of Jefferson Barracks, and Miss Phillippi, chairman of the ball.

The Daughters lost a true and tried friend in the death of General Holland, of Steedman, one of the heroes in Pickett's famous charge.

Mexico Chapter held a banquet at Moxsey Hotel in honor of Missouri Division Presidents and six Confederate veterans. This was attended by members of the Chapter and a large number of guests. A delightful program was rendered. This Chapter is doing wonderful work. For three years it has kept a scholarship in the "School of Ozarks," also given yearly subscriptions to the VETERAN to many libraries, and met all

obligations of Missouri Division. A breakfast was given recently by the five Kansas City Chapters complimentary to thirty Confederate veterans who attended, wearing their uniforms. Two hundred Daughters were there, several Division officers, and many visitors. Among the toasts given was one by General Pearson, Commander Missouri Division, U. C. V., "Veterans' Problems."

* * *

The February meeting of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Cincinnati, writes Mrs. Leon Rice, was given over to Southern literature, and proved a delightful occasion. Appropriate comment upon each of several outstanding Southern writers, a reading from "Meh Lady," by Page, and the reading of several of Sidney Lanier's poems, gave to the members an afternoon in the spirit of the Old South.

* * *

Mrs. C. A. Galbraith writes this month from Oklahoma: The General Forrest Chapter, of Muskogee, is encouraging the school children to write essays by offering prizes of money: \$5 in gold for the best on "Gen. R. E. Lee" in each of the two Junior High Schools, and \$2.50 in gold for the second best in each school.

* * *

Mrs. Farley, of Saluda, writes from South Carolina: The South Carolina Chapters very generally are strict in the observance of Red Letter Days. Practically every Chapter celebrated in some fitting way the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson, many serving dinners to veterans, their wives, and widows of veterans.

The Alice M. Dantzler Chapter, of St. Matthews, has presented a phonograph to the Confederate Home in Columbia, thereby affording many pleasant hours to the veterans in the Home.

The Edward Croft Chapter, of Aiken, has erected a handsome granite boulder on the Jefferson Davis Highway, which passes through their city. It was unveiled by four "girls of the sixties." The address of the occasion was made by Mrs. O. D. Black, President of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C.

The Division Director of Children of the Confederacy is intending to live up to our President's slogan, "A C. of C. Chapter for every Chapter U. D. C." She has organized the T. P. Rook Chapter, C. of C., at Ware Shoals, with fifty members, and has others under way.

During the recent session of the legislature, two Confederate flags were presented to the State of South Carolina, and given into the keeping of the U. D. C. The flag of the 10th Regiment was given by Gen. C. Irvin Walker, of Charleston, who commanded the 10th Regiment at the time of the surrender at Appomatox. Judge O. G. Thompson, of Laurens, presented the flag of the 3rd Regiment. Both houses of the legislature met in joint session, and very impressive ceremonies were held. The flags will be kept in the U. D. C. Confederate Relic Room in the State House in Columbia.

The South Carolina Division will welcome to its membership Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, of California, who has moved back to Newberry, her native home. She served the California Division in various offices until elected President of the Division, and also served the General U. D. C. as Registrar General.

* * *

Mrs. Fraley, of Virginia, has sent to the department editor the printed program and an account in detail of the celebration commemorating the births of Generals Lee and Jackson, under the auspices of the Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., and

R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, S. C. V., at the Strand Theater on the evening of the 19th of January. On this occasion nine Crosses of Honor were bestowed on Confederate veterans by Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, President of the Richmond Chapter; and ten Crosses of Service were presented to World War Veterans of Confederate lineage. The address of the evening, "Life of Lee," was delivered by Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, Governor Lee Trinkle introducing the speaker.

* * *

Miss Maria Vass Frye, of West Virginia, reports a general observance of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson throughout that Division, each Chapter having some especially interesting feature.

Charleston Chapter followed its program with a social hour in the assembly room of the Y. W. C. A.

Lawson Betts Chapter, of Charles Town, bestowed twenty-four Crosses of Service on World War veterans,

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Clarksburg, though the busiest Chapter in the State, as the members are preparing to entertain the Division convention, featured their program with many interesting stories of the South, related by Rev. J. T. Carter, a son of Old Virginia.

R. E. Lee Chapter, of Fairmount, followed its inspiring program with a delightful social hour.

The William Stanley Haymond Chapter, of Fairmount, gave a banquet at which the Confederate veterans were honor guests, many of whom gave interesting reminiscences.

Hedgesville Chapter had as the special feature of the program a questionnaire on the life of General Lee. A booklet on the life of Stonewall Jackson was read and proved unusually interesting. This booklet was given to the members of the Episcopal Conference recently held at Clarksburg, and is considered one of the best all-round sketches of the boyhood and life of Jackson.

Huntington Chapter gave a dinner at which eighteen veterans were guests of honor. A picture was made of them and appeared in the daily paper. At this dinner the Chapter announced its plans for its Chapter House, to be built in memory of its deceased members, who, with three exceptions, were women of the sixties.

Jackson-Lee Chapter, of Huntington, gave their annual turkey dinner to the veterans.

Berkeley Chapter, of Martinsburg, bestowed upon James S. Brumbaugh, of Shenandoah County, Va., a member of Berkeley Camp, a Southern Cross of Honor made from a Confederate cannon captured by the Union army and later given to the U. D. C. Three Crosses of Service were bestowed, fourteen having been given on Armistice Day.

The McNeill Chapter, of Keyser, in memory of Generals Lee and Jackson, presented \$5 in gold to the pupil in the high school writing the best essay on Stonewall Jackson.

Winnie Davis Chapter, of Moorefield, as a part of its celebration of the day, gave the school children an opportunity to vote for the four generals who were their choice for the central group on Stone Mountain, resulting in their selection of Stuart, the two Johnstons, and Beauregard. A talk was given on the four men as a part of the effort this Chapter is making to have true history taught to the children.

The Parkersburg Chapter gave a dinner at which the veterans of Camp Jenkins were the honor guests, followed by Southern songs and informal talks.

Nearly all of these Chapters have reported special attentions to the veterans at Christmas time—Christmas cards, baskets of fruit, etc.

Charleston Chapter supports a veteran with a monthly

check, and members of the Chapter cheer him with frequent visits.

Morgantown sent a generous box of good things to eat to the Home for Needy Confederate Women in Richmond and gave a subscription to the VETERAN to an old soldier.

McNeill Chapter has presented the Patomac State and Keyser High Schools with subscriptions to the VETERAN.

Jackson-Lee Chapter, of Huntington, and Camp Garnett have together subscribed for a Memorial Tablet at Stone Mountain.

Berkeley Chapter has been given some prized mementoes by Miss Estelle Blandell—a picture of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and a lock of his hair; also \$50 in Confederate money.

DIVISION DIRECTORS FOR VETERAN SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The following have been appointed by the President General to direct the work in the State Divisions for subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN:

Mrs. R. D. Wright, Chairman, Newberry, S. C. Alabama.

Arizona, Mrs. S. H. Kyle, 915 North Fifth Street, Phoenix.

Arkansas, Mrs. Tee Abraham, Arkadelphia.

California, Mrs. Lucille Gibson Pleasants, 1186 Crenshaw Boulevard, Los Angeles.

Colorado, Mrs. B. L. Douglas, Green Tea Room Hotel, Denver.

Florida, Mrs. E. D. Cason, 702 East Lime Street, Lakeland.

Georgia, Mrs. R. L. Cater, Perry.

Illinois, Mrs. Henry A. Oakley, 830 Leland Avenue, Chicago.

Indiana, Miss E. M. Williams, 1135 Powell Avenue, Evansville.

Kentucky, Mrs. Harry McCarty, Nicholasville.

Louisiana, Mrs. F. C. Kolman, 2233 Brainard Street, New Orleans.

Maryland, Miss Anna B. Floyd, Frederick.

Massachusetts, Mrs. O. W. Wiley, 20 Hawthorne Road, Wellesley Hills.

Minnesota, Mrs. George W. Redmond, 3010 West River Road, Minneapolis.

Mississippi, Mrs. Carrie Meek Sessums, Columbus.

Missouri, Mrs. J. T. McMahan, Blackwater.

Montana, Mrs. M. L. Gans, Helena.

New Jersey, Mrs. Daniel Graham, 389 North Maple Avenue, East Orange.

New Mexico, Mrs. H. F. Jones, Portales.

New York, Mrs. H. W. Tupman, 501 West One Hundred and Forty-Third Street, New York.

North Carolina, Mrs. R. Philip Holt, Rocky Mount.

North Dakota, Mrs. T. H. Hopper, Fargo.

Ohio, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, 1204 St. Charles Street, Lakewood.

Oklahoma, Mrs. C. A. Galbraith, 400 South Rennie Street, Ada.

Oregon, Mrs. C. A. Painton, 524 East Sixteenth Street, North Portland.

Pennsylvania, (Philadelphia Chapter) Mrs. Harvey D. Best, Forty-Ninth and Pine Streets, Pine Manor.

Pennsylvania (Pittsburgh Chapter), Mrs. Heber Ker, Jr., 37 Euclid Avenue, Bellevue.

Rhode Island, Mrs. Gerald Richmond, 185 Glen Avenue, Providence.

South Carolina, Mrs. H. S. Farley, Saluda.

Tennessee, Mrs. Frank B. Kelso, Fayetteville.

Texas, Mrs. J. K. Bivins, Longview.

Utah, Mrs. W. H. Sandmesser, 1903 South Eleventh Street, Salt Lake City.

Virginia, Mrs. J. B. Stannard, 16 Westover Apartments, Norfolk.

Washington, Mrs. Kurt Schluss, 318 North J Street, Tacoma.

West Virginia, Mrs. F. J. Manning, Charles Town.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Spring is in the air. Somehow there's a contagious, happy, carefree spirit spreading itself throughout our little world. You feel like starting life anew. Let us jump into this jolly spring mood and rejuvenate our work by putting our shoulders to the wheel and carrying out the obligations assumed by the U. D. C. to distribute ten thousand copies of our book, "The Women of the South in War Times." I hope the work for the year is well under way. Several circular letters have been sent to the Directors from different sources. I trust all Directors are in vital touch with the Chapters of their Divisions, and that very soon orders will be coming in thick and fast.

Our most active season is up to the middle of June, and but very little is accomplished between July 1 and September 15. So don't delay! Prizes will be given, as heretofore, to the Director of the Division that goes "over the top" first, to the Director that distributes the greatest number of copies during the year, and to the Chapter distributing the greatest number copies, all with an original quota of two hundred or more. Also, a prize will be given to the Director that goes "over the top" second, with an original quota of two hundred or more.

Miss Emmeline Ruggles, Director for Massachusetts (Boston Chapter), is certainly to be congratulated. She had an original quota of ten, but took thirty-three copies extra last year, and now she has ordered ten more. Don't fail to remember the State conventions, and there let us boost our book. Boosting gives energy and life. Knocking takes energy and spirit.

Yours for coöperation.

MRS EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

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

U. D. C. STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

May.

Tell of Sherman's unimpeded march to the sea.
Savannah, September, 1864.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

May.

General Turner Ashby.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

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ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
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OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

CONVENTIONAL CALL.

The 1925 convention, C. S. M. A., is called to meet at Dallas, Tex., Hotel Adolphus, May 19, 20, 21, 22.

The welcome, or opening, meeting will be held in the City Auditorium at 4 P.M. on Tuesday, May 19, to which all U. C. V., S. C. V., and U. D. C. are cordially invited.

The usual reduced railroad rates will be given.

Elect your delegates early and plan to be at the opening meeting.

Adolphus Hotel is Official Headquarters. Make your reservations early.

Dallas is preparing a royal welcome for you.

Let us make extra efforts to show our appreciation by a large attendance.

Looking forward with pleasant anticipations to seeing you in Dallas,

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Our sacred day of memories, our Memorial Day, approaches and may the spirits of our sainted mothers, to whose devotion we are indebted, lead us on to a greater fulfillment of the debt of honor and gratitude we owe our beloved heroes.

May the South awaken as never before to the realization of the heroism of our valiant soldiers, and as we heap chaplets of flowers upon their graves, may the younger generation have impressed upon them more deeply than ever, "the glory of the story of the men who wore the gray."

'Tis our privilege to carry on, and may we not be unmindful of our responsibilities to the younger generation, so that they may well learn the lesson of the most incomparable heroism of their sires.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle and Miss Phoebe Frazer, two of our most valued coworkers, have been spending the mid-winter season in Florida.

OLDEST LIVING CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

Doubtless the oldest living mother of a Confederate soldier is Mrs. Emeline Martin, of Gladesville, Wilson County,



MRS. EMELINE MARTIN.

Tenn., who has passed the hundredth milestone. Her son W. L. Martin, enlisted for the Confederacy in 1861, near Lebanon, Tenn., and served with Company H, 38th Tennessee Regiment, Walker's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, and was a faithful and gallant soldier to the end in 1865. He died some time ago.

This picture and notes about Mrs. Martin were sent to the VETERAN by a good friend and long-time patron and representative, Comrade W. C. Brown, of Gainesville, Tex., who felt that Mrs. Martin should have due recognition as one of those brave Southern mothers who gave their sons for the defense of the Southland.

CONFEDERATE MUSEUM IN RICHMOND.

BY MRS. B. A. BLENNER, RICHMOND, VA.

February 22 marked the twenty-ninth anniversary of the opening of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, which took place on February 22, 1896, the anniversary of the date on which Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as President of the Confederacy at Richmond.

Since its formal opening the number of relics of the Confederacy at the Museum has grown to many thousands, while the number of annual visitors to the former home of Jefferson Davis has practically quadrupled during that period. There were approximately 20,000 in 1923 and 1924 together.

So rapid has been the growth of the contents of the Museum that it now constitutes the largest single collection of war relics in the United States. When the building was thrown open to the public in 1896, there was not a cent in the treasury and the interior of the house was absolutely bare, with the exception of one table and one chair.

It was in February, 1890, that Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President of the Hollywood Memorial Association, conceived the idea

of securing the White House of the Confederacy as a memorial to the Southern cause.

The building had been erected by Dr. John Brockenbrough in 1818, and he sold it to James M. Morson, the property later coming into the hands of James A. Seddon, who afterwards became Secretary of War in the Confederate government. Lewis D. Crenshaw was the next owner of the building, and he sold it to the city of Richmond for \$35,000. The city furnished it to the extent of \$8,000, and tendered it to President Davis when the Confederate capital was moved to Richmond, but he refused to accept the gift. The Confederate government then rented it for the "Executive Mansion" of the Confederate States, where Davis lived until the evacuation, April 3, 1865.

The United States military authorities occupied the building until 1870, when it was restored to the city. But for the efforts of the people of Richmond, assisted by friends in Washington, General Canby would have turned over the White House to the Freedman's Bureau for a negro normal school. In 1871 it was converted into a public school building, known as the Central School.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society was chartered May 31, 1890, for the purpose of securing the building as a memorial to the Confederacy, the organization growing out of the Hollywood Memorial Association.

The building was formally turned over to the ladies by the city authorities on June 3, 1894, the eighty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis. The house was restored in appearance, and was placed in the same state that it was when occupied by Mr. Davis, with the exception of the installation of steam heat and making the building fireproof.

Aside from the invaluable relics housed there, the White House of the Confederacy is intimately connected with many events of the War between the States, which makes the structure itself a priceless one. It was there that President Davis held important conferences with Generals Lee and Jackson, and the stone steps in front have been pressed with the feet of the greatest commanders and leaders of the Confederacy and soldiers from every State within its confines.

Mrs. Joseph Bryan was the first President of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, and served until 1911. Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel was President the following year, and Miss Sally Archer Anderson has served for the past twelve years. There have been only two House Regents, Miss Isabel Maury and Miss Susan B. Harrison, who is now in charge.

Of those who were in office in 1896, only Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss and Mrs. Kate P. Minor survive. Of the standing committees in that year, Mrs. Mary Maury Worth, Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss, and Mrs. A. W. Garber are still living.

Of the Advisory Board, Mr. E. D. Hotchkiss is the only survivor, and of the Vice Regents, Mesdames J. Taylor Ellyson, Norman V. Randolph, James H. Drake, and Miss Mattie Harris are still living and serving.

Officers of the Society for 1925 are:

President, Miss Sally Archer Anderson.

First Vice President, Mrs. Herbert W. Jackson.

Second Vice President, Miss Anna B. Boykin.

Third Vice President, Mrs. Henry C. Reily.

Honorary Vice President, Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. H. Lawrence.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. B. A. Blenner.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. Fenton Taylor.

The following are Vice Regents: Mesdames J. H. Drake, Norman V. Randolph, J. Taylor Ellyson, William Ruffin Cox, E. M. Crutchfield, W. A. Harris, S. H. Yonge, W. R. Miller, M. H. Tilgham, T. A. Cary, Bradley S. John, J. A. Hodges,

Miss Lucy T. Munford, Miss Mattie P. Harris, Mrs. J. Fenton Taylor.

State Regents: Alabama, Mrs. J. A. Rountree; Arkansas, Mrs. W. A. Ramsay; Florida, Mrs. F. P. Hamilton; Georgia, Mrs. R. S. Nesbitt; Kentucky, Mrs. Kate E. Perry-Mosher; Louisiana, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson; Maryland, Miss Elizabeth G. McIlvain; Mississippi, Mrs. Virginia R. Price; Missouri, Mrs. G. K. Warner; North Carolina, Mrs. Latta C. Johnston; South Carolina, Miss Alice Earle; Tennessee, ———; Texas, Mrs. Oscar Barthold; Virginia, Mrs. Anne Carter Lee (Ed H.) Ely; solid South, Mrs. Varina Davis Hayes Webb.

Standing Committees: Mesdames J. N. Dunlap, P. J. White, J. Fenton Taylor, Charles E. Bolling, Misses Lucy T. Manford and Ann B. Boykin.

The Advisory Board is composed of Gen. Charles J. Anderson, Eppa Hunton, Jr., E. D. Hotchkiss, John Stewart Bryan, E. D. Taylor, Henry T. Wickham, Charles E. Bolling, Herbert W. Jackson, and E. V. Valentine.

Chaplain, Rev. Joseph B. Dunn.

WHERE THE EIGHTH MISSOURI SURRENDERED.

BY R. B. COLEMAN, M'ALESTER, OKLA.

On page 107 of the VETERAN for March, in a notice of the death of Capt. James McClure, late captain of Company E, 8th Missouri Infantry, it is stated that he surrendered at Baton Rouge, La., which is an error.

I was a private of Company D, of this magnificent regiment, from its organization, July 17, 1862, after the battle of Elk Horn Tavern, or Pea Ridge, Ark., until its final surrender, May 26, 1865, at New Orleans, La., as attested by the following from the Official Records at Washington:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8, 1904.

"It is shown by the records that Richard B. Coleman, Company D, 8th Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., was surrendered at New Orleans, La., by Gen. E. K. Smith, C. S. A., to Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A., May 26, 1865, and was paroled at Alexandria, La., June 7, 1865.

"By authority of the War Department, Secretary of War. F. C. AINSWORTH, Chief of Record and Pension Office."

The whole regiment was encamped at Shreveport, La., at the time of the surrender at New Orleans, and Captain McClure was there with us on that memorable day when we were loaded on a transport and shipped to Alexandria, La., during the night. Arriving there about 9 A.M. the next day, June 7. The 8th Missouri Infantry was commanded by Col. Charles S. Mitchell, of Waverly, Mo., and John W. Smiser, of St. Louis, was lieutenant colonel; John Hill and Charles Welchan, both of St. Louis, were major and adjutant, respectively. I belonged to Company D. Capt. E. A. Pinnell; James Smith, first lieutenant; Thomas Dodson, second lieutenant; Henry Shepard, third lieutenant; Jesse Williams was orderly sergeant, and Jesse Brown, color bearer of the regiment, and belonged to Company D.

After the battle of Pea Ridge, General Price selected the flower of the Missouri army, especially the infantry, and took them across the Mississippi River to assist in the battle of Corinth, Miss. There was too much cavalry and too little infantry left, and the 6th, 7th, and 8th Battalions of State Guards (cavalry) were dismounted and organized into the 8th Missouri Infantry, and from that time to the close of the war I was with that regiment. I have the muster roll of company D showing the regimental organization and giving the name,

(Continued on page 158).

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS

D. S. ETHERIDGE, Chattanooga, Tenn. Commander in Chief
WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. Adjutant in Chief
ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. Historian in Chief
GEORGE A. MACON, Memphis, Tenn. Quartermaster in Chief
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ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
D. C. and MARYLAND—Washington. John A. Chumbley
EASTERN DIVISION—New York. Silas W. Fry
FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
GEORGIA—Atlanta. John Ashley Jones
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green. Malcolm H. Crump
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TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
VIRGINIA—Montvale. R. A. Gilliam
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

GENERAL NEWS AND COMMENT.

THE REUNION.

The S. C. V. and all other Confederate organizations will soon be wending their way Dallas-ward. To the Sons this promises to be a meeting of rare importance. Matters relating to the policies of the organization and the manner of its future guidance will doubtless be to the fore. We can only hope that patience and wisdom and due conservatism will guide the deliberations of our body. Let all remember that Adjutant in Chief Walter L. Hopkins will from now on be at Dallas located at the S. C. V. headquarters at the Adolphus Hotel, where he will be glad to be of assistance to you in your plan making. But do not bother him with nonessentials. He is a busy man.

STATE FLAGS.

The *Washington Post* says: "It takes a presidential inauguration, wholly a national affair, to remind one that States have flags. So little are they in use nowadays that a great many people are perplexed when they appear, and vaguely assume they are gotten up for the occasion. Yet many have an eventful history antedating that of the Stars and Stripes. Through the Revolution the banners of the thirteen States stood for what sovereignty there was. The flag adopted by the Continental Congress to be used as a unifying symbol was a remote thing. On the other hand, the New England pine, or the Southern rattlesnake, or even Col. William Washington's piece of red damask, cut by his fiancée from her best upholstered chair, meant home and loyalty and freedom."

This is all so true. Of course there are some thirty-five States that have no Revolutionary history, and most of the States are mere creatures of the national government made by that government. They did not make themselves nor help form, in the beginning, the national government itself. It is true that the majority of States have no background, no history, to compare, for example, with the history of Virginia, Massachusetts, and South Carolina. Hence their State flags mean little or nothing to them. But the palmetto flag of South Carolina and the "Sic Semper Tyrannis" of Virginia do, or should, mean much in those States, and so with many other of the older States. Massachusetts, it may be possible, has been so favored by the national government in the matter of floods of pension money and tariff laws that work to her advantage, and always have, that she may have lost her State pride largely, or sunk it in a feeling of nationalism. It would surely seem well that under this eternal pressure to absorb the States into the national government we should turn to these symbols of local pride and have them more in evidence. Speak-

ing as a Virginian (and echoing what must be the feeling in the hearts of natives of many other States), the editor can but regret that our State flag is never or is rarely seen by our children; perhaps a majority of them do not know the flag at all. It would seem that at least it should show over our school-houses, which are State institutions and supported by State taxes.

FROM MR. HOPKINS AND MR. ARTHUR.

Adjutant in Chief Hopkins writes: "Mr. J. W. L. Arthur, of Asheville, N. C., who has the distinction of being a Confederate veteran and a Son of a Confederate veteran, has succeeded in organizing twenty Camps of S. C. V. in North Carolina since the reunion in Memphis in June of the past year. If Mr. Arthur continues his good work, there is no doubt that the North Carolina Division, S. C. V. will win the Division honor flag. If there were a dozen men in the organization like Mr. Arthur the S. C. V. would have a membership of 100,000 in a few years."

Mr. Arthur writes: "I have signed up 230 names for one Camp, that is, Thomas D. Johnston Camp, of Asheville, and have organized eighteen camps with 340 members.

HEADQUARTERS TEXAS DIVISION, S. C. V.
AUSTIN, TEX., February 23, 1925.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

To be read before all camps in the Texas Division.

1. By virtue of authority vested in me as Commander of the Texas Division, I hereby appoint the following to be members of my official staff:

To Be Division Judge Advocate.—R. R. Chitwood, Sweetwater, Tex.

To Be Division Inspector.—John W. Hornsby, Austin, Tex.

To Be Division Surgeon.—Dr. C. W. Fullbright, Port Arthur, Tex.

To Be Division Commissary Officer.—E. K. Marrast, Galveston, Tex.

To Be Division Quartermaster.—O. M. Stone, Jasper, Tex.

To Be Division Historian.—J. Felton Lane, Hearne, Tex.

To Be Division Color Bearer.—Justin Stein, Dallas, Tex.

2. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

S. C. V. NEWS FROM TEXAS.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 3.

To be read before all camps of the Texas Division.

1. By virtue of authority vested in me as Commander of the Texas Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, I hereby appoint the following to be members of the Division Staff:

To Be Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, H. S. Brashear, Texarkana, Tex.
Fourth Brigade, W. J. Rhea, McKinney, Tex.
Sixth Brigade, W. C. Davis, Bryan, Tex.
Seventh Brigade, W. L. Dean, Huntsville, Tex.
Ninth Brigade, W. W. Bouldin, Bay City, Tex.
Eleventh Brigade, R. B. Harrison, Waco, Tex.
Tenth Brigade, D. F. Wade, Lexington, Tex.
Fourteenth Brigade, H. V. Henderson, San Antonio, Tex.
Fifteenth Brigade, W. R. Jones, Brownsville, Tex.
Sixteenth Brigade, John E. Quaid, El Paso, Tex.

By order of: LON A. SMITH,
Commander Texas Division.

Official:

ELGIN H. BLALOCK,
Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Texas Division.

Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, S. C. V., of Houston Tex., reported as a good lot of S. C. V., workers, elected the following officers at their meeting held early this year.

Commander, Dr. G. D. Parker.
First Lieutenant Commander, Judge Whit Boyd.
Second Lieutenant Commander, W. H. Simmons.
Adjutant, Capt. L. Lee Adams.
Judge Advocate, Capt. Jesse E. Moseley.
Treasurer, Hon. William S. Patton.
Chaplain, Rev. Dr. A. Frank Smith.
Surgeon, Dr. E. Clinton Murray.
Color Bearer, Col. Robert F. Spearman.
Historian, Judge Kenneth Kahl.
Sergeant at Arms, C. E. Gilbert.
Quartermaster, J. W. Wilkinson.

GETTING HISTORY STRAIGHT.

The following letter from Commander Love, of the Confederate Veteran Camp of Columbus, Miss., is worthy of attention. I quote it below in full:

COLUMBUS, MISS., February 10, 1925.

"Mr. Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief, Lynchburg, Va.

"My Dear Kinsman and Comrade: I have been an interested reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since its inception in 1893, but am only now beginning to appreciate the value of the Sons Department as relates to its usefulness and perpetuity.

"Noting your remarks under the caption 'Do you Think So?' in the February number, wherein some statements of General Grant's son Jesse are quoted, I am directing attention to conflicting reminiscences of the war period in Mississippi.

"In January number of *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Grant says: 'My earliest recollection of the war is the escape of mother and myself from Holly Springs, Miss. We had been left there while father was engaged at some other point. I remember now as though it was yesterday, the young officer coming to tell us that the enemy was close upon the town, and the confusion of our hurried departure at night in a box car. I can see the dim shadowy interior of that empty box car, with mother sitting quietly upon a chair, while I huddled, fearful, upon a hastily improvised bed on the floor as an engine drew us rapidly away. And then I must have fallen asleep, for I remember no more.'

"So far, so good; but hear the other side.

"In Volume IV, publication of the Mississippi Historical Society, Dr. J. G. Deupree, a member of Company G, 1st Regiment, Mississippi Cavalry, describes minutely the capture of Holly Springs, Miss., December 20, 1862. He was a partici-

pant, and knew his subject, and makes a valuable contribution to Southern war history. Written almost a quarter of a century ago, it is as true to-day as then, another statement to the contrary.

"Says Dr. Deupree: 'Mrs. U. S. Grant was in the city, residing in the stately mansion of the late Harvey W. Walter. Of course, she was undisturbed, and none of her personal property was touched. In consideration of the courtesy shown his wife, General Grant gave this house a safeguard and guarantee during the war against search or trespass or devastation by the Federals, parties that might afterwards have occasion to be in Holly Springs. Several times after the Federals had given up the permanent occupation of the place, our scouts, closely pursued, took refuge in that asylum. As a consequence of Grant's guarantee, this house was spared while many others were burned, and it stands as a monument of Grant's appreciation of Southern chivalry.

"As a Mississippian, and having perfect knowledge of Dr. Deupree's truthfulness and patriotism, I would be remiss in duty were I not to place this before the young people of the South.

"Very truly yours,

W. A. LOVE,
Commander Camp No. 27, U. C. V."

THE NEW YORK CAMP, S. C. V.

In sending some subscription orders, David W. Timberlake, of the New York Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, writes: "It may be of interest to know that our Camp, although only about three years old, has now a membership of two hundred, and growing rapidly. We hope to equal the record of Past Commander Fry's year by doubling that.

"Any word that you can pass along among the 'home folks' who may have friends or relatives in our city, or among those who anticipate coming 'up North,' we will certainly appreciate. And any 'Sons' who come to New York are extended a cordial invitation to visit our Camp the second Friday of each month at Hotel McAlpin."

TWO OF THE THREE.

Guy E. Mauldin, of Washington, D. C., writes:

"Referring to March VETERAN, page 116, I read with interest all of 'What the editor thinks,' pages 74 and 75, February number. As a member of Washington Camp No. 305, I present my compliments to Mr. Bolling and would like to know who is the remaining thirty-three and a third per cent. My name has been on the subscription list continuously from 1897, and I have a copy of each issue since that time. Perhaps this makes me the *dozen* of S. C. V. subscribers."

GRANT'S WORST BATTLE.

W. A. Everman, of Greenville, Miss., sends this in corroboration of the statements by Sam H. Pollard in the VETERAN for March, page 117, as to the most successful and unsuccessful battle of Lee and Grant:

"If one wants to know how badly Grant was whipped in the Wilderness battle, he should read from 'The Life of John A. Rawlins,' by General Wilson, page 216. He says that at the close of the second day's fighting, Grant withdrew to his tent and, throwing himself face down on his cot, instead of going to sleep, gave vent to his feelings in a way which left no doubt that he was deeply worried.

"When and where does history show a worse-whipped general than Grant was? Gen. Morris Schaff, of the Army of the Potomac, in his 'Battle of the Wilderness,' page 327, confirms General Wilson's story."

WHERE THE EIGHTH MISSOURI SURRENDERED.

(Continued from page 155.)

rank, and description of the members at the time of organization, and a list of those who were surrendered at New Orleans, May 23, 1865, as follows:

E. A. Pinnell, captain; James Smith, first lieutenant; Thomas Dodson, second lieutenant; W. H. Tabor, Jesse Williams, Jesse Brown, L. L. Lawson, Nathan Brown, sergeants; Joe Cantly, Joe Brown, Zase Lofton, John Penick, corporals: Privates Coleman, Connelly, Doyle, Furry, Godman, Goodman, Hance, Hanley, Hall, Jones, Johnson, Karnes, Layfield, Lee, Lofton, Matlock, McAlister, Massie, Pierce, Penick, Prewitt, Paxton, Reagan, Shepard, Sneed, Williams, Williams, Wolsey, Winn, Watson, Witt.

There was also an error in the notice referred to in the list of battles participated in by Captain McClure. There was no infantry in the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., fought December 8, 1862, that being a cavalry engagement altogether.

I am one of the first subscribers to the VETERAN, and have attended every general reunion except that at Charleston, and would have been there but for being water bound. I should like to hear from any member of old Company D, 8th Missouri Infantry, or any of Company F, 5th Missouri Cavalry.

IN THE MISSOURI INFANTRY.

In renewing his subscription to the VETERAN, Capt. Joseph Boyce, of St. Louis, Mo., who commanded Company D (St. Louis Grays), 1st Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., wrote:

"I have been a subscriber to this most interesting, valuable, and historic publication since its first number, and my volumes are handsomely bound and annually presented by me to the Missouri Historical Society of this city. They are a treasure highly appreciated and frequently referred to by many who need information of their relatives who served in the Confederate army.

"We can never forget the conflicts in which we were engaged—Shiloh and Baton Rouge campaign under General Breckinridge; Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, and the siege of Vicksburg; and, after its surrender and our exchange at Demopolis, Ala., we were marched to Rome, Ga., and joined Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Kingston, where our forces were resisting Sherman's advance; in the Georgia campaign, fighting, skirmishing daily, until we were finally forced to abandon Atlanta; then in the battles of Tilton and Allatoona, on our way to Tennessee under General Hood, where we fought the awful battle of Franklin, a disaster to our army which almost caused its disorganization; then our fighting at great odds the battle at Fort Blakely, near Mobile; and after a week of every-day fighting, our surrender to overwhelming numbers on the 9th of April. We later learned it was the same day that General Lee surrendered, and it was some satisfaction to know that we were in the service as long as the Army of Virginia. After our removal to Jackson, Miss., we were paroled, disbanded, and started for our homes in Missouri."

ERROR IN NAME.—C. G. Rives, of Shreveport, La., calls attention to an error in the initials of Professor Looney as writer of the poem, "Tributes to General Lee," published in the February VETERAN, which should have been M. H. instead of J. M. Looney. Of his old friend and school-teacher, Mr. Rives says: "In the fall of 1868, I, a boy of twelve, started to school at Gilmer, Upshur County, Tex., to Pro-

fessor Morgan H. Looney, and was there until the close of the school in June, 1870. I have taken the liberty of correcting this error, which those of us who had the pleasure and pride of attending that wonderful school feel is but justice to that brilliant man, Morgan Looney."

OLD BOOK STOCK.

In the following list will be found some books specially priced for this offer, as the VETERAN is clearing out stock on hand. Just a few have bindings somewhat injured, but the reading matter of all is in good condition, and those interested will find these prices attractive:

Life of Albert Sidney Johnston. By Col. William Preston Johnston.....	\$4 25
Cleburne and His Command. By A. S. Buck.....	3 00
Johnny Reb and Billy Yank. By Alexander Hunter...	3 00
Gen. Richard Anderson. By Gen. C. I. Walker.....	1 50
A Soldier's Recollections. By Rev. Randolph McKim.	2 00
The Siege of Charleston. By Gen. Samuel Jones....	2 00
My Cave Life in Vicksburg. By a Lady.....	2 00
True Story of Andersonville. By Lieut. J. M. Page..	2 25
With Porter in North Missouri. By Joseph A. Mudd.	2 50
The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon.....	2 50
Life and Military Career of Stonewall Jackson. By Markinfield Addey.....	2 00
Recollections Grave and Gay. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.....	2 50
Colonial Virginia. By William B. Cridlin.....	1 50
Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfriend.....	3 00

Sent postpaid at prices given. Order from the VETERAN.



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These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

PRICE, \$1.50 EACH

F. O. B. Attalla

ATTALLA FOUNDRY AND MACHINE CO., ATTALLA, ALA.

J. N. Thompson, of Tuscumbia, Ala., wants to correspond with anyone having extra copies of the VETERAN for sale or exchange, to fill out volumes from 1897 to 1925.

Capt. Fred G. Wilhelm, Adjutant U. C. V. Camp, Apalachicola, Fla., has copies of the VETERAN from 1911 to 1924 for sale, all in good condition. Some volumes are complete. Write him.

A BOOK FOR THE FAMILY.—J. W. Lokey, Byars, Okla., writes: "I received the copy of 'Women of the South in War Times,' and have read it through. Can only wish that a copy of it was in every family of the South.

Inquiry comes from Mrs. Lelia G. McCanby, 1115 Hemphill Street, Fort Worth, Tex., in behalf of Samuel Tidwell, of Dixon County, Tenn., who served with Confederate Scouts under Capt. (afterwards colonel) Duval McNary. He is now trying to get a pension and wants to hear from any old comrades of the Confederate service.

J. V. Cunningham, of Blue Grove, Tex., Box 142, would like to hear from some old comrades or friends of the Confederate service. He was a sharpshooter, a member of Company C, 22nd Virginia Infantry, Capt. H. B. Dickison, Colonel Patton commanding. He was with Early in the Valley in 1864, and with Lee around Richmond.

Charles H. Barnett, of Clarita, Okla., is trying to get a pension, and needs to hear from some old comrades who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted in Company E, 23rd Mississippi Regiment (Mounted Infantry), and served in Bell's Brigade; was in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and under General Forrest elsewhere. He is now seventy-eight years old and almost helpless.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.



MR. C. E. BROOKS

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 192 A State St., Marshall, Mich.

J. W. Smithwick, of Manson, N. C., wants copies of the old songs, "Bonaparte Crossing the Alps" and "Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow," the words alone, if no more can be furnished.

"I see the VETERAN regularly, and lay everything else down for it. Let the good work go on," writes C. N. Mallet, of Curry, Ala., who served with Company I, 15th Alabama Regiment, A. N. V.

W. P. Strickland, of Collinsville, Tex., says: "I can't do without the VETERAN. I am Southern to the core and have never surrendered. May the VETERAN and its editor live on and on for the good that has been and is being done for the Old South to-day."

Mrs. Gid Porter, of Rutherford, Tenn., wants to hear from anyone who knew her husband, J. G. (Gid) Porter as a soldier. He enlisted at Rutherford or Kenton, Tenn., in the 12th Tennessee Infantry, and served through the war, driving a six-mule team part or most of the time.

Mrs. Annie Cleves Norwood, Lenoir City, Tenn., is seeking information on the service of her father, Stephen S. Myers, as a Confederate soldier. He was just a boy and joined Mosby's command for the last three months of the war. His brothers, Thomas and William Myers, were soldiers of the Confederacy.

In sending order for the VETERAN to go to Hampden-Sidney College, at Hampden-Sidney, Va., Judge Daniel Grinnan, of Richmond, Va., says: "In 1861, the whole college, with the president, went into the Confederate army. They were captured at Rich Mountain, West Va., and sent back home by General McClellan, who was a gentleman."

Any surviving comrade who served with "Willie" Isom, Company H, 8th Mississippi Cavalry, later Company L, 28th Mississippi, is asked to communicate with Mrs. Lizzie Rook Galaway, 930 Johnson Street, Alexandria, La. Willie was sent to take the place of his father, J. A. Isom. She also wants to learn of J. Rook, who served in same company. Both were from Marshall County, Miss.

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Mail orders filled promptly, You deal direct with the Factory, Ask for Catalogue 359,

PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

Mrs. J. H. Rogers, Griffin, Ga., wants some information on the war service of W. L. Brown, from Carrollton, Ga.

Charles K. Lee, Peyton Building, Spokane, Wash., wishes to get in communication with any old comrades or friends of his father, Thomas Jefferson Lee, who can give some information of his war record; thinks he enlisted in the 3rd Missouri Cavalry. After the war, he located at Plattsburg, Clinton County, Mo., married there, and in the late seventies removed to Denver, Colo., where he died some years ago. It is thought the family was originally from Virginia, and he had lived in Tennessee and Kentucky before going to Missouri.

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



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IT IS SPLENDID TO BUILD MONUMENTS commemorating events and personages, and the South has wrought its full share, but comparatively few see them, and the noble inscriptions engraved thereon are seldom remembered.

The South's greatest monument, that genuinely perpetuates its great men and women, is the widely known **Library of Southern Literature**, gathered, edited, and published to become an enduring monument, not for a distant city or inaccessible place, *but in your own home.*

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The Editor in Chief, Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, writing in behalf of the Editorial Board and three hundred contributors, says:

"The LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE is an honest and painstaking attempt to reveal the soul and mind of the Southern people as expressed through their literature. The educational value of these volumes is very genuine and enduring. It seems to their authors that they deserve a place in every home for the educational effect they would have upon the members of the household who would be aided by them to understand and to discuss in a larger way the life and history of their people."

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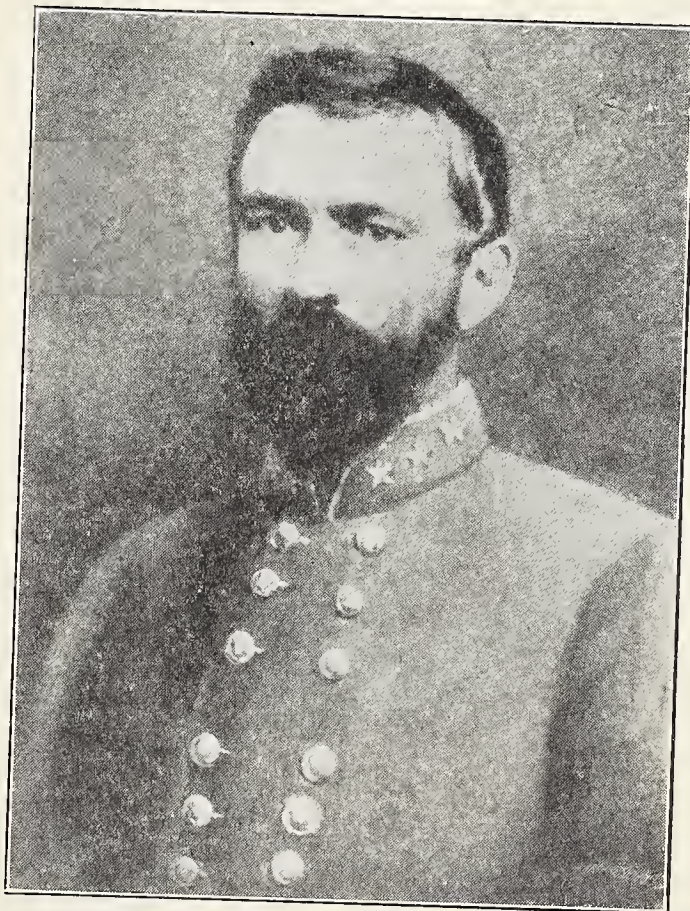
Confederate Veteran.

Library of Congress

VOL. XXXIII.

MAY, 1925

NO. 5



LIEUT. GEN. RICHARD TAYLOR, C. S. A.
Son of President Zachary Taylor and Commander of Confederate
Forces at Battle of Mansfield, La.

973.705
C748

CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE ORPHAN BRIGADE.—A special demand of late for certain books has brought to light small stocks which have become available to the VETERAN. One of these was the "History of the Orphan Brigade of Kentucky," by Col. Ed Porter Thompson, a member of that famous command, who has written its history as one who helped to make it, and sketches of its members are also given. This is a large volume, and the stock secured is in fine condition. Those who have wanted to add this book to their collections will have no better opportunity to secure it.

Sent postpaid at \$5.00

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED.—Another book for which many calls have come is Maj. J. Ogden Murray's story of "The Immortal Six Hundred," those Confederate officers, prisoners of war, who were placed under fire of the Confederate guns at Charleston. Nine copies of this book are available, and first orders received will be filled at..... \$3.00

THE OLD SOUTH.—In this number of the VETERAN, on page 168, will be found an extract from a tender tribute to the "Old South," by the late Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, Confederate soldier and devoted lover of his native section and an appreciated contributor to the VETERAN in past years. This tribute was first given as an address and later published as a booklet and will be especially appreciated by those who wish to remember or to learn of the life of the South in those "dear, dead days beyond recall." The VETERAN has the last of the edition, and will offer the booklet to help build up the subscription list as follows:

For two new subscriptions, or for one new subscription sent with a renewal order, a copy in cloth binding will be sent as premium.

For one new subscription, a copy in paper will be sent as premium.

Send all orders to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

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Mrs. B. R. Ellis, 1231 Glenn Avenue, Augusta, Ga., is applying for a pension, and wants the testimony of some comrade as to her husband's service in the Confederate army. Robert Walton Robertson served the last four months of war in Company A, 5th Georgia Infantry, McLaws's Division. After a furlough for sickness, he enlisted with the rearguard of Johnston's army and was at the surrender at Bentonville, N. C. He was a member of the Confederate Survivors' Association of Augusta, Ga., and died some years ago.

Miss Martha H. Haywood, 210 South Boylan Street, Raleigh, N. C., has some post cards to sell for the benefit of the memorial work of Manly's Battery, Children of the Confederacy. These cards give a picture of Winnie Davis and two Confederate flags, in colors, and sell at 25 cents per dozen. She is also making a collection of Confederate money for this Chapter, and especially wants a \$500 and \$1,000 bill. She also wants a copy of Wheeler's "Memoirs and Reminiscences of North Carolina," an out-of-print book.

WANTED.—A copy of Edwards's "History of Quantrell and His Band." Anyone who can supply it will please write to this office as to price and condition of book.

WANTED.—Old envelopes from letters written before 1875. Old United States and Confederate stamps wanted. Highest prices paid. George Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. W. L. Gover, 316 Grant Street, Albany, Ala., wants to know the company and regiment with which her father served during the sixties. Patrick V. Mathews enlisted at DeWitt, Ark., she thinks, or some nearby town, but that is all she knows of his service.

Anyone who knows of Charles Boyd (then about eighteen years of age) having been aboard the Virginia (Merrimac) during the engagement with the Monitor in Hampton Roads, Va., will confer a favor by communicating with Mrs. H. L. Williams, 1217 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

John W. Blythe enlisted in the Confederate army at Paris, Tenn., in 1861 or 1862. His widow is trying to get a pension, but does not know his company and regiment. Anyone who can furnish information of his service will please write to B. C. Wadlington, Ada, Okla., Oklahoma State Bank Building.

Mrs. William R. Bishop, 1800 Guadalupe Street, Austin, Tex., would like to hear from any friend or comrade of her father, Thomas Wirt Carpenter, who can give her some information of his service as a Confederate soldier. She thinks he served with the 1st Tennessee Regiment, under Capt. Luther Irwin. He was wounded during the war, and at the close was an officer, a lieutenant or captain.

Stephen Williams, of Mississippi. Who knew him during the war or can give any information of his service? He went from New Albany or Corinth into the army. His widow is still living, nearly ninety-two years of age, penniless, feeble in mind and body. Mrs. J. F. Swindall, 105 Paschal Street, Hillsboro, Tex., is interested in getting her a pension and will appreciate hearing from any friend or comrade.

Confederate Veteran.

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

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
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.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. }

VOL. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1925.

No. 5.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

THE REUNION CITY.

The city of Dallas, in Dallas County, Tex., is one of the progressive cities of this country. The spirit of its people is evidenced by the slogan: "Dallas, where men are looking forward."

When Col. John Neely Bryan built a pole hut on the site of Dallas in 1841, he "started something that he couldn't stop." The settlement was named for George Mifflin Dallas, Vice President of these United States under the Polk administration. Incorporated as a village in 1856, it had grown to city size by 1871, and now, because of its many advantages and speed in business movement, it may well be called "Little New York." Within ten years it has grown from the eighty-sixth to forty-second city of the United States in population rank, and now numbers more than two hundred thousand citizens within its twenty-six miles of incorporated area, and can draw on a population of 2,000,000 more within a hundred-mile radius. The assessed valuation of the city, within corporate limits, is \$209,810,675. It is located in the heart of the black-land belt of North Texas, famous for its fertility; and its inland cotton market is the largest in the world, handling more than 1,500,000 bales annually.

Dallas is the largest city of the Southwest.

Dallas is the home of the State Fair of Texas, with buildings and grounds valued at nearly \$3,000,000.

Dallas is the ranking retail trade center of the Southwest, with annual business of \$260,000,000; and ranks among the first fifteen jobbing centers of the nation, with wholesale business of \$787,500,000.

Dallas leads the State in number of factories and value of manufactured products.

Dallas has more than eighty auditoriums, the largest of which, the Municipal Auditorium, will accommodate 6,000 people and, with its ample hotel accommodations the city is able to entertain any convention.

Dallas is known as a city of homes, of schools and universities, of Churches—represented by more than one hundred congregations—of parks and other places of recreation conducive to health.

Best of all, Dallas is the home of hospitality! Come on, boys, there's plenty of room for all. And don't forget to bring a bathing suit. They say the water's fine!

A TOAST TO TEXAS.

Who in this crowd said Texas?
I love to call her mine,
Her air so pure, a breath of it
Is like a draught of wine.

She has her fruits and flowers,
Her stately palm and pine,
And cotton fields around her homes
Where honeysuckles twine.

Her prairies are so boundless,
In spring such riches hold,
They seem a shoreless ocean
Of red and green and gold.

In the bottoms of her rivers,
We find the Southern moss,
That hangs about her forest trees
Like tangled skeins of floss.

Just to think about old Texas,
Makes a fellow proud, gee whiz!
How could anybody blame us
When you know how big she is?

With Maine upon her bosom,
And Rhode Island on her knee,
She can mix a "Tom and Jerry"
For her sister, Tennessee.

She can rock to sleep New Jersey,
While she bathes New Hampshire's head,
And give Vermont a French massage,
And put New York to bed.

Then let us drink to Texas,
The land we love the best,
And teach our boys to love the graves
Where Texas heroes rest.

—Jennie Lee Blanton.

A CORRECTION.

Dr. Robert B. Stephens, of Atlanta, Ga., asks that the following correction be made:

"In the article on "Stonewall Jackson's Corps," by W. G. Peterkin, Parkersburg, W. Va., as published in the *VETERAN* for April, the writer gives the formation of Jackson's Corps, and in the formation of D. H. Hill's Division writes as follows:

"*Third Brigade*.—Brig, Gen. A. H. Colquitt, 13th Alabama, 6th, 23rd, 27th, and 28th Georgia Regiments.

"It is interesting to note that John B. Gordon was at this time colonel of the 6th Georgia Regiment."

"Now, the 6th Georgia Regiment was A. H. Colquitt's own regiment, and he commanded it as colonel from May 27, 1861, until he was promoted to brigadier general, September 17, 1862. It was then commanded by John T. Loftin until he was killed at Port Fisher, Va., in January, 1865. From that time to the end of the war it was commanded by Sampson W. Harris. John B. Gordon at no time commanded this regiment as colonel, nor was he ever in it. Gordon entered the service of the Confederate States as a captain in the 6th Alabama Regiment. He became lieutenant colonel and then colonel of this regiment. He was appointed brigadier general May 7, 1863, and major general, May 14, 1864; and when the war closed he was in command of a corps in the Army of Northern Virginia.

"The 6th Alabama was in the First Brigade under command of Brigadier General Rodes, as indicated a little higher up in Mr. Peterkin's article. It would have been entirely correct if the notation about John B. Gordon had been put under the First Brigade and the 6th Alabama Regiment cited as under his command, and not the 6th Georgia.

"Mr. Peterkin wrote a fine article, and I enjoyed it, but I felt that I must call attention to what I knew to be an unintentional error."

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, Saturday, June 6, 1925, at 2:00 P.M. Contributions of flowers or money for flowers are solicited by Robert E. Lee Chapter, No 519 U. D. C., Columbus, O.

Flowers and money should be sent to Mrs. C. B. Heiston, 1805 Franklin Avenue.

MRS. LEROY H. ROSE, *President*.

Approved by President General:

MRS. FRANK HARROLD.

REUNION RATES.—Official information gives the railroad rate for the Dallas Reunion, May 19-22, as one cent per mile for Veterans on roads east of the Mississippi River; west of the river, one fare for the round trip; limit, midnight of June 15. One fare from any point will be the rate for other Confederate organizations. Texas roads will also sell side trip tickets from Dallas to Texas points at one fare, plus two dollars, for round trip, with minimum selling fare of \$5.00. These tickets will be sold to holders of U. C. V. tickets to Dallas and will be on sale in Dallas May 21, 22, 23.

LARGEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.—"The Story of the South in the Building of the Republic" is the title of the book, written by Matthew Page Andrews, historian, which is being built for exhibition at the Southern Exposition to be held in New York City, May 11 to 23. The story consists of about two thousand words, and is given on illustrated pages turned by electricity. The volume weighs more than five hundred pounds. It will later be exhibited in other cities.

WHO KNOWS?

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

One of the things which impress the student of Confederate history is the general lack of information and misinformation among present-day Southerners concerning things Confederate. This ignorance is difficult to explain and at times is astounding.

For instance: The Confederate government had a big arsenal at Tyler, Tex., where thousands of rifles were made for the Trans-Mississippi Department. After the collapse of the Confederacy, two thousand of these rifles were taken to Mexico by Shelby's men and sold. To-day, after twenty-five years of diligent search, I have never found a rifle made at Tyler. If any museum or private collection contains a specimen of the Tyler rifle, I should like to know it.

Another case in point: There was a factory at Holly Springs, Miss., conducted by William S. McIlwaine. He was given the first contract to manufacture arms for the Confederate government, and there is documentary evidence to show he must have turned out thirty thousand guns. To-day I am unable to find a single specimen or even to learn what was stamped on these rifles.

It does seem that after only sixty years somebody would be able to answer these questions.

THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.—The selection of a sculptor of Southern birth and Confederate ancestry ought to insure the completion of the Stone Mountain Memorial in a satisfactory way. Such are the "credentials" of Augustus Lukeman, born in Richmond, Va., some fifty-four years ago, who brings to this work enthusiasm and determination, backed by his accomplishment as an artist of renown. He will begin at once upon the models for his design, and work on the face of the mountain will be resumed after his design is approved. While late changes in the personnel of the Executive Committee indicate that this is now more an undertaking of Georgia, there will be glory enough for the whole South in this wonderful memorial.

PRESERVING THE CROSS OF HONOR.—Gen. J. F. Shipp, Quartermaster General, U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn., has a plan to submit to the convention at Dallas in May that will insure the preservation of the Cross of Honor given by the Daughters of the Confederacy to our veterans. It is the custom with some Camps to have this sacred cross buried with the veteran, but he thinks it should be preserved by the descendants of the veteran or placed in some memorial hall for proper preservation with the record of the veteran who wore it.

D. B. Castleberry, Mayor of Booneville, Ark., in renewing his subscription, writes: "I have been reading the *VETERAN* since 1893 without missing a copy, and expect to continue during my natural life; cannot do without it. Sixty years ago yesterday, I was captured near Monte Vallo, Ala., by General Wilson's cavalry, 1,500 strong, paroled at Montgomery on the 14th day of April, 1865, and walked home to Marshall County, Ky., a distance of five hundred miles the way we had to go in order to avoid bushwhackers, who were said to be numerous around Jasper, Ala., and Huntington, Tenn. The four of us landed at home on the 11th of May, my twentieth birthday. I don't know of any member of Company G, 3rd Kentucky Regiment, now living, who was in that fight or paroled when I was, except J. R. Troutt, a lawyer of Jackson, Tenn. We were both captured in that raid and paroled the same day."



HANDSOME BUILDINGS AND ATTRACTIVE DRIVEWAYS OF DALLAS.

THE GREAT STATE OF TEXAS.

BY BETTIE MAGRUDER, HISTORIAN TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C., IN
MISS RUTHERFORD'S "SCRAPBOOK."

The word "Texas" comes from an Indian word meaning "friends," or "allies."

Texas was first visited by Robert Cavalier LaSalle, February 18, 1685, seventy-nine years after the settlement of Jamestown, Va. The French claimed Texas, and LaSalle gave the land he discovered the name of Louisiana, in honor of Louis XIV.

Spain claimed this land by right of discovery by Columbus, and called it the New Philippines in honor of Philip V.

From 1712 to 1803 Texas was ruled by both France and Spain. France sold the Louisiana country to the United States in 1803.

The land now known as Texas figured in more or less than sixteen treaties, beginning with the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, to the Treaty of Annexation, April 12, 1844, with the United States, which was rejected.

In 1729 a number of powerful Indian tribes formed a coalition to drive all French and Spaniards from the country between the Mississippi and the Rio Grande. After several years of fighting, peace was secured.

The first Anglo-Saxon colony came to Texas in 1800 with Philip Nolan, Ellis P. Bean, and sixteen others.

The land known as the "Neutral Ground" is famous in the history of Texas, as well as in the Mexican and United States histories.

San Antonio was settled in 1692 by the Mexican-Spaniards.

The first time the name Texas was given to the land known as Texas in an official way was in the letter of LaHarpe to D'Alarconne, July 8, 1719.

In 1819, Dr. James Long, with about 300 volunteers, all Anglo-Americans, invaded Texas and organized a provisional government at Nacogdoches and declared Texas to be a free and independent republic.

Texas became a province of Mexico in 1821.

When the United States purchased Louisiana in 1803, she claimed Texas as part of that territory. Spain said it belonged to her. Spain claimed Florida, so the Treaty of 1819 just exchanged lands and fixed the Sabine River as the boundary line.

Through revolution, trickery, fearless fighting, daring skirmishes, unbelievable treachery among the French, Spaniards, Mexicans, and Indians, we come to the birth of the real Anglo-Saxon Texas.

Moses F. Austin obtained the first colony tract, January 18, 1821, from the Mexican government to colonize Texas. Dying a short time after his return with the contract, his dying request was that his son take up his work. The first colonists arrived with Stephen F. Austin (his son) December 31, 1821, and settled at San Felipe de Austin on the Brazos.

The first cotton gin was erected in 1825, and the first cotton sent out of Texas was in 1831, and brought 62½ cents a pound.

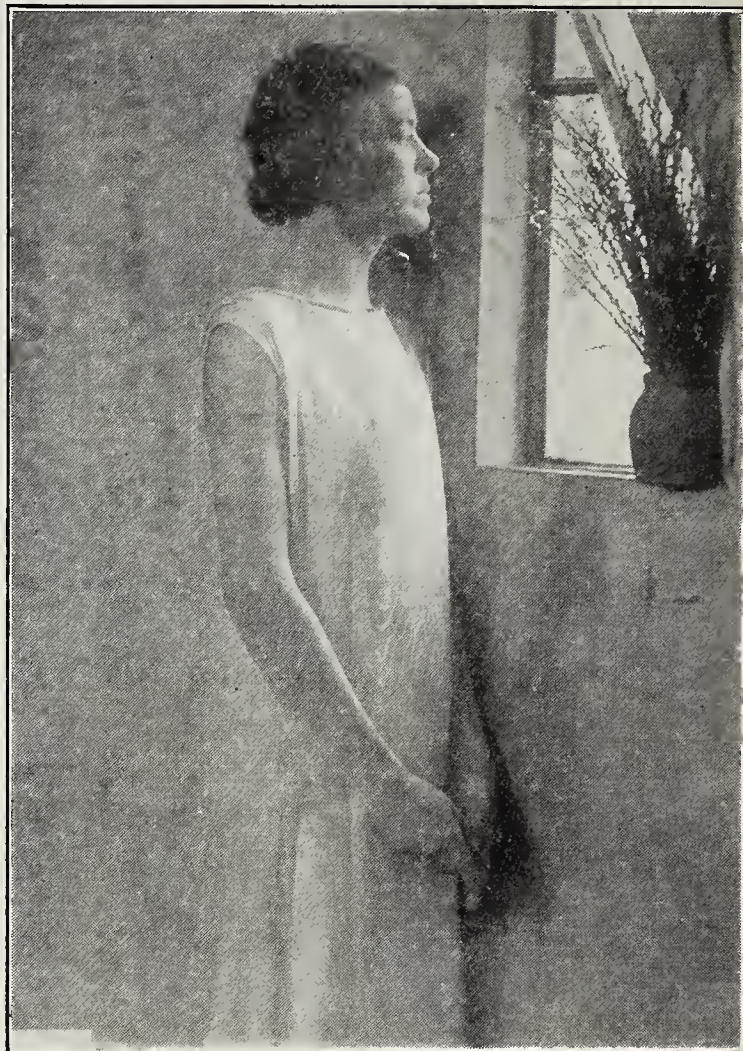
The first convention calling for a separate State government met at San Felipe, 1833.

On November 12, a provisional government was organized, with Henry Smith, governor.

The convention of delegates assembled March 1, 1836.

March 2, 1836, a declaration of independence was adopted, and by March 15, a constitution had been prepared. On March 16, a government *ad interim* was inaugurated, with David G. Burnet for president, Lorenzo de Zavala, vice president. Sam Houston was appointed commander in chief.

The first fight of the Texas revolution took place at Gonzales, October 2, 1835. The bloody sacrifices for Texas freedom and independence stands out upon her pages of history unequalled in bravery and sacrifice. The Goliad massacre of



SPONSOR FOR THE VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Mrs. Alice Van Zandt Williams, of Washington, D. C., daughter of Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, of Texas, former Commander in Chief, U. C. V., will represent the Old Dominion as Sponsor on the staff of Gen. W. B. Freeman, commanding the Virginia Division, at Dallas Reunion, May, 1925.

Fannin's men; number, 330. The Alamo, with the massacre of 140 men, and the massacre of 44 men at Refugio.

Texas won her independence from Mexico, April 21, 1836, at the battle of San Jacinto.

TEXAS AS A REPUBLIC.

In September, 1836, Sam Houston was elected president.

The first congress of the Republic of Texas met October 3, 1836.

The population of Texas in 1836 was: Anglo-Americans, 30,000; Mexicans, 3,470; Indians, 14,200; negroes, 5,000.

England, Belgium, and Holland were the first countries to recognize Texas as a nation.

In 1839, Austin was selected as the new capital site.

President Lamar laid the foundation of Texas's great system of the free public schools. Each county was granted three leagues of land for school purposes. In 1840 another league was added. Fifty leagues were set aside for the State university funds.

Texas was a republic for ten years and had four presidents.

On February 25, 1845, a bill was passed by the United States Congress, offering to annex Texas. On October 13,

the people of Texas voted unanimously to accept annexation, and President Jones became the first governor of Texas, and the star of Texas was added to the galaxy of stars of the United States. Through all the wild, thrilling, adventurous times prevailing in Texas, from 1821 to 1845, her flag carried one star.

TEXAS, THE STATE.

Texas is the largest State in the Union. It embraces an area of 265,895 square miles, almost one-tenth of the area of the United States, not including the other possessions.

Texas is more than two hundred and twelve times as large as Rhode Island, our smallest State, and thirty-two times as large as Massachusetts. Outside of Russia, Texas is larger than any country in Europe. The greatest length is eight hundred and twenty-five miles; its greatest width is seven hundred and forty miles. Texas has more than 1,700 miles of natural water boundaries, and a coast line of some four hundred miles. Climate varies in Texas more than any other State in the Union, due to large differences in altitude and latitude. From sea level in the southeast, the land rises to an altitude of two thousand to five thousand feet in the west and northwest. Texas extends through more than ten degrees of latitude in the North Temperate Zone, lacking in its southernmost point only two and one-half degrees from the Torrid Zone. The State has three well-pronounced types of climate:



SPONSOR FOR THE SOUTH.

Miss Guinevere Miller, of Houston, Tex., granddaughter of Gen. J. C. Foster, commanding the Texas Division, U. C. V., has been appointed Sponsor for the South at the Dallas Reunion, May, 1925, by Gen. James A. Thomas, Commander in Chief, U. C. V. Miss Miller is beautiful and accomplished, a graduate of Rice Institute, Houston, and has been an enthusiastic Daughter of the Confederacy since old enough to join, being a member of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, of Houston, of which her mother and grandmother are both members.

warm temperate, temperate, and cool temperate. The forests of Texas form one of the chief sources of wealth.

Noted as an Agricultural State.

Texas leads the Union in cotton.

Texas ranks fourth in the production of corn.

Texas is the second rice-producing State in the Union.

In tobacco cultivation, near Nacogdoches and Palestine, the quality of the tobacco leaf rivals that of the cigar leaf tobacco of Cuba.

Through the "little peanut," Texas is destined to secure a great industry.

Texas fruits and vegetables are shipped all over the United States.

Texas is one of the leading States of the Union in the production of wool, and leads the Union in the production of mohair.

Texas ranks among the leading States of the Union in the production of horses and mules—saddle and race horses, heavy draft horses, and polo ponies.

Texas ranks fourth in the production of hogs.

Texas isn't far behind in the shipping of hundreds of car-loads of turkeys and chickens to Northern and Eastern markets.

Texas leads the Union in the production of honey.

Texas is proud of her five vast, well-developed oil fields.

Texas is proud of her gypsum, iron, clay, and salt productions.

Texas ranks as the second State in the Union in the production of quicksilver.

Texas is the sole source of helium in the United States.

Texas is the chief source of the world's sulphur supply.

Texas is one of the three leading watermelon producing States.

Texas cotton seed oil is shipped to all parts of this country and over the world.

Texas ranks among the leading States in meat packing.

Texas leads the Union in railway mileage. The State is crossed by six great trunk lines. As an inducement for railroad building, the legislature offered sixteen sections of land, amounting to more than 10,000 acres, for every mile of railroad.

The public schools of Texas are the most richly endowed schools of any other State in the Union.

The College of Industrial Arts is the second largest college for women in the world.

The port of Houston has become a port of first magnitude in the United States.

Galveston is one of the greatest ports of the nation.

The total length of all the public roads in Texas is 180,000 miles.

Texas has the first all-woman Supreme Court in the world.

Mrs. Hortense Ward is the first woman south of the Mason and Dixon line admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Texas in literature, art, and the sciences has furnished her quota. O. Henry (Sidney Porter) was one of the world's greatest short story writers. The "Cowboy Songs" and "Cattle Trails of Texas" are favorites with the reading public. Texas is indeed proud of her famous sculptor, Elizabeth Ney, whose life-size statues of Austin and Houston are among our most priceless possessions.

TEXAS IN THE CONFEDERACY.

The people of Texas, on February 23, 1861, voted for the Ordinance of Secession. Thus, by the will of the people, Texas joined the Confederacy. Texas furnished the Confederacy one officer in Davis's cabinet, John H. Reagan, Postmaster General. Governor Lubbock was selected by President Davis as one of his aides.

Texas furnished the Confederate army forty-four general officers, including one general, one lieutenant general, three major generals, and thirty-nine brigadier generals. Only two States exceed this total, Virginia and Georgia.

Texas had enrolled about 95,000 private soldiers in the Confederate service. The achievements of these Texas soldiers is one of the brightest pages in military history, and they have gained for themselves everlasting renown throughout the world.

Texas was the supply house for the Confederacy.

 THE OLD SOUTH.

[An extract from the tribute by the late Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, Tenn.]

The Old South, in itself and apart from all other considerations, will always be a profitable study. It is the one unique page of our national history. Indeed, it comprehends two hundred and fifty years of history with scarce a parallel. I think one will search in vain history, ancient or modern, to find a likeness to the Old South—socially, intellectually, politically, or religiously. I do not wonder that romancer, poet, historian, and philosopher have gathered from it material and inspiration. As a matter of fact, the past decade has brought forth more literature concerning the Old South than the entire generation which preceded it. Its body lies moldering in the ground, but its soul goes marching on. Wherein especially was it unique?

To begin with, it was in the South rather than the North that the seed of American liberty was first planted. Jamestown, not Plymouth Rock, was the matrix of true Americanism. Poet and orator have made much of the rock-bound coast and savage wild to which the Puritan fathers came and have had little to say of the Cavaliers who fought their way to conquest over savage beast and man. Winthrop, Standish, Cotton Mather are set forth by provincial and partisan writer and speaker as exclusive national types of pioneer courage, wisdom, and heroism. I have read more than one sneer in alleged national histories against "the gentlemen of Jamestown," of whom it is said that there were "eleven laboring men and thirty-five gentlemen." But the historians who sneer fail to note how these same gentlemen felled more trees and did more hard work than the men of the ax and pick. Long after Jamestown had become a memory, I had seen the descendants of those same derided gentlemen in the Army of Northern Virginia, possessors of inherited wealth and reared to luxury from their cradles, yet toiling in the trenches or tramping on the dusty highway or charging into the mouth of cannon with unfailing cheerfulness.

I do not disparage the stern integrity and high achievement of the Puritan sires. I gladly accord them a high place among the fathers and founders of the republic. But putting Puritan and Cavalier side by side, rating each fairly at his real worth and by what he did to fix permanently the qualities that have made us great, I am confident I could make good my proposition that deeper down at the foundation of our greatness as a people than all other influences are the qualities and spirit that have marked the Cavalier in the Old World or the New.

Was it not in the Old South, for instance, that the first word was spoken that fired the colonial heart and pointed the way to freedom from the tyranny of Britain? Later, when all hearts along the Atlantic seaboard were burning with hope of liberty, was it not one from the Old South who presided over that fateful Congress that finally broke with the mother country? And did not another from the Old South frame the immortal declaration of national independence? And when the hard struggle for liberty was begun, it was from the Old South that a general was called to lead the ragged Continentals to victory. Follow the progress of that war of the Revolution, and it will be seen how in its darkest days the light of hope and courage burned nowhere so bravely as in the Old South.

Seventy-two years and fifteen Presidents succeeded between the last gun of the Revolution and the first gun fired upon Sumter in 1861. Nine out of the fifteen Presidents, and fifty of the seventy-two years, are to be credited to the statesmanship of the Old South. What Washington did with the sword for the young republic, Chief Justice Marshall, of Virginia, made permanently secure by the wisdom of the great jurist. After him came a long line of worthy successors from the Old South, in the persons of judges, vice presidents, cabinet officers, officers of the army and navy, who were called to serve in the high places of the government. The fact is that whatever unique quality of greatness and fame came to the republic for more than a half century after it was begun was largely due to the wisdom of Southern statesmanship. It is hard, I know, to credit such a statement as to the dominating influence in our early national history, now that nearly fifty years have passed since a genuine son of the South has stood by the helm of the ship of State.

As with the statesmanship, so with the military leadership of the Old South. The genius for war has been one of the gifts of the sons of the South from the beginning, not only as fighters with a dash that would have charmed the heart of Ney, but as born commanders, tacticians, and strategists. In the two great wars of the republic, Great Britain and Mexico were made to feel the skill and courage of Southern general and rifleman. In the Civil War—greatest of modern times and, in some respects, greatest of all time—the greater generals who commanded, as well as the Presidents who commissioned them, were born on Southern soil and carried into their high places the spirit of the Old South. In the extension of the republic from the seaboard to the great central valley, and beyond to the mountains and the Pacific, Southern generalship and statesmanship led the way. The purchase of Louisiana, the annexation of Texas and the Southwest were conceived and executed chiefly by Southern men.

So for more than fifty formative years of our history the Old South was the dominating power in the nation, as it had been in the foundation of the colonies out of which came the republic, and later in fighting its battles of independence and in framing its policies of government. And I make bold to reaffirm that whatever strength or symmetry the republic had acquired at home, or reputation it had achieved abroad, in those earlier crucial years of its history was largely due to the patriotism and ability of Southern statesmanship. Why that scepter of leadership has passed from its keeping, or why the South is no longer at the front of national leadership, is a question that might well give pause to one who recalls the brave days when the Old South sat at the head of the table and directed the affairs of the nation.

"No blot of shame thy record mars

In senate hall or lurid fight:

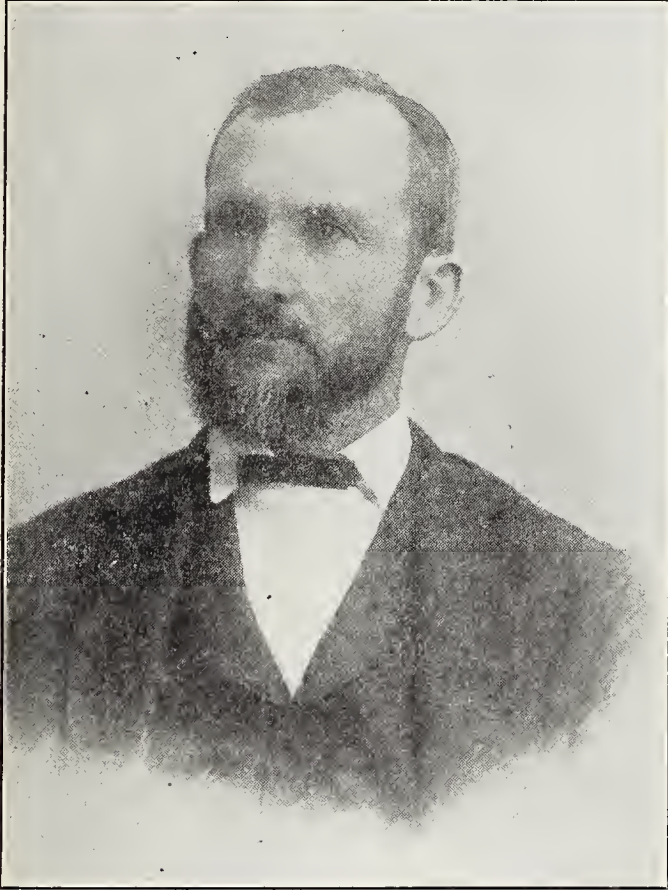
Thy spotless fame shines like the stars

That guard thee through the balmy night."

A TEXAS COMRADE.

"Veterans in Texas are all eager to meet comrades from the States."

The summer of 1861 found Abe Green, a boy of sixteen, at school at Ladigas, Ala. To the boys of the South a slacker meant even more then than it does now, so, just after his seventeenth birthday, Abe ran away from school and, on



A. P. GREEN.

September 1, 1861, he joined the Confederate army, enlisting with Company C, 5th Alabama Battalion, Archer's Brigade, and was with Heth's Division of the army in Virginia. Directly after being mustered out, he went to Waco, Tex. A few years later he engaged in the then prosperous and popular "cattle business." Buying a ranch in Hood County, he made his home at Thorp Spring, where he still resides. Out there he has had little opportunity to meet men from the 5th Alabama Battalion, so he is eagerly looking forward to the coming reunion at Dallas in May and hoping he may meet some comrades who fought beside him in the battles of Richmond, Cedar Run, Second Manassas, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, in all of which he saw active service. While at the reunion, Comrade Green will be with his daughter, Mrs. Hiram F. Lively, 5105 Reiger Avenue, Dallas, Tex.

BATTLE-SCARRED FLAGS.

In a communication to the March VETERAN, Rev. D. H. Hogan, of Rosedale, Kans., says that the flag of the 24th Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., used at the battle of Shiloh, will be brought to the Dallas reunion in May.

This suggests that to bring all the battle-scarred flags still in existence would make an interesting feature of the reunion.

Comrades, please bring as many as possible of these old flags to Dallas.

J. H. FAUBION,
Com. Camp Bedford Forrest, No. 1609. U. C. V., Leander, Tex.

THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN.

BY CHARLES L. MARTIN, IN DALLAS NEWS.

The Red River campaign, in the spring of 1864, lasted from March 10 to May 22, twelve days over two months. This campaign was of more special interest to Texas than any other of the entire war. Texas gave more than 100,000 troops to the Confederate army, all of them east of the Mississippi River except 25,000 held in Texas for coast defense, half, or more, of these taking part in the Red River campaign.

Immediately upon taking command of the Trans-Mississippi Department—the States west of the Mississippi—Gen. E. Kirby Smith, of Florida, began organizing his office force. He was a West Pointer and one of the captains in the 2nd Cavalry with Albert Sidney Johnston, colonel, and Robert E. Lee, lieutenant colonel, and under these superb leaders as his teachers he was eminently fitted for any command or rank given him. He immediately began posting himself on the topography and strategic localities of his territory. From these investigations, he felt that, under Banks, up Red River Valley would be the principal line of advance when the enemy was ready for invasion. He soon had accurate information that Gens. U. S. Grant and N. P. Banks were preparing for a simultaneous movement into Upper Louisiana and Texas, the principal column, under Banks, up Red River Valley and two smaller forces from Helena and Berwick Bay. This movement was frustrated, however, by the defeat of Rosecrans by General Bragg at Chickamauga, Grant's command being at once moved into Tennessee.

Banks did not abandon his effort for a campaign up the valley, consequently General Smith pushed his preparations for defense as rapidly as possible. He had fortifications constructed along Upper Red River at fords and established supply depots at Marshall and Jefferson and at other points, these being protected by fortifications. Texas, with 25,000 men, was asking for information of Banks's movements, and he ordered General Magruder to hold Green's Cavalry command with orders to be prepared to move on shortest notice to Shreveport, the point of concentration.

Banks's plans were not to move up the valley only, but for smaller forces to march from Vicksburg and Little Rock, so as to force General Smith to meet two forces on each side of him. He consequently ordered General Price to move his command to Shreveport, but a little later ordered him to head off a column of the enemy moving toward Camden, Ark., and if he was not strong enough to stop him, to throw a small force of his cavalry across Ouachita River to cut off supplies being sent into Camden. General Price failed to obey the order to cut off supplies from Camden, which proved to be a serious mistake.

On April 4, 1864, Churchill's and Parsons's commands were sent to Keachi (La.) to be in supporting distance of Lieut. Gen. Dick Taylor (son of President Zachary Taylor) at Mansfield. General Smith's plan was to destroy one of Banks's columns before the other came up. This was agreed to by General Taylor, and he suggested that as Steele, commanding the Federal column, headed for Camden, was more fearless and more rapid in his movements than Banks, he should be dealt with first, to which General Smith agreed.

This plan was frustrated, however, by Banks's cavalry reaching Pleasant Point, La., near Mansfield, on the afternoon of April 8, and General Mouton attacked and drove them back. General Smith received information of this at 4 A.M. the next day, April 9, and rode sixty-five miles, but failed to get there in time for the second engagement, beginning at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, but of short duration, the enemy be-

ing sorely defeated and in full retreat, which ended at Grand Ecore.

The next movement by General Smith was to send as large a column of troops as could be spared from about Shreveport and going with it to meet the enemy under Steele and Curtis. The fighting was fierce and bloody, but the enemy was defeated, retreating in pell-mell style, leaving their dead, wounded, and transportation. At Poison Springs, Gen. Sam Bell Maxey defeated a portion of the enemy. General Steele had left Camden with General Smith in hurried pursuit, who, marching forty-two miles through mud and slush, tired and worn and hungry, when he caught up with Steele's fleeing forces, administered a severe drubbing.

Both of his columns, through Arkansas and up Red River Valley, being defeated, indeed routed, he took shelter under the gunboats in Red River.

Along the lower Red River and the Mississippi River several battles were fought, both sides suffering severely. Gen. Tom Green was killed at Blair's Landing on Red River by a shell from a gunboat, and Maj. Dick Brownrigg was killed later.

This Red River campaign was one of the greatest of the war. The Confederates, with only 25,000 men, defeated and drove off 50,000 Federals with great loss of life, small arms, cannon, transportation, munitions of war, and Texas took a large part in it with Green's Brigade, Buchel's Cavalry Brigade, Brown's Regiment, Bates's Regiment, and several batteries of artillery, most of them under fire for the first time.

This was not General Banks's first attempt to invade Texas. His first objective point was Brownsville. Landing a force at Point Isabel, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, he left without attempting to advance. He then landed a small force on Matagorda Peninsula, but soon left again.

Then Major General Franklin, with some 10,000 men, attempted a landing at Sabine Pass, but two of his gunboats being captured by Dick Dowling in his little mud fort, he turned about, returning to New Orleans.

General Hebert, commanding in Texas, evacuated Galveston and the enemy took possession with gunboats in the bay and infantry in the city. General Magruder, succeeding Hebert, recaptured the island in a brilliant fight of a few hours' duration, in which one gunboat was blown up by its commander to prevent capture and one captured and held, while several others broke their parole and sneaked off.

The first act of hostility during the war was at San Antonio, when Ben McCulloch captured the Federal forces there the morning of February 16, 1861, six days before Texas seceded. The last act of hostility also was in Texas, on May 12, when Col. John S. Ford, with a small force of cavalry, defeated and drove back a very much larger force of Federals below Brownsville, on the edge of the battle field of Palo Alto, the first battle of the Mexican War, where General Taylor defeated a larger Mexican army.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS AT MANSFIELD, LA.

REPORTED BY MRS. F. C. KOLMAN, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A most interesting feature of the annual convention of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., held at Mansfield, La., was the dedication of the monuments to Gens. Richard Taylor and C. J. de Polignac, which took place April 8, the sixty-first anniversary of the battle fought at that place.

The erection of the monument to Major General de Polignac was the first work undertaken by the U. D. C. Chapter, of Paris, France, named in his honor. This little Chapter began to plan for the monument with a fund of \$1,000, to which additions were made through appeals to the general organiza-

tion in America. A committee was formed with Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, former President General, U. D. C., as the general chairman, and a Louisiana committee was appointed with Mrs. F. C. Kolman, of New Orleans, as chairman, other members being Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport; Mrs. Charles Granger, Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Mrs. S. A. Pegues, Mrs. Arthur Weber. This committee, working with the



PRINCE VICTOR MANSFIELD DE POLIGNAC AND HIS MOTHER, PRINCESS CAMILLE DE POLIGNAC, AS SEEN AT MANSFIELD, LA., AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL DE POLIGNAC.

Marquise de Courtivron, a daughter of General Polignac and President of the Paris Chapter, saw the culmination of its efforts in the unveiling of a beautiful monument on the battle field of Mansfield. The monument stands near the center of the Mansfield Battle Field Park, some eighty feet on the north side of the Jefferson Davis Highway. The shaft, of Georgia granite from Stone Mountain, is fourteen feet high, and with a base of concrete its full height is nineteen feet. On the monument, just above the wreath, is inscribed:

"THE LAFAYETTE OF THE SOUTH."

Within the wreath is the inscription: "Prince C. J. de Polignac, Lieutenant Colonel, July, 1861; Colonel 5th Tennessee Infantry, August, 1862; Brigadier General, February, 1863; Major General, April, 1864. Twice promoted for gallantry on the fields of Richmond, Ky., and Mansfield, La., U. S. A." Beneath the wreath is carved: "Here General Mouton fell, here Prince de Polignac sprang to the head of the troops to take the fallen leader's place and bear them to victory." On the back of the monument is the name of General Mouton, date of birth and death, and at the bottom are the words, "Erected by the U. D. C., 1925."

The Battle Field Park was given to the Kate Beard Chapter, U. D. C., of Mansfield, by Mrs. W. H. Porter, Mrs. Peter Youree, and the Shreveport Chapter. The Chapter at Mansfield plans to increase the number of acres in the park and to make this one of the beauty spots of America.

The monument to General Taylor is the tribute of his daughters, Mrs. Betty Stauffer and Mrs. Myrtle Taylor Stauffer, of New Orleans. The slender shaft stands for all that is honorable and true, to the memory of a "Knight without fear and without reproach."

These monuments were unveiled in the presence of many thousands. The speaker's stand was profusely decorated with American, French, and Confederate flags. There was

music by the Elks' Band, of Shreveport, and addresses were made by Mrs. S. A. Pegues, President of the Kate Beard Chapter, U. D. C., of Mansfield; Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, President of the Louisiana Division; Mr. Joseph B. Elam, of Mansfield; introduction of the Princess de Polignac, widow of the hero of the battle of Mansfield, and her son, Prince Victor Mansfield de Polignac, whose name commemorates the battle field; introduction of the daughters of General Taylor and other members of that family; and the presentation of beautiful flowers to the Princess and prominent members of the U. D. C., the placing of wreaths and flowers on the monument, and the scattering of roses over it by little girls were all beautiful incidents of the unveilings.

With gray-clad veterans standing about him, some of whom were in that battle, and while the strains of the Marseillaise swelled upon the air, the Prince de Polignac unveiled the monument to his father and then made a short address in which he paid tribute to Generals Taylor and Mouton and others whose gallantry on that field helped to win the day. The monument to General Taylor was unveiled by his grandson, Dick Taylor Stauffer, as the band played "America," while the stirring notes of "Dixie" marked the close of a day made memorable.

A feature of the exercises was a short address by Prince Victor de Polignac. Standing at the foot of the monument, he expressed in feeling terms appreciation for the tribute to his father, saying:

"It is with pride we see erected here a lasting memorial of true friendship and comradeship in arms, a testimony that, though frontiers and oceans may separate us, hearts in France and America beat in union again and again in history, and men of the same mettle unite to fight for common ideals for the triumph of the same aspirations, far dearer to them than ease, comfort, and even life. And as we commemorate here today the battle of April 8, 1864, where heroism of the boys in gray, the military genius of Gen. Dick Taylor stemmed the ever onflowing tide of the Federal advance, must not our first thoughts be for those who fell for the liberation of Western Louisiana? Can we forget that close to this very spot a brave officer, a courteous, refined gentleman, a noble general, possessing the full confidence of General Taylor, lost his life in one glorious charge at the head of his troops? I speak of Gen Alfred Mouton, the gallant Louisianians's idolized chieftain.

"General Taylor speaks of him thus: 'He had joined me soon after I reached Western Louisiana, and had ever proved faithful to duty, modest, unselfish, patriotic. He showed best in action, always leading his men.'

"Can we forget that the news of his death drew scalding tears from his brave soldiers' eyes, and that these lion-hearted men threw themselves in wild grief on the very ground? They rose to avenge their chief, and, led by General de Polignac, charged the enemy with 'Mouton' as their battle cry! We read in the report of the battle that 'despite the heavy losses, the division never halted, nor even fell into confusion, but under the gallant Polignac pressed stubbornly on.'

"Often as children can we recall my father telling us of this victorious charge, when, at the head of the glorious Louisiana brigade and of his own splendid Texas brigade, he cleared a fence and charged the enemy, whose lines were swept away as soon as they were formed. Victory crowned their efforts, and for five miles the enemy was driven rapidly and steadily.

"'Nothing,' says Taylor, 'could arrest the ardor of our troops. Green, Polignac, Major Bagby, of the left; Walker, Bee, Scurry, on our right, swept all before them.'

"But not only on the fields of battle did General de Polignac defend the cause of the South. Twice in France, in the beginning of 1865, in audiences with Emperor Napoleon III, did he seek recognition for the Confederate States, having been granted six months' leave of absence by Gen. Kirby Smith for this purpose. But almost immediately came the news of General Lee's surrender, on April 9, 1865, followed six weeks later by that of the Trans-Mississippi Department, the last of the Confederate armies to surrender.

"Many a time also with his pen did he tell of his love for the South and the reasons that impelled him to do battle for its cause. It was for the triumph of a cause which represented the upholding of chartered rights and liberty of self-government that, on some breezy morn, Prince Camille De Polignac embarked on a slow sailing vessel and crossed the Atlantic to offer his sword, the sword of a French officer, and the experience he had gained in the Crimean war to the general staff of the Confederate States Army in Richmond.

"It was also for the triumph of liberty and justice that your sons, the sons of America, in thousands crossed the treacherous seas to bring help to France in her late and pressing need. Had my father been alive then, when the American legions landed in France, he would have recognized his dashing Texas boys and the gallant Louisianians whom, in olden days, he had the honor of leading to battle. For of Louisiana alone, 2,169 dead and wounded testify to the spirit which animated these brave men. And 34,249 graves in France bear witness to



MONUMENT TO GEN. C. J. DE POLIGNAC ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF MANSFIELD, LA.

the generosity and self-sacrifice of the sons of America. One common incentive was theirs—the chivalrous desire to help the weak against the strong, to give their strength and their life for a noble and just cause.

“As our thoughts linger with the heroes of the past and present days, let us call to mind words of the great leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee: ‘We mourn the loss of our gallant dead in every conflict, yet our gratitude to Almighty God for his mercies rises higher and higher each day; to him and to the valor of our troops a Nation’s gratitude is due.’”

THE BATTLE OF MANSFIELD, LA.

[From the account written by J. E. Hewitt, of Mansfield, to commemorate the dedication of the monuments to Generals Taylor and de Polignac, April 8, 1925.]

The bloody battle fought on the hills around the little town of Mansfield, La., was the last decisive victory won by the Confederate army in the four years’ struggle from 1861 to 1865.

The Confederates held only that part of Louisiana west of the Atchafalaya, the Black, and Ouachita Rivers, about one-third of the southwest part of Arkansas, and all of Texas, with its military headquarters under Gen. E. Kirby Smith at Shreveport. While there was a force of 21,000 west of the Mississippi River, a considerable part of it had to be kept on the Gulf Coast to prevent invasion from that direction, and a part had to protect the Mexican border, which was our only outlet to the world, leaving only about 16,000 men with which to repel invasion from Missouri and the Mississippi River. To overcome this small force seemed to be an easy matter, and to accomplish that purpose the Federal government, in the spring of 1864, sent out an expedition from New Orleans, under General Banks, to capture Shreveport. This army was supported by a fleet of 150 gunboats and transports, manned by 10,000 men, who were to steam up Red River with munitions and supplies for Banks’s army. Gen. Dick Taylor, one of the most successful and resourceful officers in the Confederate service, was second in command to General Smith and was the actual commander in the field.

Gen. Kirby Smith had planned to fight behind fortifications at Shreveport, but Dick Taylor had other plans. He believed that by pretending to retreat ignominiously, General Banks would divide his forces to facilitate a more rapid pursuit, and Banks fell into this trap. When the Confederates marched

through Mansfield on April 7, the fact was made known to General Banks, and he threw forward the 13th Corps, with the 19th Corps ten miles behind it, and Smith’s Division ten miles in its rear. However, the Confederate infantry had not gone far, for Polignac’s Brigade had camped at the six-mile bayou on the Kingston road, Mouton’s Brigade at the three-mile bayou on the Grand Cane road, and Walker’s Division on the branch at the old Texas and Pacific depot, one mile and a half north of Mansfield. Next morning, April 8, they rushed back through Mansfield with Polignac’s Brigade in the lead, followed by Mouton’s Louisiana Brigade, and then by Walker’s Division, and, at a point two and one half miles east of Mansfield, they formed a line of battle on the east side of the Moss plantation, where the advancing Federals took position on the east side of that big open field, and thus the stage was set for one of the hardest battles ever fought on American soil.

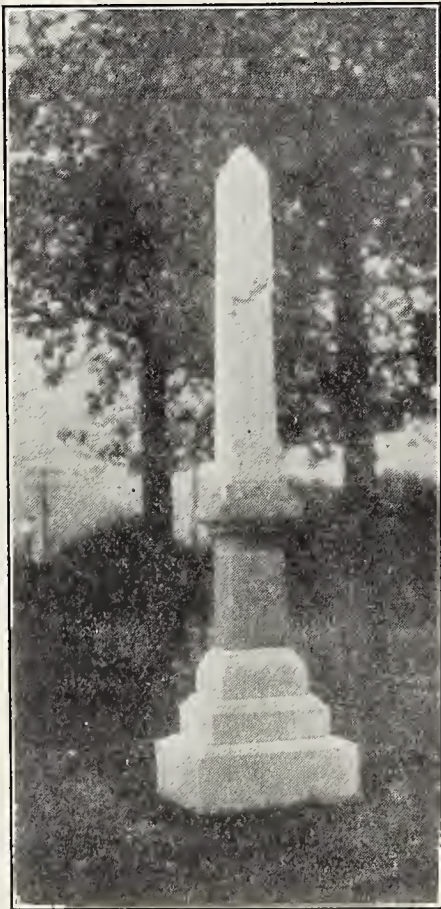
Dick Taylor’s strategy had been a complete success, for he found himself with as many men at the point of contact as his opponent had. When General Taylor formed his line of battle at a point two and one-half miles east of Mansfield, on April 8, 1864, to resist the march of the Federal army under General Banks, Polignac’s Brigade held the center of his line and formed across the old Natchitoches road, known now as the Jefferson Davis Highway; his left was held by Mouton’s Louisiana Brigade, composed of the consolidated Crescent Regiment and the 19th and 28th Louisiana Regiments, and the left flank was protected by the 4th Texas Cavalry and the 2nd and 8th Louisiana Cavalry under General Majors. To the right of Polignac’s Brigade was Walker’s Brigade of Texas Infantry, and his right flank was protected by four regiments of Texas cavalry, commanded by Gen. Tom Green. The Confederate line, thus formed, held the west and north side of the Moss plantation, and the Federals held the east side. At noon on April 8 the two armies faced each other, each expecting the other to attack. At 2 P.M. General Taylor, with the view of provoking an attack, ordered up the Val Verde Texas Battery, which took a position on the high ground on the left of the road just in front of Polignac’s Brigade and opened fire on the Federal line, which must have been effective, for the Federals, who had posted their artillery on Honeycut Hill, ordered forward a battery of nine rifle guns, which took position on the hill on the right of the road, and a fierce artillery duel ensued, in which three of the five Confederate guns were put out of action, but the other two stood firm and returned shot for shot.

At 3:30 General Taylor, realizing that the Federals would not attack, ordered a general attack, and one of the fiercest battles of the war was on. When the charge across the open field was ordered, General de Polignac and his staff officers led his brigade in person and routed the strong line of infantry, drove nine pieces of artillery at the church from their position, and captured the guns at Honeycut Hill.

The concluding account of the battle is taken from notes made by General de Polignac, which vary in some instances from other writers, but are absolutely authentic.

General Taylor ordered Mouton to support the sharpshooters, and this order was carried by Major Moncure, of Shreveport, then serving on General de Polignac’s staff. General Mouton immediately ordered the Louisiana brigade forward, which movement at once developed into a general charge by the whole Confederate line.

The Federals were strongly posted and reserved their fire for closer range. The Crescent Regiment struck the enemy first and at close range received a volley from the 130th Illinois Regiment that killed fifty-five men, including every field officer of the regiment, and wounded 150.



MONUMENT TO GEN. RICHARD TAYLOR
ON BATTLE FIELD OF MANSFIELD, LA.

This dreadful shock staggered the gallant regiment. Man after man grabbed the fallen colors and tried to bear them onward, only to fall as fast as they took them. Six had fallen, including the gallant Capt. Robert Seth Fields, of New Orleans, when that peerless regiment, without colors and with few officers, rushed forward, forced the lines of Federals, barricaded behind piles of rails, overwhelmed and captured the 130th Illinois Regiment, and threw into confusion the whole

the 18th Kentucky Regiment, and the fight was fast and furious. Polignac's Texans then struck the 161st New York Zouaves and the 77th Illinois Regiment and promptly forced them to retire.

The two lines of battle were much nearer to each other on the left than on the right, and hence the opposing forces came in contact on the left before they did on the right, when the Confederate charge was made. However, General Greene, with three regiments of Texas cavalry on the right, was a fighter from the word go, and, as soon as the Confederates began to advance, he threw his whole force forward, scattered the Kansas cavalry in his front, and, seeing the end of the Federal line of infantry exposed, with a spark of military genius that might only have been expected of General Forrest, he dismounted one of his regiments and furiously attacked the Federal infantry line on the end, doubling it up and throwing the whole line into confusion.

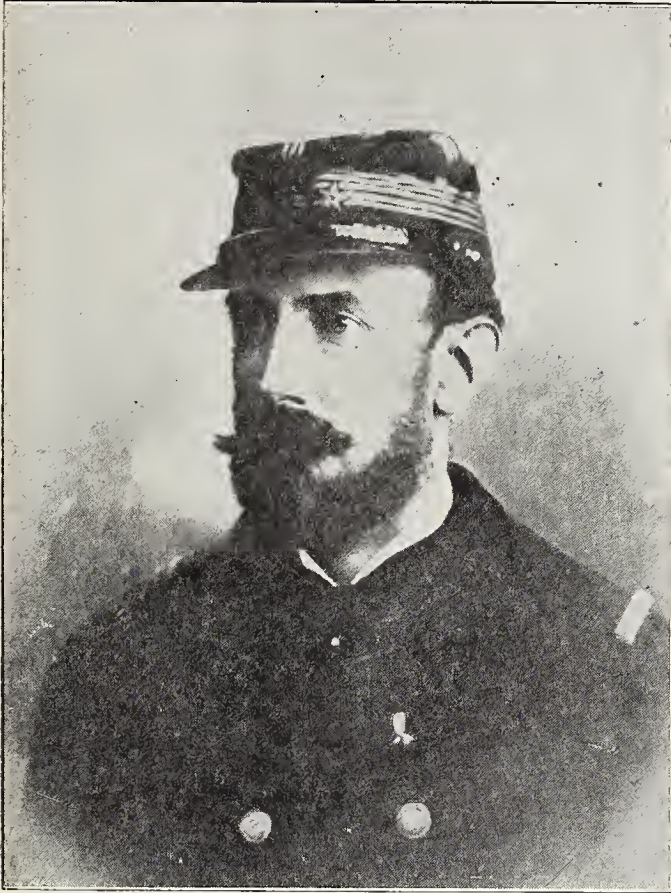
To relieve this distressing situation a strong force of Federal cavalry made a vigorous charge, but were readily driven back by Green's two mounted regiments, while he drove the charge home against the end of the infantry line with his dismounted regiment. One feature of this cavalry fight was picturesque indeed, in that two regiments met at full speed, the Confederates using the revolver and the Federals the saber. Few were killed, but the Texans repulsed their opponents and left their dismounted comrades to continue to demoralize the Federal infantry by repeated rear and flank attacks. About the time the Crescent Regiment severed the Federal line the 18th and 28th Louisiana Regiments came in contact with the 77th Illinois and 18th Kentucky Regiments in their immediate front.

The contact was short and sharp, and while these two Louisiana regiments lost very heavily, they struck just as hard blows as they received, for more dead Yankees were observed in front of the 18th than anywhere else. As to Polignac's Brigade, scarcely stronger than a good regiment, facing nine pieces of artillery and a strong line of infantry, it bore down all opposition, drove the nine pieces of artillery from position, and finally captured the guns at Honeycut Hill.

The other Texas brigade to the right of Polignac did not come in contact with the Federals as they crossed the Moss plantation, because the Federals, seeing their line broken by the Louisiana brigade on their right, their line doubled up and demoralized by Green's attack on their left, their artillery driven back by Polignac in the center, and their own front threatened, did not wait upon the order of their going, but went at once. This happy culmination must be attributed largely to General Green, for he promptly assaulted every force he met, whether horse, foot, or dragoon, and demoralized the whole Federal left.

Thus the whole Federal line was driven pell-mell from their original positions, and, panic-stricken, were rushing back upon their second line near the Sabine crossroads. The fleeing Federals were so closely followed by the pursuing Confederates that this second line could not fire a shot—but again General Green, with the genius and daring of a Murat, threw his whole force of cavalry on the flank of the second Federal line, and the whole line joined the stampede. As before stated, General Banks had packed his whole supply train immediately behind this second line of battle, and, as he now had no organized force between it and the victorious Confederates, with but one narrow wagon road through the forest by which it could retreat, the whole train fell an easy victim to the Confederate cavalry. Most of these wagons were picked up by Colonel Favrot, of the 8th Louisiana Cavalry and the 4th

(Concluded on page 198.)



GEN. C. J. DE POLIGNAC.

Federal line. The cost was terrible, for the 130th Illinois was a typical regiment of American farmers who did not shoot and run away, but stood up manfully, realizing that they held the key to the situation and that victory or defeat depended upon their being able to hold their position.

It looked like the immovable had been struck by the irresistible and that something had to happen. The Illinois regiment had suffered almost as much as had the Crescent, and Colonel Reid lay wounded on the field. In this moment of furious fighting and utter confusion General Mouton and staff rushed forward and placed himself at the head of the leaderless, but furiously fighting, Crescent. One of his staff had brought forward the blood-stained regimental flag, when it was again greeted with a volley from the stubbornly resisting Federals and again fell to the ground, this time stained with the life-blood of Gen. Alfred Mouton, as game a man as ever laid down his life a willing sacrifice upon the altar of his country. Three balls had pierced his manly breast. The conflict was almost a hand-to-hand affair, but the men of the Illinois Regiment were soon all killed, wounded, or prisoners. It was a soldier's fight, for neither regiment had field officers to make or accept a surrender.

While the Crescent Regiment and the 130th Illinois were struggling, the one to take and the other to hold the key to the station, the 18th Louisiana had struck the 77th Illinois Regiment, and the 28th Louisiana had come in contact with

GEN. JOE WHEELER.

BY Y. L. ABERNATHY, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Alabama has honored herself in honoring this great soldier and statesman by placing his statue in the Hall of Fame. It is universally conceded that he won imperishable fame as a soldier fighting both against and for the United States government.

When he was buried at Arlington with every mark of distinction and honor possible to bestow by a grateful country, the flags of both the Federal and Confederate governments were draped about his form (at his own request). The tender and pathetic sentiment and lofty ideals thus manifested caused the writing and now the resurrection of the lines which follow.

His men (of whom the writer was one for a time) were devoted to him and proudly and lovingly bestowed upon him the very appropriate sobriquet of "*Our Little Old 'Fightin' Joe.*"

Enrobed in glorious banners, his gallant form lies low;
Enshrined in hearts of the Blue and Gray, an exalted, grand hero.
He fought for one that yielded, an invincible, terrible foe,
Then for the other, for he loved to fight, our "*Little Old Fightin' Joe.*"

Magician of spurs and saddle, where needed was to go;
Whither and whence he came and went, the enemy didn't know.

On proud and noble charger, he flew like the winds that blow,
This regular, roaring cyclone, our "*Little Old Fightin' Joe.*"

Your "*Uncle Samuel*" learned his worth a few decades ago,
For he was much in evidence, and never late nor slow,
In front and rear, and everywhere, to wield a fatal blow,
This brave and subtle warrior, our "*Little Old Fightin' Joe.*"

When Mars again, with mailed hand, beckoned him to go,
For our country, reunited, Southern blood was there to flow,
At San Juan his valor made a "*President,*" you know! By Joe!
This lion-tiger combine, our "*Little Old Fightin' Joe.*"

The crimson tide of brothers which so horribly did flow,
The "*bloody chasm*" he has sealed and spanned with silver bow,
The Blue and Gray in him are one, but he's the kind we grow,
Away down South in Dixie—our "*Little Old Fightin' Joe.*"

In the soft, silken folds of banners he loved and cherished so,
Enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, pure and white as snow,
Through all the corridors of time his lustrous name will go;
He has fought and won "*The good fight,*" our "*Little Old Fightin' Joe.*"

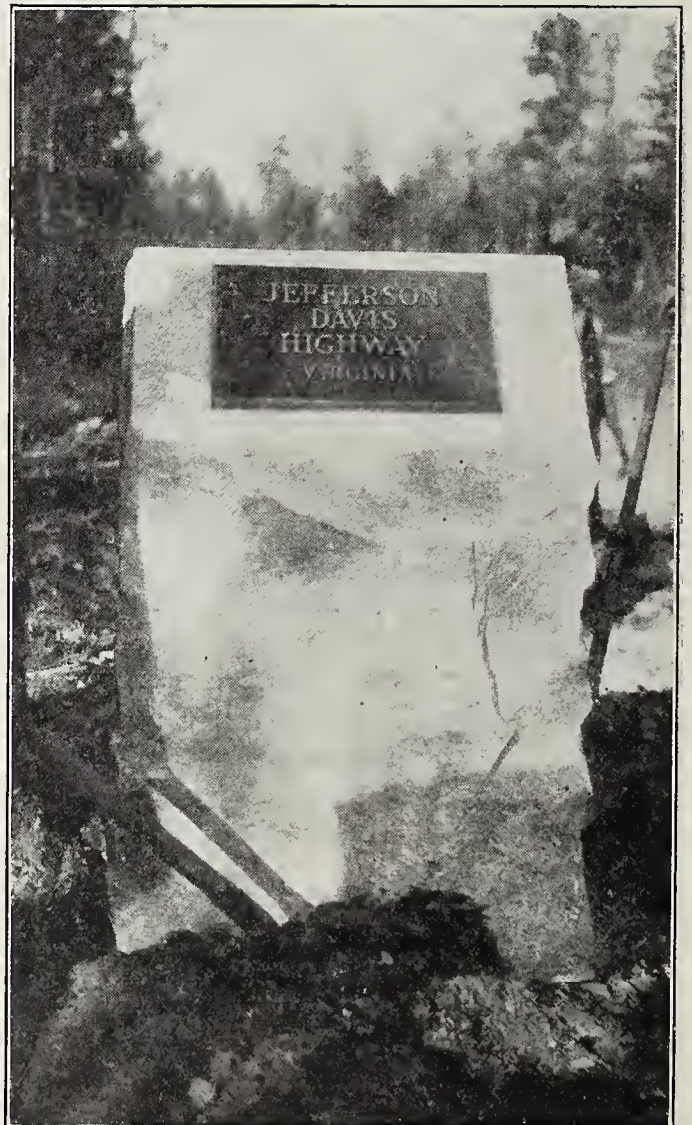
The statue of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, placed by the State of Alabama in Statuary Hall of the Capitol at Washington, D. C., was unveiled on the 11th of March by Miss Julia Wheeler Harris, granddaughter of the famous Confederate general and a daughter of Senator Harris, of Georgia. The figure is shown in the uniform of a major general, C. S. A. After the interesting exercises of the unveiling, friends laid their tributes of flowers about the statue.

LIEUT. DWIGHT E. BATES, JEFF DAVIS ARTILLERY,
C. S. A.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

In a list prepared by Col. John C. Stiles, Brunswick, Ga., of promotions in the army and navy of the Confederacy for "*Distinguished Valor and Skill,*" and published in the *VETERAN* for August, 1924, the name of "*Bates, D. E., Alabama; second lieutenant, Jeff Davis Alabama Artillery; January 20, 1863,*" is shown. Lieutenant Bates has been dead for twenty-five years, but the writer was a member of the Jeff Davis Artillery and is one of very few survivors of the command, and has photographic copies of every record, perhaps, concerning the company that is in existence. Besides, he served in the company from the beginning of its service until the remnant was surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse, April 9, 1865.

Lieutenant Bates enlisted in the command in July, 1861; was mustered in July 27, 1861, as "*engineer,*" and continued as such on the August, 1861, pay roll. The "*Muster in*" roll shows his age was forty-five years, which would place the year of his birth in 1816; though his great nephews think he was born in 1812. Springfield, Mass., was the city of his nativity, and he graduated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., about 1831. It is the impression of his kinsmen that



HANDSOME MARKER ON THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY, SHOWING TYPE OF PERMANENT MARKERS FOR THE WHOLE ROUTE.

he came South soon after his graduation, in the service of the United States government, to sound and procure data for the preparation of a map of the Mississippi River. His brother, Dr. Frank A. Bates, subsequently came to Marion, Perry County, Ala., prior to the war of the sixties.

As early as 1857, Lieutenant Bates, whose profession was that of civil engineer, was engaged in surveying a projected railroad which was to begin at Selma, Ala., and, running south, reach Pensacola, Fla., and it was called the Selma and Gulf Railroad. He was plying his profession in the grading of this road when the great war began. The universal stagnation, which affected all industrial enterprises in the Southern country, did not fail to put the work on the Selma and Gulf Railroad in repose.

After enlisting as "engineer," Lieutenant Bates is subsequently soon shown as corporal, and he was one of the gunners. The company rolls from March, 1862, to October, 1862, inclusive, are not available, and are supposed to be lost or destroyed. The November and December muster roll of that year shows his name as first sergeant of the company, and on "furlough." Post office, Marion, Ala. A historical memorandum accompanying the original rolls shows: "In February, 1863, Sergt. D. E. Bates, appointed second lieutenant by the War Department." Nothing unusual or extraordinary occurred to cause the appointment of Lieutenant Bates, except the members of the company in exercising their right of

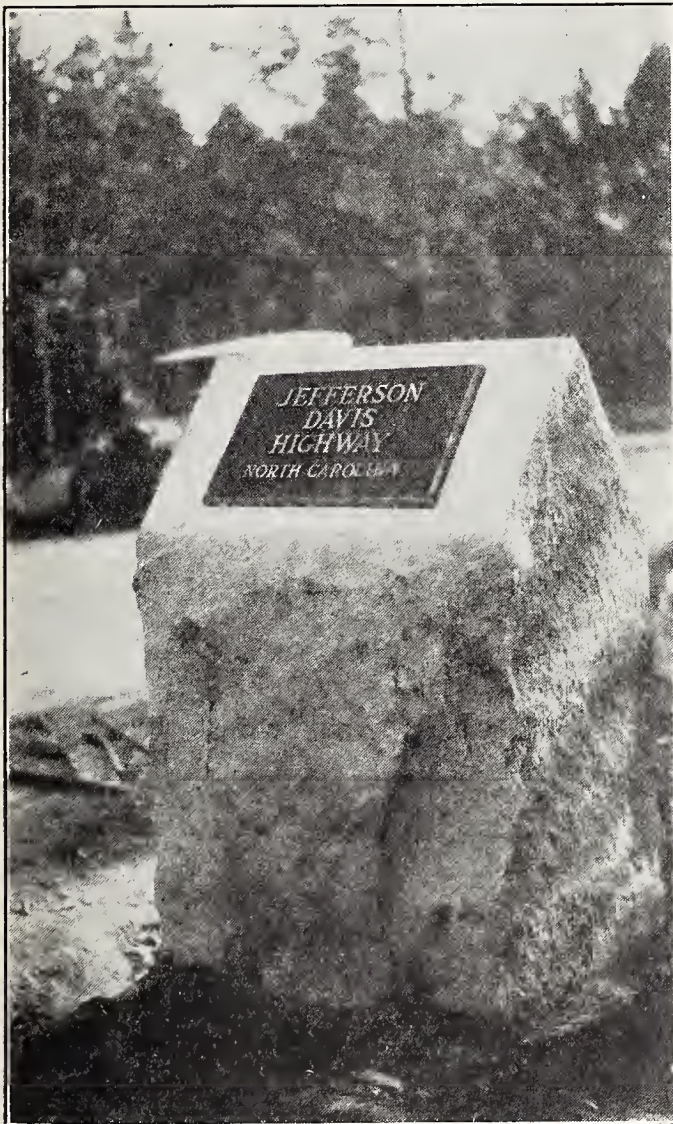
franchise failed to elect such persons commissioned officers as the superior officers wished.

When the command was organized, it was provided with a captain, three first and two second lieutenants, a sufficient number to provide one lieutenant for each section of guns, and one for the caissons, in addition to a captain. A section consisted of two guns. In January, February, and March, 1862, all the qualified commissioned officers resigned on account of divisions and disagreements among themselves. Four new lieutenants were soon after elected by the men and commissioned. The acting captain then resigned, and subsequently the senior first lieutenant became captain by the operation of the law of promotion which was then in force. By the same law two of the remaining lieutenants were moved up a grade. After a year's service, because of a variety of derelictions, perhaps, the three lieutenants resigned and left the company.

This left three vacancies to be filled. The command was enjoying a rest in winter shacks near Bowling Green and Milford, Va. To fill these vacancies an election was begun. At the instance of the captain in command, Lieut. W. J. Reese, who had served previously as a second lieutenant in the company and resigned, was elected first lieutenant. Immediately an election was held to fill a second vacancy, when a corporal, who was under arrest and confined to his tent because of some minor dereliction, was the successful man. No further election was held. The writer is satisfied that the last election was the influencing cause that stopped and prevented any further election, and which caused the recommendation to, and the appointment by, the War Department. Man is a liberty-loving being, and in the exercise of its prerogatives does not always respect an interest that may be adversely affected by it, and is often influenced by his own convenience and pleasure, or the disparagement of some one against whom he may hold spite. Evidently, the captain felt that the last election resulted because of that feeling toward him, and called off any further elections. The man elected had proved himself gallant in every battle fought by the company, but was never permitted to assume the duties of the office nor exercise the authority which was delegated to him by the votes of his associates. Though under arrest, the brave soldier went into the battle of Chancellorsville and lost an arm. He was continued under arrest for quite a long time and was finally retired. He left the company before the end, and the writer has never learned what became of him. "Headstrong liberty is lashed with woe." "There are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought."

The men of the command were personally very fond of Bates, and when it became known that he had been appointed a lieutenant in the company, there was a feeling of general relief that the command had an officer who would not tyrannize over them. The writer never heard a single objection registered or spoken against Bates. He was probably the best qualified man in the company for the position, because of superior education and broad experience. Though Bates was a gallant soldier, his gallantry was not superior to two-thirds or more of the men in the company, who were ready to fight their guns, if necessary, until they were made corpses around them.

In all the elections held by the company, if his name was ever presented for promotion to a commissioned office in the hearing of the writer, he does not now remember it. Bates was not the man to push himself for promotion. I never knew a man who was more considerate of the rights and feeling of



BOUNDARY MARKER ON JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY, SHOWING BEVELED TOP. NAME OF A STATE ON EACH SIDE.

his fellow man. This characteristic easily extended to diffidence. Soon after his appointment, he was advanced to the position of first lieutenant as the captain was advanced to the rank of major and was transferred to service elsewhere. Bates served the command gallantly and faithfully until his capture at Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, when he was imprisoned in Fort Delaware. While in this prison he was taken, with six hundred Confederate officers, to the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., and all were placed under the fire of the Confederate guns on Morris Island, and kept there for forty-five days. One of the party, Maj. J. Ogden Murray, published the story, "The Immortal Six Hundred," giving the details, a blood-curdling story of cruelty and suffering of that brave band.

With Lieutenant Bates on this trip were Capt. W. P. Carter, and Lieuts. W. E. Hart, S. H. Hawes, and F. King. officers in other companies attached to Maj. R. C. M. Page's battalion of artillery, captured at the same time.

The following are some of the items copied from Lieutenant Bates's diary:

"While a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware, under fire on Morris Island, Fort Pulaski, and Hilton Head.

"Lieut. Henry H. Mosely:

"Left Fort Delaware August 20; left boat September 7; left pen October 21; left Fort Pulaski on November 19; for Hilton Head on the 20th; went into tents the 26th; left tents and were put into prison."

Then follow the names of thirty-one others of the Jeff Davis Artillery, captured at the Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania, at the same time he was captured.

"In yard of provost marshal on December 15, meat ration stopped; fed on bread and water: On the 27th of January, 1865, resumed the meat ration and one-half pound of potatoes per slice.

"And the same of meat; on February 21 began full prison rations. Embarked on the Steamer Illinois on the 4th of March, and left Hilton Head at 2 o'clock the 5th for Fortress Monroe, where we arrived at midnight, March 7; on the morning of the 11th, left Fortress Monroe for Fort Delaware; arrived on the 12th; went into barracks. On April 2, Richmond was evacuated; on the 9th, Lee and his army surrendered. On the night of the 14th, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. Promised on the 2nd of May to take the oath on the 16th of June, and left on the 17th for Philadelphia on the Steamer Meteor; and the same evening by the Camden and Amboy Railroad to New York; arrived at eight in the morning of the 18th; stayed at the Battery Barracks on the 19th; borrowed of R. C. Crocheron thirty dollars; on the 21st, at four o'clock, sailed on the Evening Star for New Orleans. Borrowed from Captain Reese, eleven and one-half dollars, and from Wicher five dollars to pay difference of passage money of fifty dollars, U. S. giving me \$15.50 for passage. Tell Moseley that Frasier came with me. Arrived in New Orleans on Thursday at four o'clock. Went to City Hotel. Borrowed of D. W. Thompson, of Greenburg, St. Helena Parish, six dollars. W. Dix, of Natchez, gave me five dollars. On Saturday, July 2, left New Orleans; board at hotel, three dollars; Sunday, at eleven, arrived at Mobile; at four o'clock left Mobile for Meridian; arrived there at four in the morning; at six left for Selma.

"Prisoners: Bates, Holland, Fanning, Austill, Norris and Williams."

PRISON RECORD OF LIEUT. DWIGHT E. BATES.

"War Department, The Adjutant General's Office, Washington, May 18, 1914.

"The records show that Dwight E. Bates, engineer and first lieutenant, Jeff Davis Alabama Artillery, C. S. A., enlisted July 15, 1861, at Selma, Ala.; that he was captured at Spotsylvania Courthouse, Va., May 12, 1864, and that he was released June 16, 1865, at Fort Delaware, Del., upon taking the oath of allegiance. G. W. ANDREWS, *Adjutant General*."

Lieutenant Bates was never married. After returning to Alabama, he made his home at his brother's, Dr. Frank A. Bates, until the death of the latter. He then made his home with his nephew, Frank Bates, until his own death, which occurred in February, 1899, aged approximately eighty-three years. He continued to ply his profession, civil engineering, until his death; in fact, he was out at work on a job when death called him, hence, his death occurred away from home.

A VIEW ON THE CRATER BATTLE.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, FLORENCE, S. C.

As the son of a Confederate veteran, and having lived at Petersburg, Va., for several years, talked with a number of participants in position to know, read all I came across, including the official records, and closely and repeatedly examined the field of the battle, I have greatly desired at times to bring into view and make plain some things about that very unique struggle. The terrain of a battle has a great deal to do with both the fighting and the understanding of the events, so let us consider it first.

The Appomattox River runs from west to east, and just on the eastern border of Petersburg there comes into it from the south, Taylor's Run. There is a level stretch at the junction, and General Lee flooded this and made it a part of his defense; and then his lines ran on the western crest of Taylor, southward, rising and dipping as that crest rose and dipped because of some side branches. The streets of Petersburg, the walls of Blandford Cemetery, and the "Jerusalem Plank Road" make a line which parallels the Run and the "lines," more or less, beginning at zero distance, at the river, widening to more than five hundred yards, and then, just beyond the site of the Crater, turning decidedly (the Plank Road is here), and crossing the Run. The battle field involves the section of the Run and the Plank Road, with the woods and fields between them after the cemetery is passed. To be sure, Ransom's Brigade, which did some of the fighting, extended northward from the field in front of the cemetery, and Wise's Brigade, which also fought, began and extended on southward just where the lines crossed the Plank Road. But the enemy's attack was on Elliott's Brigade, and its front was southward of the cemetery and north of the crossing.

Just at the Crater, the Plank Road is five hundred yards from the lines, and those lines are at the crest of the scarp of the run, which scarp is rather steep. The enemy planned to blow up the line and charge through to the Plank Road. Elliott's front was about one-third of a mile long. Wise was on his right to the southward, and Ransom on his left to the north. On Elliott's line the Crater site was the highest point, and there was a rapid dip toward Wise, and a gradual one toward Ransom. The distance to Wise was some two hundred yards, and to Ransom more than four hundred. The Crater site was occupied by Capt. Richard Pegram's battery of four guns. When the explosion came, two of those guns were blown far out toward the enemy, and two buried right there. One of these was dug out by a sergeant of the enemy and fired at our men, but exploded. That sergeant was praised in every report, those of other commands as well as his own generals and colonels, but, alas! he was killed.

The dip toward Ransom was very important, for the fighting was chiefly from the Crater to the bottom of that dip. It even extended beyond and against Ransom, but not very far, his men, for the most part, firing obliquely against those on Elliott's front. On the Wise side the enemy's attack was abortive very early, but Wise gave Elliott's men some splendid help (as also did Ransom). At one time Ransom was greatly threatened. "The White Battery," which played a most brilliant part, was on Ransom's line, and "The Two-Gun Battery" and Otey's Battery on Wise's line, all of them purposely arranged to bear on Elliott's front, which was a weak point, and known to be mined some days before. In fact, Wise's batteries were still incomplete.

We see then that Elliott's front has the Plank Road five hundred yards to the rear, and that from the Crater his line dips down and joins Wise and Ransom down at the bottom of the slopes, and that both of these brigades can and do fire obliquely at the enemy attacking at the Crater—the hole made by the blowing up of Pegram's guns.

Elliott's line had, of course, a line of picket trenches in front connected with the lines by a zig-zag trench, or "covered way." This picket line was quite close to the main line at the battery, and only one hundred and thirteen yards from the enemy's picket line. The enemy had crossed the Run with his pickets, but his lines proper were on the crest of the scarp across the Run. His picket trenches climbed the slope on our side pretty far, and were only one hundred and thirteen yards distant. The enemy gathered in his picket line the night of the explosion, and had only that small distance to come across. Down in the Run (or rather a little bay of it) he began his mine. Thick underbrush and a rise of land hid his operations.

Another important matter: The lines were far out from the Plank Road; then how would our troops get in and out? Why there was a zig-zag trench, or "covered way," leading back from our lines to the Plank Road—in fact, passed under the Plank Road and on into the valley of "Lieutenant Run." Relief troops could stay in that valley out of sight and be brought to the lines by the zig-zag trench. The dip on the Ransom side favored the construction of that trench, for the little branch that caused that dip between Elliott and Ransom came up from the lines and branched at the mouth of that covered way, one branch turning south and making a depression, or swale, between the Crater crest and the Plank Road. It was through this zig-zag trench reinforcements for Elliott were brought that day; and they formed in that swale parallel to our lines and out of sight of the enemy, and from it they charged up and retook such lines as Elliott had lost. It is some two hundred yards back of the lines.

Just one more fact: The Crater was called "the salient on Elliott's line," and was a re-entrant salient, not a projecting one. At Wise's position the whole of Lee's lines took a turn to the southwest, which turn there, made an outward salient; but Wise and Ransom could look across Elliott's front at each other. The inward or re-entrant curve there was slight, but intentional—to enable the enfilade of Elliott's weak front. Colonel Harris, under Beauregard, had laid out these lines, and Lee adopted them as the best the terrain allowed. Artillery was concentrated to defend the Elliott salient. The batteries ran in a horseshoe curve from the "White Battery," on Ransom's line, to the "Two-Gun" (only one, in fact, that day), on Wise's. When Lee brought up two batteries that morning and placed them in the toe of the horseshoe on the Plank Road, five hundred yards from the Crater, it was said that not a chicken could pass to the Plank. Fifty-two guns and mortars bore on the field of battle, but then

the enemy, on his part, had eighty-one. There was no try-out of those guns within that horseshoe. They were fired at the enemy in the captured parts of the lines and the space between the pickets, but only one man, a negro, legged it toward the Plank Road, and a sponge staff was sufficient for him. The artillery on this part of Lee's lines was at that time under the command of Col. Frank Huger in the absence, on furlough, of General Alexander. Colonel Coit commanded at the "White Battery"; Major Hampton Gibbes the "Two-Gun"; Major Haskell had two batteries (one of mortars); Major Chamberlain (I think), the Otey; and the batteries General Lee ordered up were a part of General Pegram's command, his old battalion in fact. I remember hearing that one was the Purcell. They were put at the "Gee House," and both Generals Lee and Beauregard watched the battle from that house, in easy reach and plain view of the enemy.

When Beauregard learned that the Federals were mining at the salient, as our counter mines proved (they passed above those of the Federals), he ordered a trench to be dug just behind the battery of Richard Pegram, and it is referred to as the gorge line. It was not complete, but he had ordered Elliott to man it in case an explosion came. It was in carrying out this order that Elliott was wounded in the early part of the fight. Thus, we visualize the site of the Crater as a four-gun battery emplacement on a long trench line, with a picket trench in front, a zig-zag trench on the Ransom side, a gorge trench in rear, and a horseshoe of artillery six or seven hundred yards between heels, and five hundred yards from heel to toe. Reinforcements could be brought in by a covered way and formed out of sight in line of battle at least two brigade fronts wide, as Mahone proceeded to show.

Beauregard's situation on his part of Lee's lines was not weak for resistance to any but a most extraordinary attack. Critical as things became, Lee did not really extend himself that day, but he was prepared to do so.

On Grant's part, a feint was made to draw off much of Lee's army to the defense of the Richmond lines, and it did so. Then he had eighty-one guns, some of them siege guns, placed to bear. Then he selected four divisions to make an attack on a brigade front after it was pierced by an explosion on its right center. Through the gap, one division was to turn to his right, one to his left, one to go forward (the negroes), and the last to aid and support as need be.

How much depended on Elliott and Elliott's Brigade! If soldier's panic, that frightful thing only discipline and confidence in leaders can avert in such an hour—if panic seizes the rent and buried brigade in its surviving fragments, can the artillery horseshoe prevent the sack of Petersburg by drunken negroes? Mahone, three miles away, cannot get 'up in time. It must be artillery or nothing, and even all the batteries are not there at the hour of dawn. Elliott was to lose over two hundred and fifty men in the explosion, and over four hundred more in the subsequent fighting. Will the brigade stand the gaff? Elliott himself was to be desperately wounded at the start and the brigade split in half. Nothing above captain will be left of the officers on our side. Elliott's men were not the only real men there that day—not by a great deal—but they stood and fought from dawn to nine o'clock all by themselves (except for the enfilade from Wise and Ransom), and at one o'clock were still fighting. At nine, Mahone's men won their way to reinforce the left lines, but on the right Captain White held things his own way all alone. At one o'clock, Bushrod Johnson, division commander, reported them as capturing a regimental flag. I confess my heart glows greatly when reading in the VETERAN what an officer of Ransom's Brigade wrote about how Elliott's men

on that side of the Crater fought to hold and win back anything lost. And he wrote just after the battle, too.

The events of the day were as follows: Elliott and two of his staff, sleeping in a bombproof on the line in full uniform except for sword, ready at an instant, heard the explosion and rushed out. The adjutant went to put a guard at the covered way to prevent flight, the aide to bear orders to the colonels. Elliott went to the breach near the gorge line, where the adjutant joined him. The Crater began to fill, then the zig-zag of the picket line, and the gorge line. The colonels, threatened in front, found it hard to strip the trench in order to get men to go with Elliott to retake the gorge (until Ransom could send men to fill their places). Elliott grew very impatient, but, at last, seeing Colonel Smith, of the 26th South Carolina, coming behind the trenches, he jumped up on the parapet, as he used to do often at Fort Sumter, and, turning his side to the enemy as he faced the coming troops, waving them on with his sword, was shot down by the foe not forty yards away. Elliott had his orders the night before, but as a matter of fact the gorge could not have been taken unless the colonels could have sent troops much quicker than they did. It is probable that they hurried all they could. The gorge was empty when the orders to the colonels were given, but filled rapidly. After Elliott's fall, Colonel Smith seems to have taken the men he was bringing down into the swale between the Crater and the Plank Road. Colonel McMaster, who was nearest the Crater, with the 17th South Carolina and remnant of the 18th, began a long, long struggle to keep the Federals from coming in, both down the trenchway and by jumping the breastworks. The enemy gained about two hundred yards of the trench. On the right of the crater, they failed to win more than thirty. At nine o'clock (perhaps 8:45) they held altogether a frontage of about three hundred yards.

At about nine o'clock, General Mahone, coming through the covered way from Lieutenant Run, formed Weisiger's brigade, and a part of Wright's, in the swale between the lines and the Plank Road, and was forming the rest of his division, when a movement of the enemy hurried things, and some one gave an order to charge (Mahone, Weisiger, or Ghirardi), and everything in line, but chiefly Weisiger, went forward in splendid style. Weisiger was commanding Mahone's old brigade, and one regiment especially was made up of Petersburg men. Blandford Cemetery was on the hilltop. The spires of the Petersburg churches could almost be seen, their women and children were at the gates, as it were, and it was a charge of ferocity as well as gallantry. O, yes! They took the trenches, but not the Crater, which was not quite in their own front. They certainly took the trenches! Short work! But Weisiger's men were only eight hundred, and there were more than twelve regimental flags floating over those two hundred or so yards.

Wright's Brigade, at eleven, tried for the Crater itself, but did not get it. They were not repulsed, but kind of missed it, and took the already captured side lines instead—a very natural proceeding, unless especially guarded against. But at one o'clock the 3rd Brigade of Mahone's Division, Featherstone's, as I recall it, became the leader of an attack in which everything joined from right and left trenches and the swale in front. General Lee is said to have told them he would himself lead the next attack if they failed. At this time the densely packed masses in the Crater could not go back or forward across the artillery-plowed fields. They were in a spirit for surrender. The Crater had two divisions, with a ridge between: One of them saw dreadful carnage with hand-to-hand fighting, but the other surrendered easily.

Grant had lost nearly 5,000, and Lee over 1,300. The endurance of Elliott's Brigade had been wonderful—pluck beyond praise; the gallantry of Mahone's charge had been glorious, and the steady skill of the artillery as handsome as a Spanish princess. Still, not a foot of ground changed hands; all those lives had, as it were, just gone up in smoke.

Possibly there was no way for Grant to have made a success of it, but, as it was, his blunders of execution were very great. No general went with his troops. When the Crater was reached, there was no one in authority to organize anything. A colonel was the highest officer, and three divisions were there. Nor was it easy to get a general across after the fight began. In the space between the lines, one hundred and thirteen yards by about seventy, over seven hundred bodies were found dead. Now, when Pickett at Five Forks was cut off from his troops, he rode pell-mell down between the lines in hot combat to join them; but that was not done here. Yet Grant might have known that a mine thirty feet deep would leave a hole of that depth, and it would lie right in front of his troops. However, I believe the commander does not see to such details, but leaves tactics to division and brigade officers. At any rate, his ranks were broken by the Crater and were never put into line again. At seven o'clock, one colonel, Delavan Bates, made an effort to appear in the open. The Federals crossed by a neck and could not spread, but puddled in the hole, at least that is the way the reports read.

Almost an hour after the explosion, General Elliott was standing on a parapet within forty yards of them—alone except for his adjutant, right by his side. Madness? Yes; but men fighting for their homes and country do just those things. General Ferrero would have done the same for Italy, doubtless, but he did not do it for America then. General Elliott's troops saw him challenging them to come to him, and, after his fall, they fought under his colonels to the glorious end—they *dared anything*. I think it is Wyeth who tells of Forrest, that he and five other generals were seen on the *skirmish* line at one time.

The Battle of the Crater is the great lesson for generals to study *generals*.

[Note: General Grant's fourth division charged from the Run against Elliott's left and Ransom's right, but *fled* back as Mahone's men charged and recaptured the trenches near the Crater. Thus, Potter's Division, under Bartlett, took the Crater and two hundred yards or so of the trenches on the Ransom side; Wilcox, a few yards on the Wise side; Ferrero's negroes, after reaching the Crater, failed to charge forward, and Turner's feeble attempt gained nothing.—R. W. B.]

STAFF OFFICERS, SCOUTS, AND COURIERS.

BY A COURIER, ARTILLERY, SECOND CORPS, A. N. V.

"Shoot that man on the horse!" Such expressions were often heard when armies were preparing for battle or engaged in fighting. "That man on the horse" was either a staff officer, scout, or courier in nearly every instance. If the mounted man was an officer, scout, or courier, with orders which would affect the movements of those engaged in the contest, it was important to stop him if possible. During the war of 1861 to 1865, the writer saw many occasions when staff officers and couriers were at their work, both on the march or in the battle. Much has been said of the gallant deeds performed by various commands, but little has been said of the mounted men who carried the orders which controlled the movements of the forces.

I had the honor to serve as courier on the staff of a prom-

inent officer in the Army of Northern Virginia, and had the pleasure of knowing a number of officers in each branch of the service. Why the work of the staff officers, scouts, and couriers and their many deeds of daring have not been noticed by writers seems rather remarkable. The wonderful work of that gallant Captain Stringfellow, scout, courier, and general information officer for Gen. R. E. Lee, has been but little noticed. If all had been recorded, it would fill a book and be interesting reading. Many of his deeds were almost superhuman. I knew Captain Stringfellow during and after the war. Then there was John Williams, a Texan, who served as a scout and courier to Gen. Jubal A. Early. The only time I have ever heard John Williams spoken of since the war was at a meeting of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, held some years ago in the capitol at Richmond, Va. On that occasion, General Early paid the highest praise and tribute to Courier John Williams.

This man Williams was a remarkable character, and the most complete dare-devil that could be imagined, being noted for doing his duty promptly and faithfully and apparently regardless of danger. He rarely went into a fight without getting his own horse shot and capturing one or more horses from the enemy. On one occasion he, in one day, captured thirty-five men and several horses. On the afternoon of October 19, 1864, after the battle of Cedar Creek, Williams was killed. That morning at dawn, when the battle begun, a thin line of men was seen in the creek valley between the hills. It was not light enough to distinguish who they were, so a courier was ordered to go forward to ascertain. As he rode down the hill, he was overtaken by Williams, who said that he, too, had been ordered to ascertain who the men were. He rushed past the other courier and approached the skirmish line, when the men at once began firing at him. Stopping his horse within pistol shot of the skirmish line, he emptied his revolver, and, as he rode back, he laughingly remarked: "I know who they are now." The writer was fortunate in knowing John Williams, and often went with him on scouting expeditions and other duties.

In May, 1864, when a large Federal cavalry force approached Richmond with the idea of capturing the city, Gen. Jeb Stuart, realizing the large force of the enemy, sent a courier with a false, or fake, order, directing him to ride at once into the enemy's line and get captured. The contents of that fake order were such as would deceive the Federal forces in regard to the disposition of General Stuart's command. The courier was captured, his papers read, the enemy's plans changed, and in the fight near Yellow Tavern, the Federals were repulsed and Richmond saved. Had that courier failed to be captured, the result of the fight that day might have been different.

The couriers and scouts in the Army of Northern Virginia were of all ages, from boys as young as fourteen to sixteen years, to men as old as sixty. Nearly all the scouts and couriers were private soldiers, detailed from various commands because of their fitness for such duty. Some years ago, during a Confederate reunion, a former Confederate officer paid a handsome tribute to the scouts and couriers. In his speech, he said: "I have always claimed I had two of the best couriers in the Army of Northern Virginia. They were intelligent, brave, and quick, and always in place, caring admirably for their horses and equipment. They could be relied on to go under the hottest fire to deliver orders and to come back to me under the hottest fire for further service of the same kind. The orders were delivered so accurately that I rarely had need to write them, and as these couriers were well

known in the army, orders sent by them were always promptly honored and obeyed."

The writer offers this tribute to the staff officers, scouts, and couriers of the Army of Northern Virginia, trusting that others may give some account of their observations and experiences of the work during the war of 1861-65 by those hard-riding men and boys, who were the connecting links between the commanding officers and various portions of their commands while in camp, on the march, or in the battle.

SOME MARINES.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

"The Cavalry, the Infantry, the Lousy Engineers, but the worst of all is the 'Leather Neck,' with dirt behind his ears."

As every marine that I ever saw looked as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox, I can't imagine how the above doggerel originated. Perhaps I have got it somewhat mixed, but at any rate, the Confederate States navy was well represented in this branch of the service by its officers, at least, and this list shows that we had "quite a few."

Richard Allison, Maryland, major paymaster.

Adam N. Baker, Florida, first lieutenant.

Lloyd J. Beall, Maryland, colonel commanding corps.

Albert S. Berry, ———, second lieutenant.

David Bradford, Louisiana, first lieutenant.

Daniel C. Brent, Florida, second lieutenant.

James F. Claiborne, Louisiana, first lieutenant.

Edward Crenshaw, Alabama, second lieutenant.

Lucien Le Compte Dawson, Texas, first lieutenant.

Henry M. Doak, Tennessee, second lieutenant.

Everard T. Eggleston, Texas, second lieutenant.

James R. Y. Fendal, Mississippi, first lieutenant.

M. F. Gonzales, Florida, captain, assistant quartermaster.

Henry L. Graves, Georgia, first lieutenant.

Israel Greene, Virginia, major, adjutant.

Thomas P. Gwynn, Virginia, first lieutenant.

Andrew J. Hayes, Alabama, captain.

Richard H. Henderson, District of Columbia, first lieutenant.

George Holmes, Florida, captain.

Becket K. Howell, Louisiana, captain.

H. Laurens Ingraham, South Carolina, first lieutenant.

Wilbur Johnson, Georgia, second lieutenant.

Edmund J. Lloyd, Virginia, second lieutenant.

Henry H. McCune, Missouri, second lieutenant.

Fergus McRee, Missouri, first lieutenant.

Julius Ernest Meire, District of Columbia, captain.

J. Campbell Murdoch, Maryland, second lieutenant.

Edward F. Neufville, Georgia, second lieutenant.

John A. Pearson, Arkansas, second lieutenant.

Thomas St. G. Pratt, Maryland, second lieutenant.

R. M. Ramsay, Tennessee, first lieutenant.

David G. Raney, Florida, first lieutenant.

John L. Rapier, Louisiana, second lieutenant.

Jacob Read, Georgia, captain.

Jabez C. Rich, Virginia, captain.

J. Dubose Roberts, South Carolina, second lieutenant.

Samuel W. Roberts, Louisiana, second lieutenant.

Calvin L. Sayre, Alabama, captain.

John D. Simms, Virginia, captain.

Eugene R. Smith, Tennessee, first lieutenant.

Lloyd B. Stephenson, Virginia, second lieutenant.

E. Cantey Stockton, South Carolina, second lieutenant.

Robert Tansill, Virginia, captain.

Algernon Taylor, Virginia, major, quartermaster.

George H. Terrett, Virginia, major.
 Reuben T. Thom, Alabama, captain.
 Ruffin Thomson, Mississippi, second lieutenant.
 James Thurston, South Carolina, first lieutenant.
 George P. Turner, Virginia, captain.
 Henry B. Tyler, Virginia, lieutenant colonel.
 Henry B. Tyler, Jr., District of Columbia, first lieutenant.
 John S. Van de Graff, Texas, second lieutenant.
 Nathan E. Venable, Texas, first lieutenant.
 Thomas S. Wilson, Missouri, captain.

SERVICE WITH THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

(Continued from April number.)

[From the diary of James L. Cooper, Captain and A. A. G.
 Edited by Deering J. Roberts, M.D., Surgeon C. S. A.]

August, 1864.—I had entered upon my duties as a staff officer in earnest, and many were the lonely rides and walks I was compelled to take at night in my rounds. Our headquarters consisted of Col. T. B. Smith, acting brigadier; Capt. Charley Douglas, A. A. G.; Lieut. T. S. Jones, A. I. G.; James L. Cooper and Vernon Stevenson, Aids.

On the fifth of this month our brigade was placed in position in front of the lines as a trap for the Yankees. We were at work nearly all night arranging our trap, and I was, on several occasions, only saved from being lost by the sagacity of my mule. Saturday, the 6th, the Yanks, thinking we were only skirmishers, attacked us at daylight. They were considerably worsted and left in a hurry. About twelve o'clock they came up in force and hurled their columns against our little brigade. They were met gallantly and, after a fierce struggle, almost breast to breast, the enemy fled, leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded. We secured over a hundred stand of arms, thirty prisoners, and two stand of colors, belonging to the 8th Tennessee Regiment and 12th Ohio. Our victory was complete, and the brigade was complimented in general orders by our corps commander, S. D. Lee.

The 7th was consumed in skirmishing and in retiring to the main lines, leaving only a few men in our former position.

After this fight it was a continual skirmish until the last of the month. I went to Eatonton about the 24th to get funds to pay for a horse which I had gotten from T. Bostick. I was to give fifteen hundred dollars for him. After an absence of three days, I found the army again in motion to front the enemy, who was endeavoring to reach the M. & A. R. R.

The night of my return from Eatonton, our corps (Hardee's) was put in motion for Jonesboro. I was absent from camp after my horse and did not rejoin the brigade until within a few miles of Jonesboro. This march, about twelve miles, was made in the night. When within a few miles of the town, we were halted by the announcement that the enemy was on the road in our front. I was sent out by General Smith "on a scout," but found no enemy.

We marched through Jonesboro, and at daybreak took position in front of the Yankees who, on the preceding evening, had gotten very near the railroad. General Hardee had orders from General Hood to drive them from their position, and after much maneuvering, about two o'clock, we were ordered forward. We had to march a considerable distance through the pine woods before we reached the enemy and were much exposed to shells. When at last his skirmishers were driven in and we charged into a wide corn field in front of his position, such a destructive storm of bullets was poured on us

that we declined to stay there long. We afterwards learned that they were armed with sixteen shooters.

After the repulse we retired to our former position and fortified. We had lost a large proportion of officers in the battle; Colonel Grace, Major Driver, Major Guthrie, Major Tankersly, and others; Robert Allison of my old company was killed. My horse was severely wounded, and I was set afoot for the time. We remained here two days, but having evacuated Atlanta and our lines being driven back on the right, we retreated to Lovejoy's Station. The night we retreated we could very distinctly hear the bursting of shells among the stores that were being burned in Atlanta.

At Lovejoy's we were joined by the rest of the army, and here we had more skirmishing. The enemy soon withdrew from our front and went back to Atlanta, and then we enjoyed a season of comparative quiet.

September and October, 1864.—After resting about two weeks we resumed our weary labors. On the 18th of September we left our camps at Jonesboro and that night reached the West Point Railroad, where we fortified and went into camp again. While here, President Davis paid us a visit of inspection. We were now deprived of our corps commander, General Hardee, and placed under General Cheatham.

On the 29th of September we crossed the Chattahoochee River and marched in the direction of Marietta. We stayed in sight of the Kenesaw Mountain, near Marietta, for a day or two and then started in the direction of Dalton. On the 18th of October we reached Mill Creek Gap, near Dalton. We had marched near Rome, Ga., and crossed the Coosa River at Coosaville. We had quite an exciting march and a little skirmish at a bridge.

At Mill Creek Gap we had some little excitement about charging a blockhouse, but the Yanks fortunately surrendered, leaving us lots of good things in their houses. After tearing up the railroad at Dalton, we moved in the direction of Gadsden. I was the last man to leave Mill Creek Gap, and as I looked over that scene of desolation, I felt "sorter" lonely. At Dalton we captured a regiment of negro soldiers, who were at once put to work.

At Gadsden we went into camp for a day or two, then resumed our march for Florence, Ala., passing near Decatur. At this place about thirty of our brigade were taken prisoners while on picket. I had just left them and narrowly escaped capture myself. After staying here a day or two, we again started and soon reached the neighborhood of Florence. We crossed the river the last of October and went into camp west of Florence, and here we stayed until every one was sick at heart with the delay. The troops were also on pretty short rations, and the extremely cold weather rendered this very unfortunate.

November, 1864.—About the 22d of this month we commenced our march from Florence into Tennessee. It was a terribly cold day, and the rain froze in a hard mass on my horse's mane. We marched through Waynesboro, and soon began to see evidence of the Yankees in the dead horses and men along the road, where Forrest's Cavalry had been skirmishing with them. On the 25th we reached Columbia and went into camp before the enemy's entrenchments. We had quite an interesting time here, visiting the pickets and skirmishers. In some places their line was right at some of the fine dwelling houses which adorned this country, and those people had to be moved.

On the 27th the Yankees retired to the opposite bank of the river, and on the morning of the 29th General Hood, with the greater part of the army, crossed Duck River above Columbia and endeavored to gain the rear of the enemy. Cheatham's

Corps was in advance, but we lay all night in hearing distance of the road and permitted the Yankees to pass along. Next morning we entered Spring Hill just as the rear guard was retiring and captured a good many prisoners. We closely pursued them that day, and about two o'clock arrived in sight of Franklin, where they were strongly entrenched. An attack was at once ordered, and about four o'clock, after a lively little time with the skirmishers, the charge was made. On some parts of the line it was successful; we were not. In advancing to the attack, we had to pass directly through Mrs. Bostick's yard, and then into an open field, where we were terribly exposed. Here, Captain Carter was killed, in sight of his home. I dismounted soon after the fight commenced and gave my horse to a wounded friend.

Of all the battles I have witnessed this was the most bloody. Our army fought with a desperation I have never seen equaled. The ground about the Yankee works was literally piled with dead. The place looked like one vast slaughter pen. After gazing on it, I felt sick at heart for days afterwards. The fighting continued till twelve o'clock at night, when the enemy retreated to Nashville.

I was struck by a spent ball in this action, and for a time imagined myself severely wounded, but was only sore for a day or two.

The morning after the battle I walked all over the field, and the scene that met my gaze baffles description. The Yankees had left in a hurry and most of the badly wounded were left on the field. Captain Carter was not found until just before day. His wounds had rendered him delirious, but when found he was calling my name and continued to call it at times until he died. He and I were fast friends, and only a few moments before he was shot down I had spoken to him and told him not to start the men forward too soon; but his own reckless daring caused his death. His horse, a powerful gray, lay dead but a short distance from him.

The result of the battle of Franklin was a bootless victory and a demoralized army. The men were so disheartened by gazing on that scene of slaughter that they had not the nerve for the work before them.

The day after the battle George Litton and I, with some difficulty, got permission to go to Kittie Robinson's until the next day. Our time was lengthened out to several days, and then we started back with good clothing and our war bags full of provisions. I also had a big black horse and *actually was mistaken for some general* or other. We started in the direction of Nashville to join our division, the army by this time being within three miles of the city.

December, 1864.—We learned that our command was near Murfreesboro, and accordingly started in that direction. I reached the regiment just before dark, and, to my great disgust, they were once more in sight of the enemy and engaged in a sharp skirmish with the pickets. My new clothes, horse, and last, but not least, my war sack, being duly inspected and pronounced all right, I once more entered upon my duties. Next morning the command commenced moving to the right. We were now under General Forrest.

On Wednesday, the 7th, we marched across the Wilkinson Pike and then, upon a report that the enemy was coming out to attack us, fell back and commenced fortifying. We threw up some temporary barricades and remained in position until about three o'clock, when the enemy advanced, taking our fortification in the flank and rendering them useless. Our brigade was hastily formed across the pike, and, before our line was established, the Yankees made their appearance in a long line coming across an open cotton field. We opened fire upon them at once, and, considerably staggered, they halted.

General Smith sent me back to General Forrest for a battery, the Washington Artillery, and when I came back, and I did not tarry long, not an enemy was to be seen. They were all lying down in the cotton field, and whenever they tried to advance they were received with such a deadly fire that they were forced to stop. The brigade on our right gave way at this time from some unaccountable reason, and in a few minutes we were almost surrounded. We were compelled to fall back or be captured, and we retired not without some disorder. Our line was soon reestablished, and we slowly moved in the direction of the creek, where the other brigades were now crossing. We remained under a pretty sharp shelling to bring up the rear and retired across the bridge after everything else had crossed. We were highly complimented by General Forrest for our action in this engagement.

On the night of the 16th we encamped about three miles from the battle field and next morning moved in the direction of Nashville. Before we got to Lavergne there was a considerable fall of snow, which, freezing next day, rendered the roads miserable. Numbers of our men were without shoes, and their bloody tracks could be plainly seen on the ice and snow. I had read of such things during the Revolutionary War, but here were scenes directly under my notice eclipsing in suffering all that I had ever imagined. Men were actually hobbling along those icy roads, leaving at every step the bloody prints of their bare feet on the snow. As may well be imagined, we were several days in reaching Nashville. During this cold weather our headquarters always struck for a house and a fire. We took position in the lines around Nashville, being placed to the left, or west, of the Nolensville Pike, just in front of Fort Negley. From the top of the hill a full view of the Capitol was to be had, and also many of the houses. Very tantalizing, indeed, it was to be in sight of home and not allowed to be there. Here we rested for two or three days, and I was getting my black horse in fine trim, by the aid of abandoned oats and corn, when the vile Yankees again disturbed us.

[Concluded in June number.]

LONGING FOR THE HOMELAND.

BY MRS. J. H. LONG, RICHMOND, VA.

I am an old Confederate soldier,
Far away in the "Golden West,"
Where I came with my children—
Because they thought it best.
But never has it seemed like home,
For I'm longing, don't you see,
To live again in Old Virginia,
The home of Robert Lee.

I always keep his birthday,
To me it sacred seems;
It takes me back to bygone years
And the land of soldier dreams.
I followed him on the battle fields,
Honored him in times of peace,
And my love now for his memory
Will last till life shall cease.

I'm very old and feeble now,
My locks are thin and gray;
And soon, I know, the time will come
When I must be "going away."
But one request I'll make of them,
That when my spirit is free,
They'll make me a grave in old Virginia;
The home of Robert Lee.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

The first flag of the Confederacy was called the "Stars and Bars." Its similarity to the United States flag, in the confusion and smoke of battle, made it difficult to be distinguished from the colors of the enemy, and for this reason the famous battle flag was designed, the beautiful emblem under which our men marched to victory and to death. This flag was conspicuous in the thickest fighting, and every straggler could see plainly where his unit was engaged. Some of these flags had a border of golden fringe, which added very much to their appearance. Its staff was surmounted with a formidable-looking blade of shining metal, or a round knob of the same material. Many of the Virginia regiments had their State flag, which had a blue ground, with the coat of arms of the State in the center and the memorable words "Sic Semper Tyrannis" inscribed thereon. The Virginians loved that flag, for under it their fathers had won our independence at Yorktown.

When the regiment to which I belonged, the 31st Georgia Infantry, entered the service of the Confederacy at Savannah, in November, 1861, it was presented with a flag, the "Stars and Bars." This, or one like it, was hoisted on a tall flagstaff over our camp, and often as I looked on it proudly floating in the breeze, the thought passed through my mind that the existence of our government depended solely upon our ability to keep the flag afloat.

This flag was replaced by the battle flag, the "Southern Cross," under which we marched and fought until the end. One large company of the regiment from Pulaski County, Ga., under Capt. Warren D. Wood, at first had its own flag, presented before it left home, a beautiful green silk Georgia State flag, with the coat of arms of the State on one side. The color bearer was a Russian, or Polish, Jew, who had belonged to the Russian army, and wore his tall black bearskin cap, which gave him a commanding appearance and made him look much taller than he really was. But as the regiment did not need this extra standard, it was displayed only on dress parade. Perhaps some survivor of that company remembers this and knows what became of it.

We had been in camp of instruction at Savannah some months when the new battle flag was presented to the regiment. This flag was destined to be in much fighting, to be torn into shreds by shot and shell, and to witness the death of many noble souls who held it aloft in battle. The next year (1862), in August, when Stonewall was making his celebrated flank movement to get into General Pope's rear, at the crossing of the Rappahannock, a shell from a Yankee battery on the north side of the river passed through our flag and left nothing but the fringe clinging to the staff. But under it, mutilated as it was, the regiment marched and fought at Manassas, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, and Sharpsburg.

On returning to Virginia a new flag of the same kind was fastened to the old staff, and, like its predecessor, was destined to have a checkered career, for it was not long until it floated in the smoke of battle at Fredericksburg, where it rested for a short time in a muddy ditch. In this engagement, our general being away, suffering from a wound received at Manassas, the brigade was badly led, or rather was not let at all, as every regiment and individual in it seemed to act independently. When we had driven the enemy out of the woods to the line of the railroad where we were to stop (if there were any such orders we never heard them), and we were in full view of that splendid Federal battery and its white horses, standing out there around the guns, our men could not restrain their desire

to capture it, but rushed forward, led by our noble Adjutant General Lawton. We were not supported on the right or left by any command, and, after desperate fighting, in which many men on both sides were killed, including Captain Lawton, and fifty-four of the horses belonging to the battery, the guns were captured. But at this critical moment the enemy's reserves advanced in a long line that easily enveloped our right and left flanks. To escape being captured or killed our men abandoned the guns taken at so great a sacrifice of life and started back across the field with many prisoners, to reach, if possible, the protection of the woods some hundreds of yards to the rear. The artillerymen, seeing their opportunity, ran back to their guns, and with grape and canister fired rapidly upon the fleeing Confederates and their prisoners, killing and wounding many of both.

In this disastrous affair, the young soldier carrying the colors, despairing of reaching a place of safety alive, threw the flag in a ditch full of mud and water, from which it was recovered after the battle was over.

Had the brigade (Lawton's, afterwards Gordon's) been supported, the entire left wing of Burnside's army would have been driven into the Rappahannock River, or captured, for we were in sight of that stream, only two or three hundred yards away. Their only means of escape was a pontoon bridge. The dust and mud of defeat were washed off the flag, and our colors were once more ready to wave defiantly in the smoke of battle at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, in May 1863, and again at Winchester in June, and at Wrightsville, Pa., and Gettysburg, where we completely broke the enemy's resistance on the first day of the battle, capturing and killing thousands of the enemy and driving the remaining troops through the town to the heights beyond.

Returning to Virginia, our colors featured in all the minor engagements in the fall of that year (1863) and were ready to meet the overwhelming forces under Grant in the spring of 1864. They floated over the command at the first day's battle of the Wilderness, where they witnessed twenty-five hundred of the enemy throw up their hands and surrender to the irresistible advance of the regiment and brigade, and the killing of many others. And the next day advanced and crushed Grant's right wing, capturing Generals Seymour and Shaler, and many of their commands.

Under the shade of night the colors were shifted to Spotsylvania, where they were unfurled in the sulphurous air of battle on the 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, and 13th of May, where thousands died around them.

To turn aside, as it were, for a brief season from this scene of death, they were shifted to North Anna and at Cold Harbor, where they had first received their baptism of blood and thunder in 1862, only to witness again the valor of friend and foe in the shortest and most destructive battle in all the history of our country on the 3rd of June, 1864.

But now a new act in the drama of war was about to take place, in which our old colors must perform their part. The scene is shifted to Lynchburg, where they were to meet the enemy under the timid but tyrannical Hunter, and, after routing him, to be borne in triumph across the Potomac to meet and defeat Lew Wallace at Monocacy, where so many of their brave defenders laid down their lives; and to go on to the gates of Washington and float defiantly in full view of the dome of the national Capitol. After a brief visit of two days there, they were borne quietly at night across the swift blue waters of the Potomac to the friendly shores of Old Virginia, where they were to witness victory after victory over enemies who seemed afraid to measure arms with a weak but hitherto invincible foe. But overconfident in his own men, and despis-

ing the extreme caution of the enemy, our old commander, Jube Early, divided his forces in the presence of overwhelming numbers and resources. From the mountain tops the enemy saw, after hesitating so long, their opportunity to destroy Rodes and his brave but weak division. Fifty thousand blue warriors came down on this little band of gray veterans, heroes of a hundred victories; but the very sight of their battle flags seemed to cause the blue lines to hesitate in the work of extermination. Then, when almost too late to save the army, our old commander received word from Rodes and, realizing his mistake, ordered his tired forces to hasten by a forced night march to assist Rodes and his brave men. At daylight the boom of cannon ahead of us and the smoke of battle hastened our steps to the scene, and our battle flags hardly had time to unfurl, when the long blue lines overlapping us far to the right and left, with others supporting them, were down on us. Disregarding numbers, we dashed forward, driving back those in front of us, but those on the right and left swung around behind us unopposed. The right and left gave way, but the center still fought. Then the center gave ground and all was confusion. The brave Rodes was killed, but his men came up to our help and we were shifted to meet the enemy farther to the left, where we held the line all day until the sun went down and our flag was borne away, not defeated, but overwhelmed, to be planted on Fisher's Hill, only to be outflanked and driven off three days afterwards without a chance to fight. Once more we were reorganized, and, on the 19th of October, less than a month, under the guidance of our noble Gordon, we fell on the enemy's front and flank at Cedar Creek in sight of our former disaster, and our battle flags witnessed our complete victory. All their camp, artillery, and equipment were in our hands. They saved one piece of artillery to keep up a show of resistance until help came from Winchester. But now direction of affairs was turned over to "Old Jube," who did not seem to be at himself, and no effort was made to meet the gathering storm coming from Winchester under Sheridan. We were outnumbered, driven from the battle field, and our splendid victory turned into defeat.

But we clung to our colors, reorganized, and, under Gordon and Lee, met the enemy at Hatcher's Run, Deep Bottom, and Fort Steadman. Finally, the enemy at Five Forks surrounded and defeated our noble old commander, and there was nothing left for us to do but abandon the works at Petersburg, which we had held so long, and follow our comrades on the painful retreat, fighting and starving all the while. At length we reached Appomattox. A mouthful of food was issued, and we were preparing to fall down on our blankets to sleep, but the rattling noise of battle at the courthouse called us to arms again. We hastened to the scene, but found no combatants there, only the artillery standing in the silent night, and returned to our bivouac only to be aroused shortly in the heavy fog of the morning to unfurl our battle flags in their last engagement. We took our place in the line, while the cannon on our right boomed and we saw the standards of Rodes's Division disappear in the smoke of battle and mist of the early morning in their last charge in an effort to cut our way through the enemy's lines. And then we were ordered forward to assist in the same effort for General Lee and his army. We soon struck the enemy, who gave way as far as we extended to the right and left, and abandoned their artillery to us. With these guns we opened on their fleeing ranks. But at this moment we were ordered to cease firing. We asked: "What does it mean? Has General Lee surrendered the army?" Perhaps so; but can it be that, after so much sacrifice and suffering, we must surrender these battle flags which have triumphed so many times over the foe? Yes, it is too true. And our men weep.

We were ordered back toward the village and stacked our arms to await orders. The following night some one suggested that we could not submit to such humiliation and proposed that all who wished to do so could steal out of camp through the enemy lines and, reaching the mountains, continue the war to the bitter end. The old battle flag we loved so well was torn from the staff and a small piece given to each of us as a relic and evidence that we had served under it in the regiment. But our beloved commander, General Gordon, got wind of what was transpiring in camp and hastened into our midst, lest we should do something violent to cause him and us trouble. Mounting an empty wagon, he made us a speech in which he praised our former bravery and loyalty to orders and begged us to refrain from violating the terms of surrender, but to return to our homes and restore our ruined country and be obedient to the laws as we had been as soldiers to his orders.

A new battle flag was found somewhere in the wagons and was fastened to the old staff, and this was surrendered. The old one never was. I brought a piece of it home with me, as every other man of the regiment did.

What became of all the other flags of the different regiments and brigades of Lee's army? They have a glorious history that can never be told.

"Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust."

STORY OF THE NANKEEN SHIRT.

The following story is reproduced in the *Enterprise*, of Mansfield, La., from the account written by a lady of Natchitoches just after the war, and its basis is historical fact. It is hardly necessary to explain to VETERAN readers that "nankeen" is a variety of cotton grown in the South during the war, of which the lint is a dark brown or copper color and does not fade. In fact, the more it is washed, the brighter the color becomes. It was used extensively for clothing by our people during the war, and nankeen clothes may be said to have been a standard article of raiment in the South.

"When General Banks marched out of New Orleans in the spring of 1864 with an army of 32,000 men and a fleet in Red River, commanded by Admiral Porter, which was manned by 10,000 more men, it did seem that he was sure to capture Shreveport town, as the Confederates could only muster 16,000 men to resist his march. At the same time General Steel, with another Federal army of 13,000 men, was marching on Shreveport, and it required some force at least to retard his progress. The condition of the Confederates was truly desperate.

"The plan of General Banks was to assemble his army at Grand Ecore and either cross to the north side of the river, join General Steel, and march their united armies against Shreveport, or to march through the forest via Mansfield, which was much the nearer. It was important that Gen. Dick Taylor should know which route the Federals would take, hence the story of the 'Nankeen Shirt.'

"According to the story, an officer on Gen. Dick Taylor's staff visited Natchitoches and Grand Ecore just before the arrival of the Federal army and laid a number of plans to get this information at the earliest moment. He finally approached an old doctor, who, too old for service, was practicing his profession in that vicinity.

(Continued on page 198.)

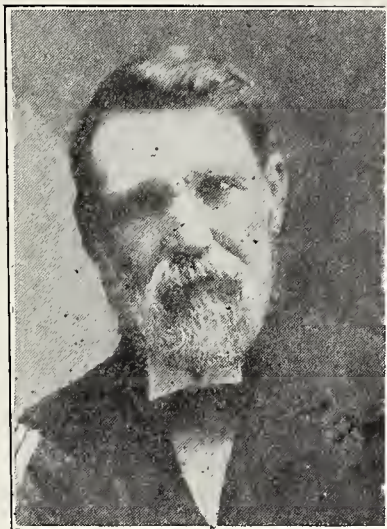


Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"They fell devoted, yet undying,
Their names the very winds are sighing;
The lonely column, cold and gray,
Claims kindred with their sacred clay.
Their spirits haunt the dusky mountains;
Their memory sparkles in the fountains;
The tiniest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingled with their fame forever."

JOHN T. PREWETT.

On October, 17, 1924, after nearly eighty-four years of active life, the brave spirit of John T. Prewett, of Hollister, Calif., yielded to the grim enemy, death, and he went to join his beloved wife, Eleanor Jane Blair Raeburn, who preceded him four years, but who had never failed him during the fifty-eight years since their marriage at Harrisonville, Mo., just after the first gun of the bitter war.



JOHN T. PREWETT.

Having been left in Missouri by his father and grandfather, originally from Kentucky and Virginia, when they journeyed to California in 1849, John Prewett grew to young manhood there, fearless and full of adventure, and soon after the great war started he cast his lot with his people and enlisted as sergeant in the cavalry that was afterwards Colonel Irving's Regiment, under General Rains, part of General Price's army, and took part in the battles of Morristown, Harrisonville, Pea Ridge, Lexington, Mo., and others.

During the hard winter of 1862-63, while Price's army, almost unprovisioned, was resting and reconnoitering, John Prewett was at the home of his uncle at Dayton, Mo., and that place, and that of every other Southerner, was robbed of everything valuable. In February, 1863, the Federal soldiers from Kansas surrounded the home of Uncle Jesse Prewett and demanded that all men throw out their arms and come out for capture. Uncle Jesse finally promised, for his wife and two small girls were there helpless. Just the moment the door was opened, dozens of shots pierced his body, which John Jr., dragged inside (and his wife afterwards buried with her own hands). John barricaded the door again, not knowing what moment the house would fall in embers, for it had been set on fire before Uncle Jesse consented to surrender. Finally, in

desperation, young John opened the door and made a dash for liberty. At once he was wounded, but miraculously by only one bullet which shattered his hip. Price's surgeons could not locate it, and he carried it to his grave. Meanwhile, he had slid down the slope of the yard and over the bank into the creek, frozen hard, and managed to conceal himself. Union troops thought there was no need to hunt him, as he was riddled with bullets. About daylight of the second day he managed to attract the attention of a neighbor woman, a Southerner, as she came out to stake her cow. After dark that night she brought him some coffee and some bedding, and for three days and nights succored him until help came from Price's army and he was sent to the hospital.

This wound kept John Prewett from active service, for he had a stiff hip, which later he overcame, saying no Union bullet could ever make him limp through life.

Later, on parole with other Confederates, who wished to save food and coffee for the army, they migrated, with John Prewett's young wife, into the country of the South Platte (having had permission from the Union officers to pass), and there they spent several bitter and unusual years, then returning to the South to collect such land values, etc., as they could, and went to California in the late seventies.

GEN. JAMES R. WHEELER.

James R. Wheeler, was born at Cheltenham, England, May 21, 1843, and died in Baltimore, Md., January 24, 1925. When a mere child, he came to the city which was to be the scene of his varied and far-reaching life work in the financial world, as well as the sphere of patriotic and philanthropic achievement. With the "throbbing of the war drum," April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, and served in that capacity until "the battle flags were furled," April, 1865. Promotion or preferment he did not seek and never received. Among his notable campaigns was that of the Wilderness; he was twice captured—at Stevens Station and the Wilderness—and was for a season immured in Washington, also at Point Lookout, where Sidney Lanier was held in bondage, 1864.

With the advent of peace, young Wheeler at once engaged in the fierce struggle of the material world, first in connection with the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, assuming a position that involved marked and grave responsibilities and demanded rare judgment and discretion for its successful discharge. From this point life was with him a ceaseless advance, a continuous "moving up from high to higher." The Commonwealth Bank was his creation, the Confederate Home and the Home for Confederate Women were, during a prolonged period, sustained almost entirely by his heroic energy and consecrated effort.

Mr. Wheeler never married. In religion he was a devout Catholic. Among his devoted and honored friends was the late Cardinal James Gibbons. The rank of general was conferred upon him by volunteer orders or associations in just recognition of his eminent and complex services in the sphere of civic and moral development. All his faculties were correlated into a perfect harmony, "strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full." *Resquiescat in pace.*

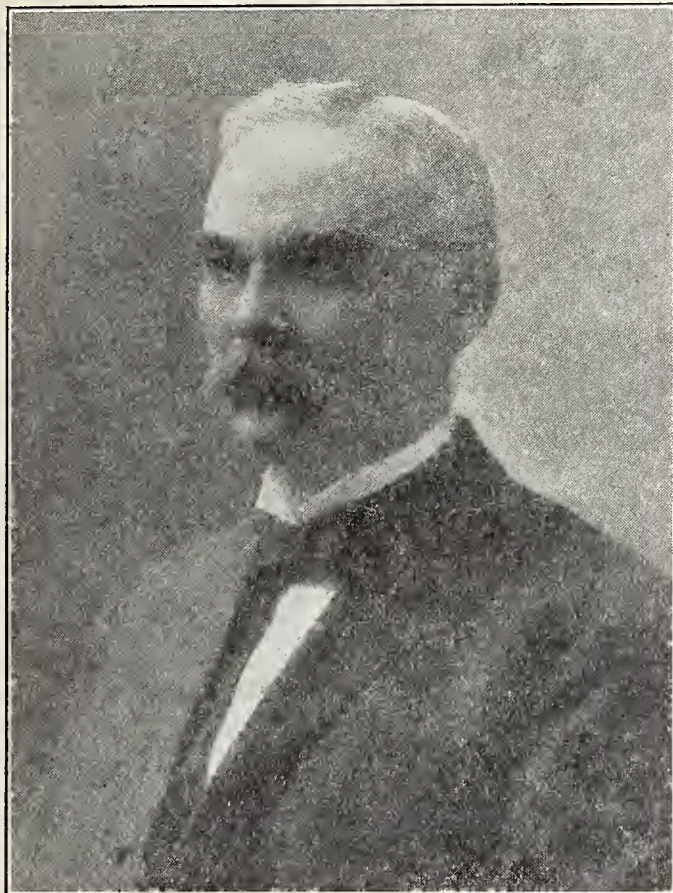
[Henry E. Shepherd.]

J. E. LABESSE.

J. E. LaBesse, born October 9, 1857, in St. Louis, Mo., died January 5, 1925, at Lake Charles, La. He had been a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for thirty-two years, and always enjoyed reading it. He was a loyal believer in the cause of the Confederacy and treasured its history and traditions.

JOSEPH N. CARPENTER.

Known as the most beloved citizen of Natchez, Miss., the passing of Joseph N. Carpenter from the scene of his earthly activities, on March 1, 1925, left many mourning hearts. His life had made an enduring impression upon the community,



JOSEPH N. CARPENTER.

quickly to the front and became a leader in advocating and promoting those things which were for the best interests of Natchez and her people, such as the building of railroads, establishing and developing cotton industries, and founding a bank, which became one of the leading financial institutions of Mississippi.

But it was in the field of education that thousands will remember him best. The two Carpenter schools in Natchez were a gift from him to the children of Natchez, one of these being a memorial to a beloved sister, the other a memorial to the family of which he was proud to be a member. He also provided funds for a grammar school for the negro children. He loved his home city, his people, and these schools will perpetuate his memory through the coming generations, a memorial of lasting benefit to others.

In 1868, Mr. Carpenter was married to Miss Zipporah Russell, of Louisiana, who survives him with a son and daughter and two great-grandsons. His funeral services were held at the Trinity Episcopal Church, of which he had been a member for many years and for which his interest continued active to the end. His comrades of the Confederate Camp were a guard of honor to the grave, and part of the concluding services was a tribute by Capt. John F. Jenkins, Commander of Natchez Camp, U. C. V., who is now the sole survivor of the famous Breckinridge Guards. Upon his grave was laid a last token of love and affection from his comrades, a Confederate flag, amid the many floral offerings which expressed the love and affection of his people.

GADI GIBSON.

Death came to Comrade Gadi Gibson, pioneer citizen of Crystal Springs, Miss., in distressing form on December 11, 1924, he having been severely burned in the early morning of that day. He was one of the four veterans left of the U. C. V. Camp there, and a consistent member of the Methodist Church. He had been a splendid citizen of the community for many years, and his passing was widely deplored.

Gadi Gibson was born in Warren County, Miss., January 15, 1841, and served as a gallant Confederate soldier with Company I, 21st Mississippi Regiment, Humphrey's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, after enlisting at Manassas, Va., July 23, 1861. He was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, and later in the war was captured and sent to prison at Point Lookout, where he endured hardships and horrors for two months. He served the four years of war, taking part in all but two of the engagements of Longstreet's command, and had only one furlough, at the time he was wounded. Five Gibson cousins were in the battle of Gettysburg, and all were wounded, but none mortally. Comrade Gibson was wounded in the neck and was not expected to survive the night, but he recovered and gave more service to the Confederacy, and through the many years since had done his part gallantly as a patriotic and progressive citizen.

In 1867, he was married to Miss Adrienne Gibson, and of the four children born to them, a son and a daughter survive him—Mrs. Fannie Sims and Stuart Gibson—also three grandchildren; a brother and a sister are also left of his family.

In writing of her father, Mrs. Sims said: "He loved everything pertaining to the Confederacy, and read everything the VETERAN contained until his eyes failed, then I would read it to him and often our tears mingled together as he would say, 'I was right there,' referring to some engagement of Longstreet's Corps of which I was reading. He was the bravest of Confederate soldiers."

and few men ever lived closer to the affections of their fellow men through a lifetime of devotion to their interests.

Joseph Carpenter was a native of Natchez, where he was born September 1, 1846, and there his life had been almost wholly spent. His father, Nathaniel L. Carpenter, was a native of Vermont, and his mother, Miss Julia Luce, was from New York, but, when transplanted to the South, the family became Southern in all respects. When the war came on in the sixties, the father was too old and the son too young for military service, but in 1863, after the Federal occupation of Natchez, young Carpenter ran away to join the Confederate army. Although sent back home, he shortly made a further and a successful attempt, and when barely seventeen joined the Breckinridge Guards, with which command he fought until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. After General Breckinridge was transferred to other duties, this company was attached to the headquarters of Gen. W. B. Bate, of Tennessee, doing both escort and courier duty. It went into the war one hundred and fifteen strong and took part in many battles, among them being Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the Atlanta campaign, Franklin, Murfreesboro again, Nashville, and Bentonville, N. C.

Soon after the war, Joseph Carpenter went to New Orleans and spent some months there laying the foundation for that business knowledge and judgment which made him preëminent in the business world of after years. Returning to Natchez, he continued as a student of such methods while working for others, and, after embarking in business for himself, forged

COL. ELI HODGE.

After an illness of twelve years, Col. Eli Hodge passed away at his home in Columbia, Mo., on March 25, 1925, in his ninety-fifth year. Funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church, of which he had been a member for over fifty years.

Colonel Hodge was born in Montgomery County, Ky., October 23, 1830, and went with his father to Boone County, Mo., in 1857. He followed farming until 1861, and when the call for the Confederacy came, he cast his fortunes with the South and joined Peacher's company, then known as the Missouri State Guard, and participated in the battles of Drywood and Lexington. In the spring of 1862, he became adjutant of Col. Gif Thompson's regiment. He was in the Lone Jack fight and at Elkhorn, where he was wounded in the thigh. In the battle of Prairie Grove, his horse was shot from under him. He was at Springfield, Cape Girardeau, and Hartsville, and all other battles in which General Shelby engaged.

In the fall of 1864, Colonel Hodge went to Boone, Audrian, and Howard counties recruiting for the Confederate service. He was placed in command of four hundred and eighty-five men and started for Price's army, but failed to join it on the retreat from Independence. En route he was attacked, at Cassville, by Federal troops, losing one hundred and fifty men, killed, captured, and missing. He finally reached the Confederate army at Clarksville, Tex. On the reorganization of Col. D. Williams's regiment, he was made a lieutenant colonel. He was at Corsicana, Tex., when the army disbanded.

Following the surrender at Appomattox and the mustering out of his command in Texas, Colonel Hodge went to old Mexico, but he returned to Boone County in 1868 and engaged in farming until 1874, when he was elected collector and moved to Columbia, where he had since resided. In 1885, President Cleveland made him postmaster of Columbia. He had also served as a town trustee, as a member of the board of education, and was for many years deputy county collector, also holding other positions of public trust.

Colonel Hodge was a valiant soldier, a progressive citizen, a kind and devoted father. He was married September 1, 1868, to Miss Mary L. Craig, a native of Virginia, but a resident of Boone County. Of their five children three daughters survive him, also a brother and several grandchildren.

HENRY JULIUS PETER.

Henry Julius Peter was born in New York City, December 13, 1840, the family going to Macon, Ga., while he was an infant. In Macon, he was a schoolmate of Sidney Lanier. He entered the Confederate army as a member of the Macon Guards, 8th Georgia Regiment; was wounded in the knee at the Second Battle of Manassas, carried to Charlottesville, Va., and placed in the chapel of the University of Virginia, where he lay through many weeks of suffering. He was honorably discharged on account of permanent injury, and returned to Macon and, upon partial recovery, resumed his profession of druggist. He also served as tax collector for Bibb County, Ga., for ten years. He was married to Rosaline A. Groce, of Macon, on January 3, 1865. In 1883 he moved his family to Orange Bend, Fla., and there resided for a number of years.

During one legislative term in Florida he served as clerk, and later, after making Leesburg his legal residence, he was appointed to the office of supervisor of registration when Lake County was formed, in which he made an enviable record, holding the office until death.

When the Lake County Camp, U. C. V. was organized in Umatilla, more than twenty-five years ago, he was elected adjutant, and through his untiring interest and devotion to the organization, it accomplished great good. Each year he was unanimously elected, and he refused higher office. He was also elected for two terms as Adjutant of the Florida Division, U. C. V., and later was elected Commander of the 3rd Brigade, Florida Division, for two terms. Through his efforts the Confederate Gray Chapter, U. D. C., of Leesburg, was organized.

He died suddenly on January 18, and after funeral services in Leesburg, his body was taken to its last resting place in Rose Hill Cemetery, at Macon, Ga. The immediate family surviving are three daughters and a son.

[Mrs. F. L. Ezell.]

EDGAR BLACKWELL.

When Edgar Blackwell, son of William R. Blackwell and Hannah C. Harding, fell asleep July 19, 1924, one of God's most loyal Confederate veterans and choice spirits went back to his Maker, prepared to meet him face to face.

Edgar Blackwell was born August 11, 1824, in Northumberland County, Va. At the tender age of eighteen he entered the Confederate service with the Lancaster Cavalry, later known as Company D, 9th Virginia Cavalry. He faithfully served until the surrender at Appomattox, and devotedly loved the cause to the end, always declaring: "Ours is not a lost cause." His loyalty and devotion to the principles for which he fought was marked. There was a quiet dignity, an unostentatious power, a sincere frankness and bravery about him that made his counsel sought and his convictions respected. His kindly heart ever went out to the distressed in helpful ministries and was ever sensitive to the cry of need, whether that cry came from the home of poverty or from the need of hearts of all lands.

Edgar Blackwell was a leader in the lives of men. Possessing a master intellect and keen wisdom, he was a power in his county and State. He held the wide Christian view that embraced every vital interest of his community.

He was twice married, his second wife being Miss Addie Harding, who, with her son, Harding Blackwell, survives him. From the date of their marriage, their home was known for its gracious hospitality. The light that shone through its windows was symbolical of the peace and happiness that dwelt within.

Edgar Blackwell was a loyal soldier of the Confederacy, a devoted husband, father, and a faithful friend. Death came, as he would have wished, in a calm, untroubled sleep. In his Confederate uniform, in which he fought so bravely for his beloved South, escorted by Confederate comrades and a host of friends, he was laid to rest under a mound of flowers in the old churchyard at Wicomico Church, Va.

The glory of his words cannot be blotted out, his body is buried in peace and his name liveth to all generations. People will declare his wisdom, congregations will sing his praise, for the memory of Edgar Blackwell is immortal. It is so recognized before God and before men.

[Gazelle H. Hume.]

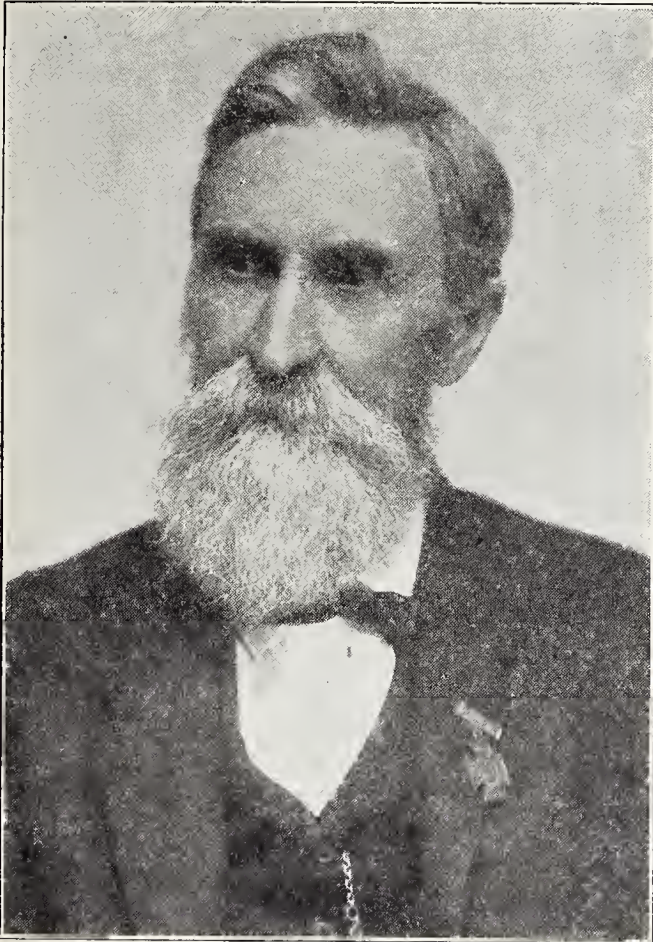
CHESLEY SIMMONS...

Chesley Simmons, age eighty-four, a Confederate veteran, wounded three times in action, died at the home of his son in Belington, W. Va., on February 17, after an illness of a few days.

N. A. DUNBAR.

Nicholas Augustus Dunbar, valiant soldier who followed Lee, died at his home on Beaver Creek, near Kieffer, W. Va., in the Meadows of Greenbrier County, on February 7, 1925, aged eighty-seven years. He was a son of William and Nancy (Jarvis) Dunbar and a grandson of Robert and Hannah (Maxwell) Dunbar, who settled in the section of Virginia which later made a part of Monroe County, in 1790. He was born near Gap Mills, on January 14, 1838.

Mr. Dunbar married, first, Miss Sarah C. Shelton, a daughter of Capt. William Shelton, of Nicholas County, to which



N. A. DUNBAR.

union two sons were born—Charles H. (deceased) and Harvey M. Dunbar, of Monroe County, W. Va. Later he married Miss Anne Duncan, daughter of William L. Duncan, of Waitville, Monroe County, who, with the eight children of this union—Mrs. E. W. McClung, of Sinks Grove; Mrs. A. M. Caldwell, of White Sulphur; Mrs. A. L. Gee, of Maxwellton; Miss Nannie, at home; Mrs. Harvey C. Bailey, of Morgantown; Thomas H. Dunbar, of Kingston; B. H. Dunbar, at home; and Homer D. Dunbar, of Crawley, all of West Virginia, survive to mourn the death of a devoted husband and a loving father.

When the great war of the sixties came on Nicholas Dunbar was among the first to volunteer in defense of the constitutional rights of the South and enlisted at Lewisburg in April, 1861, in Bryan's Battery, later on a unit of King's Battalion, 13th Virginia Field Artillery, as a member of which he continued to the end of those four years of bloody war as gunner in charge of the third detachment of the battery, serving side by side with another famous gunner of the battery, Milton W. Humphreys, a native of Greenbrier, who became in later years, one of America's most eminent scholars. (He yet

survives at his home at the University of Virginia, though retired from active work.)

In many minor engagements in West Virginia, in the severe battle at Cloyd's Mountain, in the remarkable artillery duel at New River Bridge, in repelling General Hunter in his effort to capture Lynchburg in the summer of 1864, in the battle at Piedmont, in more than one advance into Maryland, threatening Washington, and on many bloody fields throughout the Valley of Virginia, this battery participated with marked efficiency, steady courage, and devotion worthy of the highest praise. Twenty-two engagements are given as the total in which the battery took part. At Cedar Creek our gunner fired the first shot in the morning and the last as the battle closed at nightfall. In this battle he was credited with capturing a 3-inch rifle cannon, taking it off the field, and using it in the battery till the war closed. Though so active in the service and so prominent in every battle, he was never wounded, never captured, and never lost a gun. When the war closed, Comrade Dunbar, crowned with laurels, accepted the inevitable in good faith, laid down his arms, and returned to his home in Monroe County to take up again the arduous duties and labors of life on the farm.

From Monroe County, in 1881, he went to Greenbrier County to take charge of and manage the large "Glenco" Place on Little War Creek, then the property of Mrs. William H. McFarland, of Richmond, Va. After about ten years engaged in the management and operation of the Glenco Place, he purchased about two hundred and sixty acres of the land, built a comfortable dwelling house on it, and there established his permanent home, a model one as all who entered it conceded, a home of generous and delightful hospitality, where love was law, where parental authority was respected, obedience secured, and discipline maintained in the exercise of forbearance and justice, a home in which children were trained to speak the truth, to hate falsehood, and to eschew evil however enticing may have been the form in which temptation came to them. To his children, his friends and neighbors, he was ever a wise counselor and a faithful friend.

Through a long life our comrade ever held a high place in the esteem and confidence of the people among whom he lived; his high character, his devotion to duty, and his untarnished record in war and in peace commanding that respect which no one could in justice withhold. Having lived well and died in the confident assurance of a blessed immortality, his death was a triumph, and the best monument to his memory was left by himself in the splendid record of a spotless life.

[Thomas H. Dennis, Commander West Virginia Division, U. C. V.]

COMRADES OF HOUSTON, TEX.

The following members of Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197 U. C. V., located at Houston, Tex., have died since the Memphis reunion: C. C. Ellis, Company C, 1st Georgia Cavalry; Mat Ross, Company H, 5th Texas Infantry; George A. McCurdy, Company E, 4th Georgia Cavalry; B. A. Trice, Company B, 4th Georgia Infantry; J. Watt Tinkler, Company H, 5th Texas Cavalry; L. W. Hertz, Ordnance Department; Thomas A. Hill, captain Company I, 42nd Georgia Infantry; J. H. Wheeler, —; D. L. Webb, 39th Georgia Infantry; L. F. Robertson, —; Peter Sellers, —; J. C. Fowler, first lieutenant, Troop C, 4th Mississippi Cavalry; D. Morse, Texas troops; A. F. Sharpe, Texas troops; W. L. Davidson, major, 5th Texas Cavalry.

[J. T. Eason, Adjutant.]

WARREN F. DENT.

Warren Fillmore Dent, who died in Montgomery, Ala., January 28, 1925, was born in Charles County, Md., March 3, 1855. He was the son of Dr. S. W. and Mary Catherine Dent. He spent his childhood in Maryland and was educated at Charlotte Hall School, St. Mary's County, graduating there in June, 1872. In early boyhood, he united with the Methodist Church, and always took an active interest in Sunday school work.

In 1875 he moved to Eufaula, Ala., where he engaged in the drug business and in 1885 he moved to Montgomery, where he had since lived and engaged in the same profession. He was married in 1880 to Miss Mary Elizabeth Wellborn, of Eufaula, and this happy union was blessed by five children, who, with his wife and two grandchildren, survive him.

By services rendered at the age of ten years he had the distinction of being one of the youngest men entitled to wear the Cross of Honor bestowed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. He assisted his father in the secret mail service in Maryland, and in his book on "John Wilkes Booth," Thomas Jones says of him: "The Doctor had a son named Warren, a mere lad of about ten years, who, child though he was, was as energetic, discreet, and intelligent as any agent in the Confederate service. The most important matter was often intrusted to his care, and always safely intrusted."

Because of these services, he was entitled to become a member of Camp Lomax, U. C. V., and at the time of his death, he was Major and Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Gen. Hal T. Walker, of the First Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V. The day before he passed away, he read in a beautiful and touching manner the ritual at the grave of his friend and comrade, Col. George W. Hails.

His last resting place is in Fairview Cemetery, Eufaula, Ala.

"A Southern gentleman, a true Christian, he died honored and respected by all who knew him."

[Paul Sanguinetti, Adjutant, Camp Lomax.]

SAMUEL L. WATTS.

On March 5 there passed to his reward Samuel L. Watts, an honored citizen of Amherst County, Va., age eighty-one.

He was the eldest son of Albert D. and Martha Anne Watts, born in Amherst County, January 1, 1845. He grew up on his father's farm, and when the great struggle between the North and South began, he joined the 2nd Virginia Cavalry, Company E, under Col. Thomas A. Munford, and was severely wounded, May 27, 1864, at Hawe's Shop, near Atlee Station, Hanover County Va. He served through the Valley campaign with Stonewall Jackson. When wounded, he was carried from the battle field by his beloved friend and later brother-in-law, Thomas J. Higginbotham. These old pals celebrated their golden anniversary in the form of double golden wedding, November 23, 1920.

In 1875, Comrade Watts joined the Smyrna Methodist Church, later transferring his membership to Bethany Methodist Church when it was built in 1886. He was elected steward, also secretary and treasurer of the Sunday school and served as steward until his death.

By reason of his fine judgment, his intelligence, and wise application of business principles, he succeeded in whatever he undertook. He served as a member of the Amherst County School Board for a number of years, and was also land assessor for twenty-five years.

In time of peace as well as war, he was a noble citizen, a Christian gentleman. In every phase of life, and all its problems, he was upright and honorable in all his dealings. Thus he lived through all the eighty years allotted to him

commanding the respect, the confidence, and the affections of his fellow men.

His life partner, burdened with her great sorrow, calmly awaits the reunion in the heavenly home. Surviving also are three sons and five daughters.

The last sad obsequies were conducted by his pastor, and his body was laid to rest in the family cemetery.

JAMES M. HANSFORD.

James M. Hansford, a member of Camp Sumter, No. 642 U. C. V., was born in Upson County, Ga., February 1, 1844. He came to Sumter County when quite young, and here made his home the remainder of his life. He died September 13, 1924. He was married in December, 1867, to Miss Laura Ann Mashburn, who died in 1889. To them were born four sons, three now living—W. R. Hansford, Lee M. Hansford, of Americus, and H. D. Hansford, of Troy, Ala. He was a member of the Baptist Church, which he joined in early life. He was a farmer most of his life and later was connected with a mill and lumber business. A genial and lovable character, his many friends have missed his jolly greetings.

Comrade Hansford volunteered in Company A, Cutts's Battery of Artillery, and served until the close of the war. The writer of this was in the same company with him; he was a good soldier and always ready to do his duty when called upon. When in battle he was fearless, and was always found at his post in the thickest of the fight.

Resolved, That Camp Sumter has lost one of its most loyal members, always glad to meet with the Camp and to do what he could to advance its interests.

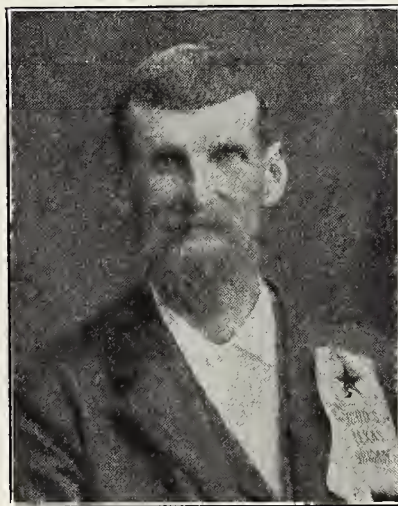
[W. S. Moore, Commander.]

CONSTANTINE PERKINS NANCE.

Constantine Perkins Nance, third son of Elder Josiah C. and Bethenia H. Nance, was born in Davidson County, Tenn., October 12, 1836, and died at his home there on April 23, 1924.

His unfaltering faith in the promises of God was an inspiration to others. The end came peacefully to a long, useful, busy life, a life of most unselfish devotion to duty, a life of marvelous self-sacrifice and beauty.

He moved to Milam County, Tex., in 1860, and early in 1861 enlisted there in Company G, 5th Texas Infantry. This regiment went to Virginia and formed a part of Hood's Texas Brigade, A. N. V., and took an active and efficient part under Gen. Robert E. Lee in the Peninsular Campaign.



C. P. NANCE.

At Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862, Comrade Nance was shot through the leg, below the knee, both bones being shattered. He was in a hospital in Richmond for five months, and after his recovery he returned to his regiment and performed valiant service throughout the war. He was again twice seriously wounded, but recovered, and was present with Lee at Appomattox and received a parole.

He is survived by five sisters—Miss Bethenia H. Nance, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Misses Sue M. and Sallie P. Nance, and Mrs. Mattie H. Sneed, Antioch, Tenn.; and Mrs. William J. Covington, College Grove, Tenn.

MRS. G. SMITH NORRIS.

In answer to the summons of her Heavenly Father, trustingly the soul of Mrs. G. Smith Norris passed from earth to eternal life on January 9, 1924, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Cornelia N. Bradford, Bel Air, Md.

Mrs. Norris was in her eighty-ninth year. Though for eight years a semi-invalid in body, her mind was clear. Possessed of rare intellectual power and a cheerful disposition, she was a delightful companion to old and young.

As Miss Mary J. Crawford, she was married in 1857, to John Charles Norris, a descendant of Benjamin Norris, of Revolutionary fame. Of this union three daughters survive—Mrs. Bradford and Misses Marie and Mary M. Norris, also three grandchildren.

In 1861, when Maryland people were divided over the issue of State Rights and preservation of the Union, Mr. Norris offered his service to the Confederate States and was given charge of its government stores in Columbia, S. C., where his wife and children joined him after months of heroic attempts. Her heart thrilled with love for the Southland, Mrs. Norris aided in every possible way the South and its gallant men, who suffered privation and death for the principles of the Confederacy. The family remained in Columbus until just before the burning of the city by General Sherman, when Mrs. Norris, her three children and nurse, were forced to flee to Charlotte, N. C., returning to Maryland after the war.

A devoted member of Emanuel Protestant Episcopal Church, of Bel Air, Mrs. Norris, before the infirmities of age prevented, was one of its most diligent workers and active in many phases of community life. Wise in counsel, she was faithful to duty.

Next to her Church she loved the South, was organizer and the leading spirit of the Harford Chapter, U. D. C., serving as its beloved President for six years and as Vice President of the Maryland State Division, U. D. C.

After the death of her husband, she was married in 1874, to G. Smith Norris, a valiant Confederate veteran, whose death in 1912 was noted in this magazine.

[L. Goldie M. Smith.]

MRS. H. N. PERKINS.

Mrs. H. N. Perkins, formerly Miss Sue Shelton, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George W. Shelton, of Bedford County, Va., also sister of the late Lieut. John Shelton, C. S. A., departed this life Sunday, November 30, 1924, in Washington, D. C., at the age of seventy-eight years. She was surrounded by her family of five children—Messrs. E. K. Perkins, now residing in Huntington, W. Va.; G. S. Perkins, of Clarendon, Va.; Miss Elmo Perkins and Mrs. R. E. Wallace, of Washington, D. C.; and Mrs. Winfield W. Snyder, of Clarendon, Va., all of whom are members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and Sons of Confederate Veterans, Mrs. Snyder being organizer of the Arlington Camp and President of Arlington Chapter.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. D. James Taylor, of the Central Southern Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Freely Rohrer, of Metropolitan Presbyterian, Washington. In her casket were two Confederate flags, one presented by the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Washington, and the second by Arlington Chapter, Clarendon. The third flag was placed on her grave by Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey, State President Southern Memorial Association, of Huntington, W. Va., of which Mrs. Perkins is an honorary member.

Her remains were taken to Huntington, W. Va. (a former home), for interment, to rest by the side of her husband, the late Capt. H. N. Perkins, of the 51st Virginia Regiment.

MRS. FREDERICK T. MILLER.

On the 15th of July, 1924, at her home in Mathews, Va., there passed from this world the soul of a devoted daughter of the South, Mrs. Maria de Shields Basye Miller. Born June 7, 1864, of patriotic stock, she was always alert to do something for her beloved "cause."

She was the daughter of Richard Taylor and Ellen Florence Hall Basye. Her father and three uncles served in the Confederate army with great distinction. One uncle, Lieut. William Basye, was killed in the battle of Winchester, and was buried in Staunton, Va.



MRS. FREDERICK T. MILLER.

On her paternal side, she was the granddaughter of Col. William and Harriet Carolina de Shields Basye, and great-granddaughter of Capt. Henry Conway de Shields, of France, who came over with Lafayette and fought in the Revolutionary War. Her great grandmother was a Miss Martin, who

came over in the Mayflower. On her maternal side she was the granddaughter of Captain Thomas and Maria Powell Amory Hall, of Gloucester Courthouse, Va. On December 4, 1883, she was married to Frederick Theodore Miller, of Fredericksburg, Va.

Her two great achievements were the erection of the Confederate monument that stands on the court green of Mathews Courthouse, Va., which work, with the help of other loyal women, was accomplished against great odds. The monument was unveiled on the 11th of September, 1912. Prior to that, she was instrumental in organizing the Capt. Sally Tompkins Chapter, U. D. C., of Mathews County, and remained its indefatigable president until failing health forced her to resign the office. Even after disease wasted her frame to weakness, her indomitable will sustained her in doing some kind of work for her beloved South, especially for the enfeebled veterans. She is buried in Kingston Cemetery, Mathews County, Va., near the grave of Capt. Sally Tompkins, illustrious daughter of Mathews.

GEORGIA COMRADES.

Deaths in LaFayette McLaws Camp, No. 596 U. C. V., of Savannah, Ga., during the past year:

W. N. Arnold, aged seventy-eight years; 63rd Georgia Infantry; Commander of this Camp for nine years.

William P. Guerard, aged seventy-nine years; 3rd South Carolina Cavalry.

Elias Harper, aged eighty-two years; 25th Georgia Infantry.

Oscar E. Metzger, aged eighty-three years; 25th Georgia Infantry.

Joseph F. Forrest, aged ninety years; blockade runner.

William H. Lanier, aged seventy-eight years; 5th Georgia Cavalry.

Robert M. Gibbes, aged seventy-eight years; Beaufort (S. C.) Artillery.

Benjamin Rothwell, aged eighty-one years; 1st South Carolina Infantry.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

MRS. J. T. BEAL, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

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

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Place

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North K Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Your President General has accepted the invitation of the California Division to attend the annual convention in San Jose on May 12. She expects to visit the Chapters in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and many other Western cities, returning via Dallas, Tex., where she will represent the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

During the month of May the following Divisions will hold their annual conventions:

Alabama, Mrs. Charles McDowell, Eufaula, presiding. California, Mrs. Chester Garfield, San Francisco, presiding. Florida, Mrs. J. C. Blocker, St. Petersburg, presiding. Louisiana, Mrs. Florence Tompkins, New Orleans, presiding. Mississippi, Mrs. H. F. Simrall, Columbus, presiding. Tennessee, Mrs. Embry Anderson, Memphis, presiding.

The President General wishes to express her appreciation of the kind invitations extended to her by the Division Presidents and Chapters all over the country. It would be a pleasure to accept every one of these invitations, but, unfortunately, it has been necessary to decline many on account of previous engagements and other duties involved in the carrying on of the work of the office. It is gratifying to know that under the leadership of the capable Division Presidents each Division is accomplishing work truly worthy of the traditions of our organization.

Membership.—Each Daughter should make it her duty to see that every woman in her community who is eligible for membership in our great organization is at least given the opportunity to file her application papers. If every member would interest one other eligible person to join our ranks, the resultant increase in membership would prove stimulating evidence of the living strength of the organization. The steady increase in our membership is a matter of much satisfaction to all, and it should continue until every loyal Southern woman who is eligible to become a Daughter has enrolled herself in our ranks.

Education.—The seventeenth annual circular on Education has recently been issued by the Committee of Education, Mrs. T. T. Stevens, 620 West Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga., chairman. This circular has been sent to all Presidents of Divisions, to Chapter Presidents where there are no Divisions, and to the Division Chairman of Education. If, for any reason, the copy sent to any one of these has gone astray, she should communicate at once with Mrs. Stevens in order that a duplicate may be forwarded.

Applications for scholarships should be in the hands of Mrs. Stevens prior to June 15, 1925. Your President General urgently requests that you coöperate with this committee to the fullest extent and do all in your power to promote the educational work of your Division and of the General Organization. We can best perpetuate and disseminate the truths of history by educating the youth of our country. Either Mrs. Stevens or any member of the committee will be glad to furnish any desired information concerning the educational work and scholarships of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Other members of the committee are Mrs. J. C. Muse, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. B. B. Ross, Auburn, Ala.; Mrs. Cabell Smith, Martinsville, Va.; Mrs. Hugh Miller, 917 West Thirty-Eighth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Jefferson Davis Highway.—Now that the monument to Jefferson Davis at Fairview, Ky., is completed, there is another important memorial to this great American which should center the interest of the members of our Association. This is the Jefferson Davis Highway through the South. There is at this time unprecedented enthusiasm and interest among the general public in the good roads movement, and it would seem imperative that if we wish to see this project pushed to success we should make any other tasks secondary to this in order to take full advantage of the tide of popular road building enthusiasm. Divisions through which this Highway is to pass should work diligently for designation of the routing, where this has not already been done, and then go forward with the task of marking both temporary and permanent routes. Following the completion of this portion of the task, there should be systematic tree planting along the chosen route. Divisions which are not on the route can make their most important contribution to the work by subscribing funds for the Jefferson Davis Highway book now being prepared for publication by the committee. Hitherto we have done practically nothing along the line of advertising our work, and this book will prove a splendid advertising feature. It will give the distances between various points, describe the spots of historic interest and those of particular scenic beauty, and contain illustrations wherever desirable. A copy should be in the library of every automobile club in the country, and many will undoubtedly be distributed to tourists. Mrs. John L. Woodbury, general chairman, and Miss Decca Lamar West, honorary chairman, represented the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the convention of the United States Good Roads Association at Houston, Tex., April 20-25. As a means of creating interest, might it not be good for each Chapter to devote at least one program a year to this work? Members of the Central Committee for the Jefferson Davis Highway are: Mrs. John L. Woodbury,

74 Weissenger-Gaulbert, Louisville, Ky., Chairman; Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Tex., Honorary Chairman; Mrs. J. P. Higgins, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. James Henry Parker, New York; Mrs. Peter Youree, Shreveport, La.; Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Richmond, Va. Division Directors are as follows:

Alabama.—Mrs. T. T. Stevens, 457 Felder Avenue, Montgomery.

Arizona.—Mrs. W. T. Crawford, 802 North Seventh Street, Phoenix.

Arkansas.—Mrs. F. V. Holmes, Frederica Hotel, Little Rock.

California.—Mrs. Victor Montgomery, 1418 North Main Street, Santa Anna.

Colorado.—Mrs. R. C. Walker, 1008 Ouray Avenue, Grand Junction.

Florida.—Mrs. D. A. McKinnon, Marianna.

Georgia.—Mrs. J. M. Courie, Dawson.

Illinois.—Mrs. Garret C. Covington, 4258 Wilcox Street, Chicago.

Indiana.—Miss Ella M. Williams, 1135 Powell Avenue, Evansville.

Kentucky.—Mrs. George Dubois, Paducah.

Louisiana.—Mrs. Peter Youree, Shreveport.

Maryland.—Mrs. Charles E. Parr, 18 East Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore.

Massachusetts.—Mrs. E. Wilson Lincoln, 134 Pleasant Street, Brookline.

Mississippi.—Mrs. Mollie H. Houston, Meridian.

Missouri.—Mrs. Louis J. Klein, 7304 Washington Street, Kansas City.

New Jersey.—Mrs. R. Leander Hall, 95 Warrington Place, East Orange.

New Mexico.—Mrs. T. E. Mears, Portales.

New York.—Mrs. James Henry Parker, 18 East Sixty-Ninth Street, New York.

North Carolina.—Mrs. O. E. Mendenhall, High Point.

North Dakota.—Mrs. R. S. Lewis, Fargo.

Ohio.—Mrs. W. H. Estabrook, 645 Superior Avenue, Dayton.

Oklahoma.—Mrs. H. M. Carr, Paul's Valley.

Oregon.—Mrs. Emma R. Moses, 1136 Yamhill Street, Portland.

Pennsylvania (Philadelphia Chapter).—Mrs. George L. Harvey, Jr., 4925 Larchmont Avenue, Philadelphia.

Pennsylvania (Pittsburgh Chapter).—Mrs. G. W. Rail, Colonial Annex, Pittsburgh.

South Carolina.—Mrs. J. A. Spruill, Cheraw.

Tennessee.—Mrs. Homer F. Sloan, 1970 Union, Memphis.

Texas.—Mrs. Merrick Davis, Paris.

Utah.—Mrs. C. W. Barrows, 3091 South Seventh Street, East Salt Lake City.

Virginia.—Mrs. B. A. Blenner, West End Station, Richmond.

Washington.—Mrs. R. P. Fulkerson, 421 South M Street, Tacoma.

West Virginia.—Mrs. G. A. Matthews, 1415 Lee Street, Charleston.

Miss Elizabeth Hanna, Atlanta, Ga., General Chairman of the Committee for Collecting Books for Foreign Libraries, has sent out the following letter to members of her committee:

"At the General Convention held in Savannah, November,

1924, a resolution was adopted that only books of recent publication should be placed in foreign libraries, and that the members of this committee should be urged to make every effort to obtain old books, letters, and other documents of historical value, and especially as relating to Confederate history, to be placed in our own institutions of learning.

"The chairman asks your attention to this work, and hopes through your assistance much valuable historical material may be collected and so placed.

"She likewise asks your help in locating and condemning books unfair to the South; in correcting false statements, and especially in placing in schools textbooks just to the South."

While our Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women grows every year, the demand for funds increases in proportion. In a splendid letter to the Division Directors, Mrs. Amos Norris, of Tampa, Fla., General Chairman of the Committee, says:

"In 1924 we did the best year's work for the Relief Fund in the history of the U. D. C. In 1919 we were paying to each pensioner \$15 per quarter—when it was in the treasury. To-day we are paying \$15 per month, and we have twenty-three pensioners on our list, which means an expenditure of \$4,140 per year; and as requests are constantly coming in for aid for other needy women, no doubt several will be added during the year. It means work for each one, to raise this amount, and I am counting on you.

"Approximately \$3,500 was pledged to this fund at the Savannah convention. Will you please write to the President of your Division, or the chairman of your delegation, at once, and ask her for a list of the pledges made from her Division? Find out from your State treasurer if they have been paid; if not, write to them and ask them to redeem them at once? Also write each Chapter in your Division that a resolution was indorsed at the last convention requesting each Chapter to contribute \$5, instead of \$1, for this fund.

"The fund is intended, primarily, for the relief of needy women of the Confederacy living in Northern States where no pension is paid to them. No quota is assigned to the States, but the committee wants each State, as far as possible, to receive an equal amount of assistance.

"The fund is named for Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Virginia, one of our Honorary Presidents General, a Past President of the Virginia Division, and for many years the chairman of the Relief Committee, and to whose untiring zeal and work for the fund is due the successful relief of our needy charges.

"I am sure of your interest, I am satisfied you will get results in your State, I am grateful for the generous contributions of the past year.

"If there is any information you want, any suggestions for your work, write to me. Application blanks for pension may be obtained from me."

The President General wishes to correct a statement in her April letter regarding the unveiling of the Major General de Polignac monument at Mansfield, La.

The monument was erected by the Major General de Polignac Chapter, U. D. C., of Paris, France, assisted by the Louisiana Division, the General Organization, and Chapters all over the South. The unveiling of the monument took place on April 8, 1925, the anniversary of the battle of Mansfield.

We record with sorrow the death of Mrs. F. G. Sutherlin, of Spokane, former President of the Washington Division, U. D. C. Mrs. Sutherlin had given years of faithful service to the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Faithfully yours,

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

The editor of this department appreciates the cordial response from many Division Directors for subscriptions to the VETERAN. In a number of States the Publicity Chairman and the Director are the same woman. The enthusiasm with which the Directors have taken up the work will mean a decided increase in subscriptions; this means more readers, more information, more inspiration.

* * *

Mrs. Stillwell, of Little Rock, has sent several different views of the Arkansas Home for Confederate Soldiers and Widows. These pictures—the handsome gateway, the commodious main building, the up-to-date hospital, with its new annex, the shady lawns with swings and comfortable seats—give convincing proof of how well Arkansas is doing its duty by these men and women. In the report of the Board of Managers is noted the recent purchase of a sixteen-passenger automobile bus, bought for the convenience and pleasure of the two hundred inmates. The next proposed improvement is to be the installation of an elevator in the Home.

* * *

An official invitation, with a cordial personal invitation from Mrs. Kolman, to the twenty-sixth annual convention of the Louisiana Division and the unveiling of the de Polignac Monument, is deeply appreciated.

* * *

In Mrs. Sessums, of Columbus, is combined the two offices of Publicity Chairman and Director for subscriptions. She reports the appointment of a Director in every Chapter in the Mississippi Division. In addition, she is giving wide publicity as to subscriptions through the press of the State. The Stephen D. Lee Chapter, of Columbus, holds in its keeping the flag carried out from Columbus by Capt. Randall Blewett's Company at the beginning of the war. It will be shown on Historical Evening at the Division convention in Natchez. On Memorial Day in Columbus it will be seen again, after which, it will be placed in the Department of Archives and History in Jackson.

* * *

Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, held a meeting at Memorial Parish House on the 11th of March, at which many interesting reports were read, showing advancement in various lines of work. Mrs. Beverly Smith was appointed Chapter Custodian of Crosses. Fifteen hundred dollars left from the Confederate Woman's Monument Fund will be used for the upkeep of the grounds surrounding it. So writes Mrs. Preston Power, Publicity Chairman for Maryland.

* * *

Mrs. McMahon, of Blackwater, sends the following from the Missouri Division:

Webb City Chapter recently gave a banquet to veterans and members of the Chapter, also a musical tea, and several other smaller affairs so as to become better known, to know each other better, and secure new members.

Five deaths in two weeks took place recently at the Confederate Home. To show the love and care in which all are laid away, Mrs. McMahon describes the funeral of a veteran ninety years of age. "The chapel was filled, a choir from the Methodist Church, and many citizens from Higginsville were present. The sermon was touching; there were beautiful flowers and the pallbearers were six veterans from the Home, all in their gray uniforms. The casket was wrapped in a large silk Confederate flag. Mrs. Miller, President of Missouri Division, and several other Division officers at-

tended. The dead veteran had no relatives. His body was reverently laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at the Home."

Mrs. Wait, Chairman of "Men and Women of the Sixties" (Confederate Home), with her usual activity, gave a wonderful "Valentine party" to inmates of the Home. Kansas City put on a program, with refreshments appropriate to the occasion.

The John S. Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia, gave an elaborate banquet in honor of their namesake on the anniversary of his ninety-second birthday. He was a Confederate general and later governor of Missouri. The Confederate veterans and their wives were guests of honor.

A beautiful and impressive memorial service was held on Sunday afternoon, March 8, at Jefferson Memorial for General Holland by the veterans, Sons of Veterans, and U. D. C.'s jointly in St. Louis.

The M. A. E. McLure Chapter, of St. Louis, voted at the last meeting to send two veterans to the convention in Dallas, Tex. Margaret A. E. McLure's birthday was observed with the usual reception, March 24, 1925.

* * *

Mrs. Farley, of Saluda, writes from the Palmetto State:

"South Carolina Division is very active in the effort to organize Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans. The Chapter Presidents are appointing committees to entertain and arouse interest among the Sons and thereby attain as nearly as possible the slogan: 'A Camp S. C. V. for every Chapter U. D. C.'"

"The Winnie Davis Chapter, of York, is doing noble service in caring for an old negro who served throughout the war as body servant to a member of one of York's prominent families.

"A new Chapter has recently been organized at Summerland College, Batesburg-Leesville. This is especially gratifying to the Division because it brings into the work young and enthusiastic members. There has also been a new Chapter organized at Salter's Depot.

"All South Carolina Chapters are energetically preparing for the District conferences to be held in their respective districts. Every Chapter aspires to report at these meetings one hundred per cent in every respect. These conferences are sources of great inspiration to the workers, as all phases of the work are taken up and problems discussed. The Chapters are always well represented, and great impetus is given all Division work."

* * *

Mrs. F. C. Kolman reports the annual convention of the Louisiana Division as a most interesting occasion:

"The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Louisiana Division was held in Mansfield, the city of history and hospitality, on April 6, 7, 8, and was conceded to be the most interesting and the most inspiring convention in the history of the Division. No convention has ever been honored by the presence of such distinguished guests and by the unveiling of monuments to two Confederate heroes in the same place and at the same time—one to the memory of Maj. Gen. Camille de Polignac, who led the Confederate forces to victory when brave General Mouton was killed in the battle of Mansfield on April 8, 1861; the other to the memory of Gen. Dick Taylor, who was in command of the forces in the Red River campaign.

"The opening session of the convention was held in the courthouse. A general holiday was declared in Mansfield for the reception of distinguished guests and the U. D. C. convention. Mrs. S. A. Pegues, President of the hostess Chapter, welcomed the delegates to Mansfield, and guests were entertained in the homes of the members. There were musical selections by Mrs. Jack Enloe, Misses Louise Griffiths, Margaret Nabors, and Alice Town. Mrs. Cooper Nelson responded to the addresses of welcome by Mrs. Pegues, and

Mr. Elam and Mrs. Pegues presented the gavel to Mrs. Tompkins, President of Louisiana Division, who proceeded with the business. Mrs. H. Friedrichs, chairman of credentials, reported eighty delegates present.

"At 4 P.M. the guests of the convention enjoyed an automobile ride to Grand Cane to be the guests of the Dick Taylor Chapter, Mrs. Hall Rogers, President. A reception was held in the log cabin Chapter House, the only U. D. C. Chapter House in the State, completely furnished as a reception room with library and pictures of Confederate heroes on the wall and with all necessary dishes marked 'U. D. C.' The convention voted to present a large picture of Gen. Dick Taylor to the Chapter that bears his name.

"In the evening a reception was tendered the delegates at the Mansfield Female College, with address of welcome by President Bratton, response by Mrs. F. C. Tompkins, and choruses by Glee Club.

"On Tuesday, a memorial service was held in memory of those members who had passed to the Great Beyond, Mrs. F. C. Kolman, presiding. Special memorials were to Gen. W. B. Haldeman, by Mrs. L. U. Babin; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, by Miss Doriska Gautreaux. Other resolutions offered in memory of Miss Jennie K. Wright, Mrs. Mary N. Williams, Mrs. George H. Tichenor, Mrs. Cheatham, Miss Eulalie Voiers. Beautiful musical selections and prayers by Rev. Mr. Steel.

"The arrival of Mrs. Peter Youree, fairy godmother of Louisiana Division, was greeted with applause. She hurried home to be in Mansfield for the occasion.

"A banquet at the Mansfield Female College by Kiwanis Club on Tuesday evening, at which the Princess and the Prince de Polignac were distinguished guests, accompanied by Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of South Carolina, and Mr. Walter Stauffer, was one of the bright spots of the convention. Addresses were made, and the Glee Club of the Mansfield College sang Southern songs.

"The Historical Evening on Tuesday, with Mrs. F. W. Bradt, presiding, was most inspiring. Addresses by Mrs. Bradt, Mrs. F. C. Tompkins, Mrs. J. S. Alison, Mrs. Charles Granger, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, and Prince Victor Mansfield de Polignac, and a reading by Mrs. Joseph Dubois, on the battle of Mansfield, violin solo by Miss Adams, and the singing of Southern songs completed the program.

"The convention indorsed the movement to reclaim Belle Chasse, former home of Judah P. Benjamin; voted to give a tree to the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo.; indorsed unanimously the amendment placing Past Presidents members of the Executive Board; indorsed the placing of a memorial to Chief Justice White in the Hall of Fame in Washington; indorsed the improvement of the Packenham place in New Orleans, and will urge Congress to appropriate money for its improvement.

"Pledges were made to the Widows' Fund of Louisiana; for Camp Moore Improvement Fund; for the Louisiana Room in Richmond, Va. Additional members were added to the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee.

"The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. F. C. Tompkins, New Orleans; First Vice President, Miss Doriska Gautreaux, New Orleans; Second Vice President, Mrs. S. A. Pegues, Mansfield; Third Vice President, Mrs. D. T. Settoon, Tangipahoa; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. F. P. Jones, Leesville; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, New Orleans; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Adelia Laycock, Baton Rouge; Treasurer, Mrs. R. Krause, Lake Charles; Historian, Mrs. F. W. Bradt, Alexandria; Registrar, Mrs. E. L. Rugg, New Orleans; Recorder of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. H.

Friedrichs, New Orleans; Director of Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. Joseph J. Ritayik, New Orleans; Custodian, Mrs. Feeney Rice, New Orleans; Organizer, Mrs. W. P. Smart, Bunkie, La.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

I feel that we are now getting things under way. As a friend suggested, "In Revolutionary times, there used to be nine processes in loading a gun to make it shoot right, and perhaps that is what we have been doing—getting the gun loaded." Let us hope so!

I think it is well for the State Presidents and the State Directors who have conventions coming to make their appeals on the floor of the convention. If only floor pledges could come from the Chapter representatives competing with each other, results would be wonderful.

Tennessee is swinging ahead this year, leading all other Divisions in the distribution. South Carolina is next in line, with Arkansas and Florida following in an even race. Most encouraging reports are coming in from both Divisions. North Carolina comes in fourth place. Despite the fulfillment of the quotas of Massachusetts, Ohio, New York, Maryland, and West Virginia, orders continue to come in from these States and in point of distribution, Massachusetts is next to North Carolina.

These copies are complimentary. The publication debt has been reduced from \$2,400 to \$450. This debt is paid out of the royalties accruing from sale of the book, hence these complimentary copies play an important part. Let us, at least, pay this off by the time the note becomes due in September.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

FAIRMONT, W. VA.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

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

U. D. C. STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

June.

Naval operations of 1864.

Tell of the Sumter; the Alabama.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

June.

General L. L. Lomax and Thomas L. Rosser.

"Gallant South! when the noble, the gifted, the brave,
Dashed onward to battle, like wave after wave,
Determin'd to die for the land they adore,
Though vain were their efforts, I love thee the more."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

COME TO THE CONVENTION.

Will you come to the convention in Dallas? Perhaps it may be for the first time you will meet with us, or it may be that you have never missed a single one of our meetings since first we were confederated at Louisville. In either case, you will find that your presence will mean an added joy, a satisfactory unit toward our success. Come and let us talk together, build plans, exchange ideas for the perpetuation of our work, tell of our failures, if any, as well as of our successes. Let us keep very near to us the great principles underlying our Southern history; let us work that the fame of those who sustained them shall never grow less. Let us come to the convention and find that, however compelling the great and varied activities of our everyday existence, the deep undercurrents of our life are forever refreshed through cherishing and giving homage to the memory of those who gave their all for the Confederacy.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

NEW ORLEANS L. C. M. A.

Reelecting its officers, and planning to take an active part in the reclamation of Belle Chasse, the Ladies' Memorial association held its annual meeting at Memorial Hall in the afternoon of March 18. This association was the first to join the Judah P. Benjamin Memorial Association, which has for its object the preservation of Benjamin's old home across the river, and it will urge individual members, twenty-six of whom already have joined, to follow its example. At the request of the Colonial Dames, a resolution was adopted approving the bill now before Congress which provides for a national park on the battle field of New Orleans. A donation of ten dollars toward repairs on the tomb of the Orleans Guard, which fought during the War between the States, and continuance of support to the Louisiana Room in the "White House of the Confederacy" in Richmond were pledged. It was decided to observe the association's birthday, May 10, at the Confederate Home, and to work for the participation of pupils of public schools other than those bearing Confederate names in Memorial Day exercises, June 3. Officers elected were: Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, President (for the last seven years); Mrs. B. F. Eshelman, First Vice President; Mrs. Joseph Garcia, Second Vice President; Mrs. Benjamin T. Ory, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Bert Flanders, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Hickey Friedrichs, Treasurer; Mrs. L. F. Hadden, Historian.

A FLORIDA MEMORIAL.

Acquisition by the State of the historic Gamble mansion, at Ellenton, Fla., will be urged by the Manatee County Bar Association before the State Legislature, which meets in April. This mansion was used as a refuge by Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State for the Confederacy, when escaping from America after the close of the war. It is the desire of Manatee County citizens that the old mansion be acquired by the State and be restored as a shrine and memorial to the Confederacy.

JUNIOR MEMORIAL IN WASHINGTON.

We are congratulating Washington, D. C., upon the successful organizing of a Junior Memorial Association. Mrs. Elizabeth Fred, State President, writes: "They were organized on January 6, with Miss Dorothy Gould Fowler as President; Miss Adelaide Flanagan, First Vice President; Master Bertrand Ewell Trevis, Second Vice President; Miss Jane Brewer, Corresponding Secretary; Master Paul Eckert, Recording Secretary; Master Delmar Webb, Treasurer; Master Nesbit Morrison, Historian; Mrs. John E. Fowler, Directress; Mrs. Claes Hallencrutz, Assistant Directress. As there is such a variety in the ages of our Juniors, we are considering forming two groups; the older group to range from fourteen to eighteen years, inclusive; the other from thirteen to one year. However, our plans for this are not yet matured, but probably will be in a short time. Our Juniors are all enthusiastic about the work."

If every Southern city had such an organization, we should never fear the passing of its history. In this, we realize the continued necessity for these hostages to the future.

A GOLD BAR MOTHER.

Another of the beloved Mothers has passed to her reward. On the 16th of March, at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Lyons G. Moody, Houston, Tex., Mrs. Sarah Shain Fowler, died in her one hundred and first year. She was presented with the Gold Bar pin awarded to Confederate mothers when she was ninety-six years old by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, the first to honor the Mothers of the Confederacy. With a Confederate veteran who had served in her son's command among her pallbearers, and mourned by grandchildren and great-grandchildren, in lieu of the children which she had long survived, Mrs. Fowler was laid to rest in the old St. Louis Cemetery, New Orleans. Watching the cycle of a century revolve, seeing home-dipped

candles evolve into electric lights, quill pens into typewriters, and stage coaches into airplanes, Mrs. Fowler herself kept step with progress and lived a busy and eventful life. She is said to have danced with Capt. Robert E. Lee and Lieut. Albert Sidney Johnston when the men who were to be leaders of the Confederacy were junior United States army officers and when she and her husband lived on a plantation in Baton Rouge. She was a belle in the social life of the garrison, but the gay, care-free times were suddenly cut short when, after only ten years of married life, her husband died of cholera in 1850. During the War between the States, she made the difficult trip from New Orleans to Richmond, often interrupted by torn up rail facilities, to nurse in the Confederate hospital in Richmond and to be near her son. She served as a nurse on many other occasions during her long life, when plagues and epidemics raged in the community, with a lack of sanitation scarcely imaginable to-day. Mrs. Fowler is survived by four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

A TRUE PATRIOT.

The patriotism and devotion of the old South and the unconquerable will and loyalty of our sires were well illustrated in the life of Sumner Dennis, Sr., of Alabama.

Born in York District, South Carolina, of Scotch-Irish parentage, May 28, 1784, he served in Captain Beatty's Company, 1st Regiment, South Carolina Militia, in the war of 1812, enlisted in the Creek Indian war of 1836, and raised a company of volunteers for the army of invasion in the war with Mexico.

At the close of the war of 1812, he shouldered his rifle and hunted his way across the country to Montgomery, Ala., and helped to locate and name its streets. He was one of the first settlers of Dadeville, Ala., where he died in 1886, in his one hundred and third year, and a taxpayer of Alabama for seventy years.

In 1864, when many of Alabama's young men were hiding out in the woods from the Home Guards, trying to evade service at the front, he took command of a labor battalion of negroes on the Confederate breastworks at Mobile, at the age eighty years, and did a man's work, in addition to furnishing four sons for the Southern armies, one of whom, S. Dennis, Jr., had also seen service in the war with Mexico.

His father, John Dennis, was a soldier of the Revolutionary War, participating in the battles of Cowpens, Eutaw Springs, Fishdam Ford, King's Mountain, etc., finally declining a government pension in his old age on the grounds he had received what he fought for—liberty.

A grandson, Jere C. Dennis, is at present a member of the Officers' Reserve Corps, United States Army, with the rank of major, 346th Infantry.



SUMNER DENNIS.

SOUTHERN DAUGHTERS IN 1861.

BY LOUIS NESBITT KETCHAM.

Who parted the clouds in the old bitter years,
When the Stars and Bars hung bleeding and torn;
When the heart of the Southland was a deluge of tears,
And her brave sons were haggard and worn?
Whose courage unbroken, whose sorrow unspoken,
Thrilled a cheer and a hope down the grim battle line;
Who waved the home banner without falter or stammer,
Till the struggle of Dixie crowned a peak sublime?

There echoes and floats through the vistas of time,
The voice and vision of women of pride;
Cavaliers undaunted, the oaks, the cypress, and pine,
Of a land that was Southern and battered and tried.
All hail to you, Sisters of warm-blooded skies,
Proud Mothers of chivalrous men;
In your soul's sweet cloister shines a jewel we prize,
True womanhood honor that nothing can stem.

Your cause was laid low, undimmed in its glory,
Crushed by the will of selfish might;
The wrongs of your foes in their triumph were gory,
God will proclaim you eternally right.
No country or clime hath devotion like thine,
Virtue and Love your titled gentility;
O matchless of mold were the charms in their fold;
Those noble, sweet Daughters of sweet, noble Dixie.

VIVID PICTURE OF WARFARE.

The following comes from W. B. Van Amringe, of Chatham, Mass.:

"Two of the several articles appearing in the March VETERAN are of special interest to the writer—namely, 'A Night of Horror,' by John Purifoy, and 'The Most Successful and Unsuccessful Battle of Lee and Grant.'

"In December, 1886, I had occasion to visit Brig. Gen. E. B. Fowler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., American General Manager of the Postal Telegraph Company, an old veteran of the sixties, former colonel of the 14th Regiment N. Y. S. M. (Zouaves, called 'Red-Legged Devils,' and among the first commands North to adopt that style of uniform). On July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, Fowler's Brigade consisted of the 14th Brooklyn (N. Y.) Infantry, 6th Wisconsin Infantry, Lieut. Col. Dawes, and 95th New York Infantry, Colonel Biddle. General Fowler related how he had been ordered by General Meade, early on the morning of July 4, 1863, to follow the Army of Northern Virginia as closely as he could without bringing on an engagement with General Lee's forces, and to send back couriers from time to time with reports of conditions, progress, etc., of the enemy.

"The recital by General Fowler of several very interesting incidents that occurred during the two-day pursuit of General Lee's army left on my mind a keen desire to see, if possible, the other side of the picture, that must of necessity have been a picture of suffering, sacrifice, and courage seldom experienced and seen in the annals of civilized warfare, so called.

"The article referred to, 'A Night of Horror,' describes that picture in such a vivid way as to place the measure of human suffering and sacrifice almost beyond belief, and confirms the conviction of more than one tried and true military leader that 'War is Hell.' God grant that such an experience or scene shall never be enacted again, nor the necessity of it."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va..... *Adjutant in Chief*
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 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington..... G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

REUNION NOTES AND GENERAL COMMENT.

REUNION DATA FROM HEADQUARTERS.

The headquarters of the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be at the Jefferson Hotel, Dallas, Tex. This is a very handsome and commodious hotel and is ideally located.

All delegates and "Official Ladies" will register in the Jefferson Hotel Lobby beginning Tuesday, May 19, at 10 A.M. The opening meeting of the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held Tuesday, May 19, at 8 P.M., in the Auditorium at the Fair Grounds, at which time the "Official Ladies" of the Veterans and Sons of Confederates Veteran will be presented. The Sons of Confederate Veterans' Ball will be Wednesday, May 20, at 9 P.M. (tentative), admission by tickets and membership card only, except to those wearing badges of Confederate organizations. The Confederate Veterans' Grand March and Ball will be Friday, May 22, at 9 P.M. (tentative). Admission for S. C. V. will be by membership card only.

A reduced rate of 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 Dallas, Tex. The reduced fare will be strictly confined to: (a) *Bona fide* members of S. C. V., U. D. C., and C. S. M. A.; (b) "Official Ladies of Veterans and Sons."

The General Organization will send Identification Certificates to Camps only which have paid their 1925 per capita tax for distribution to their *bona fide* members.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 5.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, S. C. V.,
 609-615 LAW BUILDING,
 RICHMOND, VA., February 10, 1925.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 5.

There being a vacancy in the office of Commander of the Kentucky Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, by virtue of authority vested in me, I hereby announce the appointment of W. V. McFerran, 400 Fayette Bank Building, Lexington, Ky., to fill the said vacancy. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

D. S. ETHERIDGE,
Commander in Chief, S. C. V.

Official:

WALTER L. HOPKINS, *Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V.*

SPONSORS AND MAIDS, A. N. V. DEPARTMENT, S. C. V.

Dr. W. C. Galloway, Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, Sons of Confederate Veterans, reports the following appointments of ladies to posts of honor in the Department at the reunion at Dallas:

Mrs. Richard A. Gilliam, Montvale, Va., Matron of Honor.
 Mrs. M. C. Brown, Asheville, N. C., Chaperon.
 Miss Louise King, Wilmington, N. C., Sponsor.
 Miss Carolina Parkinson, Farmville, N. C., Maid of Honor.
 Mrs. Mazyck Walker, Orangeburg, S. C., Maid of Honor.

APPOINTMENTS REPORTED FROM TEXAS.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH BRIGADE,
 TEXAS DIVISION, S. C. V.,
 HOUSTON, TEX., March 14, 1924.

To be read before all Camps of the Eighth Brigade.

GENERAL ORDERS No 1.

By virtue of authority vested in me as Commander of the Eighth Brigade, Texas Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, I hereby announce the appointment of the following as members of my official staff, effective this date:

Sponsor.—Miss Merle Neville, Houston, Tex.

Chaperon.—Mrs. F. H. De Vine, Houston, Tex.

Matrons of Honor.—Mrs. F. I. Neville, Mrs. A. B. Foster, Houston, Tex.

Maids of Honor.—Miss Mary LeGrande Shacklett, Miss Arlys Cherault, Houston, Tex.

Brigade Adjutant.—Robert L. Sonfield, Houston, Tex.

Brigade Quartermaster.—Judge Robert F. Spearman, Houston, Tex.

Brigade Inspector.—W. S. Patton, Houston, Tex.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of:

JESSE E. MOSELY,
Commander Eighth Division, Texas Division.

Official:

ROBERT L. SONFIELD,
Adjutant, Eighth Brigade, Texas Division.

Approved:

ELGIN H. BLALOCK,
Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Texas Division.

MEMORIALS.

Edmond R. Wiles, Commander Arkansas Division, S. C. V., spoke in behalf of the Sons in a joint meeting with the U. D. C., urging the legislature of Arkansas to appropriate \$50,000 to build suitable memorials at Vicksburg National Military Park and at Prairie Grove, Ark. It is reported that eighteen States are now represented by memorials at Vicksburg.

In this connection I might mention that the Finance Committee of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, through Hon. Clarence Owens, chairman, is appealing for funds to complete final payment on the park. Ten thousand

dollars has been paid on the purchase price, the State of Virginia has provided for bonds to the amount of \$10,000, making a total of \$20,000 paid on the purchase price, and leaving now a sum of \$5,000 which is due. To meet this a quiet campaign has resulted in raising a total of \$1,115, so there is now due a fund of not quite \$4,000 which must be raised. *Let all help who can and will.* Write Clarence J. Owens chairman finance committee, 918 Southern Building, Washington, D. C., or Major E. W. R. Ewing, Counsel Reclamation Division, Interior Department, Washington, D. C.

Full particulars as to what has been done on this Manassas Park will be sent anyone writing for them. This field, commemorating most remarkable Confederate victories where the South whipped the North soundly, then later "swapped sides," took the former position occupied by the North, and proceeded to whip them soundly the second time, should be held sacredly in trust by our people. The national government, for obvious reasons, will hardly feel interested in preserving this battle ground. We of the South must do it.

WHERE IS THIS PUBLISHED?

This editor has been in receipt of several folders or booklets sent out by the "True History Society." There is no address other than that, and the post mark, as is ever the case where it is particularly desired that the mailing point be ascertained, is totally smeared out. These folders quote freely from Lincoln speeches in the Douglas debates, setting forth his opposition to negro equality and his opposition to negro citizenship. Since all this side of Lincoln has been carefully obliterated and replaced by false sentiments in the all-powerful apotheosis of the past few decades, what is it this Society seeks? Is it to bring to the surface the real truth about Lincoln? Vain hope! There are too many thousands of worshipers and idolaters whirling about the brazen image of their own creating. But if this meets the eye of any of these hopeful dreamers, send the society's address to this editor, please.

"HOW SWEET THE SOUND."

In an address before the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York a few weeks ago, Maj. John V. Bouvier, a soldier himself and son of a "soldier who fought valiantly with the Union armies and was wounded nearly unto death at the second battle of Bull Run," said of General Robert E. Lee: "I, the son of a Northern soldier, discover no inhibitions in allocating to the Commander in Chief of the Army of Northern Virginia a position unique in the military history of the world. Undismayed by numbers, unaffected by reverses, serene, and unafraid, Lee directed with consummate skill and masterly resourcefulness the forces under his command. The honor of Lee was as the shield of Astolfo, whose brilliancy dazzled and bewildered the enemy. In Robert E. Lee, as in Bayard and Sidney, were united distinction of birth, charm of manner, intellect, courage, generosity, sympathy, and learning, the soldier and the scholar. Were he living in these instant times of political travail, economic disturbance, and social unrest, with the institutions of his forefathers menaced and his country's peace jeopardized by fanatics, the insidious undermining of radicals and the sinister forces of a Bolshevik ideology, Robert E. Lee would have addressed himself with unswerving fidelity and earnestness to the healing of the politically sick, to their instruction, their uplift, and their happiness."

A LITTLE WORD TO THE S. C. V.

This will be read just before your annual convention. If you attend these meetings, try to bear in mind that one of the principal objects for which the S. C. V. was organized is

to work along history lines. Save in the department of the Historian in Chief, little along this line is done. The organization, as an organization, does not encourage history work. There is not a cent set apart for any endeavor in this line; serious work has had to be abandoned in the history department because there were no funds available or to be secured. For example, in the statement of receipts and expenditures of a period from April, 1923, to June, 1924, out of a total amount received of some \$18,000, not a cent was spent for historical or educational work, although our constitution sets forth that such work is the first and chief reason for our existence.

About \$3,000 was spent in securing new members and administrative expenses, and old debts took the balance. I am not criticising anybody, nor do I say that this disposal of money could have been avoided. But I do say that as long as we fail to emphasize the history work of our organization and to support it properly (and I *do not* mean any salary to a historian), we fail in the chief reason for our being. I can say this with a degree of confidence, for my period as Historian in Chief, after having served quite a number of years, must of necessity be drawing to a close, and I wish to say a good word for whoever labors in this field in the future. Therefore, if there comes a chance in this convention to say a good word along these lines, do so, comrade—and if there is an effort to minimize the chances to secure help for our history work, direct or indirect, *work* against it.

OLD FORTS AT ALEXANDRIA, LA.

The following inquiries come from George R. Morris, Box 307, Pineville, La.: "I am very much interested in getting some data on the forts that were built during the War between the States opposite the city of Alexandria, La., on the Pineville side. What I want to know is when the forts were built, by whom (what troops), under whose command? How long were the forts occupied? What engagements took place, and when? What Union troops, or units, or ships? Losses? And any other data that you can give me. On mentioning this to a Daughter of the Confederacy recently, she thought that some kind of tablet should be placed on these forts. They are in good state of preservation, and would be rather difficult to take by infantry, unsupported by artillery, even now. I am a World War veteran, and know something about warfare, though not very much. The largest of the forts has a deep moat, which is filled with water, this moat being about twenty-five feet wide and eight to ten feet deep, defended by high earthworks on the fort side. It would be a stiff proposition to storm it if held by a good company, especially Southerners.

[Mr. Morris plans to take some pictures of these old forts, and it is hoped that some reader of the VETERAN can give some information about them.]

WHERE IS THE THIRD?—George B. Bolling, of Memphis, Tenn., wants to locate that third son of a Confederate veteran who subscribes to the VETERAN. He writes again: "I note on page 157 of the April VETERAN that Comrade George E. Mauldin, of Washington, D. C., is one of the three Sons who are subscribers to the VETERAN. Now that we have 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent, who is the comrade that makes the other 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. I'm anxious to frame the names. We have six hundred members in N. B. Forrest Camp, S. C. V., and hope to go three hundred strong to Dallas."

THE BATTLE OF MANSFIELD, LA.

(Continued from page 173)

Texas Cavalry, and none would have escaped but for a tendency to loot on the part of the boys.

True to that instinct that so marked him as a leader, General Green was at once in pursuit of the fugitives and came very near capturing General Banks and his staff, who had barely left Antioch church when he reached it. Onward he went, but upon passing Six-Mile Bayou and ascending Chapman Hill he found the whole 19th Army Corps in battle array. Not knowing what force confronted him, he made a resolute attack, but was repulsed. The Texas infantry brigade, that had seen but little fighting, was then thrown forward and engaged the 19th Corps at Chapman's peach orchard. The Federal position was strong, and they had 9,000 fresh troops on the ground, but the Texans pressed them steadily until darkness put an end to the fight. Under cover of night the 19th Corps retreated, leaving many supplies on the field. The battle of Mansfield had been fought and won.

Although the Texas brigade on the Confederate right suffered but little in the charge, it would be out of place not to mention the fact that Colonel Raines, of the 8th Texas Infantry, was the first officer, and perhaps the first man, on the Confederate side killed in the battle, as he was struck by a shell from a Federal gun just after the charge began, and that Colonel King, of the 18th Texas Infantry, did gallant service at the Chapman peach orchard, when, with his own regiment and the 8th Texas, he furiously assaulted the whole of the 19th Corps and was specially commended by Gen. Dick Taylor in general orders.

The Confederate Congress added its tribute in the following:

"Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That the thanks of Congress are eminently due, and are hereby most cordially tendered to Maj. Gen. Richard Taylor and the officers and men of his command for the brilliant successes obtained by them over the enemy in Louisiana during the past year, and particularly for the victories at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill on the 8th and 9th of April last, and their subsequent operations against the retreating army of the Federal General Banks in the valley of the Red River.

"Resolved, That the President communicate this resolution to Maj. General Taylor and the officers and men of his command."

"Approved June 10, 1864."

It is interesting to recall that during the winter of 1864-65, "when the South was so desperate for lack of supplies of all kinds, General Polignac was dispatched by President Davis as a special envoy to the court of Emperor Napoleon III to intercede for material aid.

"General Polignac was chosen because of his friendship with the Duke de Morny, then powerful at the French court, but on arrival in France he found that the duke had died a few days previously, and he himself was arrested on order of the new premier. He succeeded, however, in gaining an audience with the emperor, who received him affably and ordered his release, but failed to provide any vital aid to the Confederacy.

"General Polignac then attempted to help the Confederacy with his pen and wrote many articles upon it, the best known being, 'The War of Secession and Its True Causes.' He died in Paris, November 15, 1913."

THE NANKEEN SHIRT.

(Continued from page 183.)

"The doctor was more than anxious to do all he could to help the cause and thought it would probably be easy to see what route the Yankees took when they marched away from Grand Ecore, but it would be a different matter to get a message to General Taylor's headquarters at Mansfield. However, he mentioned that there was a fifteen-year-old boy at his home, going to school, whose father was in the army. Before he left for the war he had moved his slaves from the lower part of the State to a place in Sabine Parish, only sixteen miles from Mansfield, and the negroes were being looked after by a Capt. John P. Youngblood, a maimed Confederate soldier who was a true patriot. The doctor was unwilling for the boy to play the part of a spy, but suggested that when the Yankee army marched from Grand Ecore he would send the boy with a verbal message to Captain Youngblood to move the negroes into Texas. He took the officer into the boy's room and, laying a number of nankeen shirts on the table, said: 'There are the boy's shirts. You will see that some are decorated with braid down the front, while others are plain—that is, without braid. Now, when I send the boy with the message to Captain Youngblood, I will see that he wears a shirt with braid on it if the Yankees are crossing to the north side of Red River, but if they are marching over the road to Mansfield, he will wear a shirt without braid, so by a glance at his shirt front you can tell which way the Yankee army is moving.'

"A thorough understanding was had between the doctor and the staff officer, and the latter went to Captain Youngblood and arranged that as soon as the boy arrived Captain Youngblood was to put him in a buggy and whisk him to General Taylor's headquarters at Mansfield. The plan worked to perfection, the officer looked the boy over, and questioned him a little, but he knew nothing more than that he had been sent by the doctor to tell Captain Youngblood to move the negroes to Texas. However, General Taylor knew definitely of his opponent's movements and prepared to fight him before he got out of the woods, while his army was so scattered that his superior numbers gave him no advantage, and the result is written in the three consecutive defeats of the Federal army at Mansfield, Chapman's Peach Orchard, and Pleasant Hill."

A. D. Rape, of Quitman, Tex., Route 5, wants to hear from any comrades of the Army of Tennessee who were in the following battles: Perryville, Ky.; Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Tenn.; Resaca, New Hope, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, and Jonesboro, Ga.; Franklin, Nashville, Tenn.; Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, siege of Vicksburg, Miss., and Bentonville, N. C. He says, "I was in all of them; was a drummer of the 45th Alabama Regiment, Pettus's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, S. D. Lee's Corps. Our brigade was composed of the 20th, 23rd, 30th, 31st, and 46th Alabama Regiments. I will be eighty-two years of age on June 12."

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veteran, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by company.



Confederate Relics

—C. S. A. Belt Plates, not original, but made in the same mold as those furnished to the Southern Army during Civil War. The original molds were found in ruins of Atlanta, Ga. Mailed for 75c. 372-page illustrated catalog of relics, cannon, rifles, swords, uniforms, saddles, with many C. S. relics. Mailed for 50c. 20-page list for 2c stamp. Francis Banerman Sons, 501 Broadway, New York.

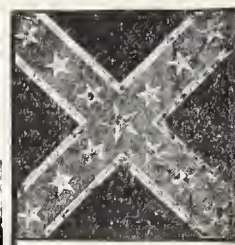
B. F. Brown, 723 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga., wants a copy of the VETERAN for February, 1922, and anyone having that number to spare will please write to him.

Who can furnish a copy of the old songs, "Bonaparte Crossing the Alps" and "Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow?" J. W. Smithwick, of Manson, N. C., inquires for them.

Mrs. George N. L. Byers, 504 High Street, Columbia, Tenn., makes inquiry for the war record of John J. Patterson, of Marshall, or Maury, County, Tenn., and the record of Robert Thompson, who enlisted from Maury County. The widows of these veterans are trying to get pensions and need this information.

Mrs. T. T. Inge, of Atoka, Okla., would like to hear from any surviving friend or comrade of her husband, Thomas Inge, who served in the Confederate army in Missouri, under General Price, until he was sent to the Indian Territory, where he served under General Cooper as courier and as assistant adjutant general until the close of the war. Mrs. Inge is now in her seventy-seventh year and in need of a pension, and this information will help her to get it.

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Mrs. H. A. Crenshaw, 202 West Bank Street, Salisbury, N. C., is anxious to get some volumes of "The Land We Love," the magazine edited by Gen. D. H. Hill some years after the war, and will take in bound or unbound form.

Mrs. E. B. Thurman, 3376 Bradford Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, would like to hear from any friend or comrade of her father, James W. Terrill, of Company E, 15th Texas Cavalry. He was a member of the Turney Bivouac, of Winchester, Tenn.

Rev. A. J. Mann, of Alvaton, Ga., wants to procure a copy of the "Union Spelling Book," gotten out during the war, and hopes some reader of the VETERAN can supply it. His father got a copy of it from a captured Yankee and sent it home, but it was lost some years ago.

Mrs. Mary Baker Boyd, 589 Williams Avenue, Portland, Oregon, is seeking information on the war record of Judge John Catron, of Tennessee. He was born in Wythe County, Va., and was United States Supreme Judge for thirty-five years. She also wants the record of Larkin Martin.

James C. Brown, of New Madrid, Mo., Box 155, has a copy of a "School History of the United States," by Dr. J. William Jones, which he thought some reader of the VETERAN would like to procure. Of course, this history gives particular mention and credit to the South. Write to him about it.

John F. Martin, 165 Exchange Street, New Haven, Conn., wishes to learn something of the war record of one Terrence Martin, who went to Texas about 1850 and fought in the cavalry service of the Confederate army as a colonel, he has been informed. Any information of him will be appreciated.



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EACH MAIL BRINGS COMMENDATORY LETTERS; ONE WILL SAY, "AN ORATION ON STONEWALL JACKSON IS ALONE WORTH THE PRICE;" ANOTHER, "FOUND AN ARTICLE FOR WHICH I HAD SEARCHED FOR YEARS;" ANOTHER, "THE WORK INSPIRED ME TO ATTEMPT WRITING A POEM WHICH WAS ACCEPTED BY A LEADING MAGAZINE;" ANOTHER, "MAKES ME PROUD OF MY SOUTHERN BIRTHRIGHT;" ETC.

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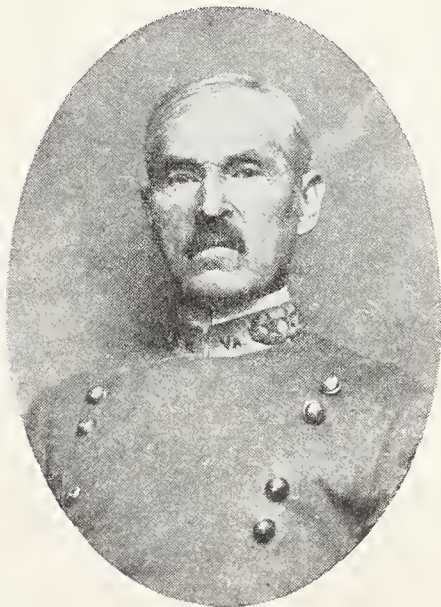
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VOL. XXXIII.

JUNE, 1925

NO. 6



GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, OF VIRGINIA

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Confederate Veterans at Dallas
Reunion, May, 1925

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BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

As a "closing out" sale, the VETERAN offers the following books as the last of its holdings, and most of these books are scarce and valuable works on Confederate history; therefore, in ordering, give second and third choice. This is the list:

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Mrs. Mary Ann McDougal, of Ada, Okla., Box 803, inquires for any comrades of her husband, R. H. McDougal, who served four years under Generals Bragg and Forrest. He took part in the battle of Shiloh. She is trying to get a pension.

Mrs. Annie Chapman, of Couthatta, La., is anxious to get in communication with any comrades of her husband, William Dawson Chapman, who enlisted at Columbus, Ga., in 1861, but she does not know the company and regiment. She is in need of a pension.

Mrs. Pearl D. Newton, Lake Arthur, La., asks for information on the war service of her father, James Daniel, who enlisted from Bell County, Tex., in Company K, of Nelson's Regiment.

Miss Allie Davis, of Forney, Tex., writes in behalf of a Confederate widow who is trying to get a pension, the wife of Dr. D. T. Finley, of Marston, Mo., who enlisted in Company K (regiment not given), and served under Gen. Sterling Price. It is hoped that some comrades can give the information needed.



MISS WINNIE DAVIS

Daughter of the Confederacy

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THOMAS JEFFERSON.

When Thomas Jefferson retired from the presidency of the United States, he went to Monticello, where he had visions of spending his declining years. Jefferson once wrote regarding Monticello to a friend: "After much roaming in many lands, I have found and pitched my tent in what I believe to be one of the fairest spots on earth."

It was here in the solitude of this place where he had "pitched his tent" that he compiled the rules:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent for having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils which have never happened have cost us.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.—*The Lookout.*

Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1925.

No. 6.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

NEW OFFICERS, U. C. V.

The following officers were elected at the Dallas reunion for the ensuing year:

Commander in Chief, Gen. W. B. Freeman, Richmond, Va.

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Gen. H. R. Lee, Nashville, Tenn.

Honorary Commander for Life, Gen. James A. Thomas, Dublin, Ga.

Honorary Chaplain General for Life, Maj. Giles B. Cooke, Mathews, Va.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. E. D. Taylor, Richmond, Va.

Army of Tennessee, Gen. M. B. Houghton, Montgomery, Ala.

Trans-Mississippi, Gen. R. A. Sneed, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Mrs. W. B. Kernan, as Assistant Adjutant General, U. C. V., will be in charge of official headquarters at 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

Birmingham, Ala., will entertain the veterans in 1926.

(Report of the reunion at Dallas will be given in the VETERAN for July.)

IMPORTANT LEGISLATION.

RESOLUTION.

Whereas we believe that a true and correct history of the part played by South Carolinians in the Confederate war should be written and preserved not only as a tribute to the past, but as an inspiration to the future; and whereas it is due veterans who risked their lives for their State in their heroic deeds of bravery and to the descendants who cherish their memories; and whereas it would seem proper that this history should be written by one who participated actively in this conflict, one who is capable of gauging the facts and stating with truth the incidents as they transpired on the field of battle; and whereas Gen. C. Irvine Walker was a field officer in active charge of a regiment at the close of the war and has the data in hand to compile such a history; he has written

several books, is a man of scholarly attainments and eminently qualified for the task; therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate of South Carolina, That Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of Charleston, S. C., be, and he is hereby, requested to prepare and compile such history of the Confederate war as relates to South Carolina, and that said manuscript be filed with the State Historical Commission for publication at such future time as the State may elect.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

BY LUCY MERIWETHER COLE.

They tell us to forget; they say
Our banner has been furled and put away;
Our cause was lost; and all the strife,
The loss of home, the loss of life,
They tell us to forget.

We know the North and South have been made one;
The tumult and the call to arms are done,
And now the blue and gray united stand
To form one world power, one united land.
But why must we forget?

They do not know, who tell us to forget,
That blood of Southern sons flows in us yet.
That the old blue is hallowed by the gray,
That thoughts of those we lost are dear to-day,
And we cannot forget.

The Stars and Bars is furled, but loved the same,
And through the bloody stains we love the name
Of Stars and Stripes, for which we fight to-day,
The old cause is not lost, but laid away,
So do not say, *forget!*

EVER LOYAL.—In sending his renewal order for five years (to 1930), Gen. C. A. de Saussure, of Memphis, Tenn., writes: "I will probably have gone to join the thousands of other Confeds by that time, but I want the VETERAN to live in my family longer than I will."

TRUTH IN HISTORY.

It is encouraging to note the effort that is being made to bring out the truth of our Southern history, and one of the most important steps in that direction was taken by the legislature of South Carolina in appointing Gen. C. I. Walker to compile the history of that State in the War between the States. General Walker was not only an active participant in that conflict, but is eminently qualified in other ways to give the subject fair and just treatment. A copy of the resolution as passed by the South Carolina Senate is given on the first page of this number.

In this number will also be found an article by a school superintendent (page 206) on the neglect of our history and literature. On the teaching of the children of the South depends the proper appreciation of Southern history and accomplishment, and that even one of these leaders of youth has realized the wrong tendency of the teaching that has been given is encouragement to hope that others will come to realize how it has fallen short of justice to this section. Not only in this country has our history been falsely taught, but the children of other lands are prejudiced against the South through a vindictive propaganda that never rests. An example of this has been given in a letter from Miss Helen Gray, formerly of Atlanta, Ga., a world-wide traveler, observer, and writer, in which she says:

"While sojourning in Tunisea, North Africa, two years ago, I ran across a textbook which I am told is one of the most popular English class books being taught in French-speaking countries.

"The compiler of 'La Classe en Anglais,' E. Gourio, opens his book with a quotation from Pope:

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Castalian Spring."

"What a pity he did not study those lines before he blundered into American history. On slavery and secession, he says:

"In 1861, the Southern States seceded from the Union because they did not agree with the Northern States on the slavery question. In the North they wanted to abolish slavery; in the South they were determined to hold slaves. These slaves, you know, were negroes from Africa, who were brought over the Atlantic in slave ships by slave traders; and the treatment they generally received was indeed a great disgrace to the white race. They had to work like beasts, with the whip constantly curling round their loins; and if they tried to run away, the fugitive slaves were often pursued with blood hounds."

"Again: 'Pennsylvania had nothing to attract such disolute persons as had laid the foundations of Virginia.'

"There are others. For years I have been examining books in foreign countries as to their bearing on the Southern States of North America."

This class book also gives a chapter from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the escape of the slave, Eliza, on which questions are asked, and the Mayflower and its Pilgrims are well exploited. Truly, a little information is worse than none.

WHERE THE 8TH MISSOURI SURRENDERED.—In the VETERAN for April appeared an article by R. B. Coleman, of McAlester, Okla., as to "Where the 8th Missouri Surrendered," of which he says that there was no infantry in the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., December 8, 1862. Of this Maj. Harvey W. Salmon, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "Inasmuch as the VETER-

AN is intended to contain matter for the future historian, I deem it important to say that Comrade Coleman's statement is not in accordance with the facts. I was ordnance officer of Parsons's Brigade of Missouri Infantry at that time, and know that splendid body of Missourians participated in the hotly contested battle of Prairie Grove, and were opposed by General Heron's fine troopers. It may be that we had other infantry in that engagement, but I am aiming only to tell what I witnessed."

A CONFEDERATE NURSE.

From Seattle, Wash., comes report through Mrs. H. A. Calohan, President of the Washington Division, U. D. C.,



ROSALIE SIMPSON.

of the death of Mrs. Rosalie Claire Simpson, one of those devoted women who gave their services to the sick and wounded Confederate soldier. Born in Montreal, Canada, Rosalie Robert was still a baby when her parents removed to New Orleans, and she had her first impression of war from General Scott's army on its march to Mexico in 1848.

When the War between the States came on, her husband was a newspaper man on the New Orleans *Picayune*. He enlisted as a private in the 7th Louisiana Regiment, and was later made dispatch bearer for General Lee. She was assigned as a nurse to Jackson Hospital, 3rd Division, Richmond. During the World War, she conducted classes in French at Camp Lewis, Washington, until failing health compelled her to give it up. She was an honored and loved member of Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Seattle. Her death occurred on March 20, 1925, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. G. Sears, in Seattle. A son, five grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren survive her.

Among the most cherished possessions of the family are some war letters of 1863, one addressed to Surgeon F. W. Hancock, Jackson Hospital, asking for a leave of absence after an illness of typhoid fever, this request signed by A. I. Semmes, in charge of hospitals, and approved by Surgeon Hancock; another is a recommendation for both Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, signed by F. W. Hancock, late surgeon, Jackson Hospital.

WANTS TO RECOVER HIS SWORD.—Col. George Haven Putnam, 2 West Forty-Fifth Street, New York City, is trying to locate the sword which he lost during the war, of which he writes: "The larger part of my service during the war in the sixties was in Louisiana, and for the last few months in North Carolina and Georgia. The winter of 1864-65 I passed in prison, in Libby and at Danville. I was captured at the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., on the 19th of October, 1864, my command being cut off and surrounded. Before being taken prisoner, I had the opportunity to hide my sword, which I wished particularly to preserve. I had been made adjutant of my regiment at the age of nineteen, and the sword was a present from the company commanders and carried their names as well as my own. I hope it can be located and returned to me."

MEMORIAL DAY, APRIL 26.

On Sunday, April 26, a unique observance of Memorial Day was given on board the City of Chattanooga, at sea, before the two hundred members of the Georgia Press Association on their way from Savannah to New York. Instead of a special address, a part of the program was the reading of a series of sonnets written by D. G. Bickers, associate editor of the Savannah *Morning News*, and so well known for his poetic contributions to that and other journals of the South, a number of which have been reproduced in the VETERAN. The occasion itself was most unusual—at sea, on Sunday, at high noon, out of the State, and almost on the border of the South and North line off coast. The thought running through these little poems is the building of monuments, and some are most appropriate for reproduction here.

MILESTONES OF THE RACE.

Memorials have marked the onward way
 Since early times; the concrete emblem fair
 Of man's remembrance—they are here and there:
 To men, to women, to some shining day
 Of victory, to hopes in dead decay,
 To armies, peoples, virtues—everywhere
 Are signposts, milestones, markers plain or rare—
 To epochs, eras—long the white array!

And lest his son perchance should once forget
 The God he visioned, clear or dimly, man
 An altar monument of stone has set
 From which to draft his simple worship plan,
 And so leave something when he needs must go,
 His steady progress onward there to show!

* * *

THE SOUTH'S MANY MONUMENTS.

No nation, people, race—in any way—
 So many monuments have reared as we,
 The Southrons; every modest town may see
 Stones of remembrance to the Men in Gray;
 No army's private soldiers ever may
 Have quite so many tributes; they shall be
 Forever held in memory with—Lee,
 Remembered, loved, forever and a day!

Nor were there ever in the story long
 Of earth and armies quite so many shafts
 (And this is theme for some unusual song!)
 Upreared, where kind Æolus gently wafts
 His soft adieu in accents low and sweet,
 To quite so many heroes in—defeat!

* * *

LET NATURE HELP.

Shall we be bold and challenge Time? Shall we
 Not on the gray Stone Mountain's heav'n-kissed face,
 In massive, monumental art, by grace
 Of a supreme expression let them see
 That to the world there evermore shall be
 Memorial such as never other race
 Has ever dared to set in solid place—
 A stone immovable as they are—free?

Shall we not partnership with Nature now,
 Make friend of Time in one gigantic task,
 Out-monument all shafts that soon must bow
 Before this pair? What need is there to ask
 Of sons and daughters of such fathers true
 With such an offer what they dare to do?

THE STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

Referring to "the excellent review of Rutledge's 'Lincoln' in the April VETERAN," Mr. Bunford Samuel, of Philadelphia, wishes to add this:

"False ideals have been the ruin of every country throughout history, but, unfortunately, when a myth has reached the stage to which the Lincoln myth has been blown for political reasons, it is almost impossible to speak of its subject in adequately descriptive terms without shocking the sensibilities of worthy people. One may speak of Arnold or of Burr in appropriate language, because that language has been sanctified by the usage of generations of our community.

"In the present case, let me quote from a historian of repute, a strong advocate of Mr. Lincoln:

"Of course, men who argued from the basis of the organic idea, and nevertheless maintained that the United States was more than a multiple of units organically separate, did not in so many words declare that they had taken up new philosophic ground, but, in fact, they had left compact thinking behind them and from the new viewpoint met the declaration of State sovereignty with a new interpretation of history, which naturally and logically aprang from the new method of thought. The ordinary method adopted was to deny that the States were ever sovereign and to insist, as Lincoln did, that the Union was older than the States.' (Professor McLaughlin, 'Social Compact and Constitutional Construction.')

"To Mr. McLaughlin it seems entirely right that one party to a contract should 'take up new philosophic ground and leave compact-thinking behind' without any regard to the original contract—and defend so doing by the invention of a falsehood.

"The dictionary, however, gives a name to the official in a position of trust under a compact who 'leaves that compact behind,' which one does not dare to apply to Mr. Lincoln.

"A work which had a most powerful influence upon the formation of the compact in question said: 'I take the liberty of rementioning the subject by observing that a charter is to be understood as a bond of solemn obligation, which the whole enters into to support the right of every separate part, whether of religion, freedom, or property. A firm bargain and a right reckoning make long friends.' (Thomas Paine, 'Common Sense.')

"Another admirer of Mr. Lincoln says: 'In his inaugural address in 1861, Lincoln said: "The Union is much older than the Constitution." In a sense this is true, as I have already explained. But if by union or nation is meant an organized single political community, I see no historical foundation for the statement.' (Judge T. H. Chamberlain, 'Historical Conception of the Constitution.')

"Professor McLaughlin believes in 'going the whole hog.' In another place, he states: 'In declaring that each State retained its sovereignty, the articles (of confederation) spoke the language of arrant falsehood.'

"In like manner, Mr. C. F. Adams and others have defended Mr. Lincoln by falsifying the Constitution. Is it necessary to point out the damning nature of the defense as justification for the destruction of thousands of lives, of ruined families, and the impairment of free institutions? More particularly when, as will some day be recognized, in the cause of what was essentially a commercial war in the interests of a sordid group who desired to maintain the legalized robbery of the protective tariff.

"Mr. Lincoln was doubtless personally of kindly impulses, and certainly better than the Camerons, Weeds, and others

with whom he trained. But his life by Herndon, by Nicolay and Hay—all warm admirers—certainly affords much material not admirable to a man of honor."

OUR NEGLECT OF SOUTHERN HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

[Address by Frank Hough, superintendent of the High School, Shaw, Miss., before a conference of superintendents and principals at the annual convention of the Mississippi Education Association, April, 1925.]

From personal observation of a dozen years in three Southern States and from questionnaires that I recently sent out to a number of representative Southern high schools, I am convinced that as public school men we are facing an ominous situation in respect to our Southern history and literature. Politically and financially, we have been almost completely under the dominance of the North since the War between the States. Our Federal officeholders have generally been henchmen of the Northern Republican party; tariffs and other legislation have been promulgated for the benefit of the North and West, but rarely for the benefit of the South. Our banks, our railways, and our manufacturing industries are dependent upon the North; and now, for many years, through the medium of textbooks and works of fiction, history, and sociology, magazines, motion pictures, and stage productions the North has been gradually but surely undermining our history and our literature, our great traditions, and our splendid ideals. The question facing us, then, is: Shall we passively accept not only the political and financial dominance of the North, but the intellectual dominance of the North as well? Shall we permit our history and literature to be submerged by that of the North?

Surely, as public school men of Mississippi, and, I might say, of the South, our answer is an emphatic *no*. And we are in strategic position to lead the fight to save Southern history and literature, not by trying to write new books, but by so teaching American history and literature that our children will appreciate properly the great heritage that is peculiarly their own.

Now, please understand that I have no quarrel with Northern writers and publicists. On the contrary, I have for them a profound admiration for the convincing manner in which they have not only persuaded themselves, but also almost persuaded ourselves, that the glories of American history and literature are to be found chiefly in the North. No, my quarrel, had I any at all, would be with ourselves that we have supinely permitted only the Northern side of the shield to be shown. Let us give the North credit for its wonderful history, but let us teach our children that alongside the glorious episodes and great patriots of Northern history there were also glorious episodes and great patriots in Southern history. When the statement is made that Boston was the center of the movement that gave us independence, let us remind our boys and girls that the Virginia House of Burgesses of 1619 was the first representative assembly in America, and that the day of its formation was the real birthday of civil liberty on the American continent. When Faneuil Hall is termed the cradle of American liberty, may we not with equal accuracy call Virginia's the hand that rocked that cradle and hers the voice that crooned over the new-born babe? When our children get excited over Paul Revere's ride of a dozen miles to warn Adams and Hancock, let us tell them also of John Jouett's furious forty-mile ride to Charlottesville that saved Jefferson and Patrick Henry from Tarleton's troopers.

When the South is accused of attempting to subvert the Constitution, let us show our students that Southerners played the leading rôles in the formation of that Constitution and that Southern statesmen have ever been defenders of its inviolability. When the South is charged with sectionalism, let us tell how a Southern President made the great Louisiana Purchase in 1803 in spite of the bitter opposition of New England. In the same connection, we might also point out that but for the brilliant conquest of the old Northwest by George Rogers Clarke and his Virginians, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin would to-day be under the British flag. In discussing the indubitable evils of slavery, surely we can justly emphasize the concurrent guilt of the North, in that the North used slaves as long as they were profitable and that New England traders and seamen imported most of the poor wretches from Africa.

When the War between the States is studied well, that deserves more extended mention here for the very excellent reason that most Northern writers have been unable to resist the temptation to gloss over or distort facts and events unpleasant to them and to omit altogether many incidents that redound to the glory of Southern manhood and womanhood. When the charge is made that the Southern people seceded in order to preserve and perpetuate slavery, let us show our embryo citizens that such a charge is absurd, since of 8,300,000 whites in the slaveholding States only 346,000 were slaveholders and of these 69,000 owned only one negro each. Let us explain that the war of the sixties was the fourth great revolt of the English-speaking race and differs in no essential characteristic from those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and that it was not simply because the five members of Parliament were illegally impeached in 1642 by the government of Charles I, the seven bishops illegally tried in 1688 by the judges of James II, men shot at Lexington in 1775, or slavery threatened in 1861, that the people rose; rather that these were the occasions, not the causes, of revolt and that in each case a great principle was at stake—in 1642, the liberty of the subject; in 1688, the integrity of the Protestant faith; in 1775, taxation only with the consent of the governed; and in 1861, the sovereignty of the individual States or the right of self-government.

When we find that unnecessary emphasis is placed on the valor of Federal soldiers and the skill of Federal generals, let us quote from an article by the Federal general, Don Carlos Buell, the officer, you remember, who saved Grant at Shiloh from defeat and from oblivion, in which he calls attention to the amazing fact that in practically every capital engagement of the war the Confederate army was outnumbered by its Federal opponent. The Union soldiers fought bravely and well, all honor to them; but in our study and teaching of that war, we should keep the facts in mind. When Grant is acclaimed for the capture of Fort Henry, we should, in all fairness, state that the fort was held for nearly two hours by less than a hundred men. When Professor Hart says, as he does in his high school history, that there is no more stirring incident in the annals of war than the assault by the Federals on Bragg's army entrenched on Lookout Mountain, I wonder if Professor Hart ever heard of a charge by George E. Pickett on a certain fateful July day against a vastly superior force? When Admiral Farragut—Southern-born man, by the way—is applauded for his bold dash by the forts below New Orleans and at Mobile Bay, surely we should remind our students of the much bolder dash to Vicksburg of the Confederate ironclad Arkansas through a fleet of twenty Federal warships commanded by Farragut himself. When Ericsson is credited with being the builder of the first practical ironclad,

we should point out that John M. Brooke, the designer of the Virginia, deserves the honor—and, incidentally, neither Hart nor Latané, whose high school histories are used in this State, even mentions his name. When those two popular school encyclopedias—Compton's and the World Book—assert that Gen. Philip Sheridan never lost a battle, we should call attention to the battle of Trevilian Station, Va., June 11, 12, 1864, when, after a bloody repulse by Wade Hampton's forces, only a speedy retreat saved Sheridan and his command from utter rout. Again, when Compton informs the reader that at the battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1865, Sheridan, by superior generalship, routed the Confederates, capturing 5,000 prisoners, we should certainly explain that Sheridan had about 25,000 men and the Confederates not more than 8,000. With such a preponderance in numbers, I believe that, with my one year of training in a military school, I could have demonstrated some superior generalship myself. And, by the way, that standard work of reference, the International Encyclopedia, in less than a half page devoted to the great Mississippi-Tennessee cavalryman, Nathan Bedford Forrest, says not a word about his brilliant exploits, and incidentally gives nearly a page of a eulogistic nature to a reckless dragoon, George A. Custer. And *incidentally* I could spend an hour or so giving similar examples of distortion and omission. When Whittier's famous Barbara Frietschie is mentioned as based on a historical occurrence, please point out that the poor old lady never had the honor of setting eyes on the redoubtable Stone-

wall Jackson. When deeds of daring and high adventure during the war are read, let us by all means give our young Southerners such a story as the cruise of the Shenandoah, one that is little known, and which I'm tempted to sketch for you now. Sailing from Melbourne in February, 1865, under Captain Waddell, a North Carolinian, the Shenandoah attacked the New England whaling fleet in the North Pacific, capturing twenty-five ships. Meeting a British ship on August 2, 1865, Waddell was informed that the war was over and that he was no better than a pirate. Resolved not to pull down his flag in a Federal port, Waddell turned the Shenandoah for Liverpool, 17,000 miles away. Three months later, before the wondering eyes of thousands, the weather-beaten Shenandoah steamed slowly up the Mersey River with the Bonnie Blue flag flying proudly at her masthead. Seventeen thousand miles across the seas flying the flag of a lost cause and a dead nation! Surely such a story is worth a few minutes in our American history classes!

What I have said in such a cursory manner applies, of course, with equal force to our teaching of American literature. Grant to the great body of literature produced in the North nearly all that its fondest partisans claim, let us teach our boys and girls to love and revere the works of Southern writers, so many of whom have been sadly neglected. The head of the English Department of the well-known Warren Easton High School, of New Orleans, writes to me: "No productions of Southern writers are at present on our required list, either for study or reading." Why, I am told that a few years ago the superintendent of a certain large school in our State confessed that he had never heard of Irwin Russell! Think of it! A Mississippi public school man who never heard of Irwin Russell! If there are any here who have never used "Christmas Night in the Quarters" in American literature classes—why, they should most certainly be led out and shot at daybreak.

If we are going to save our Southern literature, we must resolve to lead our boys and girls to study and to love it. of course, many of us use some of Poe and Lanier—and I wonder if that isn't because they have been given recognition, however tardy, by the literatti of the North—and I have found one school that in addition required stories of O. Henry and Thomas Nelson Page, Henry Grady's "New South," and a few poems of Hayne and Timrod. Not a bad selection, but not nearly comprehensive enough. From a long list of brilliant orations, thrilling romances, and inspiring poetry, we can easily choose an excellent reading course from which our high school students can draw part of the nine or ten books each should read per year.

The best and most representative selections are found in the seventeen-volume "Library of Southern Literature,"—which, by the way, should surely be in every Southern school library—and their quality needs no apology from a mere high school superintendent. Of a speech delivered in the United States Senate by our own Sargent S. Prentiss, Daniel Webster said: "No one can equal it." Our boys and girls will find Simms's "Yemassee" as thrilling as Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans." All of our boys will admire that greatest of all martial elegies, O'Hara's "The Bivouac of the Dead," and all of our girls will adore Lamar's dainty lyric, "The Daughter of Mendoza." Of course, I am just striking a few of the peaks; there are scores of others. When our students grow weary of some prosaic text in mediæval history, let us read them a few chapters from Watson's "Story of France," which here deserves another word or two. Congressman Bulwinkle, while in Paris during the World War, inquired at Brentano's bookstore for the best history of France they had,



MRS. HUGH MILLER, PRESIDENT MISSOURI DIVISION, U. D. C.

Mrs. Elizabeth Robertson Miller, of Kansas City, Mo., comes of a long line of Southern ancestry—on the paternal side from the Robertsons of North Carolina, which family furnished soldiers in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812; on the maternal side were the Atkinsons of Virginia and Kentucky, and both families have figured largely in the history of their adopted State. In the War between the States, her uncle, A. M. Robertson, was first lieutenant, 3rd Missouri Infantry.

Mrs. Miller has been active in the life of Kansas City, in its charity work, and religious and patriotic societies. She served four years as Regent of the James Kearney Chapter, Daughters of 1812, and six terms as President of the Kansas City Chapter, U. D. C. As President of the Interdenominational Home for Girls, her greatest work, a home has been built at a cost of \$250,000.

and they recommended that by Tom Watson, of Georgia. The quality of Southern literature needs no defense.

One supreme quality is peculiar to Southern literature to-day—it is clean. Says Mr. Richard Burton, head of the English Department of the University of Minnesota, writing in the February, 1925, *Bookman*: "There is little use down in Dixie for the blantant, 'outré, and vulgar, or for the risqué and decadent. . . . The South has not yet learned the delight of being vicariously naughty—in fiction. . . . With jazz forever in our ears, 'loudness' in dress, speech, manners, and morals tends to become less obnoxious. The South is a bulwark against the drift in that direction." As a teacher of Southern boys and girls, I pray that the South will ever be such a bulwark.

That the South is such a bulwark is largely due to the immeasurable influence of Southern history and literature, of Southern traditions and ideals upon the people of the South. In a period characterized throughout most of the civilized world by a revolt against authority of every kind, by a contempt for traditions, by an indifference to religion, by a corruption of morals, the South has clung to those lofty ideals of freedom under the law, of reverence for traditions, and of devotion to God and home that are the very foundation of the American republic. But our grasp is weakening; the octopus of Northern intellectual dominance is gradually wrapping its tentacles around us and our institutions. A few more years of indifference, of neglect of our noble heritage, and the South will be crushed by the tentacles of radicalism, of irreverence, and infidelity to God and man. Northern intellectual dominance will be supreme. Before it is too late, let us, as Mississippi schoolmen, as Southerners, here highly resolve to consecrate ourselves to the task of so inspiring our boys and girls with the glories of Southern history and literature, of Southern traditions and ideals, that they and their children and their children's children may not depart from the way marked by the examples and precepts of their forefathers.

WITH THE BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

[Some experiences of Capt. Joseph F. Torrent, now ninety years of age, as contributed by Capt. H. C. Wells, Commander of LaFayette-McLaws Camp, U. C. V., of Scarsboro, Ga.]

Capt. Joseph F. Torrent was born in Baltimore, Md., July 17, 1834, but his parents moved to Charleston, S. C., when he was a small child, and there he grew to manhood. His father was a ship's rigger, so the son grew up in the shipping business. In 1860, Captain Torrent was a member of the Vigilant Fire Company, an independent volunteer company of the city of Charleston, which, after the election of Lincoln as President, was merged into a military company, the Vigilant Rifles. Samuel Y. Tupper was elected captain, and he tendered the services of his company to the governor of South Carolina on the 19th day of November, 1860, the first company to tender its services in the defense of the South. The governor accepted the tender, but held them in abeyance for arms. The company uniformed itself and was armed by the citizens with shotguns. In the meantime, Frazier, Trenholm & Co., a cotton firm of Charleston, which had a branch office in Liverpool, England, came to the assistance of the company. They rushed their chief clerk, Mr. Willis, off to Liverpool, where he purchased a complete outfit of arms for the company and shipped them to Charleston via New York. The shipment reached New York and was transferred to the steamer Nashville, a regular Charleston and New York liner, which landed the shipment in Charleston in February, 1861. This was the last trip this steamer made, as it was not allowed

to depart again. The company, being fully armed, was ordered to Morris Island for picket duty on the water front, and assisted in erecting Battery Wagner. It was the guns of this battery that stopped and prevented the Star of the West from reënforcing Fort Sumter with men and provisions, then causing Maj. Robert Anderson to surrender Fort Sumter to the Confederate authorities. The Star of the West could and should have been captured.

After this incident the Federal government began to assemble their ships to demolish the Confederate defenses and to

blockade the port of Charleston, and it became quite difficult for the Confederates to supply men or provisions to the coast defenses, as a ship could not go out on the front. The only chance was to supply them by the inside routes, and this had to be done in the night and on high tides. Captain Torrent, being a steamboat man and acquainted with the various channels in the vicinity, was detailed and put in command of a small boat to provision the different Confederate outposts of the army, and thus he won his title of captain.

By 1862 cotton had become a scarce commodity in the outside world. The Confed-



CAPTAIN TORRENT AT THE AGE OF NINETY.

eracy had the cotton and was very much in need of other things that the cotton would get; so Capt. Thomas Lockwood fitted up a small boat, the Elizabeth, and secured the consent of the Confederate government to engage in blockade running. He had to take half cargo in and out of government property free of freight. In making up a crew, he selected Captain Torrent as his first officer. The boat was soon manned and loaded with cotton, then on a dark night they headed for the bar, without lights, and the trip was made all right; in fact, they made several successful trips during the year. In 1863 they were still in the same business, but the outlet over Charleston bar had become so completely obstructed with ships, Federal and Russian, that it was almost impossible to get through them, "so we headed for Wilmington, N. C.," said Captain Torrent, in telling of his experiences in running the blockade. Arriving off the bar there, we halted for observation, and found our chances quite as bad as at Charleston. We decided to hang off shore and wait for a dark night. Finally we started in, but we were detected, and, from the signal lights flashing all around, we thought our time had come. Captain Lockwood was a good navigator and a daring officer. He headed for shore at full speed and ran on a sand bar about a half mile from mainland, out of reach of their guns, some twelve or fifteen miles south of the mouth of Cape Fear River. We had on board twelve thousand dollars in gold for the government, of which the crew was ignorant, so we lowered our boats and took the crew, with some provisions, ashore, and the captain directed them to

make their way by land to Wilmington. The captain and I then returned to our ship, secured the gold, and put it with our wearing apparel and a small quantity of provisions in a boat, set the Elizabeth on fire in several places, and left by the light for the Cape Fear River by inside routes. But we failed to make it and finally had to land and take the overland journey, which was a very tiresome one. After an all-day tramp and a night's lodging in the woods, we reached civilization and were taken into Wilmington.

"There we turned the gold over to the Confederate quartermaster's office and had the good luck to meet Capt. Bob Lockwood, a brother of Captain Tom, who was in the same business and had his ship loaded and waiting his chance to get out. So we took passage with him, and in about three weeks he landed us in Nassau. There we had a delay of some weeks. Finally the government agents there secured us a boat, the Ella. She was not suited to the business, as she was very slow; but it was the best we could do, and we decided to give her a trial. We took on a miscellaneous cargo, among which was a full outfit for a regiment of cavalry—saddles, bridles, blankets, holsters, pistols, carbines, boots, spurs, and halters—and a crew of Canadians, a pretty tough bunch, but good seamen. We headed direct for Wilmington, but near there we were detected and the fleet gave us chase. The captain headed for shore, but our tub was too slow, and they headed us off and captured the whole outfit. They were afraid of us as a whole, so they divided us by putting only a few on any one ship. Four of the Canadian sailors and I were put on the flagship, the Daylight. As soon as we were in our quarters, the Canadians said they were going to claim British protection, and advised me to do the same, which I did. It made a great difference in our treatment, as the Federal government was very much afraid of England in those days. I had three hundred dollars in a cloth belt around my waist, but in a few days my body became so irritated that I had to get relief in some way. Explaining my troubles to the commodore, he called in the ship's doctor and had me examined. The doctor said I was in danger of blood poison, and began to treat me at once, and soon had me cured. The commodore called in his quartermaster, told him to count my gold, give me a receipt for it, and lock it up. We remained on this ship about two months, and were so well treated that I felt more like the commodore's guest than a prisoner of war. One morning we were notified to get our luggage ready, that a vessel would be there that day to take us to Fortress Monroe, where we would be released and given transportation to Baltimore. When the ship arrived the commodore sent for me to come to his office, and gave me a paper to read, the substance of which was congratulations on our good conduct as prisoners of war and commending us to the good offices of all the army officers with whom we might come in contact. He called for the receipt for my gold, handed me the belt, and asked me to count it. I did so; then he said: 'My man, I have two little daughters at my home, and I want to buy two of the ten-dollar pieces as souvenirs for them. It is worth more than greenback, but I will pay you the difference.' Holding two ten-dollar pieces in my hand, I said: 'Commodore, I am under many obligations to you and your officers, and to you especially for the paper which you have just handed me, and I have been wondering how I could repay you. Now the opportunity is before me. I will not trade my gold for greenback; but, sir, these two pieces that I hold here I now put in your care as souvenirs for your little daughters, from one whom they will know erroneously as a rebel and a traitor to his country. With my kindest regards, you will please deliver them.' I left the commodore in tears.

"We arrived safely in Baltimore, where the Canadians soon disappeared. I met friends who took me in and entertained me royally. In a few days I fell in with a Southern sympathizer, a ship captain, who was making ready to sail for Bermuda. The night before sailing he smuggled me aboard and locked me in his cabin. The next day I was at his table to dinner. Arriving in Bermuda, I was puzzled as to what move to make, and after a day or two, I decided to go to Liverpool. Arriving there my first move was to go to Confederate headquarters in search of news. When I stepped into that building I had the surprise of my life—there before me stood Capt. Tom Lockwood. We both hesitated to speak, as we had not seen or heard of each other since we were taken as prisoners off the Ella some months before. After we had caught our breath, as it were, the meeting was a joyous one. The next day we visited the shipyards, and he took me aboard a new ship, the Colonel Lamb, which was being built for Frazier, Trenholm & Co., as a blockade runner. This ship was not quite finished, so we spent about two weeks in sight-seeing.

"When the ship was finished, she was chartered by the Confederate government, and Capt. Tom Lockwood was put in command, while I went as first officer. We had a hard time getting a crew. Finally we sailed for Nassau with a part cargo and a mixed crew. At Nassau we completed cargo and sailed direct for Charleston. On our way over, the captain tried her speed and decided that there was no Yankee warship that could run her down. Arriving off Charleston in daylight, about noon, the Captain decided to give the blockading fleet a chase. So he ventured up close enough to let them get a good view of his craft; finally some of the fleet started north and some south, as though they intended to cut him off from shore. Then he headed straight out for sea, but very slowly, when almost the entire fleet started in hot pursuit. He led them a merry chase until dark, when he put out lights, made a big swing to the north, ran around them and sailed into Charleston. We remained in Charleston just long enough to discharge and reload. As the weather was very heavy and our chance of slipping out unmolested being good, we sailed about 1 A.M. The night was very dark and the fog very thick. We were proceeding very slowly, when, about 7 A.M., as we were just clearing the last or outer ships of the blockading fleet, the fog suddenly lifted, revealing our little ship to the full force of the blockading fleet of Yankee warships, some of which began to shoot at us, others began to hoist anchor to give us chase. Captain Lockwood was equal to the occasion, for, as soon as he observed the fog rising, he put on all steam and proceeded out to sea, keeping the firing ships in as straight a line behind him as possible. Several of the fleet gave chase, but in less than an hour all they could see to shoot at was a streak of black smoke, which was out of reach of their guns. We arrived safely in Nassau, exchanged cargoes with a Britisher and were off for Wilmington, N. C., in about ten days after leaving Charleston. Arriving off the bar there in daylight, we employed the same tactics as at Charleston, leading the blockading fleet off its base, then going around it and running into Wilmington at night. This was our last trip to any of the Atlantic ports. Our next and last voyage with the Colonel Lamb was in the Gulf of Mexico.

"In February, 1865, we took on light cargo of arms from a British vessel in Havana, Cuba, and sailed for Galveston. We arrived safely off that port, but were never able to effect an entrance. We remained in the Gulf until June, when, off the Mexican coast, we were hailed by a French man of war, and learned that the Confederate forces had all surrendered—that the war was over. Then we proceeded to Havana, where we turned our cargo over to the British

authorities and proceeded, via Nassau, to Liverpool, where the Colonel Lamb was delivered to her owners, Frazier, Trenholm & Co. Then I took passage for Baltimore, thence for Charleston, where I learned that my parents had refugeeed to Augusta, Ga. The railroads in that section had all been destroyed by Sherman's march to the sea, so I took passage over a stagecoach line plying between Charleston and Augusta. I give you my word that this stagecoach trip over Sherman's trail was the worst trip that I made during the entire war by any means or to any place."

JEFFERSON DAVIS: A JUDICIAL ESTIMATE.

[From an address by the late Bishop Charles B. Galloway, of Mississippi, published in the *VETERAN* for July, 1908, and republished by request.]

The unanswered question in England for two hundred and forty years was: "Shall Cromwell have a statue?" It required nearly two and a half centuries for public opinion to reach a just estimate of the most colossal figure in English history. The great Lord Protector died at Whitehall and was laid to rest with royal honors in Westminster Abbey. But when the monarchy was restored and Charles II ascended the throne, his body was disinterred, gibbeted at Tyburn Hill, and buried under the gallows, the head being placed on Westminster Hall. Now a magnificent statue of the great Oliver stands opposite where his head was exposed to the jeers of every passer-by—England's sane and final estimate of the mightiest man who ever led her legions to victory or guided the course of her civil history. In this new world events move faster, popular passion cools quicker, and calm judgment more speedily reascends its sacred throne. After only forty years since the Civil War, the nation's estimate of Jefferson Davis, the Oliver Cromwell of our constitutional crisis, has almost entirely changed, and points to the not far-off day when no place in our Federal Capitol will be too conspicuous for his heroic statue. Mr. Davis can no more be understood by reading the heated columns of the political newspapers and historical writers of times immediately succeeding the Civil War than Oliver Cromwell could be judicially interpreted by the obsequious litterateurs of the reign of Charles II.

Mr. Davis had his limitations and was not without his measure of human faults and frailties; but he also had extraordinary gifts and radiant virtues and a brilliant genius that ranked him among the mightiest men of the centuries. He made mistakes because he was mortal, and he excited an-

tagonisms because his convictions were stronger than his tactful graces; but no one who knew him and no dispassionate student of his history ever doubted the sincerity of his great soul or the absolute integrity of his imperial purpose.

* * *

While I would not needlessly stir the embers of settled strife or reopen the grave of buried issues or by a word revive the bitter memories of a stormy past, it is due the truth of history that the fundamental principles for which our fathers contended should be often reiterated, in order that the purpose which inspired them may be correctly estimated and the purity of their motives be abundantly vindicated.

If the condition of affairs in 1860 be thoroughly understood and one has a clear and accurate knowledge of the nature and character of the Federal government, together with the rights of the States under the Constitution, we need not fear the judgments that may be formed and the conclusions that will be reached.

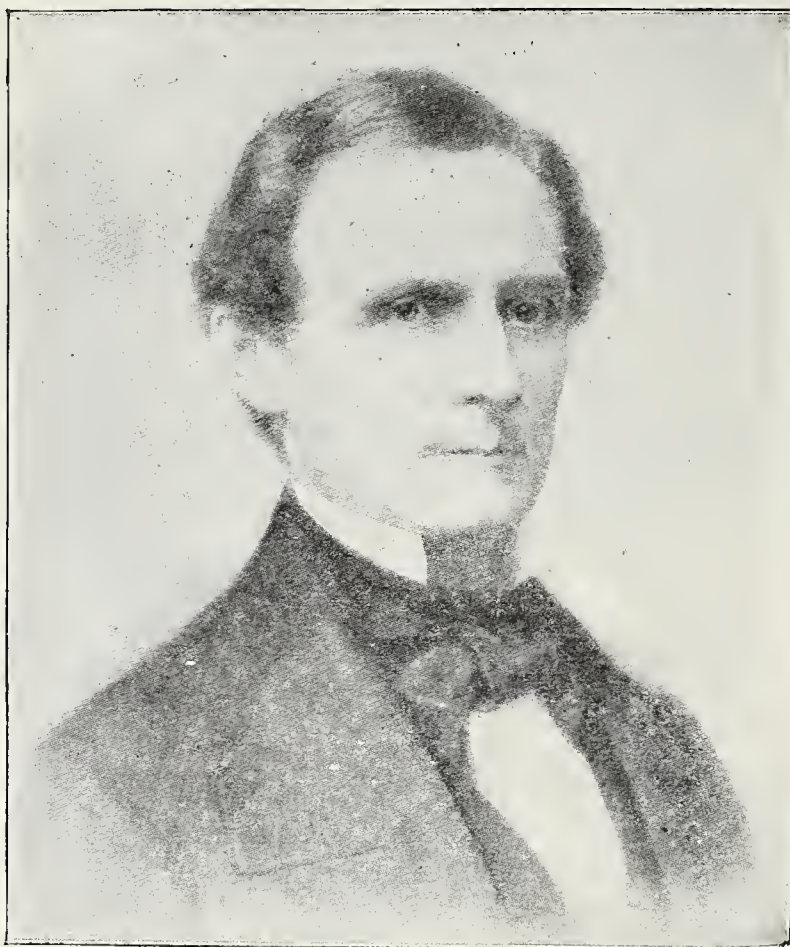
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Upon his weary shoulders have been piled the sins of the South, and he has been execrated as the archtraitor of American politics.

* * *

[After comparing Mr. Davis to military Confederates, the Bishop said:]

I know there is a certain glamour that gathers about a military hero which commands admiration and calls for extravagant laudation. One who braves the shout of battle and wins the chaplet of victory is unconsciously invested with a halo more brilliant than the crown of any civilian, however marvelous his gifts or magnificent his achievements or immortal the results of his public labors. People will applaud the returning conqueror while they forget the founder of an empire or the author of a nation's constitution. . . . In the North he was charged with everything, from the sin of secession to the "horrors of Andersonville" and the as-



JEFFERSON DAVIS JUST BEFORE HIS INAUGURATION AS PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

sassination of Mr. Lincoln. In the South he was held accountable for everything, from the failure to capture Washington after the first battle of Manassas to the unsuccessful return of the peace commission and the surrender of Lee's tattered legions at Appomattox.

* * *

The son of a gallant revolutionary soldier and with the finest strain of Welsh blood flowing in his generous veins, Jefferson Davis was born in the State of Kentucky. In infancy he was brought by his father to Mississippi. At the county school he was prepared for Transylvania College, from which at the age of sixteen he passed to the United States Military Academy at West Point. In that institution

he was distinguished as a student and a gentleman, and in due time was graduated with high honor.

Jefferson Davis began life well. He had a clean boyhood, with no tendency to vice or immorality. That is the universal testimony of neighbors, teachers, and fellow students. He grew up a stranger to deceit and a lover of the truth. He formed no evil habits that he had to correct and forged upon himself no chains that he had to break. His nature was as transparent as the light that shone about him, his heart was as open as the soft skies that bent in benediction over his country home, and his temper as sweet and cheery as the limpid stream that made music in its flow through the neighboring fields and forests.

Graduating from West Point in 1828, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the regular army, and spent seven laborious years in the military service, chiefly in the middle Northwest, and had some conspicuous part in the Black Hawk War. In 1835 Lieutenant Davis resigned from the regular army, married the charming daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, and settled on his Mississippi plantation to follow the luxurious literary life of a cultured Southern gentleman. But the untimely death in a few short months of his fair young bride crushed his radiant hopes and disappointed all his life plans. After seven years, spent mostly in agricultural pursuits and in literary study, especially the study of political philosophy and constitutional history, he entered public life, and almost immediately rose to trusted and conspicuous leadership.

In 1844 Mr. Davis was elected to Congress, and ever thereafter, up to the fall of the Confederate government, was in some distinguished capacity or other connected with the public service of his country. When he entered the halls of Congress, the "Oregon question," the reannexation of Texas, and the revision of the tariff were the stormy issues that divided the nation into two hostile camps. The scholarly young representative from Mississippi soon appeared in the lists and by his thorough mastery of the questions involved attracted national attention. The venerable ex-President John Quincy Adams, the "old man eloquent," at that time a member of the House, was greatly impressed with his extraordinary ability, and predicted his brilliant parliamentary career. Referring to his first set speech in Congress, a recent biographer makes this just and suggestive observation: "He manifests here in his early efforts as a legislator some of the larger views of national life and development which have been so persistently ignored by those who have chronicled his career."

In that first great speech, which had all the marks and carried all the credentials of the profoundest statesmanship, Mr. Davis made this broad declaration, from the principle of which he never receded: "The extent of our Union has never been to me the cause of apprehension; its cohesion can only be disturbed by violation of the compact which cements it."

Believing as he did in the righteousness of the conflict with Mexico, Mr. Davis earnestly advocated the most liberal supply of means and men to prosecute the war, and announced himself as ready, should his services be needed, to take his place in the tented field. In June, 1846, a regiment of Mississippi volunteers was organized at Vicksburg, and Jefferson Davis was elected its colonel. He accordingly resigned his seat in Congress, hastened to join his regiment, which he overtook at New Orleans, and reported for duty to General Taylor on the Mexican border. At Monterrey and Buena Vista, crucial positions of the war, his command rendered conspicuously heroic service. Our American knighthood was in fairest flower that day, especially on the plains of Buena Vista, when Colonel Davis, against overwhelming numbers, snatched victory from almost certain defeat and won immortal

fame for himself and his gallant Mississippi Rifles. By a brilliant tactical movement he broke the strength of the Mexican army and sent General Santa Anna southward with only half the force of the day before. Though severely wounded, he remained in his saddle, refusing to quit the field, until the day of glorious triumph was complete. Gen. Zachary Taylor, commander in chief of the American forces, paid this eloquent tribute to the soldierly courage and genius of the distinguished Mississippian: "Napoleon never had a marshal who behaved more superbly than did Colonel Davis to-day."

Returning from Mexico, having won the highest honors of war, Colonel Davis and the brave remnant of his magnificent regiment were everywhere welcomed with boundless enthusiasm. He was tendered the position of brigadier general of volunteers by President Polk, but declined on constitutional grounds, holding that such appointment inhered only in the State.

Within two months after his return from Mexico, Mr. Davis was appointed by the governor to represent Mississippi in the United States Senate, a vacancy having occurred by the death of Senator Spaight. When the legislature met, he was elected unanimously for the remainder of the unexpired term, all party lines having disappeared in a universal desire to honor the brilliant young colonel of the Mississippi Rifles. That was a position most congenial to his tastes and ambitions, and there his superb abilities shone with a splendor rarely equaled in the parliamentary history of America. He was an ideal Senator, dignified, self-mastered, serious, dispassionate, always bent on the great things that concerned the welfare of the nation.

* * *

When Jefferson Davis entered the United States Senate, the glory of that upper chamber was at its height. Possibly never at one time had so many illustrious men sat in the highest council of the nation. There sat John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; Henry Clay, of Kentucky; Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri; Louis Cass, of Michigan; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio; Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois. In that company of giants Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, at once took rank among the greatest, "eloquent among the most eloquent in debate," and worthy to be the premier at any council table of American statesmen. The historian, Prescott, pronounced him "the most accomplished" member of the body.

One who spoke by the authority of large experience with the upper chamber thus correctly characterized our brilliant and accomplished young Senator: "It is but simple justice to say that in ripe scholarship, wide and accurate information on all subjects coming before the body, native ability, readiness as a debater, true honor, and stainless character, Jefferson Davis stood in the very first rank and did as much to influence legislation and leave his mark on the Senate and the country as any other who served in his day."

Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, afterwards spoke of him as "the clear-headed, practical, dominating Davis."

That which preëminently signalizes the public character and parliamentary career of Jefferson Davis was his sincere, unwavering devotion to the doctrine of State sovereignty and all the practical questions that flowed therefrom. He held with unrelaxing grasp to the fundamental fact that the Union was composed of separate, independent, sovereign States, and that all Federal power was delegated, specifically limited, and clearly defined. The titantic struggles of his entire public life were over this one vital issue, with all that it logically involved for the weal or woe of his beloved country. The Articles of Confederation declared in express terms that "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," and that principle was transferred intact to the Constitution itself. And as one function of sovereignty was the right to withdraw from a compact, if occasion demanded, he planted himself squarely upon that doctrine, and never wavered in its able and fearless advocacy—a doctrine, by the way, that was never questioned by any jurist or statesman for forty years after the Constitution was adopted.

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And it is an interesting and suggestive fact that the latest historians and writers on constitutional government sustain the fundamental contention of Southern statesmen.

The position of Jefferson Davis, though by his enemies often denied and persistently obscured, was that, while consistently and unanswerably defending the right of a State to secede, he never urged it as a policy, and deplored it as a possible necessity. Or, to use the language of the resolution adopted by the State Rights Convention of Mississippi in June, 1851, drawn by his own hand, "Secession is the last alternative, the final remedy, and should not be resorted to under existing circumstances."

It may be interesting in this connection to inquire where the exercise of a State's right to secede had its first and most threatening assertion. Alexander H. Stephens affirms that the right of a State to withdraw from the Union was never denied or questioned by any jurist, publicist, or statesman of character and standing "until Kent's Commentaries appeared in 1826, nearly forty years after the government had gone into operation." And it is historic truth to state that the first threat to exercise this right, universally recognized in the early days of the republic, was not heard in the South; "it first sprang up in the North." Not only so, but from 1795 to 1850 and again in 1745 there was an influential party in New England which favored and threatened the formation of a Northern Confederacy.

* * *

In a famous speech delivered by Josiah Quincy in Congress on January 14, 1811, against the admission of Louisiana into the Union as a State, these sentiments were defiantly uttered: "I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations; and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." It must not be forgotten that these are not the words of Jefferson Davis.

* * *

The right or wrong of slavery we need not discuss or attempt to determine who was most responsible therefor. The institution is dead beyond the possibility of resurrection, and the whole nation is glad. The later geographical limitations of slavery in the United States were determined not by conscience, but by climate. It was climate at the North and the cotton gin in the South that regulated the distribution of slave labor. I have scant respect for a conscience too sensitive to own certain property because it is immoral, but without compunction will sell the same to another at full market value. Had the slaveholders of the North manumitted their slaves and not sold them because their labor ceased to be profitable, there would have been more regard for their subsequent abolition zeal.

But apart from the ethical question involved, as we now see it, slave property was recognized by the Constitution and existed in every State but one when the Union was formed. And a clear mandate of the Constitution required slaves to be delivered up to their owners when escaping into another State. Congress passed laws to enforce the same, and their constitutionality was sustained by the Supreme Court in the famous Dred-Scott decision. Daniel Webster, too great to be provincial and too broad to be a narrow partisan, in a noble speech at Capon Springs, Va., in 1851, made this emphatic declaration: "I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse wilfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provides no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other side. I say to you gentlemen in Virginia, as I said on the shores of Lake Erie and in the city of Boston, as I may say again, that you of the South have as much right to receive fugitive slaves as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce."

And yet Charles Sumner, speaking for a great party growing in strength and dominance with the rising sun of every day, said the North could not and would not obey the law. William H. Seward declared that there was a "higher law" than the Constitution which would be the rule of their political conduct.

Now the insistence of Mr. Davis and his compatriots was that the Constitution and laws should be obeyed, that the individual, sovereign States must regulate their own domestic affairs without Federal interference, and that their property of whatever kind must be respected and protected. They resisted any invasion of the State's right to control its own internal affairs as a violation of the sacred Federal compact. Over that one fundamental question an "irrepressible conflict" was waged for many stormy years. The advocates of State sovereignty were charged with disloyalty to the Union, while the Federalists were denounced as enemies of the Constitution and usurpers of the rights of the States.

And, by the way, our present-day political discussions are eloquently vindicating the patriotic jealousy of Mr. Davis for the rights of the States. The most significant fact of these strenuous times is the solemn warnings in endless iteration and from both political parties against the ominous encroachment of Federal authority. More and more the nation is seeing that Jefferson Davis was not an alarmist or an academic theorist, but a practical, sagacious, far-seeing statesman, when he contended so persistently for the rights and unconstrained functions of each member of the Federal Union.

* * *

Horace Greeley, a most potential voice in the councils of his party, did not hesitate to say: "I have no doubt but the free and slave States ought to be separated; the Union is not worth supporting in connection with the South."

William Lloyd Garrison, at first derided as a fanatic, but afterwards followed as the voice of an apostle, thus advocated the cause of disunion: "The Union is a lie. The American Union is an imposture, a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. We are for its overthrow. Up with the flag of disunion, that we may have a free and glorious republic of our own."

* * *

But through all the years this storm was fiercely raging the cool, sagacious Jefferson Davis never lost the clearness of his vision or allowed himself to be swept from his political moorings. He fought with all his superb skill and herculean

strength for the rights of the States and warned his opponents that continued Federal invasion might drive them from the Union.

* * *

In an eloquent speech delivered at Portland, Maine, in 1858, Mr. Davis strikingly demonstrated the fact that State pride and devotion to State integrity strengthened rather than weakened our attachment to the Federal Union; that the larger love we have for our national flag is fed by the passionate devotion we manifest in the welfare of an individual State. He said: "No one more than myself recognizes the binding force of the allegiance which the citizen owes to the State of his citizenship; but the State being a party to our compact, a member of the Union, fealty to the Federal Constitution is not in opposition to, but flows from, the allegiance due to one of the United States. Washington was not less a Virginian when he commanded at Boston, nor did Gates and Greene weaken the bonds which bound them to their several States by their campaigns in the South. In proportion as a citizen loves his own State will he strive to honor her by preserving her name and her fame free from the tarnish of having failed to observe her obligations and to fulfill her duties to her sister States. Do not our whole people, interior and seaboard, north, south, east, and west, alike feel proud of the Yankee sailor, who has borne our flag as far as the ocean bears its foam and caused the name and character of the United States to be known and respected where there is wealth enough to woo commerce and intelligence to honor merit? So long as we preserve and appreciate the achievements of Jefferson and Adams, of Franklin and Madison, of Hamilton, of Hancock, and of Rutledge—men who labored for the whole country and lived for mankind—we cannot sink to the petty strife which saps the foundations and destroys the political fabric our fathers erected and bequeathed as an inheritance to our posterity forever."

And a few weeks thereafter, when on a visit to Boston, addressing a great audience in Faneuil Hall and speaking not only for himself, but for the entire South as well, he uttered sentiments as broadly and loyally national as were ever spoken by Thomas Jefferson or sung in the Battle Hymn of the Republic. "As we have shared in the toils," said he, "so we have gloried in the triumphs of our country. In our hearts, as in our history, are mingled the names of Concord and Camden and Saratoga and Lexington and Plattsburg and Chippewa and Erie and Moultrie and New Orleans and Yorktown and Bunker Hill. Grouped all together, they form a record of triumphs of our cause, a monument of the common glory of our Union. What Southern man would wish it less by one of the Northern names of which it is composed? Or where is he who, gazing on the obelisk that rises from the ground made sacred by the blood of Warren, would feel his patriot's pride suppressed by local jealousy?"

As late as December 20, 1860, after the presidential election and when events were hastening to a crisis, on the floor of the United States Senate, Mr. Davis reannounced his passionate love for the Union and pathetically pleaded for a spirit of conciliation that would make unnecessary the withdrawal of the South from their national fraternity. He said: "The Union is dear to me as a union of fraternal States. It would lose its value if I had to regard it as a union held together by physical force. I would be happy to know that every State now felt that fraternity which made this union possible; and if that evidence could go out, if evidence satisfactory to the people of the South could be given that that feeling existed in the hearts of the Northern people, you might burn your statute books and we would cling to the Union still."

Instead of conspiring to disrupt the Union, as has been charged, Mr. Davis loved this great republic with passionate ardor and sealed that devotion with his richest blood. He served his country with a conscientious fidelity that knew no flagging. He went out at last in obedience to what he felt was imperative necessity, and the going almost broke his great heart. So reluctant was he to sever relations with the Union that some more ardent friends became impatient with his hesitation and almost suspected his loyalty. Despairing of any fair and final adjustment of the issues that had agitated the nation for more than a half century, and believing that the election of Mr. Lincoln would embolden his party to greater aggressions upon the constitutional rights of the Southern States, he at length, with many a heartache, yielded to the inevitable and joined his people in the establishment of a separate civil government.

In a letter to his special friend, ex-President Franklin Pierce, in January, 1861, he thus expressed the grief of his patriotic heart: "I have often and sadly turned my thoughts to you during the troublous times through which we have been passing, and now I come to the hard task of announcing to you that the hour is at hand which closes my connection with the United States, for the independence and union of which my father bled and in the severance of which I have sought to emulate the example he set for my guidance."

* * *

And so consistent was his entire public career and so conspicuous the unstained purity of his motives that when nearing the close of his eventful life he could challenge the world and triumphantly say: "The history of my public life bears evidence that I did all in my power to prevent the war; that I did nothing to precipitate collision; that I did not seek the post of Chief Executive, but advised my friends that I preferred not to fill it."

Long after Yancey and Rhett and Toombs and others had thrown hesitancy to the winds, Mr. Davis still wrought with all his great ability and influence to preserve the Union. He favored and earnestly advocated the "Crittenden Resolutions" on condition that the Republican members of the peace committee would accept them. Had they not stubbornly refused (and they did it on the advice of Mr. Lincoln), war would have been averted and the dissolution of the Union prevented or postponed. All the undoubted facts go to prove that Jefferson Davis, at the peril of sacrificing the confidence of his people, exhausted all resources consistent with sacred honor and the rights of the States to stay the fatal dismemberment of the Union.

Jefferson Davis's farewell to the United States Senate, in which he had so long towered as a commanding figure and where he had rendered his country such distinguished service, was one of the most dramatic and memorable scenes in the life of that historic chamber. Mississippi by solemn ordinance and in the exercise of her sovereign right had severed her relation with the Union, and he as her representative must make official announcement of the fact, surrender his high commission, and return home to await the further orders of his devoted people. It was a supreme—a fateful—hour in our country's history. The hush of death fell upon the chamber when Jefferson Davis arose. The trusted leader and authoritative voice of the South was about to speak, and an anxious nation was eager to hear. Every Senator was in his seat, members of the House stood in every available place, and the galleries were thronged with those whose faces expressed the alternating hopes and fears of their patriotic hearts. The fate of a nation seemed to hang upon that awful hour.

Pale, sad of countenance, weak in body from patriotic grief

and loss of sleep, evidently under the strain of sacred and suppressed emotion, and yet with the calmness of fixed determination and settled conviction, the majestic Senator of Mississippi stood, hesitant for a moment, in painful silence. The natural melancholy in his face had a deeper tinge, "as if the shadow of his country's sorrow had been cast upon it." His good wife, who witnessed the fatal scene and felt the oppressive burden that almost crushed the brave heart of her great husband, said: "Had he been bending over his bleeding father, needlessly slain by his countrymen, he could not have been more pathetic and inconsolable."

At first there was a slight tremor in his speech; but as he proceeded his voice recovered its full flutelike tones and rang through the chamber with its old-time clearness and confident strength. But there was in it no note of defiance, and he spoke no word of bitterness or reproach. He was listened to in profound silence. Hearts were too sad for words and hands too heavy for applause. Many eyes unused to weeping were dimmed with tears. And when he closed with these solemn words, there was a sense of unutterable sorrow in the entire assembly: "Mr. President and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu." Senators moved softly out of the chamber as though they were turning away from a new-made grave in which were laid their dearest hopes. Mrs. Davis says that the night after this memorable day brought no sleep to his eyelids, and all through its restless hours she could hear the oft-reiterated prayer: "May God have us in his holy keeping and grant that before it is too late peaceful councils may prevail!"

In this open, manly, but painful way the Southern States withdrew, with never a suggestion of conspiracy against anything or anybody. The men of the South wore no disguises, held no secret councils, concealed no plans, concocted no sinister schemes, organized no conclaves, and adopted no dark-lantern methods; they spoke out their honest convictions, made their pathetic pleas for justice, and openly announced their final, lamented purpose if all efforts at a peaceful adjustment should fail. And at length, whether wisely or unwisely, feeling that nothing else would avail, they determined to take the final step and fling defiance in the face of what they considered an aggressive, overbearing, tyrannous majority.

As Alexander H. Stephens admirably and correctly says, the real object of those who resorted to secession "was not to overthrow the government of the United States, but to perpetuate the principles upon which it was founded. The object of quitting the Union was not to destroy but to save the principles of the Constitution." And it is a significant fact that the historic instrument in almost its exact language became the organic law of the Confederate government. The Southern States withdrew from the Union for the very reason that induced them at first to enter it—that is, for their own better protection and security.

Secession was not a war measure; it was intended to be a peace measure. It was a deeply regretted effort on the part of the South to flee from continued strife, feeling that "peace with two governments was better than a union of discordant States." Horace Greeley himself said: "If the cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace." And, while fearing the direful possibility, the Southern States seceded without the slightest preparation for war. As Dr. J. L. M. Curry said: "Not a gun, not an establishment for their manufacture or repair, nor a soldier, nor a vessel had been provided as a preparation for war, offensive or defensive. On the contrary, they desired to live in peace and friendship with their late

confederates, and took all the necessary steps to secure that desired result. There was no appeal to the arbitrament of arms nor any provocation to war. They desired and earnestly sought to make a fair and equitable settlement of common interests and disputed questions." And the very first act of the Confederate government was to appoint commissioners to Washington to make terms of peace and establish relations of amity between the sections.

Some days after his farewell to the Senate, Mr. Davis returned to his home in Mississippi to await results and render any service to which his country might call him. He did not, however, desire the headship of the Confederacy that was in process of organization. But the people, who knew his pre-eminent abilities and trusted his leadership, declined to release him. By a unanimous and enthusiastic vote he was elected to the presidency of the young republic, and felt compelled to accept responsibilities from which he hoped to escape. It was the thought of his countrymen, voiced by the eloquent William L. Yancey, that "the man and the hour have met." He could well say, therefore, in his inaugural address, delivered a few days after: "It is joyous in the midst of perilous times to look around upon a people united in heart when one purpose of high resolve animates and actuates the whole, when the sacrifices to be made are not weighed in the balance against honor and right and liberty and equality." His address was conservative and dispassionate, but strong and resolute, not unequal to the luminous and lofty utterances of Thomas Jefferson. If others failed to measure the awful import of that epochal hour, not so the serious and far-seeing man about to assume high office, who was at once an educated and trained soldier and a great statesman of long experience and extraordinary genius.

To rehearse in detail the well-known story of the four years of carnage and struggle is not within the purpose of this discussion. Nor is it necessary to consider at length the many and perplexing problems which signalized the administration of the young nation's first and only President. It is sufficient to say that he conducted the affairs of the stormy government with consummate wisdom, meeting the sternest responsibilities, awed by no reverses, discouraged by no disaster, and cherishing an unshaken faith that a cause could not fail which was "sanctified by its justice and sustained by a virtuous people." Even after Richmond was evacuated and the sun of Appomattox was about to go down amid blood and tears, a final appeal was issued in which he said: "Let us not despair, my countrymen, but meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts."

Mr. Davis was a great President. In administering the affairs of the Confederate government he displayed remarkable constructive and executive genius. Considering the resources at his command, all the Southern ports blockaded, and without the recognition of any foreign nation, with no opportunity to sell cotton abroad and import supplies in return, having to rely entirely upon the fields and strong arms of the homeland, and constantly menaced by one of the greatest armies of the world, it was remarkable that the young nation could have survived a few months instead of four memorable years. And much of that wonderful history is due to its Chief Executive. In answer to one who sought General Lee's estimate of Mr. Davis as the head of the government, he thus replied: "If my opinion is worth anything, you can always say that few people could have done better than Mr. Davis. I know of none that could have done as well."

And on the other side harsh criticism is giving way to generous and discriminating judgment. The Hon. Charles Francis Adams, in a recent review of the latest "Life of Jefferson

Davis" which has issued from the press, pays fitting tribute to the extraordinary ability displayed by the Confederacy's great President. "No fatal mistake," says he, "either of administration or strategy was made which can fairly be laid to his account. He did the best that was possible with the means that he had at command. Merely the opposing forces were too many and too strong for him. Of his austerity, earnestness, and fidelity, it seems to me there can be no more question than can be entertained of his capacity."

Mr. Davis has been charged with cruelty to prisoners, and on his shoulders have been laid the so-called "horrors of Andersonville," a charge as utterly baseless as it is despicably mean. No more humane or gentle spirit ever walked this earth than Jefferson Davis. As a matter of fact, there was no deliberate purpose on either side to maltreat prisoners of war or fail to make proper provision for their care. The sufferings endured were only the exigencies of the awful days when great armies were in the death struggle for mastery. All that humanity could suggest and the meager resources of the South could provide were freely given the brave men captured in battle. Mr. Davis said they were given exactly the same rations "in quantity and quality as those served to our gallant soldiers in the field, which have been found sufficient to support them in their arduous campaigns." On the contrary, goaded doubtless by false reports from the South, the United States War Department on April 20, 1864, reduced by one-fifth the rations issued to Confederate prisons.

"With sixty thousand more Federal prisoners in the South," said Senator Daniel, "than there were Confederate prisoners in the North, four thousand more Confederates than Federals died in prison." If those figures are correct, the very repetition of the charge is an insult to intelligence and blasphemy against truth. The real reason for so much suffering and mortality among the men in Southern prisons was that the Federal government refused to observe the cartel agreed upon for the exchange of prisoners. And General Grant boldly assumed the responsibility for such refusal in these words: "It is hard on our men in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left to fight our battles. If we commence a system of exchanges which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and compromise our own safety here."

If any unfortunate prisoner was not comfortably provided for, it was not because the South would be cruel to a brother, but on account of her exhausted source of supply. During the last year of the war General Lee had meat only twice a week, and his *unusual* dinner was "a head of cabbage boiled in salt water, sweet potatoes, and a pone of corn bread." If the peerless commander in chief of the Confederate armies was reduced to such scanty fare, the government could not well provide very liberally for the gallant men in the ranks or behind prison doors.

Now with this very imperfect sketch of a most remarkable career, I shall briefly refer to some of the qualities that made this heroic history a sublime possibility.

He was an accomplished orator and a magnificent debater. Having always complete mastery of himself and of the subject in hand, he became a veritable master of assemblies. He met Sargent S. Prentiss in debate—that inspired wizard of persuasive and powerful speech—and his friends had no occasion to regret the contest. Stephen A. Douglas found in him the mightiest champion with whom he ever shivered a lance. During an exciting discussion in 1850, Henry Clay

turned to the Mississippi Senator and announced his purpose at some future day to debate with him a certain question. "Now is the moment," was the prompt reply of the brilliant Southern leader, whose intrepid courage and diligent student habits kept him fully armed for the issues of any hour.

"He was an archer regal
Who laid the mighty low,
But his arrows were fledged by the eagle
And sought not a fallen foe."

One of Mr. Davis's biographers, well acquainted with his parliamentary career, who knew his mastery in debate and his superb power as a statesman and an orator, and who witnessed his brilliant gladiatorial combat in the Senate with Stephen A. Douglas, gives this discriminating estimate of the great Mississippian: "In nearly all of Mr. Davis's speeches is recognized the pervasion of intellect, which is preserved even in his most impassioned passages. He goes to the very foundations of jurisprudence, illustrates by historical example, and throws upon his subject the full radiance of that light which is shed by diligent inquiry into the abstract truths of political and moral science. Strength, animation, energy without vehemence, classical elegance, and a luminous simplicity are features in Davis's oratory which rendered him one of the most finished, logical, and effective of contemporary parliamentary speakers."

* * *

His sensitiveness to personal and official honor and his exceeding conscientiousness in the discharge of public duties were among the chief characteristics of this serious and stainless man. "Great politicians," said Voltaire, "ought always to deceive the people." But such was not the sacred creed of Jefferson Davis, who held that public men should invariably and scrupulously be honest with the people, having no confidences from which they are excluded and no policies in which they are not invited to share. Free from conscious sophistry and the very soul of candor, he never sought to conceal or obscure, but to make the truth so luminous that he who ran could read. His own eloquent characterization of President Franklin Pierce might be fittingly applied to Jefferson Davis himself: "If treachery had come near him, it would have stood abashed in the presence of his truth, his manliness, and his confiding simplicity."

In official life he knew no word but duty. When in Congress a rivers and harbors bill was pending on one occasion, and seeing that combinations had been formed to secure certain local, trivial appropriations, he opposed the measure with characteristic vigor. In the course of the debate he was asked if he did not favor appropriations for Mississippi, in response to which he retorted sharply and concluded: "I feel, sir, that I am incapable of sectional distinctions upon such a subject. I abhor and reject all interested combinations."

He was the very soul of chivalry. No plumed knight of the Middle Ages ever had higher regard for the virtue of woman or the integrity of man, of the sacredness of the cause. Sensitive to wrong, cherishing above measure his stainless honor, he never in the least betrayed it nor allowed another to impugn it.

* * *

His was a proud, but a noble and affectionate nature. Some have thought him a cold, austere, severe man, lacking in the gentler elements and sympathies of a generous soul. But nothing could be farther from the fact. His affections were most ardent, his friendships partook of the pathetic, and the tenderness of his heart often dimmed his eyes with tears.

And he was at all times most approachable. No citizen was so poor, no soldier so humble, no man so obscure as not to have ready access to his presence and sympathetic attention.

Mr. Davis was a statesman, with neither taste nor ability for mere political manipulation. . . . He was a profound, philosophical statesman with a thoroughly trained intellect and an exalted sense of moral responsibility. In his logical processes he quite resembled the illustrious John C. Calhoun, whose genius he greatly admired and with whose political creed he was in substantial accord. And when Mr. Calhoun passed away, amid the lamentations of the whole nation, the great party he had led with such consummate skill turned instinctively to Jefferson Davis as incomparably the ablest exponent of the basic principles for which they fearlessly stood. His superb and commanding leadership vindicated their generous confidence and vastly enlarged the strength and measure of his national influence.

As Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce (and by common consent he was the premier in that body of statesmen), it is no disparagement of others to say that no abler or more accomplished Secretary ever sat at the council table of an American President.

* * *

The verdict of history will be, notwithstanding the fall of the Confederate government, that he was preëminently the man for a crisis. His genius was most resplendent when the clouds were darkest and the danger was nearest. When passion swayed the hour, he was in the most perfect command of his highest powers and seemed to exercise the coolest judgment. He was cautious without timidity, intrepid without rashness, courteous without condescension, pious without pretense.

* * *

Mr. Davis was a devout believer in the fundamental verities of our Christian faith and sought to make them the inspiring rule of his daily life. He was acquainted with the Scriptures from a child and knew the place and power of prayer. His unshaken faith gave him sublime courage for duty, a serene fortitude in calamity, softened the rigors of the cruel prison, and made radiant the evening's skies of life's long, stormy day. His intimate friend, the eloquent Senator Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, paid this heart tribute to the beauty and consistency of his Christian character: "I knew Jefferson Davis as I know few men. I have been near him in his public duties. I have seen him by his private fireside. I have witnessed his humble Christian devotions, and I challenge the judgment of history when I say no people were ever led through the fiery struggle for liberty by a nobler, truer patriot, while the carnage of war and the trials of public life never revealed a purer and more beautiful Christian character."

When, after their capture, his friend, the Hon. John H. Reagan, the Postmaster General of the Confederacy, was separated from him to be sent to a Northern prison, while he remained at Fortress Monroe, Mr. Davis said: "My old friend frequently read the twenty-sixth Psalm. It has often given me the surest consolation." While enduring in agony and chains his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe—a cruelty that will ever be a blot upon our country's fair name—he wrote thus cheerfully to his anxious and devoted wife: "Tarry thou the Lord's leisure, be strong, and he will comfort thy heart. Every day, twice or oftener, I repeat the prayer of St. Chrysostom." Again from his dungeon he wrote to a friend: "Separated from my friends of this world, my Heavenly Father has drawn nearer to me."

When his two pitiless years of imprisonment were ended,

broken in health, but unbroken in spirit, and when the short court proceedings were concluded in Richmond which restored him to liberty and the bosom of his family, and a party of friends had joined Mrs. Davis at the hotel, the venerable chief of the Confederate cause turned to his pastor and said: "Mr. Minnegarode, you have been with me in my sufferings and comforted and strengthened me with your prayers; is it not right that we now once more should kneel together and return thanks?"

After his release, in shattered health and poverty (his fortune having gone with the cause he served and for which he suffered), but rich in the affectionate devotion of the people who vied with each other in doing him honor, he returned to his beloved Mississippi and here spent the remnant of his heroic years. Out of fire and tempest and baptism of blood he came with an unfaltering purpose and an unclouded sky.

There is something strangely beautiful in the old age of a great and good man. No sun sweeping through the opening gates of the morning has ever the radiant glory of its calm setting. Beautiful and buoyant as is the springtime, it fades before the color and splendor of the autumn. And so there is a sweet serenity and chastened beauty about the evening of a cheerful, well-spent life that far exceeds the brightness and bloom of its fair young morning.

The last days of Jefferson Davis were peaceful and beautiful. They were spent in dignified retirement, cultivating the sweet companionship of books, enjoying the association of friends, and in writing a masterly exposition of the great principles of government that had been the creed of his political faith and the ground of his people's hopes. This was his last will and testament to those "who have glorified a fallen cause by the simple manhood of their lives, the patient endurance of suffering, and the heroism of death."

Though never an indifferent observer of passing events, he wisely took no part in public affairs and rarely ever appeared on public occasions. When occasionally one of the numerous invitations with which he was overwhelmed was accepted, it was to speak words of encouragement and hope to his people, urging them with stout hearts and strong hands to labor for the largest good of our reunited country.

In a notable address before the legislature of Mississippi in 1884, when in age and feebleness extreme, standing in the old hall where in the days of his splendid prime he swayed enraptured audiences as with the wand of a mighty magician, he thus spoke to the people who had ever held the highest place in his affectionate heart: "Reared on the soil of Mississippi, the ambition of my boyhood was to do something which would redound to the honor and welfare of the State. The weight of many years admonishes me that my day of actual service has passed, yet the desire remains undiminished to see the people of Mississippi prosperous and happy and her fame gradually growing wider and brighter as the years roll away."

* * *

And now, young men of our reunited country, sons of heroic sires, proud of the flag that floats over us and jealous of its increasing and unfading glory, glad that there is a star on it that answers to the name of Mississippi, I commend to your emulation the words of solemn counsel and patriotic encouragement with which Mr. Davis concluded his masterly and monumental work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government": "In asserting the right of secession, it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove that it was wrong; and now, that it may

not be again attempted and the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease, and then on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States there may be written on the arch of the Union, '*Eslo Perpetua.*'"

By the sacred political convictions which had inspired his every public and patriotic service he consistently lived to the end, and went down to his grave without laying any sacrifice of repentance upon the altar of his conscience or his country. Without compromise or modification and with never a suggestion of contrition or concession, he died in the accepted faith of his fathers. And for that fearless and unshaken fidelity to his honest conception of truth and duty the South will continue to adore him, the world will never cease to admire him, and with a wreath of unfading glory the genius of history will not fail to crown him.

For the future he had not fear. In the last public paper that emanated from his pen, representing himself and his countrymen, he calmly reiterated his unflinching faith in these words: "We do not fear the verdict of posterity on the purity of our motives or the sincerity of our belief, which our sacrifices and our career sufficiently attested." Had he ever recanted or even receded, had he ever apostatized or even compromised, had he shown in any way that his often reiterated doctrines were not the undying convictions of his sincere soul, had he ever pleaded for pardon on the ground that he had misconceived the truth and misguided his people, the South would have spurned him, the North would have execrated him, and the verdict of history would have deservedly and eternally condemned him. But in the calm consciousness of having done what sacred duty and the cause of constitutional liberty seemed to demand, to the end of his days he walked with a steady step that knew no variableness or shadow of turning. The banner under which he fought went down in clouds and gloom, but was never furled by his hands.

For us to be honestly and absolutely loyal to the whole country and our glorious flag we need not and will not forget or cease to venerate the exalted character and splendid virtues and unsullied patriotism of Jefferson Davis and his compeers.

"Time cannot teach forgetfulness
When grief's full heart is fed by fame."

Over the portico of the Pantheon in Paris are these words



THE PLACE NEAR IRWINVILLE, GA., WHERE PRESIDENT DAVIS WAS CAPTURED.

in large letters: "To Great Men, the Grateful Fatherland." Fellow Mississippians, I cannot repress the painful regret that it is not the proud privilege of Mississippi to be the "Grateful Fatherland" of the greatest Mississippian and to keep holy watch and ward over the sacred dust of her most illustrious son.

He was great to those who knew him best—those who were nearest to him in intimate, confidential companionship—and he will grow greater with the growing years. Caleb Cushing, in introducing him to a vast audience in Faneuil Hall, said he was "eloquent among the most eloquent in debate, wise among the wisest in council, and brave among the bravest in battle." Senator Reagan, of Texas, the Postmaster General of the Confederate government, said: "He was a man of great labor, of great learning, of great integrity, of great purity." The great-hearted and eloquent Senator Hill, of Georgia, said: "I declare to you that he was the most honest, the truest, gentlest, bravest, tenderest man I ever knew."

He died without citizenship here, but he has become a fellow citizen with the heroes of the skies.

Marvelous, many-sided, masterful man, his virtues will grow brighter and his name be writ larger with each passing century. Soldier, hero, statesman, gentleman, American, a prince of Christian chivalry, "the uncrowned chief of an invisible republic of loving and loyal hearts," when another hundred years have passed, no intelligent voice will fail to praise him and no patriotic hand will refuse to place a laurel wreath upon his radiant brow.

"Nothing need cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramid set off his memories
But the eternal substance of his greatness—
To which I leave him."

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

(Published by request.)

Hark! 'tis the shrill trumpet calling,
It pierceth the soft summer air!
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there:
Our bayonets earthward are turning,
And the drum's muffled breath rolls around,
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's shrill sound.

Sleep, soldier! tho' many regret thee,
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day,
Soon, soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away;
The man thou did'st love as a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained;
Thy dog will keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

But tho' many now weep for thee sadly,
Soon joyous as ever shall be;
Tho' thy bright orphan boy may laugh gladly
As he sits on some kind comrade's knee,
There is one who will still do her duty
Of tears for the true and the brave
As when first in the bloom of her beauty,
She weeps o'er her brave soldier's grave!

TAPPAHANNOCK-ON-THE-RAPPAHANNOCK.

A VOYAGE OF HISTORICAL DISCOVERY.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, TAPPAHANNOCK, VA.

It was on a day in February, 1766, that Thomas Ludwell Lee, born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Va., but then living in Stafford County, called a boy to mount and ride to the home of his brother, Richard Henry Lee, at Chantilly, an adjoining estate, bearing a letter which read:

"We propose to be at Leedstown in the afternoon of the 27th inst., where we propose to meet those who will come from your way. It is purposed that all who have swords or pistols will ride with them, and those who choose, a firelock. This will be a fine opportunity to effect the scheme of an association, and I would be glad if you would think of a plan."

On the day specified, over all roads to Leedstown, our patriotic fathers came riding to this colonial village, and, meeting at the Tavern, formed an association for resistance to the Stamp Act of 1764. It was a heroic movement on the part of the gallant cavaliers. Richard Henry Lee did think of a plan for an association, and, while resting on a steamer the night after the meeting, he wrote the famous Westmoreland Resolutions. So it came to pass that the first direct protest against the Stamp Act was written ten years before the Declaration of Independence, and was written on the bosom of the historic Rappahannock River. One hundred and fifteen dauntless patriots signed this illustrious paper, and their names should be known and honored with the signers of 1776.

It is worth a pilgrimage to Leedstown, the "Southern Cradle of American Independence," to see the memorial tablet bearing the words of the Westmoreland Resolutions and the names of our First Signers.* It was presented by Mrs. Emily Stedman Fisher, Reidsville, Va., a Daughter of the American Revolution, General LaFayette Chapter, Atlantic City, N. J.

Large steamers which ply weekly between Fredericksburg and Baltimore tie up for the night at Leedstown, and here a voyager may be lulled by the gently flowing waters of the Rappahannock, as was Richard Henry Lee that memorable night in February, 1766, and dream of the early days of our republic, rocked, literally, in the Southern Cradle of American Independence. It was no doubt by boat as well as by roads that a number of the First Signers responded to the call of the Lees, and this may be proved by the records at Tappahannock Courthouse.

Voyaging down the Rappahannock through Tidewater Virginia, one views a land of unsurpassed beauty, of hills and valley and historic homes. Leaving Leedstown in the dark hours, the boat reaches the wharf at Tappahannock in the early morning.

A quaint colonial village is Tappahannock-on-the-Rappahannock. Laid out the same year as Philadelphia (1683), it is like a little twin sister to the Quaker City, "laid out" dead, says the local cynic; but we should rather say: "Laid out in sweet repose, like a sleeping beauty, never found and awakened by a ruthless Prince Progress, a pirate prince who so often robs a place of charm and atmosphere." Atmosphere, that pervading essence of grace which only time, romance, and gentle usage can bestow and which enhances cherished spots of the South.

Viewed from the pier, this reposeful village is fair to look upon. In colonial days, seafaring ships from Liverpool and other ports brought articles of foreign manufacture to the

colonists and sailed away laden with corn, wheat, and tobacco, products of Rappahannock Valley. The first building, nearest the wharf, is a three-story brick structure, which was in earliest days the customhouse. This is perhaps the oldest building in the village, and has an Old World look, as if it might have been transported from the banks of the Thames. The walls are a yard thick, and there is a subcellar beneath the floor of the cellar proper where once was kept a store of liquors to be dispensed in trade and for replenishing the private cellars of the planters. Long since this Colonial customhouse has been remodeled into a private dwelling. Here in years past lived the Parker family, related to the Daingerfields of Essex. During the War between the States it was the home of Mr. John A. Parker, related to Commodore Parker, of the United States navy, and it is said that for the sake of this relationship Tappahannock was not shelled by Federal gunboats. The dwelling is now the home of Mr. Allen D. Latané, editor of the *Rappahannock Times*. In the lower story is the office of the paper. There is a well-constructed printing press for the weekly paper, and a hand press for job work. In this unique office overlooking the river one may meet the editor and be regaled with Tidewater lore. The very name, Latané, suggests romance and history. Mr. Latané, of Tappahannock, and his sister, Mrs. James Meriwether Lewis, who lives near, are closely related to the Captain Latané whose burial as a Confederate soldier has been memorialized by painter and poet.* This painting by the artist Washington is well known over the South from many engravings of the original, in oils, which was sold to a Chicago dealer. The poem, "The Burial of Latané," by John R. Thompson, recounts the incident which was the artist's inspiration. In the "Memorial Volume" of the University of Virginia is recorded the story of the Latané brothers—Dr. William Latané, Captain, and John Latané, Jr., first lieutenant, Essex Light Dragoons Company, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry. The ancestor of the family of that name in Virginia was the Rev. Lewis Latané, who fled from France to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, October, 1685, and he remained there until 1700. In that year he took Holy Orders, being ordained priest, October, 1700. He reached Virginia March 5, 1701, and took charge of the South Farnham Parish, Essex County. The English colonies were enriched in refinement of civilization and artistic gifts by the French Huguenots, who came as exiles from France. The names, wherever found, bespeak gifts and gentle breeding. The earliest account of the death and burial of the gallant young Captain Latané was written by Mrs. Judith Brockenbrough McGuire, author of "Diary of a Southern Refugee."† Captain Latané, with his brother, Lieut. John Latané, was following Gen. J. E. B. Stuart in the ride around McClellan, called "one of the most brilliant in affairs of the war, bold in conception, most brilliant in execution." It was Friday, June 13, 1862, that the 5th U. S. Cavalry, which General Stuart had already driven back a mile or two, halted near Old Church, in Hanover. Having been reënforced, it was prepared to dispute further progress. A squadron, under Captain Latané, charged with spirit. A sharp hand-to-hand fight ensued, and Captain Latané, who had attacked a Federal commander with his sword, was shot, receiving two revolver loads, killing him instantly. General Stuart returned to Richmond after a successful raid, leaving behind the fallen captain. John Latané, the young lieutenant, remained

*"In Richmond: Her Story and Her People," by Mary Newton Stanard (J. B. Lippincott Co., Publishers), there is account of the burial of Latané. Mrs. Newton, who read the burial services, was the author's grandmother.

†This "Diary" is quoted in "Women of the South in War Times," by Matthew Page Andrews.

*See "Westmoreland County, Virginia, 1653-1912." Compiled by Judge T. R. B. Wright. Whittet & Shepperson, Printers, Richmond, Va.

with his dead brother's body, and on Friday evening, conveyed it on a mill cart to Westwood, the residence of Dr. William S. Brockenbrough, a surgeon in the army and absent from home. Mrs. Brockenbrough took the dead soldier in her care and promised to bury him as tenderly as if he were her brother. The scene is described by Mrs. McGuire:

"He looked so young. . . . We cut a lock of his hair for his mother." Mr. Carraway, a minister, was sent for to perform the burial services, but the messenger was not allowed to pass the Federal lines. So the lady writes: "We took the body of our poor young captain and buried it ourselves. The girls covered his honored grave with flowers." A lady of the house, Mrs. Newton, read the beautiful Church service to the family, children, and servants around the grave. And the artist, in his painting, entitled "The Burial of Latané," depicted this scene. In the family of Mr. James Meriwether Lewis, Commonwealth's Attorney, whose wife was Miss Ellen Latané, there is a tradition about Captain Latané's horse, The Colonel, which was captured by the enemy when his master fell. The Colonel was a high-mettled horse, sired by an Arabian steed. When Captain Latané fell, the horse dashed on and was captured by the enemy. When, later, his rider, a Federal soldier, fell in battle, The Colonel again crossed the lines and was taken by the same Essex troop to which Captain Latané had belonged. It is said that this catastrophe was repeated the third and fourth times, until the tradition handed down that every man who rode The Colonel in battle was slain.

Coming up the wide street from the Latanés, the vista is broken by the typical Confederate monument, and one is impressed with the quaint aspect given the view by colonial buildings of peculiar interest. The old brick, dormer-windowed residence, dating back to early colonial days, is known as the Ritchie House, for here, November 5, 1778, was born Thomas Ritchie, who came to be Father of Journalism in

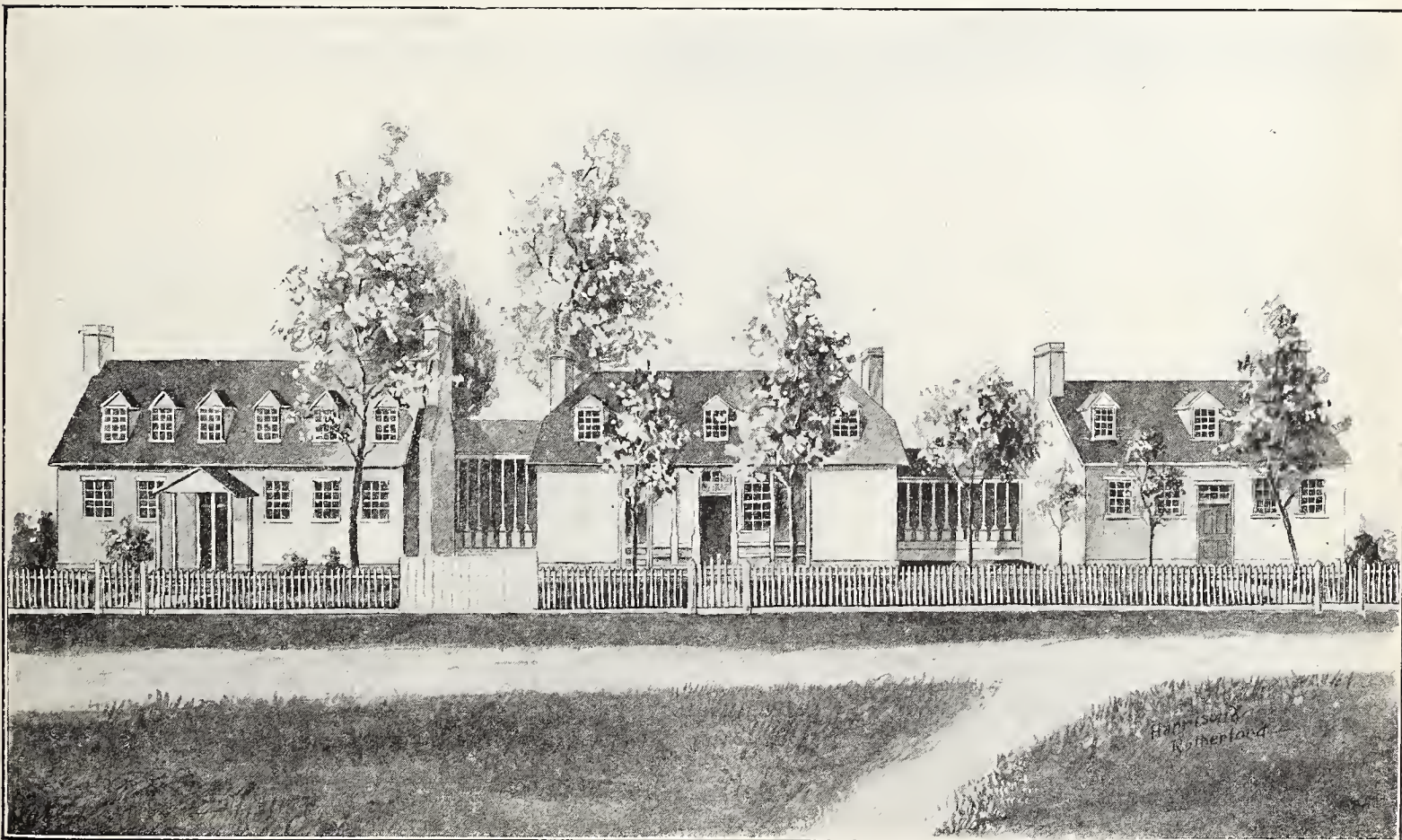
Virginia, a man of power and note in his day. Archibald Ritchie, his father, the first of the family in America, was a Scotchman, who emigrated to this country to engage in the mercantile business. From the beginning a man of affairs, he found a place in the best social circles of Virginia. The wife of Archibald, and mother of Thomas Ritchie, was a woman of fine character, numbering among her relatives "some of the ripest scholars and profoundest thinkers and most upright and honest men and women to be found in Virginia." Thomas Ritchie was fortunate in parentage and birthplace, as his biographer writes: "It meant something in Ritchie's day to be born in old Tappahannock. It was located fifty miles from the Chesapeake, upon a bluff overlooking a broad expanse of the Rappahannock River, and it was then, as now, one of those modest and retiring towns which hide themselves from the world under the dense foliage of its large and beautiful trees. A century ago it was a port of entry for all the surrounding country. Hence, there went to the remotest parts of the world trading ships which supplied material wants and brought daily suggestions of the dependence of man upon man, and nation upon nation. In this small village, as in few others of Colonial Virginia, there intermingled the best in plantation life with the energy, initiative, and sagacity of the Scotch trademen. The product of this single local environment in time reshaped the character of the Old Dominion."*

* * *

We are now on the main thoroughfare of the village, named Prince Street, in original plot, which runs from the river to the village green several blocks away.

Past the Ritchie House is a very old jail, now abandoned for the new one just back of the dignified courthouse. The

*"Thomas Ritchie: A Study in Virginia Politics." By Charles Henry Ambler Ph.D. Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond, Va.



THE QUAIN OLD RITCHIE HOUSE IN TAPPAHANNOCK.

old jail is a small, grim, brick structure, with three chimneys and grated windows. The new jail seems at a glance the most coquettish of cozy bungalows, suggesting village rest room or woman's club. The gentle village has seen sterner days, of



THE GRIM LITTLE JAIL OF COLONIAL DAYS.

which the contrast in jails is significant. The history is written in the records in the courthouse and in the names of illustrious citizens whose portraits adorn the walls. Here on the pictured walls the pages of history are illumined by portraits of men and their sons and their sons' sons, who followed Colonial Governor Spotswood, of the Golden Horse Shoe Knights; who answered the call of Richard Henry Lee in 1766; who followed the armies of Washington in 1776; and of Robert E. Lee in 1860, gaining in glory and achievement from the first knightly days to those of the Army of Northern Virginia, the grandest that ever trod this globe.

The records of history exhibited in Tappahannock courthouse include the hall on the second floor, dedicated to the use of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. "The Daughters' Room" it is called. It is a pleasant place overlooking the tree-embowered park, well furnished and made interesting by pictures, books, and mementoes of the Confederacy and our heroes. Here is a caisson captured from the Federals by Edward Wright, C. S. A., whose son, Dr. Benjamin Wright, was surgeon in the Confederate army. Dr. Wright was the first to reach Stonewall Jackson and give him surgical aid when fatally wounded, an incident on record with the local U. C. V. Camp, I am told by Dr. Wright's daughter, Mrs. M. W. Blakey, now one of the faculty at St. Margaret's School.

The very old, grim little jail already mentioned stands at a corner of the courthouse grounds. It is historically related to Beale's Memorial Baptist Church, diagonally across the park, facing another street. The church building, a substantial colonial brick structure, was originally the Courthouse where delinquents were tried and sent to the grim little jail. Here at this colonial hall of justice were brought to trial certain dissenting Baptists who were incarcerated in the jail. Present-day Baptists hold fast to this record as of persecution, and yet relate with feelings of resentment how the worthies of their faith were here imprisoned and how these worthies preached and sang hymns behind the grated windows, as did the famous Tinker of Elstow in Bedford jail.

To quote from "Baptist Principles Reset":

"The old Virginia Baptists who laid the foundation for our faith in the old Commonwealth as their songs of praise to God rang out of many an old jail." In a recent copy of a Baptist periodical, it is recalled how these pioneers were jailed at

Tappahannock "for the crime of preaching without Episcopal license," how they wrote letters and received letters from friends and preached to them through the iron bars of this grim little jail.

The facts of history in this case of persecution throw another light on the matter. In the first place, it was not the Episcopal Church in Virginia that dealt with Baptist dissenters, but the Church of England, which was the Established Church of the colonies until after the Revolutionary War. The Protestant Episcopal Church was organized in the year of 1789 for the independent republic, as stated in the preface to the Book of Common Prayer. The Church of England had jurisdiction over the colonies as over Great Britain. Hence, the Baptist in the colonies came under the same law as did John Bunyan in England. Bunyan was arrested while preaching in a private house and indicted as "a person who devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear divine service and is a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles to the great disturbance of the good subjects of the realm."

To make plain the case in law of the English Church, as governing the English colonies, we quote the words of the Lord Bishop of London, in his address delivered at Richmond, Va., 1907, in celebration of the founding of American civilization at Jamestown in 1607:

"When the Reformation was made in England, it was made upon laws. When Englishmen came and planted themselves in Virginia, they founded the colonies upon laws. . . . Law is the foundation of duty and all duty is founded upon it; my duty toward God and my duty toward my neighbor." (Church Catechism.)

So we find as soon as a governor was appointed to take charge of a colony, to be military and civil ruler under the king of England, he was charged in his instructions to see that "God Almighty is duly and daily served according to the Book of Common Prayer as by law established."

It was for violation of this law that Baptists were imprisoned in Colonial days. This law was in force with the first chartered company of emigrant settlers who had with them the first missionary, the Rev. Robert Hunt, a priest of the Anglican Church, who, as their chaplain, accompanied the expedition to Cape Henry on April 20, 1607, arriving at James River, May 13, 1607. There were earlier ministers and



DEBTORS' PRISON OF ESSEX COUNTY, VA.

earlier emigrants to the continent, but Robert Hunt was the first of the regular succession, and, three hundred years before the Jamestown Exposition in 1907, he celebrated the Holy Communion on the northern shore of the James River,

memorialized by a shrine and noble bas-relief depicting this first celebration, which has been erected at Jamestown.

The Revolutionary War won civil independence for the United States and with it ecclesiastical independence, which was duly attested by the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, written by Thomas Jefferson, as recorded on his monument at Monticello. So it is plain that resentment against the Episcopal Church as persecutor of the Baptist is unfounded and may be dismissed as error of understanding. To-day the amicable relationship between neighbors of different faiths is marked in the Commonwealth of Virginia. Nowhere can there be exhibited truer amity than in the Tappahannock community, amity which should not be marred by reference to the grim little jail as a landmark of religious persecution.

EXPERIENCE IN BATTLE.

BY W. A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

Some readers of the *VETERAN* may think the battle at Gettysburg is receiving undue attention just now; but when considered as the pivotal battle of the war against secession and the only one fought north of the Mason and Dixon Line, survivors among the actual participants should be permitted to give their experiences. And additional interest in Gettysburg is due to the fact that the Pennsylvania campaign covered but eighteen days, consisting of a rapid march into the enemy's country, three days of aggressive battle by detachments of the army, and a retrograde movement, followed by defensive battles to the close of hostilities.

Such personal views and impressions, however, should not take precedence over official reports, but they have their place and value in military history nevertheless.

Some twenty years ago, in preparing an article for our State publications, I asked a number of Gettysburg survivors for their experiences.

The following account is condensed from a letter of J. E. Woodruff, Velasco, Tex., April 8, 1906:

"I belonged to Company A, of the 13th Mississippi Regiment, Bradley's old company, the first that left Winston County, Miss. I was a private, but, as officers were killed, I was elected second lieutenant and promoted to first lieutenant.

"At the time of the Gettysburg fight our brigade was commanded by General Barksdale, a brave and fearless leader. We were then a set of healthy, strong, and hardened soldiers. We crossed the Potomac River expecting to fight, but did not think of defeat. Colonel Carter was our regimental commander, a good and brave man. Col. B. G. Humphreys commanded the 21st Mississippi Regiment. He told his men that we had come over there to fight men, not women and children, and that they should have something to eat; but if they troubled women and children, they should suffer for it. We passed through and camped near a little town, Chambersburg. The ladies there flourished their Federal flags. Our rations were short, and late in the night some of the boys brought in some crocks of soft soap, thinking it was apple butter, and awakened us to get the bread, that we might fill up on bread and butter.

"The next morning we left for the battle ground, but our march was very slow on account of wagons and other obstructions; but along in the evening we came to the slaughter ground. We went in the fight about four hundred yards to the right of where Pickett's men fought the next day. We formed our line under a ledge of rocks along a small branch, a small hill from the branch up to the edge of the field, enough

hill and timber to hide us from the Yankees. Our company and regiment were on the right of the brigade, which was composed of the 13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st Regiments. After forming the line, General Longstreet rode up within twenty or thirty steps of our company, took out his glass, and made a close view of the situation, and ordered a field battery to the edge of the timber and our line to form there. The field was a clover field and a gradual slope up to where the Yankee line and batteries were, about, I would guess, five or six hundred yards; I did not have time to measure. General Gordon's brigade was behind us for a reserve force, but, as soon as we started in the fight, his force was ordered to the right, as some of our men there were giving out.

"General Longstreet ordered our battery to open fire, which they did, and fired two or three shots. The Yankees had thirty-six pieces of artillery, and they soon silenced our battery. He then ordered General Barksdale to charge, and we started at a double-quick across the field, not a bush or anything in the way. The Yankee battery was on top of the rise, or hill, where there was a dwelling house and barn and orchard. Thirty-six cannon! It seemed as if you could hold up your hat and catch it full of grape shot. When we got a little closer, the infantry let in on us, but when we commenced we soon silenced their battery and drove their line of battle back about a quarter of a mile, or to the next ravine; and near that ravine was where General Barksdale was killed. His horse wasn't killed, but ran back and died that night. He was riding the horse that swam the Potomac River at Fredericksburg, Va. The Yankee officer who owned him claimed he was private property and wanted General Barksdale to return him, but the General claimed that he was used against us, so did not return him.

"When night closed in on us we had captured sixteen cannon and killed, I think, every horse that belonged to them; in some instances they had limbered, or hitched up, and tried to get their pieces out. Three drivers and six horses, hitched, were found dead. Those cannoneers were a brave set of fellows.

"We captured about four hundred prisoners in those houses, but the battery played such havoc with us that, after we had reached the battery and drove the infantry line back, our line had become so thin that the Yankees who had surrendered commenced firing on us again; but we soon silenced them and sent them back to the rear. When night came on we formed as best we could and remained on top of the hill where the houses and barn were. We lost something over two-thirds of our men there. It was an awful place; but if we had received help at the proper time, we would have cut their line in two and gone through. The next day Pickett's men went in just on our left. We could see it all.

"General Barksdale was killed, also Colonel Carter and Lieutenant Colonel Bradley. General Humphreys then took command and was our brigadier till the end of the war, and was then made governor of the State of Mississippi. He was brave, honest, a perfect gentleman and soldier. We had good officers and as brave a set of privates as ever went into battle.

"General Longstreet was a brave and good officer and did all he could to win his battles, and he should have what honor is due him. While he might have had some faults, when he went to fight he was a whole team. I think, he did his whole duty as a Confederate soldier. I shall not judge his after life. He was a fearless fighter.

"I think we were the only ones who captured any artillery at Gettysburg. We held our ground until the night of the 4th, when we fell back and crossed the Potomac River into Virginia. While we were beaten, we did not retreat in dis-

order. It was hard to leave so many of our brave soldiers dead, suffering, and dying.

"Barksdale's Brigade fought on many battle fields, at Fredericksburg, Leesburg, Bull Run, Malvern Hill, White Oak Swamp, Knoxville, Tenn., Chickamauga (captured seven battle flags there), Spotsylvania, Seven Days' battles, and many others."

Regarding the activities and casualties of Mississippi troops, the following interesting statements from Mr. J. M. Lillis, of Richmond, Va., can appropriately be recorded here.

"Last week I was at my old home in Winchester and read your sketch of Company E, 11th Mississippi Regiment, in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and afterwards I visited the Mississippi section of Stonewall Cemetery, where about 2,900 Confederate soldiers from every Southern State are buried. I found the following men of Company E, 11th Mississippi Regiment, buried in that section: William Bird, John Quick, William Knox, — Cooper, and Elbert Crouch. Also of the 11th Mississippi, but of other companies: Samuel G. Otts, W. H. Chipman, B. F. Cox, James R. Boles, Samuel Burnside, J. C. Peacock, C. A. Garsett, Frank M. Pullen, William P. Swinson, James Buckman, Anson Reaves, J. W. Wilkman, Captain Middleton, and Rev. James A. Burdine; and the grave of Lieut. Col. Simms, of the 21st Mississippi Regiment, and those of various other Mississippi regiments.

"Should you desire any further information, Miss Lucy Kurtz, South Loudoun Street, Winchester, very active in U. D. C. work, will gladly assist in securing everything possible. Her father, Capt. George W. Kurtz, still survives, and is perhaps the last surviving officer of the old Stonewall Brigade. I have seen General Turner Ashby Camp, U. C. V., of Winchester, dwindle from over one hundred and twenty-five men to twelve. This is all that is left."

SERVICE WITH THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

(Continued from May number.)

[From the diary of James L. Cooper, Captain and A. A. G. Edited by Deering J. Roberts, M.D., Surgeon C. S. A.]

On the morning of the 16th we were roused by the infernal noise of cannon and the announcement that the enemy was marching out to attack us.

The Yankees made their first appearance on our extreme right, where a brigade of negroes succeeded in getting entirely around our flank before they were discovered. It was only a weak attack, and a few volleys sent them back in a hurry. They now made their appearance on a hill in our front, and considerable skirmishing ensued. By this time the continuous rolling of artillery on the left told that the attack on the right was but a feint. The firing deepened in intensity until it was almost a steady roll.

The Battle of Nashville, Thursday December 17, 1864.—Late in the evening we received information that our position on the left had been forced, and our division (Bate's) commenced moving by the left flank. We moved across the Franklin Pike and soon received ocular demonstration that the battle was going against us. On every side were to be seen the straggling and wounded men, while the artillerymen and horses without their guns told that more than one battery had been taken. It was now nearly night and the enemy did not seem inclined to press their advantage, but halted at our works. With sad and heavy hearts, forewarning us of the day to come, we took our position and made preparations for the dread morrow.

Our division was just west of the Granny White Pike, with

Cheatham's Division on our left. Our brigade occupied the top of a very steep hill about half a mile or less from the road. We had no entrenching tools and could make but little preparation. Some logs and trees were rolled together, and made a tolerable protection from Minie bullets, but were nothing against artillery. The enemy was just at the foot of the hill, and their fires could be seen and their voices heard plainly all night. Occasionally they would fire at us. At daylight the infernal racket commenced. On all sides the Yankees could be seen moving into position and our army seemed but a handful in comparison. Their artillery crowded every hill, and seemed ready to blow us out of creation. The sharp fighting commenced on the right; but there they were repulsed. On the left for a while they kept quiet, evidently awaiting the result of the fight on the right.

Our division was kept pretty quiet until nearly noon, when they commenced paying us a few attentions in the way of shells and grape, about half a dozen at once. About twelve o'clock, having arranged four batteries to concentrate their fire on about two acres of ground near the top of the hill, they began to appreciate us, and from that till evening, a mouse could scarcely have lived on that hill. At one time the fire of at least twenty guns was concentrated upon our position, and all the fiends in pandemonium could not have created a more incessant, devilish noise. Shells and canister were everywhere, the air was full of them, and it was almost a miracle that anyone escaped. Five or six passed through a tree behind which I was sitting, every time approaching nearer my person, until at last I moved out. I don't think it was struck after I left. This fire was continued several hours, the enemy all the time, driving back our extreme right until they had almost gotten behind us. Rain was falling nearly all the afternoon, and the ground was very soft and miry. Just before sundown the Yankees made a vigorous charge on our position, and the breastworks being leveled to the ground and half of the men killed or disabled, of course, they took it.

I was just below the crest of the hill when I realized, by the increased firing and the cheering, that the Yankees were charging. I heard some one say, "Look up yonder!" and I saw the Yankees and our men so mixed that it was scarcely possible to tell one from the other. I did not look long enough to recognize them, but, mounting my horse, made arrangements to go to Corinth. By the time I was on my horse, all the men who were left came rushing down the hill, and now began one of the liveliest chases of the war. Our men had to cross a plowed field where the mud was knee deep, and the vile Yankees were right after them, shooting as fast as the devil would let them, and he seemed to have very little objection to their shooting as fast as possible. In addition, the varmints had turned our own cannon on us and were using them better than we ever could do. It was said that Bate's Division ran first, but I think all ran together. It seemed to me a simultaneous movement. We hurried out to the Franklin road and in the gathering gloom and darkness started on the retreat from Tennessee. All was confusion and dismay. Scarce a dozen men of a regiment were found together. The Army of Tennessee was completely demoralized and routed.

We marched back to Franklin in double-quick time, getting there before daylight. I happened to meet our wagons, and giving my horse to a negro. I crawled into one of them, out of the rain, and for a few minutes (it seemed seconds) was happily unconscious that I was in existence.

On Friday we passed through Franklin and took the road to Columbia. The different commands had by this time somewhat recovered from their demoralization, but the roads were

still filled with stragglers. We camped that night at Spring Hill, through which place but a few days before we had passed so highly elated with confident hope; now how changed our feelings! We moved off in the morning and, after a halt to check the pursuers, we crossed a creek about five miles from Columbia, formed our lines, and made preparations to meet the enemy. Just before dark they made their appearance, the cavalry skirmishers riding boldly up to the banks of the creek. A volley was fired at them, which killed a horse and caused them to retreat in haste. We obtained a little much-needed rest that night. The rain had not ceased to fall, except at intervals, since we left Nashville.

Next morning the Yankees commenced with their villainous artillery, and, as usual, seemed to make our brigade a target. We were all sitting over our little fires trying to dry, and it seemed strange that no one was hurt. When the firing began, I saw three shells strike in a bank just behind us, in a spot that I could have covered with my hat. Their precision in firing was truly wonderful. Three men were killed just in front of us, but this was our only loss. About twelve o'clock we marched toward Columbia, leaving a guard to cover our retreat till night. It was bitter cold, and we were all wet, and I don't think I ever saw men suffer so much. Marching out a mile or two from Columbia, we encamped on a beautiful lawn in front of Mr. Thomas's residence. Every one was almost frozen, and the wood and rails suffered. I slept in the dining room of the Thomas home that night, under the table. Some of the men were standing around an old stump that night, around which they had made a fire, when a shell exploded, throwing fragments in every direction. Fortunately no one was injured. Next morning we took the Pulaski road in a brisk trot for the Tennessee River. Just before reaching Pulaski, Jim Exell and I went on ahead and secured comfortable quarters with some of his relatives. We took dinner with another one of his relatives the next day, after which we rejoined the command. We had been closely followed by the Yankees all this time, and a short distance north of Pulaski our rear guard had quite a sharp engagement, which resulted in the defeat of the enemy. After this we were not molested by them.

Christmas day dawned bright and beautiful. We moved out from camp before sunrise and, discipline being very lax at that time, the boys soon commenced firing off Christmas guns. I could almost have imagined that we were in the midst of another battle.

At the river we found that the bridge was not finished, and we were compelled to fortify and wait awhile. We had a terrible time procuring provisions, and thought the Yankees would catch us at last. The gunboats, of which they had several in the Tennessee, came up in our rear and threw a few shells over, but did no harm. After waiting here until some of us were almost frightened to death, our brigade was sent across the river to catch one of the little chicken stealers. Owing to the delay of the artillery, we did not succeed in our project, but, having placed the river between us and our foes, we felt considerably safer. We finally started in the direction of Corinth, and our march was miserable in the extreme. Rain fell every day, and the country was almost flooded. We had no forage for our stock and had to steal for them all we could. I kept my horses alive by feeding them on green cane and grass.

We had no adventures worthy of note on this march. Every day was the same, and we did not know what would become of us. Rumors were circulated about this time that our next place would be Georgia. But almost every one thought that the war was about over.

About the first of January we reached Corinth, and went into camp about two miles east of the place. The army was thoroughly demoralized, and only the semblance of discipline maintained. Cheatham's Corps was left at Corinth until the rest of the army had retired to Tupelo and had taken away the stores.

January, 1865.—While in camp near Corinth men and horses were almost starved. I felt very proud of my horse, and it troubled me very much to see him falling off day by day. At last, we received the welcome order to march, and through rain and mud started on another retreat. The entire country at times seemed flooded with water, and the roads were impassable to anything but soldiers. The infantry marched the greater part of the way on the railroad track, which was very hard on the feet.

At Tupelo we found the whole country filled with soldiers. We remained there some time, and even spoke of putting up winter quarters, but Sherman's movements in North Carolina made it necessary to move the army there. I was now very unpleasantly situated and had become completely disgusted with our brigade headquarters, and applied for leave of absence. My mess had no tent, and the greater part of the time nothing to eat, and we were altogether in a miserable fix.

February, 1865.—I received my leave the 29th of January, and started for Columbus. The roads were in a terrible condition. I had some of my regiment as companions for a few miles, and then I struck out by myself. I did not know a foot of the road and often went wrong. The first night I rode until long after dark before I could find a stopping place and was almost frozen, the night being the coldest I ever felt in Mississippi. The next morning I found that some one had stolen my fine bridle, for which I had given fifty dollars only a short time before. This was a decided sensation. The next day it was the same thing, but I found a better lodging place, near West Point, at the house of some widow who refused anything for myself and horse's lodging. After a most miserably lonesome ride in the direction of Artesia, I found a creek I could not cross and was forced to go directly to Columbus. After a short stay, I went to Captain Neilson's, where I found Uncle Isaac and a part of his family. I enjoyed the rest at Captain Neilson's hugely. About the 8th of the month I went to Pickensville, where I spent a most delightful time for about three or four weeks.

The rain poured incessantly the last week of my stay, and Pickensville was almost isolated. I was kept there some time by the rain, and finally had to leave on a steamboat.

March, 1865.—After a quiet trip, I landed at Mobile. I intended to take the cars at Demopolis, but the whole country was flooded with water, and no trains were running. At Demopolis, George L. got on the boat. We stayed one night in Mobile, then went to Montgomery, where I went to the theater for the first time. From Montgomery we went to Macon, where I accidentally learned that General Tyler was in town, and succeeded in finding him and in getting another leave of absence for four weeks. Getting out of money while in Macon I sold a five-dollar gold piece (which had been sent me by my mother, to have my picture taken) for two hundred and fifteen dollars in Confederate States currency. We went to Eatonton next, where we received such a hearty greeting that we soon forgot all our troubles and fatigue. After two days there, we started for Augusta to get my horses and for George L. to join his command. We were accompanied by several of the young men of Eatonton on their way to the army. I sold one of my horses for \$1,800 and on the other started back to Eatonton, about two hundred miles, a lonely,

wearisome ride. This pleasant little place, Eatonton, was almost paradise, and I, although an unworthy inhabitant, enjoyed it thoroughly.

April, 1865.—In the first of April came the beginning of the end. We had anticipated for some time the dissolution of our hopes, but scarcely expected such a complete falling to pieces as did happen. The news of Lincoln's assassination, Lee's surrender, and Johnston's followed in such rapid succession that we had hardly breathing time.

Crowds of men from Lee's and Johnston's armies now filled up the village of Eatonton, and mirth and gayety prevailed, the meeting of relatives for the first time in years contributing much to that feeling. At our house all felt very blue at the turn our affairs were taking, but there was a feeling of relief too that the war was over. We now began in earnest our preparations to return home, and with that prospect in view every moment lost seemed an age.

* * *

Note added by Dr. Roberts.—Learning that General Tyler had been placed in command of a convalescent camp not far from Eatonton, Captain Cooper reported to him for duty. On the approach of a brigade of Federal soldiers, these crippled and disabled Confederates were placed in line by General Tyler, with such arms as they could hastily assume, and less than one hundred of these, with their crippled general, held the entire Federal brigade at bay and never surrendered until late in the afternoon a Federal officer, with a flag of truce, was allowed to enter their lines who convinced the grim survivors that the "War between the States" was truly over. General Tyler was killed in this action, while others of these one-armed, one-legged, and otherwise disabled veterans fought the last battle on the east side of the Mississippi River.

THE HORROR OF WAR.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The seventeen miles of ambulance and wagon trains which moved by Cashtown and Greencastle, burdened chiefly with wounded Confederate soldiers, numbering several thousand, whose sufferings were previously described, should prove ample to satisfy the ambitious wishes of the sordid demands of the followers of the war god, Mars. Medical Director Lafayette Guild said: "On the evening of the 4th, our ambulance trains took up their line of march by two routes, guarded as well as could be by our broken-down and inefficient cavalry. One train went by Cashtown, the other by Fairfield. The latter train was attacked by a body of the enemy's cavalry, who destroyed many wagons and paroled the wounded private soldiers, but taking with them all the officers who fell into their hands. . . . The poor wounded suffered very much indeed in their rapid removal by day and night, over rough roads, through mountain passes, and across streams toward the Potomac. Those who could be removed from the battle field and infirmaries were concentrated at Williamsport and transferred to the Virginia bank of the river by rafts and ferry-boats as rapidly as the swollen condition of the stream would permit."

Gen. John B. Hood, in his "Advance and Retreat" said: "When the Confederate army fell back from Gettysburg, I followed our marching column in an ambulance, suffering very much from the wound I received in the arm. In the same vehicle lay Gen. Wade Hampton, so badly wounded that he was unable to sit up, whereas I could not lie down. We journeyed together in this manner to Staunton, a distance of some two hundred miles. Along the pike were seen our

wounded, making their way to the rear, the noble women of Virginia standing by the wayside to supply them with food and otherwise administer to their wants."

Fortunately Hood and Hampton escaped capture, and, after considerable suffering from the feverish condition of their wounds and the jolting vehicle, reached the care of friends, through whose kind attention they recovered, returned to their commands, and their "splendid valor" was conspicuously exhibited on numerous other bloody fields; and both were advanced two grades for their distinguished services before the bloody drama ended.

The pike traveled by these brave Confederate soldiers, after crossing the Potomac River, is a thoroughfare up the beautiful Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Until the blighting hand of war gripped and destroyed it, this Valley was a veritable paradise. It was the scene of Stonewall Jackson's brilliant campaign in the spring of 1862, the achievement which first brought him world-renown as a daring tactician and masterly strategist. Though the desolating touch of both armies had greatly marred its beauty, there were still many visible evidences of its former elysian beauties and bountiful provision for the comfort and sustenance of man and beast.

An indelible imprint upon my memory is the dismal picture made, when my command was a part of Early's column which, fourteen months later, from the vicinity of Brown's Gap, near Staunton and Waynesboro, followed the retreating column of Sheridan's cavalry as it applied the torch to all that would sustain life in man and beast; and for more than one hundred miles along that former paradise only the smoking ruins of haystacks, barns, shops, foundries, and other evidences of thrift and industry greeted the hungry Confederate pursuers. The inhabitants were told to seek other fields if they would not starve.

Brig. Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, commanding the Third Federal Cavalry Division, numbering 5,500 or 6,000 troopers, was sent in pursuit of the Confederate train which moved on the Fairfield-Hagerstown road, through Monterey Gap, and, approaching it along an intersecting road, attacked it in that gap on the night of the 4th and morning of the 5th. Kilpatrick reported that Ewell's large train was entirely destroyed, save eight forges, thirty wagons, and a few ambulances with wounded Confederate officers sent prisoners to Frederick City.

Kilpatrick's command reached Smithburg with 1,360 prisoners, one battle flag, and a large number of horses and mules, several hundred Confederate wounded being left upon the field. He reported forty-three killed, wounded, and missing. Brigadier General Huey, whose brigade formed part of Kilpatrick's command, reported that the Confederate wagon train was attacked near Monterey and one hundred and fifty wagons were captured, together with 1,500 prisoners, besides a large number of horses, and mules, and "contraband." The latter were the negro servants of Confederate soldiers.

Both these reports corroborate Surgeon Guild's report as to carrying away wounded Confederate officers. Evidently the suffering enlisted men captured and paroled were left afoot to make the best of their way forward. Huey reported his losses to the close of the day, July 6, as one officer and 144 enlisted men killed, wounded, and missing; and he was obliged to abandon 197 horses.

The saddest feature of the Confederate retreat was the leaving of so many Confederate wounded in the hands of the Federals. Gen. R. E. Rodes left seven hundred and sixty wounded men in the hands of the enemy. With these he left ten medical

officers, three hospital stewards, and ninety-four attendants, also ten days' supply of such food and medicine as were needed. Rodes's was one of the three divisions constituting the Second (Ewell's) Confederate Corps.

McLaw's Division, of the First (Longstreet's) Confederate Corps, left ten medical officers, two chaplains, and seventy nurses and cooks, with 576 wounded. Rodes's and McLaws's Divisions were two of the nine infantry divisions constituting the Army of Northern Virginia, and were the only divisions which reported the number of wounded left in the hands of the Federals and the number of medical officers and assistants left with their wounded, so far as the record shows. Of course, the other seven divisions each left approximately as many officers and assistants as Rodes and McLaws, and, according to the report of Surgeon Jonathan Letterman, Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac, the number of Confederate wounded left in the hands of the Federal authorities numbered 6,802. All these were such as could not be moved without danger of causing their death; they were severely, and many seriously, wounded. There were probably several hundred Confederate cavalymen left behind because of their wounds, as there were several vigorous clashes, as well as a severe battle, between the forces of this arm of the service. Hence, ten divisions were represented in the severely wounded left in the hands of the Federals. Counting an average of 680 such wounded men to each division, this constituted a demand for at least one hundred medical officers and approximately seven hundred assistants.

Repeated efforts had been previously made to treat medical men and hospital assistants as noncombatants and not require them to be subjected to any more severe restraints than was actually necessary. The entire force of medical officers and hospital assistants left by the Confederates were considered and treated as prisoners of war, notwithstanding the cartel which was agreed upon and signed by Maj. Gen. John A. Dix, for the Federal authorities, and Maj. Gen. Daniel H. Hill, for the Confederate authorities, at Haxall's Landing on James River, July 22, 1862.

On the 26th of August, 1863, Surgeon Charles Crane, U. S. Army, was instructed to "proceed without delay to make an inspection of the hospitals located at David's Island, N. Y., Chester, Pa., Fort Delaware, Gettysburg, Pa., and the West Hospital, Baltimore, Md., all occupied by rebel prisoners of war," by Col. W. Hoffman, Federal Commissary General of Prisoners, and "present a written report of the result of your inspection at this office."

On the 6th of September, following, Surgeon Crane reported on the hospital at Gettysburg: "The prisoners at this hospital are those remaining prisoners, the severity of whose wounds have prevented their removal to other hospitals. At the date of inspection, 594 wounded prisoners were remaining, and 109 attendants, *also, prisoners, seven surgeons* who were with them when captured still remain on duty and are generally useful. The surgeon in charge informed me that he had use for them all, as contract physicians would have to be employed in their place." There were about the same number of U. S. soldiers in the hospital, and the two sets had been separated as far as possible.

Surgeon Crane reported having made inspection of the hospital at David's Island, N. Y., August 24, 1863, "under the charge of Surgeon James Simmons, U. S. Army, and has recently been devoted to the care of prisoners of war exclusively. Total number of prisoners received there between the 17th and 24th of July, was 2,538; total remaining August 28, 1,764; transferred under orders to City Point, Va., August 24, 690; deaths, 84."

Surgeon Crane reported that "there were 8,000 prisoners of war at Fort Delaware, and they have been much crowded together, sick and well, in the same barracks, which had been impossible to keep clean. . . . There have been many deaths at this place from typhoid fever, the result of their being crowded together in large numbers in a confined space."

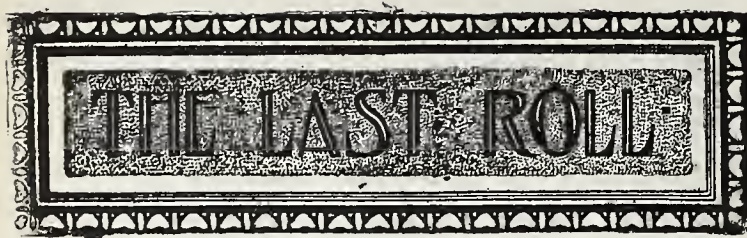
As late as November 6, Surgeon George Suckley, U. S. Volunteers, and acting Medical Director, addressing Colonel Hoffman, Commissary, etc., said: "I have the honor to call your attention, and through you to that of the competent authority, to the fact there are now confined in Fort McHenry some sixty Rebel medical officers, and at Fort Delaware and other military prisons probably many more. Can no steps be taken to stop the practice of treating surgeons as prisoners of war? The cartel some time ago was arranged on a more generous basis, and upon its provisions our surgeons at Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, and elsewhere have voluntarily remained with their wounded. In the same spirit nearly all who were taken by us from the enemy at Gettysburg remained behind purposely and became voluntarily subject to restraint. Since then, more than four months ago, nearly all the Rebel surgeons have remained in our hands as prisoners of war, while the rebels in retaliation have already captured, at Richmond and elsewhere, a large number of our medical officers. The effect of this cannot help but be detrimental to the service."

The intercourse of belligerents, apart from open violence on the field, is always a matter of great delicacy, and cannot prosper except when both parties act upon some common principles of justice recognized by both; and nothing can tend to embarrass intercourse under flags of truce so much as an assumption by one party to decide a disputed point upon a judgment not submitted to the other for remark.

Upon the principle that "all is fair in war," and the assumption by both belligerents that the adherents of both will uniformly act upon this principle, the friends of each are held under suspicion by the other, and it operates to prevent extending or adding to any agreements between their respective representatives for the amelioration of the burdens of war, and greatly impairs the smooth working of such as exist, and often even brings about a suspension of all such agreements.

But notwithstanding the numerous instances which developed to prevent the release of medical officers, the difficulties in the way were overcome, and Col. P. A. Porter, 8th New York Volunteer Artillery, commanding Fort McHenry, on November 21, 1863, notified Colonel Hoffman, Commissary of Prisoners: "I have the honor to inform you that the surgeons and assistant surgeons of the Rebel army left this afternoon in the steamer Swan, a boat especially sent for the purpose. They were sent as soon as transportation was sent for the purpose. There were one hundred and twenty. I gave them notice the day before of the principle which should govern the amount of personal effects they were to take with them, as I knew that, during the long residence of most of them within our lines, considerable accumulations had been made. They were allowed to take everything they possessed when captured, and a full suit, composed either of what they owned originally or had replaced by purchase or gift. Even thus restricted, they were richer in the aggregate by far than when they entered the lines. The examination was conducted courteously; the rule was forbearingly applied, and their own statements on honor taken as to what they had when captured. All other articles—extra suits, postmanteaus, carpet-

(Continued on page 237)



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

IN MEMORIAM.

At Woodstock, West River, Md., on the afternoon of December 19, Alexander Murray.

There is no light gleaming across the frozen fields to-night from Woodstock; the house is darkened and the gray shadows lurk beneath the trees on the lawn and amid the many angles of the old house. The shrubbery and the evergreens, once so gay and gallant, are drooping in the winter's night. There is cold frost on the withered grass and the pebbles of the gravel driveway gleam dully beneath the light of the December stars. The old master of the old house sleeps quietly at the head of the winding stairway. He will not awaken to the morning sunshine or to the familiar sounds of the old homestead. He is what we mortals call dead.

Sixty years ago, beneath the Southern Cross, he slept beneath the Southern stars upon the frozen hills across the Potomac, a soldier boy in the Army of Northern Virginia. Following the fortunes of the gray-clad chieftain through the struggle and the conflict of war, his heart followed him through the pleasant fields of peace, even long after the immortal Lee slept in the soil of his beloved Virginia, . . . and when that State erected upon the edge of Spangler's Wood, at Gettysburg, that magnificent equestrian figure which watches the spirits of his dead soldiers, . . . this man, who sleeps so quietly to-night at Woodstock, when, a few years ago he first stood beneath its shadow, bared his head and said reverently: "Marse Robert, I am with you once again."

Seemingly, the sight of the image of bronze, typifying the Southern cause and its peerless leader, rekindled the fires of youth upon the altar of his heart's devotion. Again he heard the battle cry and felt the urge of the conflict. Again he saw the mighty hosts of Lee's army go forth to battle and to death. Once more for him the bugle sounded the charge; and the slope, from the granite base across the fields to the crest of the distant hill, was filled with the smoke and haze of battle, shrouding the fighting, struggling, dying Confederacy.

God grant to-night that, beyond the war clouds of life, in the valley of eternal peace, he stands once more in company with his gray-clad chieftain!

As a boy of eighteen, Alexander Murray joined the army and fought in the same company with his two brothers, Capt. William H. and Clapham Murray, Company H, 1st Maryland Regiment, and followed the fortunes of the Confederacy to Appomattox. He was a devout believer in the principles which actuated the followers of the Southern cause and took delight in relating his experiences when following Stonewall Jackson through the Valley campaign and the many vicissitudes of army life in the Valley of Virginia. He was at Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Peeble's Farm, Weldon Railroad, Gettysburg, the fighting around Richmond,

and many other skirmishes. At Gettysburg, his brother, Capt. William H. Murray, while leading his company on foot, was mortally wounded, and as Alex Murray stepped forward to catch his brother as he fell, he, too, was wounded by a piece of shell and was taken unconscious to a field hospital.

In the death of Comrade Murray his community lost an upright, honorable gentleman of the type with which his generation was blessed. The young people there have lost an inspiration, for his heart was filled with the love of youth to the last, and he died young in soul and spirit.

He was a member of Christ Church of West River, which he had served as a member of the vestry for many years. His hand was ever ready to help, prompted by a heart ever full of tenderness and kindness.

After the war, Comrade Murray, up to his death, tended the farm, Woodstock, which has been the home of his grandfather and father. He married Eliza, daughter of the late Thomas J. and Nancy Franklin, and she survives him.

COL. GEORGE W. HAILS.

Col. George Willoughby Hails, one of the best-known Confederate veterans of Alabama and a public official who counted his friends literally by the thousand, died at his home in Montgomery on January 25, 1925, following a long illness.

George Willoughby Hails was born January 20, 1847, in Montgomery County, and, with the exception of the years he spent in the Confederate army, lived there all his life. He was a student at the University of Alabama when the War between the States broke out and joined the cadet company which was organized at the university and which became part of the 7th Alabama Cavalry. He served first on the coast and was then transferred to Gen. N. B. Forrest's command in North Mississippi, where his company was detailed for escort duty to General Rucker. He saw active fighting as a courier and sharpshooter at Paris Landing, Johnsonville, Henryville, Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville. The cadet company saved the wagon train for General Hood after the disastrous fight at Nashville by great heroism and received honorable mention in general orders, also in Jordan's history of Forrest's command. The death of Colonel Hails leaves Capt. W. B. Whiting, of Montgomery, the sole survivor of the famous University of Alabama Company.

At the close of the war Colonel Hails returned to Montgomery and became a planter. He was active in the overthrow of "carpetbag" rule and the restoration of the government of Alabama to the white citizenship. In 1900 he was elected tax collector, and he remained chief clerk in the tax office during several administrations to the time of his fatal illness.

Capt. W. T. Sheehan, of Montgomery, paid this tribute to his friend of many years: "Colonel Hails had a rigid sense of integrity and honor, and he held the old-time Southern ideals of personal responsibility and absolute honor in public and private service in greater degree than any other man I have ever known. He knew every one in the county, and he was always at their service. When the people from the country came to the courthouse to transact business, no matter what that business was, he would help them, go out of his way to show little kindnesses to them, introduce them to the proper departments for the completion of their business, and make them feel that he was there for that purpose. His allegiance to the Confederate soldiers, his old comrades, was something beautiful to witness. He spent a large part of his time caring for them and working out their difficulties."

Colonel Hails was married, December 10, 1874, to Miss Susan Tyler Nesbitt, of South Carolina and Virginia parentage, with a distinguished line of ancestors, including repre-

sentatives in Congress and Supreme Court judges. She was a great-granddaughter of Gen. John Scott, one of the founders of Montgomery.

Surviving him are six daughters, one son, George W. Hails, Jr.; and one brother, Charles E. Hails.

Colonel Hails was first lieutenant commander of Camp Lomax, U. C. V., of Montgomery, and adjutant of the First Brigade, Alabama Division, on the staff of Gen. Hal. T. Walker. He was a notable figure at State and general reunions and one of the most enthusiastic members of Camp Lomax from the time of its organization.

The funeral was held from St. John's Episcopal Church, of which he was a member, and comrades of Camp Lomax attended in a body conducting the final rites at the grave in Oakwood Cemetery.

TEXAS COMRADES.

Members of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 158 U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex., who have passed away in the last twelve months and for whom memorial services were held on Sunday, May 3, 1925:

John I. Wilson, Company I, Montague's Brigade; August 1, 1924.

J. P. R. Walling, Company G, 11th Texas; November, 1924.

Thomas E. Cross, eighty-eight years old, Company E, 8th Tennessee Cavalry; November 6, 1924.

R. H. Word, Company G, 3rd Texas; December 28, 1924.

Thomas M. Bratton, Trans-Mississippi Department; January, 1925.

J. A. Hutchinson, Company C, 5th Missouri Regiment; January 25, 1925.

D. E. Wolfe, Company K, Benning Texas Cavalry; January 25, 1925.

W. A. Traylor, Company F, 13th Georgia Regiment, Army of Tennessee; February 3, 1925.

J. H. Dunlavey, Company H, 9th Mississippi Regiment; February 12, 1925.

D. F. Greene, Texas Cavalry; February, 1925.

Judge W. P. McLean, eighty-eight years old.

[J. M. Hartsfield, Commander, Fort Worth, Tex.]

JOHN T. SCOTT.

On February 8, 1925, John T. Scott died at his home near Frankford, W. Va. He was born in Greenbrier County on April 14, 1840, and at the opening of the War between the States he enlisted in Company D, under Captain Morris, of the 59th Regular Infantry, commanded by Colonel Anderson, of General Wise's Brigade. He was taken prisoner at Roanoke Island, later paroled, and returned to his home in the fall until exchanged. He then joined Captain Moorman's Company, was later transferred to Capt. Dodd McClung's Company K, of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Cochran, General Jenkins's Brigade.

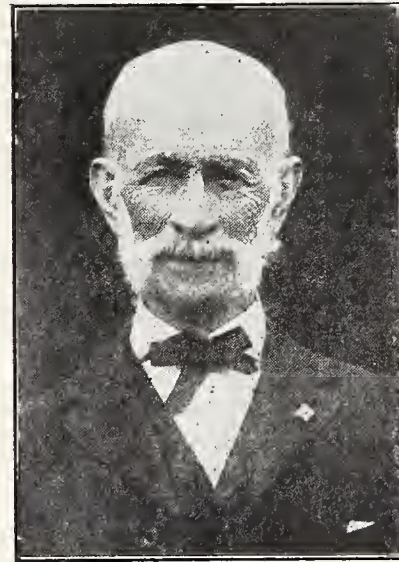
On December 13, 1865, Comrade Scott married Miss Catherine White, of Anthony's Creek district, to which union nine children were born, four of whom are now living, three sons and a daughter. Many years ago he united with the Presbyterian Church and was a faithful and consistent member until his death. Many friends and neighbors gathered at the Frankford Presbyterian Church. He was a good neighbor, a kind father, and a faithful friend.

[A. W. Kirkpatrick.]

CAPT. O. C. MYERS.

Died, at his home in Seattle, Wash., on March 23, 1925, Octavus C. Myers.

He was born at Savannah, Ga., January 21, 1837. He enlisted in an artillery company commanded by Capt. John Gallie. Upon the secession of Georgia in January, 1861, the company was ordered to garrison Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah River, which had been seized by the State. Shortly after having been relieved, the company was disbanded.



CAPT. O. C. MYERS.

and Captain Myers was made adjutant of Col. George P. Harrison's regiment of State troops. Upon the formation of the Third Brigade of State Troops, command of which was given to Gen. W. H. T. Walker, Captain Myers was made adjutant general of the brigade. When the State troops were disbanded by the operation of the Conscript Law, he entered the Confederate service at Tupelo, Miss., shortly after the battle of Shiloh, and was made captain of sharpshooters. In Jackson's [from Georgia] Brigade, Captain Myers

served in all of the operations of the Army of Tennessee and was taken prisoner at Franklin, Tenn., having been wounded in the battle, and was kept a prisoner in Nashville at the Federal hospital until June, 1865.

A typical Southern gentleman, transplanted to our Northwestern city only ten years ago, "Major," as we lovingly called him, was always the center of a group when he attended public functions. For the past two and a half years he had been the Commander of John B. Gordon Camp, No. 1456 U. C. V., honored and beloved by all of his comrades.

Ill only a few hours, his passing came as a shock to his many friends, who thought not of his eighty-eight years when talking with him, so alert was he and so well informed on all the current topics of the day, a brisk, even gay, conversationalist to the last day.

It was characteristic of him that the newspapers announced "positively no flowers." With Tennyson, his ideal of the last crossing was

"No sadness of farewell
When I embark."

Besides his wife, two sons are left, Harry, of Seattle, and Robert, of New York City.

His remains were cremated and the ashes placed in the Confederate burial plot in Lakewiew Cemetery.

MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

Walthall Camp, U. C. V., of Meridian, Miss., has lost the following members during the past year:

E. F. Cox, Company A, 5th Alabama Battalion; A. W. Mashburne, 7th Georgia Regiment; W. C. Reynolds, Company H, 6th Virginia Regiment; Rev. B. D. Waddell, 15th Alabama Regiment; R. P. Walker, first sergeant, 2nd Mississippi Cavalry; Maj. Henry Lowi; N. M. Collins (command not given).

[Mrs. B. K. Sessums, Mississippi Division, U. D. C.]

DR. DEERING J. ROBERTS.

Dr. Deering J. Roberts, of Nashville, Tenn., died in that city on March 25, at the age of eighty-five years. He is survived by five sons and a daughter. After funeral services at the Episcopal Church, of which he was a member, the Confederate ritual was read by comrades of Cheatham Bivouac. He was laid to rest in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

Dr. Roberts was born in Davidson County, Tenn., on May 10, 1840. He had been a practicing physician in this city for fifty years before his retirement from the activities of life, twenty years ago. In addition to his professional practice, he published and edited the *Nashville Journal of Medicine and Surgery*, a publication of wide circulation and popularity. He had strong leaning toward literature, and his editorials were eagerly read by physicians and surgeons in all parts of the country.

As a Confederate soldier, Dr. Roberts first aided in raising a squadron for cavalry service, but the difficulty of securing proper equipment finally determined his men to join the infantry, and he himself became a private in Company C, Rock City Guards, Col. George Maney's Regiment. He was later transferred to the 20th Tennessee Infantry as surgeon, and saw service at Cheat Mountain, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Atlanta, and Franklin. He was captured at Franklin while attending Hood's wounded, and was confined in prison at Fort Delaware and Fortress Monroe, finally exchanged at Bermuda Hundred, Va., on January 22, 1865. He was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

Dr. Roberts resumed the practice of medicine and surgery at Nashville in 1865, in which he continued until advancing age caused him to retire. He was at one time president of the State Medical Association, and was for a few years a teacher of medicine in the University of Nashville, and later in the medical department of the University of the South. He was a Mason and a member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac.

Dr. Roberts was a brother of the late Albert Roberts, for many years one of the editors of the *Nashville American*, who was himself a Confederate soldier, but in 1863 joined Henry Watterson in editing the *Chattanooga Rebel*, a paper famous throughout the Confederacy in war times.

CAPT. DAVID VAN PELT.

A good friend has been lost to the VETERAN in the death of Capt. David Van Pelt, of Danville, Ky., on March 25, 1925. He was one of the oldest citizens of Danville, having reached the age of eighty-nine years.

Though Captain Van Pelt followed the Stars and Stripes through the four years of war in the sixties, he held no bitterness in his heart against his Southern brethren, and was ever ready to help one of them. For four years he served as postmaster at Danville, and ranked among the best.

David Van Pelt was born in Lexington, Ky., October 15, 1836. After the war, he located in Danville, and was married to Miss Florence P. Taylor, who died nearly two years ago. Of the children born to them, two daughters and two sons survive; and an aged sister is also left to mourn his passing.

Captain Van Pelt was a life-long member of the Christian Church and took a prominent part in all the Church work, serving as clerk and being active in other ways in all Church affairs. He was the oldest Mason in Danville, and had held various offices in the local Masonic bodies, being a member of the local lodge for over fifty years. After the funeral services at the Christian Church, the concluding ceremonies were conducted by the Masonic bodies of Danville, and he was laid to rest in Bellevue Cemetery.

G. E. HILLER.

G. E. Hiller was born in Newberry County, S. C., November 24, 1839, and died October 21, 1924.

Early in 1861, he enlisted in Company E, 3rd South Carolina Volunteers, A. N. V., and took part in many battles. He was wounded at Chickamauga, and was later detailed as a scout, as which he did valiant service and had many narrow escapes. He was captured at the battle of Winchester, but escaped before being sent to prison. After being paroled in 1865, he returned to his home in South Carolina and helped to build up that devastated country. He was married to Miss Mattie Wise in October, 1866, and ten children came to their home, five sons and five daughters, of whom two sons and three daughters are left.

Comrade Hiller moved to Georgia in 1869 and located in Terrell County, where he made a success in farming. His wife dying in 1901, he was later married to Miss Fannie Wise, who also survives him. Since 1904 he had lived at Plains, in Sumter County. He was a member of the Lutheran Church there.

"Resolved, That Camp Sumter, No. 642 U. C. V., has lost one of its loyal members, one who stood for the principles for which he gave four years of service in his young manhood."

[W. S. Moore, Commander.]

CAPT. T. J. WILKINSON.

Capt. Tilden J. Wilkinson, of Chapel Hill, near Odessa, Mo., died there on March 13, 1925.

Captain Wilkinson was born in Grayson County, Va., February 15, 1836, the son of James and Mary Wilkinson, of Carroll County. He went to Missouri in 1854, most of the way on a steamboat, and landed at Arrow Rock, Saline County. From there he and his brother walked to Stewartsville, DeKalb County, and there he met Miss Julia Parish, of Liberty, to whom he was married in August, 1857. Fourteen children were born to this union, nine of whom survive him, as well as twenty-eight grandchildren and eighteen great-grandchildren.

At the outbreak of the War between the States young Wilkinson espoused the cause of the South, and in December, 1861, he joined the Missouri State Guards, Company I, 1st Regiment, General Slack's Division. He was captured by the Federals at the Blackwater skirmish and confined in Lexington a short while.

In August, 1862, he enlisted in the regular Confederate service and was in the battles of Lone Jack and Columbus. In September of the same year the 1st Regiment, Missouri Cavalry was organized, and S. Bullard was made captain, and Wilkinson first lieutenant. In 1863 Lieutenant Wilkinson was promoted to captain of his company. He fought in the following battles: Carthage, Drywood, Wilson Creek, Lexington, Newtonia, Cane Hill, Springfield, Hartsville, Blue Mills, Helena, and others. He, with Captain Thornton, assisted in capturing the U. S. Arsenal at Liberty. He was with General Price in his last march through Missouri. At Shreveport, La., in June, 1865, Captain Wilkinson's company surrendered to the 9th Illinois, the same regiment that he had assisted in capturing the year before on Red River. Being old acquaintances, they had a jollification at the final surrender.

Captain Wilkinson lived in the Chapel Hill community for fifty-nine years, an industrious, honorable citizen, a good neighbor, and upright man. He became a Christian at the age of twelve, and lived a consistent Christian life to the end. He was interested in fine stock, and did much for his community in that way.

CAPT. WILLIAM B. JONES.

After a long period of ill health, Capt. William B. Jones died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. E. Wilson, at Flora, Miss., on the 8th of April, 1925.

Captain Jones was a pioneer citizen of Madison County, public spirited and progressive, one of the most outstanding men of the State, whose deeds are a monument to his memory.

He was born at the old home near Robinson Springs on September 24, 1847, the son of James M. and Marie Wiggins Jones. His father was from South Carolina, his mother a



CAPT. WILLIAM B. JONES.

native of the Old North State. She died when he was three years old. He was reared on the plantation in Madison County, but was a student at the township school at Mount Olympus in March, 1862, when he joined Company C of the 39th Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A. After serving with that command for about a year, in 1863 he joined Company M, of Wirt Adams's Cavalry Regiment, with which he was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., as a part of Forrest's Cavalry. He had participated in the battles of Corinth, Franklin, and other engagements of that famous command.

After the war, he finished his education at the Summerville Institute, at Gholson, Noxubee County, Miss., graduating in 1868. Returning home, he took up life on the farm which his father had turned over to him. In November, 1870, he was married to Miss Flora Mann, and her name was given to the station located on the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad, for which he had given a third of the right of way through Madison County. Captain Jones built a residence and several stores at Flora and began merchandizing there in 1885 in connection with his farming interests. He had become the largest land owner in the county and produced more cotton than any other planter. He organized the Bank of Flora in 1909, and was made its president, from which he resigned in 1917 on account of the ill health of his wife, who died in

November of that year. He also turned over his mercantile interests to his son, Hal J. Jones, and son-in-law, J. E. Wilson, retiring from all business.

Captain Jones was a member of the Baptist Church, to which he ever contributed generously, as well as to educational funds. He was a trustee of the Mississippi College at Clinton for about ten years, of the Baptist Hospital at Jackson, and of the Baptist Orphanage there, and to all of these his contributions were liberal, and his interest in their support never wavered. His contribution to the Orphanage included a barrel of flour each month for twenty-two years, and his trusteeship of that institution continued through twenty-five years. He was ever true and loyal to his God, to his Church, to his family and friends, to his community and country. At the age of seventy-seven years, his life here was ended, and his body was laid by the side of that of the beloved wife in the cemetery at Flora. A son and daughter survive him.

GEORGIA COMRADES.

Members of Camp No. 435, U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., who have died since April, 1924:

James H. Taylor, 2nd South Carolina Artillery, Jenkins's Brigade, Field's Division; June 20, 1924.

James T. May, of Augusta Battalion, on special service for Gen. A. R. Wright; June 30, 1924.

Tapley B. King, 15th South Carolina Infantry, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division; July 28, 1924.

James A. Holmes, 24th South Carolina Regiment, Gist's Brigade, Walker's Division; August 3, 1924.

James K. P. Varnes, 15th Georgia Infantry, Toombs's Brigade, Anderson's Division; October 6, 1924.

Joseph B. Hightower, November 29, 1924.

Capt. A. W. Blanchard, 63rd Infantry, Army of Tennessee; February 25, 1925.

J. M. Seage, Cobb's Legion, G. J. Wright's Brigade, Hampton's Corps; March 5, 1925.

Thomas J. Williams, 5th Kentucky Infantry, Lewis's Brigade, Walker's Division; April 20, 1925.

A. R. Napier, 10th Georgia Regiment, Semmes's Brigade, McLaw's Division; April 21, 1925.

S. H. Russell, 7th Georgia Cavalry; April 4, 1925.

[Charles Edgeworth Jones, Historian Camp No. 435 U. C. V.]

COLUMBUS B. HADDON.

In the death of Columbus Bradshaw Haddon, at Newton, Miss., on March 8, 1925, the State has lost one of its best citizens, one who was widely known as a Christian gentleman and a Confederate veteran.

He was born at Hendersonville, N. C., July 23, 1839, and went to Mississippi at the age of ten years, living first in Noxubee County, and later going to Scott County, where he made his home for forty-five years. He went to Newton three years ago to reside with his son, who has charge of the Day-Fant Farm.

Comrade Haddon was married to Miss Zilphia Sessums and to them four sons and four daughters were born, all of whom, with their aged mother, survive.

Comrade Haddon enlisted in a company of infantry which comprised citizens of Scott and Smith Counties in the summer of 1861, which was afterwards a part of the 20th Mississippi Regiment and became part of a detachment of a brigade of the Army of Virginia, under command of Brigadier General Floyd. Later, he was transferred to a command under Joseph E. Johnston, and later was under General Hood. He loved the cause of the Confederacy and attended the annual reunions.

WILLIAM O. McCORKLE.

William O. McCorkle died on April 11, 1925, at his home in Harrisonburg, Va., after several years of ill health. He was seventy-nine years old.

He was of that noted old Rockbridge County family of McCorkles which has given American business and politics some of its prominent figures. His father, Capt. Samuel McCorkle, was one of the leading and wealthiest business men of Lynchburg before the War between the States, being one of the pioneer tobacco men of Virginia. He owned and operated a big tobacco factory and wholesale house and was the first to introduce licorice and other sweetening into tobacco. He also established the first line of canal boats on the James River canal before railroads were known in this country.

William McCorkle was born in Lynchburg, on March 16, 1846, and, while but a stripling of a boy, he enlisted in Kirkpatrick's Battery, C. S. A., and served with this command until wounded in the battle of Cold Harbor. After the war he was engaged in merchandizing at Lynchburg until removing to Rockingham County in 1887. He first lived at Dayton, later locating at Harrisonburg, and began traveling for Davis & Sons, of Baltimore, the largest tobacco wholesalers in the country. His territory embraced the Shenandoah Valley and parts of West Virginia, and he became one of the best-known traveling men, as well as one of the best-beloved men of the State. He was a typical Virginia gentleman, always courteous, kindly, thoughtful, and liberal.

Comrade McCorkle was twice married, his first wife being Miss Agatha Ferguson; his second marriage was to Miss Bettie Spencer, of Livingston, who survives him with the five sons and four daughters of the two unions.

Funeral services were held at the Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member, and he was laid to rest in Woodbine Cemetery at Harrisonburg. Comrades of Gibbons Camp, U. C. V., of Harrisonburg, were honorary pallbearers.

R. J. PICKETT.

After an illness of several weeks, R. J. Pickett, a resident of Kimble County, Tex., since 1914, passed away at his home in Junction, on March 17.

Comrade Pickett was born January 23, 1845, in Baker County, Ga., and went to Texas in 1868. He married Miss Kate Morrill, daughter of Rev. D. B. Morrill, of Waco, Tex., in 1874.

He had an extensive and varied experience during the War between the States, having enlisted in 1861, when only sixteen years of age, in Company D, 26th Mississippi Regiment. In February, 1862, he was captured, with General Buckner, at Fort Donelson, Tenn., and sent to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, thence to Johnson's Island; thence back to Camp Chase, and was confined altogether seven months. In the spring of 1864, with his regiment, he was transferred to the army in Virginia, then stationed on the Rapidan River, near Orange Courthouse, where they arrived in time to take part in the battle of the Wilderness. He finally surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox Courthouse, April 9, 1865. After receiving his parole, he marched six hundred miles, partly alone, on his return home to Mississippi, having spent four important years of his life in hard, earnest, faithful service to the Confederacy.

In 1882, he settled in Cooper, Fannin County, Tex., later moving to Hopkins County, thence to Kimble. He was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church, in which body he held the position of deacon. He was a kind husband, a loving father, a faithful friend and a true patriot. His wife, five daughters, and two sons survive him.

ISAAC RUTTER JOHNSTON.

On September 1, 1924, a gallant soldier laid down his arms when Isaac R. Johnston went to rest on the other shore. The call came after a few months of illness, but there was no need for "Uncle Ike," as every one called him, to make his last peace with God. He so lived his life, gentle, kind, beloved by every one, that whatever hour the summons came he was ready to answer: "Here."

Isaac R. Johnston was born February 2, 1845, in Giles County, Va., the family later removing to Mercer County, near Princeton, W. Va. When but a lad of sixteen, he enlisted in Company I, 36th Virginia Infantry, commanded by Capt. Andrew Gott, and bravely served throughout the entire struggle.

On the 6th of August, 1868, he married Miss Sarah Ann Carr, who died eight years before him. Early in life, he united with the Methodist Church and had been a faithful and consistent member ever since. He lived his religion by service to mankind and an honorable, straightforward life. He was constable of Giles County, Va., for twenty-five years or more. He looked forward with much pleasure to the reunions and attended them for a number of years.

Funeral services were conducted in the Pearisburg, Va., Methodist Church, and in the Confederate gray he loved so well, he was tenderly laid to rest in the East Side Cemetery. An only son survives him, and a host of friends have mourned his loss.

[Mrs. M. L. Stoltz, Bluefield, W. Va.]

SAMUEL V. WHEELER.

At almost eighty-seven years of age, Samuel Vincent Wheeler died at his home in Morristown, Tenn., on the morning of February 4, 1925, after nearly four years of declining health.

He was born in Wythe County, Va., April 5, 1838, in which section he lived until 1897, when he brought his family to Tennessee, to make his home on "Cedar Creek Farm," near Morristown.

Faithful to the cause for which he fought in his young manhood, he loved the South, and her ideals he cherished as he did his home and his family. From a sketch of his army service, the following is taken: "Enlisted July 21, 1861, in Company B, 51st Virginia Infantry. Later, became commissary sergeant of the same regiment. Served actively throughout the war; was captured at Fort Donelson, but escaped and rejoined the regiment. Captured at Waynesboro, Va., March 2, 1865, and sent to Fort Delaware, where he remained in prison until released June 14, 1865."

His membership in the W. B. Tate Camp, U. C. V., began soon after his coming to Tennessee, and he attended all the campfires and reunions until disabilities of age prevented. He was an earnest and devout member of the Southern Methodist Church, and he was actively interested in all educational, religious, political, and social movements.

In September, 1867, he married Miss Mary J. Baker, of Wythe County, Va. Four sons were born to them, three surviving—Commander Charles A. Wheeler, U. S. Coast Guard at Seattle, Wash.; Robert L. Wheeler, Chickasha, Okla.; Commander William J. Wheeler U. S. Coast Guard, Washington, D. C.

The last tie that bound these fine, devoted sons to their charming Tennessee home has been broken by the death of their aged father, the mother having preceded him about four years ago; and this community has lost a hospitable neighbor, a generous, charitable citizen, and a good man.

[Mrs. J. S. C. Felknor.]

DR. JAMES L. SIMMONS.

Dr. James Lawrence Simmons, prominent citizen of Clarksdale, Miss., died at Clarksdale, Miss., on April 9, aged eighty-four years. After services at the Presbyterian Church the Knights of Pythias conducted the ceremonies at the grave just as the sun was setting.

He is survived by his wife, one daughter, two sons, and five grandchildren.

Dr. Simmons was born on July 7, 1840, in Yalobusha County, and was reared near Charleston, Miss.

He enlisted in Company F, 21st Mississippi Regiment, known as the Tallahatchie Rifles, and served the South throughout the War between the States. He was in the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, and was also in the battles of Fredericksburg, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and Gettysburg. At Gettysburg he was wounded by a fragment of shell which killed or wounded three of his companions; and he was also taken prisoner.

Later he was sent to Point Lookout and held there until shortly before Lee's surrender. While at Lookout, his tent adjoined that of Sidney Lanier, and the two became fast friends.

A marked characteristic of this veteran was his modesty, his most intimate Coahoma County friends having never heard of his scars until the writing of a war record by the doctor just two months ago. At the close of the war, a medical course at Tulane University was taken, after which the young physician went to Dublin, Miss., where he practiced for three years. He then removed to Friar Point and bought the Rochester Drug Company. There he met Miss Davis, a relative of Governor Matthews, of Marshall County, and they were married in 1872.

CHARLES HENRY PERROW.

After a lingering illness, Charles Henry Perrow died on the morning of February 3, 1925, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Olga Ferguson, in Morristown, Tenn., at the age of eighty-four years.

Comrade Perrow was born in Lovingson, Nelson County, Va., but had made his home in Tennessee for a number of years. He was a Confederate soldier, serving under General Longstreet, in Company B, Nelson County Rangers. He was a Master Mason, a gentleman of high Christian character, and was loved by all who knew him. He was married to Miss Sue Virginia Graham, April 21, 1875, at Tye River, Va., and leaves to mourn his loss his wife, five sons, and five daughters—B. B. Perrow, of Tacoma, Wash.; W. C. Perrow, of Talking Rock, Ga.; W. G. Perrow, of Spokane, Wash.; L. G. Perrow, of Noeton, Tenn.; Mrs. B. W. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Leslie C. Bates, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Robert S. Harrell, Mrs. Olga Ferguson, Miss Gertrude Perrow, and Wade Hampton Perrow, of Morristown, Tenn.

Burial was in Jarnagin's Cemetery, at Morristown.

J. W. HORN.

On March 25, 1925, J. W. Horn, of Wills Point, Tex., passed over the river to join his comrades on the eternal camping ground. He was a member of Wills Point Camp, U. C. V.

Comrade Horn was born in South Carolina. He volunteered in the 1st South Carolina Regiment and was in the first battle of Manassas, serving to the end of the conflict. He is survived by two daughters and a son. He was a consistent member of the Missionary Baptist Church.

[A. W. Meredith, Adjutant.]

JOHN M. LEWIS.

John Marshall Lewis, familiarly known as "Uncle Marsh," died at the home of his son, James C. Lewis, in Bloomfield, Mo., on February 10, 1925. He had been an invalid for a long period.

Mr. Lewis was born in Cape County, Mo., April 28, 1845. His first wife was Miss Minerva Clippard, who left one daughter. Later he was married to Miss Eppie Kitchem, and a daughter and five sons were born to this union, all of whom survive him. He is also survived by eighteen grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

Comrade Lewis served during the War between the States under the leadership of General Price; and his citizenship in times of peace was equal to his gallantry as a soldier.

When a young man he joined the Christian Church and was a consistent member to the end.

WILLIAM W. MCCONNELL.

Another member of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., was lost to that membership when William Walter McConnell, aged seventy-nine years, died at the home of his brother, Dee McConnell, in the New Boston community. Funeral services were held at the home of his brother, with whom he had made his home for twenty-five years, by the Rev. J. C. Rudd, with interment at Antioch. Rev. P. P. Pullen, Adjutant of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, read a short eulogy at the grave.

Comrade McConnell was a retired farmer, and is survived by two brothers and a number of nieces and nephews. He was a devoted Confederate veteran, having served with Company G, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, during the war. He was a member of the Methodist Church.

HENRY CLAY DAVIDSON.

Comrade H. C. Davidson passed from life to eternal rest on February 6, 1925, in his seventy-eighth year. The writer was with him more or less for forty-five years, and no man ever had a stancher friend than "Bud." Of a kind and friendly disposition, he did no intentional mean act to anyone.

Comrade Davidson enlisted in Company A, 14th North Carolina troops, in early May, 1863, and served to the end of the struggle. He was never married, but leaves four sisters to mourn his passing. At his burial, his old comrades were an honorary escort, his nephews being the active pallbearers. He was laid to rest at Piney Grove Cemetery, after services at the Presbyterian Church.

[J. M. Edwards, Commander Vance Camp, No. 681 U. C. V.]

REV. L. G. POTTS.

The Rev. L. G. Potts, one of the few veterans of the Confederate army in Randolph County, W. Va., and one of its best-known citizens, died in his eighty-fourth year. His wife survives him, with three sons and a daughter.

He was one of four brothers who fought in the Confederate army. He served with distinction in the Confederate cavalry. One brother, the Rev. M. P. H. Potts, is still living, making his home in Alabama. The father of Comrade Potts was a native of Bath County, Va., but moved to Pocahontas County, still later to Randolph County, locating near Valley Head, where he served as a justice of the peace. For several years the Rev. L. G. Potts lived at McConnellsburg, Pa., but afterwards returned to his native State, where he continued to live until his death.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

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

AND WE SHALL NOT FORGET.

God gives us but a little space
To linger here, and then the call
To gather in that mystic place
Where he is love, and love is all.
Their little space of life is fled,
And all we know is that they gave
A sweetness to the days now dead;
For they were kind and they were brave.
And we shall not forget the grace
Of vanished forms, now brave and chill;
And we shall see each smiling face
Once cherished here, remembered still.

Tribute by Mrs. Mary H. S. Kimbrough to the Daughters of the Confederacy of Mississippi who have passed on, and given with her memorial address before the State convention in Natchez, May, 1925.

U. D. C. NOTES.

As this issue of the VETERAN goes to press, the Daughters of California are realizing their pleasant anticipations of the past few weeks in that the President General, Mrs. Harrold, is with them in their Division Convention. Mrs. Pleasants, of Los Angeles, writes:

"Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, President California Division, has been spending several weeks in Southern California, getting in personal touch with the Chapters and arousing enthusiasm for the Division convention, which meets at San Jose, May 13 and 14. She and the entire California membership are elated over the fact that the President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, will visit the California Division before going to Texas for the reunion, and many delightful plans are being made for her entertainment." On her way to California, Mrs. Harrold visited the U. D. C. in St. Louis, being the house guest of Mrs. Scherzer, President of the St. Louis Chapter. From St. Louis, her next stop was an official visit to the Kansas City Chapters. The Colorado Division invited the members of all the Chapters to come to Denver to greet the President General. However, on her way to the Grand Canyon in Arizona, she visited the U. D. C. at Pueblo, Colo. Her next official stop was in San Francisco, the guest of the California Division until the close of the convention at San Jose. Mrs. Garfield will accompany the President General to Los Angeles on an official visit to the Daughters there. En route to Dallas, Mrs. Harrold plans to address the U. D. C. at Riverside and San Bernardino. At El Paso she will stop long enough to meet the U. D. C. members.

That this visit of the President General is deeply appreciated by these far Western Chapters goes without saying, and its good effects will be far-reaching in those sections. Mrs. Pleasants adds also this most interesting note:

"The smallest Chapter in California, C. M. Goodlett, No. 1132, has the honor of being the first to broadcast to the radio world an address on Gen. Robert E. Lee. Mrs. Lillian B. Harrison, the President, was congratulated by great numbers of people on her splendid address, which she was invited to deliver by the General Electric Company, "K. G. O." of Oakland, on January 23. We feel that this small Chapter has done an immense work, right in line with the spirit of one organization."

If any other Chapter in the organization can now boast of a similar distinction, we shall be glad to have a note of it.

* * *

Perhaps some Directors of C. of C. Chapters might appreciate a suggestion that has come from Mrs. Stillwell, of Arkansas: A part of each historical program is the announcement by the little historian of a question that is to be answered by the members at the next meeting. If the questions are well-chosen, much benefit will result from research on the part of the members and the discussion following the answers. This plan is carried out in the Margaret Rose Chapter in Little Rock, the membership of which is approaching the two hundred mark.

* * *

From Mrs. Preston Power, of Baltimore, we learn that Miss Sally Washington Maupin, Division Recorder of Crosses, has been appointed State Director for World War Records and for Service Crosses by the President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold.

Also that the Division meeting, to be held June 3, at the Hotel Belvedere, will be presided over by Mrs. Franklin P. Canby, State President. Major General Lejeune, will be one of several guests of honor who will attend, and will be invited to address the gathering.

And that through Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, a number of Crosses of Honor will be presented to veterans of the War between the States and Crosses of Service will be presented to veterans of the World War.

* * *

That the Daughters of Missouri have appreciated and enjoyed the visit of the President General is shown by the following sent by Mrs. McMahan, of Blackwater, relative to the visit at Kansas City:

"Missouri Division has been honored by the visit of our loved and brilliant President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, in Kansas City. The five Chapters there invited all the

Daughters of Missouri to a luncheon given in her honor at the Bellerine Hotel. This was only one of many honors shown her while the guest of our Division President, Mrs. Hugh Miller."

Mrs. McMahon gives additional information concerning the wonderful park at their Confederate Home:

The Daughters of the Missouri Division have donated trees, vines, and shrubs, for the ninety-one acres. Confederate Memorial Park, at Higginsville, surrounds the Confederate Home. The superintendent of the Home states that besides plants from all over Missouri, thirty-eight States are also represented in the donation of shrubbery.

Besides plants, etc., ten thousand trees will adorn the park, the planting of all of which is under the direction of a landscape engineer.

The Springfield Chapter has been active in remembering the veterans at the Home, among the gifts, a pair of silk socks for each veteran, and a large Easter egg filled with candy.

The Children's Chapter is also active, recently holding an open-air meeting, at which they entertained the Springfield Chapter, U. D. C. Memorial Day will be observed by both the Daughters and the C. of C. of Springfield.

* * *

There has come to the editor of this department a copy of the *News and Observer* of Raleigh, N. C., of April 19, to which is attached a "Gettysburg Supplement," every page of which is filled with interesting and authenticated history, the greater portion of which deals with North Carolina's part in that battle.

The following statement from the Publicity Chairman explains the object, etc.:

"In presenting this supplement we hope to contribute, in a small way, historical material of value and interest. We desire to honor and perpetuate the sacred memory of those who wore the gray, who sacrificed and gave all for their beloved Southland. We wish to refresh the minds of our loyal North Carolinians as to what their great State contributed in the War between the States, and to impress upon the minds of all the fact that North Carolina has an enviable record, of which we should be exceedingly proud.

"The historical material for this supplement has been collected and prepared by Mrs. John H. Anderson, of Fayetteville, Historian of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C. Mrs. Anderson has been most helpful, interested, and enthusiastic in this matter, for which the Gettysburg committee is very appreciative. This committee hopes to raise, incidentally, a neat sum for the Gettysburg Monument Fund, from the sale of these papers, and to this end we beg the hearty cooperation and support of every North Carolinian.

MRS. GLENN LONG, Newton,

Publicity Chairman Gettysburg Monument Committee of North Carolina Division, U. D. C."

The members of the Gettysburg Monument Committee of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C. are: Mrs. Marshall Williams, Chairman; Mrs. C. Felix Harvey, Assistant Chairman, Eastern Section; Mrs. L. B. Newell Assistant Chairman, Western Section; Mrs. Glenn Long, Publicity Chairman; Mrs. Cabell Smith, Mrs. L. E. Risher, Mrs. I. W. Faison, Mrs. R. P. Holt.

* * *

Mrs. Farley, of Saluda, contributes the following from the Palmetto State:

"April is a month eagerly looked forward to by the South Carolina Daughters of the Confederacy, being the month

during which the four District Conferences meet. This year Pee Dee met at Bishopville, Ridge at Columbia, Edisto at Barnwell, and Piedmont at Ware Shoals. All these conferences were well attended and all Chapters reported good work, each stressing attention to living veterans, their wives, and widows of veterans, also education. Edisto District, under the directorship of Mrs. Marion Salley, is singularly honored this year by having organized within its bounds the largest Chapter ever formed—one hundred and nineteen charter members. Within a month's time after organization they had added eight more members. This splendid Chapter, with Mrs. T. W. Bookhart as President, will mark fifty Confederate graves on Memorial Day.

"Edisto District has organized another new Chapter at Bowman, 'The Edisto Rifles.'

"The Olin M. Dantzler Chapter, of St. Matthews, has established a loan scholarship to be used by a Calhoun County girl at Winthrop College. The St. Matthews Chapter has also created a scholarship fund.

"Through the efforts of Mrs. J. Frost Walker, Division Historian, the *Union Daily Progress* is publishing in installments the U. D. C. catechism. This is a great step forward in informing the public of true Confederate history.

"The Wade Hampton Chapter, of Columbia, has organized the Sophie Swearingen Swindell Chapter, C of C., in honor of one of its members.

[Since receiving these notes from Mrs. Farley, the editor has learned that the attendance of South Carolina Daughters at the four District Conferences totaled more than eight hundred. How is that for an indication of interest?]

"A member of the Charleston Chapter has sent an account in detail of the reception given by that Chapter to the Princess de Polignac and her son, Prince Victor Mansfield. The entire setting is so historically significant that this description is a valuable contribution to this department.

"Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., marked with a special milestone its pleasure in the opportunity of doing honor to the Confederate record of Prince Camille de Polignac by entertaining his widow, the Princess Camille de Polignac, and his son, Prince Victor Mansfield, in their Chapter headquarters 'The Old Market Hall,' on the evening of April 2. The Old Hall was brilliant with lights and fragrant with spring flowers, the Confederate relics of battle flag, pictures, ordnance, arms, and sacred mementoes of the days of the sixties were showed to better advantage, and a competent committee had every detail for the entertainment perfected. From 8:30 P.M. until ten o'clock, the Princess de Polignac, seated near an easel upon which was a portrait of her distinguished husband, Prince de Polignac, draped with a handsome silk French flag and a Confederate flag, received the members of the Chapter and their escorts, about three hundred in number who were eager to pay their tribute to her personal charm as well as to the Confederate service of her husband. Mme. de Polignac, tall and dignified, with beautiful dark eyes and a gracious manner, looked especially lovely this evening in her gray gown, with a cloud of gray tulle making a background for her against the brilliant flags that draped her husband's portrait.

"Prince Victor Mansfield de Polignac shared the honors of the evening with his mother in receiving the guests, and on his formal introduction to the company by Colonel Bond, of the South Carolina Military Academy, voiced his and his mother's appreciation of their welcome to the South and to Charleston in a few well chosen words, with a happy touch of local color which charmed his audience. This reception was the first public appearance of these distinguished visitors to

Charleston, as the Charleston Chapter has the honor of claiming Mme. de Polignac's daughter, the Marquise de Courtivron, as one of its members in 1918; and it was from this Chapter that her membership was transferred to the Chapter which brought into existence the Maj. General de Polignac Chapter U. D. C., of Paris, France, in 1921, Mme. de Courtivron being the organizer of that Chapter and its President to-day."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

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

U. D. C. STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

July.

Sherman's march through the Carolinas.

Evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

July.

William H. Payne and Col. W. H. F. Lee.

TO DIVISION AND CHAPTER HISTORIANS.

Your attention is called to the History Committee and the two subcommittees, as published in the Minutes of the Savannah Convention, U. D. C., and to the respective work of these committees.

This combination of the three committees dealing with history was the result of the recommendation made at the last convention to coördinate the work of these committees in order to avoid confusion and duplication.

Mrs. Lawton, Chairman of the History Committee, U. D. C., has sent out to the Historians the following leaflet showing those objects the Committee wishes to emphasize:

Number of historical meetings held. Number of talks made in schools. Number of pupils addressed. Number of histories reviewed. Number of addresses made by Confederate veterans under auspices of U. D. C. Number of reminiscences of Confederate veterans secured. Number of reminiscences of women of the Confederacy. Number of medals given schools. Number of State and Confederate flags placed in schools. Number of Confederate pictures placed in schools. Number of essays written during the year. Number of books placed in libraries. Number of markers erected. Number of relics collected. Number of pamphlets written and published by the Chapters or Division. Tell briefly any other historical work done.

Miss Elizabeth Hanna, Vice Chairman of the subcommittee on "Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books," has issued the following circular letter:

"At the general convention held in Savannah, November of 1924, a resolution was adopted that only books of recent publication should be placed in foreign libraries, and that the members of this committee should be urged to make every

effort to obtain old books, letters, and other documents of historical value, and especially as relating to Confederate history, to be placed in our own institutions of learning.

"The chairman asks your attention to this work and hopes through your assistance much valuable historical material may be collected and so placed.

"She likewise asks your help in locating and condemning books unfair to the South; in correcting false statements; and especially in placing in schools textbooks just to the South."

Mrs. John Anderson, Vice Chairman of the subcommittee known as the "Rutherford Committee," is distributing throughout the organization the H. Snowden Marshall "Battle Abbey Address," Dr. Scrugham's article, "Force or Consent as the Basis of American Government," and the famous "Lee-Acton Letters." These valuable papers furnish material with which to refute the mythical and false teachings so current to-day.

In this manner the work of the three committees is for the present outlined, all working along sympathetic lines and all tending to the same objective, the truth of Confederate history.

And now a word concerning the prizes for 1925:

A letter from the Unknown Donor of the Soldier's Prize has reached the Historian General and is printed in part that those competing for this prize may more fully fill the requirements:

"May I suggest that the offer originally made through Miss Poppenheim when she was President General, and since renewed annually, was intended to inspire the study of the accomplishments of Southern men and women and of Southern military and other organizations during the period of the Great War? This was to the end that the South, as well as the entire nation and the world at large, might know how well the descendants of the Confederate soldiers and sailors of the sixties had honored their forbears in the mightiest conflict in all history. Unless the original purpose be considered by all essayists and their papers prepared accordingly, there would exist no reason for this particular prize.

"To compel the study on the part of prospective competitors of World War history, the selected subject for the next year, 1925, will have to do with the activities of one of the best divisions in the American Expeditionary Forces, a division which had units from many of the Southern States, all of which units share the common glory of the Rainbow."

Finally, please bear in mind that the Prize Essay on Peace in some mysterious way crept into the Minutes this year. This prize is not offered again, so it is hoped that all will kindly take notice in order to avoid useless work on papers which will not be considered.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

While the number of copies disposed of this year of our book, "Women of the South in War Times," has not been very encouraging, we are not the least bit discouraged. I think many of the Divisions are determined to absorb their quotas this year, and the Directors are working hard. May I emphasize again our aim for 1925-26? If the Division Chapters would respond to their quota assignment by sending a check for "The Grand Total" to their Directors, thus treating it as a Chapter debt or tax (which it is) the Division quotas would soon fade away. Also, the appointment of District distributors along with the distributor for the Division might be just the thing the cause needs.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman, Fairmont, W. Va.*

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

OUR PRESIDENT GENERAL.

We were glad that our beloved President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, who slowly improved in Florida this spring, was able to go to Dallas to our C. S. M. A. convention.

Through the unceasing efforts of our devoted leader, many new associations have been added to our Confederation. Laying aside the effects of grief and loss, she has never allowed personal feeling to stand in the way of accomplishment and duty. Such courage is an example to us all, and it is our earnest desire that her presence may continue to lead and inspire.

Our President General has recently been made a Vice President of the Stone Mountain Association. We highly appreciate the honor of this deserved compliment.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

The Stone Mountain Memorial Association will have in Mr. Augustus Henry Lukeman, the new sculptor, a strong man, unanimously elected to take the place of Gutzon Borglum. He is a Southern man, born in Virginia. The selection could not have been more fortunate, and has given general satisfaction. Mr. Hollins M. Randolph is President of the Association. A spirit of harmony exists, which assures sustained effort and as speedy a fulfillment of this stupendous undertaking as is consistent.

The C. S. M. A., whose object has always been memorial, will give all the assistance it can.

GOLD BAR MOTHER.

In our labor of love there is no part that gives more joy and satisfaction than honoring the mothers of our veterans. Whenever it is possible, we have made a special ceremony upon presentation of the Gold Bar. The living mother of a living veteran! What sentiment could be more ennobled? The recognition and homage which we pay is twofold, and a joy multiplied. If you know of such a mother, do not delay even a day to write to the address below, giving the names of the mother and son, the rank and service of the son, and whatever proof may be available.

Our Chairman, Mrs. Earnest Walworth, 1918 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., has added this year several names to her list.

Private W. C. Green, who fought under Capt. Alex Hall,

38th Battalion, Company C, Mississippi Regiment, writes, asking a Bar for his mother, Mrs. Winnie Green, who is ninety-five years old and resides in Dixon, Miss. Mrs. Green will have received the Bar before this goes to press.

NEW ASSOCIATION FORMED IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Our State President for North Carolina, Mrs. Jesse J. Yates, has informed our President General that she has lately organized an Association of thirty or more members. We congratulate them and expect to hear great things of our new member of the Confederation.

REQUEST OF A VETERAN.

"My Dear Miss Frazer: Miss Daisy Hodgson has asked me to send you a typewritten list of the names of Confederate seamen buried during the war in a plot just outside the city of Charleston, and to whom our Memorial Association put a monument two years ago. We take care of their graves and always decorate them on our Memorial Day, which is May 10. Miss Hodgson says I must tell you that a veteran requested that these names should be sent to you.

"Very sincerely yours,
ISABEL B. HEYWOOD,
President L. M. A. of Charleston, S. C."

CONFEDERATE SEAMEN BURIED AT THE PORT SOCIETY'S CEMETERY ON THE ASHLEY RIVER, CHARLESTON. S. C.

J. Bell, William Brooks, M. Burgess, John Cabel, Lewis Carthageen, J. Caswell, Robert Culbert, John Dobson, P. F. Eagan, J. L. Garriton, T. G. Hatch, C. R. Horton, J. Howell, John Housen, J. L. Jacobs, F. Medaris, J. Medaris, H. T. Rainey, Surgeon Scott, J. C. Shea, B. W. Shields, L. P. Shultz, W. H. Sladd, J. Spear, G. W. Summers, William Yates. Ten names unknown.

GEORGIA'S LAST WAR MOTHER.

The death of Mrs. Asberry Gordon, of Commerce, Ga., at the advanced age of one hundred years and seven months, is reported by George L. Carson, Sr., as the last of those brave women of the State who furnished a son to the Confederate army. She was the mother of seven sons, the two eldest serving with the 5th Georgia Regiment, C. S. A. The younger of these, George W. Gordon, is still living at Statham, Ga.

Some years ago the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., of Commerce, gave her the Gold Bar of Honor as one of the three living War Mothers of the State at the time.

Mother Gordon was a sincere and devoted Christian, a member of the Missionary Baptist Church. She was born in November, 1824, and died on May 8, 1925.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS

D. S. ETHERIDGE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 GEORGE A. MACON, Memphis, Tenn. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 JAMES S. DAVENPORT, Vinita, Okla. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo, Miss. *Inspector in Chief*
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee, Fla. *Commissary in Chief*
 DR. WILLIAM F. HUBBERT, Dallas, Tex. *Surgeon in Chief*
 REV. B. A. OWENS, Lathrop, Mo. *Chaplain in Chief*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

D. S. ETHERIDGE, *Chairman*. Chattanooga, Tenn.
 N. B. FORREST Atlanta, Ga.
 DR. W. C. GALLOWAY. Wilmington, N. C.
 LUCIUS L. MOSS. Lake Charles, La.
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY. Wichita Falls, Tex.
 JESSE ANTHONY. Washington, D. C.
 L. A. MORTON. Duncan, Okla.



DIVISION COMMANDERS

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 D. C. and MARYLAND—Washington. John A. Chumbley
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York. Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Atlanta. John Ashley Jones
 KENTUCKY—Lexington. W. V. McFerran
 LOUISIANA—Baton Rouge. J. St. Clair Favrot
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. Charles A. Moreno
 MISSISSIPPI—Oxford. Judge T. C. Kimbrough
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Newberry. John M. Kinard
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Montvale. R. A. Gilliam
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

GENERAL NEWS AND COMMENT.

FROM OKLAHOMA.

J. Edward Jones, Commander Oklahoma Division, sent a list of his staff sponsors, etc., too late to publish before the reunion. As his letter contains interesting matter about his Division, we publish it in full along with his staff appointments:

"HEADQUARTERS OKLAHOMA DIVISION, S. C. V.

"OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., April 27, 1925.

"Mr Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va.

"My Dear Mr. Jennings: Herewith I send a list of my Sponsorial Staff for Oklahoma Division, S. C. V., for 1925:

"Sponsor, Mrs. S. A. Shaw, Chickasha.

"Matron of Honor, Mrs. A. C. Farley, Oklahoma City.

"Chaperon, Mrs. L. A. Morton, Duncan.

"Maids of Honor: Miss Mary Sue Robertson, Oklahoma City; Miss Mary D. Merideth, Muskogee; Miss Laura Hope Smally, Muskogee.

"You will be interested to know that we are increasing our membership in the Sons' organization. We expect to have by far more delegates attend the Dallas reunion from this State than have ever gone before to a national reunion. While Oklahoma is not one of the original Southern States, she has some of the most true and loyal Sons to be found anywhere, Sons who hold dear to their hearts those Southern ideals and principles for which our fathers fought.

"Our Division reunion will be held in Sulphur, Okla., June 4-6.

"I have recently visited a number of Camps over the State and reorganized five new Camps, all of them assuring me that our State meeting will be a big success.

"Anticipating seeing you and your delegation at Dallas, I am

"Fraternally yours, J. EDWARD JONES.

Commander of Oklahoma Division, S. C. V."

"ORDEALS OF DEMOCRACY."

Mr. John Buchan, who has not only written a number of interesting novels, but is styled "British Historian of the World War," has now issued a rather remarkable volume entitled "Two Ordeals of Democracy," where he draws supposed analogies between the World War and the War between the States and makes some interesting comments on men and matters. Here in the South we may read the book with emotions which may be described as "mingled." He blows hot and blows cold. Evidently under the prevailing influence of the Northern deification of Lincoln and his post-war apotheosis, an influence which dominates all foreign

countries and most of this, he designates him as "one of the two or three greatest men ever born of our blood," and remarks that "the war President was of wholly British origin," thus demonstrating, at least, that he has luckily missed, among the multitude of genealogies which have been supplied Mr. Lincoln by his admirers, that detailed one where the President is traced directly back to Charlemagne! Nevertheless, Mr. Buchan unhesitatingly ascribes to Lincoln almost sole responsibility for the War between the States. When Colonel Johnson did this some time ago, from a different angle, to be sure, it raised a great row among the faithful. We shall see how Mr. Buchan fares. He says: "Lincoln was compelled in 1861 to make almost alone one of the greatest decisions of history—war to preserve the Union or no war, with all that both implied."

Of course, we do not like for Mr. Buchan as he goes along to compare us even inferentially with the Huns. Henry Watter-son did this, and it did not improve the popularity of the gentleman who described himself as an unwilling soldier of the Confederacy and who spent all his post-war years close to the fleshpots and good things of Egypt. Mr. Buchan seems to feel the victory of the North, which he ascribes to crushing weight of numbers and resources, as a victory for democracy, just as the victory of the Allies was. This is a conclusion we of the South cannot enthuse over nor harmonize with our ideas of democracy being somewhat associated with the rights of a homogeneous people to govern themselves; but he does please us when he says of Lee and Jackson: "It was the fortune of the South to have fighting on her side by far the abler generals. Lee and Stonewall Jackson have had few superiors in the art of war. The North produced many competent soldiers—Grant, Thomas, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield—but no one of them reaches the small and select brotherhood of the greatest captains. On the other hand, if, taking the whole of history, you limit that brotherhood to no more than six names, you must include Lee." No further comment is needed on this interesting book, which has so much of interest as well as so many indications of a lack of insight into the real truth of our history.

FROM TEXAS.

Adjutant of the Texas Division, Elgin H. Blalock, sends us an account of the services for the late Comrade W. R. Jones, Commander of the 15th Brigade of the Texas Division, S. C. V. He served in this capacity with distinction and fidelity to duty. He will be greatly missed by his fellow workers in the S. C. V. ranks of the Lone Star State, who unite with the bar of his county and the members of other fraternal orders in testifying to their grief at his passing.

A SUGGESTION TO FREDERICK, MD.

We see that Gertrude Stern, in the *New York Times*, specifies that a negro woman, Phyllis Wheatley, is the originator of the well-known tribute to Washington which sets forth that he is "First in war, first in peace," etc. We who have been laboring under the delusion that "Light Horse" Harry Lee, in his eulogy of Washington, made famous those familiar words will have to take a back seat. Now comes the suggestion in kindly spirit to the city of Frederick, Md. In as much as it has tried to immortalize the silly fabrication about Barbara Freitchie and has dignified Whittier's distortion of truth by erecting a monument to the heroine of his poem, we suggest that it erect a monument by the side of Barbara to this Phyllis Wheatley, who will perhaps rank with her as a historical fake. Thus will Frederick be true to consistency, which is a jewel, and her reputation as one who loves historic fraud will be strengthened.

TEXAS DIVISION YEARBOOK.

This Division is to be heartily commended and congratulated on this evidence of enterprise and zeal. A Yearbook is a rare thing among S. C. V. Divisions, and this of the Texas Division is one to be proud of. It is due largely, or almost wholly, to the energy of Adjutant in Chief Elgin H. Blalock that this is presented at this time. We hope Comrade Blalock had some extra copies with him and showed them around at the Dallas reunion to the end that other State adjutants will take heed and do likewise.

FREAKS.

The specimens of what Mr. Mencken styles "the so-called human race" that can properly be labeled as "freaks" seem to have a way of gravitating in unusual numbers toward the State legislatures. Florida has just had an experience with one of them, who rose to propose formally that Stone Mountain plans be so changed that Grant and the Union troops should be shown on its rocky sides along with Lee and his Confederates. This unique proposal was very promptly sat upon and squelched, but the author of the scheme has risen to fame. We assume he is one of the tribe of "boosters" and progressives who seem to feel they show their superior status by always kow-towing to the North and that praise of the enemies of the Confederacy is the way to show our lack of "sectionalism." Or perhaps he is just an imported specimen. At any rate, he seems to have been properly attended to by the sane members of Florida's legislative body.

THE THIRD SUBSCRIBER.

George B. Bolling, of Memphis, Tenn., writes that he has found the third S. C. V. who subscribes to the *VETERAN*, William E. Hundley, of Athens, Ala., who says: "I am the son of a Confederate veteran, I am proud to say, and I have been a subscriber to the *VETERAN* more years than I can remember. I read every word in every issue, and when I have finished, I take the number to an old soldier, who enjoys it as much as I do."

Mr. Bolling sends this with his renewal order, to which he adds: "I hope I have started the ball to rolling, and that you will hear from a number of Sons with their subscriptions."

Of course, the humor of all this is seen and appreciated, but Sons of Confederate Veterans can do much to keep history alive by helping to support the *VETERAN* and making it the historical journal of the South.

THE HORROR OF WAR.

(Continued from page 225.)

bags, letters, money, needles, medicines, etc., were taken from them. Only a crazy head or corrupt heart could confound these proceedings with refusal to admit food to starving prisoners; but several hints were thrown out in such way as to induce me to send everything taken from the party on the boat with them in charge of an officer. I wrote a letter to General Meredith explaining what I had done, on the ground that in these times of cruelty and barbarity to prisoners it might be wise for the government to bear and forbear much, and that I sent the articles with the prisoners in case he might think it politic (certainly not just) to restore them. All moneys which had been received from the prisoners during their stay, had been transferred by them to us, or delivered up to the provost marshal under your circular, were sent to General Meredith, with statements with regard to them."

This was followed by Special Orders, No. 282, from Headquarters Department of Henrico, Richmond, November 24, 1863:

"II. Capt. T. P. Turner, commanding C. S. Military prisoners, will send by flag of truce steamer Schultz, for conveyance to City Point at 10 o'clock A.M. to-day, all the Federal surgeons now in his custody. Furnish rolls of these officers.

"By order of Brig. Gen. J. H. Winder.

W. S. WINDER, *Assistant Adjutant General.*"

There were about ninety-five Federal medical officers sent back by this steamer, consisting largely of those who were left in charge of the Federal wounded after the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863. All the surgeons of both armies who were being held as prisoners of war since the battle of Gettysburg were released and sent to their respective armies under this agreement. But what was the fate of the assistants, nurses, cooks, etc., left with the wounded, and other prisoners of war, both officers and enlisted men?

When Ewell's train was captured on the night of the 4th and morning of the 5th, in Monterey Gap, with its host of teamsters and other attendants, the drivers of the battery forges and wagons of Reese's (Jeff Davis) Battery were among the number. All but one of its five artificers (blacksmiths, harness makers, and wood workers) were among the number. Their names were John R. Busby, George Champion, J. M. Powell, and W. T. Wade, drivers of teams; James C. Gates, John J. Howell, and Charles Kuhne, artificers. John Humphry (or Umphry), a detached blacksmith from the 10th Virginia, who had been assigned to that battery in the latter part of 1861 while the army was encamped near Centerville, Bull Run, and Manassas, was also made a prisoner. The one artificer who was not with the train was J. W. Cochran, skilled in wood working, and was always about or near the battery, whether on the march, in action, or in camp. While in prison, Busby took the oath of allegiance to the United States, joined the army, and was sent to the Indian frontier; Champion deserted; Powell died in Elmira Prison; Wade died of smallpox in Fort Delaware; Gates was "paroled at Fort McHenry, Md., July 9, 1863, and sent to Fort Delaware, Del., from which place he was discharged December 26, 1863, by order of Secretary of War." This case is striking for its unusual mild proceeding. Captured on July 5, paroled July 9, and "discharged December 26, 1863, by order of Secretary of War." *An extraordinary and unusual proceeding.* If he ever returned to Alabama, it was not known by the writer. Howell was paroled from Fort Delaware, September 30, 1864, and received for exchange at James River, Va., October 5,

1864, held fourteen months as a prisoner of war: Charles G. Kuhne was paroled at the same time, and, after reaching home, attempted to return to the command and was again captured and released under the terms agreed upon by Johnston and Sherman. The prison record of Humphry, detached from the 10th Virginia, is not known.

On the morning of the 14th of July, when Reese's Battery reached the Virginia bank of the Potomac River, John Burwell and John Duhig, enlisted men of the battery, were not with it. It proved, subsequently, that they had been lodged in the Old Capital Prison, at Washington, from which they subsequently took the oath of allegiance to the United States government, and were sent to Philadelphia, on the 23rd and 24th of September, 1863. I saw Burwell at Greenville, Ala., soon after the war ended, recognized, and spoke to him, but Burwell clearly showed that he did not care to encourage my familiarity. I did not know his prison record at that time. This was subsequently obtained and accounted for his disposition to avoid me. Thus of nine men of Reese's Battery captured in that campaign, two died, five deserted, and two were paroled. These nine were not a fair sample of the men of Reese's Battery. But this is left for a future discussion.

THE MYSTERY OF "GENTLEMAN JOHN."

A friend sends this clipping from the Cincinnati *Times-Star*:

"'Gentleman John' Harpe, whose body lies on a slab in the General Hospital morgue, was something of a mystery in life in Cincinnati, and he remains a mystery in death.

"Beyond the fact that he was seventy-nine years old, a Virginian, a Confederate veteran, and a singularly well-educated man, his intimates know nothing of his past. As to his life in Cincinnati, they know that he was a watchman in Engine Company No. 44, at Seventh and Sycamore Streets, and that he existed on the pittance which is paid old men in that occupation, lodging in the engine house. Thus he had lived for the past two years. He died from injuries received when an automobile struck him while he was crossing the street in front of the engine house.

"There was but one address which was presumed to be a clue to his identity. It was in Louisville. A telegram, however, disclosed that Harpe was not known there.

"'Gentleman John' died like a gentleman—with a smile of thanks to the physicians and nurses who were striving with might and main to save his life. Feebly, he lifted his wan and withered hand, as his eyes closed, and perhaps the gesture was a gentlemanly salute of gratitude, or it may have been his genteel farewell to a world which had used him ill in his last years, and finally battered the life out of him on a hard street.

"Thoughtful men, studious men, men of philosophic bent, often stopped in at Engine Company No. 44 for an hour of conversation with the learned watchman. He was familiar with the classics in prose and poetry and with all those periods in the world's history which fire the imagination of humanity. Among his closest friends was District Fire Marshal Louis Schraffenberger, who is himself a deep student of the classics, a graduate of the University of Cincinnati, and a man whose range of study and knowledge goes far beyond the boundaries of fire fighting and district command. And yet, as well-beloved as Schraffenberger was, 'Gentleman John' Harpe never volunteered one item of information concerning his past except that he was one of those who had fought for the 'Lost Cause' in the days of the rebellion, and that Virginia

was his native State. But that he had been reared in an atmosphere of culture and had spent years in and as part of gentle surroundings was evident in his every action and his every word.

"Who was he? He lies dead upon a marble slab in the morgue of the General Hospital and the smile upon his face seems even now to proclaim his satisfaction at continuing a mystery. It is not a triumphant smile; not the grimace of the boaster, but the whimsical smile of one who might say: 'Not now. Some other time I may tell you the story.'

"Courteously; just like that. Although any reporter knows that 'Gentleman John' will never do it."

G. W. Anderson, of Rochelle, Tex., writes of his interest in the VETERAN, and says: "I was born in the year 1857, and while too young to be a soldier of the Confederacy, I had four brothers in the army—Julius, Samuel, Littleton, and Jimmy. All served through the four years, and one died after getting back home. My father, W. B. Anderson, came to Texas in 1836 and helped to drive the Mexicans out; he was at the battle of San Jacinto and in the capture of Santa Ana. While too old to serve in the Confederate army, he was draft officer in Richmond, under General Magruder, and was captain of a local defense company; also spent \$10,000 in providing food for soldiers' families. Though but a boy at the close of the war, I remember how men were treated in Texas under the administration of Governor Davis, with his negro soldiers. Those allowed to vote were required to go to the county site, pay twenty-five cents for a ticket, and pass between two negroes in uniform to the voting place."



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FROM THE OLD ALBUM.

R. V. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., continues to hear from the list of names taken from the "Old Autograph Album," which was republished in the Dallas News. M. Jesse Hickman writes from Nacogdoches, Tex., that his father, A. H. Hickman, who was a prisoner at Johnson's Island, is still living, and nearing the age of eighty-five, in health and strength, though sight and hearing are much impaired. Edward W. Robert, of Bremond, Tex., writes that his father, John C. Robert, served in the company of Capt. D. U. Barzizo, (whose name is in the list). The latter was a prominent lawyer in Robertson County, Tex., after the war.

Mrs. Ina Chilcutt, of Texline, Tex., Box 117, writes in behalf of the wife of William Spencer, who wants to get in communication with any of his old comrades of the war, as she wishes to apply for a pension. William Spencer was born in Williamson County, Tenn., on Spencer's Creek, and the family later moved to Franklin. As he was born in 1847, he was a very young soldier of the Confederacy. She does not know with what command he served.

A. D. Binion, of Macon, Miss., has a copy of Semmes's "Service Afloat" for sale at \$5. Write to him.



Confederate Relics

—C. S. A. Belt Plates, not original, but made in the same mold as those furnished to the

Southern Army during Civil War. The original molds were found in ruins of Atlanta, Ga. Mailed for 75c. 372-page illustrated catalog of relics, cannon, rifles, swords, uniforms, saddles, with many C. S. relics. Mailed for 50c. 20-page list for 2c stamp. Francis Bannerman Sons, 501 Broadway, New York.

DO YOU KNOW

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That 803,000 parcels did likewise?

That 100,000 letters go into the mail yearly in perfectly blank envelopes?

That \$55,000 in cash is removed annually from misdirected envelopes?

That \$12,000 in postage stamps is found in similar fashion?

That \$3,000,000 in checks, drafts, and money orders never reach intended owners?

That Uncle Sam collects \$92,000 a year in postage for the return of mail sent to the Dead Letter Office?

That it costs Uncle Sam \$1,740,000 yearly to look up addresses on misdirected mail?

That 200,000,000 letters are given this service; and

That it costs in one city alone \$500 daily?

AND DO YOU KNOW

That this vast sum could be saved and the Dead Letter Office abolished if each piece of mail carried a return address, and if each parcel were wrapped in stout paper and tied with strong cord?

Moral.—Every man knows his own address if not that of his correspondent. *Put it in the upper left-hand corner!*

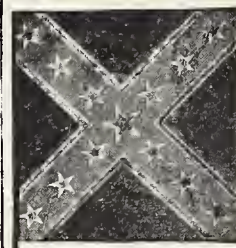
Mrs. Julia T. Fielder, of Cuthbert, Ga., is trying to secure a pension for the widow of Dr. R. E. Toombs, who enlisted from Stewart County, but she has not a record of his service other than a copy of the order to "report to these headquarters for duty in M.D. Department, 1st Division, Georgia Militia. By order of Major General Smith. T. A. Raines, Chief Surgeon."

H. T. Lewis, 6 Kenesaw Avenue, Atlanta, Ga., wishes to get information of his great-uncle, Joseph W. Andrews, who fought in the Texas army against Mexico, under Colonel Ward. He was one of the few survivors of a massacre.

W. W. Ratliff, of San Ysidro, Calif., who served with Company G, 21st Mississippi, Barksdale's Brigade, McLaws's Division, Longstreet's Corps, would like to hear from any surviving comrades.

SHRINKAGE.—"Flats is gettin' so small," said Uncle Eben, "dat purty soon dar won't be much left of 'home, sweet home' 'ceptin' de tune."

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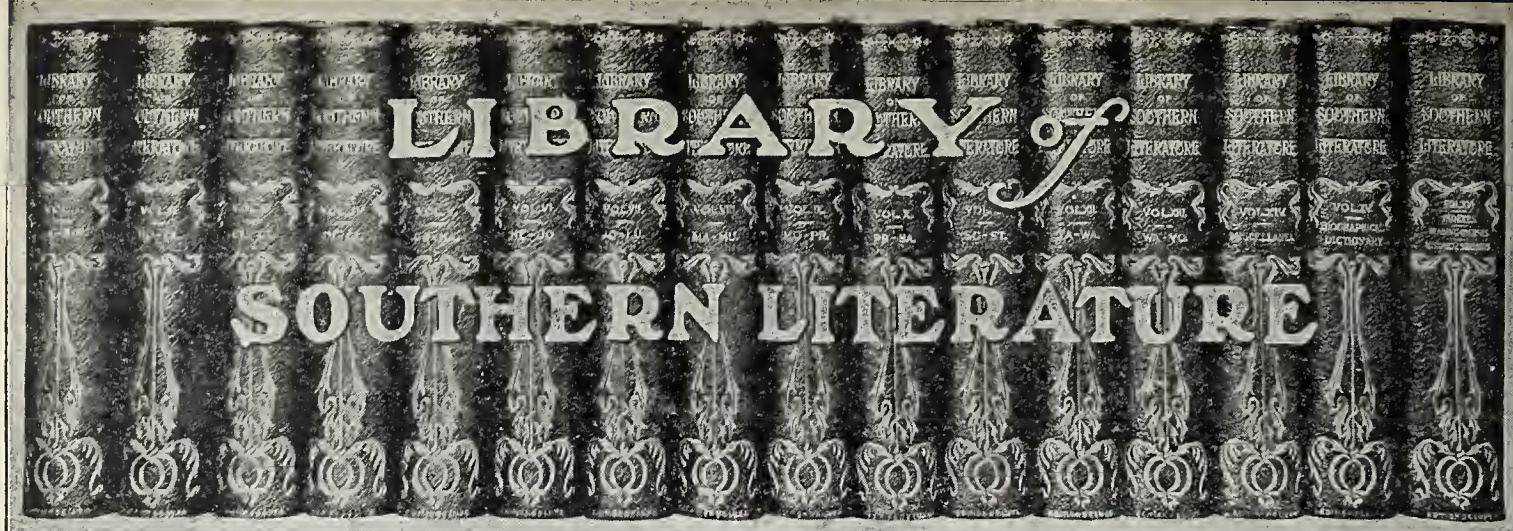
"A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER."

In a remote part of the Chickamauga Battle Field Park a lone grave has recently been discovered, marked by a marble headstone on which is inscribed: "In memory of John Ingraham, private, Company K, 1st Georgia Regiment, Volunteers, killed September 19." The grave is behind the Georgia lines as marked by the somber gray stones which show the progress of the Georgians in the battle that raged over these grounds in September of 1863.

STATISTICS.—Old Uncle Eben Jones went into a life insurance office and requested a policy. "Why, uncle," said the president, "you are too old for us to take the risk. How old are you?" "Ninety-seven come next August," said the old man, and added testily, "If you folks will take the trouble to look up your statistics, you'll find that mighty few men die after they're ninety-seven."—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

NEVER CONTENT.—The middle-aged spinster was in a retrospective mood. "Sometimes," she sighed, "I wish I had married before I was old enough to have sense enough not to do it."

MISSOURI IN THE WAR.—Several inquiries have come for books on Missourians in the War between the States, or the war in Missouri, on which so little has been written, and most of that out of print now. The book recently offered by the VETERAN, "Battles and Biographies of Missourians," could have been sold several times over, and if any of our readers have the book for sale, the VETERAN would like to hear from them. "Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy," by Mrs. Susan Hall, is also wanted.



THE FUTURE HISTORIAN

Written about 1880.]

In the future some historian shall come forth both strong and wise,
With a love of the republic and the truth before his eyes.
He will show the subtle causes of the War between the States,
He will go back in his studies far beyond our modern dates,
He will trace out hostile ideas as the miner does the lodes,
He will show the different habits born of different social codes,
He will show the Union riven, and the picture will deplore,
He will see it reunited and made stronger than before.
Slow and patient, fair and truthful must the coming teacher be
To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground to prune the tree;
He will hold the scale of justice, he will measure praise and blame,
And the South will stand the verdict, and will stand it without shame.

(Library of Southern Literature.)

The prophetic assurance of the South could not be expressed better than through the above stanza by James Barron Hope. But educators insist that our history has actually been written in its song, story, oratory, and biography. In living writings and utterances one finds the *real* history made by a section as well as the subtle soul and mind of a people.

The "Library of Southern Literature" embodies 5,000 gems of living history and ideals of our past which, if perpetuated, should be the inspiration of the present and future generations. It has been garnered and edited with scholarly acumen by eminent Southern men of letters and educators and reveals the historical status of an empire in domain and a period of time as long as the American people have functioned, from John Smith until to-day.

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TO HONOR REVOLUTIONARY
DEAD.

On the historic walls of Fort Ticonderoga, N. Y., the American Legion and the G. A. R. Post, of that place, recently unveiled a tablet in memory of brave men, regardless of nationality, who were killed at that stronghold in various American wars.

The occasion was the sesqui-centennial anniversary of the capture of "Old Ti" by Colonel Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys on May 10, 1775, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," an event regarded as the beginning of the revolution in New York State.

Addresses were made by the State historian, Dr. Alexander C. Flick, and by Walter K. Farnsworth, lieutenant governor of Vermont.

In writing of his lost sword, Maj. George Haven Putnam, of New York City, an inquiry about which was in the *VETERAN* for June, states that he had opportunity to hide his sword before being captured at Cedar Creek. He placed it in the cleft of two rocks on the left of the position occupied by his brigade, and not far from the turnpike. In the changing fortunes of the day, his regiment reoccupied their own camp before night, but the sword was no longer where he had placed it, and he is hopeful that some Confederate found it and can help him to recover it. He will give a liberal reward for its return.

THE DENVER MINT.

Although \$20,000,000 more precious metal bullion was coined in the Denver mint during 1924 than in 1923, not a single silver dollar was turned out, Frank E. Shepperd, superintendent of the mint, announced.

More than 3,000,000 double eagles were minted. In silver the following pieces were turned out: Quarters, 3,112,000; dimes, 6,770,000; nickels, 5,258,000.

Two and one-half million copper pieces were produced.

The total bullion in gold and silver converted amounted to \$62,677,900. Of this amount Colorado mines contributed \$5,976,814.84, compared with \$4,892,476.17 the previous year.—*National Tribune*.

FORCE OR CONSENT AS THE
BASIS OF AMERICAN
GOVERNMENT.

A debate between Dr. Mary Scrugham and Attorney William H. Townsend on the subject of Abraham Lincoln's use of force rather than conciliation and conference as the process of preserving the American Union. The South is at last victorious!

Order from Mrs. J. R. Johnson, President Lexington Chapter, U. D. C., Lexington, Ky. Price, fifty cents.

Husband: When a woman marries she waives her rights. Wife: Quite so; but it isn't a permanent waive.

The widow of Blanton B. Moore, of Waxahachie, Tex., wants to hear from any surviving comrades of her husband thinks he enlisted in Natchitoches Parish, La., and that he served west of the Mississippi, perhaps in the cavalry. She mentions Company C, 2nd Louisiana Cavalry, but does not know definitely. He had three brothers younger than himself in the army—James Hampton Moore, Burrall, and Timothy; the latter was killed in Virginia. Write to Mrs. Moore at 312 Roger Street, Waxahachie.

J. B. A. Robertson, 513 Braniff Building, Oklahoma City, Okla., writes in behalf of Elisha D. Shaw, of Wilson Okla., who is trying to secure a pension. Comrade Shaw enlisted April 10, 1862 in Company K, 18th Georgia Infantry under Capt. Jack Crawford; was wounded in some of the battles near Richmond in 1862, was sent home, and finally recovered. He needs the affidavits of some officers or comrades as to his service and leave of absence, and those who can give this will please write to him.

Mrs. Curtis Montgomery, of Ghent, Ky., Box 73, is seeking information on the Confederate record of her father, Clayton Smith Fisher, who served with the 11th Virginia Cavalry, but she does not know what company. She wishes to learn that, as well as anything else about his war record, and will appreciate hearing from any of his old comrades or friends. Says he was Stonewall Jackson's orderly—a noncommissioned officer.

W. T. Hopson, of Lexington, Miss., makes a good suggestion as to having a Confederate library in every county of every State—that is, a collection of the best works on Confederate and Southern history which the Daughters of the Confederacy might be able to collect. Such a library would be of incalculable value to students and writers, as well as for the general public.

J. C. Williams, now living near Lewisville, Tex., served with the 20th Mississippi Regiment, under Captain Chafalon, Adams's Brigade, Loring's Division, Johnston's army. He was captured at Fort Donelson, sent to Camp Douglas, exchanged at Vicksburg; was wounded twice. Went to Texas after the war. He would like to hear from any old comrades.

Confederate Veteran.

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

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VOL. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1925.

No. 7.

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WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. Gen. William C. Harrison

COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

Gen. William B. Freeman, the new Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, was a boy soldier of the Confederacy, enlisting about the 1st of June, 1861, in the Piedmont Artillery, at Liberty (now Bedford City), Va., while in his seventeenth year. That would put him in his eighty-first year now, but his tall, commanding figure is still carried with military erectness, and his every movement shows vigor and strength. General Freeman is still actively in business, and for some years has been commander of the Virginia Division, U. C. V.

Some little reference to his soldier life will be of interest. After training for awhile at Liberty, his command was mustered into service at Lynchburg in August, 1861, then sent on to Staunton. From there, in September, it was sent to Gloucester Point to take charge of a battery, and thus served during the Peninsular campaign. Retreating with Johnston's army to the vicinity of Richmond, it was then designated as the 4th Virginia Battalion and attached to Rodes's Brigade, with which it participated as infantry in the battle of Seven Pines and suffered heavy losses. The casualties of the brigade there were 1,099 killed and wounded; no prisoners. In the first bayonet charge of his command, William Freeman was wounded, but he continued with the boys in the second charge against Casey's entrenched line, and fell with a second wound, which completely disabled him. He was taken off the field and sent to Richmond the next day, then to Lynchburg, where he got his first hospital treatment. Later he was sent home, and after a long confinement, he recovered and returned to his command. This was late in the fall of 1862.

In the meantime, his battalion, with other companies, had been consolidated into the 34th Virginia Infantry, Wise's Brigade. On his return to the army, young Freeman was appointed as special messenger at brigade headquarters. The brigade was then commanded by Col. J. Thomas Goode, as General Wise was then acting as Post Commander. In June, 1863, William Freeman voluntarily resigned his position, though there was in prospect for him an appointment as a staff officer with rank of lieutenant; but he wanted to be with his comrades and share with them the fortunes of war. The command had taken part in a battle at Williamsburg, and had also gone on several expeditions against the enemy's raids.

In September, 1863, it was ordered to report to Longstreet for his Knoxville expedition, but this order was countermanded and the command was sent to Charleston, S. C., to take part in the defense there under General Beauregard from the land side. After many months, they held the position on the extreme end of James Island, toward Fort Sumter, where they were under the heavy and constant fire of the enemy's guns for many weeks. On May 4, 1864, the command was ordered back to Virginia, and was immediately engaged

in the battle of Drewry's Bluff, on the right wing, at Port Walthall Junction, where a splendid attack was made and considerable loss suffered. A part was taken in several other battles, with considerable loss, and in June the regiment was rushed in great haste to Petersburg to meet Grant's attack on that city, he having already crossed the James River with two corps of infantry, besides artillery and cavalry, and between this great army of Grant's and 2,200 men under Beauregard a three days' struggle ensued. Then reënforcements reached the Confederates and Freeman's command had a chance to rest, later taking position on the defense line in the eight months' siege. Here they suffered all the hardships known to soldiers, being under fire the whole time and having many casualties. In the battle of the Crater, June 30, this command was just to the right of the explosion and under fire of 150 guns. Later they took part in a number of battles in that vicinity, and at Hatcher's Run, besides heavy losses in killed and wounded, about half of the men were taken prisoners. At Sailor's Creek there was more severe fighting, then the end came at Appomattox. Of that company of fine young men who went out at the first of the war, and which was recruited from time to time during the four years, William B. Freeman was one of twelve to surrender at Appomattox.

For many years his home has been in Richmond, Va., and he is a Past Commander of the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of that city, later being elected to command the Virginia Division. Those who attended the reunion in Richmond in 1922 will recall with pleasure the splendid address made in the U. C. V. convention by his son, Douglas Freeman, who is editor of the *Richmond News Leader*.

PROTEST AGAINST FALSE HISTORY.

Camp Wilcox, U. C. V., of Birmingham, Ala., has gone on record, by formal resolutions, in protesting against the showing of pictures which present history in a false light, as instanced by that picture depicting the life of Lincoln which so misrepresents the South. In these resolutions mention is also made of books recommended for the City Library which are false in their teaching. By the coöperation of all patriotic societies in this movement against the teaching by picture or books of such false history, much can be accomplished in that direction, and it is hoped that this protest by Camp Wilcox will be seconded by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Birmingham in an even more vigorous protest.

These resolutions state "that we condemn the showing of such pictures in our city and protest against the employment by the city of persons who approve of books and pictures that libel American citizens or the employment of an amusement inspector who approves such pictures."

Signed: J. B. Marshall, J. P. Moncrief, P. E. Wiggins, Committee for Camp Wilcox, U. C. V.

THE MEMORIAL HALF DOLLAR.

The Stone Mountain Memorial Half Dollar has been placed with the banks of the country for distribution, and no son or daughter of the South should fail to secure one and thus make a contribution to the most wonderful memorial of all time. The first million of these memorial coins will be sold at one dollar each, and half of this amount goes to the fund for completing the carving on Stone Mountain. Orders should be placed promptly. Remember, your bank will get them for you.

ADJUTANT GENERAL AND CHIEF OF STAFF, U. C. V.

The new Adjutant General, U. C. V., Harry Rene Lee, of Nashville, Tenn., is a native of Mississippi, born at Natchez, in February, 1845, and was educated at the Jesuit College, New Orleans, La. In April, 1862, he was mustered into the Confederate army, serving with Company K, 34th Mis-



GEN. HARRY RENE LEE, U. C. V.

issippi Infantry, Col. Samuel Benton. The 34th was known as the 37th for some time; was mustered in at Holly Springs, April, 1862; was ordered to Corinth and assigned to Patton Anderson's Brigade, with the 30th and 41st Mississippi Regiments; first field service was with Van Dorn at Pittsburg Landing; engaged at Farmington, Tenn., May, 1862; accompanied Bragg to Chattanooga, July, 1862; united with Hardee's Corps and fought at Perryville, Ky., October, 1862. The 34th charged Parson's Battery four times, finally carrying it; every field officer wounded—Falconer, Mason, and Pegram, slightly; Lieutenant Colonel Wright, permanently. At Shelbyville the regiment was transferred to Polk's Corps and assigned to Walthall's Brigade, then to W. H. T. Walker's Reserve Corps, and with that command was one of the first units to engage at Chickamauga, fighting the second day in the woods between Thomas and the creek; the third day crossing the road between Thomas and Chattanooga, Maj. W. G. Pegram commanding. At Lookout Mountain, Major Pegram was severely wounded, heading the charge on Battery H, U. S. Artillery, Captain Bowen assuming command. The regiment wintered near Dalton, Ga., and, beginning May, 1864, participated in the following engagements: Alt's Gap, Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, and Atlanta, July 22. Went into winter quarters at Tupelo, Miss., on Christmas Day, 1864; furloughed until February, 1865; assembled at Meridian, Miss., February 14. In the reorganization at Smithville, N. C., in March, the 24th,

27th, and 34th were consolidated into the 24th Regiment, Col. R. W. Williamson commanding, in the brigade of Gen. W. F. Brantley, D. H. Hill's Division, Stephen D. Lee's Corps. The regiment surrendered April 26, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C.

Not having enough of war, he then served some years with the British Navy. He is now actively connected with a large printing company, of Nashville.

SAN JACINTO.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE U. C. V.

(Read at Dallas Reunion, May, 1925.)

Texas, O Texas! How were you dressed that morning,
When the hosts of Santa Anna lay glittering in the sun?
With the cloak of valor round you and with courage for your
shield,

What need for other raiment and with victory to be won!

Texas, O Texas! how were you armed that morning,
To meet the ranks of Mexico, the edge of Spanish steel?
With a pair of keen-nosed cannon, rifles, bowie knives, and
clubs,
And the skill God gave to man to crush the tyrant with his
heel.

For you burned your bridge behind you, and you closed the
field before,
And you woke the sleeping army, drunk with conquest,
glory mad;
And your answer thrilled with terror as your Houston raised
the cry:

"The Alamo! The Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

On! and on! the Seven Hundred! it was victory or death!
Though all the serried lines of Cos had swept across the bay,
'Twas the last firm stand for freedom, for Texas, and for home,
And the souls of Travis, Crockett, and Fannin led the
way.

On and on! across the prairie, through the bog and through
the marsh,
Pressed the hosts of Santa Anna, fighting, driving, plunging
in;
But they fell before the onslaught in a fearful bloody rout,
For your Houston knew no tactics, save to fight—and fight
to win!

No pause, no halt nor quarter, till the voice of victory rang
Through the silence of surrender, and then the fight was
done;
And the Lone Star rose unchallenged on the azure field of
fame,
With the wild, hoarse shout of "Freedom!" for your freedom
had been won!

Texas, O! Texas! you fought with Lee and Jackson,
With Johnston, Forrest, Hood, and Smith against the fear-
ful odds;
You fixed your matchless Star upon the hallowed Stars and
Bars,
And wept low with your Southland in the twilight of her
gods.

Texas, O Texas! the World War found you ready;
Across the storm-swept fields of France a tender shadow
falls,
For you share the graves of glory and you hold the living
flame
That shall fire the sons of freedom whenever freedom calls!

REUNION NOTES.

Dallas fulfilled her bond most acceptably in the entertain-
ment provided for the United Confederate Veterans gathered
in that city for their thirty-fifth annual reunion, May 19-22.
The estimate of attendance was some seven thousand veterans
of the Confederacy, in addition to other visitors, but not more
than four or five thousand registered. All in all, the attend-
ance was a surprise, but the Reunion Committee was a equal
to all demands and managed to provide for unexpected guests
most comfortably. In addition to the provisions made at
Fair Park for the four thousand expected, many homes had
been opened for the entertainment of veterans. The Boy
Scouts were ready to take charge of them on arrival, and dur-
ing the entire time of the reunion, they were ever ready with
willing service, day and night. Hurrah for the Boy Scouts!

* * *

The convention opened on Wednesday morning at the Fair
Park Auditorium with a great crowd in attendance, and
despite attendant confusion, the program of welcome ad-
dresses and responses was carried through. After the playing
of old Southern airs by the Charlottesville, Va., band, which
is the official band of the Virginia Division, and the invocation
by Chaplain General H. M. Wharton, the meeting was called
to order by Gen. J. C. Foster, commanding the Texas Division,
U. C. V., who gave a welcome to the veterans of the State.
W. C. McCulley, Commander of Sterling Price Camp, of
Dallas, extended welcome in behalf of the local veterans,
while Col. J. T. Trezevant, Chairman of the Reunion Com-
mittee, gave assurance that Dallas wanted every veteran to
have a glorious time and would do everything to make it so.
Finance Commissioner John C. Harris spoke on behalf of
Mayor Louis Blalock in voicing the city's welcome to all
within her gates. Response to these welcome greetings was
made by R. F. Spearman, of Houston, in expressing apprecia-
tion for the visiting veterans. Mrs. Frank Harrold, Presi-
dent General U. D. C., brought greetings from that great
organization, "one hundred thousand strong, who are striving
to keep alive in lovely memory the ideals of the Confederacy."
On behalf of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association
holding its convention there at the same time, Miss Mildred
Rutherford, Historian General, spoke for its President Gen-
eral, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson. Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle,
Poet Laureate U. C. V., gave her poem, "Texas, O Texas,"
written especially for this annual meeting. The daughter of
Dick Dowling, hero of the battle of Sabine Pass, was intro-
duced and gave a poem commemorative of that heroic event.

It was late when the convention was turned over to General
Thomas as presiding officer, and little further was done beyond
the appointing of the credentials and resolutions committees.
A number of entertainments took up the afternoon, the first
of which was a reception at the home of Mrs. Katie Cabell
Muse, daughter of General Cabell and former President
General U. D. C. The feature of this reception was the
unveiling of a statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee by his grand-
daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. E. Lee, Jr. Following this came a
number of addresses, with appropriate music interspersed.
Later on the veterans were special guests at the Miss Hocka-
aday School, whose students gave a pageant representing
seven epochs in American history.

* * *

On Thursday business was taken up by the convention with
reports by committees, etc., with suspension at noon for
Memorial Hour, in which the C. S. M. A. and S. C. V. joined.
A heavy toll has been taken from each association in the pass-
ing of many members. Most prominent of the names called

was that of Gen. William B. Haldeman, late Commander in Chief U. C. V., and to him was dedicated the tribute given by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate for these Confederate associations.

At the afternoon session a number of resolutions were presented, one of which suggested a change in the method of holding these annual reunions, so that the necessity to travel long distances might be overcome. The idea was to hold Department reunions instead—that is, such a gathering would be held in one of the States forming a Department, and as there are three of these U. C. V. Departments, there would be three reunions annually, and another was to be held in New Orleans as the official headquarters. This did not appeal to the veterans, who prefer the general reunion for the whole organization, so it was promptly tabled.

Another resolution tabled was the suggestion to have the U. C. V. take part in the Stone Mountain Memorial, the general feeling being that the controversy over that could be settled only by the association in control of it.

A resolution was passed heartily indorsing the efforts that have been made by A. O. Wright, commanding the C. S. N. veterans, to put on record the enlistment, service, and discharge of every Confederate sailor and to have Congress remove the stigma of desertion now recorded against the names of those who resigned from the U. S. Navy to enter the Confederate service.

The last actions of the convention were the nomination and election of officers and the selection of the place of meeting in 1926. The election of General Freeman, of Virginia, as Commander in Chief, was made unanimous on the withdrawal of General Thomas, of Georgia, who had been filling the unexpired term. General Thomas was then unanimously made Honorary Commander for Life. The invitation extended by Birmingham, Ala., for the reunion to be held there in 1926, was cordially accepted.

* * *

The parade on Friday was witnessed by great throngs, who cheered and applauded the passing units, and these greetings brought reciprocal cheers and salutes from the veterans of the gray. Decorated floats of the organizations of patriotic women, with the members representing different periods of history, added beauty and color to this moving panorama. One of these floats represented "Texas under Six Flags," with pretty young girls in costumes of the six nations that exercised dominion over that State. Local bands and visiting bands kept every one athrill by their martial airs, and high in the air were planes on parade in battle formation. It was a stirring scene for three hours.

RESOLUTIONS.

One of the most important actions of the veterans in assembly was the adoption of a resolution asking Senators and Representatives from the Southern States to work for the transference of the mansion at Arlington to the care of the Confederate organizations, to be restored and refurnished as it was in the time of General Lee's residence there. The resolution was introduced by W. F. Robertson, of the James M. Cochran Camp, S. C. V., and was as follows in part:

"Whereas the beautiful Arlington Mansion, the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, at Arlington, Va., is now and has been since April, 1861, in the custody and under the control of the United States government; and whereas said home is now occupied as an office by the superintendent of the Arlington National Cemetery; and whereas it is the universal desire of the people of the South that the control and possession of the home of General Lee, together with the adjoining buildings,

including the old servant quarters and the grounds immediately surrounding said buildings, be placed in care of the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and that the United States government cease to longer occupy said mansion and the other buildings connected therewith, to the end that said mansion may be furnished and forever kept as a shrine where all who honor the name of Gen. Robert E. Lee and who cherish the memory of that great American, the commanding genius of the Confederate Armies, may gather during all the years to come and pay just tribute to that illustrious man; therefore be it

"Resolved by the United Confederate Veterans in thirty-fifth annual reunion assembled, That the Senators and Representatives in the Congress of the United States from the States composing the Confederate States of America be requested to take such action as will properly bring this matter before the Congress and endeavor to have the custody and possession of said home of Gen. Robert E. Lee transferred by the United States government to the Daughters of the Confederacy, or to the Sons of Confederate Veterans, or to both of said organizations, to be held, occupied and cared for by said organization or organizations, upon such terms and conditions as may be provided in said transfer, without in any way interfering with the plans or management of the Arlington National Cemetery by the United States government or its agency."

THE OLDEST VETERANS.

The Dallas reunion was remarkable in several ways, one of which was for the attendance of so many veterans, of advanced aged. One of these was G. E. W. Harwood, of Mingus, Tex., ninety-four years old, who thought Dallas had grown some since the days of war in the sixties. He was a member of the Texas Militia. Says he can see to read without glasses, has cut three sets of teeth, and isn't near "ready to quit." The oldest Confederate twins, the Haw brothers of Virginia, were also there, looking surprisingly young and vigorous for their eighty-seven years. Another veteran eighty-four years young was Harry Shaw, Sr., of Frankfort Ky., who was a member of Company B, 11th Kentucky Cavalry, under Morgan. As "the sole survivor of General Lee's bodyguard," J. H. Griffin, of Oklahoma City, attended the reunion dressed in his old Confederate uniform and fully equipped for war. He was a member of Bob Wheat's Battalion, and was captured at Vicksburg, and sent to Rock Island Prison. He is now a member of the David H. Hammon Camp, U. C. V., of his city. George H. Sheram, of Georgia, who usually walks to the reunion city, was in Dallas with his noted white whiskers, but said they wouldn't let him walk this time, so he came on the train. He is now in his eighty-eighth year. San Antonio sent a delegation of nineteen veterans from that city whose combined ages total 1,547 years. Of these Capt. P. R. Turner was the oldest at ninety-three, and Godfrey Peterson, Adjutant of the San Antonio Camp, the youngest at seventy-eight years. The others were as follows: W. W. Sloan, 80; D. J. Cater, 84; Felix Burns, 84; E. Kaufman, 79; W. L. Edwards, 82; J. O. Davis, 81; J. F. Clinkscales, 87; J. W. Maddox, 81; W. A. Porter, 80; C. A. Mangham, 80; D. P. Smith, 79; A. L. Wallace, 82; E. W. B. Leach, 81; T. B. Childers, 80; A. H. Polley, 80; W. C. Chamberlain, 79; and W. K. Baylor, 79. Another nonagenarian of ninety-four winters and summers was J. R. Tyree, of Richmond, Va., who went through the four years of war without a scratch. He is proud of his war record, but prouder still that he has gone through sixty-three years of married life with the same wife and without any warfare in the home. A fine record indeed!

One thing over which the Reunion Committee was especially happy is that there were no deaths or casualties connected with this gathering. The medical aid committee, under the skilful direction of Dr. J. O. McReynolds, left nothing undone to preserve the veterans from illness during their stay and saw that they were in fit condition to make the trip home. Their slightest ailments were immediately attended to by expert physicians and nurses, and comparatively few needed hospital service. This is a remarkable showing for such a large attendance, and especially as many veterans came a greater distance to the reunion city and were older and feebler than ever before. Our grateful thanks to the medical committee!

* * *

MONUMENT TO GENERAL FORREST'S MOTHER.

An aftermath of the reunion was the dedication of a monument to Mrs. Joseph Luxton, the mother of Gen. N. B. Forrest, which had been placed by the Hannibal Boone Chapter, U. D. C., at her grave in the lonely old burial ground known as Camp Cemetery, some three miles from Navasota, Tex. She died in 1866. These exercises were held on May 23 and were attended by her great-grandson, N. B. Forrest, Jr., of Atlanta, Ga., with a party of Sons of Confederate Veterans. The principal speaker was Dr. H. W. Evans, of Atlanta, and the veil was drawn by N. B. Forrest III, the great-great-grandson.



MRS. ROBERT E. LEE, JR., OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Lee, in Colonial costume, stands beneath the portrait of Mrs. Robert E. Lee, who was Mary Randolph Custis, great-granddaughter of Martha Washington.

THE SURRENDER OF LEE.

[Written about May, 1865, by Gerald Smythe, of Hastings, England, who is still devoted to the Confederate cause. The allusion in line twenty is to the possible loss of Canada.]

Throughout the South is heard a wail of woe,
For we must yield us to our hated foe,
Since Robert Lee, our gray hair'd chieftain brave,
Is helpless now our fallen state to save.
What! Have we, then, these four sad years in vain
Shed our best blood on many a ruddy plain?
Alas! 'tis so; in bitterest despair,
Bow we our heads to Heav'n in humble prayer,
And say, though hard our fate: "God's will be done."
'Tis even so; like as the setting sun
Goes down, and gloomy darkness holds her sway,
So have our cherish'd hopes all passed away
And faded into night. All shame to those
Who have stood by and watched our dying throes,
Have listen'd to our cries with stubborn ears,
Calmly have look'd upon our suppliant tears.
When retribution comes, as come it will,
When in their hearts they feel deep anguish thrill,
Then they, in vain, their cruelty will mourn;
In that dark day, when from their crown is torn
One of its brightest jewels, let them think
How they allow'd a nation brave to sink
In slow despair; nor lent an aiding hand
To us, who strove so long to save our land.

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

A beautiful memorial service, arranged by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Columbus, Ohio, was held at the Camp Chase Cemetery, near Columbus, on Saturday afternoon, June 6, in honor of the 2,260 Confederate soldiers buried there, and it was largely attended. The cemetery had been put in perfect condition by the officers at Fort Hayes, and at each marble headstone, giving the name of the soldier, company, and regiment, was a small flag of the United States placed by the Daughters of the Confederacy in the spirit exemplified by the monument which crowns this hallowed spot. Many lovely flowers had been sent from different Southern States—magnolias, cape jasmine, the graceful gray moss, and other things typical of this section. A beautiful floral emblem, sent by the Franklin County American Legion, was a wreath, of rosebuds in red and white, the colors of the Confederacy, and it was presented in the words: "For the soldiers of yesterday from the soldiers of to-day." Another token came in a cluster of peonies from the mother of a World War veteran, William Chamberlain, who was there in his wheeled chair, and had a place of honor. The address of the occasion was by Rev. Robert Lee Golliday, of Columbus, a native of Virginia, whose father fought under Stonewall Jackson. The Al G. Field Quartet gave several beautiful songs, the last of which, "Lead Kindly Light," was given as the favorite of President McKinley, ever remembered for his kindly offices in securing government care for Confederate graves in the North. After the benediction, a parting salute was fired by a squad from Fort Hayes, and taps was again sounded over those who so long ago gave life and all for their beloved country.

The late Al G. Field was always active in participating in and contributing to this Memorial Day observance, and his Minstrel Company now furnishes the music for the occasion. The late Col. William H. Knauss will also ever be remembered for his great interest in caring for the cemetery.

MONUMENT TO CAPT. SALLY TOMPKINS.

An interesting occasion was the dedication of the monument to Capt. Sally Tompkins, on June 3, in the cemetery of Christ Church at Mathews, Va. This monument is a tribute from the United Confederate Veterans, Daughters, and Sons of the Confederacy, in appreciation of the great work she did in behalf of the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers in the Robertson Hospital at Richmond, Va.

The exercises were as follows:

Invocation, Rev. William Byrd Lee.

Welcome, Mr. George Edward Tabb Lane.

Response and introduction of the speaker by Gen. Edgar Taylor, Chairman Monument Committee.

Address, Mr. John B. Lightfoot.

Music.

Benediction, Rev. Giles B. Cooke.

The veil was drawn from the monument by little John Warren Cooke, son of Rev. Giles B. Cooke, after the address by Mr. Lightfoot. The monument is of white Virginia granite, eight feet high, with inscription as follows:

CAPTAIN SALLY L. TOMPKINS

C. S. A.

Born at Poplar Grove, Mathews Co., Va.

November 9, 1833.

Died at Richmond, Va., July 25, 1916.

In grateful appreciation of her services in maintaining the Robertson Hospital at Richmond, Va., from 1861 to 1865, where 1,300 soldiers were tenderly cared for, this memorial is erected by the Confederate veterans and United Daughters of the Confederacy. President Jefferson Davis gave her a commission as Captain of Cavalry, unassigned, in order that, because of its valuable work in restoring so many men to the army, this hospital should be under government supervision.

I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat,
I was thirsty and ye gave me drink,
I was sick and ye visited me.

(Matthew 25.)

Mrs. C. E. Bolling, of Richmond, Va., Secretary of the Monument Committee, writes:

"In June, 1922, at the reunion in Richmond, a resolution was adopted by the United Confederate Veterans to secure funds for the erection of a monument over the grave of Capt. Sally Tompkins. Capt. Walter Greene, of North Carolina, was appointed chairman of the committee, and he asked Gen. Edgar Taylor to serve with him. In March, 1924, a committee was formed in Richmond, called the Capt. Sally Tompkins Monument Committee, and at the request of Captain Greene, the Commander in Chief U. C. V., General Haldeman, authorized him to turn over the funds he had collected to the treasurer appointed. Soon after this was done, Captain Greene was taken from this earthly life, and General Taylor was appointed chairman, with the following officers and committee:

"W. Roy Mason (S. C. V.), First Vice Chairman.

"Hon. Boyd Sears (S. C. V.), Second Vice Chairman.

"Mrs. Charles E. Bolling (U. D. C.), Secretary.

"P. Howell Brooke (S. C. V.), Treasurer.

"Mrs. W. B. Lightfoot, Mrs. John Bagley, Miss Ella Cooke,

Mrs. John Tabb, Mrs. C. E. Forrest, Rev. Giles B. Cooke William B. Smith, on committee.

"Of the total amount collected for the monument and for the work of putting coping around the section and granite posts and iron railing, the Confederate Veterans have contributed \$516. Through the Sally Tompkins Chapter, U. D. C., of Gloucester, Va., and the Capt. Sally Tompkins Chapter, U. D. C., of Mathews County, Va., \$320 was collected. With additional gifts from Chapters in the State amounting to \$60, and \$35 from the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the total amount collected was \$931."

Sally L. Tompkins was born at Poplar Grove, Mathews County, Va., on November 9, 1833, the daughter of Col. Christopher and Maria Patterson Tompkins. At the outbreak of the War between the States, she was possessed of what in that day was a fortune, which she freely gave in the service of the Confederate cause. In July, 1861, immediately after the first battle of Manassas, she opened a hospital in the house at Third and Main Streets in Richmond, and which was afterwards known as the Robertson Hospital, in honor of Judge Robertson, who gave his house for the purpose. When the Confederate government decided that all private hospitals should be closed, to avoid expense and to conserve food and other materials under proper supervision, the record of the Robertson Hospital was such that President Davis ordered the hospital to be under the control and direction of a government official, and that officer was to be Miss Tompkins. Accordingly she was commissioned captain in the Confederate army on September 9, 1861; she accepted the office, but stipulated that she should not draw the pay. She conducted the hospital until June, 1865, and cared for over 1,300 soldiers. In this hospital the mortality rate was lower than in any other, and the men were steadily returned to service when able to go. Many a soldier boy owed his recovery to her devoted care and attention, and the monument which has been placed over her grave is a testimonial of appreciation for her devotion to the Confederate soldier. Captain Tompkins died at the Confederate Woman's Home in Richmond in 1916.

A UNIQUE MEMORIAL.

[Contributed by Mrs. Nancy North, Washington, D. C.]

One of the most beautiful and unique memorials erected in this country is to be found on the crest of South Mountain, near Gapland, Md. So picturesque does it appear to the traveler passing through this beautiful section of the country that it might be easily mistaken for the last remaining remnant of a medieval castle. It was erected after the War between the States by George Alfred Townsend, a newspaper correspondent, in honor of his fellow war correspondents, whereon are chiseled, on the face of the limestone arch the names of the men who had no small share in recording the events of the war and upon whose accounts are based much of the present-day history of this country.

This memorial was erected just across the road from his mansion on South Mountain, where he settled, a part of the battle field of Antietam, and in constant view from his study windows, this great stone arch, with well-kept masonry, will ever perpetuate the memory of this patriotic American. In the year 1904, this monument and the land upon which it is located was conveyed to the United States by Mr. Townsend himself and is maintained as one of the battle monuments of Antietam battle field. It has made the crest of sleepy South Mountain, upon the blue summits of which stands this unique memorial, one of the inspiring sights of this beautiful country.

JUSTICE, LIKE TRUTH, IS OFTEN SLOW.

BY MAJ. G. W. B. HALE, ROCKY MOUNT, VA.

The opinion of the distinguished New England lawyer, expressed recently in a speech to the students and faculty of the Washington and Lee University and the citizens of Lexington, in which he stated that "the true attitude of the South toward the War between the States is much misunderstood by the people of the North," can be thoroughly indorsed. Mr. Rich was happy in styling his speech as "A Confession of a Yankee." He affirmed that both sides were right, a view, to me, hardly reconcilable, when we duly consider the great responsibility and magnitude of that horrible event. If the North was right, how can it be possible to portray that the South was otherwise than egregiously wrong, and vice versa?

To be right in a matter so portentous as that four years of war, the facts of sustainment must be unequivocal. To arrive at this important state, we must, as the only proper way to satisfy an honest, unbiased mind read and study the opinions of the wisest and most trusted men of the nation. To this jurisdiction I am willing to submit the whole case of right or wrong.

This matter, which has been on the docket in the United States for nearly one hundred years, has had ample time to be equitably solved, provided we have yet on hand a modicum of patriots and honest statesmen who are not governed by that degrading element of character known as expediency, so prevalent in many sections of this so-called united and reconciled United States. Of this class of men, we pure Americans invoke their patriotic efforts. The opinions of a number of wise and good men have already been clearly expressed in this matter of right and wrong between the two sections, but in such a scrappy manner as to be almost unreachable to the intelligent who have ripened in the last forty or fifty years. The diffusion of knowledge nowadays is mostly confined to the press. Histories and books are so filled with irrelevant and prosaic matter, requiring too much valuable time for sifting out, are not as valuable aids for disseminating information.

All classes of people read the daily press. Let the claims of the North and of the South be established by a consensus of opinion expressed before and since the war by men in authority and distinguished ability. Let the press quote the sayings of these men in terse phrases. As Mr. Rich remarked, people of the North understand little about the "attitude of the South" ere that horrible conflict commenced. The South knew they had the right; the North knew they had the might. With that knowledge only, the two sections waged war. "Which was right?" is still the question with many.

What Lincoln and some others North had to say about the right to secede and the right to coerce is relevant matter. Lincoln said: "Any people whatever has a right to abolish the existing government and form a new one that suits better." (Congressional Record, 1847.) Again he said: "Any people that can, may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit." (30 Congress, page 94.) Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, said: "John Quincy Adams and Lincoln made elaborate arguments (1839 and 1847) in favor of the legal rights of each State to secede." (Horton's History, page 71.) "The withdrawal of the Southern States was in no sense a declaration of war upon the Federal government, but the Federal government declared war upon them," as history will show.

Rev. Charles Beecher Stowe (son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a book that excited more hatred against the South than any book written before the war, said: "When the South drew the sword to defend

the doctrine of State Rights, they certainly had on their side the Constitution and the laws of the land; for the national Constitution justified the doctrine of State Rights." "Is it not perfectly evident," said he, "that there was a great rebellion? But the rebels were the men of the North, and the men who defended the Constitution were the men of the South; for they defended State Rights and slavery, which were distinctly entrenched in the Constitution."

New York *Tribune*, November 11, 1860: "The South has an undeniable right to secede from the Union. If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession of three million colonists in 1776, I do not see why the Constitution, ratified by the same men, should not justify the secession of five million Southerners from the Federal Union in 1861."

Goldwin Smith, of Cornell University, said: "Southern leaders should not be treated as rebels; secession is not rebellion."

William Rawle taught at West Point that "the Union, when founded, was an association of independent republics." Again he said: "It will depend upon the State itself whether it will continue a member of the Union." Again: "If the States are interfered with, they may wholly withdraw from the Union."

Ex-Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, 1860, said: "I am heart and soul with the South. She is right in principle from the Constitution." Daniel Webster said: "If the Union was formed by the accession of States, then the Union may be dissolved by the secession of States." Benjamin Franklin, in his works, volume five, said: "The States acceded to the Constitution."

I have still on hand the opinions of a number of distinguished men from the North, all of whom have declared that the Southern leaders were backed in their strenuous efforts in behalf of State Rights by the Constitution and the laws of the land; and that their acts during the season from 1861 to 1865 were not treasonable nor in violation of any fundamental law of the nation.

As our distinguished orator from Boston has truly said: "The Northern people are inadequately informed as to the true inwardness of that portentous conflict." It is equally true that many of the Southern people are even to-day badly posted as to the constitutional rights of secession and as to the actuating causes that led to it. I feel it a duty that I owe my comrades, their sons and daughters, to make clear to all, as far as possible, that the men who wore the gray were in complete justification and were not guilty of any act of treason in espousing the cause of secession, a charge which, even to-day, many of the Northern people are to the world still proclaiming.

Having been a soldier in that cause, and having been an assiduous student of the causes that led to it, and in accord with the expressed desire of General Lee that "every one should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth, in the hope that it may find place in history and descend to posterity," though past eighty-five years of age, I shall continue to sedulously scatter abroad the truth to the end of my time, hoping that when all things are made clear, harmony and general reconciliation may ensue north and south of the Mason and Dixon line in this wonderful and highly blessed land of ours.

"No ribbons nor stars would a soldier prize,

Such baubles could never inspire him,

Were the ribbons not loved for the hand that ties,

The stars for the eyes that admire him."

THE BATTLE OF CLOYD'S FARM.

BY MILTON W. HUMPHREYS, UNIVERSITY, VA.

The following statement is intended to correct any erroneous impressions that may have been made by the late W. P. Robinson in his account of the battle of Cloyd's Farm, published in the March number of the *VETERAN*. For a better comprehension of the situation some preliminary explanation is given.

The entire Confederate force engaged in this battle was under the command of Brig. Gen. A. G. Jenkins. The greater part of the force consisted of a brigade (the 36th and 60th Virginia Regiments and Bryan's Battery of six pieces), which for a long time had been commanded by John McCausland, colonel of the 36th Regiment. The regiment was commanded by Lieut. Col. Thomas Smith, and the major was William E. Fife. Colonel McCausland (soon afterwards made brigadier general of cavalry) was the ranking officer under General Jenkins.

On the extreme right of the Confederate line the 45th Virginia Regiment and Beckley's Battalion were being pressed back by a superior force which enveloped the right flank, and the 36th Regiment, which was on the extreme left, was ordered to the right wing. All this is correctly narrated by Robinson; but he entirely misconceived what followed. As it may not be convenient to consult Robinson's account, his statement is here reproduced: "In a short time after I began firing, the 36th Virginia came, and General McCausland, sitting on his horse by my gun, and to the left of the 36th, resting on the gun, ordered them to charge. They went down the hill in good alignment, and I thought they would sweep the enemy from before them, but in a few moments their Lieutenant Colonel Smith was shot down and carried from the field, and the regiment came running back in great disorder behind my gun and could not be rallied."

The account shows that Robinson thought that that splendid regiment of brave men turned and fled because of cowardice. These facts cause me to feel that it is a solemn and imperative duty to put on record the real facts, which seem strangely to have escaped Robinson when he examined the official records. These facts are as follows:

About the time the 45th Virginia was retiring from its slight entrenchment, the 36th arrived and formed line about two hundred yards behind the space covered by Beckley's Battalion and some detached companies of the 45th. It formed in two (double) lines, the left half in rear of the right. General Jenkins had been mortally wounded, and Colonel McCausland, now in command, ordered the 36th to charge. Just then couriers reached McCausland announcing that the left (of the entire force), where there was nothing but artillery and one company of infantry, was being turned; and so, when the front line of the 36th was almost in contact with the enemy, the regiment was halted and Lieutenant Colonel Smith was ordered to conduct it back to the left wing. Immediately after this, Smith received the very severe wound mentioned by Robinson. Major Fife, commanding the second line, did not know why the regiment was falling back, nor did he for some time even know that Smith was wounded. Fife, even when he made his official report, seems not to have known that the regiment had been ordered back to the left. There is confusion in the official reports, not without contradictions. McCausland seems to have thought the regiment went back, which it certainly did not do, but for some time was like a flock of sheep without a shepherd. The object of this communication being to defend the 36th Virginia

against the charge of cowardice, no further facts will be narrated here nor comments made on this episode of the battle.

It is to be regretted that in Robinson's account specific instances of men showing cowardice were stated and especially that their names were recorded, and I am constrained to protect especially against one of these charges. Speaking of Lieut. A. B. White, the narrator says: "The lieutenant in command of the gun told Sergeant Berger he was going after more ammunition. The ammunition came very soon, but the lieutenant was not seen any more until the next day." Now, it is possible to conceive of many contingencies, any one of which may have kept him away from his company. Anyway, early the next morning, at New River Bridge, thirteen miles from Cloyd's Farm by the road we followed, Capt. Thomas A. Bryan, now acting as Chief of Artillery, assigned Lieutenant White to the command of one of the pieces of Bryan's Battery, and White, in assuming command, gave one order: the sergeant and his men were to act as if he, White, were a private among them, and he was going to act as such in the impending artillery duel; and this he did bravely during the several hours of the engagement, though he might have stood off laterally from the gun in the usual position for officers commanding artillery, and in that position he would have been comparatively little exposed to danger, as no infantry was firing and cannon, in artillery duels, fire only at cannon. The writer was the sergeant of that piece.

TAPPAHANNOCK ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

A VOYAGE OF HISTORICAL DISCOVERY.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, TAPPAHANNOCK, VA.

Another survival of colonial times on the village street is a quaint, archaic, red brick structure, which stands just beyond the courthouse grounds. This cottage-size affair, with heavy green shutters, was once debtors' prison for the colony, another relic of defunct laws and suggesting historically the philanthropic Oglethorpe and the founding of the Georgia Colony in 1732, primarily for the relief of unfortunate beings languishing in the debtors' prisons of England. The tiny Marshalsea, left in Tappahannock, is well preserved and has been fitted up as a law office by the Hon. William A. Wright, representative to the State Assembly.

The story of the Wright brothers in the Confederacy is as heroic and touching as that of the Latané. Their names were William Alfred, Richard Edward, and Thomas R. B., the late Judge Wright of Tappahannock.

William Wright held the office of first lieutenant in the Essex Sharpshooters. In the spring of 1861 this company was



COURTHOUSE, SHOWING COLONIAL JAIL.

mustered into service and sent to a point on the lower Rappahannock to erect fortifications known as Fort Lowry. Here other companies gathered, and this company was organized, under command of Col. Francis Mallory, of Norfolk. When the fort was evacuated, the regiment retired to Fredericksburg, and afterwards to Richmond, where, in Fields's Brigade, it shared the honor of beginning the battle of Mechanicsville, July 26, 1862.

About this time Lieutenant Wright was promoted to the command of his company, which he led to battle day after day with singular gallantry. At Gaines's Mill his brother,

Richard Edward, was wounded severely and borne from the field. When he recovered and returned to duty it was to fight under another captain, for William Wright had finished his course. He had fallen June 30, 1862, mortally wounded. A letter taken from his pocket, bearing his address, was pinned to his breast, and he was left on the field among the dead and wounded. The next evening his brother, Thomas R. B. Wright,

came in search of the body, and, having identified it, endeavored to have it transported to Richmond for burial. Two Confederate officers, whose limbs had been amputated, lay near, and had remarked the handsome and noble looking Captain Wright, and to them the brother entrusted his remains. His body was laid beside that of a dead Georgian who had been killed in the same battle. Richard Wright recovered from his severe wound and returned to his regiment. Thomas Wright had been transferred from the 2nd Richmond Howitzers to this command, and now the two brothers were fighting under the same flag. On the 30th of September, 1864, at Petersburg, Va., they both fell side by side under the same hostile volley. Richard was shot through the head and died instantly in the enemy's lines. Thomas recovered, but with the loss of a limb, and lived to be an honored jurist of his native county. His home on the bank of the Rappahannock was burned many years ago, and he later owned the old Gordon home, now St. Margaret's School. The representative of the family to-day is the Hon. William A. Wright of the State Assembly, whose office is the old debtor's prison.

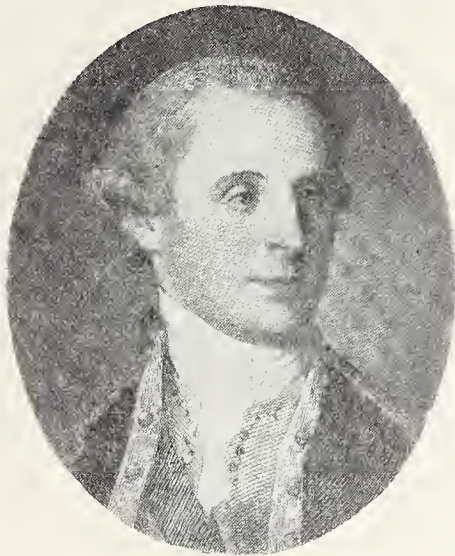
Across from the courthouse, in juxtaposition to the Confederate monument, is Monument Hotel, to which one would invite sojourners. Here Misses Genevieve and Eva Gresham, ladies of the old school, dispense cheer to travelers that is so pleasantly like famed Southern hospitality. This hostelry, a comfortable two-storied dwelling, was in ante-bellum time Mrs. Grey's school for girls, where Virginia ladies were "finished," acquiring graces and arts lost to a modern type. Eight hundred pupils were sent out from this school by Mrs. Lucy Gates Grey. She was daughter of Dr. Robert Willford, of Fredericksburg, a bride in 1811, a widow in 1818; for forty-four years she conducted this once famous school. The mother

of the Misses Gresham was a pupil here, and the tradition of culture still pervades the place.

History and story add charm to every site in Tappahannock. Out on the Green are the homes of the Wrights, Blakeys, Fishers, Phillipses, Scotts, Faulconers. Mr. Ernest Wright tells me that the site of the village belonged by royal grant to his ancestor, Bartholomew Hoskins, whose descendants are notable in the population of Essex County and other parts of the State.

As our historical discoveries must be limited by time and space, we shall return to the riverside, stopping at the attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Lewis, past the Latané's and just beyond the residence of Mr. DeShields, the popular mayor of the village. We may be pardoned for lingering under the hospitable roof-tree of the Lewises to gather historical items. Mr. Lewis has a collection of rare old papers, among them a journal of his ancestor, Charles Lewis, brother of Fielding Lewis, who married Betty Washington and lived at Kenmore, Fredericksburg (see pictures in CONFEDERATE VETERAN for March). It has been my privilege to hear this journal read aloud by Mr. Lewis. Written when Charles Lewis was on an expedition led by "The Hon. George Washington" in 1755, during the period of French and Indian Wars, it tells of the hardships of early settlers, of Indian depredations, depicting scenes of horror and massacre. Names of the Virginians belonging to the expedition are given in this journal, yellowed by age, yet written so clearly as to be easily read. These names make up another roll of honor of our colonial ancestors. It was the Hon. George Washington and his Virginia volunteers who did the greatest service for the British crown in retarding French invasion at Great Meadows in 1753.

The Honorable George, in his younger days, knew well Tidewater Virginia as a surveyor of land before and after he received license from William and Mary College in 1749. He rode, hunted, and fought, and visited over the Old Dominion. Here at Tappahannock is tradition of his visit to the home of the Brockenbroughs. This brings us to one of the historic places on the bank of the Rappahannock, called by its present mistress Hadley for the ancestral home of her family in the Barbadoes. Beautifully situated in a wooded park, commanding river views that enrapture the vision, the stately home is most inviting. The trees and shrubbery seem to have a quality of friendliness. One grand old cedar of Lebanon standing near the entrance is named "Bishop Meade," in memory of that noted divine's first visit to the home. The stately house dates back to early colonial days. It was built



GEORGE WASHINGTON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.



OLD CUSTOMHOUSE, NOW THE HOME OF A. D. LATANÉ, EDITOR OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK TIMES.

before 1658 by an Englishman named McCall for his daughter. This daughter was buried at Farnham, across the river; the tomb bears the date 1690. This mansion, built for her residence, is substantial and handsome. The walls are brick up to the windows, and covered with beaded weatherboarding of cypress. The friezes are hand carved, the mantels are of marble. Several of the rooms are paneled; the banisters to the stairway are like those at Mount Vernon, only more ornate. The marble mantels to-day show the pricks of British bayonets made during the Revolution. Tradition relates that since her death Miss McCall has made annual visits to her old home, walking through the house as ghostly visitor. Many of the old Tidewater homes are reported to be haunted, as are old English houses. It was at this place that Washington visited after it became the property of the Brockenbrough family. There are traditions in Tidewater that the Honorable George courted Miss Fauntleroy, daughter of Moore Fauntleroy, a signer of the Westmoreland Resolutions, who lived near Naylor's Hold, across the river from Tappahannock. Betsy Fauntleroy was a belle of the day, known as the Lowland Beauty. After visiting this belle at the brick mansion on the Northern Neck, tradition implies that Washington repaired to the Brockenbrough home for a friendly sojourn; there he wrote letters and enjoyed hospitality for days at a time. One tangible evidence of these visits is treasured, a pair of spurs worn by Washington, which lay in the attic many years. Mrs. Brockenbrough brought them out for me to see. Should there not be a peculiar thrill in holding in one's

hand the spurs worn by handsome, gallant George Washington when he rode cavalier to the homes of Tidewater Virginia? He who was to be a world hero, winning spurs on many battle



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN TAPPAHANNOCK.

fields and leading the forces of a new world to found a republic and civilization.

The present lady of Hadley, Mrs. B. B. Brockenbrough, was Miss Ann Mason, daughter of the Rev. R. S. Mason, D.D. of the Episcopal Church, whose father, the Rev. Mr. Mason, of the Church of England, came from the Island of Barbadoes, when the son was twelve years old (born December 29, 1795), to Philadelphia. Here young Mason was carefully educated, graduating in 1812 from the University of Pennsylvania, receiving his degree and that of Doctor of Divinity from the University in 1820. He took holy orders and came to Virginia in 1820, and went later to New Bern, N. C. He left New Bern to become rector of Trinity Church, Geneva, N. Y., and later was elected president of Geneva College (now Hobart College). In 1840 he went to Christ Church, Raleigh, N. C., and continued rector there until his death in 1873. The Masons were devoted Confederates. During the War between the States, when there was a scarcity of metal for the manufacture of artillery, many church bells throughout the South were presented to the Confederate government for that purpose, among them the bells of Christ Church; but for some reason these were not used. Ann Mason, the spirited daughter of the rectory, did all in her power to aid and minister to the Confederate soldiers. Here at Christ Church Rectory was made the last Confederate flag of the war. Maj. Robert Anderson, of General Wheeler's company, had asked Miss Mason to make a flag for his command. This she did, sewing the bars and embroidering the stars with her own hands. It was near the end of the war. Sherman had made his march through Georgia into Carolina, burned Columbia, and was on the way north. Troops of Confederate soldiers were passing through Raleigh; at sight of the gray uniform Miss Mason could not refrain from honoring it by waving the newly made flag from her window, always greeted with cheers, and soldiers begged that she give them the flag as a trophy; but she refused to give what had been promised to Major Anderson, even when an officer rode back and offered a handsome pair of silver mounted pistols in exchange for the beloved emblem. At last, one day, an orderly from Major



ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, TAPPAHANNOCK.

Anderson came for the flag, which was duly delivered. In after years it was related by Major Anderson, then living in Savannah, Ga., how he treasured this flag, the last of the Confederacy, and that he and his wife had slept under it every night.

* * *

Among the names of the signers of the Westmoreland Resolutions is that of William Brockenbrough. This family name is written into the annals of the State from colonial days. It was a distinguished name in Richmond soon after the Revolution, when Shockoe Hill, adorned by the Capitol building, was the site of the palatial residence of Dr. John Brockenbrough, erected in 1818, and which became the center of social life. Thomas Ritchie, of Tappahannock, "Father of Journalism," was often guest at this mansion. It was later the White House of the Confederacy, and is now the Confederate Museum. It was at the Brockenbrough family home near Richmond where occurred the sacred scene of the "Burial of Latané," related by Judith Brockenbrough McGuire in "A Southern Refugee." After the war, Mrs. McGuire came to the family home at Tappahannock, where there lived Mr. B. B. Brockenbrough and his wife, Ann Mason. The Brockenbroughs let the old home to Mrs. McGuire for the purpose of a girls' school while they went to reside on their Essex County plantation. B. B. Brockenbrough and his brother, Austin, were among the bravest soldiers of the Confederacy; like the Latané brothers, their names and fame are linked together. Go to St. John's Episcopal Church, Tappahannock, in the early morning, when the sun lights the eastern windows, and view the beautiful stained glass window depicting in design the love of David and Jonathan, which is memorial to the Brockenbrough brothers. St. John's Church and rectory stand on the street that parallels Prince Street. The churchyard, a retired spot, shaded by trees, is lovely and peaceful to contemplate. Pause at the iron-railed, vine-covered, but unmarked, grave of Judith Brockenbrough McGuire and pluck an ivy leaf for remembrance of that Southern refugee, who lived and suffered through the hardships of war, bearing the glowing spirit of the true gentlewoman, and devoted her last years to teaching girls in the Brockenbrough home. The

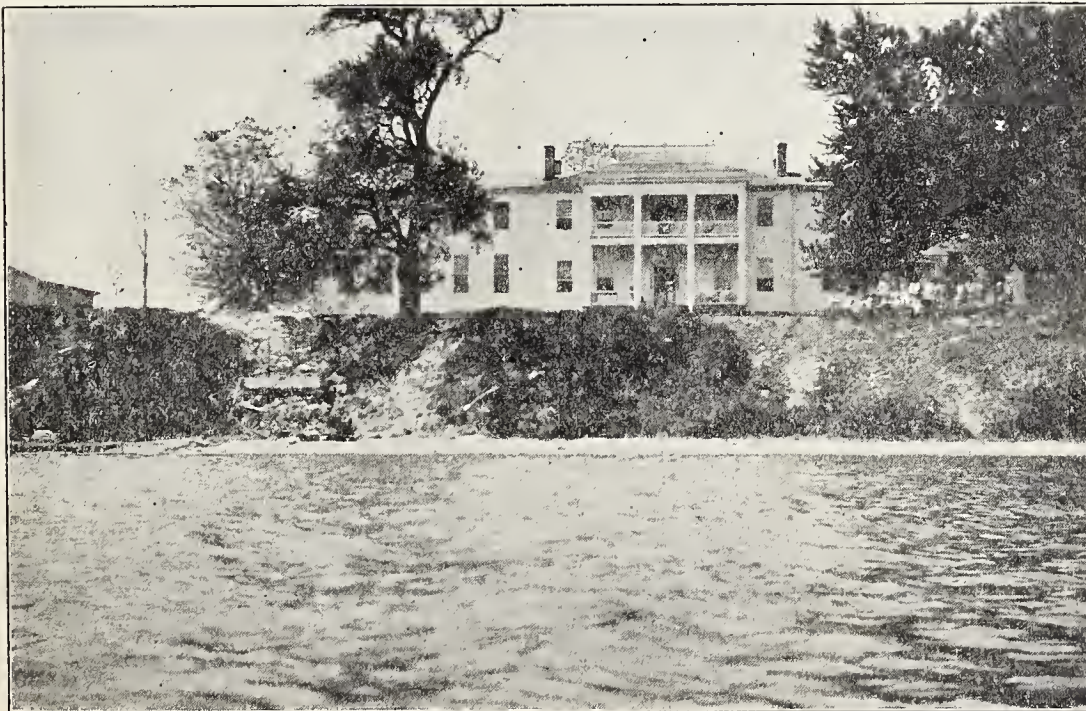
story of those wonderful schools that cultured Virginians maintained for the education of impoverished and orphaned youth make a page of Southern history as glorious as that of any warfare. It was warfare against poverty and desolation for the saving of civilization.

At this old home, hallowed by memories sweet, heroic, and tragic and noble, in loyalty to "duty to God and my neighbor," lives to-day the venerable Mrs. Brockenbrough, widow of the Confederate soldier, an exquisite type of gentlewoman. Here every grace of hospitality is perfectly exemplified; here one may learn of romance and heroism from the hostess, in an atmosphere enchanted by priceless heirlooms and pictures with stories. Here hangs a reproduction of the famous painting, "The Peace Ball at Fredericksburg," when Lafayette was guest of the Washingtons, while portraits of the South's beloved General of the Confederacy make the rooms seem a shrine to General Lee.

Now the ideal of culture for Tidewater Virginia is exhibited at St. Margaret's School for Girls so delightfully situated on the bank of the river. The grounds of the school adjoin those of the Brockenbrough place. The building was originally the dwelling of the Gordon family, related to the Latanés, and of late years the home of the late Judge T. R. B. Wright. The fine old house was remodeled to its present purpose four years ago, two wings being added to the original place. A cottage for teachers' home and dormitory has been built, and a gymnasium building, also to be used as an auditorium, has been given to the school by Mrs. A. I. Du Pont, of Wilmington, Del., as a memorial to her parents, Thomas and Lalla Gresham Ball, of Epping Forest, Lancaster County. The refined and cultured principal, Miss Laura Fowler, and her well-chosen corps of assistants have imported to this school the atmosphere so much to be desired. The pretty blooming girls give life and color to the village and fill the pews at St. John's Church. The rector, Rev. Herbert S. Osburn, is chaplain of the school. Social and educational pleasures center around church and school. There are charming dances, when the faculty of St. Margaret's is hostess to Christ Church School boys from down the river. In spring-time there are delightful picnic pilgrimages to points of historic inspiration, as was the one of recent date to Williams-

burg, Yorktown, and Jamestown Island participated in by the school, the rector, and citizens of the village.

All this is as it should be, and typical of the spirit of the place; not a spirit of innovation and so-called progress, but of individual and self-respecting renewal; a vitality that transforms without destroying, as turning a colonial debtors' prison into a law office; a girls' school of antebellum times into a hostelry, and a family mansion into the perfectly equipped Church school for girls—St. Margaret's. Keeping always pride and character of environment and endowing each place with storied charm, Tappahannock-on-the-Rappahannock is one spot in the South that is true to itself.



ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK. (REAR VIEW.)

THE HORROR OF WAR.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

"BUT WHILE LIFE LASTS, TO FIGHT."

"Such is the fate of many of the 5,000 and more of Confederates of whom no returns were made after the fighting at Gettysburg. This young soldier was one of the sharpshooters posted in Devil's Den, the only position captured and held by the Confederates in the fighting at the Round Tops. In their lonely fastnesses, these boys in gray sent many a swift messenger of death into the Federal lines that were fighting on the nearby crest. Then, at last, a Federal shell, bursting over this lad, wounded him in the head, but was not merciful enough to kill him outright. He was evidently able to spread his blanket and must have lain there for hours in his death agony. The photographer who took this picture just after the battle in July attended the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg in November, and again penetrated this rocky spot. The musket, rusted by many storms, still leaned against the rock; the remains of the boy soldier lay undisturbed in the moldering uniform. No burial party had found him. The only news that his loved ones got was the single word, 'Missing.' A tale like this is true of 5,000 more."

This is descriptive of a picture given on page 205, Volume IX, of the "Photographic History of the Civil War," published by the *Review of Reviews*. It represents a dead Confederate boy soldier among the rugged rocks of Devil's Den, and no burial party had disturbed his moldering body four months later. The surroundings indicated that this brave "boy soldier" died a lingering death, and perhaps suffered excruciating tortures, for days, possibly, from hunger, thirst, and fever from his deadly wound.

Doubtless the readers of previous sketches remember Colonel Perry's lucid description of the rugged area constituting that noted feature on the battle field of Gettysburg, widely known as Devil's Den. The rocks, from six to fifteen feet high, thrown together in confusion; the winding passages carpeted with moss; its recesses never visited by sunshine, and the cavernous coolness pervading the air within. The frowning bastion of Little Round Top rising two hundred feet above the level of the plain; its flaming and roaring artillery giving it the semblance of a volcano in eruption; the ledge near the base, with artillery in action giving it the appearance of a secondary crater.

Subsequently promoted to brigadier general, Colonel Perry commanded the 44th Alabama Infantry, one of the five Alabama regiments constituting Law's Brigade, of Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps. This brigade had been left as a guard for the Confederate rear at New Guilford Courthouse, and at 3 A.M. began its twenty-eight mile march to reach the battle field on the morning of the 2nd of July, joined its division near noon, and, with the other brigades of Hood's Division, proceeded to the Confederate right, and, in the battle formation, held the extreme right of Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, and the Confederate army. A large part of the twenty-eight-mile march had been made under a glowing July sun, and, during the active advance and bloody fighting, many of the men and officers collapsed under sheer exhaustion. No other troops in either army made such a record.

Company C, of the 44th Alabama Infantry, upon its organization was commanded by Capt. John W. Purifoy, a highly respected and greatly beloved uncle of the writer. He was seriously wounded and permanently disabled in the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam), on the 17th of September, 1862. His worthy successor was Lieut. Robert Powers, promoted

to the rank of captain, who was in command during this battle. There were a number of my boyhood friends and chums as members of Company C, 44th Alabama, boys with whom I had hunted, fished, tussled, wrestled, and engaged in other childhood and youthful sports—yes, had fought with some of them, for man in his childhood and youth is a pugnacious being, restrained only by force and moral suasion.

In its formation, Law's line was concealed by the forest in which it was made, the troops of neither side could see the other, the Federal line being concealed by the rocky formation of Devil's Den. The presence of artillery of both armies, however, implied the presence of a strong supporting force of infantry by both armies. As the line of battle emerged on its advance into the open, "a sheet of flame burst from the rocks less than fifty yards away. A few scattering shots in the beginning gave warning in time for the men to fall down, and thus largely escape the effect of the main volley. They doubtless seemed to the enemy to be all dead, but the volley of the fire which they immediately returned showed that they were very much alive."

They all, however, did not escape the deadly bullets of the Federal volley. In a letter from my brother, who was a member of Company C, and in that battle, he states that James Mathews was killed outright, and William and Archie Luckie, brothers, were both shot down. Archie Luckie was carried out on a litter, and William Luckie was left for dead on the battle field. On the advance of the regiment over the rugged area of Devil's Den, James Stuart, of Company C, was lost; "missing" was the sad message that went to his friends, and it still stands. Mathews and Stuart were school friends, and William and Archie Luckie were boyhood friends. William perhaps lay in a comatose condition until found by a Federal litter or burial party, and was taken to a hospital, where he recovered. When exchanged, he returned to his command to again be wounded in his first subsequent battle. From this wound he also recovered, and is yet a survivor, at the advanced age of eighty-four or eighty-five years.

Archie Luckie's wound was through the lower jaw and tongue. But for the full beard which he habitually wears, an unseemly scar would be visible on each side of his cheek. While he speaks plainly in talking, a slight roll of the tongue is easily recognized. When the army retreated, the surgeon who had Archie in charge, though the latter was considered dangerously wounded, insisted he be carried along, for, if left, the prospects were good that he would starve for the proper food. He recovered and still survives, and is a highly respected citizen of Wilcox County, Ala. He is a few years younger than his brother William, of Butler County, Ala. A third brother, Hampton, was killed at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862. The surviving Luckies are my friends to this good day.

It was my privilege to meet Archie Luckie at the Mobile State Confederate reunion, in October last. From him I learned that he was a passenger, on that retreat, in one of the splendid wagons, drawn by splendid mules, splendidly caparisoned, all the result of Stuart's great ride through the enemy's country.

Lieut. Col. M. J. Bulger, in command of the 47th Alabama Infantry, also a part of Law's Brigade, and with General Oates commanding the 15th Alabama Infantry, in the assault on Little Round Top, fell severely wounded. When the 15th Alabama was driven back, Colonel Bulger was left leaning against a tree, sword in hand, shot through the lung, and bleeding profusely. He recovered, and it was learned from him that, when left disabled at the tree, a captain of the 44th New York Infantry approached and demanded his

sword. Bulger replied by asking his rank. The reply was: "I am a captain." Bulger replied: "Well, I am a lieutenant colonel, and I will not surrender my sword, except to an officer of equal rank." The captain replied: "Surrender your sword, or I will kill you." Bulger's prompt reply was: "You may kill and be d—d! I shall never surrender my sword to an officer of lower rank." Colonel Bulger's exalted notions of military etiquette so amused the captain that he went for his colonel, Rice, to whom the sword was gracefully surrendered. Colonel Rice's statement of the circumstances of Bulger's surrender is thought to have procured better care for him than he would otherwise have received.

Maj. J. M. Campbell, commanding the regiment after the fall of Colonel Bulger, reported that, "the colonel having been left behind, the lieutenant colonel (fighting nobly) killed, I took command of the regiment." It was thought Colonel Bulger was killed. Campbell immediately resigned and Bulger was promoted to colonel, July 16, and, when sufficiently recovered, went to the front and served for a short time and was honorably retired. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-five years, and was ever loyal to his defeated comrades. He proved himself a man of iron nerve and possessed of a brave heart.

In this but a few of the wounded have received consideration. The 44th Alabama is shown to have had ninety-four casualties, four of whom were noted "missing." What must have been the suffering of the entire armies of both sides! According to the estimates placed on the casualties, there were approximately 50,000 in all. The graves of many of the dead, probably a very large part of the Confederate dead, and very many of the Federal dead, are labeled "Unknown."

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

A LONG, HARD MARCH.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, GREENVILLE, S. C.

In obedience to the orders of General Beauregard, commander in chief of our troops along the coast of the Carolinas, General Hardee, our corps commander, withdrew from Charleston all of the Confederate troops within and near that city, February 17, 1865, under cover of night. That was also the fatal night of Columbia, S. C., the capital of the State, burned by Sherman's army without mercy, apparently, for women and children and helpless old men were left, in some cases, without a shelter, food, or lodging.

At twilight, the lights of the Signal Corps on James's Island began to wave, and with sad but brave hearts the various companies and regiments heard and answered the call: "Fall in! Forward, march!" How little did we know then of what awaited us for the next three months, or about the conditions in Columbia and along the cruel trail of Sherman's horde on their tramp from Savannah through the State!

As the pall of night fell, Sergt. S. M. Sanders, with a small detail of Company G, 2nd South Carolina Artillery, by special orders, "spiked" the cannon in "Battery One," and heaved the caissons into the ditches around the fort. Farewell, old guns! You stood immovably by us, daring the charge of Yankees, for nearly four years! But now we must part forever, as is often true of faithful friends, especially in times of war.

The ten companies of Lamar's old regiment of some four-

teen hundred men, hitherto separated in groups to guard the sand forts on the "west line" of James's Island, stretching over a distance of eight or ten miles, now came together in the march of months at the pontoon bridge, over which we crossed the "Wapoo Cut" to the mainland.

Armed with Austrian rifles, muzzle loaders, good for only a few hundred yards in battle, with knapsacks and haversacks, and but slim rations, we began to plod. We marched all night and all next day, via Summerville, and spent the second night in the woods just north of Goose Creek.

Without tents, with but few overcoats or blankets, we moved on and on and on, up the Carolina coast, by way of Monck's Corner to the St. Stephen's Depot on the Santee River; and there for two or three days we remained in camp.

While there, some of Colonel Colcock's cavalry, who had dashed around the rear of Sherman's army, brought to some of us letters from home folks, south of Columbia, telling us of the shameful devastation of the country and of the hungry and impoverished conditions abounding throughout the land.

We were transported in old, unclean freight cars across the Santee, and on by Kingstree, Florence, and Darlington to Cheraw, S. C., where we bivouacked for some forty-eight hours. While there, part of Lamar's Regiment was ordered to move rapidly to a creek two or three miles west of the town, to meet a coming detachment of Kilpatrick's cavalry, which, however, did not really appear.

Efforts were being made to cut off Hardee's troops at Cheraw, thus preventing them from crossing over the great Pee Dee River and going on northward. Some fighting took place between Hampton's Cavalry and the enemy, who tried to capture the long wooden bridge that spanned the river. On and on still we marched, each day, and sometimes at night, through rain and shine, often through mud and water, wet and chilled and hungry, sleeping at night along the route and around camp fires in woods and fields, wherever the darkness overtook us. Sometimes drenched by the rainfall, cold, and wishing for something more and better to eat, we lay down to sleep, and often so tired were we that we slept soundly in spite of hunger and other hardships.

Our route was from Cheraw, S. C., through Rockingham, N. C., and Fayetteville, and across the Cape Fear River, on to Averysboro and to Bentonville, N. C., at both of which places severe and bloody battles were fought on March 16, 19, 20, and 21. (Of these conflicts I hope to give some account later.)

After Bentonville, Johnston's army remained in camp at Smithfield some two weeks, while Sherman's forces took a rest at Goldsboro; Hampton and Kilpatrick, opposing cavalry commanders, all the time watching between the two contending armies.

By this time, General Lee's situation in Virginia had become very precarious. We were all anxious for news from him, but could hear nothing, although we inquired of our officers, who said they could give us no definite information.

Some of our soldiers were now becoming "ragged," and now and then you could see one barefooted; while all of us, at times, were indeed hungry. We had occasional slim rations before leaving Charleston, but it had become far worse with us some days while "on the march." And yet our soldiers were usually cheerful and hopeful; and at Averysboro and Bentonville they were as brave and determined as any men of the Confederacy could have been at First Manassas or Shiloh. The return of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to our command, the news of which came to us at or near Cheraw, was a most welcome event, although we had all confidence in General

Beauregard, whom we loved and honored and trusted to the end. But of all the great and skillful generals of the Confederacy, Johnston was regarded as the best one for us on this march; and we were proud of his wise and adroit command of us in his two last battles, Averysboro and Bentonville. He reviewed his small army at Smithfield, and his men always cheered him to the echo.

Only little remnants of his former great Western army, however, were now with us.

When the tidings reached us at Smithfield that Sherman was again moving toward us, we were ordered to pass on by way of Raleigh, Hillsboro, and Company Shops (now Burlington) to Greensboro, N. C. While we were camping near this last place General Lee's men began to pass by us, having been paroled at Appomattox. Johnston's surrender came nearly three weeks later. We claimed to have still about 35,000 men, while Sherman was said to have 110,000; Grant, 180,000; Canby (coming through Tennessee), 60,000—a grand total of 350,000. With only one man therefore against ten, Johnston realized that to fight longer would be only to go down defeated. Indeed, said he: "It would be but murder." Hence, his negotiations and final agreement of terms with Sherman on the 26th of April, at the Bennett House.

With the oft circuitous and rambling routes of our march from Charleston, S. C., to Greensboro, N. C., I should estimate that we had walked at least five hundred miles. And those of us who hailed from the southern portion of South Carolina had to go on foot some three hundred to three hundred and fifty miles to get back home after Johnston's surrender.

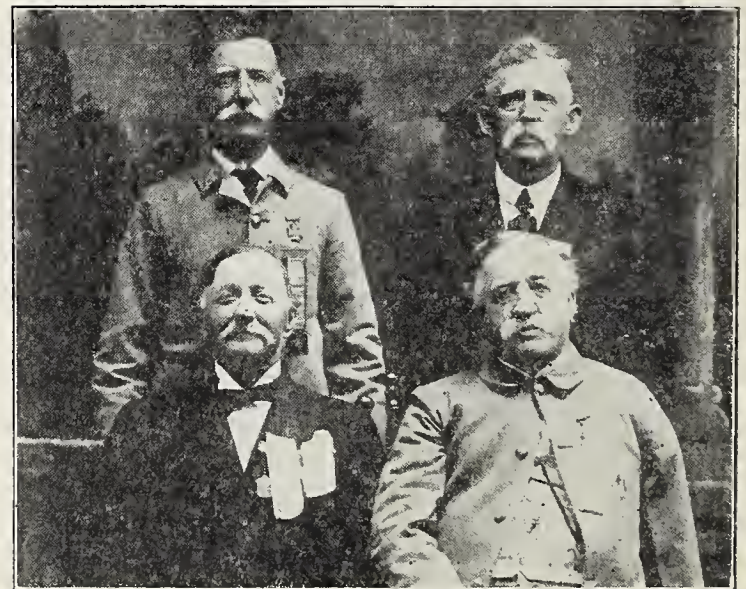
Along the way, on our return home, we met little else than tender words and kind treatment. This was especially so on the part of our noble, true, and gloriously patriotic women, who were ever ready to share with the Confederate soldier the last morsel that they were able to give. Everywhere they were ready to cheer and cherish; to feed the hungry and emaciated Confederate; and, in spite of our rags and dirt, the dear old "mothers" along the way would insist on our sleeping in the best beds at their command.

THE HAW BOYS IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Tradition says John Haw, the immigrant, ran away from his home in England and came to America because his parents wished him to become a preacher. He landed in Eastern Virginia and, after varied experiences, married a Miss Carleton and settled on Oak Grove Farm, in Hanover County, adjoining Studley, the birthplace of Patrick Henry. He died about the beginning of the Revolutionary War, leaving as heir one son, John Haw II, who, dying early in the nineteenth century, left two sons, minors, John Haw III, and Richardson Tyre Haw, also a daughter. John Haw III fell heir to Oak Grove farm and a water mill for grinding corn, and Richardson T. Haw to a farm one mile from Oak Grove.

Late in the eighteenth century there arrived in Richmond, Va., four members of the Watt family from the North of Ireland. The two brothers, George and Hugh, remained in Richmond as merchants, while the two sisters settled in Pennsylvania, where Pittsburgh now stands. Hugh Watt married Sarah Bohanan Kidd and moved to her farm, Springfield, on the Chickahominy River, in Hanover County, eight miles from Richmond. The hardest part of the first battle of Cold Harbor, 1862, was fought on this farm. John Haw III married Mary Austin Watt, daughter of Hugh Watt, and Richardson Haw married Margaret Mills Watt, her sister. As a result of these marriages, there were children of John and

Mary A. Haw, two daughters and five sons; of Richardson and Margaret Haw, seven daughters and two sons. When the presidential election of 1860 occurred, Richardson Haw having died, there remained only eight male representatives of the Haw family in America. When the War between the States ended, six of these had served in the Confederate army; one, John Haw, being too old, and one, John Osborn Haw, too young. In the group picture are the four brothers, sons of John and Mary Austin Watt Haw; in the lower row are John Hugh and George Pitman Haw, twins, born July, 1838, and still living in their eighty-seventh year. In the upper row are Joseph R. Haw, born December, 1845, now in his eightieth year, and William Haw, born September, 1840, who died at Ashland, Va., in August, 1911. The single picture is of Edwin Haw, born December, 1843; died March, 1874. The one in uniform is Richardson Wallace Haw, son of Richardson and Margaret Haw, born May, 1838, and died in Chesterfield County, November, 1901. John H. and George P. Haw, twins, William, their brother, and Richardson Haw, their double first cousin, were members of the Hanover Grays. When Virginia seceded, the Hanover Grays entered the service of the State on the 23rd of April, 1861, and later became Company I of the 15th Virginia Infantry, serving under Gen. Bankhead Magruder on the Virginia Peninsula. With not more than 11,500 men General Magruder defeated General Butler at Big Bethel, then fortified and held a defensive line of fourteen miles against McClellan with the Grand Army of the Potomac, 118,000 strong, until Gen. Joseph E. Johnston arrived. The regiment fought at Dam No. 1, Williamsburg, and Barramsville. In the seven days fighting in 1862, Magruder held the thin line around Richmond while General Lee, with Hill, Longstreet, Jackson, and others, executed the flank movement which relieved



FOUR OF THE HAW BROTHERS OF VIRGINIA.

Richmond and defeated McClellan, the regiment fighting at Malvern Hill and at Sharpsburg.

In the retreat from the Peninsula to Richmond, John H. Haw was taken with a severe case of typhoid fever and was unfit for duty for a year. George P. Haw was elected first lieutenant in 1862 and commanded the company at Sharpsburg, it being then in Semmes's Brigade, McLaws's Division. Worn down by long marches, the company was reduced to sixteen men, and Lieutenant Haw was its only officer present. Three were killed and eleven wounded, Lieut. George P. Haw losing his left arm.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862, the regiment was put in Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and went with Longstreet on the Suffolk expedition in the winter of 1862-63, gathering supplies for the army. The men suffered a great deal from exposure, being poorly supplied with shoes and clothing, many being barefooted. In 1863 the brigade defended General Lee's communications in Virginia until after the battle of Gettysburg. It captured and held Manassas and Chester Gap, securing a safe retreat for General Lee's army.

The winter of 1863-64 the brigade spent in an active campaign in Southwest Virginia and Tennessee, protecting Longstreet's communications, marching through sleet and snow, wading frozen rivers, many of them barefooted, the frozen roads cutting the blood from their feet, and camping with no shelter save the canopy of heaven.

In 1864 the brigade fought at New Bern, N. C., and, on May 16, at Drewry's Bluff, where Ben Butler was whipped; then with Lee at Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor, and the capture of the Howlett House Line; in 1865 it fought Sheridan at Ashland, Dinwiddie Courthouse, Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek. After the loss of his arm, Lieut. George P. Haw was assigned to light duty as conscript officer in his native county of Hanover, Va.

John H. Haw returned to his company early in 1864, and, as first sergeant, was with his command in the Tennessee and North Carolina campaigns, and fought at Drewry's Bluff, Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor, and the Howlett House; was then transferred to the ordnance department at Selma, Ala., Navy Yard, where large siege guns were made of the fine Alabama iron for the navy and coast defense.

Sergt. William Haw was wounded at Drewry's Bluff, and at Five Forks was shot through both arms and his body just below the heart, captured, and remained in a Yankee prison hospital at Newport News until August, 1865. He was a splendid soldier and never absent from his command except on account of sickness or wounds.

Edwin Haw joined the regiment in the fall of 1864, took part in the fighting at Ashland, Va., Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek; was wounded at Five Forks, and paroled at Lynchburg, April 13, 1865.

Richardson W. Haw served through the whole war in the regiment and surrendered at Appomattox; was wounded at Drewry's Bluff. When the war ended, he was brevet lieutenant in charge of the ambulance corps of his regiment.

Joseph R. Haw, the youngest of the five sons, entered the service September, 1863; was assigned to the ordnance department and employed in the C. S. A. Armory at Richmond, where the Harper's Ferry machinery had been installed for making rifles. All civil'an employees of the government were put on a military footing and into battalions and a brigade under Gen. G. W. C. Lee for the protection of Richmond. The brigade was ordered out on many occasions to meet raids,

and, in September, 1864, manned the works in front of Fort Harrison, which had been captured by the Yankees and held by them. On the 1st of March, 1864, the brigade met and defeated a detachment of Kilpatrick's command under Dahlgren, inside the outer works near West Hampton. Only three battalions came up in time to take part in the fighting,

the first, or Armory Battalion, Scruggs's Battalion, and Henley's Battalion. The first battalion was more than a mile in advance of the brigade and met the enemy, double their number, and checked them, giving time for the next two battalions to form a safe line of battle. Joseph R. Haw, a member of Company A, 1st Battalion, was with his command in this fight and did his part faithfully also in the lines in front of Fort Har-

rison, where the constant picket duty in a flooded swamp for four months was very trying. On the evacuation of Richmond, Sunday, April 2, 1865, the employees of the ordnance department were ordered to take the train for Danville, Va. A small number assembled at the depot, Joseph R. Haw among them, and took a freight train loaded with ordnance supplies (bullet molds, lead, etc.), past midnight, arriving at Danville on the 3rd after dark. J. R. Haw remained in Danville until General Lee surrendered; then, with a comrade, Albert Cuthbert, of Georgia, a member of the Jeff Davis Legion, walked to Bush Hill, near High Point, N. C., sixty-five miles, where he met with and joined Company A, 4th Tennessee (Shaw's) Battalion, Dibrell's Brigade, Dibrell's Division escort to President Davis; marched with them to Washington, Ga., where he was paid off in silver and gold and paroled May 10, 1865. He received \$25.75.

Three of Richardson Tyre Haw's daughters—Sally Kidd, Cornelia, and Helen Marr—were matrons in Camp Winder Hospital, and six of them married men in the Confederate service.

At the close of the war George P. Haw entered the law class at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, and graduated in 1867. His diploma, signed by Gen. R. E. Lee, President, is one of his most cherished possessions. He was Commonwealth Attorney for Hanover County for more than thirty years, retiring from a lucrative practice a few years ago. Now in his eighty-seventh year, he resides with a devoted daughter at Dundee, still attending and working in the Samuel Davies Group of Presbyterian Churches, of which he has been an active ruling elder for more than sixty years. Enjoying the society of his children and grandchildren, looking back without regret on a well-spent life full of earnest work and accomplishments, with the love and esteem of neighbors and friends.

John H. and William Haw, assisted by their father, leased the site of Putney Mills on the Pamunkey River (Sheridan having burned the mill), rebuilt the mill and a machine shop, and carried on this work for some years, rebuilding burned mills and contracting. They then dissolved partnership.



RICHARDSON HAW.



EDWIN HAW.

John H. Haw purchased the Old Piping Tree Farm and Ferry on the Pamunkey River and became a farmer. Quoting from a Richmond paper: "He has eschewed both politics and matrimony, but he is a mighty fox hunter, having more than a State-wide reputation, and the hounds raised at his kennels stand ace high in sporting circles. Until a few years ago he used to give house parties for his young relatives and their friends, invitations to which were highly valued." He is still active in his eighty-seventh year.

Joseph R. Haw, entered the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, now the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, in 1874, and graduated in 1876 in the full course of agriculture and mechanics; then spent one year as postgraduate and instructor. He was employed as foreman and superintendent in machine shops and as civil engineer on railroad construction until 1896, when he entered the Quartermaster Department, U. S. A., at Fort Monroe, Va., as engineer in classified service; was retired under the Civil Service in 1922; was married in 1891 to Miss Mamie Cumming, and has one son, Maj. Joseph C. Haw, West Point Military Academy, Class 1915, Coast Artillery Corp. U. S. A. He now resides in Hampton, Va., and is quite active for seventy-nine years.

ON THE DEAD LINE.

BY J. J. SMITH, COVINGTON, GA.

I was born December 20, 1840, near Lynchburg, Va. On the first call for volunteers, I joined the first volunteers from my county and went with them to Richmond for examination. My first wound of the great war was gotten here by being rejected on account of a leg that had previously been broken in a railroad wreck. However, the next year I tried again and joined the company from home that helped form Davidson's Artillery, where I was soon afterwards appointed sergeant.

So many of my boyhood friends in this company were such fine, superior fellows that they were transferred here and there as officers, and their places had to be filled with recruits. I swapped places with Tom Dawes, private in Anderson's Battery. Tom was eager to swap with me because he had a brother and other relatives in Davidson's Artillery. So he took my place and I took his as a private in Anderson's Battery, where I was subsequently made gunner.

This exchange separated us, his command fighting around Northern Virginia, while my section was sent to the west around Vicksburg. It was a striking coincidence that Tom, in far-away Virginia, was killed the same day that I was severely wounded and laid in the "dead line" near the Mississippi.

It was on the morning of May 1, 1863, when we were sent with a detachment of men to prevent Grant from landing at Port Gibson. We had been firing so heavily that we could not see beyond our guns. So I climbed up on a shanty to try to get a look over and beyond the smoke. No sooner had I gained this view than I saw the enemy close upon us, and the sharpshooters centered their fire on me, giving me four flesh wounds and one that was pronounced fatal.

I cannot refrain from telling of the wonderful courage of our first lieutenant, who was killed at this time. Lieutenant Norgrove was his name, and a braver man never went into battle. He had sworn that he would never be taken alive. Helpless and wounded, I was lying partly under a log and saw the Yankees charge upon him, yelling to him to surrender. He refused and kept fighting against the whole bunch, having only an iron rod as a weapon. The major who led the attack against him told me afterwards that this was the bravest man he met in the war and that he regretted to kill him.

The brave lieutenant died three days afterwards on my body. When the two Federal surgeons, after the battle, declared my wounds fatal and ordered me put in the "dead line," my beloved lieutenant, who was still conscious, begged that I be put on a plank in this line by his side. It was while lying there three days later that the dying lieutenant, in his delirium, fancying that he was leading a charge, pulled me to the ground, falling on my body and dying there.

They told me that some two or three hundred of my comrades and Federals were placed along with me in this awful dead line, and that I alone survived. I can well believe it, and how I lived to tell the tale is known to God alone. For ten days I lay there, unable to move, mercifully unconscious most of the time, I suppose, under the Southern stars at night and under the hot May sun by day, drenched several times by the rains of the season—not altogether neglected, for they brought me water several times a day and a little soup.

Each time the surgeons came within range of my eyesight, I would try to gain their attention to ask to be given a chance to live. At last, on the tenth day, I caught the eye of one surgeon who had come alone to the fence near me, beckoned him with my finger. "Well, Johnny," said he, "what can I do for you?" "I think," I said, "if you doctors will just give me a little assistance I will be back fighting you again in sixty days." "Well, then, Johnny, if that's the way you feel about it," said he, "I guess we had better let you die, hadn't we?" "You don't mean it," I said. "You look like a man who had a heart in him; you can't let me die like a dog." Then it was that this good man and kind-hearted surgeon, for he proved himself a chivalrous enemy and a noble Christian gentleman, came forward and examined me and had me moved to those wounded soldiers, both Federals and Confederates, whose wounds had been pronounced hopeful. To make a long story short, he gave me such attention as made my partial recovery possible. The name of this gallant soldier and surgeon was J. A. Wright and his home was in Missouri. A few years after the war he had quite a romance with a young lady then living in my home and married her. Thus our friendship was renewed and continued.

It may be interesting to state that the daring young captain who led the Federal charge upon my battery was promoted to the rank of major, and after the war was my partner in business for many years in Barry, Pike County, Ill.

I feel that justice would not be done if I did not pay a tribute to A. H. Plecker, of Lynchburg, Va., a fellow comrade in Anderson's Battery, as brave a soldier and as fine a gunner as I ever saw. It was he who gave me first aid when I was shot down. He refused promotion because he believed he could render most efficient service as a gunner.

YOUNG AT EIGHTY-THREE.—T. P. Fritz, of Des Arc, Mo., served with Company I, 5th Virginia Cavalry, which had five colonels and three majors killed. He was under Captain Poston, and with Rosser's Brigade, Fitz Lee's Division, and served from the first battle of Manassas to the surrender at Appomattox. He had two brothers in the service, one losing an eye at the battle of Cold Harbor, the other a leg at Yellow Tavern, where General Stuart was killed. He has been living in Missouri since 1871, and, despite his eighty-three years, he is hale and hearty and full of pep as most men of forty. He is still a traveling salesman and seems to stay young in hustling for business, making long drives over the hills of South Central Missouri, catching rains at all hours, lodging each day at a different hotel, which life is hard on younger men, but seems to be a continuous picnic for him.

TO KEEP GREEN SOUTHERN VALOR.

BY MRS. H. M. BRANSON, TREASURER OF SAM DAVIS CHAPTER
NO. 410 U. D. C., MORRISTOWN, TENN.

[Read before the East Tennessee District meeting at Knoxville, February 4, 1925.]

My theme, "U. D. C.—Its Purpose to Keep Green Southern Valor, not a Barrier between the North and South," is a simple statement of a subject dear to the heart of every true woman of our Southland—the glorious subject of Southern valor. In the same simple English the whole purpose of the U. D. C. is proclaimed to the world, and the claim is made, and justly so, that the work of the U. D. C. is not a barrier between the North and South as it existed in 1861 nor as it exists in 1925. The words of my theme combine both argument and decision in such a manner that elaboration is almost out of place; and I would be willing to stop here were it not for the fact that there are conditions growing apace in this country which Southern valor must help solve, by peaceful methods if possible, or by force if necessary.

That you may understand, let me epitomize the future conditions I have in mind:

The United States cannot exist half European, half American.

There is no room for any flag but the Stars and Stripes.

There is no place for any ideals but the ideals upon which this nation is founded.

There is no room for any citizenship but American citizenship, whether born so or made so by sworn allegiance to our flag.

No man can serve two masters, for he must cling to the one and despise the other.

Ye cannot serve our Uncle Sam and take orders from a foreign court.

Of Southern valor we speak with pride, and justly so. From King's Mountain to the Hindenburg line, its crushing force has been felt and saluted. Real soldiers the world over acknowledge it and praise it.

It was only the mercenary who could see no special prowess in those who wore the gray in the War between the States. Every true American who was a Federal soldier back in the sixties admired the lofty valor of the Confederates.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy are engaged in a glorious work in seeking to keep green this noble virtue—not only for what it has accomplished in the past, but what it shall be worth to the future of this nation.

Valor is a virtue which grows best (as seeds of the field) in the proper kind of soil. What we know as Southern valor thrives best in the Anglo-Saxon race.

True valor is personal bravery correlated with chivalry of true knighthood. It never strikes an antagonist when down, and there is respect and protection for women and children and for innocent noncombatants. These traits are cardinal principles of the Anglo-Saxon wherever he may be found.

We who are living in the South have much for which to be thankful. Ninety-eight per cent of the white population of the Southern States is the purest Anglo-Saxon blood to be found in any section of our country.

From this blood has come many of the greatest men this nation has so far known. They have extended our boundaries from ocean to ocean; have filled and refilled the presidential chair; have inaugurated our wisest policies and furnished many of the greatest statesmen and orators who have graced the halls of Congress.

From this same Anglo-Saxon blood has sprung most of our

greatest commanders on both land and sea; and last, but by no means least, this same blood has produced in this nation an army of private soldiers who have never been equalled in all history in the matter of initiation, execution, and reliability on the fields of battle

The Anglo-Saxon is known and admired all over the world as a soldier.

The great Napoleon once said: "If I had an army of English soldiers I could conquer the world and hold it."

The great commanders of the South are known to all of you for their prowess and their many virtues.

But I beg to impose myself on your patience a little longer that I may speak of the unknown soldiers of the rank and file, for it is to them we must look for the preservation of Southern valor in the future, for they were the best exponents of it in the past.

When the war broke out in 1861, there was unpreparedness for it both North and South. It was a strange undertaking, especially for the South, where the main equipment for battle was made up of valor on the one hand and odds and ends of unsuitable weapons upon the other. Yet, after six months of war, President Lincoln said to his commander in chief: "General Scott, how is it that 10,000 men took you into the City of Mexico in six weeks, while 100,000 men have failed to take you into Richmond in six months?" General Scott's reply was: "Mr. President, the very men who took me into Mexico are keeping me out of Richmond."

President Roosevelt said in his "Life of Benton": "The world will never see better soldiers than those who followed Lee."

Quoting from official authority, we learn that the Confederacy had in all a little less than six hundred thousand men—without arms, without machine shops, without transportation, without ships, and but scantily supplied with food and clothing—yet it took two million eight hundred thousand men (5 to 1), perfectly equipped, four long years to wear the Confederates out.

The sires of those Confederate soldiers defeated the British at King's Mountain in 1780, and at New Orleans in 1812, and the Mexicans in 1847. And it was the sons of the Confederate soldiers of the sixties who helped destroy the Spanish at San Juan Hill in 1898—and Southern valor was the first to break the Hindenburg line which ended the great World War!

At an entrance to the Capitol grounds at Nashville, Tenn., there stands a simple monument of bronze and stone, erected to the memory of a plain private soldier of the Confederacy by the name of Sam Davis. As you look into his kindly yet determined face molded in bronze, then at the plain coat and trousers, at the heavy rough boots on his feet—the best and perhaps the only outfit he had; and when you read on the tablet below the words which he uttered to his executioner just before his life was taken, "I would rather die a thousand deaths than betray a friend," it is then that you realize as never before there is such a thing as Southern valor, and you thank God for it!

Sam Davis was little more than a boy in years. He could have had life and been rewarded if he had told who furnished him the maps found in his possession. His Federal captor begged and entreated him time and again to tell and his life would be spared. The word of his promise was more sacred to him than his life, and the hangman's noose was preferred to the other rewards which could have been his.

Sam Davis, a plain soldier of the Confederacy, was one of the greatest heroes in all history!

The meaning of Southern valor, that which actuated the

soldiers of the Confederacy, as told in verse by some unknown author may be appropriately quoted here:

"They marched all day through cold and heat;
They marked the ground with bleeding feet;
They hungered, suffered, died. 'Twas sweet
To march and famish, bleed and die. The noble band,
With much to love, loved most their Southern land."

All that Southern valor has accomplished in the years gone by is a priceless heritage, and what it will accomplish in the years to come will balance well with its glorious past.

Daughters of the Confederacy, the work which you are doing to keep green the valor of the South will be the salvation of the world in the years to come!

REMINISCENCES OF DAVY CROCKETT, HERO OF THE ALAMO.

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

The recent reunion of Confederate veterans, held in Dallas, Tex., in May, brings up many interesting historical facts and noted heroes of the Lone Star State, foremost of which stands out the interesting, though eccentric, character of David Crockett and his connection with the Alamo, to me the most interesting Mission in the country, so bound up is it with the early history of Texan independence against Mexico. Many pilgrimages were made by the delegates of the reunion to this old fort near San Antonio, so named because of the almond trees (alamo) that grew near it. This antiquated, time-worn building still looks part church, part fort, with battered fifty-two-inch walls, carved and still faintly colored pillars that sustain the arch of the doorway. Through the deep grated windows high in the walls the light gleams faintly, and the earthen floor had oft been stirred to furnish graves for the nuns whose dust still lies there.

Here in the Alamo, on March 6, 1836, a band of one hundred and seventy-five Texas soldiers, untrained, unused to war, fought twenty times their number when besieged by the Mexicans under General Santa Anna—fought "not with the courage of despair," the record tells us, for they could have abandoned the place had they so willed it; but they held the invaders at bay till their countrymen could rally, and the massacre of the Alamo paved the way to San Jacinto and freedom for Texas. For thirteen days these heroes resisted the thousands who surrounded them, and twice were the Mexicans driven back; at a third attack, however, they captured the fort, killing every person in it except nine. Col. Davy Crockett surrendered himself on a promise of safety, but immediately afterwards was murdered by Santa Anna's orders. Colonel Bowie, the inventor of the Bowie knife, was killed as he lay ill in bed, but not until he had killed several of his assailants. Three others were murdered with Crockett, and only three persons—a woman, a child, and a servant—were permitted to escape. The Mexicans had lost sixteen hundred men in the three attacks. On April 21, 1836, the Texans met the Mexicans at San Jacinto, and their battle cry was: "Remember the Alamo!" The Mexican army was entirely defeated and Santa Anna was taken prisoner.

CROCKETT'S TILT WITH ANDREW JACKSON.

There are interesting facts and anecdotes told in the life of David Crockett, many of which have never been generally recorded in the annals of history. It is asserted that instead of being the rough backwoodsman of tradition, he was really

a "well-dressed, polished gentleman," especially after his service in Congress and his tour in the East, when he laid aside his coonskin cap and deerskin suit and wore "store clothes." But when he went back to West Tennessee, he put on his coonskin cap, which was a strong point in the politics of the district. Western Tennessee was a good deal farther west then than Western Kansas is now. His father was an Irish soldier of the Revolution, who kept a tavern on the road from Abingdon to Knoxville. He attempted to give his son such education as the log schoolhouses in the mountains afforded; but David ran away and hired to teamsters who carried freight between Baltimore and Western Texas, and it was not until he was nearly grown and had made up his mind to marry that he "learned his letters," and though he had only six months of regular schooling, yet he picked up enough from books to enable him to risk a French phrase occasionally in his political writings, published at the time he had set up as a rival of Andrew Jackson and anxious to convince the East that he was something more than "Crockett the bear hunter."

At that period of his career he ceased to be interesting, because he adopted the hackneyed style of the average politicians he met in Washington. However, before Washington society and Boston flattery spoiled him, he really deserved his national reputation at one of the most interesting and original characters in American politics.

In his electioneering methods, Crockett greatly resembled Lincoln, as is not at all strange, since these methods were very much the same in the backwoods, and Southern Illinois and Western Tennessee were in about the same stage of development at the time Crockett ran for Congress. He seemed to know everybody he met, and had a great fund of anecdotes on which he was always ready to draw. It is related that he always carried, when campaigning, a twist of tobacco in one pocket and a bottle of whisky in the other, and when trying to get a vote he would first offer the voter the bottle, and then hand him a fresh chew from the twist in the other pocket. It was by such methods that he grew so popular as to imagine himself a match even for Andrew Jackson; but if his advocates expected to use him to build up an opposition to Jackson in Jackson's own State, they were badly misinformed of the condition of things, and Crockett soon found out that he would be obliged to give up public life or leave Tennessee. He started for Texas accordingly, and it is possible that he may have expected to become president of the Texan Republic, and he proved himself a hero of his adopted State. Though Crockett had no faculty of swaying an audience who wore hats instead of coonskin caps, yet he was an entertaining speaker, and one of his sayings, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is likely to be current in America long after the most eloquent speeches of Clay and Webster have been forgotten.

INTERESTING DOCUMENTS ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Few women in this country have the honor of claiming an autograph album bearing the signatures of every President from Jefferson to Grant, as well as letters written by Henry Clay and other statesmen of that day to her grandfather, as can Miss A. Lida McLaughlin, of Alexandria, Va. Also, she can show treasures of earlier days, mellowed with age, handed down through two generations of the McLaughlin family, now in her possession. But, best of all, Miss McLaughlin also has among her treasures a letter written by Lafayette to Andrew Jackson, one hundred years ago, so old that a few words cannot be transcribed. The letter concerns a visit of Lafayette to General Jackson and reads as follows:

"ON BOARD THE MECHANIC, May 2, 1825.

"My Dear General: Your kind invitation to (retire?) to your house on reaching the good soil of Tennessee is perfectly conformant to what I had promised myself to do. I hope to be to-morrow living with my companions under your friendly roof. The hour of our arrival next day at Nashville will be, of course, regulated by the arrangement of the governor, corporation, and committee. You know, and feel for me, what sacred engagement prompts me, to my great regret, to shorten my visit, but I most cordially anticipate the pleasure, some time to-morrow, to present my respects to Mrs. Jackson, and to repeat to you that I am very affectionally, your friend,
LAFAYETTE."

"P. S.—May the 3rd.

"I am informed, my dear general, by the kind committee on board, that the arrangements have been changed and that in consequence of an invitation to Nashville, it is there that I am to meet you to-morrow morning. Then I will be with you in town."

SOLDIERING IN EAST TENNESSEE.

BY DAVIS BIGGS, JEFFERSON, TEX.

Shortly after the Federals had retired to Chattanooga, following the battle of Chickamauga, Wright's Brigade, of Cheatham's Division, was sent to Charleston on the Hiwassee River, about thirty miles east of Chattanooga, to build a bridge across that stream. About the time of its completion, Longstreet's Corps was sent to the vicinity of Knoxville, where General Burnside had a large force. Just as the last of Longstreet's Corps had passed up the line, all of Wright's Brigade was ordered in front of Chattanooga, except the 38th Tennessee, which was left, I presume, to guard the bridge from destruction by the numerous bands of Yankee cavalry that infested that region. When the distant booming of cannon announced the battle at Missionary Ridge, we waited anxiously for news of the result. Through some passing cavalry, we learned that our army had retired to the vicinity of Tunnel Hill and Dalton, Ga., and also that a large force of Federals was on the way to reënforce Burnside at Knoxville. Being without cavalry to scout for us, the colonel sent Lieutenant Chilcutt, of Nashville, with a detail, to reconnoiter. Unwisely they preëmpted a handcar for transportation and, of course, were captured by the advancing cavalry. Failing to return, the colonel sent our pickets, or skirmishers, beyond the edge of the village. About one o'clock these were driven in, firing as they fell back, and the Yanks charged into the village, firing from behind houses, trees, and such other cover as they found. Previous to this, the colonel had destroyed a section of the bridge and deployed the regiment in line of battle along the river bank. There were two small blockhouses near the bridge, and into one of these Captain Cook, of Lebanon, took his company, sticking some round logs in the embrasures to represent cannon. When the Yanks charged into the town, they were met by a hot fusillade from the regiment, which emptied several saddles and checked their advance. Fearing that his company would be cut off from the regiment, Captain Cook ordered his men to run for the cover of the river bank, and he followed leisurely, saying he was too old to run from Yankees. "Stop there, you old son of a gun," some of them shouted to him, but he paid no attention. They could have shot him, but didn't; I reckon they admired his nerve.

After a few minutes of fighting, the Yanks retreated, carrying their wounded with them. We then crossed to the east, or Calhoun, side of the river, destroying the pontoon on

which we crossed, as we had no vehicles or teams for transporting them. We began to erect some temporary breastworks on the east side of the river, but, before they were completed, the enemy came up to the opposite bank in such force that, fearing they would cross the river below town and cut us off, after firing a few rounds across the river, we started our retreat. Our losses had been light; I think the only casualty of our company was a flesh wound in the leg of Lieutenant Scott.

Our first hike was about fourteen miles to Athens, where we ate supper, then ten or twelve miles to Mossy Creek; a short rest, and on to Sweetwater, from there an engine and a dozen freight cars gave us a lift to Loudon, where the bridge across the Tennessee River had been burned. After destroying what supplies we couldn't carry, and running the cars and engine into the river, we crossed on a pontoon that had been used by some of Longstreet's men and reported to him near Knoxville. We learned that they had assaulted the Federal works a few days before we arrived, starting the attack about daylight. Expecting an attack, the Yanks had poured large quantities of water on the sloping ground in front of the fort, which had frozen into a sheet of ice; across this they had stretched wires fastened to stobs about ankle high, which, when struck by the assualting column, tripped them and they fell on the ice. A few of the Confederates reached and scaled the walls of the fort, but the ruse had turned what, no doubt, would have been a victory into a defeat, for we lost heavily and failed to capture the works. However, Longstreet's men kept them penned up in Knoxville for several weeks. Having furnished us with much-needed supplies of food and clothing, Longstreet sent us, with about one hundred carpenters, or engineers, to Zollicoffer to build a bridge across the south fork of the Holston.

This was about the end of December, 1863. After the completion of this bridge, we were ordered to build another across the Watauga at Carter's Station. This was a cold winter, and our time was divided between bridge building and scouting for Jim Brownlow and other commands of Yankee cavalry that continually threatened our communications. Occasionally some Confederates also came that way. I remember a bunch of Cherokee Indians, from Western North Carolina, that passed our camp. After the completion of the Watauga bridge, along in the first of February, we were furnished a freight train and started on the long trip, via Lynchburg, Petersburg, through the Carolinas and Georgia, where we were glad to again join our command. During this winter we captured several prisoners, who were sent under guard to Richmond.

AT DIXIE'S SHRINE.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS.

Seek ye the dead?
Their place is yonder in the skies,
This marble cold but speaks their fame,
White gleaming ranks, a date, a name.

Weep not thy dead;
They live, their spirit now is near.
Ah! Southland, smile—art thou less brave
Than they who died thy faith to save?

They sleep, the dead;
'Neath smiling skies, each grave so green.
The south wind whispers through the trees,
"Smile, Dixieland, and gladden these!"

FLAG OF THE TENTH LOUISIANA REGIMENT.

REPORTED BY MRS. F. C. KOLMAN, NEW ORLEANS.

The flag of the 10th Louisiana Regiment (better known as the "Louisiana Tigers"), riddled with bullets in the battles of Williamsburg, Malvern Hill, Gettysburg, and others, and captured by Connecticut troops in the closing hours of the battle of Cold Harbor, June, 1864, was returned to its native State on May 12, 1925, and is now resting in Confederate Memorial Hall, New Orleans.

Leaders of all Confederate organizations of that city welcomed a committee from the Grand Army of the Republic of Connecticut, with Ira R. Wildman, Past Commander of the Connecticut Division, as chairman. Other members of the committee were the Rev. J. W. Davis, Commander of the Division, and E. T. Abbott, of Bridgeport; Dr. H. B. Cheeney, Medical Director; and Capt. George A. Tucker, of New Haven.

By special act of the General Assembly of Connecticut, all expenses of the committee were paid by the State. On the evening of May 11, these Northern guests were welcomed at the station in New Orleans by Capt. James M. Dinkins, Chairman of the Southern Committee; C. L. Walker, Morde Mallett, W. J. Behan, Frank Henning, Maj. E. K. Russ, and W. J. Israel (Union soldiers), and W. O. Hart, and during their stay in New Orleans there was one round of pleasure in a series of entertainments.

Tuesday, at noon, there was a public reception at the City Hall, where Mayor Behrmann and others extended a hearty welcome. In the afternoon, at Memorial Hall, the formal presentation of the flag was most impressive, with Past Commander Ira R. Wildman, in blue uniform, representing the G. A. R., and Capt. James Dinkins, in gray, representing the Confederate veterans, accepting the flag. Other speakers on the program—of which Hon. Joseph A. Breaux was honorary chairman, and Capt. Sumpter Turner, Master of ceremonies—were: L. E. Bentley, representing the people of New Orleans and Louisiana; Mrs. F. C. Tompkins, President of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C.; Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, of New Orleans Chapter; Miss Beatrice Adams, Mrs. Lelita Lever Younge; Mrs. Mollie Blanchard MacLeod (who sang "Louisiana" and "Connecticut"); Rev. J. O. Barr, and W. O. Hart.

Wednesday morning the guests were taken on an automobile ride over the city, stopping at the home of Gen. W. J. Behan, on Jackson Avenue, where a reception was held; then continuing out to the Country Club, where they were entertained at a handsome luncheon, with Captain Dinkins as host to seventy-five guests. Wednesday evening a reception was held at the home of Maj. E. K. Russ, a Union soldier. On Thursday, a delightful boat ride on the Mississippi River, through the Industrial Canal and out into Lake Ponchartrain, with luncheon on board, was another delightful entertainment. A banquet at the Lusiane in the evening, with about two hundred guests, concluded the series of entertainments in honor of these citizens of Connecticut who came to return the flag captured more than sixty years ago. With the framed Act of the General Assembly of Connecticut which made provision for the committee to carry the flag back to Louisiana, it rests in Memorial Hall among the many other precious mementos of that fair nation which "fell so pure of crime."

The delegation also presented another relic of the Confederacy in a sword bearing the inscription: "Lieut. G. Dubau, Company F, 18th Louisiana Volunteers, 'which had been found among the effects of the late Col. Ledyard Colburn, who commanded the 12th Connecticut Regiment; but it was not known how it had been captured."

CONFEDERATE CAMP FIRES.

BY TRULA KEENAN WARREN, BRISTOL, TENN.

We keep our camp fires burning, and rekindle them each year
When we meet together yearning o'er the cause we love so dear.

Cheering on these brave old soldiers, as they're marching
down the way,
Ne'er forgetting, always loving these dear boys who wore the gray.

We remember well the camp fires glowing over Sumter Hill,
And the "Boy in Gray," well knowing what his part was to fulfill.

Giving all on country's altar was to him both right and fair,
To uphold his Southland's honor was the thing he held most dear.

Then the camp fires ceased their burning at Appomattox one day,

And the "Boys in Gray" were turning to wend their homeward way.

Believing still the cause for which they fought was just and right,

Nor conceding that a right was wrong because 'twas crushed by might.

And again we see the camp fires lighting over yonder way,
And the comrades there are beckoning these boys of ours in gray,

Rejoicing that they're coming to the camp of peace and rest
That the Lord himself provided, "The City of the Blest."

TOO BAD TO DIE.

Gen. Basil Duke, who was with his brother-in-law, Gen. John Morgan, the Confederate raider, in most of his operations and who became commander of Morgan's cavalry after the death of Morgan, told this story at a Confederate reunion at his home town, Louisville, a short time before his death:

"During one of the Tennessee campaigns Morgan's men surprised and routed a regiment of Federal troopers. In the midst of the retreat one of the enemy, who was mounted upon a big bay horse, suddenly turned and charged the victorious Confederates full tilt, waving his arm and shrieking like mad as he bore down upon them alone.

"Respecting such marvelous courage, the Confederates forebore shooting at the approaching foe, but when he was right upon them they saw there was a different reason for his foolhardiness.

"He was a green recruit. His horse had run away with him—the bit had broken, and, scared stiff, the luckless youth was being carried straight at the whooping Kentuckians.

"Jeff Sterritt, a noted wit of the command, stopped the horse and made a prisoner of the rider. Sterritt, who had not washed or shaved for days and was a ferocious looking person, pulled out a big pistol and wagged its muzzle in the terrified Federal's face.

"'I don't know whether to kill you right now,' he said, 'or wait until the fight is over!'

"'Mister,' begged the quivering captive, 'as a favor, please don't do it at all! I'm a bad character—I ain't prepared to die!'"—*From National Tribune.*

A TALE OF TWO COATS.

BY R. P. POPE, MOBILE, ALA.

One summer day in quaint Mobile,
I passed an old clothes shop;
An awning spread above my head,
A tempting chair said: "Stop."

Beside the door a blue coat hung,
Near by, a coat of gray,
To catch the passer's thrifty eye
And show where bargains lay.

Upon the ample seat I dropped,
Whence I was loath to go,
And saw how Time's remorseless tooth
Laid martial relics low.

The passing years had told their tale,
The moths had had their way.
I mused upon the hour when each
Adorned a soldier gay.

The droning sounds, the rhythmic heat,
The hush of noontime's lull
Made strange sounds to fill my ears
With voices vague and dull.

"Halt, advance, the countersign"—
The Blue Coat faintly said.
"Ha! Johnny Reb, again we meet,
As shades of martial dead."

The faded gray seemed oddly moved
And waved a weird salute—
A day there was it waved a blade
In battle's red dispute.

"O, yes, we met at First Bull Run,
A dress parade attack;
We spoiled a Yankee holiday
And sent you fleeing back."

"You saw our blue at Shiloh's Bend
In massed and serried ranks,
And Bull Run had its full amend
On blood-stained river banks."

"The sun sank red by the river's bed,
To hide the ghastly horror,
And lustful Mars was well content
To sleep and wait the morrow."

Each ancient breast with tremors shook,
As grief or mirth passed o'er it,
And showed how Time's soft touch assuaged
The hate of those who bore it.

With flashing wit the Blue and Gray
Gave wordy thrust and parry,
With ne'er a wish for bloody fray,
Nor rising hate to harry.

I start—awake at trumpet's blare—
The rushing cannon's roar—
The screaming fife, the neighing steed,
And tramp of columns four.

The blue and gray in khaki blend
With hearts that beat as one—
A thousand leagues they brave the sea,
To crush the sullen Hun.

Though bred in "piping times of peace"
And love of peace inherit,
Dishonor ne'er shall stain their flag
While they have arms to bear it.

Great God, protect them by thy might,
And give them men to lead them
In the flaming path of right
Whenever thou dost need them!

COAST DEFENSE SERVICE.

The following inquiry comes from R. D. Bowen, of Paris, Tex., who wishes to hear from any Confederate comrades of his father who can give him information of his father's service in the Coast Defense, C. S. A.:

"Just before the close of the War between the States, my father, Capt. William A. Bowen, who died of yellow fever in Galveston in 1867, had been ordered by Secretary of War Mallory, upon the suggestion and recommendation of Gov. Frank Lubbock, to construct a torpedo craft, and the site selected for the construction was on the east bank of Buffalo Bayou, about five miles below Harrisburg, and at the point where Hunting Bayou flows into Buffalo Bayou.

"The torpedo was not completed when the war closed, and my father and Mr. Henry Lubbock (brother of the governor) owned and operated a sawmill at this site, which was later purchased by a gentleman by the name of Norsworthy, and for about half a century it has been known as Norsworthy's Landing.

"My father was in the Coast Defense Service and was captain of several steamboats used as coast gunboats for the Confederate government. I recall the names of the Bayou City, Neptune, and Josiah H. Bell, which he commanded at this time. During the battle of Galveston, when the Harriet Lane was captured and the city of Galveston recaptured from the Yankees, my father, on account of being a teetotaler, was intrusted with the wheel of one of the attacking steamboats which disabled the Harriet Lane.

"While only a lad of about six or seven years, I distinctly remember seeing the ribs of the torpedo boat standing on the banks of the bayou, the construction of which was stopped by the close of the war."

TWO SURVIVORS OF MORGAN'S CAVALRY.

Of all that gallant band who rode with Morgan, the great cavalryman, there are now but two known survivors. Col. R. M. Redd, of Louisville, Ky., was thought to be the only survivor until J. B. Settle was located at Monroe City, Mo. In an effort recently to gather together a group of these veterans of Morgan's cavalry, only the two survivors could be found. J. B. Settle was a member of Company G, 8th Kentucky Regiment, under Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge and Capt. J. Fletcher Smith, Morgan's Brigade. He went through the four years of war, in the hard fighting and famous raids of this cavalry, without a wound, though his clothes were riddled with bullets several times.



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

THE LAST ROLL CALL.

Blood red the camp fires shine to-night,
Sleep, soldier boys in gray;
Silent the picket line, hid in the night,
Taps sobbed of comrades lost, slain in the fight;
Sleep, soldier boys in gray.

At roll call, one his name we breathed,
His bright sword, red with blood, we sheathed;
Blood red the camp fires gleam to-night—
A star for each comrade who fell in the fight.

Far hid the distant golden shore,
Sleep, soldier boys in gray;
Nor weep, for he, our captain bold,
Sleeps now 'neath Forrest's banner gold,
Dreaming of thee, boys in gray.

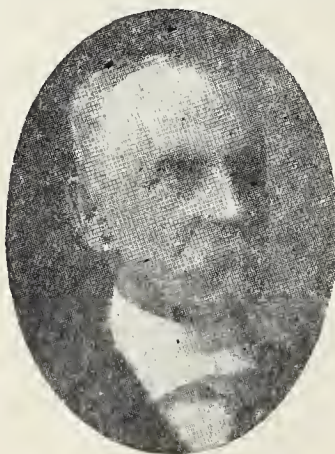
To-morrow one shall breathe thy name,
"Come, comrade, share my deathless fame!"
And you and I shall find that land
Where Forrest waits with all his band!

—Millard Crowder, in Nashville Tennessean.

[In tribute to Capt. Lee H. Russe, of Forrest's Scouts, who died in Montgomery, Ala., and was laid to rest at Shelbyville, Tenn.]

CAPT. ALLEN T. BOWIE.

Capt Allen T. Bowie, born on the 17th day of August, 1840, in Tensas Parish, La., was educated at one of the first-class colleges of the South. Shortly after his graduation, he enlisted in the army of the Confederate States and served through the four years of the war with honor and distinction as Adjutant of Wirt Adams's Brigade. One of the remarkable events of his military career was his participation in the capture of a Federal gunboat by a charge of one of the squadrons of his brigade. The U. S. gunboat Petrel had ventured up the Yazoo River, and while landing at the bank, this squadron charged up to the bank and ordered her to surrender. Because the gunboat could not elevate her guns to make a fight, she fell an easy prey to these resolute cavalymen; and they had the supreme satisfaction of shipping the heavier guns to Mobile to aid in the defenses of that city. Captain Bowie was one of the most dashing cavalymen of his



CAPT. A. T. BOWIE.

brigade, and his comrades everywhere will regret to hear of his death.

After the war he embarked in cotton planting, but soon opened a large drug store in Natchez, Miss.; but after several years of success, he retired and went into the railroad business. In the latter part of his life he was elected to the office of justice of the peace of Adams County and later to the position of circuit clerk of that county. He voluntarily retired from this office at the end of his second term. Surrounded by his children and grandchildren, he passed away on the 9th of March, 1925.

CALVIN L. CAPLINGER.

Widespread sorrow was occasioned by the death of Calvin L. Caplinger, who died at his home in Georgetown, on May 30. By kindred and friends in West Virginia and other States, and by his Confederate comrades, he was held in affectionate regard.

Born June 1, 1843, the son of Solomon C. and Nancy Chenoweth Caplinger, he was laid to rest on his eighty-second birthday, his last illness being of short duration. His mother was descended from John Chenoweth, a Revolutionary soldier, and on both sides his ancestors had been prominent in the affairs of the State. He was married in December, 1868, to Miss Isabella Woods Wilson, who died in 1916. Surviving him are four daughters and a son, also eight grandchildren, two sisters, and three half brothers.

Enlisting for the Confederacy in 1863, at Linville Creek, Rockingham County, Va., young Caplinger became a member of McClanahan's Battery, Imboden's Brigade. Nineteen Randolph County men served in that famous battery, which figures so largely in the engagements around Beverly and a number of battles in Virginia, among them the battle of New Market. He was a brave and faithful Confederate soldier, and in his later years he treasured the memories of the days in camp and field and the friendships of his army life.

After being paroled at Lynchburg, in April, 1865, he returned to the old neighborhood and continued to live there, surrounded by kinsmen and old friends. He was a genial and wholesome companion, a faithful friend, a kind and considerate neighbor, a man whose integrity and soundness of judgment made him an honored citizen, and his death was a loss to the community where he was known and revered.

T. A. BATES.

William Pearce, of Abilene, Tex., reports the death of his grandfather, T. A. Bates, who served with Company K, 13th Mississippi Regiment, and took part in the battles of First and Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Sharpsburg, the seven days fighting around Richmond, and other battles with the Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded at Gettysburg and was transferred with Longstreet to Tennessee. As one of the color guard at Chickamauga, he was wounded and captured. Being released on parole just before General Lee's surrender, he walked from Andersonville, Ga., to Meridian, Miss.

As the grandson of a veteran of the Confederacy, young Pearce writes. "Please keep the VETERAN coming."

JOHN HERRON.

Report comes from Camp Hart, Elkins, W. Va., of the death of John Herron, on May 28, 1925, at his home in Huttonsville, Randolph County, W. Va., of whom he writes: "Uncle Johnny, as we knew him, died at the age of eighty-seven years. He was a valiant Confederate soldier, serving in the 18th Virginia Cavalry under Capt. Jacob Wamsley; and he made a fine citizen, upright and true."

JUDGE BAXTER MCFARLAND.

Judge Baxter McFarland, noble Confederate soldier, answered the last roll call February 7, 1925, at his home in Aberdeen, Miss.

Judge McFarland was born in LaFayette County, Miss., on May 15, 1839, and, therefore, was nearly eighty-six years of age. When very young, his father moved with his family from LaFayette County to Chickasaw County, Miss., where the son grew up. At the beginning of the War between the States, young McFarland went out with the company organized by Captain Tucker, later Brigadier General Tucker, of Okolona, Miss., on whose staff he was a major at the close of the war.



JUDGE BAXTER M'FARLAND.

In that bloody strife he was conspicuous as an officer, both for his gallantry and his devotion to duty. He was twice wounded in the battle of Gaines's Mill, and participated in most of the bloody engagements around Richmond and elsewhere.

Before the war, Judge McFarland attended law school at the University of Mississippi, and many of those with whom he graduated became distinguished thereafter in war and peace. He entered on the practice of law at Houston, Miss., shortly before war was declared. He was associated in practice, before going to Aberdeen with the firm of Orr, McFarland & McIntosh, each member of which firm became distinguished at the bar, the senior member lately dying a citizen of Columbus, a century old. In 1870 Judge McFarland removed from Houston to Aberdeen, Miss., he having married Miss Mary Holliday, daughter of Col. John Holliday, of Aberdeen, and granddaughter on her mother's side of Gen. Jesse Speight, once a United States Senator from Mississippi.

Soon after going to Aberdeen, he became a member of Davis, McFarland & Paine, a firm of wide practice and much distinction. In 1883 he was appointed Chancellor of the First Chancery District of Mississippi by Governor Lowery, which office he filled with unusual distinction for sixteen years. After leaving the bench, Judge McFarland again resumed practice with his old partner, George C. Paine, and later with his son, Ben H. McFarland. Later, however, his very considerable property interests caused him to practically retire from active practice for several years.

Judge McFarland, on both his father's and mother's side, was Scotch: and in his diligence, his talent for detail, his wonderfully accurate memory, and his great learning, he reflected the highest qualities of that race. As a chancellor and judge, he was as nearly perfect in his bearing, in his consideration of the pleas of litigants, in his broadness, and in all that appertained to a disinterested judge of learning and a lofty sense of justice as was possible for a man to attain. His attire, his uniform courtesy to every member of the bar, humble or distinguished, his serious and patient consideration of the cause of humble or great were matters noted and observed by all who entered his court. Chief Justice Whitfield, in rendering an opinion of the court, passed an unusual encomium on Judge McFarland, after concurring in several assignments of error, saying that he was "one of the ablest and most accomplished judges who ever adorned the bench in Mississippi."

There were born to Judge McFarland and his wife three sons and a daughter. Two sons survive him—Tom Holliday McFarland and Ben H. McFarland, the latter a member of the bar in Aberdeen. There is also left an older sister, Miss Laura McFarland.

All men loved Baxter McFarland. Men may be good and not be great; Baxter McFarland was both. Chivalry was the law of his life and charity his guardian angel. "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to the world: 'This was a man.'"

JOHN WHITFIELD KERR.

John Whitfield Kerr, a member of Throckmorton Camp, No. 109 U. C. V., answered the last call February 28, 1925, at the ripe age of ninety years. He was a son of John Kerr and was born in Maury County, Tenn., September 2, 1824, and died at his home near Celina, Tex., where he had lived on his farm for fifty years.

In defense of Southern rights, he served in the Army of Tennessee and in prison until the war closed. He enlisted in the 48th Tennessee Infantry and was elected second lieutenant of Company F, and took part in several noted battles. He was twice wounded, and was in prison for some time.

Comrade Kerr was thrice married. In 1858 he took for his wife Miss Sallie E. Scott, and to them one son was born, who is now a citizen of Amarillo, Tex. His second wife was Miss Mary F. Scott, a cousin of his first wife. Four sons were born to this union, all married and among our most worthy citizens. His last wife was a Miss McWhorter, and she also preceded him in death some years.

Comrade Kerr was a brave soldier, and in one battle commanded his company when his seniors had been disabled. Such citizens as he in peace would cause little work for courts and no use for jails. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and a very liberal supporter of the work of that Church. He was also a true friend of education, and aided in establishing good schools. A true friend of the South has gone to his reward.

[R. C. Horn, Adjutant of Camp and Assistant Adjutant General Trans-Mississippi Department.]

ELIAS EARGLE.

After an invalidism of more than a year, Elias Eargle died at his home in Queen City, Tex., February 1, 1925. He was born in South Carolina, August 25, 1845, the eldest of the four children of Artemas and Elizabeth Price Eargle. His mother died when he was nine years old, and soon after his father moved near Atlanta, Ga., where he grew to young manhood. He joined the Confederate army at about seventeen years of age, and served a member of Company K, 66th Georgia Regiment, under Capt. Tom Langston and Col. Cooper Nisbet. The Confederate cause was ever dear to his heart, and his Cross of Honor one of his most prized possessions and his CONFEDERATE VETERAN his best-read paper. One of the last services rendered by a devoted daughter was to read the January number to him.

Comrade Eargle went to Texas in 1867, where he was married to Miss Martha Thomas in 1874. To this union were born five sons and five daughters, four sons having preceded him in death. His loving companion of more than fifty years, five daughters, one son, and twenty-five grandchildren survive him. He joined the Missionary Baptist Church at Macedonia, Ark., forty-two years ago and lived in that faith till death. He was a member of the U. C. V. Camp at Atlanta, Tex.

ALABAMA COMRADES.

The following report of deaths in Camp Lomax, No. 151 U. C. V., of Montgomery, Ala., was made by Judge John Purifoy, Commander of the Camp, at the late memorial service for the members dying during the past year, eight having answered to the last roll call, as follows:

J. W. Jones, of Company F, 17th Alabama Infantry, born June 7, 1834, died January 29, 1924, lacking but a few months of completing his ninetieth year. He left his good right arm on the bloody field of Peach Tree Creek, Ga., on the 20th of July, 1864, but this great deprivation did not destroy his courage, for he attacked the serious problem of life with the same courage, he had met the invading and destroying enemies of his country.

His splendid fight during life has been attested by friends and neighbors, and his industry and close attention to business and his conduct through life was characterized by the scriptural exhortation, "Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself." His good wife preceded him to the grave, but he is survived by several descendants.

Ed. G. Fowler, of Company F, 3rd Alabama Infantry, died February 16, 1924. He had completed his eightieth year.

When Gov. A. B. Moore, of Alabama, early in January, 1861, called for volunteers to seize the forts and arsenal in the vicinity of Mobile and, at the instance of Governor Perry, of Florida, to aid in seizing the forts and navy yard in the vicinity of Pensacola, Fla., Comrade Fowler was a member of one of the five companies constituting the force of 325 men sent to the latter point, under the command of Col. Tennent Lomax, thus entering the service of his State with the earliest enlistments. After several weeks at and near Pensacola, Comrade Fowler returned to Montgomery and participated in the inauguration of Hon. Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederate States of America. Early in May following, the 3rd Alabama Infantry Regiment was ordered to Lynchburg, Va., and Comrade Fowler's company was one of the ten constituting that regiment. He accompanied his regiment to Norfolk, Va., where he remained with that splendid body of soldiers during the period of stagnation which followed the battle of Manassas (Bull Run) July 21, 1861, the command being sent to the vicinity of Richmond, Va., in May, 1862. On Sunday morning, June 1, 1862, he was with his command in the battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks), Va., and in the warm action which followed he lost a foot and lower part of a leg. This deprivation did not prevent him from bravely striking out in business when the bloody drama ended, and with the same courage that carried him into the service of his State and government, he established a successful drug business in the city of Montgomery. Fowler's Drug Store became a household phrase in the city and surrounding country, and its owner was noted for his upright dealing with his fellow man. The business ranks among the oldest-established business concerns in the city, and his descendants are conducting it under the same name.

John Metcalf was a member of Company F, 7th Alabama Cavalry, and died April 3, 1924. Company F was composed of students who were attending the State University of Alabama, and in the summer of 1863 enlisted as Confederate soldiers. The regiment became a part of Gen. James H. Clanton's Brigade, serving first in the vicinity of Mobile and Pensacola. In the summer of 1864 the regiment became a part of Bell's Brigade, of Forrest's command, and participated in Hood's Tennessee campaign, and Company F went as the escort of Col. E. W. Rucker, commanding a brigade. Comrade Metcalf was a participant in many bloody actions on this campaign. On its return to the northern part of Alabama,

the depleted condition of the 4th and 7th Alabama Cavalry caused them to be consolidated into a single regiment.

Comrade Metcalf was the efficient and popular local agent of a great railroad for several years, and was noted for his courteous demeanor toward all men. He was a regular attendant at all Confederate reunions, both State and general.

William J. Maxwell served his country as a detached worker in the Alabama Armory, and did his duty faithfully. He died April 21, 1924.

After the destruction of the armory, by its captors, and the surrounding country was made bare by the ravages of war, Comrade Maxwell courageously joined his surviving Confederate comrades and aided in throwing off the nightmare of "Reconstruction," and rehabilitating our desolate farms and homes. For several years before his death, he was a faithful employee in the sanitary department of the city of Montgomery.

W. B. Parker was a member of the Columbus (Ga.) Artillery, and died May 12, 1924. His battery was a part of the force constituting the command of Maj. Gen. John C. Pemberton in June, 1862, and located in Georgia and South Carolina. In the summer of 1863, it formed a part of Gen. Joseph Johnston's command, operating in the rear of the besieging Federal army at Vicksburg. It became a unit of the battalion of horse artillery attached to the cavalry division of Gen. W. H. Jackson, of the Army of Mississippi. On the 24th of September, 1864, the battery was still a part of a battalion of horse artillery attached to Jackson's division of cavalry. It is shown to have had an engagement at Shoal Creek on the advance of Hood's force into Tennessee.

In a list of casualties in Forrest's cavalry, for November and December, 1864, Young's (Croft's) Battery, Columbus (Ga.) Artillery, is shown to have had two men killed and five wounded. On the 10th of March, 1865, it is called Young's Battery, and was commanded by Capt. Alfred Young, and was on the artillery reserves, etc., the left wing defenses of Mobile.

R. I. Crenshaw, of Company F, 1st Virginia Infantry Battalion, died November 6, 1924. As this battalion was a part of a brigade of Stonewall Jackson's Division, Comrade Crenshaw led a strenuous life as a Confederate soldier. His battalion was an active unit until the end.

When the bloody period of the sixties ended, he removed from the Old Dominion and located at Castleberry, Ala., and set himself to work to aid in rebuilding this despoiled country.

John H. Douglas, of the Washington Artillery, died July 20, 1924. The brilliant record of this famous command is evidence of his fidelity as a Confederate soldier.

His several years' residence in the city of Montgomery was chiefly devoted to the welfare of the poor, at a nominal salary paid him by liberal-minded philanthropists. His Christian character was noted by all who came in contact with him. During his administration as dispenser of the meager poor fund, no worthy applicant was turned away so long as there were available funds to meet the demand.

James Dallas Wade, a member of Company I, Roddey's 4th Alabama Cavalry, was born at Greeneville, Tenn., July 24, 1844, and died December 31, 1924, at his home in the city of Montgomery, aged 80 years. He enlisted in Roddey's 4th Alabama Cavalry at Tuscumbia, Ala., in October, 1862. After wintering in Middle Tennessee, the regiment returned to the northern part of Alabama and Mississippi, and was active in repelling raids from that section. During the summer Roddey's command was increased to several regiments and Roddey was promoted to the rank of brigadier general.

Comrade Wade was with his command when it joined the pursuers of the Federal Col. A. D. Streight, who was captured in Cherokee County, Ala., near the Georgia line. Comrade Wade was severely wounded during this pursuit, but rejoined his command and was in active duty in the spring of 1864. During Hood's Tennessee campaign he was captured on the retreat from Nashville and was in Camp Chase, Ohio, for six months and was later sent to Point Lookout, Md., where he remained until the 5th of June, 1865.

With that courage which he had exhibited as a Confederate soldier, Comrade Wade established a mercantile business in North Alabama, and helped to overcome the great devastation which that part of the State had suffered during the war.

On the 1st of March, 1876, he was married to Miss Sallie Garner, who survives him, with two sons and a daughter.

Early in life he became a faithful soldier under the banner of the cross of Jesus and was a consistent Church member to his death.

In his dealings with his fellow man he established an enviable record for his high sense of honor and integrity.

JOHN YANCY ALLIN.

John Yancy Allin, born in Tennessee, December 1, 1842; died March 16, 1925, in San Diego, Calif. His father and mother were born in England, but early in life settled in Tennessee and became loyal Americans and devoted Southerners.

In his twentieth year, John Yancy Allin volunteered for service in the Southern Confederacy. He was first placed in the infantry, but later served in Morgan's Cavalry, and was a true and brave soldier. He was twice wounded, being in the thick of the fighting from the beginning of the war even to the end. His papers were just going through to make him a lieutenant when peace was declared.

Two years after the war, he was married to Miss Susan E. McCellan, and this was the beginning of a long and very happy union. For fifty-eight years they shared the joys and sorrows and blessings of life together, with love and loyalty.

Mr. Allin was a jeweler by trade, and spent most of his business career in Tennessee and Kansas. Many years ago he retired from active business life and came to make his home in San Diego, where he made many friends and acquaintances, specially in Church circles, and particularly so in his own Church, the Park Place Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Most of his life he was an active Christian. In his home the preachers were welcome guests. He was almost always on the board of stewards, and for many years was recording steward.

When Park Place Church at Fifth and Olive Streets was being erected, he and his family had an active and faithful part in it. Of this Church he remained a member to the day of his departure. Surviving him are his wife and his only son, Robert O. Allin, also three grandchildren, the children of his daughter, who have been reared as his own. The devotion of the family has been and still is very beautiful.

[Rev. D. T. Reed, San Diego, Calif.]

SOUTH CAROLINA COMRADES.

The following deaths have been reported from James D. Vance Camp, No. 336 U. C. V., of Newberry, S. C., as occurring since May, 1924: William H. Wallace, Charles Plunkett, Frank L. Lommick, J. W. Lake, Joseph Noble, J. L. Connelley, Levi G. Wheeler, J. F. J. Caldwell, J. H. Alewine, J. M. Ward, and John N. Bass.

[M. M. Buford, Adjutant.]

THOMAS NELSON NAYLOR.

Thomas Nelson Naylor answered the last roll call on April 7, 1925, at his home in Clarendon, Tex. He was born August



THOMAS N. NAYLOR.

23, 1847, in Davy County, N. C., and answered the call of his beloved South at the tender age of sixteen, making a brave soldier for the cause which he never counted lost. His true Southern heart to the last thrilled at the thought that it was once his privilege to suffer hardships in following such a brave leader as Robert E. Lee, and considered the principles for which he fought too grand, too noble, ever to be lost, but that they would again be reasserted. He served

in Company —, 42nd North Carolina Regiment. He was an active member of the Sam Lanham Camp, U. C. V., of Clarendon, Tex., of which he was Adjutant. He was a pioneer of Donley County, having spent his last thirty-four years in that county. As a citizen and neighbor, he stood for the highest standards of morals and civic righteousness. He leaves a wife, four sons, and four daughters to take his place in life and to battle for the accomplishment of the lofty purposes to which his life was earnestly devoted.

[Mrs. Richmond Bowlin, of L. S. Ross Chapter, U. D. C., Vernon, Tex.]

JOHN WASHINGTON SELF.

John Washington Self, of Moorefield, W. Va., was born in Hardy County in 1836, and there spent his life with the exception of the four years in the Confederate army. He was a member of Company F, 33rd Regiment of Virginia Artillery, and served with honor through the war.

In 1868 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Cook, and to them were born four daughters, three surviving him.

As he gave his services unselfishly to his native section during the years of war, so was he devoted to its interest in times of peace and labored to build up what had been devastated by war, and through years of toil and many disadvantages he faithfully performed his duty to his country and family. His home was near Moorefield, and the last years of his life were spent with his daughter, Mrs. Nannie Boswell. On the evening of February 26, 1925, he passed from earth to receive his reward of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord."

JOHN H. MORGAN CAMP, COMMERCE, GA.

Two more names have been lost from the membership of John H. Morgan Camp, No. 1330 U. C. V., of Commerce, Ga., in the death of Isaac M. Johnson and S. E. Bailey, Company A, 4th Georgia Regiment. This makes eight members who have died in less than six months.

In reporting these losses, Comrade G. L. Caison, Adjutant of the Camp, writes that another member, C. W. Meadows, with his wife was in a serious accident recently, his wife being instantly killed and he very badly injured. The accident occurred at a railroad crossing.

WILLIAM SWEENEY.

Our beloved veteran, William Sweeney, answered to the last roll call on the morning of April 22, 1925, at his home in Chilhowee, Mo. He was born in Henry County, Mo., near Clinton, November 12, 1842.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, he enlisted in the Confederate army and took part in the battles of Lexington, Lone Jack, Dry Wood, and Prairie Grove.

At the Lone Jack engagement, during the retreat, he was taken prisoner. After the War he returned home and began anew the building of a home. He was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and remained a faithful servant until death claimed him. He was a member of M. M. Parsons Camp, U. C. V., at Warrensburg, Mo.

In honor of his devotion to the cause, the Chilhowee Chapter, U. D. C., chose his name to grace their Chapter at this place, known as the William Sweeney Chapter. In the VETERAN for October, 1924, was given a picture and sketch of his life. Four sons and a daughter are left to mourn the passing of a beloved parent.

If I were to express the sentiment of the community in a tribute of respect to "Grandpapa Sweeney," I should feel inclined to use the words of St. Paul the Apostle:

"He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith, and there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness."

His remains were interred beside his wife in Pisgah Cemetery. On his coat was the Cross of Honor, which he always wore with grace and dignity.

[Mrs. Jesse T. McMahan, Blackwater, Mo.]

MILTON A. DUNN, M.D.

Though too young to be a soldier of the Confederacy, Dr. Milton Dunn, of Melrose, Natchitoches Parish, La., was a true Confederate in his love for the cause of the South; and it was his pleasure always to serve, to the utmost of his ability, the veterans of that holy cause. As a part of the "seed corn of the Confederacy," he was in training for the Junior Reserves when the war closed. His patriotism was later displayed by his activity during the Colfax riots and for white supremacy in the South. After he had retired from practice, on account of years and declining health, the great World War came on, and to fill the place of the younger physicians who had offered their services across the seas, he again became active in his capacity as a physician, thus rendering service as a patriotic citizen. He died at his home in Melrose on Sunday, November 16, 1924, at the age of seventy-two years.

Milton Dunn was the only surviving child of the Hon. C. C. Dunn and his first wife, Sarah Smith, both Mississippians, who were taken in early life to Louisiana. He studied in the Medical Department of Louisiana, then graduated in 1874 from the Kentucky University of Medicine at Louisville. He located for practice at Montgomery, La., and there was married to Miss Rosa Rietzell, and to them were born two sons and a daughter. His second marriage was to Miss Isa Calhoun, who died some three years ago. His life was one of serious and studious professional labor, and he possessed an immense store of historical knowledge. The crowning work of his life was the compilation and publication of the "History of Natchitoches Parish, La."

Dr. Dunn was a Methodist in his Church affiliations, also an honored member of the Masonic fraternity. He was laid away in the cemetery at Montgomery, La., the funeral services being concluded by Masonic rites at the grave in the presence of those who loved and honored him in life.

WILLIAM F. FINCH.

William F. Finch, born in Carroll County, Tenn., December 12, 1844, died at his home in Memphis, Tenn., on May 14, 1925, after an illness of some years. He is survived by a son, J. W. Finch, and by a sister, Mrs. S. V. Faucette, of Memphis. He was laid to rest in Elmwood Cemetery, at Memphis, beside his wife, who died some years ago.



WILLIAM F. FINCH.

From a sketch prepared by Comrade Finch, some notes are taken. When he was three years old, his parents removed to Panola County, Miss., and in that State he grew up and received his education. In August, 1862, he enlisted in the State Guard, and was transferred to the regular army of the Confederacy in November, joining Company B, of Yates's Battery, 10th Mississippi Battalion Field Artillery, under Maj. M. S. Ward. The command was sent to Vicks-

burg, and was in the fight of Chickasaw Bayou in January, 1863; was in the Vicksburg siege, and under fire for forty-eight days; after the surrender on July 4, he was paroled and went home. Some months later he was ordered to the parole camp at Grenada, Miss.; then to Enterprise, and was exchanged in January, 1864; thence sent to Mobile, and from there to Atlanta to join Johnston's army; in the battle of New Hope Church his battery was stationed in the graveyard; took part in all the fighting around Atlanta; later was relieved and sent to winter quarters at Macon. There they were given new outfits and were mounted, then sent to South Georgia on local duty. In the latter part of February, the battery was started east, supposedly to join General Lee, but after being in North Carolina two weeks, near Raleigh, they were sent on to Danville, Va., and from there to Greensboro, N. C., to be surrendered with Johnston's army. He got his parole there and started home on horseback, being twenty-seven days on the way. "It never fell to my lot to do any heroic deeds," wrote Comrade Finch; "but I never missed a roll call, never missed a fight that my command was engaged in, and never was wounded or sick during my service in the army."

SILAS R. GOOD.

Silas R. Good, one of Rockingham's most substantial farmers, also one of the best blacksmiths in this section, and a Confederate veteran, died at his home near Harrisonburg, Va., on April 12.

He was born on May 15, 1847, and spent practically all of his life in Rockingham, and the greater part of it in the immediate vicinity around his home. He served several years in the War between the States under Captain Woodson.

Comrade Good was a man of unquestioned integrity and high character. He stood high in his community and was esteemed by a large circle of friends. He was a consistent member of the Church of the Brethren for more than a half century.

His wife, who was Miss Susan Garion, died two years ago. Of their twelve children six sons and three daughters survive him.

W. H. ROBB.

Gen. W. H. Robb, president of Morgan's Men Association of Kentucky, died at his home near Helena, Ky., after an extended illness, aged eighty-two years. He had been re-elected president of Morgan's veterans at the annual meeting at Estill Springs last year. For years he was one of the most influential farmers and business men in Mason County. He commanded a brigade in the United Confederate Veterans, and was a member of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp of Maysville, Ky., being one of the original twenty-four members, of whom five only are now living.

His wife, who was Miss Anna Willett, survives him with three sons and four daughters, also one sister and a brother, living in Missouri.

HON. BENJAMIN J. GOLD.

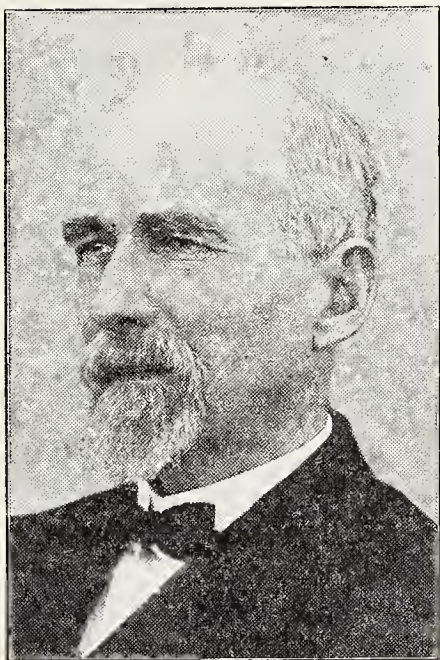
In the death of Hon. Benjamin J. Gold, of Blacksburg, S. C., one of the oldest, most prominent, and best-loved citizens has been lost to the State. After attending the reunion in Dallas, he was visiting his brother at Collinsville, Tex., when, on May 27, the summons came to join his comrades on the other side. For forty-five years he had been a devout member of the Baptist Church, and his life had been lived in unswerving loyalty to God and country.

Benjamin Jenkins Gold was born in Cleveland County, N. C., December 11, 1845, the son of Daniel and Margaret Jenkins Gold. He was reared on a farm, and though not quite sixteen years of age when the tocsin of war sounded throughout the land, he volunteered in one of the first companies raised in Cleveland County, that of Capt. O. P. Gordon, which was made Company I, of the 38th Regiment of North Carolina troops. From the seven days battles around Richmond, he was engaged in all of the principal campaigns and battles of the Army of Northern Virginia up to Sharpsburg and the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox.

Returning home, Comrade Gold took an active part in the restoration of good government and the building up of the waste places. In January, 1876, he was happily married to Miss Mary Martin, of Cleveland County, taking her as a bride to the farm he had purchased in York County, S. C. In 1888, he was elected to the State legislature and served very acceptably for two terms. Since moving to Blacksburg thirty years ago, he had served as magistrate during several administrations and was rounding out his last appointment at the time of his death.

He is survived by one son, two brothers, two sisters, and a granddaughter. After funeral services at the First Baptist Church, he was laid by the side of his wife in the cemetery at Blacksburg.

[William Anderson, M.D.]



HON. B. J. GOLD.

WILLIAM THOMAS JOHNSON.

William Thomas Johnson, born at Cumberland Ford, Ky., March 17, 1835, died at Tate, Tenn., November 9, 1924, in his ninetieth year.

He was the third son of Larkin and Olivia Renfro Johnson, and when he was but three months old his parents located near Bean Station, Tenn., which is now called Tate. He attended college at Mossy Creek College (now Carson and Newman), Jefferson City, Tenn.

While at school there he had the distinction of winning the first oratorical medal ever given by the school, the Keeling Medal, June 10, 1859.

When war broke out in 1861, he went to Cumberland Gap and enlisted in the Confederate army, 3rd Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, Company E (known locally as "Ben Branner's" Company). In May, 1862, this company became Company I, 2nd Tennessee Cavalry, of which Col. Henry M. Ashby was commanding officer. In order to be with his college friend and roommate, John Wesley Sutlive, William Johnson obtained a transfer to a Georgia regiment. Later he was again transferred to Col. James E. Carter's regiment, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, and Capt. John J. Jarnagin's company. He served through the war and never asked for a furlough, never was wounded, never was captured, never surrendered, and never took the oath of allegiance.

After the war Comrade Johnson became a farmer and lived and died upon the farm that his grandfather entered when Tennessee was a part of North Carolina.

He married Miss Sallie I. Looney, daughter of William Carroll and Rachel Looney.

Funeral services were conducted at the home, and he was buried in the Johnson cemetery. His wife survives him with two sons and two daughters. Two sisters are left of his family.

MRS. ROSE SOMERVILLE GIBSON.

The community of Stanton, Tenn., has lost a splendid friend from its activities in the death of Mrs. Rose Somerville Gibson. On the Sabbath of March 6, 1925, at the age of seventy-six, she fell asleep to awake into abundant life in the home of our Heavenly Father. From youth to old age, her life had been spent in this village, revered, honored, and appreciated for her worth, her kindness of heart, and high type of intellect. To converse with Mrs. Gibson was to know higher, loftier ideals. Her forefathers came from North Carolina, and she was of the highest type of Southern womanhood.

The Joe Wheeler Chapter, U. D. C., of Stanton, of which she was a charter member, will not cease to miss her help in all departments, especially the literary and historical, in which she was so capable. The South, the Confederacy, and its traditions were very dear to her, and her desire was that its true history might at last be given.

In the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. M. Nash, of Stanton, the funeral service, tender and impressive, was said by her lifelong friend, a veteran of the sixties, the Rev. Mr. Baskerville. She is at rest under the flowers, each bud and blossom giving forth its mission of love and appreciation of her value as a citizen, Church helper, lady of the Old South, sister, wife, and mother of the best type.

She was a benediction to her associates, an uplift to the community, and sadly missed is the music of her songs at our gatherings and her helpful words, which inspired us to go forward. We rejoice in having had her as a friend.

[Mrs. W. B. Douglas.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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Americus, Ga.

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8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Your President General, this month, wishes to ask your pardon for the unusual length of her letter. Her official travels among the Chapters have been so great and have covered so vast a geographic area that even a brief report of the work accomplished and a grateful acknowledgement of courtesies shown would make a short letter impossible.

On April 26, your President General left her home in Americus, Ga., for the far West, to pay a round of official visits to the splendid Chapters U. D. C. stretching like a glowing chain of golden service stars from coast to coast. The first stop was made at St. Louis, Mo., on April 27, as the guest of Mrs. E. B. Sherzer, President of the St. Louis Chapter. At a beautiful luncheon given by Mrs. Sherzer there was opportunity to meet many members of the St. Louis Chapter. The presence of the Treasurer General, Mrs. Higgins, and her guest, Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, former President General, added much to the pleasure of a buffet supper given by Mrs. Sherzer.

At Kansas City, your President General was met by Mrs. Hugh Miller, President of the Missouri Division. Two hundred guests were present at a luncheon, where we enjoyed the gracious welcome extended by the five Chapters of that city. The President General made an address on this occasion, taking as a subject the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The Missouri Division should be congratulated on the effective work accomplished under the leadership of its charming and efficient President.

The next stop was at Denver, Colo. The Colorado Daughters had arranged a delightful banquet, where three hundred guests were present. Dr. Grant, an honored veteran of both the War between the States and the World War, was toastmaster, and your President General was warmly welcomed to Denver by the mayor of the city and representatives of various organizations. Prefacing a formal address, she expressed her gratitude and appreciation of the honor extended her and the organization she represents.

While in Denver, we attended a luncheon given at the great Fitzsimmons Hospital, where there are 13,000 disabled World War veterans. Despite the sadness caused by the sight of so many magnificent young men paying such heavy toll in suffering for devotion to their country, it was comforting to realize that their welfare and happiness are not forgotten.

It is a special privilege, also, to express appreciation for the hospitality extended by Mrs. B. L. Douglas, Division President for Colorado.

As our train passed through Pueblo, Colo., the entire membership of the Nathan B. Forrest Chapter came to the

station and extended a cordial welcome. It was a delightful honor to meet them and extend a word of encouragement on their work in that great State.

Although this was your President General's second visit to the West, it was her first view of the Grand Canyon and Yosemite Valley. May 2 to 6 was spent viewing these natural wonders.

At Merced, Calif., the President of the local Chamber of Commerce and the President of the Yosemite Railroad gave a cordial welcome to the State of California.

The President General reached San Francisco at 11 o'clock on the night of May 6. At the station she was met by a number of friends, relatives, and U. D. C. members, including Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, California Division President. Mrs. John Keating, formerly of Atlanta and an old school friend entertained your President General at a lovely tea, inviting as special guests the members of the Jefferson Davis Chapter.

Mrs. C. C. Clay, gave a beautifully appointed luncheon at the Francisco Club, and among the guests who enjoyed a most inspiring afternoon together were the Presidents of the Bay Chapters and several General and Division Chairmen. The year's work planned by the California Daughters and their desire to render effective work in our organization were especially impressive.

On the same day your President General enjoyed the privilege of extending greetings on your behalf at a banquet given the five hundred members of the San Francisco Music Club. It was an honor to take part in the splendid program of these distinguished musicians and to sit at the speakers' table with Cadman, the noted composer.

Luncheons and dinners were also given during this period by Mrs. Keating, at the Century Club; by Mrs. James T. Watkins, at the Town and Country Club; by Mrs. Chester Garfield, at the Woman's Athletic Club; at the St. Francis Hotel by Mrs. Julian Biddle, a former Georgian; and dinners were also given by Mrs. Arthur Corder and Mrs. James Harold, at the Fairmont Hotel.

From Monday, May 11, to May 17, as the guest of the California Division, your President General was showered with the finest of hospitality. On May 11, the San Francisco Bay Chapters gave a brilliant reception at the Fairmont Hotel, where the President General and the Division President, Mrs. Garfield, were guests of honor. Four hundred Daughters were present on this occasion.

On May 12, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Garfield, we motored to San Jose, where the twenty-fifth annual convention of the California Division was entertained by the John B. Gordon Chapter, Mrs. Charles Ruff, President. On the opening evening of the convention, your President General ex-

tended greetings of the General Organization to the California Division, and also gave a formal address on Historical Evening.

Mrs. Garfield, the Division President, was hostess at an enjoyable dinner in honor of the twenty-two Chapter Presidents, on Tuesday evening. This occasion enabled your President General to get in personal touch with the leaders of the work in the California Division.

Interesting reports of the twenty-two Chapters crowded the business sessions of Wednesday and Thursday, with numerous opportunities granted your President General to discuss with the California members the work of the organization and to aid in solving some of their particular problems.

A large reception was given in honor of the President General, the Division President, and officers, on Wednesday evening at the Vendome Hotel. Numerous other luncheons and dinners were given, and on each occasion it was a privilege to tell of the constantly growing interest and service of our Association.

This convention of the California Daughters was memorable for interest and inspiration. The membership of the Chapters in this Division has grown in a most gratifying manner, and the scope of usefulness has been widely extended under the enthusiastic guidance of Mrs. Garfield, Division President, who is to be congratulated on the great success of her administration.

The President General and Division President went together to Los Angeles on Saturday, May 16, where they were met by the President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and thirty representatives of the eight U. D. C. Chapters in Los Angeles County, each bearing an armful of flowers for the guests. In all her travels the President General has never received a welcome exceeding in genuine cordiality that extended to her in Los Angeles.

At noon, after a drive over the city, the Pasadena Chapter, Mrs. G. C. Stribling, President, gave a luncheon at Arroyo del Vista. A large gathering of visitors greeted the honor guests here and heard an address from the President General. They came not only from Pasadena, but from Riverside, Colton, Long Beach, and Los Angeles. Mrs. James Stunson, an old friend and former President of the Kentucky Division, now residing in Los Angeles, was present on this occasion. The different Chapters in California vied with each other in extending hospitality to the President General.

On Saturday afternoon, the Los Angeles Chapters entertained at a tea at the wonderful home of Mrs. Charles Wellborn, President of the Los Angeles Chapter. Here that personal warmth of welcome which envelopes every recipient of Mrs. Wellborn's hospitality made itself felt from the outset. Honor guests included the President General, Division President, three former Division Presidents, Mrs. Victor Montgomery, Mrs. Samuel Dunlap, and Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglas, and the Division officers. An opportunity to express heartfelt appreciation of the splendid hospitality of the Los Angeles Daughters was afforded both the President General and Division President at this reception.

Voicing her adieu to the Los Angeles Daughters at a breakfast given at the Woman's Club by Mrs. B. H. Brady, the President General left immediately afterwards for the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Dallas. While having a previous acquaintance with many of the California Daughters, this visit impressed anew with the brilliance and charm of these leaders in our organization in the far West.

En route to Dallas, a day was spent at El Paso. After a drive to Juarez, Mexico, a luncheon was enjoyed at the beautiful home of Mrs. O. H. Palm. In the afternoon, an

elaborate reception was given at the El Paso Woman's Club by the U. D. C. members, where the president of the Chamber of Commerce and representatives of various organizations welcomed the President General to El Paso and Texas. Special welcomes were also voiced by Mrs. A. D. Hudson, President of the Wade Hampton Chapter, and Mrs. F. W. Aldridge, President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter. In responding, the President General stressed the aims of the General Organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Your President General attended the Confederate reunion at Dallas as Matron of Honor for the South on the staff of Gen. James A. Thomas, Commander in Chief, and extended official greetings from the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the great Dallas auditorium. On May 20, at the home of Mrs. J. C. Muse, President of the Dallas Chapter, a reception was tendered in honor of the Confederate veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the lady officials visiting the reunion. On this occasion the President General was in the receiving line and was privileged to meet many veterans, sons, and daughters of the South.

Covers were laid for five hundred women at a luncheon given at Stoneleigh Court by the Bonnie Blue Chapter, Mrs. Julian Wells, President, during the week. Mrs. J. Carter Bardin was general chairman of arrangements and introduced the honor guests, including the President General, the Division President, Mrs. Bivins, the Historian General, Mrs. Lawton, of Charleston, and others. Mrs. John L. Woodbury and Miss Decca Lamar West made short talks and urged the Daughters to work for the completion of the Jefferson Davis Highway.

During the grand parade at the Dallas reunion, your President General stood for nearly three hours in the reviewing stand watching the brave line of gray-clad survivors of the Confederate armies pass.

Greetings were extended to the Confederate Southern Memorial Association by the President General at a luncheon given to the officers and delegates of this organization.

The Saturday following the close of the reunion was spent in Fort Worth. In the afternoon a beautiful garden party was given at the home of Gen. and Mrs. K. M. Van Zandt by the Julia Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., Mrs. J. D. Covert, President. The President General and Division President were guests of honor. More than three hundred Veterans, Daughters, Sons, and Children of the Confederacy were assembled on the lawn by five o'clock and, with an immense flag forming the background to the speaker's platform, an interesting program, directed by Mrs. E. W. Bounds, was given. The presence of Miss Edith Pope, of Nashville, Tenn., editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, added much to the success of the occasion. General Van Zault is President of the Board of Trust for the VETERAN. The President General made a patriotic address.

One day was spent at McKinney, Tex., in conference with the officers of the Scott-Dickson Chapter.

Numerous invitations from different States and Chapters had, of necessity, to be declined, for not even modern transportation miracles could have allowed a fuller schedule than that followed. In this connection, the President General regrets particularly that it was impossible to accept invitations from the Charlotte, N. C., Chapter, Mrs. C. O. Doggett, President, to attend the pageant celebrating the sesquicentennial of the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence; and from the Asheville Chapter, Mrs. J. G. Strikeleather, President.

June 3 was spent with the Hawkinsville, Ga., Chapter,

Miss Lillie Martin, President. At this time thirty-seven Crosses of Service were delivered to World War veterans and twenty-five Crosses of Honor were given to veterans of the War between the States.

A record of the itinerary would be incomplete without an expression of appreciation of the welcome which was given the President General in flowers at every step of her journey. Each Chapter in the California Division, many Chapters in the Texas Division, the Colorado Division, and others showed their appreciation of the visit of their chief executive by showing her with flowers of gorgeous hue and foliage, and her memories of the trip will ever be garlanded with the immortal blossoms of friendship which these transient blooms typified.

Since returning home, the President General has thought many times on the loyal coöperation which is so enthusiastically evidenced by the Western Chapters in upholding, in every section of our land, the ideals of our society. It was indeed a rare opportunity to enjoy this personal touch with the Daughters, to hear of the activities of the Chapters at first hand, and to respond in person to their greetings.

Arduous as was the long journey and its attendant duties, your President General is sensible of the very great tribute to our organizations by the honors bestowed upon her as your representative. She feels, also, that it is not likely she will ever again be granted such an opportunity for service in trying to enlighten not only the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, but the general public on the vastness of our work.

Appreciating more than ever the privilege of leadership conferred upon her, and acknowledging with joy and humility that the honor, though it be the highest within the gift of one of the greatest organizations in the world, is but insignificant compared with the glorious and lasting opportunity it brings to learn the real meaning of service for our beloved cause, the President General again sends her greetings to each member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and pledges anew her single desire to serve in a manner worthy of the organization we love.

Sincerely yours,

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

The veterans from the Arkansas Confederate Home were brought to Little Rock one day recently and given a day of pleasure by various units of the three U. D. C. Chapters, each unit entertaining a given number with luncheon first, then to a picture show, the theater, or an auto ride, as the old men chose. Mrs. Stilwell assures us that it was a happy day for veterans and Daughters.

On Memorial Day the "Childrens Chapter" of Little Rock took the lead. Two and two, they marched between the long line of soldier graves placing a flag and a flower on each singing "America" as they marched. Chapters everywhere are giving the C. of C. a place in the exercises on Memorial Day, and in many towns and cities school authorities are coöperating whole-heartedly with the Chapters in allowing all the school children to march to the Confederate monument or to the cemetery, each child with a wreath of flowers to be placed on the monument or on the graves of veterans.

* * *

Once again the U. D. C. of Louisiana have strengthened the foundations of good citizenship in their boys and girls by familiarizing them with the greatness of their State and the achievements of its people. Mrs. Kolman writes:

"Louisiana Day, April 30, was most successfully observed in all public, parochial, and private schools of Louisiana under the auspices of the Educational Committee of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C.

"Louisiana Day" first originated at a convention of the U. D. C. in New Orleans, 1909, the idea being to teach the youth the love of State and to tell of the many opportunities for higher education offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in scholarships to worthy descendants of Confederate veterans.

"This project was heartily indorsed by the State Superintendent of Education, the Archbishop, the Louisiana Historical Society, and other prominent educators. This year appropriate programs were arranged in the schools; in some there were pageants presented, portraying the history of Louisiana and in others prizes were awarded for the best essays on Louisiana. Speakers visited the schools, telling of the great State of Louisiana, great in its resources of soil, mineral, tree, plant and flower, fish and beasts, its mighty rivers, its great harbors, its temperate climate."

* * *

Mrs. Preston Power reports that on the birthday of President Davis, the Maryland Division, meeting in the Belvidere Hotel, Baltimore, eight Crosses of Honor were presented to Confederate veterans, and fourteen Crosses of Service to World War veterans. Mrs. Franklin Canby, the Division President, presided.

The Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, is planning for its annual "guest meeting." The Chapter will bring to their city the picture "Dixie," made under the supervision of the Yale University Press. The estate known as "The Hermitage," around which the story unfolds, belonged to the McAlpin family, from which is descended Mrs. Canby, the Division President. Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, one of the directors in the making of the picture, will be present on the opening night and will explain briefly its purpose. This Chapter recently realized seventy-one dollars from a card party.

Mrs. Canby has been elected Vice President of the Confederate Memorial Association, the first woman in that county to have been thus honored.

The officers elected, on May 2, for the Baltimore Chapter are: President, Mrs. W. M. Buchanan; First Vice President, Miss McIlvaine; Second Vice President, Mrs. Quitman Lovell; Treasurer, Miss Emma Weber; Recording Secretary, Mrs. T. B. Gresham; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Hilton Orrick; Historian, Mrs. Appleton Wilson; Registrar, Mrs. Henry West. Mrs. Frank Parran is the leader of the C. of C.; and Mrs. R. C. Hoffman was made Honorary Vice President.

* * *

In the Missouri Division, Mrs. McMahon, of Blackwater, is Publicity Chairman and also Director for subscriptions to the VETERAN. She reports splendid coöperation from all the Chapters of her Division. She has appointed the President of each Chapter as chairman and the Chapter members assistants to receive subscriptions. Besides the duty of supporting the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, she thinks that the handsome prizes are also worth while.

Mrs. John F. Waite (Fairy Godmother of veterans in Confederate Home, Higginsville, also Chairman Men and Women of the Sixties, has planned a wonderful party to be given at the Home June 3. It will surpass the Easter party when each inmate received a gift sent by Chapters over the State. Each package was marked with the individual name and contained all kind of things to please the eye and the appetite of the

dear old veterans. Missouri is exerting every effort to have June 3 the best ever for veterans at the Home.

The Springfield Chapter is one hundred per cent in the U. D. C. work. It also has a wonderful auxiliary Chapter of Children of the Confederacy, which recently presented a picture of Woodrow Wilson to the high school, with appropriate ceremonies. One thousand voices sang "America."

The Chilhowee Chapter has sustained a loss in the death of William Sweeney, for whom the Chapter was named.

Mrs. George F. Longan, of Sedalia, Publicity Chairman for our book "Women of the South in War Times," is pushing the sales with great zeal and success.

Missouri was well represented at the Dallas reunion by Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters.

* * *

The U. D. C. of the Palmetto State are very proud of their Relic Room, of which Mrs. Farley makes mention:

"In a report recently from the South Carolina Relic Room in the State Capitol, in Columbia, Mrs. Claude Girardeau, one of the custodians, says that the visitors to the room are numerous, coming not only from this State, but from all parts of the United States and foreign countries. The students from the University of South Carolina and other colleges do much research work here, for it is here that the South Carolina Division keeps its records and historical matter of incalculable value to the teaching of the truths of the Confederacy to the youth of South Carolina.

"On May 10 many South Carolina Chapters observed Memorial Day. The Mary Anne Buie Chapter, of Johnston, has instituted the interesting custom of calling the roll of Confederate dead and having a descendant place in a large wreath, as the name is called, a red carnation. At the completion of the roll call the wreath is placed on the Confederate monument. Many Chapters served dinner on this occasion to veterans, their wives, and widows of veterans. The John McKellar Reynolds Chapter, of Greenwood, held very interesting exercises, with the students of Bailey Military Institute, of Lander College, and of Connie Maxwell Orphanage, assisting. After the program the Boy Scouts decorated the Confederate graves.

"Mrs. O. D. Black, South Carolina Division President, on a recent official visit to the upper part of the State, was tendered beautiful receptions at Greenwood, Laurens, and Union. Mrs. Black brings inspiration with every visit, and Chapters having her renew their activities and strive to reach the ideal held up to them by this very enthusiastic Division President. More South Carolina Chapters are one hundred per cent in all objectives at this time of the year than ever before."

* * *

This month we have interesting accounts of two Division conventions. Mrs. Amos Norris writes of Florida's convention:

"The thirtieth annual convention of the Florida Division was held in Leesburg, May 5 to 8. The President, Mrs. J. C. Blocker, presided, the Hostess Chapter being Confederate Gray Chapter No. 641. The Credential Committee's report showed nine State officers present, with one hundred and thirty votes in convention.

"The Registrar's report showed a gain of 347 members in the past year, the Florida Division now having a total membership of 2,266.

"Three new Chapters have been organized in the past year: Alexander Stephens, at Jacksonville; Woodrow Wilson, at High Springs; and the Fort Pierce Chapter, at Fort Pierce. Three new C. of C. Chapters have been organized.

(Continued on page 278.)

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

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

U. D. C. STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

August.

The surrender of General Lee's Army at Appomattox Courthouse, Va., April 9, 1865.

Terms of Surrender.

Johnson surrendered to Sherman.

Jefferson Davis taken prisoner in Georgia, May 11.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

August.

General Nathan Bedford Forrest.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

MRS. LEON D. KIRBY, HISTORIAN.

Subject: History of Tennessee, 1864-65.

Suggested Topics for Study: Generals, Battles, State Government.

The Historical Committee offers a loving cup as first prize and the banner as second prize to the Chapter sending best report of historical work to the State Historian not later than April 15, 1926.

The Chapter historical work will be judged on the following points:

1. Number of meetings.
2. Number and quality of all papers, newspaper and magazine clippings, and reminiscences.
3. Number of memorial days observed.
4. Amount of work done in schools.
5. Donations of books and pictures to public institutions.
6. Using personal and official influence for furthering true Southern history, uplifting social conditions, and improving the State educational interest.

DIVISION MEDAL.

Subject: Leonidas Polk, Bishop, General, Educator, Distinguished Lineage.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL MEDAL.

Subject: Boy Heroes of Tennessee.

The Junior High School medal is given this year by Mrs. Mary Noel Moody in memory of her father, Judge J. H. Estes, Haywood County, who served in the 6th Tennessee Regiment, Company A.

All prize will be awarded on Historical Evening, State convention, May 15, 1926, at Memphis.

Mail essays not later than April 15, 1926, to

MRS. LEON D. KIRBY, *State Historian*.

901 Stirling Avenue, North Chattanooga, Tenn.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

CONVENTION NOTES.

The successful passing of our twenty-sixth annual convention, with its splendid attendance, its heartfelt interest in memorial work, is proof of a sustained and vital loyalty to our organization. The presence of our President General in renewed health and vigor was an impetus to greater effort on our part toward future accomplishment, encouraged as we have been by her leadership in the past.

The attendance of so great a number of general officers (only four absent) and of so many delegates (there were more than forty from Oklahoma alone) is another proof of progress.

The splendid Memorial Association of Dallas of over four hundred members proved a magnificent hostess, and everything possible was done for the convenience and pleasure of the convention.

Our Opening Meeting was held in Convention Hall, Fair Park, attracting an audience of 10,000 people. The most popular and beloved man in Texas, U. S. Senator Morris Sheppard, gave the opening address, welcoming "the survivors and representatives of one of the noblest causes that ever aroused the energies or inspired the prayers of man, the cause which found expression in the Southern Confederacy." He outlined the causes for the separation, which he said took place because the South "believed that the true theory of American government had been ignored; that its true character was rapidly disappearing; that further effort to restore the limitations anciently imposed on Federal powers would be useless; that the principles of local self-government, for the preservation of which the system of 1780 was formed, had been permanently nullified, the Southern States invoked the right of withdrawal and peaceably seceded."

"It was Mrs. A. McD. Wilson," to quote from the *Dallas News*, "President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, who delivered the keynote talk of the afternoon. Mrs. Wilson typified the Southern woman. She spoke softly and with excellent enunciation." She thanked the citizens of Dallas, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and others associated in the reunion work. She closed with a tribute to the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, and introduced Col. Hollins N. Randolph, President of the Association, who came upon her invitation, and made an eloquent address; Colonel Randolph said in part: "God, in his infinite wisdom, finished the world by placing a mountain of granite in Georgia, and that mountain will be there until the rivers are gone and the sky is rolled up like a scroll. The monument that we have started will be built, and future

generations will have something to remind them of the heroism of the soldiers and the devotion of the women of the South."

On behalf of the government of the United States, Mr. Randolph presented to Mrs. Wilson, in a graceful and appreciative speech, a half dollar coin of the Stone Mountain issue, coin No. 6 in order of issuance from the mint. The presentation occasioned much enthusiastic applause. Coin No. 5 was presented to Gen. James A. Thomas, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

The following resolutions were passed:

"Resolved by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, in annual convention assembled in the City of Dallas, Tex., May, 1925, That we, representing the mothers of the Confederacy, give token of our heartfelt appreciation of the act of the United States government in providing for the coinage of five million half dollars, commemorating the valor of the soldiers of the South, an act which proclaims forever to the world the sealing of a perpetual Union.

"Be it further resolved, That we give to the Stone Mountain Memorial Association our unqualified personal support in its superb undertaking, and that we take every occasion to urge upon the people of the South the purchasing of these coins, not only as a precious memento of the land we love, but as an aid in perfecting a memorial which shall stand a testimony for all time to the courage and integrity of the Old South."

* * *

In convention assembled, the C. S. M. A. approved by unanimous vote the project of restoring and preserving the plantation house, Belle Chasse, as a memorial to Judah P. Benjamin, and the effort being made by the Judah P. Benjamin Memorial Association to restore the building and gardens exactly as they were in the time of Mr. Benjamin, and to fill the house with furniture and mementoes of him and other Confederate statesmen.

It was a great privilege to have with us in convention, our Chaplain General, Major the Rev. Giles B. Cooke, who is the only living member of Gen. Robert E. Lee's staff. To listen to the words of a prayer, simple and yet grand in simplicity, asking God for peace for a restless world, and to know that voice had been raised so often in impassioned pleading for victory to the arms of a flawless leader in a stainless cause, is to realize something of the depth and the fullness of life.

* * *

The fact was brought out in convention that President Jefferson Davis had been an honorary member of a Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, which is now a member

of our Confederation. President Davis was also an active member of a Confederate Historical Association during his residence in Memphis, Tenn. It was under the charter of this association that the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association was organized.

Referring to this, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson said: "There is nothing that has come to us which makes us feel so strongly that we must carry on as the fact that Jefferson Davis was a member of the Confederate Memorial Association. We are very proud and happy to have this information come to us."

In her talk before the veterans, our Historian General, Miss Rutherford, stressing the value of looking upon the bright side, met with hearty approval. Miss Millie's optimism, like a posy of clove pinks and old-fashioned roses permeates the atmosphere about her and brings brightness wherever she goes. Of her "Scrapbook," our Chaplain General said: "When the 'Scrapbook' comes, the first thing I do is to read it through and through, and I want to say to you that you cannot do anything better than to propagate the truth and the right that you find when you read that 'Scrapbook.'" Our members are placing this magazine in many libraries and schools, together with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

In all this changeful world, we are wondering if there exists any other association whose secretary has served so long and so faithfully and who has never missed a convention in twenty-six years. Our Corresponding Secretary General was presented with a silver purse and pencil upon her twenty-fifth anniversary of service to remind her of our love and appreciation. Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson! Her name signifies loyalty.

Our new Auditor General, Mrs. Belle Allen Ross, who has always been a member of the C. S. M. A., is a daughter of Mrs. Belle Allen, of Columbus, Ga., who helped to organize the first Memorial Association.

* * *

Miss Edith Pope, the editor of our valued magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, was presented to the convention by our President General. We are glad to show our appreciation of her work, kept up so faithfully and long. To us, year by year, the VETERAN grows more precious.

* * *

Out in Denver, Colo., is a small, struggling Association, Mrs. Lillie B. Copeland, President, whose members have recently sought out Confederate military records, and put up eight granite markers, and commemorated Memorial Day by placing flags and wreaths of pine. Their special work has been that of giving assistance to old Confederate veterans who have drifted into Colorado from every State in the Union.

* * *

To the charming, lovely girls who served as pages with such efficiency, and who added so much to our convenience, we are much indebted.

* * *

Mary Brown Spaulding, of Atlanta. To the charm and grace of youth, this sweet young girl has the added luster of high Confederate lineage. Miss Spaulding was also Maid of Honor to the Sponsor for the South.

* * *

Our Chairman of Resolutions, Miss Sue Walker, Recording Secretary General, has forwarded resolutions of appreciation to all the officials of the city of Dallas, to all committees and organizations, and all those to whom we are indebted for such gracious and generous hospitality.

THE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION IN WASHINGTON.

The following is a list of the new officers of the Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association, of Washington, D. C.: President, Mrs. Frank Morrison; First Vice President, Mrs. Jesse Lee Webb; Second Vice President, Mrs. Jeter Pritchard; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. E. Britton; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Isabelle Evans; Treasurer, Mrs. Henry G. Clay; Historian, Mrs. Nelson P. Webster; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Wallace Streeter; Chaplain, Mrs. Rosa Dodd Muleare.

IN MEMORIAM: GENERAL WILLIAM BIRCH HALDEMAN.

(Tribute by Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate U. C. V., and read at the joint memorial service on May 21, Dallas Reunion.)

There's a riderless horse in the paddock;
There's vacant place in the home,
Where love is waiting and grieving
For one who will never come.

The waves and the palms call to him;
The winds through the blue grass sweep;
But no echo follows a footfall—
The master is asleep.

Full of honors the gaunt years found him;
Filled with beauty, the dying sun;
While love tells over her missal
The good that he has done.

Let him sleep, for the Father gave it;
Let him rest from the brunt of wars;
For his deeds are the old South's prowess,
And his shroud is her Stars and Bars.

"Good night, good friend!" we knew him,
We are watching through our tears;
But history afar is riding
With a youth across the years.

On his breast is the gray of valor,
On his heart are the bars of gold,
And the banner of fame rides with him
The youth who can never grow old.

It is thus the world shall remember,
When these comrades have passed away,
With the armies of Lee and Jackson
And the mighty hosts of the gray.

Let him sleep, for the Father gave it;
Let him rest from the brunt of wars;
For his deeds are the old South's prowess,
And his shroud is her Stars and Bars.

Mrs. S. J. Eckles, of Ocoee, Fla., renews subscription and writes that her husband passed away in March, and though she is now eighty-three years of age, as long as she can see she wants to have the VETERAN in the house. "We were married sixty-three years," she says.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 GEORGE A. MACON, Memphis, Tenn. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 JAMES S. DAVENPORT, Vinita, Okla. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo, Miss. *Inspector in Chief*
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee, Fla. *Commissary in Chief*
 DR. WILLIAM F. HUBBERT, Dallas, Tex. *Surgeon in Chief*
 REV. B. A. OWENS, Lathrop, Mo. *Chaplain in Chief*

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 JESSE ANTHONY Washington, D. C.
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 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 D. C. and MARYLAND—Washington. John A. Chumbley
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York. Silas W. Fry
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 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Montvale. R. A. Gilliam
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

NEWS AND NOTES.

THE REUNION.

News from the reunion shows the Sons a vital, moving force in the patriotic and fraternal affairs of the South. There are very few changes in the official forces. Dr. W. C. Galloway, of Wilmington, N. C., a splendid Son, who has been head of the Army of Northern Virginia Department for some time, was elected to the position of Commander in Chief. John M. Kinard, of South Carolina, was elected to the head of the Army of Northern Virginia Department. Gen. R. M. Colvin, who is so fortunate as to be both a veteran and a son of a veteran, paid this office a visit and stated that he was placed in nomination by the S. C. V. for Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, but declined to run, preferring that a younger man get the position. Commander in Chief Galloway should have the earnest support of all of us now in what will be his undoubtedly strenuous efforts to direct the S. C. V. through a successful year. He writes this office encouragingly; so does Nathan Bedford Forrest, leading spirit, whose heart is always in the work and for "the good of the order." All right then; let's go!

THAT "JOINT MEMORIAL" IDEA.

Governor Colquit comes out suggesting a last and joint reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic. This should be analyzed in cold blood and a decision reached which might bring a charge of narrowness, if unfavorable. How can the U. C. V., with self-respect, join in a fraternal meeting with an organization whose present and former commanders in chief, in public speech and public print, have so recently stigmatized Lee and his soldiers as traitors and have called upon the national government to forbid the memorializing of the features of the Confederate soldier in enduring bronze or granite. Also we can think awhile of the pension record of the G. A. R. as an organized body. It will go down in history tainted with the most outrageous pension frauds and steals which have ever disgraced a nation or looted a treasury under the name of patriotism. The G. A. R. undoubtedly contains and has contained many men of high character and honorable record—men of soldierly qualities and high attainment, but the record of the G. A. R. as a body is not one to be proud of. So why should the U. C. V., now at the end, with their banners white and spotless and having kept the faith fairly, lend their presence to a gathering or a reunion so incongruous?

MILES AS PRESIDENT DAVIS'S JAILER.

The death of Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., retired, has brought prominently to the public notice a part of his life

which makes a disgraceful page in American history. General Miles was a dashing sort of figure, somewhat picturesque and possessing what the French call "elan." But all of his chances for a brilliant share in American military annals were dashed to pieces when an evil moment placed him in the position of jailer to Jefferson Davis. At this time Mr. Davis was an old man and much broken. He was emaciated, feeble, and hardly able to walk. He was thrown into a massive dungeon at Fortress Monroe from which a dozen Blackbeards, fully armed, could not have escaped. He was watched day and night without a chance at privacy. Even the cord of a mosquito netting was taken from him. A light burned over his bed day and night. He was shackled with iron chains as though he had been a wild animal. This was the treatment which General Miles accorded to an old and feeble man who had been a distinguished American soldier in Mexico, a distinguished United States Senator, perhaps the most distinguished Secretary of War this country ever had, and President of a third of this country, waging a brilliant war for independence. The evidence displayed in the volumes of the "Records of the Rebellion," which the North has unctiously designated as the descriptive title of its records of the Southerners's fight against aggression and invasion, fully estops General Miles from shifting the blame of this shame upon the shoulders of others. Even such a man as Seward hastened to order Davis's shackles stricken off as soon as he heard of the outrage. Halleck, who wished to see Charleston burned to the ground and her site sown with salt, was opposed to such treatment. Only Charles A. Dana seemed to favor such a move. Miles was left discretion to act as he saw fit. He saw fit to turn himself into a mediæval jailer—and he will be esteemed as such. To be sure, it was a time of hatred and the men in power in the government had little of the advantages of tradition or heritage; no restraint of noblesse oblige nor of breeding was upon them. They hated primevally, and they acted brutally. Miles was an example of the ferocity of his times. But his act ruined and marred forever what might have been a brilliant story of an American soldier and has forbidden to him forever a wholly respectful consideration by worthy people.

ANOTHER "HALL OF FAME."

Professor William S. Myers, of Princeton University, is quoted as having asserted that the "nine greatest Americans were, or are, Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Coolidge, Marshall, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charlotte Cushman, and Asa Gray." That list leaves out two prominent Princeton men that should have occurred to Professor Myers—Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson; but, of

course, it is hard to follow the mental processes of the Professor. And if he wished to make his list really glittering, why should he have left out Ben Butler and General Coxey? And why did he forget John Ossawatimie Brown, dear ole John Brown?

LAST STANZA.

The reunion, the weather, and general disability have conspired to keep from this office any Camp, Division, Department, or headquarters stuff to go into this S. C. V., Department this month. So I have "improvised." The Department is here to serve the S. C. V.; if you want publicity for your work, send your stuff in. I quote Lee Camp, S. C. V., of Richmond, as a shining example this month. Their notices of activities set to each member are in part as follows: "All members are requested to assemble and take part in Memorial Day parade. Attend celebration Commemoration Jefferson Davis Birthday June 3 at Randolph Hall, Soldiers' Home Grounds; also a reception to General Freeman, newly elected Commander in Chief, U. C. V." Now these boys know how to work. What a revolution it would cause in S. C. V. interest if every Camp of the Confederation would exhibit this same interest. Washington Camp does; how many others do? Write this department.

A NEW CAMP.

Camp Sam Davis was organized at Gulfport, Miss., with twenty-four members, during February. The officers are: Commander, D. P. Magruder; First Lieutenant Commander, V. V. Montgomery; Second Lieutenant Commander, Searle Hewes; Adjutant, Charles Hewes; Surgeon, E. H. Linfield; Quartermaster, Herbert Grace; Chaplain, J. L. Taylor; Treasurer, J. W. Rankin; Color Sergeant, C. J. Darby; Historian, B. F. Brown.

THE BIGGEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

The many thousands of visitors to the Southern Commercial Exposition, held in New York City during the month of May, found something besides commercial exhibits to inform them about the South. Doubtless the most unique object there was the huge book of nineteen illustrated pages, whose leaves were being turned by an electrical device. This book was designed by Matthew Page Andrews, the noted historian, and its historic matter written by him. In the few words used he gave "The Story of the South in the Building of the Republic," the illustration on each page showing some important feature in our history. The book was 6x10 feet in length, 4 feet 7 inches in width, and 12 inches thick, and of it the *Manufacturer's Record* says:

"Dedicated to 'all Americans, regardless of their birthplace, who have added to the enduring heritage of the republic in words, work, and worth,' the volume opens with the landing at Jamestown and devotes a page to each State, or small group of States, bringing out the main achievements in their history. For instance, it tells how Smallwood's regiment from Maryland saved Washington's army from capture and so assured the independence of the colonies; it disclosed to the people of Virginia that John Smith was not its original 'colonist,' and in a few words describes events and men with accurate vividness.

"George Washington has been called the Sword of the Revolution; so Thomas Jefferson may be called the Pen and Patrick Henry the Voice of the War for Independence,' reads one sentence on one page, thus describing in twenty-eight words the work and the personal character of three of the greatest men in American history.

"In the story of Georgia, told in seventy-one words, is disclosed the fact that this State was the first to give liberation for unfortunate debtors, and incidently it may be said that William Penn and Robert Morris, the latter of whom virtually financed the Revolution, in their time had been prisoners for debt, though men of the highest character."

Mr. Andrews is a native of Shepherdstown, W. Va., and a graduate of Washington and Lee University. He is a well-known authority on history and a popular lecturer on the subject. Among his well-known works are his "History of the United States," "American History and Government," and other historic productions. He is now a citizen of Baltimore, Md.

EARLY LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

A new edition of the "Family and Early Life of Stonewall Jackson" has been gotten out by Roy Bird Cook, of West Virginia, and much valuable information on the subject will be found in this little volume. There is also some new material in this edition which shows the Virginia line of Jackson's mother, a diary, and the bibliography also being some changes from the first edition. The book has been well received by the reviewers, and of it the *New York Times* says:

"This new volume, modest in its pretentious but quite worth while, is the result of much painstaking investigation of General Jackson's family tree, his early years, and the shaping influences of his younger life. In these matters it contributes to the story of his life some new information and some corrections of mistakes and untruths that have crept into other books about him. Mr. Cook gives a full genealogical account of Stonewall Jackson's forebears from the early eighteenth century to the migration to Virginia of his great-great-grandfather in 1755 and on through the subsequent generations. He notes that through these decades the Jackson family showed a strong inclination to participate in public life, that it produced few writers and artists, but many generals, politicians, and captains of industry."

"The greater part of the book deals with Stonewall Jackson's earlier years—his childhood, adolescence, and young manhood; but the final chapter outlines his achievements in the Southern army during the Civil War, and another tells something of his army service during the Mexican War and later his work as a member of the faculty of the Virginia Military Institute, and quotes extensively from his correspondence through a number of years. Mr. Cook effectually disposes of the myth, that has lived long and determinedly, that Jackson walked barefoot to Washington to secure his appointment to West Point and shows that he made the journey, properly clad, by horse, stage, and train. The volume contains, also, a chronology of Jackson's life and a bibliography of over four pages of books and articles about him."

Mr. Cook says of Jackson: "In his short life he became an international figure, proclaimed by the ablest of critics as one of the greatest captains of all time. His fame is not the property of the North, the South, the East, or the West, but of America. His record under the Stars and Bars can never be effaced from the annals of great American soldiers, and, as the common heritage of our race, shall exist as long as time endures."

See advertisement in this number.

"All merit comes from facing the unequal;
All glory comes from daring to begin;
Fate loves the State that, reckless of the sequel,
Fights long and well, whether it lose or win."

U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 273.)

"We doubt that any other Division, according to its numerical strength, can show a better financial statement:

"Total receipts May, 1924, to May, 1925.....	\$10,139 50
Disbursements.....	7,208 16
Balance checking account.....	2,931 40
Savings account.....	3,001 81
Total balance.....	5,933 81

"The Division is now supporting sixteen scholarships, a gain of four in the past two years.

"All pledges made at the general convention in Savannah by the President for the Florida Division were reported paid in full.

"The President and Vice President hold office for another year; the new officers elected are as follows: Treasurer, Mrs. A. W. Leland, Gainesville; Registrar, Mrs. J. A. Dye, Orlando; Historian, Mrs. Townes R. Leigh, Gainesville; Registrar C. of C., Miss Will Eva Caruthers, Tampa.

"The Division voted to raise the endowment fund for the Florida Room, Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., from \$3,000 to \$5,000. It was voted to approve the recommendation of the Lee Memorial Chapel Committee to create a trust fund, and that all money contributed by the Florida Division for the Lee Memorial Chapel should be diverted to this trust fund.

"The Division Medal, offered for the best historical essay, was won by Hannah Schell, of the Florida State College, at Tallahassee. Honorable mention was awarded Miss Florence McKay, of Rollins College.

"Many delightful social courtesies were extended: a tea by the Leesburg Woman's Club; another tea by Duncan-Peter Chapter C. of C.; an automobile ride by the Kiwanis Club; a reception by Confederate Gray Chapter to the officers, delegates, and honor guests; a luncheon by the hostess Chapter to the officers, past Presidents of the Division, honorary Presidents, and chairmen of committees. The Chamber of Commerce assisted the hostess Chapter in entertaining the delegates.

"The next convention will be held at West Palm Beach the first Wednesday in May, 1926."

* * *

Mrs. B. K. Sessums tells of the convention of Mississippi Daughters:

"The twenty-ninth annual convention of Mississippi Division convened in the classic city of Natchez, on May 5, and continued an interesting session for three days. The historical background of this city which has been under five flags—that of France, England, Spain, the Southern Confederacy, and the U. S. A.—made this one of the most thrillingly interesting meetings for many years.

"The wonderful hospitality of the citizens evinced the cordiality of ante-bellum days, and the beautiful old homes, some still in the possession of the original owners, were visited with curiosity and pleasure.

"The retiring President, Mrs. H. F. Simrall, was presented a handsome gift, four sterling silver goblets tastefully inscribed, bearing the sentiment of the Division in appreciation of her worth and strenuous work while in office.

"The elaborate social features vied with all former conventions, and nothing was left undone by the Natchez Chapter to make this a successful meeting.

"Columbus won the Banner for World War Records, and Aberdeen the Loving Cup for largest membership of Children of the Confederacy. The first convention of the Children

will be held in Aberdeen, June 23-24, with "Major Jonas Chapter," and much good work is expected from this source.

"New officers elected: President, Mrs. T. B. Holloman, Itta Bena; First Vice President, Miss Inez Lum, Vicksburg; Second Vice President, Mrs. C. B. Gillespie, Raymond; Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. G. Hull, Laurel; Treasurer, Mrs. W. T. Stuart, McComb; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. E. Greer, Itta Bena; Historian, Miss Mary Ratliffe, Raymond; Registrar, Mrs. Eula Rehfeldt, Jackson; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. M. Matthews, Hazelhurst.

"A token of appreciation to the Natchez Chapter was shown by presenting to Miss Beatrice Perrault, the President, a silver bud vase."

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

April, May, and early June saw a decided increase in activity in the U. D. C. obligation to dispose of our book. We are now approaching the summer months when there are comparatively few meetings. Nevertheless, there is a great deal of opportunity to dispose of this book, particularly in the case of those traveling in the North, and let me say right here that this book is read with avidity, interest, and profit by our Northern brethren. They need this book, and they especially appreciate it when it is presented to them or called to their attention.

This answers the query of a worker for a Chapter in the Northwest who is under the impression that "such a book" would not be favored in her section. Unquestionably, the book would meet with favor among her Northern associates.

The editor of "Women of the South in War Times" dodges no issue, but he has endeavored to set forth even the worst that happened in the spirit of charity, blaming those only who are blamable rather than issuing an "indictment of an entire people." The Boston *Transcript*, which rarely has had a kind word to say for Southern literature and history, has recommended "Women of the South in War Times" to its readers so that we "may see some features once hidden from our gaze and may understand more fully the position of those whom we once regarded as devoid of all honesty and faith."

Hence, our Southern members in Northern communities need have no fear of the reception of "our book." It is both enlightening and convincing, and a sense of conviction is the thing that is needed most of all in presenting the history of the South to those who know it not at first hand.

Those Divisions which deserve special mention for their recent activities are Tennessee, Missouri, and Arkansas and the Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C.; and it is believed that Miss Berte Davis, of Mississippi, is going to bring that State to the front. All honor to those Chapters and Divisions which have already "gone over the top."

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*

Fairmont, W. Va.

"TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY."

Inscription on the monument to Confederate women at Rome, Ga.:

She was obedient to the God she adored,
And true to every vow she made to man.
She was loyal to the country she loved so well,
And upon its altar laid husband, sire, and son.
The home she loved to serve was graced
With sincerity of life and devotion of heart.
She reared her sons to unselfish chivalry
And her daughters to spotless purity.
Her children delight to give her honor
And love to speak her praise.

THE FAMILY AND EARLY LIFE OF Stonewall Jackson

SECOND EDITION

By ROY BIRD COOK

Author of "Lewis County in the Civil War,"
"Lewis County in the Spanish-
American War," Etc.

A most interesting story that treats with extreme accuracy of a period in the life of this peerless leader that has been greatly neglected in other works. There is also a considerable amount of biographical data.

PRICE, \$2.00, DELIVERED

The Old Dominion Press, Richmond, Va.

ENTERTAINED BY SON OF HIS MASTER

An unexpected meeting of a Dallas business man and an old-time slave and army bodyservant of his father's took place at Fair Park during the reunion in Dallas, Tex., when W. H. Eberhardt discovered Steve Eberhardt, aged negro veteran, who served through the war under Echols's command with his master, Jacob Eberhardt, of Georgia.

Steve has attended every Confederate reunion, he says, His fare to Dallas and back was paid by the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Rome, Ga., where he now lives.

Mr. Eberhardt took Steve to his home where a special supper was prepared by his "white folk," and he was invited to ride with them in the parade on Friday.—*Dallas News*.

Mrs. W. H. Askew, of Rosebud, Tex., is very anxious to secure the record of her husband, W. H. (Billie) Askew, as a Confederate soldier. His home was at Warrior Stand, Ala., and he doubtless enlisted at Tuskegee. He served with Alabama cavalry, under a Captain Little. Thinks he enlisted about 1863, when he was sixteen or seventeen years old. Surviving comrades are asked to write to her.

A. D. Rape, of Quitman, Tex., asks that correction be made as to his command, which was Company B, 46th Alabama, and not the 45th, as was stated in his article in the *VETERAN* for May, page 198. He was drummer of the 46th, and stayed at regimental headquarters.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—Madge: Then you believe in marrying for money? Marie: I wouldn't say that exactly, but when you marry a man it's just as well to know there's something about him you will always like.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG.

(Tune: "Scatter Seeds of Kindness.")

Last night, as I lay dreaming
Of the days that now are gone,
I was carried back to childhood,
To a quiet little home;
After years of sin and sorrow
I had sought my home once more,
And I heard my mother singing
Songs she sang in days of yore:

Chorus.

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth
me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Hark! the singing now is over,
I can hear her voice in prayer;
For her boy she's gently pleading,
Kneeling by the old armchair.
'Tis a prayer of faith and pity,
And with love her voice does ring;
As she paused, I stopped to listen,
And I heard her sweetly sing:

Chorus.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

O, but I was only dreaming,
Ne'er her face I'll see again;
Many years has my dear mother
In a quiet churchyard lain.
Though from me she's gone forever,
Memory oft sweet thoughts doth
bring;
By her grave in tears, while standing,
I can hear her sweetly sing:

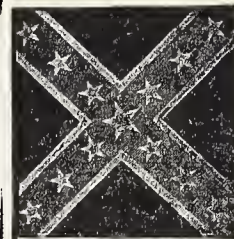
Chorus.

Where is my wandering boy to-night?
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer.
O, where is my boy to-night?
O, where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him he
knows,
O, where is my boy to-night?

[Capt. W. J. Brown, Confederate veteran and life-long Mississippian, resident of Jackson, Miss., sang this beautiful old song to the Men's Bible Class of Galloway Memorial Church on Mothers' Day, 1925. Captain Brown's voice is remarkable for a man of his advanced age.—*J. W. Tucker.*]

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NIXIE! NIXIE! WHAT IS A NIXIE?

It is a piece of mail so incorrectly or incompletely addressed, or so improperly prepared, that it cannot be delivered or returned without special treatment, and it goes to the post office hospital for a postal operation. It differs from a dead letter in that a dead letter, parcel, or circular can neither be delivered nor returned and goes to the post office morgue for burial.

NOT FULL.—During the course of a negro festival in a Southern town, Miss Mandy Johnson, a guest from a rival community near by, to whom such a function was a novelty, was approached by a Mr. Spencer, who inquired with great suavity: "Miss Johnson, am yo' program full?" "Lordy, no, Mr. Spencer," said the lady, "it takes mo' dan a san'wich an' two olives to fill mah program!"—*Harpers*.

RUINS.—The American heiress had just come back from her first trip to Europe. At dinner her neighbor inquired: "Did you see many picturesque old ruins during your trip?" "Yes," she replied. "And six of them proposed to me."

MORE SOAP.—Saturday night is coming more frequently for American families, according to an investigation conducted by one of the most prominent soap manufacturers in the country, and twenty-five per cent more soap in being used for bathing purposes. Five years ago the average family used only forty cakes a year for personal needs. Now they use fifty. The bath a day movement fostered by doctors and health boards is the cause. It takes 2,500,000,000 pounds of soap annually to keep the nation clean. This includes the soap used in homes, factories, laundries, Pullman cars, and hotels.—*National Tribune*.

Subscription Specials

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, THE FOLLOWING BOOKS ARE OFFERED IN CONNECTION WITH SUBSCRIPTION RENEWALS OR NEW ORDERS, and THEY WILL ALSO BE SENT AS PREMIUMS ON SUBSCRIPTIONS. NOTE THE PRICES

- HISTORY OF THE ORPHAN BRIGADE. By Col. Ed Porter Thompson. A large volume, in fine condition; gives history of that famous command and sketches of its members. Given with the VETERAN one year.....\$5 50
- MOSBY'S RANGERS. By J. J. Williamson. A handsome volume, illustrated. With a year's subscription..... 4 50
- WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES. Compiled by Matthew Page Andrews. Price, \$2.50; with the VETERAN..... 3 50
- RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE. Compiled by Capt. R. E. Lee. New edition, \$5; with the VETERAN.... 6 00
- A SMALL PHOTOGRAVURE OF GEN. R. E. LEE, in soft brown tones, will be sent with a year's subscription for..... 2 10
- STATE CAPITOLS OF THE SOUTH. Handsome booklet, illustrated. With the VETERAN one year..... 1 75
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Vol. XXXIII

VOL. XXXIII.

AUGUST, 1925

NO. 8



DEDICATION OF THE FIRST CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN THE WEST
This monument stands in the cemetery at Hollywood, Calif., and was dedicated with appropriate exercises on June 6, 1925. Gen. W. C. Harrison, commanding the Pacific Division, U. C. V., is to the left, standing at salute

973.705
C748

BOOKS FROM A PRIVATE LIBRARY.

Col. W. A. Love, of Columbus, Miss., offers for sale the following books, in good second-hand condition except where noted. They will be sent postpaid at prices given:

The Lost Cause. By E. A. Pollard. (Back loose).....	\$1 50
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By R. A. Brock.....	2 00
Life of General Lee. By J. D. McCabe, Jr. (Back loose).....	1 50
Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.....	3 00
Christ in the Camp. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	2 50
Crisis of the Confederacy. By Captain Battine.....	3 00
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Gettysburg Then and Now. By J. M. Vanderslice.....	1 50
Memoirs of Gen. U. S. Grant. (2 vols.).....	3 00
Gettysburg Park Commission Reports, 1893-1904.....	1 25
Southern War Songs. Illustrated.....	1 50

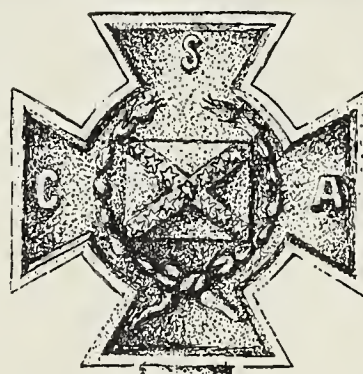
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**"Lest
We
Forget"**



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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Attalla, Ala.

Miss Fannie Russell, of Woodward, Okla., is trying to locate some old comrades of her father, Oscar F. Russell, who was living in Helena, Ark., at the time the war came on in 1861. She thinks he enlisted at Memphis and has been told that he was orderly sergeant in Sam Corley's Cavalry, also that he was aide to General Hindman and private secretary to Gen. Albert Pike, but all records were burned and there is no accurate information. This information is needed in order that her mother may get a pension, and Miss Woodward will appreciate hearing from any friends or old comrades of her father. He died in 1897.

Sam Haney, of Mooreland, Okla., is trying to establish the war record of his father, J. L. Haney, who, he thinks, served with Company E, 25th Arkansas Infantry. He enlisted from Monroe County, Ark., in the spring of 1862, and that county was his home for many years. Doubtless some old comrades are there yet, or some friends who knew with what command he served. The family is very poor and this record is needed in order that his widow may get a pension.

William Berry Briggs, at the age of sixteen years, enlisted in the Confederate army at Geneva, or Columbus, Ga., in 1861. His widow is entitled to a pension under the Texas law if she can secure testimony of comrades who served with him. He left no record of his service among his paper, and she will appreciate hearing from any of those who knew him during or since the war. Address W. E. Gilliland, Baird, Tex., Box 718.

Richard Edward Weeman (called "Duke"), of Taylor's Battalion, or 48th Mississippi Regiment, would like to hear from some old comrade who can aid him in getting a pension. After the battle of the Wilderness, he was transferred to the navy as engineer on the Bomb Shell, and was taken prisoner from that ship. He is ninety-three years of age. Address Richard E. Weeman, Canton, Me., Lock Box No. 28.

WANTED.

Old envelopes from letters written before 1875. Old United States and Confederate stamps wanted. Highest prices paid. George Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York City.

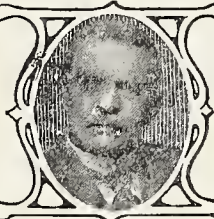
Confederate Veteran.

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

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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

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VOL. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1925.

No. 8.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn. *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

Assistant to the Adjutant General

GEN. H. M. WHARTON, Baltimore, Md. *Chaplain General*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life*
MAJ. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

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GEN. M. B. HOUGHTON, Montgomery, Ala. *Army of Tennessee*
GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Trans-Mississippi*

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ARKANSAS—Little Rock. Gen. M. D. Vance
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GEORGIA—Augusta. Gen. Albert J. Turgar
KENTUCKY—Frankfort. Gen. J. T. George
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MISSISSIPPI—Magnolia. Gen. W. M. Wroten
MISSOURI—Kansas City. Gen. A. A. Pearson
NORTH CAROLINA—Ansonville. Gen. W. A. Smith
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa. Gen. J. A. Yeager
SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia. Gen. D. W. McLaurin
TENNESSEE—Nashville. Gen. John P. Hickman
TEXAS—Houston. Gen. J. C. Foster
VIRGINIA—Petersburg. Gen. Homer Atkinson
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. Gen. William C. Harrison

GENERAL ORDERS, U. C. V.

SPECIAL ORDERS NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 25, 1925.

No. 1

1. Gen. Harry Rene Lee is hereby appointed Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the United Confederate Veterans, said appointment to take effect from this date.

2. He is hereby directed to take charge of all books, papers, records, etc., pertaining to his office and assume full charge of its affairs and duties.

By command of W. B. FREEMAN,
Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans.

SPECIAL ORDERS

NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 25, 1925.

No. 2

Mrs. W. B. Kernan, Assistant to the Adjutant General of the United Confederate Veterans Association, will immediately take charge of Headquarters' Office of the Association at New Orleans and will proceed to perform such duties as may be assigned her by the Adjutant General and will be subject to his instructions and those of the Commanding General as to all details of the service.

By command of

W. B. FREEMAN,

Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans.

HARRY RENE LEE,

The Adjutant General.

SPECIAL ORDERS

NEW ORLEANS, LA., August 1, 1925.

No. 3

Upon the recommendation of Lieut. Gen. M. B. Houghton, commanding the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., and in accordance with Section 8, Article VI of the Constitution, the General Commanding hereby announces the temporary assignment until the next annual meeting of Brig. Gen. Hal T. Walker, Commander of the First Brigade, Alabama Division, to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of General Houghton.

General Walker will immediately enter upon the discharge of his duties and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By command of

W. B. FREEMAN,

Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans.

HARRY RENE LEE,

The Adjutant General.

Capt. Fred G. Wilhelm, who is Adjutant of the Camp at Apalachicola, Fla., sends renewal order for two years, and writes: "Florida, the patriotic State that is most fond of the veterans, will pay to her old soldiers and widows of the Confederacy a monthly pension of forty dollars, to take effect December, 1925." He also mentions an attractive identification souvenir card that is being gotten out by Maj. Gen. James McKay, Commander of the Florida Division, U. C. V., to present to veterans who are members of the U. C. V. Camps and pension widows, an appreciated courtesy from their thoughtful Commander.

THE REUNION TO AN OUTSIDER.

BY THOMAS R. GORMAN, EUFAULA, OKLA.

Yesterweek I spent a couple of days in Dallas taking in the Confederate Veterans' reunion; and I must say they were as pleasant days as I have ever spent. It was the first meeting of its kind I had ever attended. I had expected the thrill that comes from the reenacted scenes of the stirring days of long ago, and in this I was not disappointed. The very sight of the faded coat of gray awoke emotions which were at once romantic and epic. And the snowy brow, the year-laden form, and the tottering step saddened one with that sadness that comes from the evidence of Time's relentless charge. The years are achieving what outnumbered foes were barely able to do. The lines that so heroically withstood the fierce onslaughts of Northern armies are thinning now under the murderous assaults of age. This is the only foe that could force to fall those valiant men who refused to yield before the withering fires of the Union artillery.

And their stand against this final foe is splendid. Sixty years have revolved since Lee surrendered to Grant in the little courthouse at Appomattox. Still there were men at the Dallas reunion who at that time had reached man's estate. Few of the veterans are less than eighty; many of them are ninety and more, far beyond the allotted span. The combined ages of the nineteen veterans in San Antonio's delegation aggregated 1,547 years. Yet their vigor is marvelous. I had never seen so many men of such advanced age possessing the like energy and enthusiasm. Of course, much of it was enlisted—the spirit of a reunion is magical—but at that there was a resiliency in the step and a snap in the salute that was brilliant for such years. And when the band played Dixie, age fell away like a garment. They were boys again, vibrant with the sublimity of their country's call, once again "taking their stand in Dixie."

I used to think that dreams died as men grew old and the fires of youth burned low and gray. Not true, the poet sings. The survivors of Shiloh, Manassas, Chickahominy, Antietam have disillusioned me. Their hearts still beat warm and joyous in their breast. Lovers grow old, but the flame remains eternal. And potent is the influence of group conscience. The bands would hardly have intoned a plantation melody before these venerable veterans were on the floor, gracefully tripping the light fantastic, leading in the jigs and quadrilles, the dances they were wont to enjoy in the long ago when their hearts were "all merry, all happy and bright." With the ease and elegance proper to their land, they waltzed and swung the pretty girls of Dixie in frolic, simple though old fashioned, but lighter and lovelier than the sensuous performances of this voluptuous age. The veterans preserve a gallantry, a chivalry that is one of the fine traditions of the Southern civilization. There is none of the grossness that grows on our deified materialism. The Southern gentleman seems not to reap of the corruption that is the portion of them who sow of the flesh. Some one has said that the South was and is the garden of American chivalry, its chosen home of romance. God grant that it may prosper, that life and all its finer interests may not become the helpless serf of the dollar. Men decay as wealth accumulates. Corruption of the best is always the worst.

An old soldiers' reunion is always evocative of life's higher and finer things. Tragedy, romance, poetry, the heroic, music, song, tears—all the emotions are stirred as one looks about and beholds what time and the sword have left of that great army whose feats and prowess made the world stand and gaze and marvel at their examples of bravery and hardihood.

And, beholding the lingering ranks of the Confederate army, one is peculiarly moved at the contemplation of their history.

The history of the Southern army is a splendid epic. The heroism of their armies is perhaps one of the most brilliant pages in all Homeric literature. We may think what we like about their cause, the why and wherefore of the struggle; we may repudiate the idea that there was any justification for such a sanguinary conflict; but we are not free in passing judgment on the quality of their heroism. That is a luminary whose splendor is all its own. No man in his fiercest prejudice can detract from its brilliance, and its brilliance is of such intensity as not to need the plaudits of the world. It is a star that in the galaxy of the heroic shines the brightest.

There is a divinity that shapes a nation's destiny, and a great nation must pass through great travail. It must experience terrific birth tortures. It must come of water and blood. Our crescent democracy had reached a stage of growth when men had to fight and women had to weep to save it. The fiber of our Constitution had to be tested, and tested in the fierce fire of war. The durability and integrity of the house divided against itself were failing. Those valiant men who watched and fought throughout those seven fierce days and nights in the Virginia wilderness were figuratively sitting up with an infant empire whose life was hanging in the balance. And it lived because they watched and fought and died. And, like the Christ, "they took away the first that they might establish that which followeth." The South had to lose its life for its country's sake in order to find it. The sons of the South had to give their lives for the redemption of many. The South's loss was our gain, and its own, eventually. The brave thousands who lay down to die on the hills of old Virginia had to pay the great price, but they went out satisfied that the earth wherein they should sleep throughout the ages would be safer for righteousness because they had died. Hence, those gallant men who had survived the fire and sword of battle, the whips and scorns of Time, the victor's insolence, are the living figures of that splendid epic. Little wonder that they journey from States remote, enduring the hardships of long travel and the inconveniences of camp life, just to live again the thrilling days of long ago, to talk with comrades about old times, of the struggles fierce and wild. All the thrill life affords them now is that which comes from the recounting of the battles, sieges, fortunes they have passed. The tumult and din of battle have long since died down in the peace of the shining years; the saber is rusting in its scabbard; the musket is moldering on the wall; the awakening blare of the fife and the arousing throb of the drum are hushed, as are the voices of many fond comrades; but memory remains with its precious, darling treasures. And so those silver-browed veterans bivouac once more to call up in long review the dashing glories of the yesterdays.

The Confederate veterans, like all aged men, are shy, distant, timid. They are not bold or forward. One has to make all the advances. But once the right hand of fellowship is extended, instantly the inner wall is broken down and the glow of a heart that, fervent as Southern suns, warms one with its abundance of human wholeness.

In repose their gaze is afar off. They "look away Dixie-land!" Present things interest them but little; only the human with whom they have a community of interests, with whom they can romp back across the fields of the yesterdays engages them. The future has little lure; they desire to live only to enjoy another encampment. to see what toll another year will take. Deep in the heart is the longing for eternal life, where only the glory of rest and peace shall be known. The infirmities and ills accompanying old age make life a

painful thing for some, so they would long to be with the comrades who died in battle and are sleeping now beneath the kindly skies of Old Virginia. One year-whitened colonel with whom I chatted spoke tenderly of a little glen among the hills where stood his old Kentucky home, where the sweet-heart of the long ago would be waiting at the gate for his return as lovingly as in the long ago when he returned from the battle fields of Gettysburg. Another aged warrior was sending a picture post card to a war-crippled brother in a little town in Tennessee. Another bearded sire, with the romance of an old Southern home in his dim eyes, told me feelingly of his cottage on the banks of the Suwannee River, where, because of the ills of travel, he was longing to be—thither his heart was turning ever. Another, with tear mist on his lids, confided to me the story of the aching loneliness that was his now that the wife who has shared his sunshine and his sorrows for sixty blissful years had been recently laid away. All that to life had entwined him was severed now, and he “longed to slumber beside her.”

All were intensely human, susceptible, vibrant, responsive to the touch of a friendly hand, to the sound of a kindly word. And who so cold to deny them human comity! They had come from the far away, from the long ago. They are moving slow into the glooms of life's twilight, into the night of silence and dust. Soon the drama of their struggle will be mute and still. The color, tone, atmosphere, animation that surviving characters contribute will, ere long, pass from off the stage and leave their history to Clio's classic pen.

Each veteran was to me a page of human life, with its springtime and sunlight of content and love, and its autumn of wailing winds and twilight of drifting tears, like the lives of all men's sons that toil athwart this vanishing vale of tears. Soon they will be gone; taps is sounding the last call for each one in his turn, and the night of death is bringing rest to the world-weary warrior. May peace be his portion forever!

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN THE WEST.

“To the memory of Confederate soldiers who have died or may die on the Pacific Coast” a monument was dedicated in Hollywood Cemetery (California) on the 6th of June, as a tribute from the living Confederate veterans and members of the Confederate Memorial Association of Los Angeles, Calif. There were ten of these veterans present, and among them Dr. William C. Harrison, Commander of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., now eighty-five years of age, who officiated at the ceremonies. The picture on the front page of this number shows the monument on the day of dedication.

The monument is a massive gray boulder on which is a bronze plate with the inscription, “In memory of the soldiers of the Confederate States Army who have died or may die on the Pacific Coast,” and the veil was drawn from it by little Elwood Stancliff, the four-year old grandson of General Harrison. The exercises were especially beautiful, and a touching incident was the roll call of those veterans present by Charles H. Charlton, and as each name and record was read out, the veteran responded with a soldierly salute. The address of the occasion was made by Hon. Zach Lamar Cobb; and Rev. J. B. B. Frey, Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, State President of the California Daughters of the Confederacy, and Mrs. James Stuntson, former President of the Kentucky U. D. C., were introduced and made appropriate responses. A poem, composed for the occasion by General Harrison, was read. An orchestra gave Southern airs, while the children of the third and fourth generation placed flowers about the stone and crowned it with a wreath of immortelles. A beautiful floral

offering came from Washington, D. C., the tribute of the Mary Taliaferro Thompson Confederate Memorial Association and Camp No. 171 U. C. V., of that city.

This is the first Confederate monument erected in the West, and some years ago an association was formed to carry out this cherished idea. Of this Gen. W. C. Harrison was President; Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglas, Vice President; Mrs. Ella Swickard, Recording Secretary; Mrs. B. F. Harrington, Corresponding Secretary.

At the roll call of Confederate veterans, read at the unveiling of the monument, the following responded:

Joel Munroe Bolton; enlisted June 12, 1861, at Pemmedetau Bridge, Mo., in Lockett's Company, Brown's Regiment, Missouri State Guards; served in Parson's Division under Gen. Sterling Price.

Andrew Becton Caldwell; enlisted July 10, 1861, at Corinth, Miss., in Company H, 2nd Regiment, Mississippi Cavalry; served in Lowry's Brigade, Army of Tennessee.

William Johnson Courtney; enlisted October, 1862, in Clay County, Mo., in Company B, Shank's Cavalry Regiment, Shelby's Brigade; served with Gen. Sterling Price, Trans-Mississippi Department.

William Parham Ellis; enlisted April 1, 1861, at Florence, Ala., in Company K, 7th Alabama Infantry; served under General Bragg in Army of Tennessee.

William Whitehill Fulkerson; enlisted April 1, 1862, at Castles Woods, Va., in Company G, 27th Battalion, afterwards 25th Cavalry Regiment, Virginia Volunteers; served in Army of Northern Virginia.

William Cole Harrison; enlisted March 6, 1862, at New Orleans, La., in Company A, Crescent Regiment, Louisiana Infantry; served in Army of Tennessee.

Enoch Berry Isbell; enlisted June 1, 1861, at Spring's Place, Ga., in Company B, Stovall's 3rd Georgia Battery; served in Army of Tennessee.

Charles Lindenberger; enlisted in July, 1861, at Wytheville, Va., in Company C, Capt. W. A. Yonce, 51st Virginia Infantry, Gen. John B. Floyd's Brigade; served in Army of Northern Virginia and Army of Tennessee.

Marion Berry Richmond; enlisted in September, 1861, at Jackson, Miss., in Company A, 10th Mississippi Infantry; served in Army of Tennessee.

Joseph Sigle; enlisted in early part of 1861 at Dallas, Tex., in Douglas's Battery, 1st Texas Artillery, served in Army of Tennessee. (Now in his ninety-ninth year.)

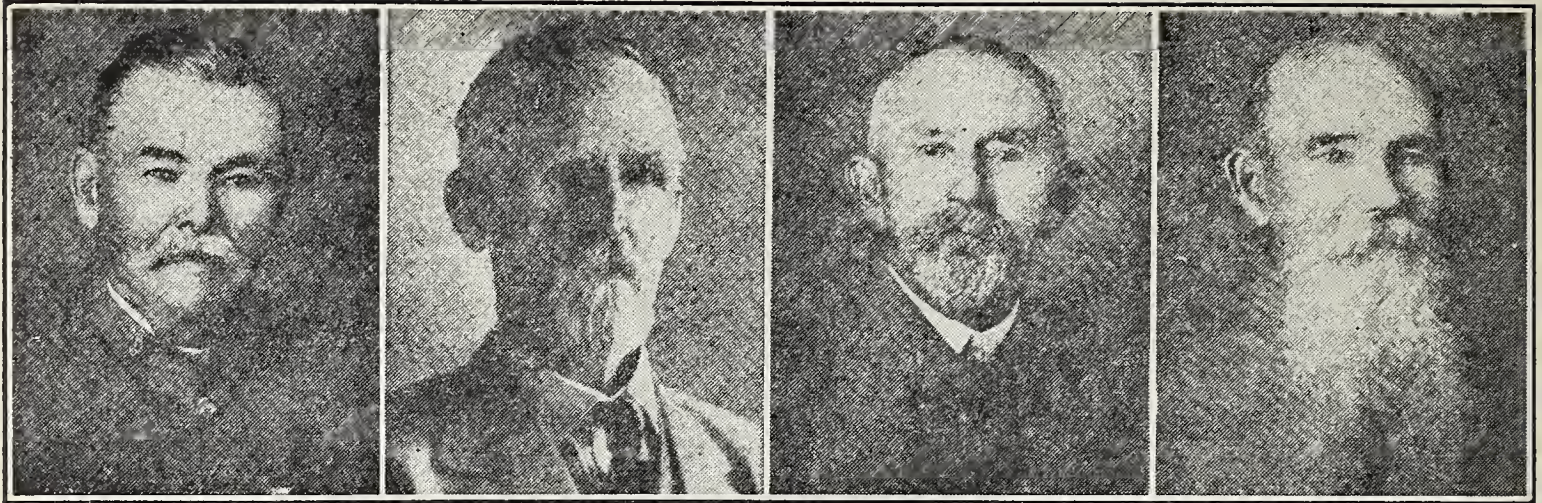
Sampson Sanders Simmons; enlisted March 20, 1862, at Giles, Va., in Company E, 8th Virginia Cavalry; served in Army of Northern Virginia.

Morgan Waybright; enlisted in December, 1861, in Pendleton County, W. Va., in Company A, 18th Virginia Cavalry; served in Army of Northern Virginia.

ROMANCE OF COAL IN ALABAMA.

Alabama is one of the great coal-producing States of America. But there was a time when all knowledge of the existence of coal within its borders was contained in the wondering mind of a little boy. A correspondent in the *Montgomery Advertiser* tells the brief story:

“The first record of coal in Alabama in the district about Tuscaloosa, Ala., was brought to light by several small boys damming a brook. One of these boys, LaFayette Guild, on his father's estate was attracted by a layer of curious black stones. His interest to know caused him to take some of these black stones to his father, then an eminent surgeon of Alabama, who turned the find over to the geologist of the uni-



MEMBERS OF THE LONE STAR CONFEDERATE QUARTET.

Maj. J. E. Gaskell, director and first tenor; Sergt. J. B. Thompson, second tenor; Sergt. J. S. Busby, baritone; Chaplain George L. Clark, bass.

versity, and the first record of coal in that section was the result.

"This same boy with a thirst for knowledge became Dr. LaFayette Guild, medical director and chief surgeon of the Army of Northern Virginia and a member of General Lee's staff, expectantly spoken of as one of Alabama's heroes for Stone Mountain."

This little beginning of the romance of coal, and even iron and steel, in Alabama deserves an illuminated page in the industrial history of the State. It will be read with interest by members of Tuscaloosa's old families who remember the Guild family with pleasure, and who are thoroughly familiar with the eminent services of the distinguished Dr. LaFayette Guild during those years when the Confederate armies were pressing on toward Washington.—*Birmingham News*.

THE LONE STAR CONFEDERATE QUARTET.

In sending a copy of the new edition of his book of songs of long ago, Maj. J. E. Gaskell, of Fort Worth, Tex., writes that these songs have been sung before many appreciative audiences by his Confederate Veteran Quartet, of which he is the director. He organized the quartet in 1915 with himself as first tenor; John S. Busby, baritone; George L. Clark, bass; Joe B. Thompson, second tenor. Of these companions he writes: "Joe B. Thompson was a member of Company F, 16th Mississippi Infantry; he was terribly wounded at Fort Gregg, near Petersburg, Va., and was taken prisoner and held till after the close of hostilities.

"George L. Clark, serving with Company I, 13th Mississippi Infantry, now chaplain and treasurer for the quartet, was shot out at Cold Harbor, and never fully recovered.

"John S. Busby, of Forrest's Cavalry, and a courier for General Forrest, and I, serving with the 17th Louisiana Infantry as band leader, escaped with slight injuries. All saw hard service and severe fighting.

"The Lone Star Confederate Quartet is the only one of the kind, and we have sung in nearly every Southern State and in Washington, D. C., having attended practically all the Confederate general reunions and those held in the State, singing on the streets and in hotels. Our quartet is also in demand for Church singing, at funerals, and patriotic organizations, and we always use the little book of songs, which has selections suitable for all occasions. Each member is now up in eighty.

"This little book is adapted for use in schools, lodges, and all patriotic orders, and contains many songs not found elsewhere. It is sold for the benefit of needy Confederate veterans, and the price is 25 cents for single copy; by the dozen, \$2.40; per hundred, \$18.75, all postpaid."

SURRENDERED AT VICKSBURG.

BY MAJ. J. E. GASKELL, FORT WORTH, TEX.

On Saturday, July 4, 1863, sixty-two years ago to-day, came my greatest shock in war time. My regiment, the 17th Louisiana Infantry, was a reserve regiment (used for instant support at any point along the line where the enemy was massing his forces for an assault). On this eventful morning of July 4, 1863, we were bivouacked near a great spring of water, quietly awaiting we knew not what. There was a peculiar, deathlike stillness reigning around the lines, not a rifle shot or boom of cannon all morning. What could mean this ominous quiet, the first in forty-seven days and nights?

Suddenly a courier appeared with a dispatch, and we hear the old familiar order: "Fall in!" Instantly we are in line and headed toward the fortifications. I wondered more than ever what was the meaning of this movement. Loud huzzas and cheering greeted our ears as we neared the lines, and we saw the boys in blue come tearing over our fortifications. "Look! Captain, look!" I fairly screamed. "Why don't you order the boys to fire?" With tears in his eyes and great emotion in his voice, he answered: "If we should fire on them now, we ourselves would be shot. We are surrendered."

Those words, like daggers, pierced our hearts. Brave, strong-hearted men bowed their heads and wept like timid children. Six long weeks we had fought and starved and held at bay three times our number, and now to stack our guns and surrender as prisoners was indeed hard to endure. With drooping hearts we marched away to our old quarters to await the orders of our captors. When we learned that we were to be paroled (put under oath not to fight again until legally exchanged) and not be incarcerated in intolerable prisons, it lightened our sorrow and assuaged our grief.

General Grant had rations issued to us, and soon our hunger was appeased. We received kind treatment from our captors, and about the 11th or 12th of July, we received our paroles and started on our march for the parole camp at Enterprise, Miss.

SURVIVORS OF MORGAN'S COMMAND.

The little notice in the July VETERAN that only two survivors of Morgan's command could be located has brought a number of responses which show that quite a number of that famous command are still with us. This is a pleasant announcement to make, and the publication of this list of survivors will doubtless bring together some comrades who have long been separated.

The first letter came from J. B. Settle, referred to in the notice as living at Monroe City, Mo. He writes that his regiment was the 9th Kentucky, not the 8th, as given, and he thinks there are quite a number of his comrades still living. "I was born and reared in Shelby County," he says, "and will be eighty-three years old the 12th of August this year; my parents were Virginians. My faculties are well preserved, and I am still quite active; am able to break a broncho yet. I never took a dram or used tobacco in any way. Have reared seven children, and am still able to take care of myself."

F. G. Browder writes from Montgomery, Ala.: "I know three survivors of Morgan's command, and met two others at the Dallas reunion, but have forgotten their names; both were members of the 6th Kentucky. I know T. F. Suratt, of Company G, 3rd Kentucky, commanded by Col. R. M. Ganor, now living at Elkton, Ky.; and Americus Oaks, Company H, 3rd Kentucky, lives at Olmstead, Ky.; and I served in Company G, 3rd Kentucky, under Capt. John Baket Dortch. We all joined Morgan at the organization of his brigade at Hopkinsville, Ky., on Bragg's raid, and served till the war ended.

Later on Comrade Browder sent the name of Nathan B. Deatheridge, Richmond, Ky., as another survivor, a member of Chenault's Regiment, and says he is sure there are others. Then came a letter from Capt. J. T. George, Commissioner of Confederate Pensions, Frankfort, Ky., stating that on the pension rolls of Kentucky there are thirty-three of Morgan's men, and he thinks there are at least twenty more of them in the State. He also gives the address of Col. J. M. Redd as Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. H. A. Anderson, of Anson, Ky., sends the name of her brother-in-law, I. E. Anderson, now in his eighty-fourth year, as another survivor. He served in Company A, Gano's Texas Squadron, which later was a part of the 3rd Kentucky, Gano's Brigade, of Morgan's Division. He was captured with Morgan and kept in Camp Douglas Prison to the close of the war. Got back to his home in Selma, Tex., in October, 1865,

A letter from Gen. R. B. Coleman, former Commander Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., of McAlester, Okla., adds several more to the list. He mentions Lieut. Beriah Magoffan, son of the war governor of Kentucky, as living at McAlester, now in his eighty-fourth year. He was captured with General Morgan and put in the Ohio penitentiary and their heads shaved on one side. He escaped with Morgan. Private James H. Yeager, of Tulsa, Okla, now Commander of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., was also captured with Morgan, and was not released until after the war. [By the way, Comrade Yeager has written a book on his experiences as a Confederate soldier, and the VETERAN means to copy from it.] William D. Matthews, Commissioner of Charities and Corrections for the State of Oklahoma (address Oklahoma City), was with Morgan, but was not captured, making his escape at Buffington Island.

General Coleman refers to another survivor named LaRue, living in Oklahoma, who belonged to the 6th Kentucky. He thinks there are a number of others in that State and would be glad to give any assistance in locating the remnants of that immortal band of patriots.

MEETING OF MORGAN'S MEN.

In connection with the foregoing, announcement is made that Morgan's Men Association will hold its annual reunion at Lexington, Ky., August 26-27. These veterans and other survivors of Kentucky commands were entertained by Desha Breckinridge at the Ashland Country Club, Lexington, on July 17, the anniversary of the day, sixty-three years ago, that his father, the late Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, joined the Confederate army under General Morgan, at Georgetown. There were present fifty-two Confederate veterans from all sections of the State, and after the luncheon, a delightful program of old Southern melodies and readings was enjoyed. The following veterans were registered.

Thomas H. Allen, Georgetown, 8th Kentucky, Company A; G. L. Burns, Lexington, 5th Kentucky, Company B; G. W. Jackson, 5th Kentucky, Company A, Cavalry, Georgetown; Elley Blackburn, Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry; C. H. Lee, Jr., Falmouth, Ky., Company A, Jenkins's Battalion; J. W. Hooker, Falmouth, Ky., Company A, Jenkins's Battalion; M. H. Haggard, Company C, 11th Kentucky, Georgetown; E. P. Thomason, 5th Kentucky Cavalry, Millersburg; W. R. Peters, Carlisle, Company F, 9th Kentucky Regiment; G. W. Muir, Company B, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Lexington; Walter Shropshire, Company A, 9th Kentucky, Georgetown; J. E. Keller, Company F, 5th Kentucky, Lexington; Alexander Tribble, Company A, 6th Kentucky, Shelby City; Harry Shaw, Sr., 11th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Command, Frankfort; Dan Perrine, Company F, 7th Kentucky, Maysville; J. H. Eckman, 2nd Kentucky, Company B. Primrose; Walter Matthews, Company H, 9th Kentucky, Maystick; Judge G. B. Swango, Mt. Sterling, 10th Kentucky Cavalry; W. T. Swango, Mt. Sterling, 10th Kentucky Cavalry; R. K. Denton, 8th Regiment, Company I, Lancaster; Harry Piper, Company E, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, Lexington; J. W. Boyd, Company K, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, Cynthiana; E. A. Allen, Company 3, Gano Regiment, Cynthiana; W. M. Moore, 10th Infantry, Cynthiana; Capt. M. L. Ware, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, Sharpshooters, Company B, Mt. Sterling; N. B. Deatherage, Company B, 11th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Command, Richmond; J. E. Graham, Company C, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Brigade, Louisville; T. D. English, Company H, 4th Kentucky Cavalry, Danville; D. C. Frazee, Company I, 4th Kentucky Cavalry, Lexington; Joe E. Hedges, Company C, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, Paris; S. B. Bivin, Company I, 8th Regiment, North Middletown; J. S. Clark, Third Battalion Mounted Rifles, Millersburg; C. M. Meng, 9th Kentucky, Company A, Paris; E. P. Halley, 9th Kentucky Company A, Lexington; George W. Crystal, 8th Cluke's Regiment, Lexington; J. E. Kern, Company E, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, Paris; W. H. Tucker, Company C, Kentucky Cavalry, Winchester; J. M. Craig, Morgan's Command, Lexington; Andrew Broadus, Company I, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Command, Louisville; H. M. Taylor, Company 8, 8th Kentucky, Morgan's Command, Carlisle; Richard Meniffee Redd, Company A, 1st Missouri Cavalry, Lexington; L. D. Young, Company H, Orphan Brigade, Paris; W. C. Stipp, Company D, 8th Kentucky, Clintonville; Gano Hildreth, Company D, 8th Kentucky, Paris; Cabell B. Bullock, Company B, 2nd Regiment, First Brigade Kentucky Infantry, Lexington; Henry L. Martin, Company C, Kirkpatrick's Battalion, Midway, Ky.; Joseph H. Lane, of Lexington; Robert Mann, of Carlisle; B. F. Day, of Mt. Sterling; R. T. Scobee, of Winchester; G. S. Wall, of Lexington; and J. T. Highland, of Judy.

A KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

Many readers of the VETERAN will be interested to learn of the honor which has come to one of our Southern boys in being made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, the highest honor that is bestowed by the French government. In recognition of his services during and since the World War, Paul Ayres Rockwell, the elder of two sons of Mrs. Loula Rockwell, of Asheville, N. C., who volunteered in the French Foreign Legion at the outbreak of the war in 1914, has been given this high honor—and wears it most worthily.



PAUL AYRES ROCKWELL.

Paul Rockwell was a member of the class of 1912 at Washington and Lee University, and later specialized in modern languages and international law. His brother, Kiffin Rockwell, was one of those brave "bird-men" of the war, and gave his life in that service. The following from the Paris edition of the *New York Times*, of December 25, 1924, gives full information of these brothers: "Mr. Paul Ayres Rockwell, of Atlanta, Ga., has been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his services during the war as a volunteer in the Foreign Legion, later as a war correspondent accredited to the French front, and since then as president of the Committee of the Lafayette Legion. In making this nomination, the French government has further intimated that it wishes to recall the career of Kiffin Yates Rockwell, Paul's younger brother, an aviator killed in an air fight over Alsace, on September 25, 1916, who was decorated with the Legion of Honor posthumously.

"The brothers Rockwell were the first American citizens, in America, to offer their services to France against Germany, in a letter to the French consul general at New Orleans, dated August 3, 1914. Three weeks later they had volunteered in the Foreign Legion, and they passed the first winter of the war in the Champagne and Aisne trenches. A damaged shoulder led to Paul Rockwell's being demobilized as unfit for further active service, and he became correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News* at the French front.

"Kiffin Rockwell, after being wounded in the thigh at Neuville-Saint-Vaast, entered the aviation service. He was one of the founders of the Lafayette Escadrille and won the *Medaille Militaire* and *Croix de Guerre* by scoring the Escadrille's first victory, bringing down an enemy plane on May 16, 1916. Further victories in the air gained him three citations and a commission as second lieutenant.

"Since the armistice Mr. Paul Rockwell has become the leading authority on the history of American service in the Foreign Legion and in the original Lafayette Escadrille, and has kept in touch with all the members. In this way he has been able to see that American writer combatants have been well represented in the 'Anthology of Writers, Combatants in the Great War.'

"He has recently given much time to a plan for bringing together in one cemetery, or rather park, the bodies of all American aviators who fell for France.

"The French Order of the Legion of Honor (*L'Ordre de la Legion d' Honneur*) was created by Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul, on May 19, 1802, to reward distinguished serv-

ices rendered in military and civil life. The emblem of the Legion of Honor is a star with five twofold rays, the center of the star being surrounded by an oak and laurel crown, one side representing the French Republic (substituted for the emperor's head) with the inscription; 'Republique Française, 1870,' the other side being adorned with two tricolor flags (substituted for the imperial eagle) and bearing the inscription which has not been changed: 'Honneur et Patrie.'

"During peace time, in order to be admitted to the membership of the Legion of Honor, it is necessary to have discharged, with some distinction, civil or military functions during at least twenty years, and sometimes twenty-five years. This rule, however, does not apply to persons who have rendered extraordinary services in their civil or military functions, or in the arts and science.

"The Legion of Honor is the highest distinction of the kind which can be obtained in France; it is not granted easily and there is no one who is not proud to wear the badge of an order which has been famous ever since it was created by Bonaparte."

COLONEL ANDERSON'S SWORD.

Mrs. J. M. Brownson, of Victoria, Tex., gives this account of the return of Col. C. D. Anderson's sword by the son of Admiral Farragut:

"An interesting historic relic of the War between the States is owned by Mr. Mark H. Anderson, of Victoria. His father, now deceased, was a West Point graduate, receiving his indorsement for appointment from the rector of Trinity Church at Galveston, Tex. At the beginning of hostilities, he volunteered to serve his native State of South Carolina and was presented with a beautiful sword by a citizen of Galveston, thus inscribed: 'John W. Creagh to His Friend, C. D. Anderson.' This sword was with him at Shiloh and many other engagements.

"Anderson was placed in command as colonel of the 21st Alabama Infantry at Fort Gaines, and after months of defense and heavy loss of life, Colonel Anderson surrendered to Admiral Farragut, commanding the blockading fleet at Mobile, Ala. Years went by. Colonel Anderson, with his family, was living in Austin, Tex., when one evening a package was delivered to him. After removing many wrappings, he found, to his joy, it was his old beloved sword. A letter from the son of Admiral Farragut explained that the sword was sent by request of his father before his death, with the added inscription: 'Returned by Admiral Farragut to Col. C. D. Anderson for his gallant defense of Fort Gaines, August 8, 1864.'

"In closing, an appropriate sentiment of appreciation of the knightly courtesy in carrying out the wishes of an honored father may be expressed in the following:

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

NOT MARSE ROBERT.—The great stir occasioned by the evolution trial in Tennessee brings to mind a story along that line which was told many years ago. W. A. Everman, of Greenville, Miss., gives it this way. Some Confederate soldiers were discussing Darwinism around their camp fire, when one of them who had taken no part previously in the discussion spoke up: "Well, boys, *we* may have descended from monkeys, but only God could have made Marse Robert."

THIS DAY IN HISTORY—JULY 21.

BY MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, HISTORIAN FLORIDA
DIVISION, U. D. C.

July 21 is a marked day in the history of the South. Sixty-four years ago, on Virginia soil, in that sovereignty where was established the first permanent white settlement, where the first American Thanksgiving Day occurred, where our Democratic type of government was born, on the banks of a stream called Bull Run, a few miles to the northwest of Manassas Junction, and about thirty miles south of the Potomac River at Washington, the greatest and most momentous battle ever fought on American soil (up to that time) was drawing to a close, resulting in a victory for the Confederate States of America and a disastrous defeat for the United States of America. Sixty-four years ago the plains of Manassas drank deep of the blood of citizen brothers and became a sacred memorial to the valor of American manhood.

More than three months had elapsed since the surrender of Fort Sumter; the engagement at Bethel had become history; and the patience of the people, North and South, for some decisive issue, was strained to the utmost tension. The surrender of Fort Sumter had been bloodless, and the engagement at Bethel a mere skirmish. In the North the cry was, "On to Richmond"; and the reply of their government was: "With what?" Finally the pressure became so great that dear old "Fuss and Feathers," Gen. Winfield Scott, yielded to an unwilling action, and the first great battle of the War between the States, Bull Run, or First Manassas, took place, initiating that era of blood and bitterness which scourged this country for eleven long years, four of actual warfare and seven of reconstruction.

General Patterson, of the Union Army, in early June, with a large and well-equipped force, was ordered across the Potomac River in the vicinity of Martinsburg to confront the Army of the Shenandoah under the command of Gen. Joe Johnston, at that time the commanding general of the Confederate army. After ten days of waiting for the expected attack of the Union forces, General Johnston ordered the majority of his command to Winchester, in order that his raw recruits might be placed under an exhaustive, but much-needed, drill, leaving Manassas Junction and its defense to his able corps commander, General Beauregard, who was yet deservedly flushed with his victory at Fort Sumter. General Beauregard was considered by authorities, North and South, one of the greatest living military engineers, therefore, it was to him that General Johnston left the defense plans at Manassas Junction and along the creek, especially at that vantage point which commanded the direct road into Richmond and the railroad carrying Confederate supplies.

Even warfare has its humors; so it befell that General Patterson and his brilliant corps commander, General McDowell, undertook a reconnoissance about the defenses of General Beauregard, with no other thought than of worrying General Beauregard and General Johnston and to quiet down the cry of the North for "some action on to Richmond." But the play recoiled upon the player. It was the lighted straw which caused the fire; it brought General Johnston in a hurry from Winchester, and the "fight was on," the battle in which General Bee, of South Carolina, gave to Gen. T. J. Jackson the immortal name of "Stonewall."

So well entrenched was the Southern army and so skillful were its generals in maneuvering the battle, that, after several hours, the Union forces began to give back, point

after point, until they broke into a disorderly retreat, then flight, with no thought of commands, each man for himself, with no thought but of getting back across the Potomac and safely into Washington. Widespread was the exaltation of the people of the South, and the happiest of all were the negro mess servants of the Army of the Shenandoah. Profound and psychologically depressing was the news of the defeat to the people of the North. It is a strange fact that the battle of Bull Run, or First Manassas, was a battle without a plan on the part of the generals of the Confederate army, it being a sudden necessity caused by the brilliant flanking movement of McDowell.

There is another fact that histories fail to mention, a fact perhaps of unknowing omission rather than of intentional commission, a fact even which histories of Florida do not emphasize in the training of its youth in pride of State achievement. It is this: the decisive attack which broke the Union forces at Manassas was made by Florida's own beloved son and general, Edmond Kirby Smith. He and dear old General Archer, with their commands, were on the troop train being rushed to Manassas Junction, and when nearing the Junction, the sounds of battle became so alarming that Gen. Kirby Smith halted the train (at a point later found to be equidistant from the Junction and the field of battle), and he and General Archer disembarked their commands, and pell-mell headed in the direction of the firing. Gen. Kirby Smith struck squarely the right of the Union line and doubled it back upon itself. Up to this time the Union forces had steadily advanced, fighting with confidence of well-laid plans, but the sudden unexpected attack from seemingly nowhere, the doubling of a strong line, and the first time hearing the "wild Confederate yell" proved too much, and the line wavered, turned, fled in frenzy, back across the Potomac, only halting when Washington was reached. President Davis had ridden hastily and rapidly from Richmond to the field of battle, reaching there at sundown, to hear echoing an reëchoing: "The Yankees are in full retreat." The loss of the Federals, wounded and killed, was about 2,900; that of the Confederates about 1,700. The Union forces numbered about 80,000; the Confederate, 30,000.

The second battle of Manassas occurred on August 29, 30, 1862, upon practically the same ground, resulting in a second defeat for the Union troops, commanded by General Pope, and numbering about 70,000, a victory for the Southern Army, numbering about 49,000, under command of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Manassas proved a rather unlucky battle field for the Army of the United States.

It will be interesting to know that July 21 is the date of the battle of the Pyramids in Egypt; it is the birthday of Matthew Prior, the English poet (1664); of John M. Reid, the eminent jurist (1707); of Robert Barry Coffin, the author (1826); of Gen. John M. Brooks, the American soldier (1838); the date of the death of beloved "Bobby" Burns, the Scottish poet (1796); and of the murder of King Darius III, of Persia, 330 B. C.; the late editor of the VETERAN, S. A. Cunningham, was born July 21, 1843.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

DALLAS.—Hon. Jefferson Davis arrived at Dallas this morning. His reception exceeded all anticipations. From the depot along the streets for a mile to the San Jacinto House on every side was a living stream of humanity surging along in the direction of his carriage and escort.—*Galveston News*, May 20, 1875.

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST—HIS DAY.

July 14 is a legal holiday in Tennessee, a memorial to her famous son, Nathan Bedford Forrest, the greatest military genius of his age. The day was fittingly celebrated at Chapel Hill, his birthplace, and at Memphis, where he made his home, and at both places some members of his old command were in attendance. At Memphis the exercises were held in the shadow of the equestrian statue in Forrest Park, and a feature of which was the reading of a poem by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle on "Forrest before Murfreesboro—His Birthday Celebration in 1862," and the poem is here given:

So shall they tell the story in the years that are to be,
When the crystal pen of history is dipped in living flame,
So shall the Southern mother teach the children at her knee,
And in her song of heroes she shall sing of Forrest's name.

Do you mind, ye men who met him when war loosened the
crimson tide—
Was it strategem or science? Sound the record, if you can!
Do you mind, you men who faced him, when war's hell hounds
opened wide,
The pulses of the patriot and the passions of the man.

"Close upon his heels—harass him—keep him out of Tennessee!"
So the Northern generals ordered their subordinates; and then:
"Destroy the rebel Forrest—a promotion waits from me,
When I know that you have killed him," said Sherman to his men.

And the shrewd spy brought the message, and the scout
his story told,
The soldier dreamed promotion, with the star of valor nigh;
The surly blue guerrilla dreamed of capture and of gold;
But before a Yankee bullet Forrest was not born to die!

They hounded and harassed him, but he rode through Tennessee.
And the Federals lost their patience—some their epaulettes
—that day,
When the ranting rebel Forrest clanked his spurs that all
might see,
Through a Union general's chamber, while they sought him
miles away.

"Go take the wizard rebel! Kill him—let this be your care!
The rest are mine," said Sherman. But where was Forrest then?
Twisting cables out of grapevines, building bridges out of air—
"We must get there first, my comrades," said Forrest to his men.

Do you mind, you men of Forrest, you cavaliers in gray,
That early morning sally on the thirteenth of July?
You pledged him to a victory to crown his natal day,
While he pledged to save the rebels who at sunrise were to die.

He had listened to the story, as the anxious women throng'd
And pressed him and beset him, with their sad tears rolling down;
For they begged the lives of sweethearts and of husbands
foully wronged,
Imprisoned by the Union troops in Murfreesboro town.

O'er the distant tents of Federals swept a Forrest's eagle eye,
Where they lay like combing billows: to the women turned
he then—

"Dry your eyes, you wives and sweethearts, for your loved
ones shall not die!
We will send them back by sunset," said Forrest to his men.

And how he kept that promise, let the page of history tell;
For he battered in the burning jail and set the Southrons
free;
How his Texans and his Georgians blent, with one wild rebel
yell,
To blazon high the glory of his rugged Tennessee!

As the blue line gave before you, like the fall of wind-swept
grain,
On! you charged, you men of battle, through the dawning
dim and gray,
For he rested not victorious, with a victory yet to gain—
And the ranting rebel Forrest won a general's spurs that
day!

Do you mind, you men who followed him with the zeal of
youthful fire,
Who have tried him and have proved him, when his sword
and cloak were new?
Do you mind, you men who loved him, when the star of his
desire
Went down with sullen glory in the overwhelming blue?

Earth shall yield to men her heroes while the cause of nations
stands,
The breath of God shall kindle that which earth and nature
give;
And in that blessed Valhalla where Fame greets warrior bands,
High upon its gleaming casements shall the name of Forrest
live!

FORREST AT BRICE'S CROSSROADS.

[Address by Hon. John E. Rankin, member of Congress from Mississippi, delivered on the battle field of Brice's Crossroads, June 10, 1925.]

We are gathered to-day upon sacred ground. This hallowed spot was consecrated by the blood and sacrifices of the noblest army that ever followed a flag. To this historic place the eyes of the world will one day be turned, and upon it future history will forever pour its light. Here was won the most signal and complete victory of the War between the States, by either side, and that, too, against the most overwhelming odds. Here, sixty-one years ago to-day, was one of the greatest demonstrations of military genius ever manifested, when Nathan Bedford Forrest, that untrained soldier of the South, rose to the emergency of the occasion and wrote his name among the immortals of the ages.

Critics of all countries agree that the greatest evidence of military genius is for a general to divide his army into two or more parts and then successfully concentrate them upon the field of battle. Napoleon did this at Austeritz, and the sun of fortune rose upon the most brilliant military career in the history of all Europe. He tried it at Waterloo, and failed, which terminated that career in ignominious defeat. The genius of Robert E. Lee, combined with that of Stonewall Jackson, astounded and thrilled the world by the execution of that great feat at the second battle of Bull Run, which resulted in one of the most glorious victories of all time.

But here, in the darkest days of the dying Confederacy, this daring, brilliant soldier matched his genius against skill and numbers, and, in the face of a well-fed, well-equipped army that outnumbered his more than three to one, divided

his small band of half-naked, half-starved veterans into three separate parts, and so successfully concentrated them upon the field of battle as to sweep all before them in a wild riot of inglorious defeat. He killed and captured more men than his own army contained, an accomplishment that, I dare say, was never duplicated in any other pitched battle on American soil.

I stood some time ago upon the field of Manassas where Stonewall Jackson received his baptism of fire in that conflict as well as his immortal name, and my heart swelled with pride as I looked upon the scene of those two marvelous victories won by the soldiers of the South. I recently surveyed the heights of Gettysburg and caught the thrill that must come to every unbiased soul that scans that sacred field, as I glanced back across the lapse of sixty years and saw with imagination's eye that thin gray line of Confederate veterans march across that open field and up that deadly slope in the face of the most withering fire that was ever concentrated upon the legions of men.

But there is no place on earth that more thoroughly challenges our admiration than the ground on which we now stand, not only for the valor and courage of our brave men who conquered here, but for the matchless plan of their dauntless leader, as well as the precision and thoroughness of its terrible execution. They were our relatives, our neighbors, and our friends, defending our homes. What could be more gratifying or more inspiring to the children of the Southland than to look upon this historic field and contemplate the glorious achievements here, sixty-one years ago, of those brave men we are so glad to call our own? I would rather have their record to my credit than all the monuments wealth could buy. Their monuments, as well as their sacred memories, are in our hearts. Let us cherish them as the most priceless treasures of our time and transmit them with renewed devotion to the generations yet to come.

But, so far, this great field is unmarked. If it were in Massachusetts or Pennsylvania, and the victory had gone to the other side, it would to-day be bristling with towering monuments and covered with markers to show where each and every detail of the fight occurred. Volumes would have been written in commendation of the valor here displayed, and its every detail would have been perpetuated in history, song, and story.

Let us neglect it no longer. We should organize a Brice's Crossroads Battle Field Association for the purpose of securing title to this ground, charting and mapping it off, and erecting hereon markers telling to the world the thrilling story of that great struggle. Let us place upon this eminence a monument to Forrest and his followers that will stand as a sentinel finger throughout the coming ages to guide the footsteps of future pilgrims to the ground upon which was achieved one of the most brilliant military accomplishments in the history of mankind, so that when the people of America come to realize the truth concerning the great cause for which those heroes fought and died, and when the world shall come to appreciate the great genius of the matchless leader who commanded here, they may come in humility and gratitude to scatter their flowers of admiration and affection and to draw an inspiration from the examples of valor and heroism enacted here by those men who wore the gray.

It seems to me that it would be quite improper to refer to you, or to address you, as veterans of the "lost cause." The cause for which you fought and sacrificed was not lost; it was the cause of civilization. It is as much alive to-day as it was in sixty-one, and it will live as long as our free American institutions shall endure. It will be lost only when the ideals of our race shall have vanished from the earth.

Slavery was not the cause that actuated the soldiers of the South in that dreadful conflict. We are all glad that human slavery has disappeared; but the dread of the horrible alternative which some of our opponents would have imposed—that of placing the negro upon terms of social and political equality with the white man—aroused the latent indignation of the Anglo-Saxon South and called forth from the deep wells of human nature the most powerful resentment that ever inspired a human soul to willing sacrifice or battered down the barriers of self-restraint.

Not only would they have placed the negroes on equality with the whites, but some would have placed them in control. To-day, the sons of those men who sixty years ago preached the doctrine of a black South, tell us that the South, with its pure American stock, its high ideals, and its inflexible fidelity to the great principles upon which our civilization rests, will some day be called upon to save this republic.

Our people had before them at that time the horrible examples of negro insurrections in Haiti and Santo Domingo, where the blacks had revolted and put to death, in the most cruel and unspeakable manner, the white men, women, and children of those unfortunate provinces. Such wanton cruelty was applauded by the opposition and was cited as conclusive evidence of the negro's fitness for self-government. Some of them even proclaimed that he had proved himself superior to the white man. Sixty years have passed away, and the negroes of Haiti and Santo Domingo have lapsed into a barbarism that would shame the jungles of darkest Africa. With three hundred years of training behind them; with a modern civilization thrust upon them; with a government already organized; with the sympathy and encouragement of the civilized nations of the earth; in a land extremely rich in climate, soil, and resources; with every possible advantage that could be laid at their feet—the negroes of Haiti have gradually drifted back into savagery, voodooism, and cannibalism, until to-day it requires the constant guard of American Marines to save them from themselves and to protect them from one another.

Yet those misguided individuals who advocated a black South would have had the world believe that the Confederate soldiers, who were fighting against those and similar possibilities, were doing so merely to maintain the institution of slavery.

A lost cause! You have won the great cause of white supremacy, by which alone our civilization can hope to endure!

But some will tell you that you lost the cause of secession. It was not a cause; it was a means by which you attempted to maintain the cause of State rights, or local self-government. We all rejoice that the country is reunited; but the great cause of self-government was not lost. Even those who scorned it in those days are now invoking its salutary protection against the dangerous tendencies of the times.

As I look upon this small band of battle-scarred heroes of the Confederacy, I am reminded of the expressions of Daniel Webster as he stood before the veterans of Bunker Hill on that historic field just fifty years to a day after that battle, in which he said:

"Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you may behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else—how changed! You hear now no roar

of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave."

We hail and congratulate you, veterans of the Confederacy, the thinning remnant of the greatest army, man for man, that ever wore a country's uniform. Divine Providence has also granted you this wonderful sight of your country's happiness ere you pass to your eternal rest.

On that fatal day, sixty-one years ago, the clouds hung low and dark above the horizon of the Confederacy. In front of you, deployed upon yonder slope, was a black mass of recently liberated slaves, members of a semisavage race which our forefathers had elevated from the position of savage to that of servant and had shown the light of civilization for the first time through the unfortunate institution of slavery. All their bestial passions and instincts had been aroused. With badges bearing threats of violence as terrible as any ever perpetrated by the vicious members of their race upon the helpless women and children of Haiti and Santo Domingo, they were threatening the safety of every Southern home, as well as the life of every woman and child. It was a test that tried men's souls. You rose to the occasion and gave to the world an exhibition of that courage and determination which carried the South through that terrible war and through those darker years of reconstruction that were yet to come.

Suppose you could have looked beyond those lowering clouds to behold this glorious day. What a consolation it would have been! God grant that the venerated shades of those departed heroes who fell at your sides may be granted a vision of our Southland to-day, that they may realize the blessing which their sacrifices have brought, and know that they did not die in vain.

You have lived to see the principles of self-government and white supremacy survive the wreck of war and the chaos of reconstruction. Instead of following in the wake of Haiti and Santo Domingo down into the implacable mire of mongrelism, degeneracy, and decay, the South has risen like a Phoenix from the ashes of her destruction to assume the leadership in the onward march of the greatest civilization the world has yet known. Instead of the black South, which some of our critics predicted, Dixie has become the lasting abode of the purest Anglo-Saxon population to be found on American soil—the race that has built and maintained our modern civilization and upon which its future destiny depends.

You have not only lived to see the survival of those fundamental principles for which you fought, but you have seen the South gradually recover her lost prosperity, until to-day the eyes of the world are turned upon her. The cry used to be, "Young man, go West," but now the slogan is: "Young man, go South." It is the coming section of the world. As Henry Grady once said: "With a gentle climate above a fertile soil, she yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone." It is the most delightful and the most desirable portion of God's great commonwealth, and the world is to-day finding it out—as is evidenced by the continuous stream of people from other sections of the country hunting homes in that Southland which you have defended in time of war, protected in reconstruction, and preserved and improved in

times of peace. It is filled with the happy homes of your children and your children's children, growing in wealth and prosperity, holding high the torch of civilization, and leading the way in the onward march of modern progress.

We congratulate you, and congratulate ourselves, that we are given this opportunity to lay at your feet the flowers of love and affection and to manifest in our humble way a small portion of that boundless gratitude which we owe and feel for the great sacrifices you and your comrades made, that our Anglo-Saxon civilization might not perish from the earth.

May you spend the remainder of the evening of your eventful careers in quiet and ideal peace. May you serenely rest in the loving care of those about you, mindful of your country's gratitude, conscious of a well-spent life, and confident of its good; and may you "greet the coming of another age of youth and usefulness in another radiant Easter beyond the gates of night."

TWIN CONFEDERATE DISASTERS.

BY W. A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

At the little village of Crawford, in Lowndes County, Miss., there was organized during the war against secession an infantry company, in April, 1861, that became Company E, of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, A. N. V.; another, in 1862, became Company F, of the 35th Mississippi Regiment, Western Army; and, in 1863, a cavalry company, B, of the 16th Confederate Cavalry Regiment, Forrest's command.

In addition, there was a company each of infantry and cavalry in the State Militia, besides two independent scout companies to meet Colonel Grierson's raiders through Mississippi in 1863 and General Smith's army at Harrisburg, in 1864, and there were individuals of various other commands.

The greatest or more general interest, however, was centered in the participants in those twin disasters, Gettysburg and Vicksburg, in the early days of July, 1863, and, while considering the fact that the composition of these companies was strictly of home material, and that families were represented by from one to six sons or relatives of the same name, was there possibly a more heartrending scene enacted during the whole war than the reading at home of the list of killed and wounded, in the third day's battle of Gettysburg, of Company E? Killed, 15; wounded, 21; out of a strength of 37! No stone has been erected to their memory, and after sixty-two years only two remain of the organization.

"Alas! and hath no gentle, honoring hand
But that of Nature decked their tomb with flowers?
We mourn the heroes of some storied land,
And leave a cold and barren grave to ours."

While in a reminiscent mood, a further indulgence is requested in order to present some additional statements concerning Mississippi troops at Gettysburg, and, incidentally to do slight justice to those of other States.

As stated in a former article, a mass of material in the form of personal experiences of participants was secured some twenty years ago and made the basis of a contribution to the Mississippi Historical Society's publications. That somewhat original procedure was, of course, contrary to the universal custom of professional military historians to ignore official reports, or, at least, give them minor or secondary consideration.

So, in the interest of historical accuracy—and no case should be decided until all the evidence available has been presented—the subject is now considered in the light of official

reports as far as obtainable, the statements of military writers of note who have covered the ground in a more or less general and incomplete manner, and some personal experiences and tablets erected by the Battle Field Commission.

No attempt is made to give a history of the six separate and distinct battles around Gettysburg, but to review the action of Davis's Mississippi Brigade in Longstreet's assault on Cemetery Ridge, July 3, 1863. Extracts from General Lee's report of the Gettysburg campaign as regards this action:

"About 1 P.M., at a given signal, a heavy cannonade was opened and continued for about two hours with marked effect upon the enemy. His batteries replied vigorously at first, but toward the close their fire slackened perceptibly, and General Longstreet ordered forward the column of attack, consisting of Pickett's and Heth's divisions, in two lines, Pickett on the right. Wilcox's Brigade marched in rear of Pickett's right to guard that flank, and Heth was supported by Lane's and Scale's brigades under Trimble.

"The troops moved steadily on under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, the main attack being directed against the enemy's left center. His batteries reopened as soon as they appeared. Our own, having nearly exhausted their ammunition in the protracted cannonade that preceded the advance of the infantry, were unable to reply or render the necessary support of the attacking party. Owing to this fact, which was unknown to me when the assault took place, the enemy was enabled to throw a strong force of infantry against our left, already wavering under a concentrated fire of artillery from the ridge in front and from Cemetery Hill on the left. It finally gave way, and the right, after penetrating the enemy's line, entering his advance works, and capturing some of his artillery, was attacked simultaneously in front and on both flanks and driven back with heavy loss. The troops were rallied and reformed, but the enemy did not pursue."

General Pickett made a report in which criticisms were made of lack of support in his advance. This was returned by General Lee, with the suggestion that both the original and copy be destroyed and for him to substitute one confined to casualties alone. Of this report nothing is known, but the facts have been clearly brought out in the discussions, which show there was comparatively little to report.

In a letter to the Secretary of War, under date of September 8, 1863, General Lee says: "I believe it would be better to have no correspondents of the press with the army." Had this suggestion been complied with, a great evil would have been prevented and our history to-day much nearer correct. First, the incorrect, undigested statements of the correspondents, the editorial indorsement and enlargement, then the biased bookmaker. Long's "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," page 290: "Heth's Division, which had behaved with the greatest gallantry two days before, had not been able to face the terrible fire of the Federal lines, while the other supports were too remote to afford timely relief." General Lee says Lane and Scales supported Heth's attacking column. Long says Heth's Division failed to support Pickett's attack.

In "General Robert E. Lee, Soldier, Citizen, and Christian Patriot," edited by R. A. Brock, some ten or fifteen pages are devoted to Pickett's charge, in which none of the other ten thousands then on the field are mentioned.

From the "Life and Campaigns of Gen. Robert E. Lee," by James D. McCabe, page 401: "The duty of carrying the Federal position was assigned to the division of Major General Pickett, which had been absent during the fight of the second day, supported by Heth's Division, of Hill's Corps, com-

manded by Pettigrew. Pickett's Division was less than five thousand strong, owing to the absence of two of its brigades, but was composed of the flower of the Virginia infantry and was an object of pride of the whole army. Heth's Division was made up principally of new troops from North Carolina."

After a graphic description of the charge and arrival at the enemy's works, he continues: "Glancing around to look for his support, Pickett found that he was alone and that Pettigrew's men had been repulsed by the enemy. His grand charge had been in vain."

Like General Long, McCabe flatly contradicts General Lee's report as to attacking column and supports. As to the composition of Heth's Division by States and time of service, this memoranda may interest Mr. McCabe's friends: "Alabama, two regiments; Tennessee, three; Virginia, five; Mississippi, three; North Carolina, five; total eighteen." In the main these were of the earliest volunteers and participants in nearly all of the battles to date, their casualties proving excellent service, being the greatest of the army.

From "The Lost Cause," by Edward A. Pollard, pages 408-9: "Pickett's Division of three brigades, numbering less than five thousand men, which had been left to guard the rear, reached the field of Gettysburg on the morning of the 3rd. . . . The division proceeded to descend the slope of hills and to move across the open ground. On the flanks were Heth's Division, commanded by Pettigrew, of Hill's Corps, and Wilcox's Brigade, of McLaws's Corps (McLaws was a division commander), the former on the left and the latter on the right of the Virginians. Pickett led the attack. . . . Overlooking the field, General Lee saw that the troops of Pettigrew's Division had wavered. Another moment and they had fallen back in confusion, exposing Pickett's Division to attack both from front and flank. Overwhelmed, almost destitute of officers and nearly surrounded, the magnificent troops of Pickett gave way."

From an autobiographical sketch and narrative of the War between the States, by Gen. Jubal A. Early, page 275: "On the right, Pickett's Division, of Longstreet's Corps, having arrived, the attack on the enemy was renewed in the afternoon after a heavy cannonading of all parts of the line, and a very sanguinary fight ensued, during which the enemy's line was penetrated by Pickett's Division, but it was finally repulsed, as were the supporting forces, with heavy loss on both sides. This closed the fighting at the battle of Gettysburg."

Among the many testimonies of letters to General Early is one from Gen. D. H. Hill, from which we quote: "You were so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to be considered the wittiest man in the army, and doubtless many clever and witty things were put upon you in consequence." If brevity be really the soul of wit, then General Lee's "bad old man" should be put in a class to himself, for as a historian of the turning point of our greatest American conflict, to describe it in the above few lines is a huge joke on the professionals. It is in no sense informing, when we consider that it was published in 1912, fifty years save one since the battle.

Now, having quoted these several home historians, it is not amiss to give space to a foreign military observer's account in the person of Cecil Battine, captain, 15th King's Hussars, in "The Crisis of the Confederacy." After describing with remarkable accuracy the commands selected for the battle of the 3rd, he says: "The corps organization was thus broken up and a fresh command given to Longstreet, such as it had been Lee's custom to give to Jackson on critical occasions, but Longstreet failed to fill the place. . . .

"It was about half past two when the mass of Confederate

infantry was put in motion. Their formation was a vast echelon, of which Pickett's Division was the leading fraction, followed at a distance of about two hundred yards on the left by Pettigrew's Division, whose four brigades marched in a long line. One hundred yards behind them followed the brigades of Scales and Lane, under Trimble. The supporting brigades, led by Pettigrew and Trimble, encountered a hurricane of shot as deadly as that directed against Pickett, in spite of which they continued their advance to the foot of the ridge.

"Wilcox (who was supporting Pickett on the right), it seems, lost sight of his objective in the thick smoke and diverged slightly to his right, so that his brigade struck the Federal line south of the copse held by Stannard. Stannard accordingly brought up his left flank and began a rapid fire against the Virginia troops, who recoiled under it and thronged toward the center of their line, which thus became a swarm of men running to the front. On the left of the Confederates, Willard's New York Brigade was also firing at the flank of Pettigrew's line, which was unable to face the storm. His two left brigades broke up, but his right, reinforced by Scales's and Lane's brigades, and covered on the right by Pickett's troops, succeeded in breaking the Federal line and penetrating on to the crest, while several companies joined in the rush of the Virginians. Right and left of the stormers the enemies they had thrust aside swiftly rallied and, closing in on their flanks, threatened to surround them, while they fought furiously with the troops in front. In groups of blood-stained fugitives, they emerged from the dust and smoke, rushing back in a disorderly stream through the Confederate batteries close to where Lee had taken up his position to watch the attack."

Upon this foreign and supposedly unbiased account there is only this comment to make: Only one of Pettigrew's brigades "broke up," as will be clearly proved later. It seems but just in this discussion to give here the personal experience of Andrew J. Baker, of Company A (University Greys), 11th Mississippi Regiment. It is generally understood that the Brockenbrough Virginia Brigade formed the extreme left of Heth's Division. In answer to a direct question, Mr. Baker says: "As stated, the Brockenbrough Brigade was driven back long before they had reached anything like the danger of rifle shots, and this was one of the main causes for the failure of the Davis Brigade to completely capture Cemetery Heights. When we had gotten over the Emmettsburg Pike fences, we were then within the reach of the muskets of the enemy, and we were still marching in line and halting and waiting for Pickett's line to keep up with us, but finally the command went forward to the stone fence. Some of the men went over with a number of North Carolinians and up to the crest.

"Now, I desire to say to you what I said to General Heth, in Washington City, in 1894: 'General, why was it that there was no report of this engagement by the Major General?' He replied that he was wounded on the first day and was not present on this occasion, and that General Pettigrew took command on the third day and that he was mortally wounded at Falling Waters on the retreat, and hence no report could be made. I said: 'General, why have you not written yourself of something performed by Davis's Brigade and the others of your command, as to the part they took in that battle so the world might know that the brigade which suffered most should have the credit of at least being on the battle field?' He said: 'I have made it a rule not to write of anything which I did not see, and, hence, have not written.' I then said to him there were two things only which prevented a victory at

Gettysburg on the third day, one being the untimely withdrawal of Brockenbrough's Brigade on the left, and the other, the frequent halts to dress to the right on Pickett's Division. In reply, the General said that General Bachelder told him he saw every movement of his (Heth's) Division, and the falling away of Brockenbrough's Brigade, and that no human flesh could have stood in front of the terrible cannon fire of the Federal batteries on the point occupied by Brockenbrough's Brigade, and to which he replied: 'Davis's Brigade did stand it!'"

From letters of Dr. B. F. Ward, surgeon of the 11th Mississippi Regiment and of Davis's Brigade, a brief quotation is made: "General Heth put me in general charge of all the severely wounded of his division, 690 in all, left on the ground without food or shelter except such as the Federals could furnish. I stayed on the field three weeks after the army retired before I was sent to prison. I published an article several years ago on the casualties in each division of the army in that battle. Of Pickett's, according to the report of his own surgeon, it lost 230."

As casualties in battle are an indication of the staying qualities of troops, this incidental comparison is significant.

Another correspondent, John M. Vanderslice, Gettysburg Battle Field Commissioner, Philadelphia, Pa., March 12, 1906: "I have sent you a copy of my illustrated edition of Gettysburg; and copy of commissioner's report. Speaking of the stone wall, the controlling factor in this as the other battles, he says: 'The left of the 71st Pennsylvania, being out of ammunition, was withdrawn from the angle to the line where the right of the regiment was behind the continuation of the wall. This made the fatal gap through which Armistead and others of the assaulting party punctured. Now the wall, after making the angle, continues south to the Bryan house, shown in the commissioner's illustrations. The house stands forty or fifty feet inside the wall. To the right is the white stable built in the wall. This is the building alluded to by your friends, and around it many of Davis's and Lawrance's men were taken.'"

From "Gettysburg, Then and Now," by J. M. Vanderslice, we quote, page 259: "The left of the charging column, under Pettigrew and Trimble, suffered as severely as the right under Pickett. Great injustice has been done these troops by the prevailing erroneous impression that they failed to advance with those of Pickett. *Such is not the fact.* [Italics the author's.] At the first the assaulting columns advanced in echelon, but when they reached the Emmettsburg Road they were on a line, and together crossed the road. The left of Pettigrew's command becoming first exposed to the fearful enfilading fire upon their left flank from the 8th Ohio and other regiments of Hays's Division and Woodruff's Battery and other troops, the men on that portion of the line (Brockenbrough's Brigade) either broke to the rear or threw themselves on the ground for protection. But Pettigrew's other brigades, Frye's, Davis's, and Marshall's, with the brigades of Lawrance and Lane, under Trimble, advanced with Pickett up to the stone wall, and there fought desperately. This is substantiated by the fact that the colors of the 1st and 14th Tennessee and the 13th and 5th Alabama were captured at the angle of the wall, and eleven others were picked up between the Emmettsburg Road and the stone wall in front of Hays's Division."

Now, in conclusion, is given perhaps the truest, certainly the most enduring, account of the left wing of Longstreet's assault. The second tablet, Brockenbrough's Brigade; 40th, 47th, and 55th Regiments and 22nd Battalion of Virginia infantry: "July 3. In Longstreet's assault this brigade was on the left flank of the column, and as it approached the

Union position was exposed to a severe fire of musketry on the left flank and the artillery and musketry in front. It pushed on beyond the Emmitsburg Road, but was met by a heavy front and flank fire from the Union line north of the Bryan barn and compelled to fall back. Present, 1,100, killed, 25; wounded 123; missing 6; total 208."

THE SECOND DAVIS TABLET.

"July 3. In Longstreet's assault this brigade formed the left center of Pettigrew's Division and advanced to the stone wall south of the Bryan house, when, with regiments shrunk to companies and field officers all disabled, further efforts were useless."

The 11th Mississippi Regiment of this brigade was the only fresh regiment outside of Pickett's Division that took part in the assault, so all its loss occurred that day, being 202 killed and wounded, and 67 per cent of those engaged.

Resisting any desire to apply that oft-used and abused poetical phrase,

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies amid its worshipers,

our only hope is to correct before it is everlastingly too late some glaring inaccuracies in what has been passing for Confederate history.

THE REBEL YELL.

[Written by the late Col. Keller Anderson, of Memphis, Tenn., after hearing the yell given by veterans in reunion at the request of a venerable Southern mother. As one of the famous Kentucky Orphan Brigade, Keller Anderson had heard the Rebel Yell in all its wild, weird intensity, and he depicts such a scene as could produce it. Republished by request.]

"There is a Southern mother on this stand who says she wants to hear 'the Rebel Yell' once more."

The announcement transforms, and in an instant I find myself acting the humble part of file closer to Company I, 5th Kentucky Infantry, with pieces at the right shoulder, the brigade in route column. With the active, strong, swinging stride of the enthusiastic, trained soldier, they hold the double-quick over rocks, logs, gullies, undergrowth, hill and vale, until, amid the foliage of the trees above them, the hurling shell and hissing shot from the enemy's field guns give notice that if retreating they have missed the way. Yet there is no command to halt. Direct, on unchanged course, this battle-scarred and glory-mantled battalion of Kentucky youths continues, and as they reach the open woods, in clarion tones comes the order: "Change front! forward on first company," etc. The order executed found them formed on ground but recently occupied by a battalion of their foes, and few of these had left their positions. The battalion of Kentuckians was in battle array where they once were, but now the ground was almost literally covered with the Federal dead the entire length of our regiment of seven hundred men. Men, did I say? Soldiers is the word; there were few men among them, they being youths, but soldiers indeed. The increasing spat, whirl, and hiss of the Minie balls hurrying by left no doubt of the fact among these soldiers. They are about to enter the action again, and forward is the order. "Steady, men, steady! Hold your fire! not a shot without

orders. It is hard to stand, but you must not return it. We have friends in our front yet. They are being hard pressed, and their ammunition is almost expended, but they are of our proudest and best, and Humphreys's Mississippians will hold that ridge while they have a cartridge."

It is nearing sunset, and after two days of fearful carnage, yea, one of the best-contested battles of the times, the enemy has been driven pell-mell from many parts of the field. Our losses are numbered by thousands, and we are now advancing in battle array, the little red flag with blue cross dancing gayly in the air over the heads of those who were there to defend it. The last rays of the setting sun had kissed the autumn foliage when we stepped into open ground and found that we were among the wreck of what a few short minutes ago had been a superb six-gun battery. The uniforms of the dead artillerymen and the gayly caparisoned bodies of the many dead horses proclaimed this destruction the work of our friends. We look upon the dead, pull our cartridge boxes a little more to the front, and resolve once more to face the destruction we are now entering. The boom of artillery increases. The rattle of musketry is steady—aye, incessant and deadly. The sulphurous smoke has increased until almost stifling. Only fifty yards of space separates us from the gallant Mississippians we are there to support. They have clung to the ridge with a deathlike grip, but their last cartridge has been fired at the enemy, and, their support being at hand, these sturdy soldiers of Longstreet's Corps are ordered to retire.

Simultaneously the support was ordered forward. As the Mississippians retired, the deep-volumed shouts of the enemy told us plainer than could words that the enemy thought they had routed them. O how differently we regarded the situation! If they could have seen them as we—halting, kneeling, lying down, ranging themselves in columns of files behind the large trees to enable us to get at the enemy with an unbroken front, each man as we passed throwing cap high into the overhanging foliage in honor of our presence—then I imagine their shouts would have been suppressed. "Steady in the center! Hold your fire! Hold the colors back!" The center advanced too rapidly. We are clear of our friends now, only the enemy in front, and we meet face to face on a spur of Mission Ridge, which extends through the Snodgrass Farm, and we are separated by eighty yards. Thud! and down goes Private Robertson. He turned, smiled, and died. Thud! Corporal Gray shot through the neck. "Get to the rear!" said I. Thud! Thud! Thud! Wolf, Michael, and the gallant Thompson. Thud! Thud! Thud! Courageous Oxley, the knightly Desha, and duty-loving Cummings. And thus it goes. The fallen increase and are to be counted by the hundreds. The pressure is fearful, but the "sand-digger" is there to stay. "Forward! Forward!" rang out along the line. We move slowly to the front.

* * *

There is now sixty yards between us. The enemy scorns to fly; he gives back a few paces; he retires a little more, but still faces us, and loads as he backs away. We are now in the midst of his dead and dying, but he stands as do the sturdy oaks about him. We have all that is possible for human to bear; our losses are fearful, and each moment some comrade passes to the unknown. At last Humphrey's Mississippians have replenished boxes and are working around our right. Trigg's Virginians are uncovering to our left. I feel a shock about my left breast, spin like a top in the air, and come down in a heap. I know not how long before came the sounds: "Forward! Forward! Forward!" I rise on my elbow. Look! Look! There they go, all at break-neck speed, the

bayonet at charge. The firing appears to suddenly cease for about five seconds. Then arose that do-or-die expression, that maniacal maelstrom of sound; that penetrating, rasping, shrieking, blood-curdling noise that could be heard for miles on earth, and whose volume reached the heavens—such an expression as never yet came from the throats of sane men, but from men whom the seething blast of an imaginary hell would not check while the sound lasted.

The battle of Chickamauga is won.

Dear Southern mother, that was the "Rebel Yell," and only such scenes ever did or ever will produce it.

Even when engaged, that sound from the Confederate soldier always made my hair stand on end. The young men and youths who composed this unearthly music were lusty, jolly, clear-voiced, hardened soldiers, full of courage, and proud to march in rags, barefoot, dirty, and hungry, with head erect, to meet the plethoric ranks of the best-equipped and best-fed army of modern times. Alas! how many of them are decrepit from ailment and age, and although we will never grow old enough to cease being proud of the record of the Confederate soldier and the dear old mothers who bore them, we can never again, even at your bidding, dear, dear mother, produce the "Rebel Yell." Never again—never, never, never.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

[Address by Charles Lee Lewis, Associate Professor, United States Naval Academy, delivered to the midshipmen of the Naval Academy, 1925.]

It is difficult to write of Matthew Fontaine Maury without seeming to exaggerate. So blameless was his personal character, so romantic were many of the episodes of his career, and so unique were his contributions to science that a plain, unadorned account of his life may seem, to the average person, to bear some of the elements of fiction. During several years I have been making a careful investigation into Maury's life, and time after time I have come across words of praise by some sincere admirer which I at first considered extremely unwarranted; but later investigations in every case have revealed that my suspicions were unjustifiable. In fact, the completely rounded story of Maury's life and achievements remains yet to be told; and when the full stature of the man is revealed, he will be seen to belong to that small number of our *greatest* men.

One of the most marked characteristics of the great scientist was the width of his intellectual vision. His mind loved to exercise itself with large problems, and questions of world-wide interest and importance always claimed his attention. There is, I believe, an explanation of the development of this trait in his character. Until he was nineteen years old, he had lived in a narrow and restricted environment, on what was then the Western frontier. If we exclude the long journey which he made with his parents at the age of five from near Fredericksburg, Va, where he was born, January 14, 1806, to the new home in the vicinity of Franklin, Tenn., it would be safe to say that up to the year 1825, when he left to join the navy, the lad had not been farther from home than the neighboring town of Nashville, only eighteen miles distant. He had, however, inherited an intellectual bent and a powerful imagination from his grandfather, James Maury, the teacher of Jefferson and Madison, and in his day dreams he had caught the vision of a larger life than that of the undeveloped frontier; he wrote, years afterwards, in referring to his own son's progress in his studies: "That reminds me of my Tennessee school days when the air was filled with castles." His rich heritage of race must certainly be taken into account,

for some of the best blood of Virginia was in the veins of the lad; on the paternal side, there were the distinguished Huguenot families of Maury and Fontaine, while his mother's family, the Minors, was of the best English stock.

Thus richly endowed with powerful, though as yet largely undeveloped, mental faculties, young Maury found himself suddenly transported from his narrow social and intellectual environment into a very wide field of activity, service in the United States navy. Luckily, the very first ship to which he was attached, the *Brandywine*, was the vessel which had been prepared to convey Lafayette home to France; and so the young midshipman was thus early brought face to face with history in the making, and, after only a few weeks in the navy, this young lad from the backwoods of Tennessee crossed the Atlantic in the company of the distinguished Frenchman and was entertained in the best society of the French and English ports where the *Brandywine* called. All that was further needed to give him a world-wide outlook was furnished by the next ship, the *Vincennes*, to which he was transferred in 1827, for in her he voyaged around the world. I maintain that, to a young man of Maury's intellectual equipment and inclination, these voyages to foreign lands during the most plastic years of his life were invaluable in developing a mind capable of grappling later with questions and problems which concerned the entire earth itself.

Furthermore, there was Maury's interest in astronomy. After spending some three years more at sea, principally on the Pacific Station in South American waters, he was appointed hydrographer and astronomer in the South Sea Exploring Expedition, which was being fitted out under the command of Capt. Thomas Ap Catesby Jones. This appointment was given Maury because of certain articles that he had contributed to scientific journals, but mainly because of the recent appearance, in 1836, of his book on "Navigation," which touched upon the field of astronomy. Maury felt, however, that he was not yet prepared to take up the duties of this responsible position; so he went to Philadelphia and, in a little observatory in Rittenhouse Square, he familiarized himself with the practical use of astronomical instruments. Though he was not to go on the exploring expedition, because the command was transferred to Capt. Charles Wilkes and a change was made in the personnel of the ships, yet this knowledge and experience placed Maury a few years later, in 1842, in charge of the Depot of Charts and Instruments. Two years afterwards, when this office was converted into the National Observatory, he became its first superintendent and carried on the first extensive astronomical observations to be made in this country. In reference to this astronomical work, the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* of April, 1853, calls attention to a passage from one of Cicero's philosophical essays in which he declared that the man who is able by the strength of his intellect to calculate the motions of the heavenly bodies and to decide in what prescribed orbits they are to move shows that his mind is akin in its immortal nature to the Almighty Being by whom the heavenly bodies were created. The editor then says: "We are never more forcibly reminded of the passage in the Tusculan Essay than when our attention is directed to the speculations of one of the first of living astronomers, Lieutenant Maury of the National Observatory. The pursuit in which he has attained such eminence before the world seems to have enlarged all his perceptions and given greater breadth to all his views."

The scientific achievements which Maury was able to accomplish should, therefore, be considered as belonging to the natural order of things for a mind so trained and developed under such favorable circumstances. The first of these ac-

compleishments, and perhaps the most unique, as it has given Maury the widely known name of "The Pathfinder of the Seas," was his "Wind and Current Charts," which were accompanied by "Explanations and Sailing Directions." When he was sailing master of the *Falmouth*, 1831-33, he had noted that there were no adequate charts indicating the winds and currents of the oceans and had resolved to supply such charts if the opportunity ever presented itself. That opportunity came with his appointment as Superintendent of the National Observatory, when he began at once an examination of the old logbooks which had been stored away by the Navy Department as so much rubbish. From the daily observations therein contained, with infinite labor, a wind and current chart covering the North Atlantic was brought out in 1847. This was followed by chart after chart; so by the year 1853 Maury had covered with his ingenious charts all the oceans of the globe, and in the year 1859 the eighth edition of his "Sailing Directions," in two large volumes was published. He gained the confidence of shipmasters and shipowners only gradually however. For example, they were slow in taking much interest in his new route from the United States to Rio de Janeiro, a route which Maury felt sure would shorten the voyage to Brazil many days, for he had marked it off to take full advantage of the winds and currents. Finally, Captain Jackson, of the *H. W. D. C. Wright*, decided to put the chart to the test, and, much to his surprise, made the voyage there and back again in the time which it had often taken by the old route to make the outward voyage alone. After that there was a greater demand for the new charts and sailing directions, which were issued to all who applied for them, along with an abstract log in which the shipmasters were asked to enter observations according to a certain formula and thus coöperate with Maury in his grand system of research. The directions were as follows: "Each navigator is to enter in his abstract log every day in the year the temperature of air and water, the direction of the wind, set of currents, and height of the barometer. He is also to cast overboard at stated periods bottles tightly corked, containing on a slip of paper his latitude and longitude and the day of the month and the year. He is to pick up all such bottles found floating, note latitude and longitude of place found, and day of month and year, in the abstract log, and forward all to the Observatory."

But even this was not enough for Maury; he had grasped the full significance of his discovery and saw that he needed the coöperation of all the maritime nations of the world in order to make his system of observation complete and thus enable him to perfect his series of charts.

Considerable interest had already been created throughout the world in his practical application of meteorology to the sea, and he met with no difficulty, with the authorization of the government at Washington, in gathering together at Brussels in 1853, under the auspices of King Leopold, a congress of the following nations who were interested in the progress of maritime commerce: England, Russia, Belgium, Holland, France, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Portugal, and the United States. Prussia, Spain, Sardinia, the free cities of Hamburg and Bremen, the Republic of Chile, and the empires of Austria and Brazil afterwards offered their coöperation; and the pope established a distinguishing flag for the papal ships whose masters were thus helping the cause of science. In case of war, it was agreed that when a vessel was captured, her abstract log was to be held sacred. "Rarely," says Maury, "has there been such a sublime spectacle presented to the scientific world before; all nations agreeing to unite and coöperate in carrying out according to the same plan one system

of philosophical research with regard to the sea. Though they may be enemies in all else, here they are friends. Every ship that navigates the high seas with these charts and blank abstract logs on board may henceforth be regarded as a floating observatory, a temple of science."

In about eight years, Maury was able, through the assistance of these hundreds of voluntary observers, to collect observations sufficient to fill two hundred volumes of 2,500 days of observation each, and thus to make more accurate his charts and sailing directions. So perfect became Maury's knowledge of the ways of the sea that, when the *San Francisco* foundered in a hurricane, with American soldiers on board, the Secretary of the Navy sent to him for information as to where to look for the floating wreck; Maury studied his charts, and the blue mark which he finally placed on one of them was just where the survivors from the wreck were at last picked up. This was the era of those grand clipper ships, the largest and the fastest of sailing vessels, and their captains took a deep interest in Maury's researches and eagerly tried the new routes, not only to Brazil, but also around the Horn to California, as well as to Australia. Maury's "Sailing Directions" contain vivid narratives of races between these sleek greyhounds of the sea, and the records they made when following Maury's routes astonished the maritime world. The average voyage from New York to San Francisco was reduced from 180 days to 136; while that to Australia was lowered from 124 to 97 days. It was estimated as early as 1854 that there was an annual saving to commerce on the outward voyage alone by the shortening of routes through Maury's charts, to the ports of South America, China, and the East Indies, of \$2,250,000; and that British commerce enjoyed a saving annually, in all the seas, of \$10,000,000.

Other important contributions to science and commerce grew out of these researches on the sea. There were Maury's whale charts, telling the whalers when and where to hunt whales with the greatest success. There was his discovery of the Telegraphic Plateau extending across the North Atlantic between Newfoundland and Ireland, and his investigations into the nature of the bottom of the sea, all of which led Cyrus W. Field to undertake the laying of the Atlantic telegraph. For this service, as well as for advice as to the best kind of cable to lay and the proper device for laying it, Field gave Maury the assurance, as early as 1855, that he could be the first to use the telegraph in determining longitude across the Atlantic; and in the same letter he referred to the great help he was rendering the enterprise in "illuminating the path for the lightning." Maury also pointed out the advantages of sailing from one port to another on the arc of a great circle, this being in reality the shortest distance between the places; and he advised the laying out of lanes for steamers in the Atlantic so that collisions might be avoided. He was the first man to study scientifically the Gulf Stream; and to crown his scientific researches, he published in 1855 the "Physical Geography of the Sea." To a friend Maury wrote: "I have just finished what I believe is to be my great work." He was not mistaken; the scientists of the world acclaimed it a work of genius. The veteran traveler and scientist Humboldt said that it was one of the most charming and instructive books in the English language, and that Maury had founded a new science. Twenty editions of the book were sold in England alone, and it was translated into Dutch, French, Swedish, Spanish, German, and Italian. Though later investigators have disproved or modified some of Maury's theories about the sea, still his book remains a great pioneer work in a new field of science, and its value is incalculable for the impulse it gave to the study of this particular branch of physical geog-

raphy and for the enormous advance in the science of meteorology which has been due to it.

His active mind, meanwhile, was delving into other interesting problems. The second quarter of the nineteenth century, from the South Sea Exploring Expedition to Perry's Expedition to Japan, was a wonderful period of American naval exploration, and Maury reveled in the new information which was brought to light and in the possible future discoveries. He was intimately associated with DeHaven and Kane, who explored the Arctic regions; with Lynch, who surveyed the Dead Sea; and with Herndon, who explored the valley of the Amazon. He believed there was a northwest passage in the Arctic regions, and he urged further exploration of the Antarctic to test whether there was not open water and a milder climate there than in the far north. He was constantly contributing to the journals of the day articles which showed the breadth of his mind and the wide extent of his interests. There was the series of articles which appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in the 1840's, called "Scraps from a Lucky Bag." In these he became the spokesman of that increasing group of officers in the navy who were tired of the conservatism of the past and were anxious for reform. Some of the subjects that Maury touched upon were: Big guns and little ships, direct foreign trade in Southern ships, the establishment of a navy yard at Memphis, and the making of Pensacola the Gibraltar of America, the founding of a naval school for the education of officers, the establishment of defenses on the Great Lakes, and the construction of a ship canal to connect the Illinois River with Lake Michigan. So masterly were these various articles and so popular did Maury become when it became known that he was the author, that a boom was actually started to make the young lieutenant Secretary of the Navy.

Later, he wrote upon such subjects as the importance of observing the Mississippi River and placing gauges at various towns along the river; upon steam navigation to China, as early as 1842; upon a ship canal through Nicaragua or the Isthmus of Panama, and railway lines through the United States to the Pacific; and upon the commercial prospects of the South and the importance of Norfolk as a shipping port. In the "Inca Papers" he wrote on the valley of the Amazon, which was to be opened to colonization with negroes from the slave States, and was thus to serve as a safety valve for the surplus black population of the South. Finally, there was an article on the right of search, which contained a plan that was adopted by England and the United States in the placing of squadrons on the African coast to suppress the slave trade. All of these articles were in addition to the dozens of scientific papers which he wrote on astronomical, physical, and meteorological subjects.

Great enterprises fascinated Maury's mind, and he could not rest, after he had once taken hold of an idea, until that idea was placed in the service of mankind. Up to the very year of his death, he worked to extend to the land the same system of meteorological research which he had conducted so successfully on the sea. He hoped to interest the farmers in the same sort of coöperation which the shipmasters had shown, and thereby secure observations from all parts of the country on the temperature, direction of winds, storms, and condition and yield of crops. He also endeavored to interest Congress in the establishing of a central office for receiving and digesting these reports and for transmitting by telegraph to all parts of the country warnings of frosts and storms and helpful advice of all sorts. Maury had been working for this, though at first in a quiet way, since 1851, and it was one of the agenda of the Brussels Conference; but the War be-

tween the States destroyed the possibility of its early realization. It is true that the army, since 1819, in its signal service had been making meteorological observations at various army posts, and the Smithsonian Institution in more recent years had been doing some work of the same kind, yet Maury's idea of enlisting the use of the telegraph was original and its importance in developing the vast Weather Bureau, which, however, was not established in its present form until 1891, is unquestionable. Maury's name, however, is rarely mentioned in connection with the establishment of this bureau and but few persons seem to know of his important connection with its early development.

Though Maury's mind thus concerned itself with so many large questions and projects, it must not be thought for a moment that he was merely a theorizer without the power of applying his ideas to the practical needs of men. His essential greatness rested on the fact that he was that rare combination among men, a man of vision and imagination, and at the same time a man of tremendous industry who was willing to toil endlessly over details in order that his ideas and his theories might be made to contribute to the needs of a work-a-day world. This practical side of his character will be further brought out by a consideration of what I consider a second distinguishing characteristic of the man, his ability to turn everything to some account; in a word, his resourcefulness. During all his life he seems to have kept constantly before him the rule with which he entered the navy: "Make everything bend to your profession." He was at that time by no means uneducated, but at best his training had only been what he called afterwards "a desultory sort of education." A fall from a tree when he was about twelve years old so incapacitated him for the rough work of the farm that his father decided to send him to Harpeth Academy in the vicinity of Franklin. He had good teachers, at least they became distinguished men afterwards, for the Rev. Dr. Blackburn was for a time chaplain to Congress; James Otey became the first Episcopal bishop of Tennessee; and W. C. Hasbrouck afterwards was a prominent lawyer in the State of New York. But there were gaps in young Maury's education which he set about immediately filling. For example, when he went on board ship, he found that he was required to study Spanish; so he procured a Spanish work on navigation and, in this way, proceeded to learn two subjects at one and the same time. Maury says: "I used to resort to various artifices for study while on watch. If I went below only for a moment or two and could lay hands upon a dictionary or any book, I would note a sentence, or even a word, that I did not understand, and fix it in my memory to be reflected upon when I went on deck. I used to draw problems in spherical trigonometry with chalk on the shot and put them in the racks where I could see them as I walked the deck."

Such resourcefulness and perseverance could not fail to lift a young officer high in his profession. Nothing seemed to escape Maury's observant eye on the long voyages. He observed the curious rising and falling of the barometer during storms in the region of Cape Horn, and wrote his first scientific paper on that subject for the *American Journal of Science*. At about the same time, he conceived the idea of his wind and current charts; and also while at sea he wrote most of his "Navigation," which had the distinction of being the first nautical work of science to come from the pen of a naval officer. But Maury boldly published the book, with the Latin phrase, *Cur non?* at the bottom of the title page, and the book was destined to find its way to every ship's library and became for many years the textbook on that subject at the Naval Academy after its establishment.

Maury's resourcefulness and ability to make the most out of every situation was again shown in one of the darkest years of his life. When he was on his way to New York to join his ship after a visit to his old home in Tennessee, in the autumn of 1839, the stagecoach in which he was riding was upset near Somerset, Ohio, and Maury suffered the dislocation of a knee joint and the fracture of a thigh. An incompetent surgeon set the leg improperly, and it had to be reset, when opium and chloroform were unknown to surgery. It was not until after three months of great suffering that he was able to travel to his home in Fredericksburg, Va., where, for many months, he faced the possibility of permanent incapacity to continue in his chosen profession. But the seeming calamity proved a blessing in disguise. His active brain set about writing the articles on reform in the navy which were published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* as "Scraps from a Lucky Bag." They made him known nationally and led to his being placed in charge of the Depot of Charts and Instruments, in 1842. And two years afterwards he became Superintendent of the National Observatory, where he was able to accomplish his greatest work for science and commerce. If there had been no upset stagecoach, there might have been no "Wind and Current Charts" and no "Physical Geography of the Sea."

When the War between the States broke out, Maury went, of course, with Virginia, the State of his birth, and with Tennessee, his "Naomi" as he called her. In Richmond, he was appointed a member of the Council of Three to advise with Governor Letcher as to the quickest ways of arming and protecting the State. After this advisory council was abolished on June 10, 1861, Maury was made a commander in the Confederate States navy and appointed Chief of the Seacoast, Harbor, and River Defenses of the South. He experimented with fixed mines to be exploded by electricity, and in the late summer of 1861 succeeded in demonstrating their practicability to the Confederate Secretary of the Navy and other high government officials. This resulted in the appropriation of \$50,000 for this arm of defense, and Maury mined the James River so effectively as to materially aid in keeping the enemy out of Richmond until near the close of the war. It is not an exaggeration to say that if the Confederate government had given to its navy anything like the attention that was devoted to its army, in organization, in money, and in men the war might very reasonably have had a different ending. But instead of giving Maury full powers to mine all the Southern rivers as he had the James, he was sent off to England to assist in the purchasing and fitting out of cruisers and to continue his experiments on the electric torpedo. Though he made some wonderful discoveries in this new weapon of warfare in England, he did not find the opportunity of displaying his resourcefulness as he might have done if he had been kept in the South and been permitted to work under favorable circumstances. He, however, worked unceasingly while abroad for foreign recognition of the Confederacy or for intervention for a cessation of hostilities. When the war came to a close, he was on his way home with a quantity of torpedo material, the fruits of his researches in England, with which he hoped that Richmond might be indefinitely defended and Galveston kept open to commerce. But on his arrival at St. Thomas, he received news of the complete collapse of the Confederacy. He then went on to Cuba; from there, in a letter to the United States officer commanding the Squadron of the Gulf, he surrendered his sword, but on the advice of friends refrained from returning to the United States. So the storm of civil strife left him stranded at Havana, without a country or a home, separated from family

and friends, an old man, broken in health and ruined in finances.

But Maury's resourcefulness never deserted him. In the old days, when he was Superintendent of the Observatory, he had received a gold medal from the Austrian government through the hands of the Archduke Maximilian; and while he was in England he had had some correspondence with the Archduke, on the eve of his acceptance of the Mexican throne, in regard to the future relationship of the Southern Confederacy with Mexico. So in his distress, Maury naturally turned to the Emperor Maximilian. He reached that country in June, 1865, where he was warmly welcomed by the emperor, who appointed him Director of the Royal Observatory, Imperial Commissioner of Colonization, and Honorary Counselor of State. At once, he began the inauguration of a scheme for the settlement in Mexico of discontented Southerners, who were to receive land from the emperor at a very low cost. Many of Maury's friends, including General Lee and his relatives, with the exception only of his oldest son, were opposed to this Mexican scheme. It did not turn out well. Opposition sprang up against Maury among the Mexicans, some of whom were moved by jealousy at his distinguished consideration by Maximilian. Accordingly, while Maury was in England, where he had gone to attend to some business and to meet his wife and some other members of his family, such pressure was brought to bear on the emperor, whose throne had meanwhile begun to totter, that all the colonization plans had to be given up. Moreover, the United States had looked with the utmost disfavor upon the scheme, and this was another strong factor in its failure. In June, 1867, the emperor, having been taken prisoner by treachery, was shot by the Mexicans. The empress, fortunately, being in Europe at the time, escaped with her life, but she lost her reason because of the untimely death of her husband. Maury, of course, did not return to Mexico, but established himself in England. On hearing of Maximilian's death, he wrote: "Poor Max! He died for his honor. He and 'my' Carlotta are the martyrs of the age."

Thus was Maury forced again to display his ability of making the best possible out of a situation. In his financial straits, he was, however, temporarily relieved by a testimonial with a purse of 3,000 guineas which was presented to him by his friends and admirers in Europe. Then he conceived the idea of raising some money by explaining, to authorized representatives of foreign governments, the discoveries which he had made in electric torpedoes during the War between the States. France was the first to avail herself of the opportunity, and for his demonstrations at Paris Maury was paid 25,000 francs and invited by the Emperor Napoleon to become a French citizen. He then opened a torpedo school in England and gave demonstrations to representatives from Norway, Sweden, Holland, Russia, and England, from which he received five hundred pounds sterling per country. These discoveries consisted of a plan for determining by cross bearings when the enemy is in the torpedo field of destruction and for making connections among the torpedo wires in a certain way by which explosion becomes impossible when the enemy is not in the field of destruction, and sure when he is; of an electrical gauge by which the operators may telegraph through the fuses without exploding them, and thus test them at any time and make sure that all is well; of a plan for planting torpedoes at a depth where they would not harm one's own vessels, but where, by the touch of a key, they would be brought instantly to a position in which they would destroy any vessels approaching; of an electric alarm bell which indicates when the enemy is cutting the wires; and, finally, of a

scheme for holding in position the planted torpedoes at a required depth even in a strong current. I give these details somewhat fully because they show Maury had taken important steps in the development of the electric torpedo, or mine, as they are now called, and because full credit has never been given him, not even by the Southern historians of the Confederacy, probably for the reason that his ideas thus became the common property of many countries and Maury's connection therewith was soon lost sight of.

It was during the second period in England also that Maury wrote for a New York publisher his famous series of school geographies, which revolutionized the teaching of what had hitherto been largely a dry collection of facts and statistics. So well did Maury do this work that his books are still used throughout the country; they have been revised, of course, but in plan and largely in treatment they remain essentially Maury's geographies, so say the publishers.

Somewhat connected with the marvelous resourcefulness of Maury is a third dominant characteristic. This was his manliness and stability of character. He could be depended on in trying times always to do the upright thing; he had the courage to act on his convictions. Much has been written of his personal charm of manner, speech, and appearance; he held his friends fast to him with hooks of steel; he was idolized by his large family of sons and daughters, and loved and esteemed by his numerous relatives. Though he did not connect himself directly with any Church until late in life, yet no scientist has ever approached the study of nature more reverently than did Maury, and his writings are filled with references to the Bible, which are of such a nature as to show that he had no mere superficial knowledge of the Scriptures. Such is indicative that he possessed a character of exceptional goodness as well as firmness and stability, and such was the case. Nathaniel Parker Willis threw much light on Maury's character when he wrote: "Under his exceeding modesty and reserve there seemed to be a vein of the heroic and romantic so hidden that he was seemingly unconscious of it, and I was quite sure before I parted with him that he was one of the *sans peur et sans reproche* class of men; yet willing to pass for only the industrious man of science the world takes him for."

In this connection, one must not forget the Huguenot strain in Maury; moreover, his mother is said to have been "a woman of great decision of character." Her son early showed his power of making a decision and then acting upon it even against opposition. For a time, he had thought of studying medicine and also considered trying to enter West Point. But the fact that his older brother John had had a romantic and distinguished career in the navy until his early death from yellow fever, in 1824, probably led to the younger brother's making up his mind also to become a naval officer. So he eagerly accepted an appointment which was secured for him through Gen. Sam Houston, the Representative of his District in Congress, though his father, Maury says, expressed his disapproval of his decision in "strong terms." "As I had proceeded without consulting him, he determined to leave me to my own resources. I was resolute: I bought a horse and got the man to trust me until I could remit him the money after selling the horse in Virginia. I set out from home without a cent in my pocket, intending to trust to luck, and, if necessary, stop on the road and work out my bills." But Hasbrouck, his teacher, whom he had been assisting at the academy, gave him thirty dollars, and this carried him safely to his relatives in Virginia. As has already been pointed out in the discussion of his resourcefulness, his entire early career was one long test of his manhood and revealed his resoluteness

and determination, under all obstacles, to make a name for himself.

After Maury had achieved his great success at the Observatory through an unselfish devotion to the spread of science, one would have thought that he would receive the praise and good will of his fellow officers, a wide recognition by his countrymen, and special remuneration and promotion at the hands of the government. Such would probably have been the case in England and in some of the countries on the continent of Europe; but the ingratitude of republics has become proverbial, and, early in the year 1855, the Naval Retiring Board removed Maury from the active service list and placed him on the "Reserved List on leave-of-absence pay." The board seems to have acted under the influence of a combination of ignorance, jealousy, and malice. It was the most humiliating experience in all of Maury's life; but a man of his character, with such a record of achievement, could not thus be disposed of with impunity. The true facts were brought to the attention of congress; the press of the country rose nobly in his defense; and the following winter the action of the board was set aside and by a special act of congress he was promoted to the rank of commander with back pay from the date of his retirement.

The strength of Maury's moral character was, however, most clearly shown by his action at the outbreak of the War between the States. Maury did not wish the Union to be broken up, and he made a heroic effort to save the situation, using all his influence in a last hour endeavor to bring about mediation between the two sections. He felt that an understanding could be reached, if some plan could be devised for taking the matters in dispute out of the hands of the politicians on both sides and then letting the people of the South speak directly with the people of the North of their mutual grievances. Still, as early as January 29, 1861, Maury had definitely made up his mind as to what he would do if the worst came to the worst. In a letter of that date, he wrote: "I go with my State if it (the Union) be broken up, and by its break, I break too, for it is to me bread and meat, as you know." When President Lincoln, on April 15, 1861, called on Virginia to furnish troops to help subjugate South Carolina, the Old Dominion responded with an ordinance of secession and a call on her sons in the Federal service to come to her aid. Maury, the peace-loving student and philosopher, turned his back on the scientific labors that had been his very life for so many years and on all his plans for future achievements for the good of mankind, and answered the call of duty as he understood it. As to this decision, nothing finer has been written than the following words taken from an unbiased source, the Latin oration introducing Maury at Cambridge University when the LL.D. was conferred upon him there in 1868: "When that cruel Civil War in America was imminent, this man did not hesitate to leave home and friends, a place of high honor, and an office singularly adapted to his genius, to throw away, in one word, all the goods and gifts of fortune, that he might defend and sustain the cause which seemed to him the just one. 'The victorious cause pleased the gods,' and now perhaps, as victorious causes will do, it pleases the majority of men, and yet no one can withhold his admiration from the man who, though numbered among the vanquished, held his faith pure and unblemished even at the price of poverty and exile."

Maury might have spent his remaining years in comfort abroad. As a matter of fact, during this war he was urged by the Grand Duke Constantine, Grand Admiral of Russia and brother to the Czar, to make his home in Russia, where all the facilities for carrying on his scientific investigations

would be his. But Maury turned his back squarely on this powerful temptation; he had dedicated himself to the cause of Virginia and through her to the fortunes of the Confederacy. Though he was grateful for the gracious consideration that was extended to him by loyal friends and distinguished persons abroad, yet as the years went by he became more and more desirous of returning to Virginia. This was made possible by the General Amnesty of 1868, which removed all political objections to his return, and in July of that year he arrived in New York City. He had already been appointed Professor of Physics in the Virginia Military Institute, in Lexington. This little town had the distinction of having also located in it Washington College, of which General Lee was at this time the President. Here Maury entered into his work with his accustomed enthusiasm, and also began for the State a physical survey of her resources. It was hoped that the reports of this survey would draw capital, needed in developing the natural wealth of the State, and also attract immigrants to the deserted farms. So with pen and voice Maury did all that was possible in encouraging the development of agriculture, the building of railroads, and the establishment of Southern ports for foreign shipping lines. He was, however, not to live much longer; the fatigue and exposure incident to his lecturing brought on a return of an old disorder (gout in the stomach). Returning home before his last list of engagements was finished, he walked into his house and exclaimed to his wife: "My dear, I am come home to die." After a long and painful illness of four months, he died on the 1st of February, 1873. As the end drew near, he asked his son, Col. Richard Maury: "Do I drag my anchors?" Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he replied faintly: "All's well." These were his last words, words characteristic of a sailor and a man to whom the performance of duty had been the supreme desire of his life. His remains were taken, according to his wishes, in the spring through his beloved Goshen Pass to Richmond and placed in Hollywood Cemetery, between the graves of ex-Presidents Tyler and Monroe.

I think that no other American citizen has ever received so many honors from foreign countries as did Maury. He was made a corresponding member of a dozen or more of the leading scientific societies of England and the Continent, and, as has already been stated, Cambridge University conferred on him the LL.D.; gold medals were awarded to him by seven different countries, and a series of thirteen silver medals was given him by Pope Pius IX; and six orders of knighthood, from as many different sovereigns, were bestowed upon him. But Maury has never been properly evaluated by his own countrymen; there was jealousy before the War between the States, sectional hatred afterwards that contributed to this lack of appreciation. It is a fact that "distance lends enchantment to the view;" but it is also true that those who were near Maury, excepting, of course, the members of his family and his intimate friends, got only a partial and incomplete view of the man, while foreigners at a distance saw the complete figure of the great scientist in its proper perspective. But there is another perspective, dependent on the lapse of time; and we are fast approaching the point when throughout our entire country Maury's greatness as a scientist and as a man will be seen in its true proportions, and his fine struggle against obstacles to attain his ideals and accomplish his purposes will serve as an inspiration and a challenge to generations yet unborn.

"States are not great except as men shall make them;"
Men are not great except they do and dare."

WHERE DIXIE SLEEPS FARTHEST NORTH.

BY HAZEL HANKINSON, IN THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

"At her request, she is buried beside 'her boys,' not one of whom she ever knew personally."

Visitors to Madison, Wis., are surprised to find in a quiet corner of the city's beautiful cemetery rows and rows of little stone slabs marking the graves of one hundred and thirty-six Confederate soldiers who were laid there to rest during the days of the War between the States. That there should be a Southern cemetery in a State which lies so far to the north of the war's battle fields seems a curious fact. But the really puzzling part of it is that there is included within the plot a one-hundred-and-thirty-seventh grave—the grave of a woman.

How these soldier boys came to be buried here, how a woman's grave came to be among them is one of the stories from among many unwritten tales of loyalty, of love, and of allegiance which the Southern people felt for the cause they were sure was a worthy one in the days from 1861 to 1865.

"It happened in 1862," relates one of the old Wisconsin guard, "that a goodly number of the boys in gray' were stationed on Island No. 10, a point in the Mississippi near the corner of Tennessee, Missouri, and Kentucky. Early that spring a troop of them were surprised and taken captive by a regiment of Federals, and thence they were sent to Northern camps to be retained for a time as prisoners of war. Some of the rebels were kept at Springfield, Ill.; a few remained at Camp Douglas; while a large number were dispatched in boats up the Mississippi to be cared for at Madison.

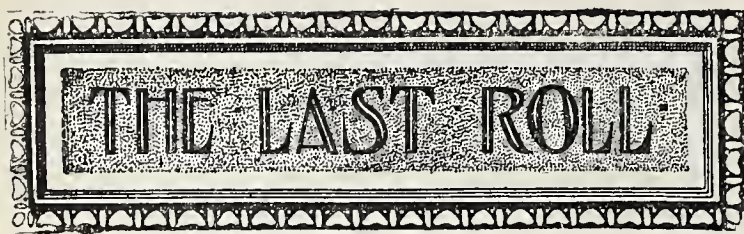
"And they needed to be cared for," continued this veteran of the 19th Wisconsin, the regiment selected to guard the prisoners at Camp Randall, the site of which now borders the campus of the Badger State's great university. "In the defense of Island No. 10, the Southern boys had been exposed to the cold rains of early spring. Often they had stood up to their waists in water in resisting our attacks, and they were not physically fit to endure the cold, raw winds of Wisconsin's April weather. Neither did they have clothing warm enough to come into such a climate."

That they received the best treatment possible, the Southerners themselves who survived admit. They were given the same rations as the boys in blue. They were given as comfortable quarters as could be arranged for them. But just as the dread influenza took away so many of our soldiers of the World War, so pneumonia seized these boys from the South, and they died by the tens and the twenties. In less than two months from the time they arrived, the little plot of ground set aside by the people of Madison for receiving their bodies was filled. And the greater number of those who died were members of the 1st Alabama Regiment.

How some of the citizens of Madison, loyal supporters of the North, carried food and medicine and comfort to the suffering young fellows in the hospital; how one family, some of whom still reside in the city, took one of the boys to their own home and cared for him until he finally succumbed—these are touches of tenderness which show that at heart North and South were never far separated. But the chief concern of this narrative is the woman who "is buried beside 'her boys,' as she loved to call them, not one of whom she ever knew personally."

For several years after the war was over, "Confederate Rest," as the little Southern graveyard came to be called by the people of the Northern city, was almost forgotten. And it was not strange, for Wisconsin, like every other State, had her own soldier dead to mourn over and to tend. While the

(Continued on page 318.)



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

"All we know is that they gave
A fame to those chivalrous days;
For they were loyal, and they were brave,
And we can now but speak their praise."

GEN. HENRY B. STODDARD, U. C. V.

At Bryan, Tex., on May 29, 1925, Gen. Henry B. Stoddard, pioneer citizen, prominent Confederate veteran and Mason, died in his eighty-fifth year.

Henry Bates Stoddard was born in Essex County, N. Y., June 22, 1840, the son of John and Margaret Bates Stoddard. He went to Texas in 1850, and when war came on in 1861, he joined with the Texas troops to fight for the Southern Confederacy, serving throughout the war. He was paroled at Jackson, Miss., in May, 1865, with the rank of captain. At the time he was a member of the staff of Gen. C. J. Polignac, commanding Louisiana troops under Gen. Dick Taylor.

Returning to Texas after the war, he located at Millican, then the terminus of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, and was one of the three white men able to work who were left in the community after the yellow fever epidemic of 1867. He took an active part in the relief work there. Late in that year he removed to Bryan, which had since been his home and where for many years he carried on the business of cotton brokerage. In 1869 he was married to Miss Ross English, who died in 1904, leaving one daughter. Some years later he married Miss Hortense English, sister to his first wife, and she and the daughter survive him.

General Stoddard was a man of public spirit, interested in the advancement of his community, and especially in educational lines. He never sought office, but served a term as alderman, during which he helped to establish the public school system in addition to other constructive measures. He had been a member of the Episcopal Church for some years. At one time he was largely interested in live stock, and had served as president of the Texas Live Stock Association. He was prominent in Masonry, and had received many degrees and orders, the thirty-third degree having been conferred upon him in 1920. He had served as Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of Texas, and later filled the office of Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States. He met with his brother Masons for the last time at the Grand Conclave in Beaumont, Tex., during May, when he was presented with a jewel of the rank of Past Grand Master of Texas. He was also prominent as a leader in the Confederate Associations of Texas.

Funeral services were held at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, of Bryan, and many friends, Confederate comrades, and brother Masons attended him to his place of rest in the city cemetery.

BISHOP KEILEY.

The death of Rt. Rev. Benjamin J. Keiley, retired Bishop of Savannah, which occurred suddenly on June 17, has caused sorrow among the many who loved and esteemed this able Churchman. He had reached the age of seventy-eight years..

Benjamin J. Keiley was born in Petersburg, Va., October 13, 1847, and joined the army of General Lee as a lad of seventeen, serving as a private during the remainder of war with marked heroism and valor. His love for the Confederacy was a priceless memory, and he never tired of talking and writing about those memorable days.

After the war he studied for the priesthood in Rome, was ordained in 1873, and upon his return to America was made vicar general for Delaware, and also served as pastor at Newcastle and Wilmington, Del., then in Atlanta and Savannah, Ga. He later became vicar general for Georgia, and in 1900 was elevated to the bishopric of Savannah. Infirmities of age forced his retirement in 1922, and he then made his residence at St. Joseph's Infirmary in Atlanta, where he died.

Bishop Keiley was a man of profound learning and of great strength as well as gentleness of character. He was a masterful figure in his Church, holding the affections of his people through his great ability, unyielding convictions, and practice of the religion he taught, and he will be greatly missed.

THOMAS WARTMAN WALKER.

Thomas Wartman Walker, a native of Mecklenburg County and for thirty years deputy clerk of the county, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Thomason, at Lacrosse, Va., on April 1, aged seventy-eight years. A quiet, unassuming man, only those who knew him best realized his goodness and sweetness of spirit.

When the war closed he was a member of Company E, 14th Virginia Regiment, known as the Clarksville Blues. W. D. Shelton was commander at the time Mr. Walker joined it, but was soon thereafter made major. John Lewis, the first lieutenant, had been taken prisoner when Captain Shelton was promoted, so the members of the company were permitted to elect their own captain, Joseph C. Hutcheson was elected and remained captain to the end of the war.

Ten days prior to the surrender, this company was ordered to lead a charge through an open field. When they had gotten about midway, the enemy opened fire on them, and only thirteen of the number reached the designated place on the other side, the rest having been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. This was probably the battle of Sailor's Creek.

He was tenderly laid to rest at the old family home near LaCrosse by the side of his wife, who preceded him to rest. His grandsons acted as pallbearers. He is survived by four daughters, one son, thirty-one grandchildren, and eighteen great-grandchildren; also one brother.

R. INNES TAYLOR.

Robert Innes Taylor, a prominent citizen of Spotsylvania County, Va., died suddenly in Fredericksburg, after a short illness, aged eighty years.

Comrade Taylor gallantly served the cause of the Confederacy in Company B, 9th Virginia Cavalry. He was a typical Virginia gentleman of the old school, and his passing is lamented by a legion of friends. He resided at Fall Hill, a short distance from Fredericksburg, and for many years was engaged in active agricultural pursuits. He was a member of St. George's Episcopal Church, an upright Christian man, and a member of a family that has been identified with Fredericksburg for generations.

Surviving him are his wife, three sons, and one daughter.

COMRADES OF WEATHERFORD, TEX.

The following members of Tom Green Camp, No. 169 U. C. V., of Weatherford, Tex., have recently passed from that earthly fellowship:

W. A. Massie died on June 22, after an illness of several years, at the age of eighty-six. He was reared in Hanover County, Va., and came to Parker County, Tex., in 1873, settling on what is known as Long Creek, where he and his family made their home continuously for more than forty years. In 1908 he moved to Weatherford. He was a Christian gentleman in its truest sense, of dignified and the most affable and pleasing manners. He was a member of the Methodist Church, also of the Masonic fraternity, and was true and loyal to all its imposed obligations. He took an active part in all civic advancement for a better, purer, and more ennobling citizenship along all lines, his own life bearing testimony to the value he set upon the Golden Rule as a guide.

He was a brave and valiant soldier of the Southern Confederacy, serving with distinction throughout the war, except for the time when he was severely wounded and incapacitated. He was a lieutenant commander in Fry's Battery of Carter's Battalion, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

James C. Cox died at his home in the village of Santo, Palo Pinto County, June 22, aged eighty-eight years. He was a former resident of Parker County for many years, and a member of Tom Green Camp. He served throughout the War between the States, having enlisted at the beginning as a private in Company A, Griffith's Battery, and his service was west of the Mississippi River. At the close of the war, he took up anew the duties of a farmer and stock raiser. He was a true and law-abiding citizen, of unquestioned rectitude in all his relations with his fellows. In his life was exemplified the teachings of Christ as he understood them. He is survived by his wife and one son. The burial services were conducted by the Masonic Order, of which he had been an honored member, and he was laid to rest in the Cox Cemetery near Fairview.

Joseph L. Smith, another veteran of eighty-eight years, also died on June 22. He had lived in Parker County for the past thirty-four years and was a widely known and honored citizen of his county and community. He had long resided in the Greenwood community near Weatherford, and took a leading part in all the activities looking to the betterment and advancement of the people with whom he lived and labored, ever actuated with sentiments of amity and good fellowship. He had been in ill health for over a year. His wife died some fourteen months ago, and he is survived by four sons and two daughters, a brother and a sister. "Uncle Joe," as he was affectionately called, was one of the "earnest workers" in Tom Green Camp. Comrade Smith was a private in Company C, 6th Arkansas Cavalry, a detachment from General Van Dorn's Division, commanded by Captain Hooker. This company was assigned as Home Guards, its duties being to pick up deserters and return them to their respective commands, to secure new enlistments, to purchase supplies for the army, etc.

The loss to Tom Green Camp of these three comrades intensifies the sadness of heart of the surviving members in that they were all removed from us in one day.

L. J. BAILEY.

On January 26, 1925, L. J. Bailey died at the Confederate Home in Ardmore, Okla. He was born in Lee County, Miss., March 24, 1845, and enlisted for the Confederacy when seventeen years old, joining Company F, 20th Mississippi Regiment, serving throughout the war. His wife survives him.

HENRY L. SIMS.

Henry Lightfoot Sims died in Austin Tex., November 17, 1924. He was born in Forsythe, Ga., in 1845. In his childhood his father moved to Ringgold, Ga. His early education was obtained in a private school near Augusta, and he was planning for college when the war came on. Fired with patriotism and the thought of a delightful adventure, he enlisted, taking with him his gun and a favorite horse. Under Captain Horne, in Company F, he joined the 4th Georgia Cavalry, which served with Gen. Joe Wheeler. He was the youngest soldier in the regiment and was affectionately called "The Boy." His unfailing cheerfulness and his joyful, rollicking spirit under hardships endeared him to officers and men alike. Being thoroughly familiar with North Georgia and East Tennessee, he was often sent by General Wheeler on scout duty, several times venturing as a spy into the enemy's lines. On one occasion, dressed as a country woman in faded homespun and slatted sunbonnet, he sold butter and eggs in a Federal camp. The information he procured here resulted in the taking of two large wagon trains and the capture of a number of prisoners. After gallant service for nearly three years, he was honorably discharged in April, 1865.

Comrade Sims was married shortly afterwards to Miss Lizzie Selvidge, daughter of a Baptist minister, and two years later they moved to Texas, where he engaged in the mercantile business. He was esteemed by all, having many local honors conferred on him.

His health failing, he spent several years in Florida with a sister, afterwards returning to his beloved adopted State, where he died in his eightieth year at the home of a daughter, loved and honored by all who knew him. He was buried by the Masons, and many Confederate veterans attended him to his last resting place. Three daughters and one son survive him, also a sister, Mrs. Julia Sims Lucky, of St. Petersburg, Fla.

H. M. GRAVES.

From resolutions passed by the Robert E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Mansfield, Ark., in tribute to Comrade H. M. Graves, who died at Tampa, Fla., on March 15, the following is taken:

"He bore arms with us through the War between the States, serving as a member of Company I, 2nd Arkansas Regiment. He had active service under Jo Johnston in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta and then under John B. Hood to the battle of Franklin, Tenn., where he was wounded and captured. He helped to organize Robert E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Mansfield, and was its first adjutant. Being reelected every year, he had served in that capacity for thirty-six years.

"Our comrade has completed his duties and the Supreme Commander has called him to his own staff, and he will now serve in the great army above.

"Resolved, That Robert E. Lee Camp has lost a beloved and faithful member."

[J. H. Caldwell, Commander; William Chitwood, Adjutant.]

CHARLES L. SIMMS.

Capt. Charles L. Simms, seventy-seven years of age, passed away at the family residence in Atlanta, Ga., on May 3, 1925.

Captain Simms enlisted in the Georgia Cadets, Capers's Battalion, from the military school at Marietta, Ga., and served throughout the last two years of the war.

Upon retirement from active business, Capt. Simms made his residence in College Park, Ga., and since 1919 had resided in Atlanta.

[W. H. Simms.]

WILLIAM WALKER RUSSELL.

William Walker Russell, seventy-eight years of age, prominent citizen of Anderson, S. C., was called from earth on April 5, 1914. The passing of this noble Confederate veteran was deplored throughout Anderson and the entire State of South Carolina.

Walker Russell was born and reared in Anderson County, S. C., in 1844, the third son of the late Maj. Thomas H. and Martha Jane Hamilton Russell, both of prominent and wealthy families of South Carolina, and especially prominent in the early revolutionary history. In his youth he attended Thalian Academy, a noted school in the vicinity of Anderson taught by the Rev. John L. Kennedy. When about sixteen years of age, the War between the States began, and he, with two older brothers, joined one of the first companies of volunteers that was formed in the community, and was soon en route to the front at or near Charleston, S. C. The command to which he belonged was transferred to Virginia, and young Russell was made scout for the Hampton Legion. In this capacity, he served faithfully and efficiently during the remainder of the war. He rode with both Hampton and Stuart and was noted for his daring and bravery. He was a great admirer of Hampton and a close friend.

In Reconstruction days, Mr. Russell again played an important part for his native State. He was one of the "Red Shirt" company at old Pendleton. It was he who presented Wade Hampton with his famous black horse at the first "Red Shirt" meeting in Anderson in 1876, thus proving his love and loyalty to his old friend and commander.

Mr Russell was twice married, his first wife being Miss Janie Sitton, of Pendleton, S. C. Hal P. Russell, of Thomasville, Ga., Mrs. Dawson Smith, of Pendleton, and Mrs. Winslow Sloan, of Clemson College, S. C., are the only surviving children by this marriage. His second wife survives him with their six children, who are: William Russell, of New York; Stacy Russell, of the Canal Zone; Clarkson Russell, of New Orleans; Mrs. Charles Drew and Miss Marianne Russell, of Minneapolis; and Mrs. Harry Farrell, of Lexington, Ky. He also leaves a number of grandchildren, great-grandchildren, two brothers, and two sisters.

CAPT. JOSE H F. HARTIGAN.

Capt. Joseph F. Hartigan, eighty-one years old, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. O. M. Brown, Huntington, W. Va., after an illness of two weeks.

Captain Hartigan, who had been a resident of Huntington for more than fifteen years, was a Confederate soldier, serving throughout the war and taking part in some of the major engagements. He was in the battles of Bull Run, the Wilderness, and Gettysburg, and was a captain in the 28th Virginia Infantry.

He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for many years. He was a prominent member of Camp Garnet, U. C. V. of Huntington. He was born in Rockbridge County, Va., November 15, 1843.

Captain Hartigan is survived by one daughter, a granddaughter, and one great-grandson.

Thus has passed another of over two hundred members of Camp Garnet, and there were but four or five left to attend the funeral services. So our old comrades are all passing away and we a little longer wait. How little none can know, but if we remember Stonewall Jackson's direction in his favorite text, Romans 8: 28, all will be well with the rest of us.

[John K. Hitner, Chaplain.]

F. A. BOLIN.

F. A. Bolin, born in Mercer County, W. Va., December 25, 1844, died at Princeton, W. Va., January 15, 1925, after a long illness.

He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of seventeen years, in the spring of 1862, and served with Company A, under Capt. W. H. French, 17th Virginia Cavalry, and his first active service was in the battles and skirmishes in Southwest Virginia. He was in Early's offensive toward Washington in 1863, and at the battle of Monocacy was severely wounded in the face and right shoulder. Left upon the field, he was picked up by the enemy and sent, more dead than alive, to Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, where he was held a prisoner to the end of the war. Returning home, battle-scarred and a cripple for life, but with the same determination with which he fought for the Confederacy, he set forth to make his way in the business world. He became a merchant at Athens, W. Va., and remained in that business for forty years. The last years of his life were spent with his daughter, Mrs. H. H. Ball, at Princeton. He was a man of the highest ideals and splendid business ability, and was loved by legions of friends. His greatest pleasure was to read and discuss the history of the Southland, and he wrote several articles for local papers about battles in that section.

In 1878, he was married to Miss Mary Hunt, who died in 1880, leaving him an infant daughter to rear.

In his Confederate gray uniform, he was tenderly laid to rest on January 17, after funeral services conducted by Rev. Frank F. Jackson, a lifelong friend of the family. As the casket was borne from the home by Sons of Veterans, four white-haired comrades of the Confederacy draped it in the beautiful Confederate flag, which he loved so well, and this flag went with him into the grave.

He is survived by his only daughter and two little granddaughters. He sleeps in beautiful Oakwood Cemetery, where sleep so many of his comrades.

EMANUEL J. SPAUGH.

After an illness of two days, Emanuel Jacob Spaugh passed away at the home of his daughter, in Winston-Salem, N. C., on March 5, 1925, in his eighty-seventh year. Funeral services were held at Friedburg Moravian Church, of which he had been a member for almost seventy years. His great-grandfather founded this historical old Church in 1753, he being among the early settlers of Nashovia in North Carolina.

Mr. Spaugh was one of the oldest Confederate veterans in the community. He joined the Confederate army in July, 1863, and served as a member of Company F, 15th North Carolina Regiment, a valiant soldier to the end of the war. He was sent to help guard some points south of Lexington, N. C., and, the railroads having been torn up, he was not able to return to his command, and while waiting to get to his command, General Lee surrendered at Appomattox. He was shot through the leg at the Bristow fight; was captured by the Yankees and taken to prison in Washington; was there transferred to Point Lookout and kept there until exchanged, when he returned to his command.

He was married to Miss Adelaide Douthit in December, 1870, and she died in November, 1893. Ten children were born to this union, four surviving, with eleven grand-children and six great-grandchildren.

He was buried in the Confederate uniform, which he was so proud to wear. May God give peace and rest to these grand old men!

[Minnie Spaugh Shoaf.]

W. A. MASSIE.

After several years of failing health, W. A. Massie died at his home in Weatherford, Tex., on June 22, at the age of eighty-six years.

Comrade Massie was reared in Hanover County, Va., going to Texas in 1872, and the next year located in the south part of Parker County, and there made his home for more than forty years. In 1908 he removed to Weatherford, which had since been his home.

As a Confederate soldier, he served with Fry's Battery, of Carter's Battalion, Jackson's Corps, A. N. V., giving a gallant account of himself as a soldier until wounded and incapacitated. In religious faith and membership, he was a stanch Methodist and had served as steward in his Church for many years. He was also a member of the Masonic Order. He was long identified with the upbuilding of his town, community, and county, always standing for a cleaner moral atmosphere and for the material betterment of conditions. He held the office of county commissioner for a number of years and was one of the commissioners who contracted for and had the courthouse built, which is a model for economy and workmanship.

Surviving him are four sons and four daughters.

A friend and neighbor of forty-seven years, J. M. Richards, writes of him: "In the passing of this old Confederate brave, who was seriously wounded through the left shoulder at the battle of Cold Harbor and through the left thigh at the battle of Fredericksburg, the Church and State have lost an honorable, upright citizen, one loyal to every principle of truth and patriotism. He was a friend without dissimulation and a Christian without guile. I shall miss his kindly smile and genial companionship without measure."

C. D. PRUDHOMME.

C. D. Prudhomme was born March 20, 1841, in DeSoto Parish, near Frierson, La., where he spent most of his life. He died on March 23, 1925, in Shreveport, at the age of eighty-four years. He was married twice and reared a family of twelve children, five of whom, with their mother, survive him.

Clark Prudhomme, as he was familiarly called by his friends, enlisted early in the Confederate army, joining Company B, of the Crescent Regiment, Louisiana Infantry, and served with that command through the war, and his comrades think of him as one of the best soldiers of the Confederate service, always present and ready for duty, uncomplaining, brave to a fault; and those most intimately associated with him in later life remember him as a good citizen, husband, father, and friend.

[W. W. Hunt, Sherrill, Ark.]

DR. T. J. VAN NOY.

Thomas Jefferson Van Noy, son of Dr. William and Kitty Wheeler Van Noy, was born in Tennessee, but his parents removed to Mississippi while he was a small boy, and in 1857 they went to Texas, locating near Mount Pleasant. Young Van Noy went into the Confederate army from that place and served during the war. He was wounded in the face in a battle shortly before General Lee's surrender, and never really recovered from the effects of that wound; but his life was one of activity all these years since the war, and he is remembered by his people as a beloved physician. He died on January 1, 1925, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

Dr. Van Noy was an elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which in late years was merged with the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. He was also a Mason.

CAPT. S. S. GRIFFIN.

Capt. S. S. Griffin, one of the most distinguished sons of the Yazoo region, died at his home in Yazoo City, Miss., on April 30, after an illness of some weeks. He would have been eighty-one years old in June. He gave nearly half his life to public service and had the distinction of holding the office of chancery clerk for Yazoo County for forty-two years. He had served ten consecutive terms of four years each and had started on the eleventh term, to which he was elected in the fall of 1923. He was a man of interesting personality and great ability, stanch and loyal in friendship, generous with his means, faithful in his service. He was born in Yazoo County, near Eden, and was identified with all the activities of that part of the State.

Captain Griffin was a student at the University of Pennsylvania when war between the States was declared, and he immediately returned home and joined the Confederate army, serving with distinction throughout the war; he was wounded at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. After the war he returned to his plantation near Eden and engaged in farming and merchandizing until elected chancery clerk, when he removed to Yazoo City. In 1884 he was married to Miss Helen McCormick, daughter of the late Dr. P. J. McCormick, of Yazoo City, who survives him, with four sons and four daughters.

He was a member of Trinity Episcopal Church, of Yazoo City, which he served as senior warden. He was laid to rest in Glenwood Cemetery.

CAPT. W. E. ROGERS.

A picturesque career came to an end with the death of Capt. W. E. Rogers, a resident of Beaumont, Tex., for more than half a century, on May 14, at the age of eighty-seven.

William Edward Rogers was born in Nashville, Tenn., January 28, 1837. He went to Texas in 1845, settling in Polk County, and moved to Beaumont in 1857. His wife, whom he married in 1864, was Miss Sophia Kappas, of Sabine Pass. He is survived by three daughters and three grandchildren.

Captain Rogers was a prominent member of the Masonic lodge in Beaumont. He was the first Knight Templar to be knighted in Beaumont. He was a member of the First Methodist Church for many years.

Captain Rogers served with the Confederate army in Texas and Louisiana during the War between the States, but he acquired the title of captain on the river. He was one of the pioneer steamboat men on the Neches.

The first cargo of steel for the T. & N. O. Railroad was brought to Beaumont in 1880 aboard the Florida, with Captain Rogers at the helm.

Soon after the close of the war, Captain Rogers moved to Sabine Pass, but in 1886 he returned to Beaumont.

A year later he was married to Miss Kappas. He was accorded the full rites of the Masonic lodge at the burial.

PETER H. WARWICK.

Peter H. Warwick, born November 3, 1839, died at the home of his son, Jesse Warwick, of Cass, W. Va., on January 17, 1925, aged eighty-five years. He was married on November 13, 1865, to Miss Sarah C. Matheny, in Green Valley, Highland County, Va., and to this union was born four sons, three surviving him, with eleven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. His body was laid to rest in the Warwick Cemetery, near Greenbank.

Comrade Warwick served in the 31st Virginia Regiment, under Stonewall Jackson, and was wounded June 9, 1862. He had been a consistent Christian and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for a number of years.

JASPER NEWTON ROBINSON.

The gentle spirit of Jasper Newton Robinson took its flight into the the land of rest just as the evening shadows fell on the 21st of May.

He was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., on January 30, 1840, and died at Elk City, Okla. He grew to manhood in Tennessee and when the call to arms came from his beloved Southland, he was among the first to enlist, serving with Company D, of the 24th Tennessee Volunteer Regiment, during the period of the war; was in the battle of Shiloh and many lesser engagements. His company was commanded by by Capt. John A. Wilson.

Going to Oklahoma in the early days of its opening, he settled near Delhi, where he had since lived. He and his family were pioneers in their community and have been prominent in the development of the country from a rough prairie to a splendid agricultural community.

On January 19, 1924, the Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., bestowed the Cross of Honor upon Mr. Robinson. He is survived by his wife and three sons. He was laid to rest in the Delhi Cemetery on May 23 with full Masonic honors.

[Mrs. E. E. Wall, President Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C.]

OAKLEY DEADERICK.

Oakley Deaderick, son of David A. and Elizabeth J. Deaderick, was born at Knoxville Tenn., July 13, 1845, and died at his country home in Knox County, January 16, 1925, age seventy-nine years.

At seventeen years of age, Oakley Deaderick joined Col. Henry Ashby's 2nd Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry, under Gen. Joe Wheeler.

In a battle near Shelbyville, Tenn., he was captured and sent to Camp Morton, where he remained about six months, then was transferred to Fort Delaware. After a long, harassing, horrible experience of nearly eighteen months at these two prisons, he was exchanged and rejoined his regiment in North Carolina. A few months later he was paroled with Gen. Joe Johnston's army and returned to his home in Knoxville.

Oakley Deaderick was a fearless, earnest soldier, and did his full duty to the end.

A few years after the war he moved to his farm in Knox County, Tenn. In 1882, he married Miss Margaret Dykes. A daughter and three sons were born to them, and survive him with their mother.

JAMES BOGGS SIMPSON.

James Boggs Simpson was born in Franklin, Pendleton County, W. Va., May 7, 1836, and died at the home of his son in Belington on February 16, 1925. He had passed the eighty-eighth milestone.

His wife died in 1903. To this union were born nine children, three daughters and four sons surviving him.

"Uncle Jimmy," as he was familiarly known, was a soldier of the Confederacy, having enlisted in May, 1861. He was assigned to Company K, 25th Virginia Regiment, C. S. A., and served faithfully through the war, with the exception of six months after the battle of Culpeper, in which he was wounded. He was a soldier with an enviable record, having been active in thirty-two battles, among which was the first land battle of the war in Philippi.

His life speaks for itself. He was converted to the Christian life while yet young and joined the Church, which he attended regularly while able. No more fitting commentary can be written than this: "A Christian Father and Friend to All."

L. J. BAILEY.

L. J. Bailey was born in Lee County, Miss., March 24, 1845, and died at the Confederate Home in Ardmore, Okla., on January 26, 1925. As a boy, he enlisted in Company F, 20th Mississippi Regiment, and as he was too young for the regular services he was made drummer boy; later on, however, he went into the ranks and served throughout the war.

Comrade Bailey was twice married and reared a large family. Seven of the ten children by the first marriage survive him—five sons and two daughters—also his second wife, whom he married September last. At the age of twenty-one he joined the Missionary Baptist Church and lived a true Christian to his death.

In 1922 he was made Commander of the Chickasaw Brigade, Oklahoma Division, U. C. V. He was a man held in high esteem by a host of friends, and it was his greatest pleasure to do a kindness for another.

[Fanny D. Bailey.]

COMMANDER W. M. SWOOPE.

W. M. Swoope, Commander of Camp No. 118 (Allegheny Roughs), of Glen Wilton, Va., passed over on August 7, 1924, to join the comrades with whom he so delighted to serve in the Confederate army. He was born in Buckingham County, Va., March 22, 1845, his father being a prominent physician of that county. Comrade Swoope went into the service at an early age, joining a cavalry company from his county, and served throughout the war, surrendering at Appomattox. He had been Commander of the Allegheny Roughs Camp for fifteen years. He was justice of the peace of his community for several terms. He married Miss Susan Zaubman soon after the war, and then removed to Botetourt County, where he reared a family of five boys and two girls, all of whom survive him.

[James A. Wood, Glen Wilton, Va.]

JOE PRICE.

Wilson County, Tenn., lost one of its beloved old Confederate soldiers in the death of Joe Price, of Martha, who passed away after an illness of only ten days. He was seventy-eight years of age and was one of the best-known men in his community, where he made his home all his life. He had been very active almost to the last in attending to the affairs of his farm. He served throughout the entire four years of the War between the States, enlisting at the age of sixteen years, and upon his discharge he took up farming, the occupation followed by his forefathers for many generations.

He was a very influential man of his neighborhood, with friends in all parts of the county. He is survived by his wife and one daughter. After funeral services at his home, his body was taken to Lebanon and laid away in Cedar Grove Cemetery.

JOEL D. ECKLES.

After a long illness, Joel D. Eckles died at his home in Minorville, Fla., on the 21st of March, 1925. He was born October 30, 1843, in Gwinnette County, Ga., and removed to Florida some twenty-six years ago.

Enlisting as a sharpshooter in Cobb's Legion, Company D, Comrade Eckles served the four years of war and was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. He loved to relate stories of his wartime experiences. He married a childhood friend, Miss Susan Jane Lucas, and they celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary December 18, 1923. His wife survives him with a daughter and four sons, also three grandchildren.

The funeral services were held at the cemetery in Ocoee, Fla., many friends and relatives attending.

DANIEL H. BENNETT.

Daniel H. Bennett, a member of South Georgia Camp, No. 819 U. C. V., of Waycross, Ga., died on June 9, 1925, at the ripe age of eighty-two years. Though but a boy when the War between the States came on, he promptly enlisted in Company E, 26th Georgia Regiment, and served as a gallant, faithful soldier in the Virginia army. After the war he returned home and did his part as valiantly during the time of reconstruction.

Comrade Bennett was born and reared in Ware County, Ga., and for a number of years he was commissioner of road and revenues of the county. He married Miss Emma Smith, of a prominent family of that section. He was a strict member of the Methodist Church and a devoted husband and father. [T. E. Etheridge, Adjutant.]

J. T. POWERS.

J. T. Powers died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. S. Cain, in Morristown, Tenn., after a short illness. The burial was at Knoxville, with Masonic services. He is survived by his wife, a son and a daughter, also eighteen grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Seven of his children preceded him to the grave.

Comrade Powers was born in Russell County, Va. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of sixteen and served to the close of war, being a member of the 37th Virginia Cavalry. He was married on March 24, 1865, to Miss Almeda C. Perkins, and their sixtieth anniversary would have been celebrated in March, 1925. He was in the contracting business in Knoxville for many years, and his firm erected some of the largest buildings of the city. He was a Mason and a member of Fred Ault Camp, U. C. V.

T. J. STEWART.

John B. Gordon Camp, No. 1573 U. C. V., of Lawton, Okla., lost a valued member when T. J. Stewart, answered the last roll call on March 23, 1925. Comrade Stewart was born September 8, 1840, in Birmingham, Ala., where he grew to young manhood. At the outbreak of the War between the States, he was among the first to enlist, joining the 1st Alabama Cavalry, and serving throughout the war, being in many important battles. After the surrender at Appomattox, he was paroled as a lieutenant at Murfreesboro, Tenn. Comrade Stewart was a faithful member of the Baptist Church, a man of honor and integrity. An upright Christian gentleman, respected and beloved by all who knew him.

[Charles G. Joy, Adjutant.]

DANIEL WALLACE STAMEY.

Daniel Wallace Stamey, after several months of failing health, passed quietly into the great beyond at twilight of March 21, 1925, at the home of his only surviving child, Mrs. Minnie McCuiston, in Avant, Okla., at the age of eighty-one years. He was born in North Carolina, and enlisted in the Confederate army at the outbreak of war, serving with Company B, 23rd Georgia Volunteer Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade, Hoke's Division, and was discharged at Greensboro, N. C., 1865. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, since early boyhood. His life was well lived and his passing was mourned by all who knew him.

In the sketch of Edgar Blackwell, in the VETERAN for May page 186, a typographical error occurred in giving the year of his birth as 1824, when it should have been 1842.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. C. HELEN PLANE.

Memorial services were held by the Atlanta, Ga., Chapter U. D. C., on June 3, in tribute to those members who have passed away, and the following were reported as having died during the year:

Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan, Mrs. M. B. McLaughlin, Mrs. George E. Clayton, Mrs. A. A. Braswell, Mrs. W. H. Brittain, Mrs. W. O. Ballard, Mrs. T. O. Baker, Mrs. L. C. Chashire, Mrs. Jere Gumm, Mrs. Amanda Richardson, Miss Minnie Nichols.

Mrs. Walter Grace, President of the Division, spoke in tribute to the courage and loyalty of these noble women.

The following resolutions were passed in honor of Mrs. C. Helen Plane, whose death occurred this year:

"Whereas our beloved mother of the Confederacy, Mrs. C. Helen Plane, has been removed from her earthly home to the bright realms above where great souls rejoice to mingle; and whereas this distinguished daughter of the South was one of the founders of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and was the founder of the Georgia Division and of Atlanta Chapter; and whereas Mrs. Plane, as a Daughter of the Confederacy, founded the Stone Mountain Monumental Association to give to the South in perpetuity the conception of Gut-zon Borglum of a panorama to be carved on the scarp of Stone Mountain; and whereas she devoted her entire life to the cause of the Confederacy, which she so much loved, and to the upbuilding of her beloved Southland, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Atlanta Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, express deepest regret at the passing of its noted founder and leader.

MRS. T. T. STEVENS,

Chairman Resolutions, Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C.

A CONFEDERATE NURSE.

Another of those brave, self-sacrificing women of the South who gave their services in Confederate hospitals has been lost to earth in the passing of Mrs. Mary J. Powell Mays, who died in Grimes, Okla., in April, 1925, in her ninety-second year. "Aunt Mays," as she was lovingly called among her friends, was matron of the Bragg Hospital for three years, and during that time her first husband, R. D. Byram, died in this hospital and was buried at Americus, Ga. She loved the South and never wavered in her work, even though her sorrow was very great, and she ministered to gray and blue alike when the boys from the North were placed in that hospital, for her service was to humanity. During the late World War, though she was an invalid confined to a wheel chair, her hands were ever busy in work for the Red Cross, and a quilt she made brought a hundred dollars for that work. She had a wonderfully bright mind and kept up with the events of the day, which made her a pleasant companion. She had been a Christian since girlhood, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, ever vitally interested in the activities of her Church. And she was an active force in the Eastern Star, the woman's branch of Masonry, with which she was connected in its beginning.

Mrs. Mays was a native of Tennessee, born in Warren County, October 13, 1833, and was educated at Wolf's Academy. She was married to R. D. Byram in 1854, and he died in 1864. Several years later she married Miles H. Mays, who died some thirty years ago. In 1901 she went to Oklahoma to make her home with her niece, Mrs. Dixon English, at Grimes, and there her remaining years were spent.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

MRS. J. T. BEAL, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

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

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Place

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North K Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: There is a temptation through the summer months for members of the U. D. C. to relax somewhat from their customary standard of work and service. It is because of her full realization of the capacity for accomplishment by the faithful Daughters that the President General, in wishing vacationists and stay-at-homes alike a happy summer, adds the reminder that all should strive to their utmost to redeem the pledges made during the present year, so that the organization can begin the new year at Hot Springs ready for new and greater accomplishments.

Among the pledges made at the Savannah convention was one of \$6,085 toward the establishment of a "Woodrow Wilson Memorial Scholarship" at the University of Virginia. Please do your best to secure payment of pledges to this fund in full.

At the Savannah convention the following resolution, offered by Mrs. P. L. Holt, of North Carolina, was read and unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, it being the wish of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to push forward the great work of education and at the same time honor a woman of the organization who has served in capacities of dignity and honor, with fairness and justice to all, thus becoming an object of great love and admiration of the entire organization; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we establish a Fellowship at the Randolph-Macon Woman's College, of Lynchburg, Va., to be valued at \$15,000, and to be known as the Cornelia Branch Stone Scholarship of the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

If for no other reason, as a loving tribute to the memory of this illustrious and noble woman, who gave so freely and generously of her time, ability, and strength for the interests of our organization, all U. D. C. members, Chapters, and Divisions should subscribe liberally toward the establishment of this scholarship.

A letter of thanks was sent to Mrs. Holt by Mrs. Stone a few weeks before her death, which will be of interest to all U. D. C. members. It read as follows:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 2, 1925.

"*My Dear Mrs. Holt and Dear Members of the North Carolina Division of the U. D. C., who adopted me as 'Honorary Member' in days of 'auld lang syne':* It is not easy to express to you my appreciation of the great honor you conferred on me in the recent general convention, U. D. C., held in Savannah, Ga.

"Your action was so overwhelming in its surprise and the feeling that the Daughters of your State thought me worthy of such distinction among so many fine women of achievement and great accomplishment.

"Therefore I accept it as an offering of love instead of judgment, and this, to me, gives an added value to the tribute.

"None other could have pleased me so well, because of the plan of your bestowal, which embraces the educational benefactions to the young girls of our country, extending and continuing to future generations.

"When my nightly prayers ascend to our Great Creator and Father, I never fail to give thanks to him for having raised up many loving friends to cheer me on my journey to the many milestones of old age; for my 'Daughters,' who have striven to stand up on the towers of truth and justice in commemorating the service of our heroes who wore the gray, the matchless army of the Confederacy, to whom I have tried to give loving thought and honor, have inspired me to try to be faithful to the end, and they welcome me at all times with words and deeds of love.

"Your late offering to honor my name has given me a heart warming for all time!

"Yours loyally,

CORNELIA BRANCH STONE."

Another cause which calls for consecrated effort this year is the securing of funds for the \$30,000 Historical Foundation Fund, recommended at the last annual convention in the report of the Historian General. It is unanimously recognized that the work of the History Department, in perpetuating and preserving the true history of the South, is the most vital of all our undertakings, and we are all charged with the sacred responsibility of doing our utmost for this work. Subscriptions to this fund, and communications in regard to it, should be sent to the General Chairman for this work, who is Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, Historian General, of Charleston, S. C.

Other members of the committee include:

Alabama—Mrs. E. L. Huey, Bessemer.

Arizona—Mrs. W. E. Patterson, 806 Mill Avenue, Tempe.

Arkansas—Mrs. J. E. Watts, 914 West Fourth Avenue, Pine Bluff.

California—Mrs. William Scott Faulkner, 1306 Sherman Street, Alameda.

Colorado—Mrs. J. M. DeWeese, 1245 York Street, Denver.

Florida—Mrs. F. L. Ezell, 1200 Main Street, Leesburg.

Georgia—Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens; Assistant, Miss Lillie Martin, Hawkinsville.

Illinois—Mrs. Louis K. Williamson, 5740 Kenwood Avenue Chicago.

Kentucky—Mrs. George R. Martin, Lafayette Hotel, Lexington.

Louisiana—Mrs. T. W. Bradt, 220 Bolton Avenue, Alexandria.

Maryland—Mrs. LeRoy McCardell, Frederick.

Mississippi—Mrs. T. B. Holloman, Itta Bena.

Missouri—Mrs. A. C. Meyer, 5954 Flora Boulevard, St. Louis.

New York—Mrs. A. J. Field, 54 Morningside Avenue, New York.

North Carolina—Mrs. John Anderson, Fayetteville.

Ohio—Mrs. Alice Preston Bigler, 3434 Edward Road, Hyde Park, Cincinnati.

Oklahoma—Mrs. John K. Spears, 532 West Thirty-First Street, Oklahoma City.

South Carolina—Mrs. J. F. Walker, Union.

Tennessee—Mrs. Leon B. Kirby, 901 Stirling Avenue, North Chattanooga.

Texas—Mrs. Bettie McGruder, San Angelo.

Virginia—Miss Annie V. Mann, Box 440, Petersburg.

Washington—Mrs. H. A. Calahan, Seattle.

West Virginia—Miss Ora Tomlinson, 210 West Liberty Street, Charles Town.

Indiana—Mrs. Cornelia Meadows, 114 Line Street, Evansville.

Massachusetts—Mrs. O. W. Wiley, 20 Hawthorne Road, Wellesley Hills.

New Jersey—Mrs. William S. Crothers, Essex County Country Club, Hutton Park, West Orange.

Pennsylvania (Philadelphia Chapter)—Mrs. T. Franklin Morgan, 903 Marlyn Road, Overbrook, Philadelphia.

Pennsylvania (Pittsburg Chapter)—Mrs. William C. Weckerle, 713 Hastings Street, Pittsburg.

At the general convention held in Chattanooga, a resolution was adopted embodying the following idea: "That every U. D. C. member place the right hand over the heart and stand silently and quietly whenever the national anthem is played or sung and whenever the colors pass in review." Outward signs of patriotic respect are necessary among all civilized peoples, and your President General would remind all U. D. C. members that, having passed such a resolution, they should be careful to observe the form we have imposed upon ourselves and deport ourselves accordingly on all public occasions. It is necessary, I am sure, only to remind members of this obligation to have every Daughter strictly observe it.

Mrs. S. C. Dillon, President of the U. D. C. Chapter at Hot Springs, Ark., announces that the New Arlington Hotel, of that city, will be headquarters for the annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to be held there in November next.

Mrs. W. H. Terry, P. O. Box 154, San Juan, Porto Rico, writes that an earnest group of women resident in that city, eligible for membership in our organization, have completed plans for securing a charter for the first Chapter there.

May the God of our fathers strengthen us and help us in our work, and through that work may we come in closer fellowship with him who went about doing good!

Sincerely yours, ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

THE CONVENTION IN NOVEMBER.

The Hot Springs Chapter and the Arkansas Division, as well as all Daughters of the Wonder State, are making great preparations for the general convention, U. D. C., which convenes in Hot Springs, November, 1925.

We are expecting that this will be one of the best conventions in point of attendance that has been held for many years. We are expecting a full delegation, and we are preparing to entertain you royally; and we do not think it too early to announce some of our plans.

The headquarters for the convention will be the New Arlington Hotel. The rates for our convention will be furnished on application.

All meetings will be held in the large auditorium on the second floor of the hotel. Committee rooms will be conveniently located, so that this convention will have as a central note *convenience*.

Make your reservations early, and if there is anything the local committee on arrangements can do for you at any time, please write us. We shall be glad to serve you. We will keep you informed from time to time; but keep in mind that we want you *all* to come to the Hot Springs convention.

Mrs. S. E. Dillon, President Hot Springs Chapter, U. D. C., Chairman.

Mrs. Lora Goolsby, President Arkansas, Division, U. D. C., Vice Chairman, Local Arrangement Committee.

U. D. C. NOTES.

A request comes from Mrs. W. H. Estabrook, Custodian of Crosses, that those contemplating ordering crosses will please do so in plenty of time. Mrs. Estabrook regrets exceedingly that so many failed to receive crosses in time for June 3, but in every case the orders failed to reach her within the absolutely necessary time to be filled.

* * *

After a long silence, Miss Lillian Cave sends the following notes from Arizona, and these show that that Division is keeping up its good record.

"Arizona is able to report a notable achievement in the recent designation and marking of the Jefferson Davis National Highway through the State. The route will include the famous Apache trail, most wonderful scenic highway in the United States. This has been accomplished through the untiring efforts of Mrs. W. T. Crawford, of Phoenix, and the generous assistance of Gov. George W. P. Hunt and Mr. W. B. LeFebvre, State Highway Engineer, and son of a Confederate veteran.

"This year our Division awarded a medal for historical essay in the Tempe State Teachers' College; subject: 'James-town, First English Settlement in America.' The winner was Miss Margaret Hamilton.

"The Robert E. Lee Chapter joined Dixie Chapter in a picnic celebrating the eighth birthday of the latter, the place of meeting being an interesting natural formation, Hole-in-Rock, in the Saguaro National Monument, between Tempe and Phoenix. Here, amidst tall saguaro cactus and other beautiful desert plants, a conference of the two Chapters was held, with hills and purple mountains forming an impressive background.

"The evening of June 3, the Robert E. Lee Chapter delightfully entertained the Dixie in Phoenix on the lovely lawn of Mrs. B. M. Atwood. Here, where the trees formed a pleasant seclusion beneath starry skies and the Southwestern moon, a delicious Southern dinner was served, followed by an interesting Davis program, the main feature of which was an address on Jefferson Davis by Mrs. A. D. Quinn, the Division President."

Miss Cave adds, in a personal letter, that they hope "some day to place interstate markers on the highway like those between the Carolinas and between Virginia and North Carolina, as shown recently in the VETERAN."

* * *

Mrs. William Stillwell, of Little Rock, writes that the Arkansas Division, under the leadership of Mrs. George B. Gill, Past President, is determined to go over the top before the Hot Springs meeting in the sale of "The Women of the South in War Times." Arkansas can be counted on to carry out her plans.

From Mrs. F. C. Kolman, of New Orleans, we learn that the birthday of General P. G. T. Beauregard, May 28, was fittingly observed by the Louisiana Division at the Confederate Home on Bayou St. John. The exercises were held on the beautiful lawn in front of the infirmary, that all might enjoy the music of the Stanocola Band of forty-five pieces, and the other numbers of the program.

After a delightful program, punch, cake, and cigars were served by the committee in charge to the veterans.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of New Orleans, was hostess Chapter for the celebration of the birthday of Jefferson Davis in Memorial Hall. Interspersed with vocal numbers, the following were interesting features of the program:

Address on Stonewall Jackson, by Mr. W. O. Hart.

Presentation of portrait of Gen. John McGrath, through Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, by Mrs. Arthur Weber.

Address on Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, Division President.

Presentation of the sword of Lieutenant Bankston by his daughter, Mrs. L. E. Barnes, to Stonewall Jackson Chapter.

Address by Mrs. J. P. Smith, Honorary President U. D. C.

* * *

The plans of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, for presenting "Dixie" by the Yale University Press were most successfully carried out. This took the place of their annual Historical Evening. In the theater, with a seating capacity of 1,600, there was standing room only. The entire audience were guests of the Chapter, including 300 school-teachers from the county, the graduating classes in all the high schools and private schools, the clergy, the mayor and the council. Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, who assisted in planning and directing the film, was introduced by the Division President, Mrs. Canby, and told most interestingly how the film was made. This innovation was the idea of Miss Anne Bruin, President of the Chapter, who, in a costume of red and white, welcomed the guests from the stage.

The Maryland Division celebrated President Davis's birthday at the Belvedere, Mrs. Preston Power, the Division Publicity Chairman, being hostess and receiving the guests at the entrance to the banquet hall. The Chaplain General, U. C. V. Dr. Henry Marvin Wharton, honored the Division by wearing his Confederate uniform.

Two of the veterans of the World War receiving Service Crosses were formerly members of the Charles S. Winder Chapter, C. of C. a Chapter that has been functioning for twelve years.

These young men are J. F. Gorsuch and M. C. Hawkins.

Memorial Day exercises were held at Loudon Park, on June 6, with large attendance.

* * *

Mrs. McMahan, of Blackwater, writes that plans are under way for the twenty-eighth annual convention of the Missouri Division, to be held in St. Louis, in October, the five Chapters of that city being hostesses. The Missouri Daughters are hoping very much that the President General, Mrs. Harrold, will attend.

June 3, 1925, will always be a pleasant memory to all who were at the Confederate Home on that day. Besides the inmates, veterans, and Daughters from all over Missouri were there. A band of music was liberal with Southern airs.

Two splendid programs were carried out at the Home Cemetery, the handsome Confederate monument in the center was draped with the United States and Confederate silk flags. Six hundred graves were decorated with Confederate flags. These flags were given by Maj. Harvey W. Salmon, of St. Louis.

The second program took place in front of the main building in the beautiful Confederate Memorial Park—music, readings, toasts, and an address by Hon. Lew Gabbert, of Kansas City.

At a meeting in Higginsville, the Board of the Confederate Home dissolved and turned over the management of its affairs to the Missouri Division, U. D. C. A check for \$2,556.18 was given to the Division Treasurer, Mrs. Duggins, by the Board. This money will be used exclusively on the Cemetery at the Home. The retiring Board indorsed Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, the Superintendent and Matron.

The Jefferson Davis Chapter, of Palmyra, recently held a "Covered Dish Luncheon" at the home of a member, after which an enjoyable program was rendered. An honored guest on this occasion was a great niece of President Davis, Miss Virginia Shumate, of Edina, Mo.

* * *

We were very much interested in the following information concerning the work of the C. of C. in North Carolina:

The Division Director, Mrs. E. R. MacKethan, of C. of C., registered last year 866 new members and organized eleven new Chapters. Contributions to various causes amounted to \$3,462.33.

1. Outstanding work of C. of C. of North Carolina is educational. They assume the entire responsibility for two scholarships at the State College for girls, valued at \$130 each; and a scholarship for a boy at the State University; value, \$200.

The girls and boys holding these scholarships must be "worthy and needy descendants of Confederate veterans."

2. Historical work of particular importance and interest to the C. of C. of North Carolina: The Prize List (for Historical Essays) includes thirteen prizes of \$5 and \$10 in gold and a medal, for the best essays submitted by young people on assigned subjects. Space forbids a list of these subjects, but every one of them requires just the research that our Southern children need to do.

3. Every old lady at the Confederate Woman's Home in Fayetteville, N. C., has been "adopted" by one of the various C. of C. Chapters in the State

* * *

Mrs. C. A. Galbraith sends a list of the officers elected at the seventeenth annual convention of the Oklahoma Division on June 3-5, at Sulphur. The next annual meeting will be in Ada, with Veterans and Sons.

President.—Mrs. R. M. Jones, Muskogee.

First Vice President.—Mrs. E. Forest Hayden, Tulsa.

Second Vice President.—Mrs. T. J. Lally, McAlester.

Third Vice President.—Mrs. Sam Maddux, Lawton.

Fourth Vice President.—Mrs. D. Work, Durant.

Recording Secretary.—Mrs. Count Dunaway, Shawnee.

Corresponding Secretary.—Mrs. E. T. Bray, Henryetta.

Treasurer.—Mrs. Victor H. Cochrane, Tulsa.

Registrar.—Mrs. Leslye Reynolds, Chickasha.

Historian.—Mrs. John K. Spears, Oklahoma City.

Recorder of Crosses.—Mrs. A. D. Jones, Sayre.

Custodian of Flags.—Mrs. F. B. Morris, Antlers.

Auxiliary Director.—Mrs. W. T. DeSpain, Enid.

Chaplain.—Mrs. G. B. Hester, Muskogee.

Parliamentarian.—Mrs. T. F. Gorman, Battlesville.

State Editor.—Mrs. C. A. Galbraith, Ada.

* * *

In spite of the fact that nearly all of the U. D. C. Chapters in South Carolina disband through the summer months, Mrs. Farley finds that a few have activities to report.

Education is always dear to the hearts of U. D. C., members, and the Johnson Hagood Chapter, of Barnwell, is offering a prize of \$5 in gold to the club of Council of Farm Women raising the most money for school improvement.

The Elloree Chapter is sending a granddaughter of a Confederate veteran to the summer school at Lander College.

The Lucinda Horne Chapter, of Saluda, has raised the money for a scholarship for the adult school to be held at Anderson College during August.

Mrs. O. P. Black, State President, recently entertained Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, ex-President General, with a beautiful reception. Many women prominent in club work were present.

Miss Marion Salley, Director of Edisto District, reports a new Chapter at Holly Hill, in Orangeburg County. This is the fifth Chapter organized in this county in nine months, making a total of eight Chapters and a membership of five hundred. Orangeburg is very proud of this record.

* * *

The Tennessee Division held its annual convention at Cleveland, May 1, 1925, with good attendance, and reports of work accomplished during the past year were very satisfactory. The completion of the fund for the Memorial Hall at Peabody College, Nashville, is now the leading feature work of this Division. The officers elected for the ensuing year are:

President, Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, Nashville.
First Vice President, Mrs. J. W. Malone, Cleveland.
Second Vice President, Mrs. W. Mark Harrison, Nashville.
Third Vice President, Mrs. W. C. Schwalmeyer, Memphis.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. A. Martin, Memphis.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Eleanor Gillespie, Murfreesboro.

Treasurer, Mrs. L. C. Hooper, Dickson.
Historian, Mrs. Leon D. Kirby, Chattanooga.
Registrar, Mrs. H. H. Dyer, Memphis.
Director C. of C., Miss Harriet Echols, Sewanee.
Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. L. Ferguson, South Pittsburg.
Custodian of Flags, Mrs. A. B. Martin, Lebanon.
Poet Laureate, Mrs. W. E. Moses, Knoxville.
Chaplain, Mrs. Nathaniel Gooch, Nashville.

* * *

In a special message sent to the Chapters of Texas Division, Mrs. J. K. Bivins, of Longview, Tex., President of the Division, stresses the educational work of the Division as next in importance to the work in behalf of the Confederate veterans, and she urges the payment of all pledges toward the scholarships established by the Savannah convention. The collecting of World War records is also a special feature of this Division, and she feels that the gathering of these records of Confederate descendants is a means of preserving correct history. The Jefferson Davis Highway and the Stone Mountain Memorial are also brought out prominently in this letter.

* * *

Report has come of the sudden death, on June 8, of Mrs. Ernest F. Bell, of the Stonewall Chapter, in Chicago, an honored and active member until her health failed some years ago. She had been prominently identified with the Southern women's organizations of that city, having served as President of the Southern Women's Club and of the Illinois Division, U. D. C., and in many other important capacities. Her body was taken to the old home in Mississippi to rest among the loved ones gone before.

Apropos to the interesting account of the unveiling of the Maj. Gen. de Polignac monument, appearing in the May VETERAN, and to the description in the June number of the formal reception tendered the Princess de Polignac and her son by the Charleston (S. C.) Chapter, U. D. C., there have come to this department some incidents of their visit that will prove most readable. That the Confederate South and its descendants appreciate the sympathy and service of this brilliant French soldier, and the loyal interest manifested in its history by his widow and their children was clearly demonstrated by the tributes that were paid these distinguished French friends of the Confederate cause.

In Washington and in Richmond they were greeted by those who had known the days of the sixties, or had been taught their glorious story by revered and honored parents who had been part of that historic past. In Charleston, besides the brilliant reception tendered by the U. D. C. Chapter in its Chapter House, the famous "Market Hall," the Rebecca Motte Chapter, D. A. R., gave a reception in honor of the Princess and her son in their Chapter House, the historic "Old Exchange" of Revolutionary fame, where Washington and Lafayette had been entertained before them. The silver service of the U. S. battleship South Carolina was used on this occasion, and the silver cups out of which the Princess and the Prince drank were inscribed with their names and marked with a French flag. These will never be used again for less important personages. The South Carolina Society of the Colonial Dames opened their historic Chapter House, "The Old Powder Magazine," a building dating from the Colonial period, with a brilliant and representative reception in their honor. They were taken to the celebrated azalea gardens at "Magnolia" and at "Middleton," which were at their peak of bloom; were given a water trip around the historic harbor of Charleston, reminiscent of Beauregard; and a close view of Fort Sumter was enjoyed, with the French flag flying at the mast head of the trim little private yacht which was entertaining them. The South Carolina Military Academy, "the Citadel," paid tribute to the memory of the Confederate General de Polignac by requesting his son to review the corps of cadets, over three hundred in number. The Prince's address to the officers of the corps on this occasion is one of

(Continued on page 317.)

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

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

U. D. C. STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

September.

Assassination of Lincoln, April 14, 1865.

Grant and terms of surrender.

Imprisonment of Jefferson Davis.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

September.

General Joseph Wheeler.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Freeman
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkin
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Field
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

MRS. ELECTRA SEMMES COLSTON.

BY ARMANTE FINLAY

On the morning of June 3, 1925, a long life of patriotic devotion and unselfish sacrifice came to an end with the death of Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, eldest daughter of Raphael and Anne Spencer Semmes. She died at her home at Battle's Wharf, Ala., just across the bay from Mobile, the city where the greater part of her life of nearly eighty-three years had been spent.

Mrs. Colston came of distinguished ancestry dating back to Colonial and Revolutionary days. Her father was an officer in the United States navy and had served with distinction in the war with Mexico. When the War between the States came on, he cast in his lot with his beloved South and, first as commander of the gallant Confederate vessel, the Alabama, and later as rear admiral of the gunboat fleet at Richmond, Raphael Semmes wrote his name high on the imperishable scroll of fame.

But long before the Southern Cross had flashed its brilliant course across the Southern skies, Captain Semmes had proved himself not only a gallant officer, but a scholar of distinction, and he took into his own hand the education of his children during the periods when his duty afforded the opportunity to be at home with his family. The brilliant mind of his eldest daughter was a fertile field for the seeds of knowledge sown under his expert guidance, as was evident in later years when fate made it necessary for her, a young widow with two baby boys, to become the breadwinner. Her record as a teacher in Barton Academy, the girls' high school of Mobile, has never been surpassed. For forty years she instilled into successive generations of young girls those lofty aspirations, that thirst for knowledge, that fine patriotism that so filled her own heart, mind, and soul. For well over a quarter of a century she was principal of the school, and her teachers, as well as pupils, found her a loyal and devoted friend as well as peerless leader.

Electra Semmes was born at Pensacola, Fla., January 29, 1843, her father being then stationed at the Pensacola Navy Yard. She was the third in a family of six children. Two older brothers, Spencer and Oliver J. Semmes, were officers in the Confederate army, the former a captain of infantry, the latter a major of artillery. The younger brother, Raphael Semmes, was too young for service at the beginning of the war, but toward its close he ran away from home and served as powder monkey on a Confederate vessel. The three brothers are dead, and only two sisters survive her—Mrs. C. B.

Bryan, who was Miss Anna Semmes, and Mrs. Luke E. Wright (Miss Katherine Semmes), both of Memphis, Tenn.

A year before the close of the war, Miss Electra Semmes was married to Capt. Pendleton Colston, of Louisville, Ky., a Confederate officer, and a little over three years later she was a young widow with two little boys, one of them a baby of six months. Through her devotion and unselfish bearing of life's burdens, her children found in her both father and mother. She made her home with her parents in Mobile, and after the death of Admiral Semmes, some ten years after losing her husband, she and her mother continued in the old home, which was the rallying point for all patriotic movements.

Despite the strenuous work as a teacher and duties incident to rearing her boys, Mrs. Colston found time to keep up the literary work which she so loved, and she was a valued member of a number of literary clubs. Her reading was extensive, her knowledge of current affairs was great, and her interest in all that had to do with her city, State, or country was unflagging. In the patriotic societies she was counted among the leaders, and she held the love and loyalty of all with whom she was associated. She was a member of the Colonial Dames, and of the Daughters of the American Revolution, but memories of the days when her beloved father trod the deck of his gallant little ship, when her brothers and husband were fighting with the army of the gray, burned with a fire as steady as her love for the South, so it was to the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association and to the Daughters of the Confederacy that she gave unstintingly of her time and her genius for organization and successful endeavor. For many years she was President of the Memorial Association, sharing in the work of caring for and decorating the graves of the Confederate dead in Magnolia Cemetery; and she organized the first Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Mobile, and, in tribute to her, it was called the Electra Semmes Colston Chapter, and she was made its Life President.

The same type of loyal devotion that she gave to her family and her country she manifested toward her Church. A consistent and earnest member of the Roman Catholic Church, she found time in the midst of a full and busy life to help the poor and the unfortunate, and was an active member of the board in charge of the girls' orphanage.

Death came to her after a long period of ill health, which had forced her to give up her active life. Both of her sons had died, and after the death of her brother, Judge Oliver J. Semmes, she and a beloved daughter, the widow of her younger son, made their home at Battle's Wharf. With a devotion as

touching as that of Ruth to Naomi, the younger Mrs. Colston ministered to her mother-in-law in her declining years.

All Mobile paid tribute to her memory. The funeral services were held in the Catholic Cathedral, with Bishop Allen officiating; uniformed members of the Raphael Semmes Camp of Confederate Veterans attended in a body, as did members of the patriotic societies to which she belonged. The church was filled with sorrowing friends from every walk of life, among them two or three generations of the girls who had loved her as their wise and kindly teacher.

In a grave in the Catholic Cemetery in Mobile sleeps all that is mortal of a woman whose life typified all that is best and noblest in the women of that Old South, land of heroic women as well as heroic men; but in those far realms where the saints rest from their labors, a soul that was faithful unto death has reaped its reward of eternal life. A true Daughter of the Confederacy has passed on to higher and eternal service, leaving behind her sweet memories, fragrant as the magnolias and jasmine of the land that gave her birth, the land she loved and served throughout her long and beautiful life.

"They fell devoted but undying,
The very gale their names seems sighing.
The waters murmur of their name,
The woods are peopled with their fame.
The silent granite, lone and gray,
Claims kindred with their sacred clay.
Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkles o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their fame forever.
Despite of every yoke she bears
The land is glory's still, and theirs."

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL COIN.

Have you a Stone Mountain Memorial Coin? Have you given them to your children? Have you sent them to your friends? Why wait? The sooner this mintage is exhausted, the more credit will redound to the South and the sooner the monument will be completed.

"Unparalleled in the annals of nations was the minting of this coin by an act passed unanimously by the Congress of the United States and freely signed by the President as a tribute to the valor of the soldier of the South," says the *Atlanta Journal*. Well-known people throughout the country have written to this paper in acceptance of a gift of this coin. Here are a few extracts from many hundreds of letters.

Editorial from *Boston Transcript*: "It may be needless to record that the coins are being bought as freely in the North as in the South. This is as it should be. The North never has disagreed with the well-nigh universal estimate of Lee as one of the greatest military strategists of modern times, nor does it withhold its appreciation of the purity of his life and the sacred affections in which he is held by the Southern people."

Mr. Edward S. Pierce; "I sincerely thank you for the silver coin minted as a tribute 'to the valor of the soldier of the South.' The inclosed bit of a Confederacy battle flag, captured from the 44th Georgia by the 43rd New York Volunteers, Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps, May 1, 1864, I found among my father's war records. He was Capt. E. C. Pierce, signal officer, Sixth Corps Headquarters, U. S. A. In the spirit of the real America of to-day, I am sending it to you to pass along, if you wish, to some one who

would care to have it for what it represents. I hope this modest gesture will aid in strengthening the real friendship which to-day binds the North to the South."

Mr. Albert Shaw, editor, *Review of Reviews*, New York: "I shall keep it as a souvenir of extraordinary interest, and pass it on to one of my sons, because it symbolizes a great achievement. . . . But this is not the greatest achievement to which I refer. I have in mind the recovery of national good will and the regaining of a power to appreciate and to nationalize the country's men of noble character and self-sacrificing devotion."

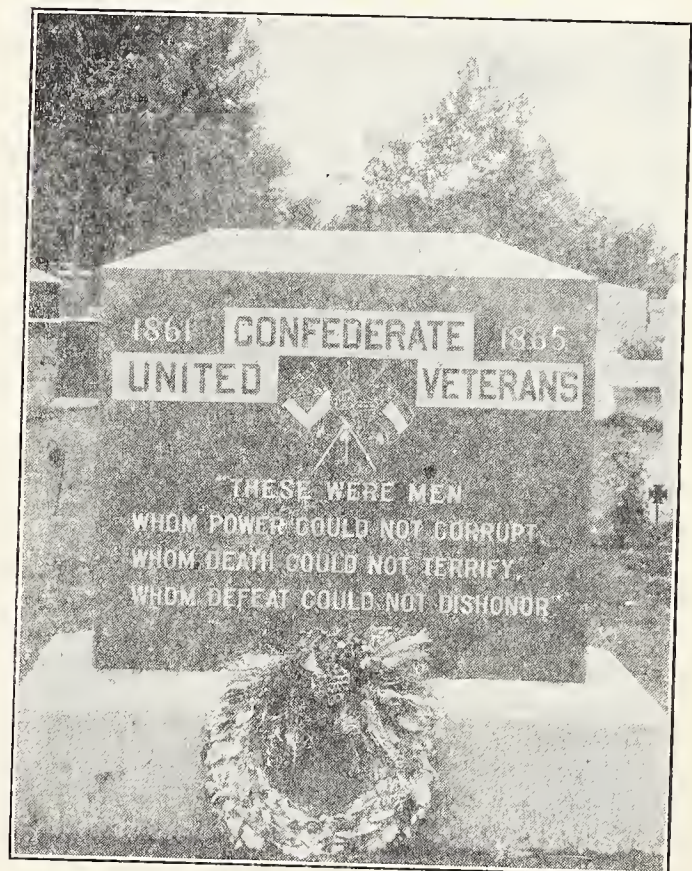
CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

The beautiful gray granite monument placed in Fairlawn Cemetery by the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association of Oklahoma City, Okla., was dedicated on the 3rd of June, 1923, and presented to the Confederate veterans through Mrs. James R. Armstrong, President of the Association. It is a handsome stone, six feet high, six feet wide, and three and a half feet thick. On the face is this inscription:

1861—1865.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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



On the reverse is:

DEDICATED TO OUR BELOVED

CONFEDERATE DEAD

BY THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., JUNE 3, 1923.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
 PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark. *Surgeon in Chief*
 JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 REV. ALBERT S. JOHNSON, Charlotte, N. C. *Chaplain in Chief*
 DON FARNSWORTH, New York City. *Commissary in Chief*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, *Chairman*. Wilmington, N. C.
 N. B. FORREST. Atlanta, Ga.
 JOHN M. KINARD. Newberry, S. C.
 LUCIUS L. MOSS. Lake Charles, La.
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY. Wichita Falls, Tex.
 JESSE ANTHONY. Washington, D. C.
 L. A. MORTON. Duncan, Okla.



DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA. . . . John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
 ARMY TENNESSEE. Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.
 ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—Washington.
 Fielding M. Lewis
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York City. Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Savannah. Dr. W. R. Dancy
 KENTUCKY—Lexington. W. V. McFerrin
 LOUISIANA—Monroe. J. W. McWilliams
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. W. Scott Hancock
 MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo. John M. Witt
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell. Harry D. Calhoun
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. T. E. Powers
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. A. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

FROM HEADQUARTERS.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS S. C. V.
 RICHMOND, VA., June 15, 1925.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

To be read before all camps of the Confederation.

By virtue of my election as Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the thirtieth annual convention of the Sons' organization, held in Dallas, May 19-22, 1925, I have assumed command of the Departments, Divisions, Brigades, and Camps comprising the Confederation.

I hereby officially announce the reelection by the Executive Council of Walter L. Hopkins, Law Building, Richmond, Va., as Adjutant in Chief. At the request of the Adjutant in Chief, he has been bonded in the Fidelity and Casualty Company in the sum of \$5,000 (five thousand 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 John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C., Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department; Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La., Commander Army of Tennessee Department; Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va., Historian in Chief; L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla., Commander Army of Trans-Mississippi Department; and Jesse Anthony, Washington, D. C., member of the Executive Council.

I wish to call your attention to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our official organ. Every member of the Confederation should subscribe to this worthy publication. It is the desire of the Commander in Chief that the Camp and Division officers send, monthly, news items concerning his Camp or Division to Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief, Lynchburg, Va., for publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. By doing this you will greatly lighten the burden of your Historian in Chief and render a signal service in the cause we espouse.

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 unanimously electing him as your Commander in Chief. He earnestly hopes that the members and officers of the Confederation will carry the message of the high principles and ideals for which our organization stands to the people throughout the country that all may hear it and understand the position the Sons of Confederate Veterans have taken in the affairs of the nation and

the work it is accomplishing for the good of the South and our reunited country.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.

June 25, 1925.

1. I hereby announce the appointment of the following members of my official staff, effective as of May 23, 1925. Appointment of committees and additional members of my staff will be announced at a later date:

Dr. Morgan Smith, Surgeon in Chief, Little Rock, Ark.
 Paul S. Etheridge, Judge Advocate in Chief, Atlanta, Ga.
 H. T. Wilcox, Inspector in Chief, Marion, S. C.
 Joe H. Ford, Quartermaster in Chief, Wagoner, Okla.
 Rev. Albert Sidney Johnston, Chaplain in Chief, Charlotte, N. C.

Don Farnsworth, Commissary in Chief, 17 East Forty-Second Street, New York.

2. I also announce the appointment of the following Division Commanders, who will serve during my term of office or until the election of a Division Commander by their respective conventions:

Dr. W. E. Quinn, Fort Payne, Ala.
 E. R. Wiles, 117 Center Street, Little Rock, Ark.
 Fielding M. Lewis, Washington, D. C.
 Silas W. Fry, 771 West End Avenue, New York City.
 Dr. W. R. Dancy, Savannah, Ga.
 J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
 W. V. McFerrin, 400 Fayette Bank Building, Lexington, Ky.

John M. Witt, Tupelo, Miss.

W. Scott Hancock, Boatmen's Bank Building, St. Louis, Mo.

C. M. Brown, Asheville, N. C.

Harry D. Calhoun, Barnwell, S. C.

J. L. Highsaw, care Tech High School, Memphis, Tenn.

G. W. Sidebottom, Huntington, W. Va.

3. The Division Commanders will appoint immediately their staff as follows: Adjutant, Inspector, Judge Advocate, Quartermaster, Commissary, Surgeon, Historian, Chaplain and Color Bearer, and as many Brigade Commanders as he may deem wise, provided he shall not appoint more than one Brigade Commander for each two Congressional Districts. Each Division Commander will send at once a list of his appointees to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Richmond, Va., and a list to Arthur H. Jennings, Historian Chief, Lynchburg, Va., for publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

The Division Commanders will begin at once to organize their respective Divisions for the next general convention, which will be held in Birmingham, Ala, in 1926.

4. I again wish to call your attention to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our official publication. Every member of the Confederation should subscribe for it, so he can receive the official news of our Confederation as well as that of the Confederate Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy. The subscription price is only \$1.50 per year. Send your remittance to-day to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

By order of

Official: DR. W. C. GALLOWAY,
Commander in Chief, S. C. V.
WALTER L. HOPKINS,
Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.

HONOR CAMPS.

Bulletin No. 1.

CAMPS WHICH HAD A PAID UP MEMBERSHIP OF FIFTY OR OVER AT THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL CONVENTION AT DALLAS, MAY 19-22, 1925.

To be read before every camp of the confederation:

No.	Camp.	City and State.	Members.
981	Stonewall Jackson.....	Richmond, Va.....	348
49	James M. Cochran.....	Dallas, Tex.....	283
1	R. E. Lee.....	Richmond, Va.....	231
985	New York.....	New York, N. Y.....	200
93	Francis S. Bartow.....	Savannah, Ga.....	190
849	Thomas D. Johnston....	Asheville, N. C.....	169
947	A. S. Johnston.....	Houston, Tex.....	151
709	J. W. Bachman.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.....	142
583	R. T. W. Duke.....	Charlottesville, Va.....	130
481	Jefferson Davis.....	Oklahoma City, Okla....	117
46	John B. Gordon.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	106
902	N. B. Forrest.....	Duncan, Okla.....	105
145	Sterling Price.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	103
56	Philip Preston Johnston.	Lexington, Ky.....	101
215	N. B. Forrest.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	100
305	Washington.....	Washington, D. C.....	100
645	Harrisburg.....	Tupelo, Miss.....	97
5	George Davis.....	Wilmington, N. C.....	92
10	Col. D. H. Lee Martz....	Harrisonburg, Va.....	81
600	Nicholas J. Sandlin.....	Minden, La.....	78
426	J. McEnery.....	Monroe, La.....	72
229	Haywood.....	Waynesville, N. C.....	68
183	Harvey Walker.....	Lynnville, Tenn.....	63
23	Stonewall Jackson.....	Charlotte, N. C.....	59
94	Albany-Georgia.....	Albany, Ga.....	59
808	R. R. Davenport.....	Fort Wayne, Ala.....	58
97	Robert C. Newton.....	Little Rock, Ark.....	57
35	John M. Kinard.....	Newberry, S. C.....	56
30	Beauregard.....	New Orleans, La.....	55
64	Pope Walker.....	Huntsville, Ala.....	53
013	Watt-Graves.....	Bedford City, Va.....	53
51	Corinth.....	Corinth, Miss.....	51
13	B. F. Weathers.....	Roanoke, Ala.....	50
3	A. S. Johnston.....	Roanoke, Va.....	50
61	Stonewall Jackson.....	Staunton, Va.....	50
48	Neimeyer-Shaw.....	Norfolk, Va.....	50

There is not a Camp in the Confederation which could not have a paid-up membership of at least fifty members if the Camp officers would only give ten minutes a week to the work of securing them. Try it and see the results. Look at Philip Preston Johnston Camp No. 56, Lexington, Ky., which was organized March 18, 1925, and now has one hundred and one members. Why? Because the Commander and officers of the Camp are "go-getters." Every Camp of the Confederation can do the same thing by giving ten minutes a week to the work.

WALTER L. HOPKINS,
Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V.

TIDINGS FROM NEW YORK CAMP, S. C. V.

Comrade Wells Hawks, 140 West Forty-Second Street, New York City, a member of New York Camp, S. C. V., sends us the following notes of interest from his section. Remember, this Camp reports two hundred members to the Dallas convention. There is good work going on up there, and we hope that we shall soon have five hundred active members in the imperial city. There is not a spot on earth where an active working Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans can do more good for history and the general good of the order than in New York City. Comrade Hawks reports:

"Under the auspices of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City memorial services were held May 31 at the Confederate Veterans' plot in New Hope Cemetery. The military escort and firing squad was supplied through the courtesy of Maj. Gen. Charles P. Summerall, commanding the United States army corps area of this section. Many of the members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans attended the services, among them Hartwell B. Grubbs, Commander, and Davis W. Timberlake, Adjutant."

Commander Hartwell B. Grubbs, of New York Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, announces that at the September meeting a visit is expected from Augustus Lukeman, the sculptor now engaged to execute the Stone Mountain Memorial; also a visit is expected from the Commander in Chief, Dr. W. B. Galloway, of Wilmington, N. C.

This camp was represented at the Dallas reunion by Stanley G. Southworth and William E. Turner.

Comrade Bernard M. Baruch has presented the Camp with a handsome banner, and a fine silk Confederate flag was supplied by Comrade Alois Von Isakovics. These flags were carried in the parade to Mount Hope Cemetery.

Announcement is made of the marriage of the Camp Chaplain, Rev. Thomas Bond Holloway, rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, to Miss Dorothy Hill, at St. John's Church, on June 23.

Comrade Wells J. Hawks, a grandson of Maj. Wells J. Hawks, of Stonewall Jackson's staff, and a son of Arthur W. (Sunshine) Hawks, was awarded a medal on May 30 by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the presentation being made through Lawson Botts Chapter at Charles Town, W. Va. Commander Hawks served in the navy in the World War.

RESOLUTION No. 2.

This resolution, adopted by the Sons of Confederate Veterans' convention at Dallas, referred the Daniel Long booklet, "Jefferson Davis," to the Historian in Chief for "his approval and recommendation." The review and comments on this booklet will be found on another page of this issue of the VETERAN.

A GROWING LIST.—George B. Bolling, of Memphis, Tenn., has stirred up another S. C. V. patron of the VETERAN, and sends the following letter coming from William S. Hale, of Elk Creek, Va., who speaks of having seen mention in the June number of the third subscriber S. C. V., and says: "Well, here is the fourth. I have been a subscriber for the past four years and expect to take it as long as I live. I attend all the reunions and delight to honor our old heroes in gray, the greatest fighters the world ever saw. My father was a member of Company A, 1st Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. I am a member of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 981 S. C. V., Richmond, Va."

"JEFFERSON DAVIS," BY DANIEL A. LONG.

REVIEWED BY A. H. JENNINGS, HISTORIAN IN CHIEF, S. C. V.

The convention at Dallas passed to the Historian the duty of awarding or withholding S. C. V. approval of Long's "Jefferson Davis," a booklet of some twenty pages. This booklet has been "recommended by the State Board of Education of North Carolina for use in the schools of the State." It goes into the justice of the cause of the South and illustrates therefrom the correctness of Mr. Davis's position. Necessarily, in its brief outlines, it omits many bright spots which could perhaps have been used to advantage even in a brief sketch. Few know the brilliant career of Davis before he became the President of one-third of this country or the value of his services to the United States as the best Secretary of War this country ever had. But Dr. Long brings out a great many interesting and valuable points.

If there is any single contention which arose before or during the sixties upon which the South could claim then and now an absolutely correct stand, whether expedient or not, as you may see fit to believe, that point was the right of a State to secede. The United States taught it to its young officers at its military school of West Point, although they were later called traitors and rebels when they put this governmental teaching into practice. Abraham Lincoln believed in it and publicly announced his belief before the Congress of the United States, holding secession as a "most valuable and most sacred right." New England believed in it and threatened it on several occasions, and was only prevented from actually putting it into effect on one occasion by a mere fluke of circumstances. Northern public men openly asserted the right of a State to secede, and the act was proclaimed "rebellion" only when the South asserted herself, realizing that her rights and privileges in the union which then existed were gone, swamped under a flood of fanaticism and sectionalism.

Dr. Long brings to the front in what must be a most disconcerting way to those history manufacturers of the country who weave their little fairy tales around the men and times of our country, some quotations from men like Sherman, Seward, etc., to show how utterly fantastic the general conception of matters of that time now are. Speaking of the colored brother, Seward says: "The great fact is fully realized that the African race here is a foreign and feeble element, incapable of assimilation—a pitiful exotic." General Sherman said: "All the congresses on earth cannot make the negro anything else than what he is. He must be subject to the white man or he must be destroyed." Lincoln said; "I am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position. There is a physical difference between the two (negroes and whites) which would forever forbid their living together upon a footing of perfect equality." Suppose these sentiments of Northern demigods and heroes were read out in a meeting of that most remarkable aggregation, "The Society for the Advancement of Colored Peoples," whose specialty is abusing the South for lynching negro rape fiends—can we imagine the horror and fury which would prevail!

Of course, later, the Northern radicals, of whom Seward, at least, was a leading spirit, tried their best to make the negro into a white man, tried their best to make the white man into a servile creature, subject, in the South, to a former servile race; but this was done on account of hate for the Southern whites, not love for the negro. Dr. Long has a way all through his booklet of introducing these dumbfounding quotations—we can only hope and pray they may meet the eyes of the ignorant and bigoted.

Unfortunately, at one little point in the booklet, error creeps in. We can hardly blame Dr. Long for it, yet it must

be corrected before the S. C. V. can recommend the booklet—and Dr. Long has promised me to correct it. I say that Dr. Long can scarcely be blamed, because the error is due to such widespread custom and insistent propaganda that one can scarcely resist, and few do, its hypnotic force and power. We all know how Lincoln is now used to point every moral and adorn every tale. It matters not whether he fits the occasion or not. If there be no word of approval from him on hand to fit the special case, the word is manufactured. This I hasten to state is no rabid utterance of mine, but is based upon my experiences in a number of cases where Lincoln would be quoted in some totally amazing way, and when I wrote, sometimes repeatedly, for authority for the quotation, in no case could the authority be given. So this error of Dr. Long's consists of introducing Lincoln into a list of Southern names which he had drawn upon to prove that a race of men such as they could not be produced by a country which could ever be Prussianized or where "autocratic dictation and the negation of local self-government could prevail." Lincoln, of course, is a most conspicuous example in our history of a man who denied local self-government to a third of this country, who set up in its most arbitrary form "autocratic dictation," and utterly shattered constitutional restrictions and provisions to do so, and whose efforts were all toward class victory in a class conflict.

Mr. Davis is fast coming into his own. We hope Dr. Long's book will be widely read and widely used. The S. C. V. can indorse it fully after the amendment mentioned is put into effect. President Jefferson Davis needs that his people know him. The malignity and hate of his enemies "over the border," the unfairness of his home critics, have given way at last to a knowledge that here stood a man of integrity and highest character and attainment, who occupied exalted position in this country all of his life, and who, for standing for the undying principles which gave birth to the Confederacy, which principles his former foes now proclaim as eternally true and fair, was crucified for his people by a malignant rabble not worthy to tie the lachets of his shoes.

ANOTHER MANUFACTURED STORY OF LINCOLN.

BY T. A. ROBERTS, OF SALEM, VA.

In the *Christian Observer*, bearing date June 10, there is a contribution by George Claton Wilding of Orange, N. J. entitled, "In the Place of the Pig in History." He gives a very interesting and humorous account of his pigship in the making of history in our country, but in the conclusion of his story, he gives a bit of the early life of General Pickett, in which he also speaks of the "thrilling cavalry charge" of General Pickett at the battle of Gettysburg, and then adds the following: "After the fall of Richmond, President Lincoln visited Pickett's widow in that city to express his sorrow and sympathy over the death of her gallant young husband, a visit that dear woman never forgot. This great President had known Nat Pickett before the war and loved him dearly."

Now the object of the present writer is to enlighten Mr. Wilding. The story he gives to the public, like many other productions of the same character, tend to clothe Mr. Lincoln in garments of piety and refinement that have no foundation of truth in them.

Gen. George Edward Pickett, who led the famous charge at the battle of Gettysburg, survived the war ten years, dying in Norfolk, Va., July 30, 1875. Consequently, there was no opportunity or occasion for the "great President" to manifest his sorrow and sympathy to Mrs. Pickett

ANNUAL REUNION, VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. C. V. REPORTED BY CAPT. S. BROWN ALLEN, COMMANDER STONE- WALL JACKSON CAMP, OF STAUNTON, VA.

The annual reunion of Confederate veterans of Virginia was held in Staunton on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of June, and it was one of the most important and far-reaching reunions that has ever been held here.

On the morning of the 17th we held a business meeting of the members of the Grand Camp, and in the afternoon, at three o'clock, a business meeting of the Virginia Division, presided over by Gen. W. B. Freeman, now our Commander in Chief. That night we held a meeting of general welcome—welcome to the veterans, welcome to the official ladies, welcome to the Sons, and welcome to the public. It was a glorious meeting.

The next morning at ten o'clock we took, by automobile, the Confederate veterans who were registered, numbering four hundred and seventy-eight, the official ladies, and Sons to Lexington, Va. This was to give the veterans an opportunity to bow at the tombs of their great war leaders, Lee and Jackson. At Lexington we were met by a committee and repaired to the cemetery where Stonewall Jackson's monument stands. From there back to the mess hall of the Virginia Military Institute, where a magnificent lunch was served to all of us, seven hundred in number, by the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, U. D. C. We then repaired to Lee Chapel, where a brief memorial service was held, Horace Lackey, of Rockbridge, delivering the address of welcome, with Gen. W. B. Freeman making the principal address in reply.

We started on the return trip to Staunton around three o'clock, and attended a grand and glorious ball that night. The next morning, the 19th, we held the final business meeting, electing officers and transacting other important business.

Gen. James P. Whitman was elected Grand Commander; G. W. Kurtz, First Lieutenant Commander; W. P. Nye, Second Lieutenant Commander; S. Brown Allen, Third Lieutenant Commander.

After the election of officers, the following important and far-reaching resolution was adopted by a rising vote, and, on motion, the School Board of Virginia was requested to have this paper read every year in all the schools of the State.

The convention adjourned to meet in Farmville, Va., next year.

THE RESOLUTION.

"We, the Grand Camp of Virginia, Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, at Staunton, Va, June 17, 1925, adopt the following statement as to the cause of secession and publish it to our living contemporaries and to an unending posterity:

"We declare that the true cause of secession was not the defense or promotion of the economic prosperity of the South, neither the continuation of a system of servitude, which the South was fast outgrowing, but the exercise of an unsundered and oft-asserted right of a State to peaceably withdraw from a union that had become 'injurious and oppressive' to her interests. This right implied in the Declaration of Independence, reserved by many of the States in adopting the Constitution, claimed by New England leaders in 1793 and 1795, and in the Genet and Mississippi controversies, set forth in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798, invoked by the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island in 1814 in their opposition to the war with Great Britain, expressed in the Nullification Act of South Carolina in 1832, reaffirmed by the Ohio State convention in 1859, and

declared by Mr. Lincoln himself before Congress in April, 1861, 'a most valuable and most sacred right.' This right we defended with our lives and with our fortunes, and we herewith declare that this defense was not a rebellion."

U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 311)

the valued records of the Citadel. There was also much private entertaining in their honor.

In Atlanta, Ga., the Atlanta Chapter was hostess for the Princess and her party, and extended whole-hearted Georgia hospitality. Mrs. John A. Perdue, President of the Chapter, assisted Mrs. W. S. Coleman, Honorary President of the Georgia Division, with a committee of local U. D. C. in entertaining the party at the Henry Grady Hotel, driving the Prince and Miss Poppenheim out to see the wonders of Stone Mountain, and entertaining the Princess and the other members of her party at a beautiful lunch in the Chapter's well-equipped Chapter House, where eloquent greetings were given by the local U. D. C. and other patriotic and philanthropic societies of the city. Miss Alice Baxter brought the greetings of the President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, who was detained from attending the luncheon. An informal reception followed the lunch, and in the evening the Atlanta Chapter's hospitality was continued by a formal dinner for the Princess and her party at the Henry Grady Hotel.

At Shreveport, La., the journey of the Princess and Prince was marked with typical Southern hospitality, a committee meeting the travelers at midnight and conducting them to the beautiful new Youree Hotel, where they were the guests of the Shreveport Chapter for the night and breakfast. Fruit and flowers and every attention were provided for the honored guests on their patriotic pilgrimage to Mansfield.

The princess and her party were met in Shreveport by their host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Jenkins, of Mansfield, and were driven over a wonderful road forty miles to the historic town of Mansfield. There, in the beautiful colonial home of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, "Beau Sejour," so named by Prince de Polignac, three happy days were spent, every moment crowded with cordial hospitality and gracious consideration for these guests. The Princess and her party were guests of honor at all the official and social functions connected with the entertainment of the Louisiana Division Convention. On Wednesday evening of their visit in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, the de Polignac party was tendered a brilliant dinner, after which they were joined by the Stauffer family—two daughters, three grandsons, and two granddaughters of Gen. Dick Taylor. The guests were then entertained by having the plantation negroes come up in front of the house and sing their "spirituals." It was a beautiful April night; the moonlight shed a glow over the spacious grounds and the mocking birds sang in the shrubbery. Nothing more typical of the South could have been devised for the pleasure of the foreign guests, and the memory of it all will be treasured in hearts in France as well as in hearts here in the confines of the old Confederacy.

In 1861, Prince de Polignac crossed the sea to offer his service in behalf of the Confederate cause. In 1925, his son and his widow came to us to commemorate his services by dedicating a monument to his memory. We of the South offer them, from a thousand grateful hearts, our appreciation of what he did for us in the long ago, and our love and loyalty to them to-day for their stanch defense of our honor on the pages of the world's history.

WHERE DIXIE SLEEPS FARTHEST NORTH.

(Continued from page 301.)

resting places of the strangers were not allowed to be molested, they were neither marked nor given special attention.

One day there came to live at Madison from Baton Rouge, La., a Southern woman, Mrs. Alice Whiting Waterman. A widow she was, without very much of this world's goods. But when she discovered the little cemetery, "Confederate Rest," where lay the boys in gray, she gave all of her spare time to the tending of their graves. With her own hands she heaped the earth into mounds above each of the one hundred and thirty-six. From her own meager funds she paid for wooden slabs, which were marked with the names of the boys and with the dates of their deaths. She became as devoted to "her boys" as though they had still been alive, and by her beautiful character and personality she won the aid of others in her noble work. Three of her most loyal helpers, it is said, were Union men, each of whom had lost an arm in Dixie. Around the little plot of ground Mrs. Waterman planted hedges, "to keep the cold wind off my boys," she said. White flowering bushes are still to be seen there after fifty years or more. She had planted them amid the graves because they would blossom, even though she were "not there to watch them." Two butternut trees were set out through her efforts, so that "the children will go there to gather nuts, and thus make the place more pleasant by their presence."

And so, when Mrs. Alice Whiting Waterman died in 1897, having cared for "her boys" for twenty-five years, she, too, was laid down for her last sleep in "Confederate Rest." During all those years she had longed for the establishing of a monument of granite on which should be carved the names of these dead soldiers of the South. But not until after her death was the place marked through the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and then no greater consideration was given to the soldiers themselves than was bestowed upon the little lady of the South who had mothered them after they were dead.

To-day at "Confederate Rest," the northernmost cemetery of the boys in gray, stands the longed-for monument of substantial proportions containing all the names of the soldiers and that of Mrs. Waterman in bold relief. Each grave is marked with a slab, and that of Mrs. Waterman is distinguished by one larger than the rest.

The graves of the Southern "mother" and "her boys" are as tenderly cared for as are the graves of the Wisconsin soldiers in their plot only a few rods away. Each year on Memorial Day every grave of the Confederates, as well as every grave of the Union soldiers, receives the Stars and Stripes and an offering of flowers. Each year, midway between the resting places of the boys in gray and the boys in blue, the salute is fired by silver-haired men in blue and young men in khaki.

And a little woman who loved "her boys" whom she had never seen did much to find and to foster that spirit of tenderness.

[An account of the devoted care given by Mrs. Waterman to the graves of "her boys" appeared in the VETERAN many years ago, but its repetition in this beautiful tribute from "the other side" is justified, and doubtless many will first learn of it here.—ED.]

THE SOUTHLAND MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Resolutions adopted by the Sons of Confederate Veterans in convention at Dallas, Tex., May 19-22, 1925:

"Whereas, the Texas Division of United Confederate Veterans

is sponsoring a movement to honor the women of the Confederacy, which is intended to include the dear old grandmothers, mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters of the Confederate soldiers who served them so faithfully during the great War between the States, 1861-65, and who are now striving to remove the thorns from the pathway of the dear old Confederate veterans; and, whereas, the Texas Division of the United Confederate Veterans has adopted articles of association having for its purpose the raising of funds, the purchase of grounds, establishment and maintenance and operation of a great Southland institute of learning as a memorial to the women of the Confederacy; therefore,

"Resolved 1. That inasmuch as the articles of association provide for a board of trustees to include fourteen Veterans, fourteen Sons of Confederate Veterans, and fourteen Daughters of Confederate Veterans, one from each State named in said articles of association, whose sons shed their blood in behalf of the Confederacy, it is our duty and ought to be the duty of every son of a Confederate soldier to unite with our fathers and their comrades in promoting this worthy memorial to our mothers and sisters, and to render every possible aid in carrying forward the great work of the Texas Division of United Confederate Veterans; and with that object in view, we do here and now authorize the State Commanders of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in the fourteen States named in Article 10, as adopted by the Texas Division, to appoint a live, active member of our organization to serve in the capacity of trustee for said Southland Memorial Association; and urge our sisters of the Daughters of the Confederacy to unite in giving their support to the veterans in seeking, in a substantial manner, to honor the Women of the Confederacy.

"2. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the Commanders of Sons in the fourteen States named in Article 10, with the request that each Commander immediately name a member to the board and forward the same to the Commander of the Texas Division, United Confederate Veterans."

S. O. Moodie, First Vice President of the Southland Memorial Association, reports that this association was also endorsed by the United Confederate Veterans, in convention, in similar resolutions, but there was not opportunity to have a meeting and elect trustees at the time. A list of these will be given as soon as all appointments are made. Any inquiries as to the purpose of the association, etc., will be cheerfully answered by Comrade Moodie, whose personal address is care of Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., Houston, Tex.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

It is certainly a delightful surprise to receive orders from Divisions these hot summer days. Arkansas and Ohio should have special credit for their work. Mrs. Beal and Mrs. Gill are without doubt "on the job," and we are greatly encouraged with reports from Arkansas. Also, a most pleasant surprise came to us from Mrs. Shoe, and Ohio is to be congratulated not only because the Division has gone "over the top" 1923, but because the order came in summer time, when so many Chapters are practically "dead."

Encouragement does not count for naught. We are not up to our report of last year's distribution. I trust the Divisions have their plans so well formulated that orders will come pouring in in time for a fine report in November at Hot Springs.

With best wishes, and hoping it isn't as hot where you are as it has been here, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

"NOW I LAY ME."

[These verses were found in the knapsack of a dead soldier on one of the battle fields of the Civil War.]

Near the camp fire's flickering light
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night
At the twinkling stars on high;
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigils seem to keep
As I breathe my childhood's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whippoorwill
In the boughs of yonder tree;
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swell the midnight melody.
Foemen may be lurking near
In the valley dark and deep;
Low I breathe in Jesus's ear:
"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

'Mid those stars one face I see—
One the Saviour called away—
Mother, who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray;
Her sweet spirit hovers near
In this lonely mountain brake.
Take me to her, Saviour dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light
As each ember slowly dies;
Plaintively the birds of night
Fill the air with saddening cries;
Over me they seem to cry:
"You may never more awake."
Low I lisp: "If I should die,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.

A SAFER PIECE.—Small nephew:
"That dime you gave me slipped
through a hole in my pocket." Uncle:
"Well, here's another. Don't let it do
the same." Nephew: "Perhaps half a
dollar would be safer, wouldn't it,
uncle?"—*Grocer.*

HIS FAVORITE.—"What is your favor-
ite chapter in the Bible, Uncle Ajax?"
an old darky was asked. Uncle Ajax
smacked his lips. "Dat one whar'
tell about de twelve opossums, suh!"
he replied.—*Life.*

A "GENTLE" HINT.—He: "I am a
thought reader, and I can read your
thoughts now." She: "Well, why don't
you go, then?"

OUR HEROES IN GRAY.

[Composed by Henry Litchfield, of
Fort Worth, Tex., and sung by him
first at the Memorial Day exercises,
May 10, 1925, under direction of the
Williamsburg Chapter, U. D. C., at
Kingstree, S. C.]

Once more we have gathered
From far and from near,
To honor our veterans.
Our heroes so dear.
We'll cherish their mem'ry
With each passing day;
We love them, our heroes,
Our heroes in gray.

Chorus.

We love them, our heroes in gray,
We love them, our heroes in gray.
And our eyes they grow dim,
As we watch their ranks thin,
For we love them, our heroes
Our heroes in gray.

With strength of young manhood
They answered the call;
With glory and honor
They fought, one and all.
Their brave deeds will live on
Forever and aye,
We'll never forget them
Our heroes in gray.

No more will they carry
The saber and gun;
No more will they follow
The bugle and drum;
With reverence and homage
We greet them to-day;
O God bless our heroes,
Our heroes in gray!

ONE PATIENT CREDITOR.

They were making a drive to raise
funds for an addition to the African
Baptist Church. Two colored sisters
called on old Uncle Berry, an aged
negro, who lived on the outskirts of
the village, and explained the purpose
of their visit and asked the aged darky
to give something toward the cause.

"Lawsy, sisters, I sho' would like
to help you-all along," he said, "but
I just ain't got it. Why, I has the
hardest time to keep paying a little
something on what I already owes
around here."

"But," said one of the collectors,
"you know you owe the Lord some-
thing, too."

"Yes, dat's right, sister," said the
old man, "but he ain't pushing me
like my other creditors is."—*Western
Christian Advocate.*

—PETTIBONE—



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DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN SONG
OF 1864.

(Tune, "Yankee Doodle.")

Attend while we unite and sing
Of this mismanaged nation.
We'll show you how we're crushed be-
neath
A mountain of taxation.

Chorus.

Let young and old and every one
Unite against Abe Lincoln,
For since the day he took the helm,
The Ship of State is sinking.

Our coffee and our tea are taxed
Our sugar, salt, and spices,
And every day that Lincoln reigns,
Adds something to high prices.

[I found this in my grandfather's
diary, which he kept from 1861-65.—
Stanley Pugh, Arlington, Ohio.]

Any surviving comrades or friends of
Capt. John Taliaferro, of Price's Army,
are asked to communicate with Mrs.
Margaret E. Anderson, in care of Abe
Caplin, Okemah, Okla., who is inter-
ested in helping his widow to secure a
pension. She is now old and feeble.
Captain Taliaferro enlisted in Ten-
nessee.

Gen. Thomas H. Dennis, commanding
the West Virginia Division, U. C. V.,
writes from Lewisburg, W. Va.: "Allow
me to say that I think the VETERAN
has lost nothing in point of interest
from the change in management. I
believe I read the publication with more
interest than ever. May it have suc-
cess and a long life."

Capt. W. W. Carnes, Bradentown,
Fla., would like to get the first six
copies of the VETERAN for 1893, and
will pay liberally for them.

VALUABLE BOOKS

IN THE FOLLOWING LIST WILL BE FOUND SOME SCARCE WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY, WHICH CAN HARDLY BE OFFERED AGAIN. THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN COLLECTING SUCH BOOKS WILL FIND THIS A GOOD OPPORTUNITY TO GET THEM AT REASONABLE PRICES.

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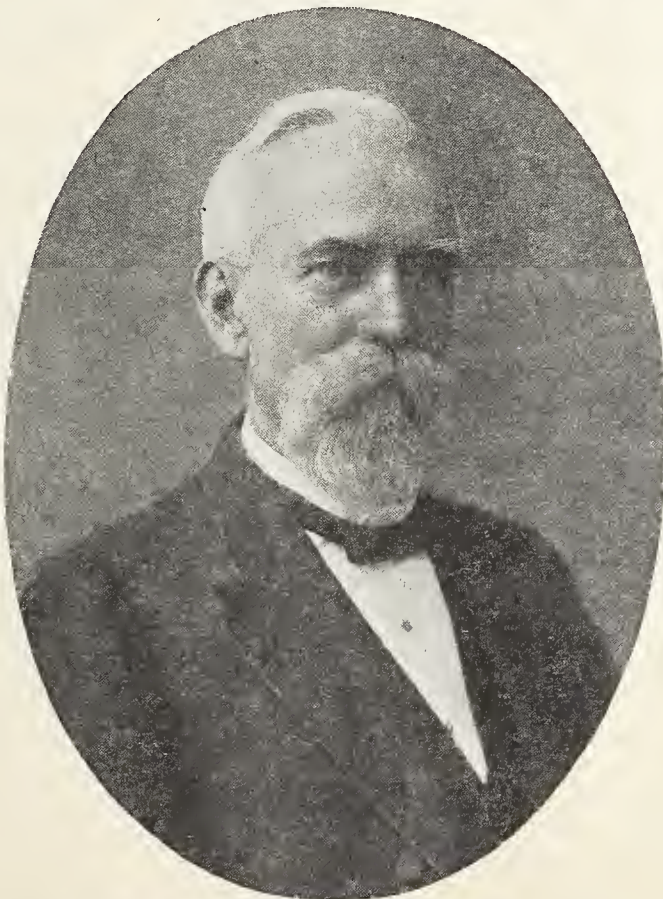
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VOL. XXXIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1925

NO. 9



FRANCIS RICHARD LUBBOCK

War Governor of Texas and Later Colonel and Aide-de-Camp
on Staff of President Davis

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va. has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

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

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MOSBY'S RANGERS. BY J. J. WILLIAMSON.

The VETERAN has a limited number of copies of "Mosby's Rangers," by J. J. Williamson, which will be furnished with a year's subscription at \$4.50. The regular price for this book is \$4.00. Just a small supply left.

ONE YEAR TO LIVE.

If I had but one year to live;
 One year to help; one year to give;
 One year to love; one year to bless;
 One year of better things to stress;
 One year to sing; one year to smile;
 To brighten earth a little while;
 One year to sing my Maker's praise;
 A year to fill with work my days;
 One year to strive for a reward
 When I should stand before my Lord,
 I think that I would spend each day,
 In just the very self-same way
 That I do now. For from afar
 The call may come to cross the bar
 At any time, and I must be
 Prepared to meet eternity.
 So if I have a year to live,
 Or just a day in which to give
 A pleasant smile, a helping hand,
 A mind that tries to understand
 A fellow creature when in need
 'Tis one with me—I take no heed;
 But try to live each day He sends
 To serve my gracious Master's ends.

—Mary Davis Greene.

WHAT THE WORLD WAR COST.

After several years' diligent work, the League of Nations has finished the first complete assessment of the material losses of the World War, officially compiled from all the nations that participated.

Here is the net result of the shot fired eleven years ago by a gay Austrian officer:

9,998,771 known dead.

2,991,800 presumed dead.

6,295,512 seriously wounded.

14,002,039 otherwise wounded.

\$186,333,637,097 direct cost of the war.

\$29,960,000,000 property loss of the war.

\$333,551,276,280 capitalized value of loss of life.

In assessing the capitalized value of life loss the League figures the value of a human life for war purposes at \$4,720 for Americans; \$4,140 for British; \$2,900 for French.—*Canadian American*.

WOULD YOU SAVE A LIFE IF YOU COULD?

Would you reach out and snatch a child from under the rushing wheels of a motor car? Of course you would—and you can help save a life in a simpler, easier way than that.

Tuberculosis is a constant threat to you and your children. It takes an annual toll of thousands of lives. Yet other thousands of lives are saved every year by the organized warfare against tuberculosis carried on by the tuberculosis crusade. That organized fight against the dread disease has cut the tuberculosis death rate in half. It is financed by the sale of Christmas Seals.

You can help to save a life. Buy Christmas Seals. Buy as many as you can. Christmas Seals save thousands of lives every year. Your help is needed. Buy Christmas Seals.—*The National, State, and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States.*

Mrs. Mary E. Taliaferro, of Okemah, Okla., needs some information on the record of her husband, John Taliaferro, as a Confederate soldier in order to get a pension. He was a captain under General Price, enlisting in Tennessee. Any comrades or friends of Captain Taliaferro will confer a favor by writing what they know of his service to Mrs. Margaret E. Anderson, care Abe Caplin, Okemah, Okla. Mrs. Taliaferro is now eighty-five years old.

Mrs. Lea Jones, of Tornillo, Tex., is trying to get a pension, but does not know anything of her husband's service. Any surviving comrades or friends of Hugh Jones, who died in February, 1925, will help her by giving any information possible of his service as a Confederate soldier. She says he joined the army in Alabama during the latter part of the war, as he was only sixteen when the war began. She married him in Texas.

WANTED.

Old envelopes from letters written before 1875. Old United States and Confederate stamps wanted. Highest prices paid. George Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York City.

W. B. Williams, of Wolfe Summit, W. Va., would like to know where he can get Confederate money and stamps.

Confederate Veteran.

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

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
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. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1925.

No. 9.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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Assistant to the Adjutant General

GEN. H. M. WHARTON, Baltimore, Md. *Chaplain General*
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WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. Gen. William C. Harrison

forth our best efforts and demands that we stand shoulder to shoulder as in the great days of 1861-65.

In the completion of the Stone Mountain Memorial, as you know, the greatest memorial in all history will stand forth as an everlasting tribute to the valor of the Confederate soldier.

The Board of Directors of the great undertaking will put on, about October 1, next, the "Harvest Campaign" for the sale of souvenir coins (five million of them), which, if promptly sold, will insure the completion of this great memorial.

I call upon every Confederate soldier to take hold and help to sell these coins.

We all feel, my comrades, that we would like to do some real constructive work before we cross over the river. Here is your opportunity. Let us all get busy and never relax our energies until the goal is reached.

W. B. FREEMAN, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

By command:

HARRY RENE LEE, *Adjutant General.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

In strong contrast to the rabid utterances of the present G. A. R. Commander in regard to the Stone Mountain Memorial Coin and other things pertaining to the South is a letter written some years ago to Col. W. L. Timberlake, of Crichton, Ala., by Pascal P. Gilmore, of Augusta, Me., former State treasurer. In acknowledging receipt of a pamphlet giving some pictures and a history of the Confederate flag, Mr. Gilmore said: "I have the greatest respect for the Confederate flag because of the valor which stood behind it for four long years under the most adverse conditions. I have seen it on the battle field when, believe me, my respect for it was of a high order." "And this shows the difference between a *true soldier* and one who entertains venom in his heart," says Colonel Timberlake.

"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."

THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL COIN.

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.,
RICHMOND, VA., August 18, 1925.

CIRCULAR No. 1.

To My Comrades: In assuming command of the United Confederate Veterans Association, I do so with a deep sense of the responsibility involved and of my dependence on your coöperation and good help in order to make this convention year a success in our history.

We are just now called upon by every sense of duty to take our place and do our part in a great enterprise which calls

STAFF APPOINTMENTS.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., August 3, 1925.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 3.

The General commanding hereby announces appointment of his official and personal staff for the term of his administration. All comrades will properly recognize these officers. Additional appointments will be made later.

W. B. FREEMAN, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

Official:

HARRY RENE LEE, *Adjutant General.*

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Maj. Gen. Harry Rene Lee, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Mrs. W. B. Kernan, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La., Assistant to the Adjutant General, in charge of New Orleans General Headquarters.

Brig. Gen. R. E. Bullington, Memphis, Tenn., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. James Koger, Paducah, Ky., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. C. A. DeSaussure, Memphis, Tenn., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. D. F. Brimberry, Albany, Ga., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. Jack Hale, Blanchard, Okla., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. W. W. Carnes, Bradentown, Fla., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. John W. Clark, Augusta, Ga., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. J. S. Millikin, Millikin, La., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. James Dinkins, New Orleans, La., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. Charles M. Steadman, Greensboro, N. C., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. John H. Nave, Long Beach, Calif., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. E. S. Fogg, Cambria, Va., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. George W. Rogan, Gastonia, N. C., Assistant Adjutant General.

INSPECTOR GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. J. Colton Lynes, Marietta, Ga., Inspector General.

Col. T. J. Shepard, Atlanta, Ga., Assistant Inspector General.

Col. Thad M. Moseley, West Point, Miss., Assistant Inspector General.

Col. J. M. Hartsfield, Fort Worth, Tex., Assistant Inspector General.

Col. J. J. Laughinghouse, Greenville, N. C., Assistant Inspector General.

Col. A. H. Carigan, Hope, Ark., Assistant Inspector General.

Col. L. D. Meekin, Seattle, Wash., Assistant Inspector General.

Col. B. B. Chism, Knoxville, Tenn., Assistant Inspector General.

Col. John Barton, Montgomery, Ala., Assistant Inspector General.

Col. M. H. Baird, Russellville, Ky., Assistant Inspector General.

Col. L. E. Campbell, Anderson, S. C., Assistant Inspector General.

Col. Herbert Tutwiler, Birmingham, Ala., Assistant Inspector General.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. Joseph F. Shipp, Chattanooga, Tenn., Quartermaster General.

Col. George A. Ferguson, Waynesville, N. C., Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. Robert A. Hemphill, Atlanta, Ga., Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. James Dorsett, Siler City, N. C., Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. Thomas Reese, Fort Worth, Tex., Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. W. S. Turner, Captiva, Fla., Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. F. B. Chilton, Houston, Tex., Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. E. Rotan, Waco, Tex., Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. J. L. McCollum, Atlanta, Ga., Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. J. M. Barker, Bristol, Tenn., Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. Charles P. Jones, New Orleans, La., Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. A. D. Fair, Orange, S. C., Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. T. E. Steel, Abbeville, S. C., Assistant Quartermaster General.

PAYMASTER GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. E. M. Tutwiler, Birmingham, Ala., Paymaster General.

Col. W. C. Heath, Monroe, N. C., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. John M. Follin, Washington, D. C., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. R. E. Mason, Charlotte, N. C., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. Robert Thompson, Washington, D. C., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. D. C. Grayson, Washington, D. C., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. G. W. Newton, Camden, Ark., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. Saffold Berney, Mobile, Ala., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. John F. Jenkins, Natchez, Miss., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. John Purifoy, Montgomery, Ala., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. Samuel B. Boyd, Knoxville, Tenn., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. John Gault, Ardmore, Okla., Assistant Paymaster General.

Maj. Ben Randal, Hico, Tex., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. George W. Sullivan, Williamson, S. C., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. Charles F. Leathers, Louisville, Ky., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. Charles H. Meng, Middletown, Ky., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. P. J. White, Richmond, Va., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. E. B. Tyler, Aikin, S. C., Assistant Paymaster General.
Col. T. J. Appleyard, Tallahassee, Fla., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. M. T. Judge, Mobile, Ala., Assistant Paymaster General.

Col. F. M. Pender, Granbury, Tex., Assistant Paymaster General.

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. J. M. Trout, Jackson, Tenn., Chief of Ordnance.
Brig. Gen. C. P. Jones, Chief of Artillery, New Orleans, La.
Col. S. W. Paulett, Farmville, Va., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. D. M. Armstrong, Roanoke, Va., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. T. E. Seel, Abbeville, S. C., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. T. W. Redman, Beaumont, Tex., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. Raymond Cay, Valdosta, Ga., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. William W. Hunt, Shreveport, La., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. Cary R. Warren, Portsmouth, Va., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. D. M. Scott, Mountain Creek, Ala., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. R. R. Cotton, Cottdale, N. C., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. D. B. Gardner, Paducah, Ky., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. J. Shakespeare Harris, Concord, N. C., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. W. W. Lee, Piedmont, S. C., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. William C. Shaw, Lowndesville, S. C., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

Col. J. L. Hill, Abbeville, S. C., Assistant Chief of Ordnance.

COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La., Commissary General.

Col. W. H. Holmes, Brunswick, Ga., Assistant Commissary General.

Col. A. D. Reynolds, Bristol, Tenn., Assistant Commissary General.

Col. George Hillyer, Atlanta, Ga., Assistant Commissary General.

Col. W. H. Sebring, Jacksonville, Fla., Assistant Commissary General.

Col. Thomas Montgomery, Floydada, Tex., Assistant Commissary General.

Col. J. J. Mackey, Asheville, N. C., Assistant Commissary General.

Col. A. W. Salley, Orangeburg, S. C., Assistant Commissary General.

Col. John E. Gaskell, Fort Worth, Tex., Assistant Commissary General.

Col. E. T. Roux, Sr., Plant City, Fla., Assistant Commissary General.

Col. G. Bent Alford, Holly Springs, N. C., Assistant Commissary General.

Col. L. D. Young, Paris, Ky., Assistant Commissary General.

SURGEON GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Gen. Stephen H. Ragan, Kansas City, Mo., Surgeon General.

Col. R. C. Johnson, Laurel, Miss., Assistant Surgeon General.

Col. Benjamin S. Purse, Savannah, Ga., Assistant Surgeon General.

Col. J. F. Highsmith, Fayetteville, N. C., Assistant Surgeon General.

Col. John E. Davis, Columbus, Miss., Assistant Surgeon General.

Col. George E. Plaster, Berryville, Va., Assistant Surgeon General.

Col. S. Westrat Battle, Asheville, N. C., Assistant Surgeon General.

Col. M. W. Jewett, Ivanhoe, Va., Assistant Surgeon General.

Col. Arthur Hopkins, Winston-Salem, N. C., Assistant Surgeon General.

Col. E. W. Mimms, Winston-Salem, N. C., Assistant Surgeon General.

Col. A. C. Oliver, Douglasville, Tex., Assistant Surgeon General.

Col. J. A. Bullard, Macon, Ga., Assistant Surgeon General.

Col. W. H. Holmes (or Halmer), Brunswick, Ga., Assistant Surgeon General.

JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. James T. Harrison, Judge Advocate General.

Col. J. T. Goolrick, Fredericksburg, Va., Assistant Judge Advocate General.

Col. S. H. Hargis, Oklahoma City, Okla., Assistant Judge Advocate General.

Col. V. S. Lusk, Asheville, N. C., Assistant Judge Advocate General.

Col. B. M. Robinson, Orlando, Fla., Assistant Judge Advocate General.

Col. Eustace L. Williams, Louisville, Ky., Assistant Judge Advocate General.

Col. Alexander Currie, Hattiesburg, Miss., Assistant Judge Advocate General.

Col. S. Brown Allen, Staunton, Va., Assistant Judge Advocate General.

CHAPLAIN GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. H. M. Wharton, Baltimore, Md., Chaplain General.

Col. Dunbar H. Ogden, Mobile, Ala., Assistant Chaplain General.

Col. E. M. Green, Danville, Ky., Assistant Chaplain General.

Col. T. C. Little, Fayetteville, Tenn., Assistant Chaplain General.

Col. Samuel Small, Roslyn, Va., Assistant Chaplain General.

Col. J. G. Minnegerode, Louisville, Ky., Assistant Chaplain General.

Col. M. M. Benton, Louisville, Ky., Assistant Chaplain General.

Col. Carter Helm Jones, Atlanta, Ga., Assistant Chaplain General.

Col. S. S. Key, Dardenelle, Ark., Assistant Chaplain General.

Col. D. D. Hammock, Cuthbert, Ga., Assistant Chaplain General.

Col. W. J. Mahoney, Atlanta, Ga.

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY.

Admiral A. O. Wright, Department of the Navy.

Commodore T. P. Johnson, Salisbury, N. C., Department of the Navy.

PERSONAL STAFF.

(With Rank of Colonel.)

Brig. Gen. Felix G. Robertson, Chief of Aids.
 Col. C. M. Carr, Durham, N. C., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. J. R. Mehen, Parkersburg, W. Va., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. George M. Bailey, Houston, Tex., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. S. L. Adams, South Boston, Va., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. J. A. Harral, New Orleans, La., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Edward C. Wilson, Electra, Tex., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. L. W. Powell, Purcellville, Va., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. George Stephens, Asheville, N. C., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. C. F. Harvey, Kinston, N. C., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Ro C. Norfleet, Winston-Salem, N. C., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. E. D. Hotchkiss, Richmond, Va., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Nathan Bachman, Chattanooga, Tenn., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Walt Holcomb, Cartersville, Ga., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. W. A. Love, Columbus, Miss., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. John C. Lewis, Louisville, Ky., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. J. T. Garretson, Birmingham, Ala., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. H. M. Taylor, Carlisle, Ky., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Pat Henry, Brandon, Miss., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. E. C. Graham, Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C.,
 Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Edgar Warfield, Alexandria, Va., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Andrew Krouse, Richmond, Va., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. W. S. Archer, Richmond, Va., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. P. S. McDavid, Greenville, S. C., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. M. F. Kennedy, Charleston, S. C., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Barron G. Collier, Everglade, Fla., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Henry D. Lipscomb, Grapevine, Tex., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. N. B. Forrest, Atlanta, Ga., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Henry R. Jones, Fort Worth, Tex., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Charles Collier Harvey, St. Louis, Mo., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. R. J. McBride, Louisville, Ky., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Thomas H. Tutwiler, Memphis, Tenn., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. J. D. Vance, Chickasha, Okla., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. J. D. Mock, Laurens, S. C., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Charles M. Williams, Pensacola, Fla., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. W. W. Perkins, Tallahassee, Fla., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. George W. Rogers, Gastonia, N. C., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. G. J. Weisinger, Winter Park, Fla., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. L. A. Bristol, Morgantown, N. C., Aid-de-Camp.

FRANCIS RICHARD LUBBOCK.

BY MARY DE ZAVALA, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

To live joyously and kindly, in full possession of every faculty, enjoying social activities and the society of numerous friends to the ripe age of eighty-seven years is a record which few achieve. Genial, cordial, and loyal to his friends was our often-styled "War Governor," Francis Richard Lubbock, elected governor of Texas, August 5, 1861, and afterwards member of the Confederate States Cabinet, serving as aid-de-camp to President Jefferson Davis from August, 1864, to the close of the war.

Governor Lubbock was born at Beaufort, S. C., October 16, 1815. His father was Dr. Henry Thomas Willis Lubbock and his mother was the daughter of Capt. Francis Saltus, of Beaufort District, South Carolina.

The day his term as governor of Texas expired Governor Lubbock accepted the appointment of assistant adjutant general with the rank of lieutenant colonel and appeared at the

Inaugural Ball of his successor, Gov. Pendleton Murrah, in the uniform of a Confederate officer. He had advocated secession from the very beginning, and said in reply to a query from the *Telegraph*:

"I think Texas should be no laggard. She has as much at stake as any of her sister States." In his memoirs, "Six Decades in Texas," he gives a detailed and graphic account of stirring local events leading up to secession and continuing all through the war. "His inaugural address," says one of the newspapers of the time, "was a document worthy of the head and heart of a patriot." He expressed a determination to make every exertion to place the State of Texas in a defensible position from the seaboard to the mountains. He manifested himself the people's choice by appearing in the representative chamber clad in homespun and expressed hearty sympathy with the people over whose interests he was called to preside.

Governor Lubbock was in Richmond with President Davis when the telegram was received advising the President of General Lee's intention to withdraw his troops from the inner lines of the defenses at Petersburg. With the other members of the staff he accompanied the President to Danville, where word was later received of the surrender. He was also with Mr. Davis when he was captured by the 4th Michigan Federal troopers. Governor Lubbock was held in solitary confinement for eight months, with guards over him, in one of the iron-bound rooms of the prison at Fort Delaware.

After his release he returned to his home near Houston, Tex., where he had been engaged in farming and cattle raising. He had always a fondness for animals, and his farm had been stocked with the best breeds. He made an effort at one time to raise Asiatic poultry on this farm and brought out Bramahs, Dominicks, and Shanghais. Another interesting venture was that he undertook to care for a herd of forty camels on his ranch near Sims's Bayou, thinking that they might thrive in this climate as on their native heath. Mrs. Adele B. Looscan, President of the Texas State Historical Association, well remembers a ride she had on one of those camels in 1859. Mrs. Looscan's father was Capt. Andrew J. Briscoe, the youngest captain who participated in the Battle of San Jacinto. Her family were the closest friends of the Lubbocks when they lived on the Bayou.

Governor Lubbock always kept a splendid horse for his own personal use, and, at the age of eighty-six years, drove a spirited black almost daily through the streets of Austin in a manner to excite the admiration of many who saw him.

He was a gentleman who followed Christian precepts. He was tolerant of all religious beliefs. His first wife, Adele Baron, with whom he lived for forty years, was a devout Catholic. After her death, he had dedicated to her memory one of the beautiful windows in the church at Austin. His second wife was an ardent Presbyterian, and under her influence he joined this Church and added Lubbock Hall to the Presbyterian Seminary in the same city.

His last wife, Mary Louise Scott, who survived him, was an Episcopalian, and he often accompanied her to devotions at her church. She was the daughter of Capt. James Scott and Mary Morrisette, both of Princess Ann County, Va.

Governor Lubbock died at his home in Austin, and his remains lie in the Confederate cemetery there.

"All earnest faith he held as good,
 The path of honor plain and broad;
 His simple creed, best understood,
 Was duty unto man and God."

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

BY STERLING BOISSEAU, RICHMOND, VA.

"The Destiny of Britain and America" is the title of a remarkable and interesting book by Lieut. Col. W. G. Mack Kendrick, D. S. O., of Toronto, Ontario, Canada. He saw service in the late World War.

He claims that we of America, Anglo-Saxons, are descended from Manasseh, second son of Joseph, therefore are of the thirteenth tribe of Israel, God's chosen people; that these chosen tribes in their wanderings leave "waymarks" (monuments) along the way.

On this line he writes:

"Has America any waymarks indicating that they are the thirteenth tribe of Israel?

"1. The pyramid on your government's Great Seal has just thirteen tiers of stone.

"2. There are thirteen bars of palways on the shield which your eagle holds, as there were thirteen strips of land in Palestine.

"3. There are thirteen arrows in the eagle's right claw.

"4. There are thirteen leaves in the olive branch in the left claw, thus symbolizing that you are a branch of that good olive tree. (Romans 11: 24.)

"5. Thirteen stars above the eagle's head.

"6. *E Pluribus Unum* has thirteen letters and means one out of many (one tribe out of many tribes of Israel and the thirteenth).

"If you read J. H. Allen's book you will locate just thirteen different thirteens that mark Manasseh as the thirteenth tribe.

"You did not set up in national business until you had thirteen British, or covenant, colonies to start up with, and you never changed your heraldic number thirteen when you added your States except by additional stars to your flag," etc.

He might have gone further and said that the thirteen Southern States stood for State Rights as the thirteen original colonies stood for colonial rights.

Is Stone Mountain to be one of the "waymarks" (monuments) that is to be left in accordance with his theory?

His book, in part, is the inspiration which caused me to write the following lines:

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL COINS.

Thirteen stars did claim the right of self-determination,
Thirteen Southern Stars the same for their Confederation;
Might may sometimes crush the right
When armies wage their bitter fight,
But Truth comes victor with the light—

Time makes the revelation.

In God we trust, in God we trust—

In him is our salvation.

Over the head of Liberty on our silver half dollars are thirteen stars. In God we trust.

Over the heads of Lee and Jackson on the Stone Mountain Memorial coins are thirteen stars. In God we trust.

Thirteen original colonies for colonial rights; thirteen Southern States for State Rights. Both stood for the same basic principle. Both, too, *in God we trust*.

"No worthy fight is won

Without the rank and file to see it done.

Great tasks demand that back of those who lead

Stand many helpers, eager with their deed,

Pledged to service in a work well planned,

Alert to follow those who give command."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT FORT MOTT, N. J.

BY FANNIE MOORE MONCURE, PHILADELPHIA.

On a beautiful day of the past June, a number of members of the Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C., motored from Philadelphia to Fort Mott,

N. J., for the purpose of decorating the graves of 2,436 Confederate soldiers who rest in the National Cemetery at this army post. Information concerning this shrine had reached the Philadelphia Chapter through two of its members, Mrs. R. P. Cummings and Mrs. Edward W. Beach; and immediately the President, Mrs. John W. Goodwin, and Mrs. William D. Mason planned this pilgrimage. These Confederate soldiers, representing every Southern State, died at Fort Delaware.



MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD OF FORT DELAWARE.

The magnificent, gleaming white marble monument, soaring some hundred feet in the air, and bearing the names, States, and regiments of the heroic dead, was erected to their memory by the United States government during President McKinley's administration. This National Cemetery is beautifully situated on the bank of the Delaware River. With this placid old stream flowing peacefully by, the branches of the tall trees swaying in the breezes, the flowering shrubs and plants shedding beauty and perfume all around, a sweeter or more real resting place could scarcely be imagined.

Quite simply, amidst lovely surroundings, a touching memorial service was conducted by Rev. Crosswell McBee, chaplain of the Philadelphia Chapter, while an exquisite wreath and cut flowers were placed at the base of the monument.

Dr. McBee said: "There is something in the human heart that prompts those who go to say to those who are left, 'Remember me,' " then feelingly and appreciatively he spoke of the gallantry and unblemished records of our soldiers in general, and especially of the great suffering and sacrifice of these who were "asleep in Jesus," concluding with:

"In the God of battles trust,
Die we may, and die we must.
But, oh, where shall 'dust to dust'
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell?"

NOTE.—Mrs. Harvey D. Best an active member of the Philadelphia Chapter and its efficient director of work for the VETERAN, made a special trip to Fort Mott and took some pictures of the monument, of which the above is a good view.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONFEDERATE TWINS.

Twin brothers of the Confederate army have been an interesting subject of articles in the *VETERAN* at different times, and several States of the South have claimed the honor of having the *only* Confederate twins surviving. South Carolina is entitled to a share in that honor through the citizenship of Hon. Daniel W. McLaurin, of Columbia, and his twin brother, Hugh L. McLaurin, of McColl, who were volunteers of 1861 and served through the war in Company G, 23rd Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Evans's Brigade. Of the 120 men of the original company, they are the only survivors. Hugh McLaurin was wounded at the battle of the Crater, and his brother was wounded three times during his service, all slight. Hugh was county judge for more than twenty years, and Daniel has held public office for more than forty years, and is now Commissioner of Confederate Pensions for South Carolina; both have been elders in the Presbyterian Church for many years. They celebrated their eighty-first birthday on December 16, 1924.

D. W. McLaurin is perhaps the only man now living who ever set foot on the *Hundley*, the first successful submarine. During the war he served as corporal and sergeant of his company, and in 1864 he was on duty with his command on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston. The port was at the time blockaded by the Federal fleet, and the U. S. S. *Housatonic* was one of the blockading squadron. During the day of February 17, 1864, Colonel McLaurin and another member of his regiment went on board the *Hundley* to adjust some machinery, and of that interesting "Little Devil" and the incident connecting him with it, he says:

"As I recall, it was built of boiler iron, cigar shaped, and about thirty or thirty-five feet long, and about seven and a half or eight feet deep. It was propelled by hand power, turned by cranks. It had two manholes, about a foot above the top of the boat, and these were covered with air-tight trapdoors, with glass covered tops, so as to let in the light. The boat could be lowered or raised by letting in water or pumping it out. The torpedo was fastened to the end of an iron pipe, about two inches in diameter and twenty or twenty-five feet in length, which could be extended in front and withdrawn at ease by guides in the center of the boat to hold it in place. Lieutenant Dixon and eight men made up the crew as they came from Charleston, through a creek or inlet in the rear of Sullivan's Island, and stopped at a small wharf in the rear of a fort at the east end of the island. Lieutenant Dixon landed and requested that two of my regiment, the 23rd South Carolina Volunteers, go aboard and help them to adjust the machinery, as it was not working satisfactorily. Another man and I went aboard and helped propel the boat for some time while the lieutenant and others adjusted the machinery and the rods that held the torpedo, and got them to working satisfactorily. About sundown the crew went aboard and put out to sea through the inlet between Sullivan's Island and Long Island, now called the Isle of Palms, to search for

their prey, the blockading fleet. The sinking of the *Housatonic* soon followed. We could see the commotion created by the frantic signaling from the various vessels of the blockade fleet, and next morning could see the masts and part of the rigging of the ill-fated *Housatonic* standing out of the water. The *Hundley* also sank, from what cause is not known, and all the crew perished with her. Their names are on a bronze tablet at the foot of Meeting Street in Charleston.

BATTLE RECOLLECTIONS.

BY F. A. HOWELL, DURANT, MISS.

The article on the action of Mississippi troops in the third day's battle at Gettysburg, by Comrade W. A. Love, of Columbus, Miss., was read with much interest and approval, as it refreshed my mind on several incidents somewhat dimmed by time. Sixty-three years! Some, however, are by no means obliterated and never will be.

First, the article of Comrade John Purifoy, of Montgomery, Ala., is not strictly correct as to the "roar of artillery and rattle of musketry" in the early hours of July 3, 1863. He

must have referred to July 2. I was there and cannot forget the day, as I have a defective thigh as an ever-present reminder.

My recollection is that the morning hours were rather quiet for such a time. Longstreet's delay was especially trying on the rank and file of the troops that were expecting to be engaged. We all knew our part and intended to perform it. But in the afternoon, when the cannon on Seminary Ridge and the Federal batteries opened, there was so much

noise that only during a brief lull could a shot on Cemetery Hill be heard.

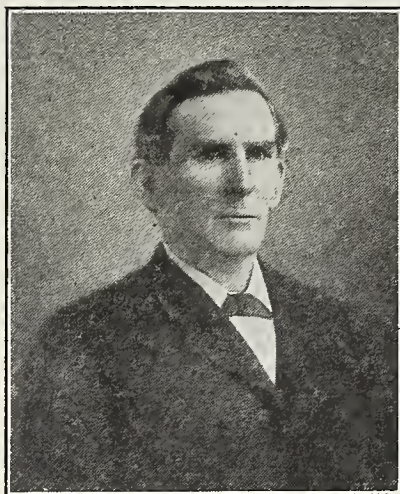
The 11th Mississippi started under fire, and, even before ordered forward, had sustained slight losses, two were killed by cannon shot. When within a few yards of the Emmitsburg Road, I was shot in the thigh, but was able to get back to an ambulance and escaped capture; but my brother, John J. Howell, continued on with six others of the company to the stone wall, went over, was captured, not wounded, and died in prison.

In July, 1913, during the Blue and Gray Reunion, I stood on Seminary Ridge overlooking the battle field and said to W. H. Faulconer, of Company F, 55th Virginia Regiment, Brockenbrough's Brigade: "Captain, how far did you go?"

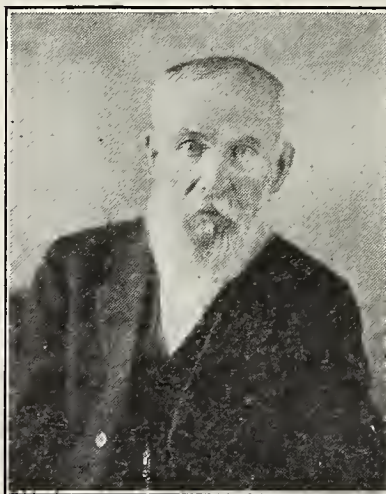
Pointing toward the little valley and branch, he replied: "Down there; we saw it was no use." That left our flank exposed.

In this connection, attention is called to a statement of Capt. H. C. Michie, of Charlottesville, Va., in which he gives the killed of the 11th Mississippi Regiment as thirty-two, on July 3, 1863. Of course, he had what was considered reliable authority, official reports themselves; but the facts are Company E lost fifteen killed; Company F, eleven killed; Company G, eight killed; making a total of thirty-four, with

(Concluded on page 358.)



D. W. M'LAURIN.



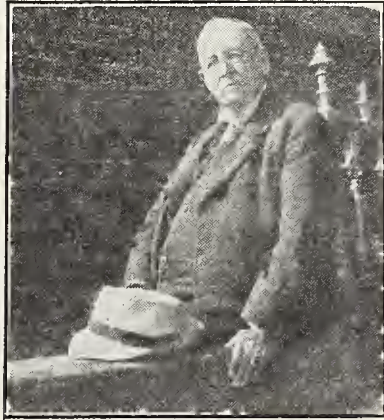
H. L. M'LAURIN.

AN ENGLISH CONFEDERATE.

At different times during the past years, there have been references in the *VETERAN* to an Englishman, Mr. Gerald Smythe, of Hastings, England, who kept the Confederate flag flying at his home. Such loyalty and devotion to the memory of a nation that "fell so pure of crime" aroused general appreciation, and Mr. Smythe is regarded as really one of us. He made a visit to this country some years ago and was entertained by Capt. Robert E. Lee, son of General Lee, and was made an honorary member of R. E. Lee Camp of Richmond, Va. He made many friends by his visit to Virginia, and he mentions that in 1913, while living at Tunbridge Wells, he entertained in his home "the late Col. W. Gordon McCabe and the late Col. H. W. Feilden, of the British Army, who was on the personal staff of General Beauregard at Charleston from 1862 to 1864. The last previous meeting between those two gallant veterans had taken place on the ramparts of Fort Sumter during the Yankee bombardment in 1863. This was one of the most interesting experiences I had met with up to that time, and except for having received Miss Mary Custis Lee, the General's granddaughter, as a guest in this house, it has not since been surpassed. If, in the course of a military performance by a military band during our summer season, 'Dixie' comes into any selection played, I always come to 'attention' and remove my hat. I regard that air at least as one of my 'National Anthems.'"

The following lines were written by Mr. Smythe on the death of "Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, commanding cavalry, A. N. V."

"Weep, women of the South, and strew fresh garlands on our hero's grave.
For 'neath this verdant, grassy mound lies Stuart, bravest of the brave.
No lingering illness laid him low, old age enfeebled not his might,
But death, in battle, struck him down, he fell to rise no more in fight.
No more will he, with flashing steel, fierce blows in deadly conflict rain;
No more his charger in the van will trample down the foe like grain.
Although no more he'll lead the charge in the dread battle's fiercest hour,
His spirit still will haunt the fray, still o'er the muddy plain will scour.
Think not, ye Northern leaders, now, though gallant Stuart lieth low,
His comrades bold will timid be; more fiercely will they fight the foe;
Bravely will they avenge his death, and this will be their battle cry:
'Remember Stuart and strike home!' Then will the foe in terror fly."
June, 1864.



GENERAL SMYTHE.

GOLDEN YEARS.

BY MRS. NINA LEE GILL, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

On August 4, 1868, fifty-seven years ago, Rev. W. D. Matthews was married to Miss Nannie D. —, in Lafayette County, Miss., both being natives of that State. He had been a soldier of the Confederacy, and after the war he taught school for two years; then in 1871 he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He joined the Conference in 1872, but after five years of effective service he retired from the ministry. They have been in the West for forty-five years, honored and respected by all who know them. In 1913 he served as chaplain of the State Senate of Oklahoma, and the next year was elected State Commissioner of Charities and Correction. After serving two terms of four years each, the governor appointed him as custodian of the Confederate Memorial Hall, located in the State Capitol building. He became a member of the Oklahoma Confederate Pension Commission in 1915, serving as chairman, and for four years he attended to the granting of pensions in addition to his duties as commissioner of charities.

W. D. Matthews was a student at St. Thomas Hall Military Institute, at Holly Springs, Miss., in 1861, when the War between the States came on. He enlisted November 3, 1861, before he was sixteen years old, in the State troops, and went with the command sent to Columbus, Ky., to reinforce General Polk. He was mustered out of the State service at the expiration of ninety days, returned home, and soon enlisted in Company G, Ballentine's Regiment, Partisan Rangers; was discharged in November, 1862, as being under age. Then, early in 1863, he joined Company F, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, at Tullahoma, Tenn., John H. Morgan's command, with which he served until the 12th of April, 1865, and was disbanded at Christiansburg, Montgomery County, Va., under Gen. Jubal Early; was paroled at Holly Springs, Miss., May 25, 1865.

Rev. Mr. Matthews has served prominently in the U. C. V. association, for two years as Chaplain General on the staff of the late Gen. V. Y. Cook, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department; chaplain of the Oklahoma Division; Adjutant and Chaplain of David Hammond Camp, No. 177; and he is now serving the third term as Commander of the First Brigade of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V. His wife and four daughters are all members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Their home is in Oklahoma City.



CONFEDERATE FLAG FLYING IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Smythe occupies part of this "semi-detached residence," and the flag is in his garden plot.

CHICKAMAUGA—SEPTEMBER 19, 20, 1863.

BY ARTHUR LOUIS PETICOLAS.

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

The War Spirit:

Hail Chickamauga, River of Death!
 Again hath War found thee,
 War bands surround thee.
 Soon shall battle's hot breath
 Fill thy vale with red death
 Blown in thunder and flame from the throats of the guns—
 Bellowing guns! Flaming guns!
 Where thy dark water runs
 Down to the Tennessee,
 Far-flashing musketry
 Shall sweep with hot, fiery hail,
 Leaden, thy lonely vale,
 Change thy dark water
 To the red hue of slaughter;
 While wraiths of the Red Men,
 Beholding the dead men,
 Rank on rank lying,
 The wounded, the dying.
 Shall flee far and fast,
 Affrighted, aghast,
 From the river they named
 Long ago; unashamed
 In wild flight to give place
 To a fiercer, more martial, more terrible race.

* * *

THE WRAITHS OF THE RED MEN.

Tuscarora:

Hail, wraiths of the night breeze!
 Peace, and hail, thou fierce Cherokees!
 Why seek ye these mountains?
 Why break ye the bounds
 Of the blest Hunting Grounds
 Of Manito the Mighty?

Cherokee:

Sweet are the fountains
 Of Manito the Mighty,
 Thou grim Tuscaroras,
 Thou pale, painted auras
 Of warriors long perished;
 And pleasant the glades,
 The meadows, the groves,
 The dim forest shades
 Of the blest Hunting Grounds;
 But sweeter the battle yell,
 Sweeter the meeting fell
 Of warriors in fight;
 And we've come from the bounds
 Of the blest Hunting Grounds,
 Back to these mountains high,
 Where our slain bodies lie,
 To watch the white warriors die
 On to-morrow's red morning.

Tuscarora:

Welcome, ye painted shades,
 Back to these mountain glades,
 Back to the river of Death and of Blood.
 Forgot be our ancient frays,
 Lost in dim yesterdays,
 While we watch how the White Man slays,
 Anew dying crimson its legended flood.

The Mountain Spirit:

Peace, thou hast fled my hills,
 Red shall run all my rills
 On the grim morrow;
 Tremble each glen and glade
 'Neath the loud cannonade—
 Hail, Death and Sorrow!

The War Spirit:

O bloody Chickamauga!
 O piteous River of Death!
 Awake, and doff thy robe of mist—
 Thy robe, sun-jewelled, of morning mist—
 'Tis distained the hue of death!
 War in battle murk shall enrobe thee
 And give thee a flaming crown;
 The dead in thy vale shall lie thick as leaves,
 By Autumn drifted down;
 Thy breast shall be dyed with crimson
 More precious than Autumn's hue—
 Life blood, outpoured, of men in gray,
 Life blood of men in blue;
 Thou shalt wake to ecstatic frenzy,
 Kissed by hot battle's breath;
 Thou shalt dance a mad reel
 'Mid the flaming steel—
 'Mid the flaming guns and the flashing steel—
 Singing a song of death!

* * *

THE BATTLE.

First Day.

Buckner crossed Chickamauga in the gray of the dawning—
 Crossed at Tedford's, concealed by the mists of the morning.
 The battle was on, and the vale, with scant warning,
 Was filled with red murk. Thicket and glade
 Shook with the cannonade.

The battle was on!
 From the right burst its thunder—
 Thunder unceasing,
 Thunder increasing,
 Shatt'ring the echoes—Forrest was there!
 Mars incarnate was Forrest! Where
 He fought the fighting was fell!
 Wild and high rang the "Rebel Yell!"
 Back and forth on that field
 The battle lines reeled;
 Gray and blue, their hearts steeled
 In War's forge to grim slaughter,
 Poured out life blood like water.

Forrest, Pegram, and Walthall,
 Wilson, Ector, and Dibrell
 Charged with the "Rebel Yell,"
 Drove the blue! Drove the blue!
 Right onward they came,
 Charging right up to the breastworks they came,
 Waged there high quarrel 'mid thunder and flame.

Now Cheatham and Liddell came into the fight—
 Charging! Yelling!
 Onrushing in fury, the blue line compelling
 Refuge to find
 Their log breastworks behind.

Walker's pressed back,
 But Cheatham comes in with his smashing attack,

Then A. P. Stewart came,
Charging through woods aflame,
To its terrific zenith the battle attained,
'Neath the red murk the ground with life's crimson distained.

And the fire! O the fire!
Through the woods raging dire!

With hoarse roar and rattle,
With grim roar and rattle
Of far-flashing musketry,
Loud crashing musketry,
Hood, the grim fighter, led into the battle
Texas and Tennessee;
Struck the blue infantry.
North Carolina and Arkansas, too,
Drove back the lines of the hard-fighting blue.

All along the far-flung lines,
Through thicket and glade, 'mid dark, somber pines,
Thundered the cannonade,
Eddied the red murk made
By the far-flashing guns;
While through that grim valley runs,
On winds of battle blown,
A grim, crashing undertone
Rolling incessantly,
The red-flaming musketry.
Night, let thy curtain fall
O'er battle's black, smoky pall,
From high heaven hiding all
Man's dreadful butchery!
O, wouldst thou could still the moans,
The dreadful shrieks, the groans,
The anguished, heartrending cries
Floating up to the autumn skies
From that field of red slaughter!
"Water! Water! O, water!
O God, give us water!"
Rising incessantly.

* * *

INTERLUDE.

Tuscarora:

Hark to the anguished cries,
The dreadful, wailing sighs,
See, see across the skies
Pale shadows drifting!

Cherokee:

Ghosts of the White Men there
To their far Heaven fare;
See how they cleave the air,
The black murk rifling!

Tuscarora:

Will they renew the fight?
His gaunt, grim veterans,
His war-worn veterans,
Chanting with ringing cheers,
Thund'ring down vistas of Time's passing years,
The mad song of victory!

Again on the right
Loud thunders the fight—
Titanic! Volcanic!
A terrible fight!

Charging in fury, bold Breckinridge came—

Fiery, chivalric, onrushing he came—
Struck Thomas's breastworks. With thunder and flame
Of hot-barreled muskets and cannon aflame
Was met by the blue—
The hard-fighting blue—
With grapeshot and musketry was met by the blue!
But his bold brigadiers
Undaunted rushed on.

The blue cannoneers
Hurled grapeshot and canister—
On came the gray!
'Gainst breastworks aflame
On they came!
"Forward, Kentuckians! Charge with the bayonet!"
Cried gallant Helm. He fell.
Wild and high, at his fall, rang the fierce "Rebel Yell."
Adams rushed on—furious, undaunted yet—
"On, Louisiana! Give them the bayonet!"
Wounded, he fell.

Then, at the red tide's turn,
In came Cleburne—
Patrick Romaine Cleburne,
Chivalric Irishman;
Never was braver than
Patrick Cleburne,
Leader beloved!
On rushed his bold brigades,
Dyeing the forest glades
With precious crimson.
The blue breastworks blazed—
Swept the red field
With grapeshot and musketry—
Red flashing musketry—
All the blood dripping vials of Death were unsealed.

Wood, Polk, and Deshler charged. Deshler fell,
His requiem the "Rebel Yell."

Gist and Liddell rushed in,
Stewart, with Brown, Bate, and Clayton, rushed in,

Cherokee:

Ay, with the morning light.

Tuscarora:

See how the ground runs red,
How thickly lie the dead.
Beside the sleepers.

Cherokee:

They'll not the fight give o'er
Till to the ghostly shore
They have sent thousands more—
They are Death's reapers.

* * *

Second Day.

Twentieth September, Sixty-three—
Sunday—War's symphony—
Satanic! Infernal!
Breaks the supernal
Peace of God's Deity.

Cannon and musketry,
Thund'ring incessantly,
Shake the hills.
Bloodstained, the flashing steel

Gleams through the murk as the battle lines reel—
Reel and sway—
To and fro through the long, bloody, terrible day;
Gray and blue, blue and gray,
In stern opposition set,
Ply the dread bayonet.

On the right Polk this day commands—
Bishop and fighter,
No name shines brighter,
None than he held death lighter.

On the left Longstreet stands.
The "Hammerer," Longstreet,
Stubborn and grim—"Old Pete."
This day

He shall rise to his zenith,
Hurl like a thunderbolt into the fray
His resistless brigades,
Snatch from the gory
Locks of immortal Glory
The chaplet of victory!
Facing death as with gladness,
Berserker madness,
Swelling the thunderous infernal din,
Till the hills shook and trembled,
Till the earth shook and trembled
'Neath the fell cannonade,
'Neath the roll and the roar the red musketry made;
Until from the lines of the blue rose the cry
To their comrades to right of them: "Help, else we die!
Else we fly!
Send help, fast and faster,
Lest in crimson disaster
We are swept from the field!"

Ah, 'twas fatal, that cry, for the blue!
Stout Rosecrans withdrew,
From his right to his left, brigade by brigade,
Until in the blue line a wide gap was made.
'Twas but for a moment, a moment of fate;
'T was seen in the making—too late, all too late!
For in that dire moment bold Longstreet was marching
Against the blue right. "Old Pete" was marching,
Saw the gap in the line, and the "Hammerer's" face
Lighted up with stern joy. Double quick was the pace—
"By the right flank, wheel! Charge!
Ye gray veterans, charge!
Drive on o'er the gory,
Red field of your glory!
Drive the foe from his breastworks, carry his guns—
At the point of the bayonet carry his guns—
Drive him in ruin and rout from the field!"

They wheel and rush on. Wild and high
To the sky,
Through swirling red murk rings the South's battle cry,
As the grim, gray brigades
From the forest's dim shades
Burst with banners aslant and bay'nets agleam,
And far-flashing musketry,
On, on to victory,
Sweep the red field!

In the forefront of battle, Hood fell with a wound—
"Go on, and keep going!" as he fell to the ground,
Cried the great fighter.

On rushed the gray brigades—
Deas's, Manigault's, Law's, Johnson's, McNair's brigades,
Gregg's, Anderson's, Humphrey's, and Benning's brigades,
Drove the foe from his breastworks, took pris'ners and guns,
Swept the field like a storm as the westerling sun's
Red rays the Ridge lighted where Thomas made stand
Like a lion at bay—
Southron 'gainst Southrons, a lion at bay.
Vain, all in vain! Foot by foot, hand to hand,
With clashing of bayonets—
Crimson dyed bayonets—
The gray brigades carried the Ridge. Through the night,
Scattered and broken,
Shattered, reeling, and broken,
The routed blue army sought refuge in flight.

* * *

The Red Men:

Away, away! How fierce, how fell they seem,
Pale, bloody ghosts across the night sky drifting.
Away, away! Dark Chickamauga's stream
Runs red, a crimson wound, the valley rifling.
Be swift, O swift! to tread the spirit trail
Back to Manito's thrice-blest Hunting Grounds!
Flee far and fast the White Man's visage pale,
His heart is red, red, red as blood and wounds!

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

It is proper, in connection with the poem, "Chickamauga," that I should make acknowledgment of my debt to Miss Mary Johnston as regards not merely that one poem, but also the other poems that I have written and shall write of the Confederacy. Although I have, of course, drawn very largely upon other sources both for information and inspiration, yet Miss Johnston's "Long Roll" and "Cease Firing" have in very great measure set the tempo, as it were, of my work.

As regards "Chickamauga," Miss Johnston's description of that battle contains all the essential elements of poetry, which I have merely elaborated and given poetic form. The idea of the wraiths of the Red Men is her's, from which to the idea of the War Spirit and the Mountain Spirit overlooking the field of approaching carnage is but a step. Indeed, were not "Chickamauga" an important part of a far greater design, I should scarcely feel justified in altering the form of Miss Johnston's description, the spirit of which I cannot improve.

ARTHUR LOUIS PETICOLAS.

UNKNOWN.

BY ELIZABETH MOORE JOYCE.

The dome of the Capitol, luminous, scintillating, gleamed against the dark sky. Night in Washington, a June night, fragrant with the mingled perfume of roses and honeysuckle and magnolias.

From the roof garden of his hotel, George Hudson looked across the city. At last he had reached the end of his long journey—almost reached it, but not quite. The real end was just across the Potomac at Arlington.

The folks of his home town in the West had rather discouraged him about coming. There was only one chance in a thousand—oh, even less than that, they had said—that it was his son's body which lay in the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. But—there was that one chance.

George Hudson wanted to stand beside that white marble

tomb and let his bereaved heart feel that perhaps it was Tom's grave. Poor comfort, but at least something.

He lit a cigar and strolled around the roof garden, avoiding as much as possible the other visitors. The city lay before him, the city of magnificent distances. Great buildings housing national bureaus loomed up darkly. In contrast, the green lights from another shone up with startling vividness, like living emeralds.

Below, in the distance, the Potomac wound along the Virginia shores, reflecting the lights of the bridges in its dark, shimmering depths. A searchlight playing on the top of the Washington Monument left it hanging, ghostlike, mysterious, among the clouds. Far across the city the illuminated spire of the Cathedral pointed significantly toward the heavens.

Oh, it was a wonderful city, this capital of a wonderful country for whose honor Tom had laid down his precious life.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." The quotation came to Mr. Hudson's mind comfortingly. With a lingering look over the panorama spread beneath the star-studded summer sky, he turned away and went below.

Sauntering through the lobby of the hotel, he noticed a tall, angular man standing at the desk, anxiously questioning the clerk. As Mr. Hudson passed by he could not avoid hearing parts of the conversation.

"Just across the river, did you say? Buses go right to Arlington? I hope I won't have much trouble getting there. I'm a stranger in this section of the country, and it's rather confusing."

He turned away from the desk as he spoke and the two men came face to face. The tall stranger looked perturbed, and Mr. Hudson addressed him.

"Excuse me, sir, but you spoke of Arlington. I'm going over there myself to-morrow. I've already inquired the way and will be very glad to be of any assistance."

"Thank you, sir. I will indeed be grateful for your help," replied the other man. "My name's Alden and I'm from up North. Never been in Washington before. Been too busy farming to take many trips. But, you see"—He hesitated a moment as he looked Mr. Hudson over carefully. Apparently satisfied, he went on. "You see, we lost your youngest son in France. Fell at Verdun, they reported. That's all we know. So his mother and I have thought the Unknown Soldier at Arlington might be our Bobby. She's been ailing a good deal since the boy was killed and wanted me to come down and see the tomb over there so I could tell her about it. There's just a chance, you know"—

His eyes sought Mr. Hudson's face eagerly as if begging him to agree with his unexpressed thought, and George Hudson held out his hand impulsively and grasped Mr. Alden's.

"Why, that's why I'm going to Arlington," he said. "I lost a son, too, and I've left my mine out West to run itself for awhile just to come on and see this tomb. My boy, like yours, was among the unknown dead. Shall we sit here awhile and smoke?"

Along the fashionable "Peacock Alley" richly dressed women promenaded, attended by distinguished statesmen or diplomats. The orchestra in the balcony played softly and young girls and men made up gay little supper parties. But the two men—the rich mine owner from the West and the weather-beaten farmer from the North—smoked on in the lobby side by side lost in their own thoughts.

With a wreath of roses and a sheaf of lilies, Mr. Hudson and Mr. Alden set off together the next day for Arlington.

The big bus bound for the National Cemetery rolled along smoothly through the wide tree-bordered avenues; then

around by the shimmering tidal basin and over the Key bridge to the Virginia shore.

A honeymooning couple sat on the back seat of the bus, quite absorbed in each other. Some young lady school-teachers eagerly noted the objects of interest as they went along, anxious to miss none of the sights they had come far to see. A quiet little man sat in the front nervously handling a bunch of sweet-smelling, old fashioned flowers, pinks and pansies and heliotrope. Behind him, Mr. Alden and Mr. Hudson quietly watched the shadows on the green slopes of the Virginia hills as they rose and fell in the June sunshine.

They were on the bridge when suddenly the little man in front turned around to the two men behind him.

"There's Arlington," he said, motioning toward an imposing old mansion that rose on the distant hillside.

"Ah!" Mr. Hudson breathed a long sigh. "What a beautiful spot."

"Isn't it," continued the little man. "I've been coming over every now and then since—since the Unknown Soldier was buried there."

The two men looked at him and then at each other with sudden understanding, while he went on.

"My son was killed in France, you see, but was never identified. So it's a sort of comfort to come over here sometimes and stand by the tomb and think maybe it's Benny's grave. These flowers are from our home garden. His little sister picked them for me to bring over—for Benny, she said. Of course, you know there's a chance"—

"Yes, there's a chance," Mr. Hudson replied. "Mr. Alden and I are both here, too, because of that chance. He's from the North. I'm from the West, and, like you, we each lost a son in France."

The man in the front seat extended his hand quickly to the two behind him. "I'm Henry Price, from the Eastern Shore," he said. "Maybe one of us has come to the right place."

Then he turned away again toward Arlington, where the old Custis-Lee mansion stood out in stately whiteness from amid the magnolia trees.

The gates of the cemetery stood open and the three men left the bus, at Mr. Price's suggestion, and went in together, leaving the honeymooners and the school-teachers to their own devices.

"Let us walk," Mr. Price suggested. "I generally do. I don't like to go there with a party. I'll show you the way."

As they went along, the solemn beauty of Arlington fell on their hearts like a benediction, quieting and comforting. They paused a moment before one of the bronze tablets beside the walk, and Mr. Hudson read the inscription aloud:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread.
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

"That means our boys, too," he added. "It's for all who have given 'the last full measure of devotion,' like Bobby and Benny and Tom."

Mr. Price led them around by the Temple of Fame and the old sylvan rotunda. Then on to the great Memorial Amphitheater, with its white columns flanked by tall dark cedars. Here he paused and silently motioned toward the gleaming white tomb that lay before them, the tomb that has been the object of so many hopes and surmisings.

They approached it reverently, and for awhile the three men stood there with uncovered heads without speaking. For one was thinking of Bobby from the North, and one of

Tom from the West, and one of Benny from the East. Silently they went forward and laid the flowers they had brought upon the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Suddenly, as they moved around it, down below the marble steps they came upon the kneeling figure of a woman. Her black dress was in vivid contrast to the white marble and her face was stained with tears, but there was a pride and exaltation there, too, that forced the tears quite into the background. In her hands she clasped a cluster of snowy magnolia blossoms. When she saw the three men approaching, she rose and turned away. "Please don't let us disturb you," Mr. Price said courteously. "Perhaps we've all come on the same errand."

She glanced at them incredulously for a moment. Then she replied: "My only son was killed in France. He was one of the unknown dead, and I have come from the South just to visit this tomb. I believe it's my little Ned that's buried here. Edward Lee was his name, and there wasn't a braver boy in all the army. I'm not saying that either just because I'm his mother."

The three men looked at each other and then at the sad little woman in black with the Southern magnolias clasped in her hands.

"I'm sure he was a brave boy. And it may be that this tomb is his memorial." Mr. Hudson spoke kindly and Mr. Alden seconded him bravely.

"You think it may be my Neddy's grave, don't you?" she asked, and her tear-dimmed eyes watched the faces of the men eagerly.

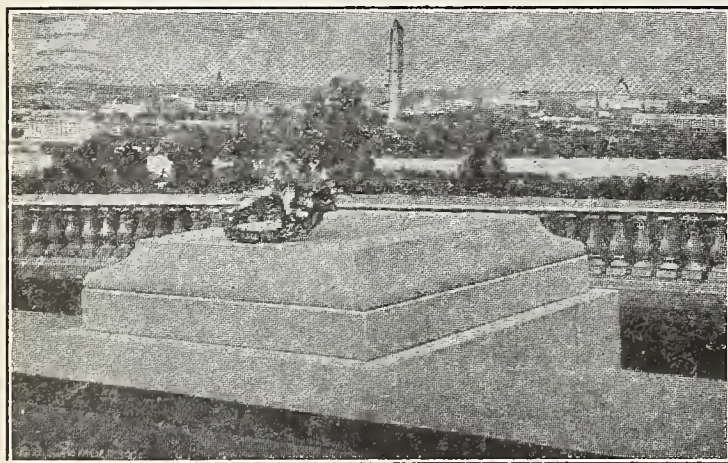
"He was somebody's boy, Mrs. Lee," answered Mr. Price. "Whose we don't know. All four of us have lost a son, so we all have a special right to be here, but nobody has a better right than you."

Her pale face lit up with joy as he spoke.

"Oh, I'm so glad you think that way," she replied. "Of course, I don't know it's Neddy's grave, but when I go back home I'm just going to believe it is. It will be such a comfort. And, as you say, he was somebody's boy."

"The Unknown Soldier's tomb belongs to us all," Mr. Hudson spoke reverently. "In death, as in life, he typifies the greatest thing in all this great country—the devotion to duty that sacrifices everything else to honor."

Above the dark cedars whisper together, solemnly, reverently. Below the Potomac murmurs a lullaby for the Unknown Soldier—somebody's boy—dead on the field of honor.



TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AND VIEW OF WASHINGTON
ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

GEORGIA'S PART IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

BY ROBERT G. STEPHENS, A.B., M.D., ATLANTA, GA.

When the presidential election of 1860 resulted in the triumph of the Republican party and the naming of Abraham Lincoln as President, the relations between the North and the South were brought to the breaking point. This party had been organized in 1856, and one of its chief policies was the making of war upon the slave property of the South. The Southern people were filled with indignation that this party, which they considered an enemy to their rights under the Constitution, should elect the President and with the vote of the Northern States alone. They feared hostile aggression from a purely sectional party, and this feeling of resentment swept over the Southern States like a mighty wave.

South Carolina almost immediately called a State convention, and on December 20, 1860, passed an ordinance of secession and withdrew from the Union. When the news of her action was flashed to her sister States of the South, the people went wild with patriotic enthusiasm. Crowds gathered in towns and cities, bells were rung, cannon were fired, speeches were made, Lincoln was burned in effigy, and universal commendation was given to her act.

The legislature of Georgia convened at Milledgeville in November, 1860, after the election of Mr. Lincoln. The governor, Joseph E. Brown, consonant with the spirit of the hour, in his message to this body recommended, among other things, that a convention of the people be called and also that one million dollars be appropriated for the defense of the State. The legislature acted promptly and favorably on these recommendations by: (1) creating the office of Adjutant General, to which place Henry C. Wayne was appointed; (2) by authorizing the acceptance by the governor of 10,000 troops; (3) by appropriating the sum of one million dollars for State defense; and (4) by providing for the election on the first Wednesday of January, 1861, of delegates to a convention which should determine the action of the State in the emergency existing.

The date set for this meeting of the convention of the people was January 16, 1861. In the meantime, between the assembling of the legislature and the date of the convention, South Carolina had seceded and there was the demonstration attendant upon this event. Georgia was still in the Union, but the sentiment of her people was against this Union. Being fired with enthusiasm over South Carolina's secession, and seeing the removal of United States troops from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, the latter place being isolated from land approach and nearer reinforcement from the sea, the people of Georgia began to fear that an effort would be made by the United States to strengthen the forts and arsenals within her borders. Governor Brown shared in these fears, and, as commander in chief of the forces of Georgia, on January 2, 1861, ordered Col. A. R. Lawton to occupy Fort Pulaski out from Savannah. This was done and, while it was an act of war, since Georgia was still a member of the Union, it was indorsed by the people and was later commended by the State convention.

On January 16, 1861, the convention called by the legislature met at Milledgeville, the then capital of the State. It was composed of the ablest men of the State. The leaders of the secession sentiment were Thomas R. R. Cobb, Francis S. Bartow, and Robert Toombs, while opposed to secession as a remedy for evils were Herschel V. Johnson, Benjamin H. Hill, and Alexander H. Stephens. On January 19 a vote was taken and, by a count of 208 to 89, an Ordinance of Secession

was adopted, the last paragraph of which states: "That the Union now existing between the State of Georgia and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved, and the State of Georgia is in the full possession and exercise of all those rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State." The president of the convention, ex-Gov. George W. Crawford, then pronounced Georgia as free, sovereign, and independent. On the 21st of January, the ordinance was signed by the members of the convention, six doing so with a written protest. Delegates were appointed to the Southern convention to meet in Montgomery, Ala., February 4, 1861. The convention then adjourned on the 29th, to meet in March at Savannah.

Before its adjournment, the convention authorized the raising and equipping of two regiments of infantry. Hostilities began before these could be gotten up, and only one was formed. It was known as the "1st Georgia Regulars," and Col. Charles J. Williams was the first colonel. This regiment went to Virginia as a part of Toombs's Brigade, and from July, 1861, to the end of the war saw service in the army of the Confederacy.

On February 4, the delegates appointed met in Montgomery with those of the other seceded States. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, was made permanent chairman of the convention. On the 9th, a provisional government was organized and Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was elected President and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice President. On the 18th of February these officers were inaugurated into office.

On March 7, the Georgia convention met in Savannah, as appointed, and on the 16th ratified the Confederate Constitution, adopted a new State Constitution, voted to issue notes and bonds, tendered a tract of land for the Confederate government to be located in Georgia, and transferred military control of all forts and arsenals to the Confederate government.

Thus did Georgia dissolve her relations with the United States, become an independent republic, and then join a new confederation, the Confederate States of America.

The first call made on Georgia by the Confederate government was for troops to go to Pensacola, Fla., for defense there. Over two hundred and fifty companies offered their services. Companies had been formed all over the State, business and professions had been deserted for the army, and each organization was clamoring to see service. Ten companies were selected for the Pensacola service, and they organized in April, 1861, as the "1st Regiment of Georgia Volunteers." This regiment later went to Virginia and served under Garnett until his death, then under Henry R. Jackson until December, 1861, when it was placed under Stonewall Jackson at Winchester. It was mustered out of service as a regiment in March, 1862.

To write the history of each of the regiments of Georgia volunteers would be to write an extended history of the entire war. There were organized and equipped for service sixty-six regiments of infantry, besides Cobb's Legion, Phillips's Legion, Wright's Legion, Smith's Legion, and Thomas's Legion, all of which served in the Confederate armies. There were some twenty-seven independent battalions, some twenty-six artillery companies, and some ten or twelve regiments of State troops, the latter serving only in the State. All told, Georgia put into the armies of the Confederacy over one hundred thousand men.

These troops served at Manassas in 1861, they fought in the seven days fight around Richmond, and spilled their blood at Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg in 1862; they were with Lee in the Pennsylvania campaign and were at Vicks-

burg, Port Hudson, and Chickamaugua, in 1863; they faced Grant in the Wilderness and blocked Sherman's march to the sea in 1864. When Lee's army of 51,000 men occupied the trenches at Petersburg, 8,500 of them were Georgia troops, or one man in every six was a Georgian. At the last, at Appomattox in 1865, it was Georgia troops, commanded by Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, who were valiantly assailing the enemy when ordered to stop because of Lee's surrender.

Georgia furnished one lieutenant general to the Confederates—William J. Hardee; eight major generals—Howell Cobb, John B. Gordon, LaFayette McLaws, David E. Twiggs, William H. T. Walker, Joseph Wheeler, Ambrose R. Wright, and Pierce M. B. Young. Of these, John B. Gordon, for several months at the close of the war, commanded Lee's famous Second Corps, and Joseph Wheeler commanded the Second Corps of the Army of Tennessee. Although truly lieutenant generals, their commissions as such were never issued.

Georgia furnished thirty-eight brigadier generals, two of whom—Henry L. Benning and Clement A. Evans—commanded divisions during the last months of the war, and while truly major generals, their commissions were never issued.

Georgia furnished to the Confederacy her Vice President, Alexander H. Stephens; her first Secretary of State, Robert Toombs; her Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Philip Clayton; her Assistant Secretary of War, John A. Campbell; her Quartermaster General, Alexander R. Lawton; her Commissary General, Isaac M. St. John. John D. Bullock, of Georgia, was naval agent to England and engineered the purchase and transportation of supplies for the Confederate government.

On Georgia soil were fought some of the bloodiest battles of the war: Chickamaugua, Dalton, Ringgold, Resaca, Calhoun, Altoona, Kenesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, Dallas, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Ezra Church, and Jonesborough—all received their baptism of blood for the Confederate cause.

Ten thousand eight hundred and seventy-four Georgians lay down their lives for the Confederacy, and the lives of thousands of others were made desolate by the devastation of Sherman's "March to the Sea," which was a path of destruction through the State's very heart.

When Jefferson Davis withdrew from Richmond at Lee's evacuation of Petersburg, the Confederate government was temporarily set up at Danville, Va. After the surrender on April 9, 1865, Davis moved south through the Carolinas, accompanied by some of his cabinet and his military aides. At last, on May 5, 1865, he came to the little town of Washington, in Wilkes County, Ga., and there, on that date, was held the last meeting of the Confederate cabinet. Those present were: John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War; John H. Reagan, Postmaster General; A. R. Lawton, Quartermaster General; I. M. St. John, Commissary General; and Major R. J. Moses. So at last, in the old Heard house in Washington, on Georgia soil, the Southern Confederacy ceased to exist and passed into history.

Throughout the whole of the four years of war and deprivation, Georgia bore her part honorably and nobly in the struggle, and her ideals of right were sealed by the sacred blood of her sons on many a hard-fought battle field. Successful or defeated, all honor and glory can be given to her spotless name!

"The laurel and the cypress,
The glory and the grave:
We pledge to thee, O Liberty!
The lifeblood of the brave."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ADMIRAL SEMMES

BY JUDGE SAFFOLD BERNEY, MOBILE, ALA.

The civilized world is so familiar with the public side of Admiral Semmes, his skill and daring as a sailor and his illustrious career as an officer in the old United States navy and afterwards as commander of the Confederate Steamer Alabama, that I will write only of him as a man, as a citizen, neighbor, and friend, whose home after the war was in Mobile, who dwelt and labored with us, and whose honored remains are interred in Mobile soil.

Raphael Semmes was born September 27, 1809, in Charles County, Md., a county in the southern portion of Western Maryland, bordering on the Potomac River, and not far south of Washington City. Maryland was settled by the best blood of England and France in 1632, under a grant to the second Lord Baltimore, and has always been noted for the character of its people—their culture, education, hospitality, sterling worth, and pride of ancestry. Admiral Semmes came of the best of this Maryland stock, and his birth and environment were such as to produce the great man he turned out to be.

Shortly after the close of the War between the States, the Admiral removed his family to Mobile and continued to reside in Mobile until his death. Some time afterwards he was elected probate judge of Mobile County, but was unable to qualify because of his political disabilities, which, I believe, were never removed.

As a young man, in 1834, while awaiting orders as past-midshipman, he had studied law with a brother in Maryland and had been admitted to the bar in that State. Coming, like nearly all Confederate officers and soldiers, out of the war poor and under the necessity of working for the support of himself and family, he naturally turned to the practice of the law for that support, and, opening a law office in Mobile, began its practice. When I first knew him his law office was on the south side of Conti Street, near Royal, in a small one-story brick building, which has since been removed. The firm was R. & O. J. Semmes. The words "R. & O. J. Semmes, Attorneys at Law," remained painted on the front wall for several years after the Admiral's death in 1877.

The first time I ever saw the Admiral was in 1873, when, as a young man, I removed to Mobile to live. He was then sixty-four years old. After that, and until his death, I saw him many times and came to know him quite well. Being myself a lawyer, I frequently saw him in the courts and heard him try cases in court. My recollection of him is quite distinct.

As to his personal appearance, his statue on Government Street in Mobile is a good likeness of him as he appeared in life. He was of medium height, slenderly, but well and compactly built, high forehead, with hair brushed well back, clear-cut features, resolute, penetrating eyes, set deep in his head, well-defined nose, thin lips, firm mouth and chin, clean shaven, except for a heavy moustache, hair turning gray, erect, with the active step and carriage of a naval officer.

In manner he was quiet and reserved, but not, as some supposed him to be, brusque or austere. Whatever of brusqueness or austerity there seemed to be about him grew out of his military training, his habit of command, the intensely active and absorbing life he had led as a sailor, and the great responsibilities that had rested upon him during his career as a Confederate naval commander. While, sailor like, he was not given to words, he was quite easy of approach, affable and pleasant in conversation, and kind and agreeable in his intercourse with his fellow men; always respectful to the courts,

and, accustomed to and knowing the necessity of submission to authority, respected and acquiesced in their rulings. His knowledge of law, and particularly of admiralty law, was accurate and extensive. He prepared his cases carefully and handled them well in court. He had the esteem and confidence of every one, and his practice was good considering the times, the scarcity of money, unsettled conditions, and the few years he had been at the bar.

In his daily walk in life, as he quietly and unassumingly went in and out among us, practicing law for his daily bread, like any other ordinary mortal, there was nothing in his manner of the great man, of the famous Admiral Semmes, of the world-renowned sailor, whose name at one time was on every man's tongue and whose fame will last through the centuries to come. After his death, as I passed by his little law office and read his name on the wall, I often thought of this great man working there for bread like the rest of us and of what must have been his thoughts as he sat there in the quiet hours of the night and his active, restless brain wandered back over the scenes of the past. Gone was the Confederacy which he had served so faithfully and for which he had given up his all. Dispersed and scattered were the brave men who had sailed the seas with him and helped to make his fame. Gone were all the ambition, hopes, and illusions of his earlier life, and gone his expectation of future preferment in his chosen calling of the sea. He had given up his position in the old navy and the certainty of high rank and comfortable pay if he had remained in it to cast his lot with the South, and had gone down to defeat with the South. Now what was before him? What might he expect from the world? Nothing but the opportunity to labor to the end in the then poorly paid practice of the law.

He who was born to command, whose word had been law, who had made the name "Alabama" a household word throughout the world and shed a glory upon it that will never fade, must plod along in the obscurity and drudgery of a law office. But he was the same brave soul in adversity that he was in the days of his greatest triumphs, and he went about his new-found duties cheerfully and uncomplainingly.

The occasion upon which I saw the Admiral to the best advantage was when he unveiled the Confederate statue in the "Soldiers's Rest" in Magnolia Cemetery, in Mobile, April, 1874. April 26 of that year falling on Sunday, the annual memorial exercises over the Confederate dead were observed on the next day, Monday, April 27. The day was bright and beautiful. A Southern spring in all its radiance was with us, and flowers were in profusion; such a spring as that in 1861 when our men went to Virginia, many of them never to return. Business of all kinds in the city had been suspended during the hours of the exercises, and the gathering at the cemetery was the greatest I have ever seen there. After prayer and the singing of several verses of the "Conquered Banner," and a beautiful address by the orator of the day, Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, the Admiral, who had been chosen to perform the service, proceeded to unveil the statue. He stood with uncovered head, and dressed in a plain black suit, on the base of the monument, erect, alert, and with all the fire of the old Admiral burning in his eyes. As he stood there in this attitude, several United States army officers, stationed in Mobile, advanced to the base of the monument, and, in the name of the officers of the United States army in the city, presented the Admiral an exquisite floral offering which was appropriately received by him. Then, holding in his hands the cords that were to release the covering which hid the statue, looking down upon the surging crowd around him, and catching the inspiration of the moment, he delivered

a short, eloquent speech, in which he told us of the history of the monument and for what it stood. Then while the crowd stood with uncovered heads, he drew the veil aside and presented the statue to our view, while the cannon boomed forth and the band played "Dixie."

We little thought then that the Admiral's career on earth was drawing to its close. A little more than three short years afterwards, at 7:20 o'clock on Thursday morning, August 30, 1877, he died at Point Clear, Ala., at the age of sixty-eight years. With his grief-stricken family about his bedside, and with his hand clasped in that of a pious priest who pointed his way heavenward, the great Admiral sank to rest. His remains were brought to Mobile next day and taken to the Cathedral, where the solemn rites of the Catholic Church were performed over them, and they were then interred in the Catholic Cemetery in Mobile. In the city, the tributes of respect were everywhere to be seen; banks and stores were closed and business of all kinds suspended during the funeral hours, and every half hour from sunrise to sunset the cannon's boom was heard.

His grave is covered with a plain, white marble slab bearing the simple inscription, "Admiral Raphael Semmes," and beneath his name is inscribed the name of his beloved wife, who has followed him to the grave.

I often go to this Catholic Cemetery, for it is an attractive spot, and I never go there that I do not visit the Admiral's grave and the grave of Father Ryan, which is near by, for in different ways both graves possess a peculiar interest to me. In one sleeps a great sailor, whose skill, daring, and restless activity swept the seas of an enemy's commerce and for several years baffled and defied its navy; in the other, that sweet anger, the poet priest of the South. But the Admiral's grave spriticularly impresses me, for I think of what restless activity, what greatness rests beneath that simple slab and how quietly his great man sleeps after life's fitful fever.

ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES, CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY.

BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES.

As Stonewall Jackson of the seas,
His claims will brightly gleam;
One who to foes ne'er bent the knees,
He was proud Southland's dream.

The Sumter's—Alabama's fame
Will live, till Time's no more;
And R. Semmes's deeds will gild the flame
That kindles Dixie's lore.

His lightning genius would not brook
Aught which might hold in check;
Inspir'd by Neptune's sovereign look,
He lov'd his lustrous deck.

That deck, enshrin'd in great emprise,
Embalm'd with heroes's blood,
Where, for long months, with flashing eyes,
He all the North withstood.

He's left a name that will be dear
To patriot hearts, alight
With martial thoughts, thrice welcom'd here,
And glory of the fight.

MANY KINDS OF OFFICERS.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

We had in our army and navy officers of all descriptions, and I am going to give a few, taken from the Confederate States Congressional Journal (with two exceptions) who were attached to branches a little out of the ordinary. I will start with officers for retirement only: De Rossett, W. L., North Carolina, colonel; Godwin, J. B., Virginia, colonel; Wood, R. A., Georgia, captain.

We then have two of a Louisiana Zouave Battalion which seems to have never materialized, as there is no mention of any other officers: Dupuy, Jules, Louisiana, second lieutenant; Hardy, Eugene, Louisiana, second lieutenant.

Then comes the Coast Guards, with a very small roster, and they, seemingly, father and son: Galloway, John W., North Carolina, captain; Galloway, John W., Jr., North Carolina, captain.

Next we have two navy agents who, at least, were kinsmen: Howell, William B., Louisiana, navy agent; Howell, William F., Louisiana, navy agent.

Then some cavalry scouts, all bearing the same date of rank: Jackson, J. W., Virginia, second lieutenant; McKaig, T. J., Maryland, second lieutenant; Page, W. W., Virginia, captain; Temple, R., Virginia, first lieutenant.

Next comes one of a "Foreign Battalion," who, to say the least, must have had a lonesome time, as he is the only officer of this outfit shown in the Journal: Quarles, J. T., Virginia, first lieutenant, adjutant.

Then two officers of a commissary battalion, evidently operating in the State of Florida: Footman, William, Florida, major; Munnerlyn, Charles J., Florida, lieutenant colonel.

There were plenty of A. A. G.'s, but this list shows that there were not many adjutant and inspector generals: Cartwright, Samuel A., Louisiana, lieutenant colonel; Clare, William, Alabama, major; Croner, V. D., Mississippi, captain; Hall, Thomas W., Texas, major.

We had at least two military secretaries: Long, Armistead I., Virginia, colonel, secretary to Gen. R. E. Lee; Sale, John B., Mississippi, colonel, secretary to General Bragg.

The A. D. C. ordinarily was a first lieutenant, but here we have some "high brows" of the profession: Browne, William M., Georgia, colonel, A. D. C. to the President; Chestnut, James J., South Carolina, colonel, A. D. C. to the President; Cuthbert, James E., Virginia, major, A. D. C. to General Bragg; Davis, Joseph R., Mississippi, colonel, A. D. C. to the President; Ellis, Towson, Louisiana, major, A. D. C. to General Bragg; Ives, Joseph C., colonel, A. D. C. to the President; Johnston, William Preston, Kentucky, colonel, A. D. C. to the President; Lubbock, F. R., Texas, colonel, A. D. C. to the President; Marshall, Charles, Virginia, major, A. D. C. to Gen. R. E. Lee; Parker, Francis S., South Carolina, major, A. D. C. to General Bragg; Talcott, T. M. R., Virginia, major, A. D. C. to Gen. R. E. Lee; Taylor, Walter H., Virginia, major, A. D. C. to Gen. R. E. Lee; Venable, Charles S., South Carolina, major, A. D. C. to Gen. R. E. Lee; Wood, John Taylor, Louisiana, colonel, A. D. C. to the President.

The Commander of the Navy had the distinction of being the only A. D. C. in the army with the rank of second lieutenant, and yet he was aide to as big a bug as the bulk of them: McWillie, William J., Mississippi, second lieutenant, A. D. C. to Gen. R. H. Anderson.

We have one of the Engineer Corps, Capt. J. V. Gallimard, of Louisiana, commanding Sappers and Bombardiers; and Joseph E. Haynes, who was ensign of the 62nd North Carolina.

(Did this officer carry the colors?) There was Col. William M. Wadly as Inspector General of Railway Transportation. Two "colored" officers of our navy (gleaned from the Official Records) were Pilot Moses Dalton, of the C. S. S. Savannah, who was killed while gallantly fighting in the attack on the U. S. S. Water Witch, in Georgia waters, on June 2, 1864; and Pilot Billy Bugg, of the C. S. S. Sampson, who stayed with the Confederacy until "Marse Sherman" captured Savannah, and then Billy, as the saying is, "lit a rag" to the "Blue Bellies."

OFFICERS TO RAISE TROOPS.

The following officers were commissioned by Congress to raise troops, and there is nothing said as to the revocation of said commission in case they fell down on the job. This is their first and last appearance in the Journal, as the records do not show whether they raised soldiers, or, as General Forrest said, when he ran across one of them, something else, except in the instance of H. H. Miller, who later was colonel of the 9th Mississippi Cavalry. In justice to these gentlemen, however, most of these levies were to be brought out of territory occupied by the enemy, and, therefore, it was, I should judge, a man's size contract.

Anderson, B. M., Kentucky, colonel; Armesy, T. D., Virginia, captain; Armistead, C. G., Mississippi, colonel; Beltzhoover, Samuel G., Missouri, captain; Brand, Horace H., Missouri, captain; Carter, R. H., Missouri, captain; Cearnal, J. T., Missouri, lieutenant colonel; Clarkson, William P., Missouri, captain; Cooke, V. C., Missouri, captain; Copher, David T., Missouri, captain; Cresap, C. J. P., Virginia, captain; Doran, S. A., Kentucky, captain; Duke, Thomas L., Mississippi, captain; Eastman, E., Kentucky, captain; Freeman, T. J., Tennessee, colonel; Gaines, Richard, Missouri, major; Gambrels, James B., Missouri, first lieutenant; Grayson, W. P., Kentucky, colonel; Hamilton, Jones S., Mississippi, lieutenant colonel; Haymaker, J. H., Missouri, captain; Kinkel, Nathan P., Missouri, captain; Larue, James B., Kentucky, captain; Magen, William M., Kentucky, first lieutenant; Miller, H. H., Mississippi, colonel; Norton, Nimrod L., Missouri, captain; Outlaw, D. A., Tennessee, captain; Payne, William T., Missouri, captain; Riley, Jonathan G., Virginia, captain; Robinson, W. J., Virginia, captain; Rogers, Charles G., Tennessee, lieutenant colonel; Samuels, William R., Missouri, captain; Thompson, J. P., Kentucky, major; Vaughn, George H., Missouri, captain; Waters, Frank, Kentucky, captain; Wood, Robert C., Missouri, captain; Woolfolk, George W., Kentucky, captain.

THE RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

After the repulse of the Confederate assaults on the 3rd of July, 1863, the divisions of McLaws and Hood, of Longstreet's Corps, were drawn back to the position from which they began their advance on the 2nd of July, and the scattered fragments of the last assaulting column were collected at the point from which the line began its advance. The remainder of the Confederate army held its position until night.

A counter assault was confidently expected by the Confederate officers, and active preparations were made to meet it. Along the line of artillery the drivers stood to their horses and the cannoneers stood ready at their respective posts. These men were prepared to use their scant supplies of ammunition to the greatest advantage. The Federal army, however, contented itself with an occasional effort by skirmishers,

all of which readily yielded to the sharp fire of General Alexander's guns.

After night the Confederate army was caused to assume a defensive line, the right flank of which was Longstreet's Corps, and his right rested on Willoughby Run, his left being connected with A. P. Hill's right on Seminary Ridge. Hill's line was in position along Seminary Ridge to a junction with the right of Rodes's Division of Ewell's Corps. The center of Rodes's Division was located about where the Cash-town-Chambersburg road and railroad cut crosses Seminary Ridge, his left extending to the vicinity of Oak Hill. Expecting an assault, Rodes strengthened his line with earthworks along its whole length early on the morning of the 4th. In rear of Rodes were the divisions of Johnson and Early, in position in the order named. Here the Army of Northern Virginia remained undisturbed during the entire day, July 4, the Federal army evincing no disposition for a display of aggressiveness.

The Duke of Wellington, pronounced by Disraeli, in a eulogium at his funeral services, "the greatest man of a great age," is reputed to have said in a dispatch following the battle of Waterloo: "Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won." Wellington's battalions were fearfully depleted, and the stories of Waterloo tell us he almost despaired. He justly calculated that his army would perish where it stood; but when he saw the devastation caused by the incessant attacks of the enemy, who appeared determined to succeed, is it surprising that his watch was frequently consulted and that he prayed for night or Blucher? Perhaps the force of Wellington's aphorism was never more clearly demonstrated than on July 4, 1863, at Gettysburg.

On the 1st of July, after a hard-fought battle, which continued for several hours with varying success, with approximately equal numbers, a brilliant victory crowned the Confederate arms. On July 2 and 3, the Confederate army, with inferior numbers, exhausted itself with a half dozen or more disjointed assaults against its numerous antagonist, anchored in an impregnable position. "Victory trembled in the balance." On the 4th of July, the exhausted antagonists were in line of battle less than a mile apart. Both spent the day quietly watching the other.

So little pressure was shown against the alleged defeated Confederate army that recently, more than sixty years after the battle was fought, a discussion of the matter as to who was the winner has brought out the fact that one or more persons of prominence have stated that the winner of that battle was the alleged defeated Confederate army. Only the great downpour of rain about 4 P.M. occurred to break the quiet monotony that prevailed on the 4th. The rain on the 4th, however, was not the only rain the Confederate army encountered after crossing the Potomac River. The memory of the writer reminds him that he marched more than one day through drenching rains to hang himself before a log or rail fire at night to dry his clothing.

When night drew her sable curtain down and spread it over the bloody field of Gettysburg on the 4th of July, 1863, the Army of Northern Virginia began, *en masse*, to move. In the order of march, the Third (A. P. Hill's) Corps led, Longstreet followed Hill, and Ewell brought up the rear. Carter's Battalion pulled out soon after dark, stretched itself along the Fairfield-Hagerstown road, and soon came to a stop. Not a soldier in all that immense throng of moving humanity knew how long the stop would continue, or how soon the rear of the great column would move. In diminished quantities, though sufficient to soak the soldiers' clothing, the rain continued a steady downpour.

There are moments of life that we never forget, which brighten and brighten as time steals away. Well do I remember standing in that steady rain until I became tired. Though the night was dark, I distinctly saw the fence to my right, an old-style, zigzag rail fence. I also saw that every alternate lock in the fence had been laid off, a rail at a time, to make gaps through which advancing soldiers had passed on the 1st of July. The ground near by was a part of the battle ground on that date. These gaps left rails spread out like an open fan and inclined toward the ground. I soon placed myself in a recumbent position on the slanting rails and, with my knapsack under my head, though the rain continued to patter down, I was soon lost to the surroundings. In plain language, I slept. Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, had taken possession of my tired body and rendered it insensible to its unpleasant surroundings.

"Sleep is no servant of the will; it has caprices of its own; when courted most, it lingers still; when most pursued, 'tis sweetly gone." So near akin to death is deep sleep that the sleeper can keep no record of passing time. In due time I awoke to find that my command had moved along, and those in the road opposite me were not of my command. Naturally, I aroused myself and moved forward to soon reach my command. I had but little space to cover to reach my proper place, showing the move had been short. The stop was so long that I again began to look around. There again was the zigzag fence, its alternate locks opened into gaps through which the surging soldiers had passed in their valiant efforts to crush their antagonist. These friendly reclining rails furnished my hardened muscles with a resting place above the rain-saturated earth. Again I was soon lost in restful sleep in spite of the falling rain and other adverse conditions. My memory is a blank as to whether I awoke again during the passing darkness, but I do remember that when daylight drove away the shades of night there in plain view was Cemetery Ridge, and on its crest and down its side were the moving figures of the surviving Federal soldiers. I sat on those reclining rails and alternately viewed the moving Federal soldiers on Cemetery Ridge and the road in the opposite direction, along which I supposed I would eventually march. I was still on the battle field of the 1st of July; many dead bodies of soldiers of both armies lay scattered over the ground to my right as I marched. Many other evidences of the struggle which occurred on that ground were visible.

Though the column had made a short move in the early part of the night, that part of it to which my command was attached had never passed beyond the plain view of the Federal line of battle on Cemetery Ridge; and yet we were permitted to remain undisturbed by our alleged victorious antagonists. Longstreet said: "It was daylight of the 5th when the road was open for the First and a later hour of the morning before the Second could follow." Ewell said; "At 10 A.M. on the 5th, the other corps were not all in the road, and, consequently, mine did not take up its march till near noon, and only reached Fairfield at 4 P.M." Though the artillery of Ewell's Corps drew into column early after night on the 4th, it remained practically stationary near its previous position until noon of the 5th, sixteen or eighteen hours.

Our friends on Cemetery Ridge did not press until the rear of the Confederate column disappeared, about noon on the 5th of July, behind the timber and hills as it departed from the field. Brig. Gen. John B. Gordon said: "In the afternoon of the 5th, on the retreat from Gettysburg, my brigade, acting as rear guard, was pressed by the enemy near Fairfield, Pa. I was ordered by Major General Early to hold him in check until the wagon and division trains could be moved

forward. Detaching the 26th Georgia, I deployed it, and, after a spirited skirmish, succeeded in driving back the enemy's advance guard and in withdrawing this regiment through the woods, with the loss of eight or ten killed and wounded." Rodes's Division on the night of the 5th of July, "after a most wearisome march in mud and rain, bivouacked two miles west of Fairfield."

This feeble pressure, so easily driven off, led the Confederates, after seeing that needed preparation was made against surprise by stationing pickets, to feel secure, and they quietly partook of their meager rations, spread down their blankets, and had a quiet night's sleep; the horses were unhooked from the gun and caisson carriages, and, harness remaining on them, they were given their provender. If there was any nervousness among the Confederate soldiers, it was not displayed by any in my presence or hearing.

The next morning, the 6th, we ate breakfast leisurely, and, while this frugal meal was being disposed of, a skirmish line of the enemy, extending entirely across the valley, one and one-half or two miles long, began an advance toward our bivouac. This was sharply repulsed by Brigadier General Daniel's skirmishers on the left, and Brigadier General Doles's skirmishers on the right of the road. Daniel lost two killed, two wounded, and five missing. Doles lost none. These troops were part of Rodes's Division, which was rear guard on the morning of the 6th, and a section of Reese's Battery, accompanied by the writer, served with the rear guard. The Federal skirmishers later attacked from the Emmitsburg road. At the foot of the mountain gap, where the road leads through by Monterey, the section of artillery was again placed in position ready for action, as the enemy's skirmishers made a display of aggressiveness, but these never became sufficiently grouped to induce a shot from the artillery. "The road being entirely cleared behind us for four or five miles, at 3:30 P.M. we again resumed the march, and proceeded without delay across the mountain, by Monterey Springs to Waynesboro," where we bivouacked on the night of the 6th.

The pursuing Federal force was the Sixth Army Corps, Major-General Sedgwick commanding. The latter said: "On July 5, Wright's Division, supported by the rest of my command, was sent forward to determine the position of the enemy, who was discovered to be in retreat through Fairfield, in the direction of Hagerstown. The rear of the column was shelled for a short time in the morning, and in the evening a brisk artillery fire was opened up on his wagon trains in the vicinity of Fairfield, while the infantry pursued the rear guard, which was posted to protect the passage of the trains; two hundred fifty prisoners were captured during the day." These were stragglers, broken down, or wounded men, and is a favorable showing, as the entire infantry command with its accompanying artillery had passed over the road.

General Sedgwick further said: "On the following morning, the 6th, the enemy continued his retreat through the mountain pass, with a strong rear guard with artillery in position." The only artillery seen in position by the pursuing Federal force was the two 3-inch rifles of Reese's (Jeff Davis) Battery, and the pursuers were never sufficiently aggressive to require a shot from it.

The main body of the pursuers, the Sixth Corps, marched to Emmitsburg; Neill's Brigade was detached and sent in pursuit of the retreating column across the mountain gap. As the brigade never showed itself to the Confederate rear guard, it doubtless pursued afar off.

When the section of rear guard artillery reached the crest of the mountain gap, it halted for several minutes, perhaps a half hour. From that point one of the most picturesque

rural scenes greeted my vision that I remember to have seen before or since. For miles, yes, as far as the vision would permit, toward the east a plain of unbroken forest—save the numerous interspersed farms which dotted the vast expanse, each with comfortable farmhouse and other essential buildings—was spread out before me. When I turned to the west, the view which presented itself was equally charming. Until the rhythmic tread of the Confederate soldier echoed through the valleys and gorges of this grand panorama, the blighting touch of war was perhaps never known in it. What a contrast with similar sections of the "Old Dominion!"

As the command moved down the western side of the mountain numerous charred fragments of the Confederate train, which was captured and destroyed on the morning of the 5th of July, were in evidence. A large part of the vehicles attached to Ewell's corps were included in this capture, including the entire train—wagons, forges, and ambulances—of Col. Thomas H. Carter's Battalion, and which included such vehicles of Reese's (Jeff Davis) Battery. This catastrophe left the entire command of the battalion without cooking utensils, hence there was no opportunity to borrow from neighbors.

This destitute condition of the men caused their ingenuity to launch many makeshifts, some of which had been previously developed by similar trials. Every old Confederate soldier remembers the split Yankee canteen, each half of which could be readily turned into a helpful convenience. A frying pan, a stewpan, and a corn and roasting ear grater are a few of the useful implements into which they were usually transformed. How often have the olfactories of the Confederate soldier been regaled by the welcome odor of the frying bacon, the juice from which added to the flour and meal gave zest to the bread. What Confederate soldier has never seen the metal ramrod of the musket, entwined with prepared flour dough, leaning to the heat of the log or rail fire, to be baked into nutritious bread. The same old soldier has seen the bark slipped from certain trees in the early spring, and the sections divided equally, each of which made an excellent substitute for a bread tray. He has seen sections of the same bark spread with prepared dough, made of both corn meal and wheat flour, and stood at the proper angle before the same fire and baked into nourishing bread. The makeshifts noted comprise but a few of the many expedients which the necessities of the Confederate soldier compelled him to devise. His descendants, who are well provided with all comforts and necessities through the courage and industry of their ancestor, can never fully appreciate the burdens and privations of that ancestor during his four years' service as a Confederate soldier.

Reaching Hagerstown about noon on the 7th, the troops of the Second Corps, Ewell's, and perhaps the entire Army of Northern Virginia, rested there without serious disturbance until the evening of the 11th, when Rodes's Division and Carter's Battalion of Artillery were moved through and about a mile and a quarter west of Hagerstown on the National road.

HAW'S SHOP COMMUNITY, OF VIRGINIA.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

Early in the nineteenth century, John Haw III began the manufacture of farming and milling machinery at the east end of his farm, where the road to Hanover Courthouse crosses the Richmond Road. The water power at the mill, which was only a mile from the shop, was used to drive the sawmill, foundry, and machine shop until, a fire having

destroyed the mill, steam power was substituted for water power and the machinery moved up to the crossroads. Nothing daunted by adversity, John Haw pushed his work ahead, adding to his plant equipment and skilled labor as business increased until, between 1850-60, he was fully prepared to compete with any similar plant in the State.

At this time Tidewater Virginia was at high-water mark of financial and social prosperity. Mr. Edmund Ruffin, one of the best theoretical and practical farmers in the whole South, had introduced improved methods of farming, and the abundance of green sand, marl, and oyster shell lime freely applied to the river lands had so increased their fertility that, to quote Mr. Ruffin, "seventeen million dollars were added to the assessed value of the land in this section between the years 1830-50." Wheat, the principal money crop, found a ready market at Richmond Flouring Mills, at that time probably the equal of any in the world. The flour made by them of this wheat was preferred above all others by South America and Australia, as it stood the long sea voyage better than any other flour made in America. The farms were very large, and each farmer endeavored to have his farm fully equipped with all the machinery necessary to build and keep up repairs and prepare all of his crops for market, such as sawmills, grist mills, threshers, etc. John Haw had won the confidence of the Tidewater farmers and other districts, and prospects were very bright in 1860-61 for the shop. Orders were booked to keep it running at full capacity for the 1861 season, and peace and prosperity reigned. Three sons of John Haw and one of his nephews were employed in this plant. His skilled workmen and apprentices were from highly respectable families, mostly well-to-do farmers of strict integrity, who, after giving their sons the benefit of such private schools as were available, preferred to give them a trade rather than a profession of doubtful utility.

The Haw's Shop Community was exceptionally temperate, law abiding, and patriotic. There was a Presbyterian Church, Salem, and a schoolhouse at the Shop; and, one mile farther on the Richmond Road, Enon Methodist Church. The schoolhouse had been built for a Temperance Hall in the time of the noted John B. Gough, temperance lecturer. Salem Church membership had been moved up from Hanover town, a colonial port for shipping tobacco, and no doubt its members had in early days listened to the stirring eloquence of Samuel Davies, the pioneer dissenter, whose eloquence and fervent patriotism so inspired Patrick Henry. The pastors of the Church were men of refinement and education. One of them Henry Osborn, becoming a college professor and writer of note on scientific subjects.

Several years before the War between the States, the Rev. Tom Hooper, a nephew of John Haw, a brilliant young preacher, became pastor of this Church, and his earnest manner, fine address, and excellent delivery drew many to hear him, among them some of the élite of the land. On the Sabbath day the church and churchyard would present an interesting picture when the fine, silver-mounted coaches, drawn by slick, highly bred horses, shining in silver-mounted harness, drove up near the door to deliver their precious load of feminine beauty. There was the Courthouse contingent from the Courtland Estate, William O. Winston, his wife and two handsome daughters, Miss Betty, soon to become the bride of the handsome, gallant, dashing cavalry officer, Gen. Thomas L. Rosser; and Miss Sally, equally as pretty and attractive. The Signal Hill family of Bickerton Winston, his wife (who was Miss Bankhead) and daughters, Misses Margaret and Janey, the latter to become the wife of Major Waldow, of Savannah, Ga., a gallant cavalry officer; and the Dundee

cavalcade led by the head of the house, Dr. Lucian Price, mounted on his well-groomed, spirited black steed, followed by the family coach containing Mrs. Price, the English governess, and daughters, Misses Lizzie and Nannie, the former soon to become the wife of Dr. Johnny Fontaine, Jeb Stuart's medical director, who, after a short, brilliant career, lost his life while ministering to the mortally wounded General Donavon on the field of battle. Following the carriage came the large bus drawn by a team of four, bearing the select boarders of the Dundee Private School, a bevy of handsome girls. Nearer the church may be mentioned the Pollards, of Williams-ville, the Doctor and his accomplished wife and daughter, Miss Ellen, afterwards Mrs. Converse, of Louisville, Ky.; and the widow Pollard, from Buckeye, with her charming, curly-headed girls; not to mention many others and the cavalcade of gallant young men, who rode after the carriages on horseback.

After John Brown's invasion of Virginia in October, 1859, this abortive forerunner of what the people of the South were to expect from the Grand Old Party acted as a bugle call to arms, and in every community volunteer companies were formed. Among them the Hanover Grays, made up of the men of the lower end of Hanover County, including the Haw's Shop Community.

In the exciting presidential election campaign of 1860, the schoolhouse was used as a "Bell and Everett Clubhouse," and a flag bearing their names was unfurled to the breeze. Weekly meetings were held and there were warm debates between Democrats of the Calhoun and Yancey following, who championed the Breckinridge and Lane ticket and secession, and the Bell and Everett followers, who stood for the Union and the Constitution. On one occasion a Bell and Everett speaker asked his opponent if the South seceded what would they do for arms of defense, as the South had no supply. His opponent answered promptly with great vehemence; "We will fight them with flintlock muskets and double-barrelled shotguns, and, if these give out, we will fight them with these things that God Almighty gave us (shaking both fists in a most belligerent manner), until we wear them off up to the elbows." He never fired a gun nor volunteered.

At the election, John Haw, an Old Line Whig, his twin sons, and his nephew, R. W. Haw, voted the Bell and Everett ticket, the three last casting their first vote. Most of the shop employees eligible voted the same ticket, thus entering their protest against the rash act of secession and helping to carry the State for this conservative ticket. The next six months were filled with anxiety and suspense. The Southern States having seceded, Lincoln called for 75,000 troops to coerce the South, and Virginia cast her lot with the Confederacy.

When the Hanover Grays reached the Peninsula and went into camp, news was received that they were without tents or shelter of any kind. The schoolhouse and churchyard became a scene of activity. A meeting was held, and a committee of one appointed to go to Richmond to buy tent cloth, take the measure of the proper sized tents, and report. The cloth having arrived, the busy hands of the ladies of the community soon had very good wall tents made, which added much to the comfort of the boys.

In the meantime, the first battle of the war had been fought on the Peninsula at Big Bethel, but no particulars as to the casualties could be had, so with much anxiety and tears the tent making went on to completion. Scarcely were the tents shipped when an earnest call came from the Richmond hospitals asking to be relieved of their convales-

cent patients. The community rallied at once to meet their very urgent demand. The schoolhouse was converted into a very comfortable hospital ward, and another building near into a dining room and kitchen.

Farmers supplied abundant provisions, such as fresh lamb, mutton, chickens, hams, eggs, vegetables, fruits, and milk. Competent negro cooks prepared the food, supervised by matchless Virginia housewives of the community. Young ladies brought flowers to adorn the wards and sang the popular songs of the day to cheer the homesick lads. The memory of those pleasant days of convalescence clung to some of the lads through all the strenuous days of the war, and from their far Southern homes they recalled the scenes and heard again the songs sung by the maidens of this community.

John Haw and his wife, a Christian woman of remarkable executive ability, not only contributed liberally to the community hospital both time and material, but cared for convalescents all through the summer and fall at Oak Grove, their hospitable home, bringing them out from the St. Charles Hotel Hospital in Richmond and returning them when they had recuperated.

In the spring of 1862, McClellan landed his great army at Fortress Monroe, marched up the Peninsula, and besieged Richmond. His cavalry established a picket post at Haw's Shop to protect the right flank of his army. In June Jeb Stuart surprised his picket post by capturing the vidette near Oak Grove, chased the company back on the regiment, routed it, and rode around McClellan's army. On the 27th of the same month, the battle of Cold Harbor, sometimes called Gaines's Mill, was fought mainly on Springfield, the Watt Farm. Mrs. Sarah Bohanan Watt, a widow over seventy-five years old and sick in bed, was carried to a place of safety, the house taken for a Yankee hospital and filled with wounded. Mrs. Watt never returned to her home. She died in a few months at Oak Grove, the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Haw.

When the Haw boys volunteered and entered the Southern army, Haw's Shop was closed down, as nearly all of the white employees entered the service. It was suggested that the machinery be moved to Richmond and that John Haw have the men detailed and manufacture ammunition for the government. To this his sons would not agree, as it was thought by the men at the front to be cowardly to serve in what were called "bombproof" positions. Realizing that this valuable property would be destroyed by the enemy, John Haw, after McClellan had retired, sold it to the Tredegar Works of Richmond. Failing to invest the money in valuable real estate or other sound property, it was a total loss. Repeated raids by Stoneman, Spiers, Kilpatrick, Sheridan, the cavalry battle of Haw's Shop, and Grant's army swept the farm of everything worth taking—fences, crops, horses, mules, cows, hogs, chickens, turkeys, and vehicles—nothing was lacking to make the farm a barren desert but the sowing of salt on the land. The Tidewater District, once so prosperous, was now prostrate in poverty.

How John Haw and his boys and former employees returned to their homes, devoted themselves to the task of redeeming the land, helping to rout the scalawags and carpet-baggers and bring the land back to its fertility and productiveness is but the story of the whole section. The task was hard and strenuous. Many fell by the way, not equal to the strain; but Tidewater Virginia is again prosperous and her present generation true to the faith of the fathers.

LINCOLN AS PACIFIST.

[NOTE.—To liberals and pacifists, notably the brilliant English intellectual, Bertrand Russell, F.R.S., who are devoting all gifts to devise plans for world peace, I would call attention to the estimate of a liberal and pacifist of another day, Moncure Daniel Conway, on the character of Abraham Lincoln, as viewed from that standpoint. Moncure D. Conway was Virginia's contribution to the intellectual radicals of his day. In that delightful volume, "Historic Fredericksburg," by John T. Goolrick (1922), in the chapter entitled "Men of Modern Times," there is reference to Conway as a Southerner who opposed slavery, "but whose genius won world praise and later honor in his own country." Born in 1832, near Falmouth, he inherited from a long line of ancestry a brilliant intellect and fearlessness to tread the paths of freedom. As liberal and pacifist, he was for freedom in every sense of the word and opposed to war and slavery in every form. Lincoln he never admired, for he saw the so-called Emancipator as the precipitator of a horrible war for "the sake of a flag" and thus murdering a million men.

Moncure Conway's view of Lincoln is just and incontrovertible.—Howard Meriwether Lovett.]

FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY.

"Lincoln had not been elected by a majority of the nation. Had not three opposing candidates been in the field, he could not have received a majority of electoral votes. Cincinnati alone gave him an ovation on the way to Washington. A plot to assassinate him in Baltimore was escaped only by his passing through that city in disguise. . . . It seemed incredible that the first President elected by the new Republican party should in his inaugural have approved a proposed amendment to the Constitution:

"No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of the said State."

"The amendment was passed by Congress before Lincoln's inauguration. He said that, regarding it as a proposal to make the existing limit on Federal law perpetual, he had no objection to it. . . . President Lincoln, who, though a Kentuckian in sentiment, had no familiarity with slavery and no knowledge of the South with its proslavery religion, endeavored to move its heart in his pathetic inaugural address from the steps of the Capitol. He said: 'In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow citizens, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it." But thus in appealing to a friendliness that did not exist, and inserting the word 'preserve' in his oath, President Lincoln signalled the Confederates the program on which they might count. They had only to fire on the United States flag and conflict would begin, which would compel the hesitating slave States to take sides.

"The opportunity was at hand. Fort Sumter, near Charleston, property of the United States, but on the territory of South Carolina, was held by a handful of soldiers, who, having refused to surrender the fort, fired upon the Confederate commander, Beauregard. After a defense of thirty-four hours, the terms of Beauregard were accepted, and on Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1861, the Union forces marched out of the fort, saluting their tattered flag with fifty guns. Not a man on

either side had been killed, but never did shot carry more widespread destruction than that which fell on Fort Sumter.

"The country was misled about Fort Sumter. Had it been known that defense of that worthless fort was not at all felt by the President as his constitutional duty and was contrary to the advice of the military head of the nation, Gen. Winfield Scott, as well as leading cabinet members, and the President had determined on the step because, in his own words, 'The country expected it,' the response of the nation would have been different. . . . There was no halo of martyrdom around the head of Abraham Lincoln to shed glamor on his actions in those days. His attitude was that of a politician who had proposed to render slavery eternal by constitutional amendments, and was willing to barter for the Union all the antislavery enthusiasm which had responded to his summons.

"Abraham Lincoln, ten years before his election to the Presidency, was for a short time in Congress. His brief career was marked by one proposal and one utterance. The proposal was that there should be added to a measure for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia a provision for the rendition to those owners of slaves escaping into the District, which otherwise might be crowded with negroes seeking an asylum there. He was the same man when he said to our delegation: 'Suppose I should put in the South these antislavery generals and governors, what would they do with the slaves that would come to them?'

"His notable utterance in Congress was his description of military glory as 'that rainbow that rises in showers of blood, that serpent eye that charms but to destroy.'

"President Lincoln had only to use the war power thrust into his hand by slavery to proclaim those four millions free; the boasted commissariat of the South would have existed no longer when every Northern camp was the slaves' asylum. Slavery, the *terribilissima causa belli*, would have needed every Southern white to guard it. Repeatedly this was urged upon the President, along with the fact that every loyalist slave might be paid for with a month's cost of the war.

"In his message to Congress, December, 1863, the President said: 'Of those who were slaves at the beginning of the rebellion, full 100,000 are now in the United States military service, about half of whom actually bear arms in the ranks, thus giving the double advantage of taking so much labor from the insurgent cause,' etc. The President had precisely the same right to take 21,000,000 of black laborers from the insurgent cause as 100,000, with the millionfold advantage of preventing the war altogether. After 300,000 soldiers had been slaughtered, thousands of families draped in mourning, commerce by land and sea paralyzed, hostility toward England and France engendered, thousands of fugitive slaves thrust back into slavery, and billions of money wasted, the President came no nearer meeting oppression with liberty than to put his livery on 100,000 negroes, set them to cut the throats of their former masters, and sew new seeds of race hatred. . . . The evils of slavery as a domestic institution were mere pimples compared with the evils of war.

"When secession seemed to be slavery withdrawing from its aggressiveness, antislavery men welcomed it; when the firing on Fort Sumter seemed to be another war on liberty, we felt that liberty had to be defended. Even when it was plain the war was being waged by the President, not for liberty, but solely for the Union, the probabilities that it would somehow eradicate the root of discord rendered it necessary to support the Northern side, there being no prospect of stopping the war. And, in 1864, it became clear that the war we were trying to turn against slavery was protecting it. Habeas

corpus was suspended, free speech suppressed, men were drafted and torn by violence from their families to fight the South, slaves were armed, and put on much less pay than that given white soldiers.

"While recognizing Abraham Lincoln's strong personality and high good qualities, I cannot participate in his canonization. The mass of mankind see in all great events the hand of God. Having no such faith, I see in the Union war a great catastrophe. President Lincoln, in his disregard of the anti-coercion sentiment of press and pulpit, assumed the individual responsibility of sending half a million men to their graves for the sake of a flag. . . . In accepting the challenge of Fort Sumter, as Sumner rightly phrased it, Abraham Lincoln decided the fate of his country should be determined by powder and shot. In the canonization of Lincoln there lurks the consecration of the sword."

SPARTAN MOTHERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

[From the prize article on "North Carolina Women of the Confederacy," by Mrs. John H. Anderson, of Fayetteville, N. C. The VETERAN would like to hear from other States on the subject.]

The unfaltering courage of the Confederate woman was especially shown when a mother sent forth a number of her sons in the strength of their manhood "to do or die."

Mrs. Reuben Jones, of Robeson County, bravely said to her eleven sons, who volunteered within a week: "I cannot hold you when your country calls you."

Mrs. Robert Tolar (was Fannie Autry), of Cumberland County, heroically bade good-by to her nine sons and one son-in-law, then went about superintending her large plantation and ministering to the needy families of absent soldiers. Her fifteen-year-old grandson, John R. Tolar, after repeated efforts, was finally accepted in the Confederate service.

Mrs. William White (Sarah Wilson), of Charlotte, had six splendid sons in the Confederate army and gave of herself and her means to the cause. In her beautiful home she was hostess to President Davis and his escort, where they consulted as to the best course to pursue on their way to South Carolina.

The last full meeting of the Confederate Cabinet was held in Charlotte at the home of Mrs. George Trenbolin, another ardent woman of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Mason Lee Wiggins (Elizabeth Slade), of "Woodlawn," Halifax County, gave generously of her children to the Confederacy, seven sons having volunteered for the South, one of them being brought home dead.

Mrs. Isaac Avery, of Morganton, an untiring worker, gave five sons to the Confederate army, two of them giving up their lives; Mrs. Horne, of Clayton, was another mother of five sons in the army.

It fell to Mrs. Morrison (sister of General Graham, who had five sons in the army) besides giving three sons to the service, to have four most distinguished sons-in-law, the latter being Stonewall Jackson, General Barringer, Gen. D. H. Hill, and Major Avery, illustrious names in North Carolina's army.

Mrs. Armand J. De Rosset, that splendid "mother" of Wilmington, gave six sons and three sons-in-law to the cause, one being a sacrifice at the age of seventeen.

Mrs. Sally Michel, of Burke County, gave seven sons to the war, and, as the maker of the famous clay pipe, she kept many a soldier happy with her gifts which "went up in smoke." When Col. William Pearson, of Morganton, after his return from Italy, told her that King Victor Emanuel pronounced her clay pipe the best he'd ever smoked, "Aunt Sally," with a toss of her head, said: "That's nothing, Zeb Vance said it was the best he ever tried." "Aunt Sally" showed her State pride.

The widow Stephens, of Buncombe County, gave her all—

(Continued on page 356.)



WEDDING SCENE FROM HISTORIC PAGEANT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

At Morganton, N. C., during May of this year, a historic pageant was given which portrayed artistically the development of Burke County to the present. Beginning with the time when birds and butterflies were the only inhabitants, the panorama moved on through different episodes in its existence in war and peace. The scene given above is taken from the period of the War between the States, and is the wedding scene of Zeb Vance, the war governor, who found his wife in Burke County. The little bride in this picture is wearing the wedding dress of her great-grandmother.



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

IN MEMORIAM.

[These lines were read by Capt. William H. Hagood, of D. Wyatt Aiken Camp, U. C. V., of Greenwood, S. C., in memory of Capt. William H. Yeldell, Sr., Commander of the Camp. In six months twelve other members of the Camp have passed "over the river."]

Ah, each year our ranks grow thinner,
Veterans weary by the way;
Soon life's sun will sink forever
On the gallant wearers of the gray.

When in spring the gentle showers
Kiss sweet rosebuds into bloom,
Then our U. D. C.'s will weave a fragrant garland
For the Southland's cherished tomb.

They will weave a garland, yes, of memories,
Memory twined with flowers rare,
Place them over our fearless heroes,
Bid its perfume linger there.

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

CLAPHAM MURRAY, OF WOODSTOCK.

Clapham Murray, a soldier and officer under the Confederate flag, a gentleman always, who kept his shining shield of honor and integrity untarnished through his eighty-eight years of life, quietly and gently answered the last roll call on Friday, June 5, just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills. Born at Woodstock, the old family home of his father and mother, Alexander John and Mary Clapham Murray, at West River, Md., he closed his eyes to this world in the old homestead where he was born in 1838. As a boy of seventeen years he went to Baltimore to engage in business and remained there until the War between the States began, and there joined the 1st Maryland Regiment, Company H, under the command of his gallant brother, Capt. William H. Murray. After a year's service in Virginia, this company disbanded and became the famous fighting body of men which added such luster to the Army of Northern Virginia, Company A, 2d Maryland Regiment. The charge of Pickett at Gettysburg has become an intimate part of that great battle, but the charge at Culp's Hill, with this famous company in the lead, was just as vital a feature of that battle. Commanded by Capt. William H. Murray, this company swept up the steep incline, scattered the forces of a New York Regiment, and descended the slope well within the enemy's lines. In the same company were his two brothers, Clapham and Alexander, and when Captain Murray, in advance of his company, lead-

ing them on to what seemed like the beginning of a great victory, was killed by the fragment of a shell and fell in the arms of his younger brother, Alexander, who was wounded almost at the same time, Clapham Murray, then a lieutenant, assumed command of the company and remained in command until his capture by the Federal forces in August, 1864, and was confined in Fort Delaware until the termination of the war.

Returning to Baltimore, Clapham Murray, after being a while with one of the prominent banking institutions of the city, took a responsible position in the city tax collector's office, and for forty-five years was a well-known figure in the City Hall.

He married Miss Mary G. Gibson, of Baltimore, and three children were born to them—two sons and a daughter. After the death of his wife several years ago, he made his home in Baltimore, but his last years were spent at West River. To the last his life represented the highest ideals of gentleness, dignity, and courtesy.

He sleeps now in the old cemetery of Christ's Church, West River, in the same burial lot with his gallant brothers, Capt. William H. Murray and Alexander Murray, three Confederate soldiers from the same old homestead, once more together, wrapped in the common coverlet of clay. Above their mounds, the trees stand like sentinels guarding their slumbers until that day when for all the sleeping soldiers there will sound once more the strains of the bugle. Representing the flower and chivalry of Southern manhood, they produced the greatest paradox of history—a defeated army receiving even greater plaudits and greater glory than the victors.

Clapham Murray, of Woodstock, West River! In the years of his young manhood he wore proudly and bravely the gray uniform of the Confederate soldier, and with equal pride he wore through the long years of his life the shining and untarnished armor of an upright, honorable, Christian gentleman!

JAMES O. NICHOLSON.

James O. Nicholson, a member of Ben T. Duval Camp, No. 146 U. C. V., of Fort Smith, Ark., answered the last roll call a few days after the reunion at Dallas.

He volunteered early in 1861 as a member of Company K, 3rd Arkansas Cavalry, at the age of seventeen, and served under General Van Dorn until his death, which occurred in April, 1863, at Spring Hill, Tenn. His command was transferred to Gen. Joe Wheeler, under whom he served until the surrender of Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C.

Comrade Nicholson was engaged in the mercantile business for many years at Harrison, Ark., retiring a few years ago on account of his age. He was a loyal member of the Methodist Church.

He never counted the cause for which he fought as a loss.

His true Southern heart thrilled to the last that it was his privilege to suffer the hardships that came to the life of a true Confederate soldier. His passing leaves only five active members of our Camp.

[Joe M. Scott, *Adjutant*.]

JUDGE M. H. BAIRD.

Judge M. H. Baird died at his Home in Russellville, Ark., on April 10, 1925, after an illness of a few days. He was a veteran of many battles, was a loyal believer in the cause of the Confederacy, and treasured its history and traditions. He had been a subscriber to the VETERAN for thirty-two years.

GEN. JOHN B. STONE, U. C. V.

Gen. John B. Stone, Commander of the Missouri State Division, U. C. V., died at his home in Kansas City, on May 31, and was laid to rest in Forest Hill Cemetery.

John Bestor Stone was born at Marion, Perry County, Ala., on September 5, 1842, and he volunteered as a private in the 4th Alabama Infantry, at Selma, Ala., in April, 1862.



GEN. JOHN B. STONE

He participated in all of the great battles in Virginia, and was wounded five times. He was in the battles of First and Second Manassas, Seven Pines, in the seven days fighting around Richmond, Chickamauga, Hanover Junction, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Spanish Fort, Blakely, Ala., etc. For meritorious conduct in the battle of the Wilderness he was promoted to the captaincy of Company I, 62nd Alabama Infantry.

After the war he made his home at Selma until 1874, when he moved to Dallas, Tex., and for ten years was in the real estate business there. He went to Kansas City in 1885, and built up a real estate business in that city, and was presiding judge of the county court of Jackson County from 1895 to 1898. He was a Mason and a member of the Knights of Pythias, a member of the Episcopal Church, also of the Missouri Historical Society. He is survived by his wife, a daughter, and two grandsons.

GEORGE WARE.

On the 24th of July, a valiant Confederate soldier, George Ware, passed away at Valley Head, Randolph County, W. Va., aged ninety-two years. He served in the Confederate army under Capt. Jacob Marshall, of Gen. "Mudwall" Jackson's command. "Uncle George," as he was familiarly known, was a highly respected citizen.

[W. C. Hart.]

ANDREW A. JOHNSTON.

Andrew Alexander Johnston, youngest child of Col. Andrew Davis and Esther Alexander Johnston, was born near Hillsboro, Pocahontas County, W. Va., June 3, 1846. Death came to him suddenly, on the morning of June 17, 1925. He had just completed arrangements for a trip to Staunton, Va., to attend the annual reunion of the Virginia Division, U. C. V., when he fell to the floor and expired.

Though born in Pocahontas County, he grew to manhood on a farm near Blue Sulphur Springs. Some months before he reached his eighteenth birthday he enlisted for military service in one of the Greenbrier companies of the 14th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry and shared the hazards and hardships of war in defense of the homes of his people and the rights of the States.

With his regiment, in which were many of his friends and neighbors, our young soldier participated, soon after joining his command, in the defense of Lynchburg under Gen. John McCausland. The 14th also took an active part in the battle of Monocacy, losing a number of its men. He was in the advance on Washington and later in the second Valley campaign. Through the whole of this arduous campaign this boy was at his post playing his part with courage and efficiency. With the beginning of 1865, the last year of the great war, the 14th was ordered to Petersburg, attached to Beale's Brigade and assigned to duty on Lee's extreme right. It was with Lee on the retreat from Richmond and laid down its arms at Appomattox.

Going home at the close of hostilities, with a sense of duty well done in the service, our young veteran resumed farming activities. On November 3, 1874, he married Miss Florence Skaggs, of a prominent and well-known family. She survives him with one daughter.

Aleck Johnston was a sincere, modest man, with no toleration of insincerity. In his relations and dealings with others he was fair, just and liberal, and his company and council was much sought. He was an obliging neighbor and a helpful friend of the poor. He was a member of the Old Stone Church, long a member of Camp Creigh, U. C. V., for some years its Commander, and greatly enjoyed attending the reunions of the veterans in annual convention.

HENRY C. VINSON.

From Capt. F. G. Terry, of Cadiz, Ky., comes report of the death of his long-time friend, Henry C. Vinson, on July 18 after a short illness, at the age of seventy-eight years.

"Henry Vinson enlisted in Captain Slaughter's Company, of Col. Tom Woodward's Regiment of Cavalry, when quite young, and served in Kentucky. He was captured and held in prison until too late to experience much service. After the close of hostilities, he resumed work on his father's farm and became one of the prominent men of his county, loved and honored by all. Through industry and good judgment, he amassed a competence and was well cared for in his declining years. His wife died a few years ago; three sons and a daughter survive him."

BISHOP NEELY.

Bishop Neely, a pioneer citizen of Denton, Tex., died there on June 7, after a short illness. He was born in Whiteville, Tenn., in 1846, and entered the Confederate army during the last year of the war, serving in Forrest's old regiment. While attending the reunion in Dallas, he became ill and had to return home, but he had been confined to his bed only a short while. He is survived by three sons and a daughter, also by

two brothers and three sisters. He was prominent in Confederate work of his community, and the burial service was conducted by his Confederate comrades.

ARISTIDE HOPKINS.

When the war began in 1861, there rode to the front from New Orleans a troop drawn from the flower of her youth, the Orleans Light Horse Guard. Conspicuous in equipment and in personnel, the company was promptly detailed for escort duty by Maj. Gen. Leonidas Polk and continued in such to the end. One of these troopers was Aristide Hopkins, blonde, blue-eyed, favorite of his comrades, who chose him as lieutenant to fill the first vacancy.

His efficiency so impressed General Polk, then commanding the corps, that he took him to his personal staff as aide-de-camp. Always in close attendance upon his chief, it was Hopkins whose arms supported the dying bishop-general when his heroic figure fell on Pine Mountain.

Lieut. Gen. Alexander P. Stewart, succeeding in command of the corps, retained Hopkins, who continued his confidential assistant throughout the war; and again it was the fortune of the aide to soothe the last moments of the corps commander, for when General Stewart died at Biloxi, in 1908, Hopkins was at his bedside, and from the General's hand received his sword, given in parting acknowledgment of friendship.

Returning to civil life, the young veteran set about repairing his shattered fortune by hard work, and, like those of his kind, lived a model citizen. Modest, even retiring, he did not seek, but shunned, preferment, content in family and friends. His leisure was passed at his ancestral home in Biloxi, where a large estate afforded opportunity for the gratification of his tastes; out of doors he delighted in cultivating flowers and rare plants; within, in accumulating a real museum of art and literature, the outgrowth of a fine discrimination. Here he dispensed a genial, generous hospitality. He was never happier than when entertaining his grandchildren and their troops of romping playmates, who owned the large grounds, flowers, fruits, beach, boats, bathing; or his old comrades, whom he would take over for a week end, or as long as they wished, to charm with reminiscences and thoughtful kindnesses.

And here, as he wished, his couch beside the open door, looking out upon the smooth sea, in the soft evening wind, he smiled adieu to his family and friends, and, conscious to the last, quietly, calmly departed.

But with his going his service to us is not finished. He bequeaths to the community his worthy sons, Guy, a prominent engineer and man of affairs; Ralph, an eminent and beloved physician.

"He bore, and wore without reproach,
The grand old name of gentleman."

[G. A. Williams, New Orleans.]

MARTIN SHANNON.

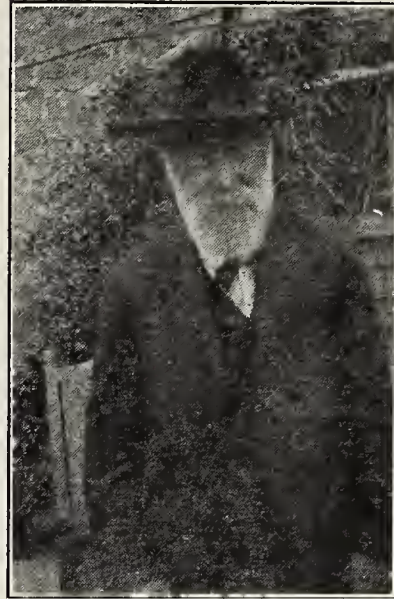
Martin Shannon, born November 8, 1844, died August 2, 1925, having nearly completed his eighty-first year. He entered the Confederate army in 1862, serving with the 62nd Virginia Cavalry. He was captured by Lewis's U. S. Cavalry on Elk River, and remained in prison until the close of the war.

Comrade Shannon was married in December, 1883, to Miss Sarah Jane Snelson, and is survived by his wife and three

sons, also seven grandchildren. He united with the Church some twenty years ago and lived a consistent Christian life, as a loving husband and father, a good neighbor and citizen. He was laid to rest in the Mill Creek Cemetery.

ROBERT HARRIS, SR.

Robert Harris was born at Lawrenceville, Rockingham County, N. C., April 13, 1847, and grew up on his father's farm, attending the public schools, and when the call was made for the seventeen-year-old boys, he enlisted with the Junior Reserves, which were stationed at Wilmington and also at Fort Fisher.



ROBERT HARRIS, SR.

After the war, he engaged in the tobacco business, locating in Reidsville, N. C., in 1874, and was a successful manufacturer until the combination of the large tobacco interests, which caused him considerable loss. He was married to Miss Ella Carr Lea, of Caswell County, in December, 1872, and to them were born three sons and a

daughter. His second wife was Miss Nettie Reid, of Reidsville, who survives him with a daughter and the children of the first marriage.

Comrade Harris was a consistent member of the Primitive Baptist Church for about thirty years, a man of high character and benevolence. He passed to his reward on June 6, aged seventy-eight years.

DR. HENRY L. RUGELEY.

Died on May 6, 1925, at his home in Bay City, Tex., Dr. Henry L. Rugeley.

He was born in Lowndesboro, Ala., January 12, 1838, the son of John and Eliza Colgin Rugeley, who, in 1846, took their family to the then wilderness of Texas and devoted the remainder of their lives to the upbuilding of the Empire State, their home being fixed in Matagorda County. In July, 1855, Henry Rugeley entered the Freshman Class of the University of North Carolina, graduating there in June, 1859, and from the Jefferson Medical College in 1861. Immediately following this came the call to arms in defense of his beloved Southland, to which he promptly responded by enlisting in Brown's Texas Regiment, but was soon transferred to DeBray's Regiment, in which he was commissioned as assistant surgeon, and in that capacity he served to the close of the war.

Returning home, he met and wooed and won Miss Elizabeth Elmore, to whom he was married on December 14, 1865, and this young couple gave their lives to others. Nine children were born to them, of whom only three survive—two sons and a daughter. This happy union was broken by the death of Mrs. Rugeley in February, 1923, and the devoted husband did not long survive her.

Dr. Rugeley did a wonderful work for the suffering of his community, both as physician and friend, and as citizen and neighbor he stood for the highest standard of morals and civic righteousness. His true Southern heart ever thrilled

at the thought that it was once his privilege to serve his beloved Southland, and he considered the principles for which he fought too great, too noble, ever to be lost.

[J. C. Carrington, Commander E. S. Rugeley Camp, No. 1428 U. C. V.]

GEN. J. D. ALLEN, U. C. V.

After long-continued failing health, Gen. J. D. Allen, Commander of Lakeland Camp, No. 1543 U. C. V., and otherwise prominent in the general organization, died at his home in Lakeland, Fla., on July 22, and was laid to rest in Rose-lawn Cemetery with Masonic rites, his Confederate comrades acting as honorary pallbearers.

Comrade Allen was born on the 13th of September, 1842, in Lee County, Va., near the village of Stickleyville. In May, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army, in what was known as Dickinson's Cavalry. This company was attached to John B. Floyd's Brigade, then in West Virginia, but during the following winter the company was disbanded. In the following spring, young Allen enlisted in the 50th Virginia Infantry, in which command he served until April, 1864, when he was transferred to the Confederate navy on the James River; then, in the fall of 1864, he was transferred to the 27th Virginia Mounted Infantry, Second Corps, A. N. V., and thus served to the close of the war. From May, 1862, until November, 1864, he was under Roger A. Pryor.

After the war closed, Comrade Allen went actively to work and did his part in helping to restore his loved Southern country. His health failed in 1918, and he gave up his active occupation. He was elected judge of the city court at Lake-land, but after a few years he resigned this office on account of continued bad health, and calmly awaited the end. He was a highly respected citizen, helpful and charitable, holding the good opinion of all who knew him. He is survived by his wife and two sons.

S. J. CRAMER.

S. J. Cramer, "who put on immortality" July 16, 1925, was born in Oglethorpe County, Ga., July 21, 1845, and in another week would have celebrated his eightieth birthday. On February 18, of this year he was stricken with paralysis.

Comrade Cramer served in the 3rd Georgia Infantry, under Gen. Robert E. Lee. He was wounded in the battle of Gettys-burg, and bore through life a crippled arm as a token of his valiant service to his country. He moved to Texas in 1869, locating in Dangerfield, where he had since resided. On February 18, 1875, he was married to Susanna Abby Conner. To this happy union were born nine children—five sons and three daughters surviving him, with his faithful companion; and all were present when on Thursday night, July 16, Heaven's bugler sounded "Taps" for his last sleep.

The closed business houses, the vast concourse of friends, and the profusion of flowers were evidence of the love and esteem in which he was held.

[Col. Ed. C. Wilson, Electra, Tex.]

R. J. HARPOLE.

R. J. Harpole was born February 14, 1845, in Coffee County, Tenn., the son of Hiram and Phoebe Harpole.

At the age of eighteen he joined the Confederate army and served during the remainder of the war. He was slightly wounded twice.

After the war was over he returned to his home near Manchester and remained there for some time, then went to Stone County, Ark., where he was married to Miss E. Eoff, July 22, 1868.

He died at McKinney, Tex., at the home of his daughter,

Mrs. J. L. Jarrell, where he had gone to be at the old settlers' and Confederate reunion. His wife preceded him to the grave: only eighteen days. He leaves six children, two brothers, and three sisters. One of his greatest pleasures was to read the VETERAN and talk of old war times.

WILLIAM CAREY KINSOLVING.

[From resolutions passed by Tom Green Camp, No. 72 U. C. V., of Abilene, Tex., in tribute to the loved Commander and comrade, W. C. Kinsolving who died on July 11, at his home at Lytle Lake, near Abilene, at the ripe age of eighty-four years.]

His life as a citizen and soldier was one of activity and usefulness, beginning and ending in the Southland. He was born at Charlotte, Va., in 1840, spending his boyhood in Princeton, Ky., and there, on July 4, 1861, joining Company C, 3rd Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A.; was wounded at the battle of Shiloh, and also at the second battle of Corinth and captured, escaping the seventeenth day and tramping through the Mississippi woods and swamps, rejoining his command at Vicksburg. He was at the siege of Vicksburg when the Arkansas ram went through the Federal fleet; had charge of the guard where she landed. At Baton Rouge he had charge of the Guard of the Fatigue Corps that started the fortifica-tions at Port Hudson. Was at the bombardment of this port when the flagship was burned and Admiral Farragut and Lieut. George Dewey, barely escaped capture. Was at the Battle of Baker's Creek and Jackson, Miss. Was mounted at Canton, Miss., and, under Gen. John Adams, made numerous raids on Grant's army investing Vicksburg. Was afterwards transferred to Gen. N. B. Forrest and served as commander of a special scout squad under Forrest and Buford. Was with Forrest during his raid into Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama, participating in the battles of Athens, Fort Pillow, and Johnsonville. Was in the advance guard for General Hood at Franklin, Nashville, and Murfreesboro, and covered the rearguard on Gen. Hood's retreat back to Mississippi, participating in the battles of Brice's Crossroads, Baldwin, and numerous small engagements. Paroled in May, 1865, at Columbus, Miss., ten days after the department surrendered, having been on a scouting raid in North Alabama.

He had held the following honorary positions in the U. C. V. Association: Lieutenant Colonel on General Van Zandt's staff; Brigadier General on General Carr's staff; the same rank on General Halderman's staff, extending into General Thomas's staff, and had received notice of appointment by General Freeman on his staff; had also been appointed by General Sneed as Chief of Artillery of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Comrade Kinsolving moved to Palo Pinto County, Tex., in the early days, and there, fifty-four years ago, married Miss Mattie Brown, the daughter of a pioneer cattle raiser and, so far as known, the first white child born in that county. His wife, four daughters, and two sons survive him.

Our worthy comrade had served the Southern cause with bravery and distinction, and thereafter served his country with no less distinction; he had been a kind and loving hus-band and devoted father, having reared a splendid Christian family. His daily life was one worthy of emulation.

R. A. MILLER, H. L. BENTLEY, T. A. BLEDSOE, *Committee*.

MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

The following members of Camp No. 27 U. C. V., of Co-lumbus, Miss., have recently been lost from that membership: J. W. Vaughn, F. M. Leigh, J. A. Clark, E. H. Bonds.

[W. A. Love, Adjutant.]

J. PORTER GASTON.

On March 28, 1925, J. Porter Gaston answered to his last roll call at his home in the Fishing Creek section of Chester County, S. C. He was born on September 26, 1843, and at the age of eighty-one he was ready for the summons.

In 1862, at the age of 18, Porter Gaston entered the service of his loved Southland and was enrolled in Company A, 6th Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, Jenkins's Brigade, Longstreet's Division. The greater part of his service was around Richmond. He was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, but later returned to service and was present at the surrender of Lee. The young people of the community have greatly enjoyed hearing "Uncle Porter" tell what he was doing when Lee surrendered and of his walk home from Richmond and other interesting war happenings.

On February 10, 1870, he was married to Miss Nannie Dunlap, of Lancaster County, S. C., and took his bride to the home of his birth, and there they made their home during married life. The golden wedding of this couple was an event to be lovingly remembered for years to come by the community. While they had no children of their own, their home was a favorite gathering place for the young people. They were "Uncle Porter" and "Aunt Nannie" to all who knew them. Nothing pleased the young people more than a cold, snowy day spent at Aunt Nannie's, with Uncle Porter telling jokes on some of his war comrades.

A quiet, unassuming man, he was strong in his convictions and firm in his defense of truth and right. He was a member of the Methodist Church, a friend to the needy, and a comfort to his loved ones. His ardent devotion to Gen. Robert E. Lee filled us all with admiration.

This valiant soldier bore upon his body the scars of the War between the States. The wounds which he carried with him down to the end of his days proclaimed the courage and patriotism of the man. His loyalty to the Southern cause was exceeded only by his devotion to his life partner.

ARKANSAS COMRADES.

Commander E. T. McConnell, of John F. Hill Camp, No. 1035 U. C. V., Clarksville, Ark., reports the following losses in that membership, ten having passed away during the year. All had reached advanced age, as follows:

J. S. Farmer, Company H, 3rd Arkansas; aged eighty-three years.

T. T. Pyron, aged eighty-one.

Mack Wood, ninety-five; 2nd Arkansas Cavalry, Gordon's Regiment, Cabell's Brigade.

Ed Reynolds, eighty-three; Company I, Hill's Cavalry Regiment.

R. W. Gray, eighty-six; 2nd Arkansas Cavalry, Gordon's Regiment, Cabell's Brigade.

A. C. Miller, seventy-nine; Hill's Regiment.

J. W. Russell, eighty-one; Company D, 3rd Arkansas Cavalry.

G. T. Smith, eighty-five; W. M. Crowley, eighty-one; Tom Pierson, eighty-four.

Memorial Day is observed on May 10 at Clarksville, when the Daughters of the Confederacy give a dinner to the veterans; there are appropriate exercises, and the graves of all veterans in beautiful Oakland Cemetery are decorated.

JOHN W. KACKLEY.

John W. Kackley died at his home in Lakeland, Jefferson County, Ky., on August 14, 1924, after a short illness, at the age of seventy-eight years. As a Confederate soldier he

served with the Orphan Brigade, Company A, 6th Kentucky Regiment. He fought at Jackson, Chickamauga, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, and from Dalton to Atlanta, at Peachtree intrenchment and Utoy Creeks; both days at Jonesboro.

He was ever loyal to the Confederacy, attending all reunions when possible. He enjoyed reading the VETERAN and talking of the boys in gray.

J. R. HITT.

J. R. Hitt, of Savannah, Ga., who died at his home there in February, 1925, at a ripe old age, had been a resident of Hardin County many years. He was a boy soldier in the Confederate army. He was a highly respected, revered, and beloved member of the local Christian Church. His was a wide acquaintance with the people of this section, and many were numbered his special friends.

He is survived by his wife, a daughter, and three sons, and a large number of grandchildren.

The remains were laid away in the Savannah Cemetery.

JAMES EDWARD BEASLEY.

James Edward Beasley was born in Plymouth, N. C., August 31, 1839, and died in Memphis, Tenn., May 2, 1925, in his eighty-sixth year. Immediately after his graduation from the University of North Carolina, in June, 1859, he located in Memphis, where, in February, 1861, he enlisted in the Shelby Greys, which later became a part of the 4th Regiment, Tennessee Infantry, of which C. F. Strahl was colonel. Beasley was so valuable a man that Colonel Strahl kept him about his headquarters, depending upon him for much of the clerical work; and he rendered invaluable services in discharging the duties of Adjutant General after Colonel Strahl became brigadier general, though Beasley was never commissioned. He was always right with the General when the command was engaged in battle, and on the bloody field of Franklin, Tenn., Gen. Strahl fell mortally wounded and died in Beasley's arms. He surrendered with the Army of Tennessee, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, near Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865, and returned to Memphis and secured a clerkship in a clothing store. During the yellow fever scourge in Memphis in 1878, he bravely remained, when nearly every one who could left the city, devoting himself unsparingly to the relief of others. He had charge of the public supplies and of several business houses, with stocks of goods, whose owners had left the city, putting Beasley in charge under letters of attorney. Later he organized the Planters Insurance Company, of which he was secretary for twenty years or more and whose affairs he closed up when it went out of business.

Comrade Beasley was married to Miss Rebecca Minna Treadwell, of Memphis, on February 2, 1881. She survives him, with three sons and a daughter. One son died several years ago, just after reaching manhood.

JOHN W. NELSON.

John W. Nelson was born March 11, 1840, in Phillips County, Ark., ten miles west of Helena, and lived there until 1896, when he moved to near Poplar Grove and made that his home until his death, March 25, 1925. He was a Confederate soldier and took part in the Missouri raid and was in the battle of Prairie Grove. He fired the second gun in the battle of Helena, and he was also wounded in that battle.

Comrade Nelson was married to Miss Adela Hoover in November, 1863, and of this union a son was born. His second marriage was to Miss Susan Alice McMahan, in 1876, and there were two sons of this marriage. His wife survived him only three days, and she was laid by his side in the Marvel Cemetery.

PINK WORKMAN.

On May 3, 1925, Pink Workman "crossed over the river" to join his comrades. He was a member of Company A, 6th Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, and was in service around Richmond.

Mr. Workman married Miss Sallie Lee, of the Edgemoor section, of Chester County, S. C. They lived in this section for many years, but the last few years of his life were spent in Rock Hill, S. C.

Thus, just when loving hands were preparing to honor the dead on Memorial Day, another of the thin gray line answered the call and was laid to rest to await the coming of the remaining few.

JOHN L. FULGHUM.

Another of those, who stacked arms under General Lee at the surrender at Appomattox passed away in the death of John Levi Fulgham, a pioneer of California, at the age of eighty-five years.

Born in the Isle of Wight, Virginia, May 29, 1840, Colonel Fulgham was attending college when war was declared between the North and South. He left college without returning home and at once joined the Confederate army, fighting four years with General Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia.

After the war, Colonel Fulgham, still a young man, returned to his home in Virginia, and after his father's death took charge of his store there. Later he farmed, and still later moved to Florida, going to California twenty-four years ago, and locating with his family in Santa Barbara. He went to Oakdale some three years later, buying a ranch in Orange Blossom. In Virginia, he also served as sheriff for fifteen years.

He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Martha King. Two sons survive, living in the East. He was married in October, 1897, to Miss Minnie A. Wyatt, and she is left with two sons and a daughter.

Colonel Fulgham had been an invalid for twenty years. He was a faithful worker in the Baptist Church for forty years. Interment was in the Citizen's Cemetery.

DOWN IN MISSISSIPPI.—Marcus D. Herring writes from the Beauvoir Confederate Home, Biloxi, Miss.: "On September 24 I will be eighty-two years young. Mississippi people should be proud of this Home. Under the efficient management of Superintendent Tartt, ably assisted by his good wife, everything possible is being done for the happiness of the inmates. Thought the weather has been hot, we do not suffer, for every day we get cool breezes from the Gulf, and I am taking advantage of the nearness of the salt water and take a swim before breakfast; between that time and dinner I exercise also by walking some, and I am always ready to answer present when the bell rings for meals. We have splendid hospital accommodations now. In addition to the old hospital, now used for the women, and which should be renovated and painted, we have the new \$50,000 hospital. The general health of the inmates is good. I am still enjoying the VETERAN. Bishop Galloway's address on Jefferson Davis is worth much to old veterans."

THE BOY BATTERY IN EAST TENNESSEE.

BY WILLIAM M'K. EVANS, RICHMOND, VA.

During the winter of 1863-64, the "Boy Battery" of the Army of Northern Virginia, raised in Richmond, Va., and commanded by Capt. William Watts Parker, found itself on outpost duty near Morristown, Tenn. This battery was a part of the artillery battalion originally commanded by Gen. Stephen D. Lee when a colonel of artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia, and he gave this name to the battery, and said it had put an extra star in his collar and then put the wreath around his stars. It was afterwards commanded by Gen. E. P. Alexander and at the above date was a part of Longstreet's Corps, which had been ordered to Tennessee to reinforce General Braxton Bragg.

Of course nothing could be more natural than that the Virginia boys should hunt up the pretty girls that seemed to be in large numbers in Morristown. Our stay there was all too short, being only for a week or ten days, but I think, the following lines, which I have never forgotten, given to one of us by one of the sweet Tennessee girls, will show that very little time was lost in the wooing:

"Tis hard for you'uns to sleep in camp,
'Tis hard for you'uns to fight;
'Tis hard for you'uns through snow to tramp,
In snow to sleep at night.
But harder for we'uns from you'uns to part,
Since you'uns have stolen we'uns heart."

If the lady who wrote these lines is still living, here is to her. So far as I know, with very few exceptions, the boys have all long since surrendered to some fair damsel in some part of the country, as they have scattered from Wyoming to Texas.

THE SONGS OF BYGONE DAYS.

BY S. K. DENDY, SR., SENECA, S. C.

Adown the years they come to me
From out the crypt of Time,
With half-forgotten melody
And faintly falling rhyme—
With here and there a broken chord,
A missing word or phrase—
But sweet as angel whispers are
The songs of bygone days!

And as the measures float along,
Like shadows o'er the sea,
Across the drift and bloom of years
Lost faces smile on me!
Eyes dimmed by death's eternal night
Meet mine in love's sweet gaze—
I kiss the marble lips that sang
Those songs of bygone days!

Old tunes touch hidden chords in hearts
Long mute with age or pain,
And give us for a fleeting space
Lost faith and hope again.
Within yon cloudlands, far away,
Where swell the hymns of praise,
God grant the angels sometimes sing
The songs of bygone days!

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

MRS. J. T. BEAL, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

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

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

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MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
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8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: The various Divisions and Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are this month confronted with the duty of electing delegates and alternates to the annual convention, which meets at Hot Springs National Park, Ark., in November. Give the selection of these delegates your earnest consideration and select members who will reflect credit and distinction on the Chapter, the Division, and the general organization.

By the time you read this letter, the official Convention Call and credential blanks should have reached all Chapter officials. They have been sent to the Division Presidents for distribution by the Recording Secretary General, Mrs. A. J. Smith, 411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, New York City. Prompt and proper attention to these papers is important. They are in triplicate, and one copy should be sent to the chairman of the Committee on Credentials, Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, Paducah, Ky.; another copy should be sent to your Division President; and the third should be kept by the delegate for presentation to the Committee on Credentials immediately upon arrival in Hot Springs. If by any mischance the papers have not yet reached your Chapter, please notify your Division President at once.

Inasmuch as representation of your Chapter at the convention depends upon the proper handling of these documents, this matter is most important.

Also see that all dues are paid before October 18, as the books of the Treasurer General close on that date, and thus assure a full representation at Hot Springs.

Your President General is grateful and pleased at the encouraging, rapid growth of our society. Because of this growth, a constantly increasing volume of official correspondence comes to her, but, while this fact involves an additional demand for personal attention to the many important letters, it gives greater opportunity to keep in touch with the trend of popular thought concerning the activities of our society and points the way to a broader vision and a greater opportunity for the service which it is possible for us to render as patriotic citizens of our great nation.

Mrs. J. P. Higgins, our Treasurer General, has offered a prize of \$25 to the individual submitting the best suggestion as to a plan for a permanent fund for the support of the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women. Suggestions should be sent to the chairman of the committee in charge, Mrs. R. H. Chesley, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Our book, "Women of the South in War Times," was compiled with a view to carrying conviction to the outside world in regard to the truth of the cause of the South. It is not

prepared for the exploitation of any particular individuals, families, or States. The President General would remind the Daughters that this book carries its message throughout America and the world, and its distribution is a particularly sacred obligation of our society. Mrs. Edwin Robinson, 532 Fairmont Avenue, Fairmont, W. Va., chairman of the committee, has appealed to all Divisions to help distribute this book, and a number of the Divisions have already responded in full to her requests. To create a friendly rivalry between Chapters and Divisions, special prizes are offered to the Divisions sending in the greatest number of orders for this book.

The chairman of the Committee on Official Ribbon, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chatham, Va., after investigating the style of ribbons and costumes of pages that have at different times been authorized at various conventions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, reports as follows:

Pages for President General to be ten in number, these to wear when on duty and on the opening evening of the convention white skirts with red blouses, with ribbons four inches in width, white, with the words, "Pages to President General," printed in red.

All Divisions and Chapters in States where there are no Divisions, to have two pages, these as well as the local pages (the number of the latter is not limited) to wear white dresses on the opening evening of the convention and when on duty, with red ribbon, four inches in width, printed in black with the word "Page." Ribbons for Division Presidents to be one and one-half inches in width, with red, white, and red stripes of equal width, gros grain.

Ribbons for General Officers, satin, two and one-half inches in width, red, white, and red stripes of equal width.

Ribbons for ex-Presidents General, two and one-half inches in width center of red, one and one-fourth with line of white; remaining width of equal width, white and red.

The committee hopes the next convention may select suitable ribbons for the Honorary Presidents.

To Mrs. O. D. Black, of Johnston, S. C., President of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., and all the splendid Daughters of that State are due unusual congratulations this month, for a new Chapter has been organized at Elloree with one hundred and nineteen charter members. The Bonnie Blue Flag Chapter, of Dallas, Tex., was organized last year with one hundred and thirteen charter members. The Texas Division will have to be gracious and let South Carolina occupy the spot light for awhile.

News has just reached the President General of the death of Mrs. Harvey, mother of Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Treasurer General. The sympathy of the entire membership of the U. D. C. goes out to Mrs. Higgins in her bereavement.

Faithfully yours.

ALLENE WALKER HAROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas.—The sale of one thousand four hundred and fifteen Stone Mountain coins was the result of an intensive drive put on in Little Rock recently.

* * *

Kentucky.—Mrs. Harry McCarty, Division President, has held five district meetings, all of which were largely attended and full of interest. A new feature was the splendid report of Division work by districts given by Mrs. McCarty. She stressed, as the chief work for the coming year, the securing of an appropriation by the legislature for the upkeep of the Jefferson Davis Monument, sufficient to provide for a caretaker and to build an elevator in the shaft.

* * *

Maryland.—During Miss Anne Barber Bruin's administration as President of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, fifteen membership certificates were signed. Miss Bruin's successor is Mrs. J. C. McLaughlin.

A New York *Herald-Tribune* Vacation Fund girl will be entertained for two weeks at the camp as a guest of this Chapter.

The Chapter will take action relative to the stealing of many Confederate flags from graves decorated on Memorial Day.

Mrs. Franklin Canby has asked each Chapter in the Division to assist in reestablishing the Confederate Woman's Home in Baltimore.

Baltimore U. D. C. are making plans for the meeting of the Maryland Division in that city in October.

* * *

Missouri.—Gen. and Mrs. Archibald Pearson, Mrs. Hugh Miller, Division President, and the Presidents of the five Kansas City Chapters were guests of the George E. Pickett Chapter recently at an elaborate luncheon at Hotel Brookside.

Mrs. S. C. Hunt is convalescing from a serious illness.

In the rotunda of the new Capitol at Jefferson City, Southern relics are preserved in glass cases. These are a matter of great pride to Missouri U. D. C.

Besides private subscriptions, the Division pledged one tablet at Stone Mountain, for \$1,000.

* * *

Ohio.—June 3 is the annual guest day of the Alexander Stephens Chapter. "Jefferson Davis, as Secretary of War" was the subject of one of the prepared papers. A unique discussion of dress and a contrast of styles of the present with those during the War between the States was also an interesting feature of the program.

Memorial services at Camp Chase Cemetery, on June 6, arranged by the U. D. C. of Columbus, were largely attended and there were many beautiful floral offerings sent by friends near and far.

* * *

South Carolina.—The great Jefferson Davis Highway has been designated throughout the State with the prescribed wooden markers, with handsome granite boulders in Columbia, Camden, Aiken, and Cheraw, and on the North Carolina-South Carolina State line. The U. D. C. Chapters in the counties through which the highway passes are planting trees, flowers, etc., along the way. It is planned to replace gradually the wooden markers with permanent ones of stone.

The U. C. V. of D. Wyatt Aiken Camp, of Greenwood, recently entertained the members of the two U. D. C. Chapters of that city with an enjoyable barbecue.

The William Lester Chapter, of Prosperity, has just made

its annual pilgrimage to the Confederate Home in Columbia, forty miles distant. The members take with them baskets filled to bursting with every good thing to eat and serve a picnic dinner to the inmates, after which a program of music, etc., is given.

* * *

Texas.—The second board meeting of the Division was being held in Austin during the inauguration of the new governor, when the sad news came of the death of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone. The first official act of the new governor was to have the flag placed at half mast, at the request of the U. D. C.

The Division has decided to take over the old headquarters of Robert E. Lee at Fort Ringgold, Tex., and convert it into a Soldiers' Rest.

Mrs. J. K. Bivins, Division President, is assisting the Division Director of World War Records by soliciting entire East Texas in the work of bestowing Crosses of Service.

* * *

West Virginia.—R. E. Lee Chapter, Fairmount, gave a most beautiful and elaborate entertainment recently on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Shaver, in honor of Mrs. James E. Smith, for many years registrar of the Chapter, who is moving to Winchester, Va.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

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

U. D. C. STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

October.

Reconstruction in the South.

Carpetbaggers, scalawags, free negroes, Ku-Klux Klan.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

October.

General John H. Morgan.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION HISTORICAL WORK.

The Historical Department of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., with Mrs. John H. Anderson as Historian, has a list of thirty-three prizes offered for competition in various phases of historical work. The subjects for essays are chiefly to bring out a study of North Carolina in the Confederacy. These include: "North Carolina as a Scene of Warfare in the Confederacy," "History and Achievements of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C.," "Surgeons, Doctors, Chaplains of North Carolina in the Confederacy," "Reconstruction Days in North Carolina," "North Carolina Navy in the Confederacy," "North Carolina Press in the Confederacy," "Value of Clark's North Carolina Regimental Histories," "Lives and History of Many North Carolina Leaders in the Confederacy," "Making of Arms and Ammunition," "Blockade Running."

A silver loving cup is given for the best historical work from any Chapter. Prize for best work of Chapter through the schools, also for greatest number of records of ancestors and reminiscences of men and women of the Confederacy.

The Historian is making a special campaign of the schools, with reviews of histories and Southern literature to be studied. A questionnaire has been prepared relative to every historical activity, and every effort is being made to encourage the Chapters to know the history of the Confederacy.

THE FOREIGN LIBRARY WORK OF THE U. D. C.

BY MISS ELIZABETH HANNA, ATLANTA, GA.

The story of the origin of this most important work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the conditions which called it into existence—namely, ignorance concerning the Southern people, their history, their institutions, and their literature—would make interesting reading did time permit, but the writer is just now more interested in telling the readers of the VETERAN something about the progress of this work and in trying to enlist their interest in the efforts of this committee to make these foreign libraries as influential as possible in making the Southern people known to the people of other lands.

The first foreign library established was at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, England. There is in that collection one of the few complete files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in bound volumes up to 1920. This library, with the American Library in Paris, the Parliamentary Library of Canada, and a Library at Weisbaden, Germany, are all on the mailing list of the VETERAN, and a copy of this publication has, with one exception, reached them every month since that date. The Bodleian Library, through the efforts of this committee, now contains many of our standard works on Southern history and literature, and should their writers desire to do justice to the only strictly Anglo-Saxon section of this republic, they will find all necessary information there. The attention of the editors of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" is especially called to this collection, and I suggest a revision of some of its statements concerning the South long ago proved most false and unjust.

There is at the Sorbonne, the great French Library, between seventy-five and a hundred valuable Southern books, placed there by this Committee, assisted by the New Orleans Division. The Sorbonne limited the number of books they could receive.

There is at the American Library in Paris one of the most important of all these collections. Not because it is the largest or the best, but because at the head of that library is a real live librarian who understands what this Committee wants and is doing what he can to make this work practical and this collection representative of the South as we would wish it to be. Shall we help him? He tells the chairman that he needs more literature. He wants our poets—Hayne, Ryan, Peck, Timrod; he wants complete files of the *Louisiana Historical Quarterly*. Especially is it the wish of the Chairman of the Committee to send to that collection Dr. Dunbar Rowland's "Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist, His Letters and His Speeches." Communications along this line would be greatly appreciated by the chairman and any funds for purchasing books thankfully received.

Last, but far from least, is the Dulaney Collection at Ottawa, Canada. This was begun with a contribution of fifty dollars from Colonel Dulaney's daughter, who desired to memorialize her father in this practical way. We had

already some books at Ottawa, and on the consent of the Librarian to shelve our books together as one collection—the only library that would do that—we placed this collection in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. The Chairman has among her correspondence relating to this work a resolution of thanks from the Canadian Parliament, in session when the first books arrived.

Before closing this communication, the Chairman desires to say that she fears that just such work as this is sadly needed in all the institutions of learning in the South; that she doubts if many of them in this respect are as well equipped as the Bodleian; and that the work of this committee ought hereafter to include our home institutions.

A WORTHY CITIZEN.

BY MRS. HENRY J. BURKHARDT, WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

Mr. Thomas Benton Ellis, of Gainesville, Fla., a Confederate veteran of eighty-three years, may properly lay claim to two distinctions: He is perhaps the oldest tax collector in the United States, and certainly the best one, according to the city council of Gainesville; and he also has the distinction of being one of the few private soldiers to have a Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy named for him. This Chapter is located at West Palm Beach, Fla., and was organized in November, 1922.

Mr. Ellis, who passed his eighty-third milestone on June 22, 1925, served actively in the office of tax collector until a recent and severe illness, and since that has been granted a leave of absence to continue until October 1, the date of expiration of his term. In taking this action, the council put on record the fact that when Mr. Ellis assumed office, the city had on its books a scrip of \$15,000, which could not be paid off. Due to the individual efforts of Mr. Ellis, the scrip was redeemed.

In commenting upon the honor of having the Chapter named for this veteran of the Confederacy, the *Sun*, of Gainesville, Fla., said: "What a beautiful and touching thing that was to do. . . . A recognition of the men who bore the brunt of conflict, and who, footsore and weary, tramped and fought, not for glory for themselves, but for their native land. . . . Private Thomas Benton Ellis bears the scars of battle upon his body. During all those weary years of war he never shirked nor faltered. He is worthy of the honor done him."

HISTORIC FLAG.—When the remains of Sir Moses Ezekiel were brought to this country from Italy for interment at the foot of the Confederate monument in Arlington Cemetery, his wonderful handiwork, his casket was draped with a United States flag. It is interesting to know that, since the funeral services for this gifted son of the South, this flag has been especially watched over by request of Mrs. Charles Fisher Taylor, of Washington and North Carolina, and on May 29, 1925, it was officially presented to her by Gen. W. W. Hart, Quartermaster General, U. S. A. Mrs. Fisher carried the precious flag to Richmond, Va., and there presented it to Governor Trinkle for the State of Virginia, to be placed in the Battle Abbey. Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., accepted the flag in the name of the Confederate association, and on June 3, the anniversary of the birth of President Davis, it was placed in the Battle Abbey of the South, as one of the priceless relics of that Hall of Memory.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeanne D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

Our President General requests that our Memorial Association shall be especially concerned to locate unmarked graves of Confederate veterans and to have markers placed when found. This sacred duty has been peculiarly ours since Memorial Associations were first organized in 1861. The following letter to our President General from an aged Confederate veteran will bring home to us conditions that rarely existed as far back as forty years ago. The writer, P. A. Cribbs, second lieutenant, Company K, 20th Alabama Infantry, Matador, Tex., says: "We have here in our small cemetery seventeen soldiers without a marker, and some without a stone. When buried, their graves were marked with a piece of board with their names. The boards are long since rotted and gone. All of them were good, true Confederate soldiers, except three. Two were Indian scouts for Confederate troops in Texas; the other"—[then in a few brief lines he tells a story so full of romance, so unexpected, that the heartstrings tighten because of a great deed unrecognized because of the sacrifice made by a noble soul]—"the other a noted character, Ridgeland Greathouse, who, with his brother, came from New York City to San Francisco, Calif., and were bankers there at the commencement of the War between the States. His brother was strictly a Union man, but 'Uncle Ridge,' as he was generally called, was just the opposite. He was strictly for separation of the States, and joined his fortune with and for the Southern States. He used his fortune, about \$75,000, in buying and equipping a ship for the Confederate navy. He manned her as a privateer, commanding her himself, but never got to sea; was captured in the Golden Gate, the mouth of the Bay of San Francisco. Capt. Ridge Greathouse saved himself by swimming ashore. His fortune gone, he came to Texas, and, after the war, he trapped for a living and finally died here at Matador, Tex., about twenty years ago, and was buried by the cowboys as a pauper without a stone or even a marker of any kind. . . . I am writing this to you that you may do what you think best. There are only four of us old veterans now living here, and our time is uncertain; all are over eighty years old. As for myself, I passed my eighty-ninth birthday last Saturday. I was born June 27, 1836."

How shall this appeal be answered?

Shall California be given the privilege of paying tribute to the spirit of patriotic adventure within her gates?

Should Texas alone have the care of these names that represent a number of States?

Shall the C. S. M. A., as an organization, raise a monument to Ridgeland Greathouse, a name that must and will not be forgotten?

Let us discuss that matter freely in this department.

REPLICA OF THE GREAT SEAL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

A copy of the Great Seal of the Confederacy has been placed in the British Museum. Mr. John Buchan, British author, who visited the United States last year, presented the seal on behalf of the Confederate Literary Society, of Richmond, and Mrs. A. Norman Randolph, who gave the seal. The Associated Press says: "The ceremony took place at a luncheon given by Lady Astor, at which there were many distinguished guests, including the Earl of Balfour, Viscount Cecil, Lord and Lady Farenham, the American consul general in London, Horace L. Washington, and Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas. Referring to the War between the States, Mr. Buchan said; 'If the tradition of unselfishness and idealism which the war of the States exemplified is kept alive in British and American hearts, a stronger bond has been forged between the countries than any ties of economic interest.'"

Magna Charter was not more fiercely contended than was the Southern cause, and this emblematic seal, though representing no triumphant ægis, loses no luster in company with that great seal.

RETURNING A FLAG.

Through the courtesy of Dr. Lucien Howe, eminent surgeon of Buffalo, N. Y., the flag of the 5th Tennessee Regiment has been returned to the State of Tennessee and now rests in the archives at Nashville. Dr. E. C. Ellett, of Memphis, who is a friend of Dr. Howe, informed the President of the L. C. M. A. of Memphis, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, that this friend was in possession of this flag and wished to place it in the hands of the special representatives of the State; that the flag was given to him by a Union soldier who said it had been captured from the 5th Tennessee Regiment. Mrs. Bryan immediately wrote to Dr. Howe asking that the flag be sent to Mr. John Trotwood Moore, who has charge of the archives of Tennessee. Mr. Moore writes us: "I beg to state that Dr. Lucien Howe has sent the flag to my department; he has promised on his return from Europe to send me full data about the relic."

The 5th Tennessee took part in the fiercest battles fought in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Georgia.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
 PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark. *Surgeon in Chief*
 JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 REV. ALBERT S. JOHNSON, Charlotte, N. C. *Chaplain in Chief*
 DON FARNSWORTH, New York City. *Commissary in Chief*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, *Chairman*. Wilmington, N. C.
 N. B. FORREST. Atlanta, Ga.
 JOHN M. KINARD. Newberry, S. C.
 LUCIUS L. MOSS. Lake Charles, La.
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY. Wichita Falls, Tex.
 JESSE ANTHONY. Washington, D. C.
 L. A. MORTON. Duncan, Okla.



DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA. John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
 ARMY TENNESSEE. Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.
 ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—Washington.
 Fielding M. Lewis
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York City. Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Savannah. Dr. W. R. Dancy
 KENTUCKY—Lexington. W. V. McFerrin
 LOUISIANA—Monroe. J. W. McWilliams
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. W. Scott Hancock
 MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo. John M. Witt
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell. Harry D. Calhoun
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. T. E. Powers
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. A. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

OFFICIAL ORDERS AND S. C. V. NEWS.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT,
 SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
 NEWBERRY, S. C.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

To be read before every Camp of the Army of Northern Virginia.

1. By virtue of my election as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at the thirtieth annual convention held in Dallas, Tex., May 19 to 22, 1925, I hereby assume command of the Divisions and Camps comprising that Department and establish headquarters in the city of Newberry, S. C., said Department being composed of the following States—viz.: Virginia, North Carolina, West Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina, New York, and Washington, D. C.

2. The Division Commanders of each State of the Army of Northern Virginia Department are requested to select their staff officers and report same to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va. Division Commanders are particularly requested to send your Commander and Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief and Editor of the Sons Department in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our official organ, a list of their appointments and all other news concerning their Divisions for publication in the paper.

3. I hereby appoint the following-named comrades as members of my staff. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly:

James B. Hunter, Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Newberry, S. C.

H. T. S. Carmichael, Department Quartermaster, Kyrock, Ky.

Albert Sydney Johnson, Department Inspector, Union, W. Va.

Capt. R. M. Colvin, Department Commissary, Harrisonburg, Va.

John A. Chumbley, Department Judge Advocate, Washington, D. C.

Dr. W. E. Anderson, Department Surgeon, Chester, S. C.

G. O. Coble, Department Historian, Greensboro, N. C.

F. F. Rennie, Department Chaplain, Richmond, Va.

4. Your Commander keenly appreciates the honor conferred on him, and takes this opportunity to thank his comrades throughout the confederation, and especially those of

the Department of the Army of Northern Virginia, for the confidence imposed in him. Realizing the great responsibility and my weakness to meet it alone, I ask the coöperation and assistance of my entire official staff and the Commanders and Adjutants of all the State Divisions composing our Department. If so, a year of great advancement and patriotic duty well performed is before us.

By order of JOHN M. KINARD,
 Commander of Army Northern Virginia Department.

Attest:

J. B. HUNTER,
 Adjutant in Chief, A. N. V. Department.

HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA DIVISION,
 SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
 RICHMOND, VA.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. By virtue of my unanimous election as Division Commander at the reunion of Virginia Division, S. V. C., at Staunton, Va., on June 17, 18, 19, 1925, I hereby assume command of the Camps composing that Division and establish headquarters in the city of Richmond, Va.

2. At the Staunton reunion the Division Adjutant reported a deficit of \$662.34 unpaid bills, some long past due, necessarily the cause of embarrassment and impediment to his efficiency. After full discussion, the following resolution was passed: "It is moved and seconded that a special assessment of \$1 be ordered paid by each member of the Virginia Division for the purpose of settling the deficiency in the Division treasury as shown by the report of the Division Adjutant, and that each Camp in the Virginia Division be requested to collect this assessment and remit same to C. I. Carrington, Division Adjutant, 214 State Office Building, Richmond, Va."

3. Your Division Commander urges his Camp Commanders to bring this most important matter before their respective Camps at the earliest possible date and use his utmost endeavor to assist in cancelling these obligations as soon as possible, as our organization is not unlike any other enterprise or business in that it must have funds to operate.

4. Your Division Commander hopes and believes that in most Camps there are some members more fortunate in pecuniary conditions and are public spirited and patriotic and will and can contribute more largely than the resolution for \$1 calls for. He happens to know of one Camp that has

already given about \$65 in this way and has not called a meeting of its members.

5. Hearty coöperation on your part will bring the desired results, and we shall be able at Farmville, where our next reunion will be held, to present a clean sheet. It shall be the earnest effort of your Commander with your aid to increase the number of Camps and the members.

6. Your Division Commander regards this indebtedness such a hindrance to our Adjutant and to our Division in general as to justify the issue of this Special Order in advance of his General Order, which will follow shortly.

T. E. POWERS, *Commander Virginia Division.*

NORTH CAROLINA NEWS.

Commander Brown sends in some enlivening data about the activities of Camp Thomas D. Johnston No. 849 S. C. V., located at Asheville. This Camp gave a "Jefferson Davis Ball" to help defray expenses of Sons and veterans to the reunion at Dallas; Mrs. Charlie M. Brown, wife of Commander Brown, acted as general manager of this benefit affair. At a recent meeting of the Camp, Frederick D. Rutledge was reelected President, and at this meeting luncheon was served by a committee of ladies. This luncheon feature is a regular monthly occurrence and should be carefully noted by our progressive Camps.

Thomas D. Johnston Camp is preparing to present to Zeb Vance Camp, United Confederate Veterans, a portrait of Winnie Davis, the beloved Daughter of the Confederacy.

ATLANTA AND GORDY'S "HISTORY."

"For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinees is peculiar," wailed Bret Harte. But this Chinees has nothing on the mysterious impulses which move to action our Southern school boards and school authorities. What it is that impels a good and conscientious citizen (and surely it is of such that our boards are largely comprised) to pay out his good money to a Northern writer who slanders his country and his forbears and then teach this stuff to his child as "history" is beyond mortal comprehension. Yet this has happened everywhere in the South, and it is happening now. Word comes that the Atlanta school board has adopted, and has "insisted" (to quote) upon adopting, a so-called history put out by Scribner and written by Gordy.

According to the protests reaching this office from both U. D. C. and S. C. V. sources, this book is unfit for use anywhere, if the teaching of truth is sought, and especially unfit for the South, for, according to high S. C. V. authority, it is "biased, prejudiced, and a reflection upon the people of the South."

Nathan Bedford Forrest, Past Commander in Chief, S. C. V. says of this book: "The South is almost wholly ignored in this book, and what it does have to say about it is misleading and prejudicial. Gordy devotes two pages to the educational progress of Southern white people and many times that number to 'the wonderful strides' of the negro. For collateral reading, the student is referred to the books of Booker Washington, while those of hundreds of white men, such as Woodrow Wilson are passed by. The part dealing with the War between the States and the period that has elapsed since is a stench in the nostrils of Southern white people."

John Ashley Jones, Commander of the Georgia S. C. V., says: "We insist that the Gordy book does not only fail faithfully to chronicle the history of the Southern people, but reflects upon their integrity."

A prominent U. D. C. critic says (speaking of slavery): "I was shocked at the unfair statements on this question which the

book contains and the evident *intention* [italics mine] to lay the burden of this whole situation upon the Southern people."

Among objections to this book sent in, I mention the following:

"The uninformed would infer from reading the book that the Southern white is a moron and the negro an intellectual marvel."

"We wondered at the remarkable omission of Grant's second term (which was an orgy of corruption and fraud) and the seating of Hayes by the robbery of Tilden of his rightful place."

"Gordy dealt with the State of Georgia and with Robert E. Lee in a footnote."

"Twenty pages are given to the New England States, with bare mention of their activities in the slave trade."

"Twelve pages are given to Virginia and Maryland combined, and only brief mention given in a footnote to the States of North Carolina, Georgia, and South Carolina."

"John Brown is mentioned as 'deeply religious.'"

Space forbids further references. If half of this is true, and there is no reason to doubt a single word of it, why, in the name of reason and common sense, should the school authorities of Atlanta "insist" upon buying this book and teaching this stuff to our children? It is a matter where the local U. D. C. and S. C. V. should receive in every way possible the fullest assurances from every Southern State that their efforts to keep this book out of Southern schools meets with high approval and will be abundantly backed up. Are you going to lay this down now and forget it, as usual, or are you going to do something? Will you lift your hand to be free and unmaligned?

WHOSE FAULT IS THIS?

The Rev. G. B. Harris, Jr., of Ripley Tenn., is having difficulties getting into the fold of the S. C. V. I have tried to help him, but unsuccessfully as yet. He writes me that "it seems I cannot get back." He states that he wishes to get membership in J. B. Gordon Camp, of Atlanta, Ga., and, at request of the treasurer, has sent on his two dollars, but no word has come to him yet. I may mention that I have had applications from Chicago, New York, Seattle, etc., for membership, and have tried to get them lined up with S. C. V. Camps. Where I have followed up the applications, I have found them all balled up in some way and not enlisted. It would seem there is cause for serious thought here. The S. C. V. pays out to membership hunters more money than for any and all causes except headquarters expenses and salaries, yet here are men who are trying to join and they cannot get in, it seems. It costs nothing; I don't charge the S. C. V. for securing a member, yet here are members without a fee attached who don't seem to connect. Whose fault is it? Is this, too, something to lay down and forget—or are we going to do something about it?

STILL THEY COME.—"Well, here comes the fifth S. C. V. who is a subscriber to the VETERAN," writes H. H. Kelley, of Huntsville, Ala., to George B. Bolling, of Memphis, Tenn. "My father, Solon Kelly, served in Company H, D. R. Hundley's 49th Alabama Regiment. He was a subscriber to the VETERAN from the first until his death in 1908. Since then I have been a subscriber and expect to be as long as I have the price. I would like to hear from any old vet who was in the same company and regiment with my father. Would also like to know whatever became of the flag of the 49th Alabama Regiment."

SPARTAN MOTHERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

(Continued from page 343.)

eight stalwart sons to the Confederacy. "She hath done what she could." Another Buncombe county "mother" was Mrs. Black, who gave her husband and seven sons.

Mrs. Thomas Morgan, of Granville County, gave six sons to the Confederacy, and all six were killed in service. A sacrificing mother, she!

Mrs. Thomas Chandler, also of Granville, Mrs. Robert Burwell, of Charlotte, and Mrs. Samuel Mitchener, of Wake County, were mothers of six sons in the Confederate army.

SURVIVORS OF MORGAN'S COMMAND.

After reading the list of survivors of Morgan's command as given in the *VETERAN* for August, G. L. Carson, Adjutant of John H. Morgan Camp, No. 1330 U. C. V., of Commerce, Ga., recalls a number of other survivors, and sends the following list:

"G. L. Carson, Commerce, Ga.; Thomas N. Neal, Cornelia, Ga.; James Fulcher, Jefferson, Ga.; James Arnold, Statham, Ga.; Crawford S. Mayes, Commerce, Tex.; all belonging to Company E, 16th Georgia Battalion, Partisan Rangers.

"This command, consisting of six companies, under Col. A. A. Hunts, was mustered into the Confederate service as Partisan Rangers. About the 1st of July, 1862, our battalion, the 2nd and 9th Kentucky Cavalry, and a company of Texas Rangers, formed a brigade at Knoxville, Tenn., under the leadership of that knightly Kentuckian, Gen. John H. Morgan. From the 7th of July until the 29th, we raided over the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and with this small force we killed, captured, and paroled more than seven thousand Federal soldiers, and destroyed more than a million dollars worth of United States government property. It was almost a running fight night and day for twenty-two days. We fought the battles and skirmishes of Tompkinsville, Glasgow, Richmond, Midway, Georgetown, Harrodsburg, Lebanon (where we captured two thousand prisoners), Lawrenceburg, Versailles, Paris, Cynthiana (where we captured General Metcalf with his entire force of some fifteen hundred men), Crab Orchard, and Somerset, which wound up the raid.

"During the National Democratic Convention in New York City in 1924, I had the distinction of being the only Confederate veteran who served in that famous convention, held in Madison Square Garden. I was elected and commissioned as honorary delegate of the State at large. During the convention, I had the good fortune to meet with a Federal cavalryman, J. H. Blackmon, who was a member of the 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry, with which we came in contact in Ohio in 1863. Mr. Blackmon now lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. We posed for a picture, with clasped hands, as a token of the obliteration of the last vestige of bitterness between the real soldiers of the North and South, and this picture was reproduced in many of the large daily papers of the country."

[Comrade Carson sent this picture to the *VETERAN*, but it had faded until too dim for reproduction.]

MORE OF MORGAN'S MEN.

W. A. Bright writes from Columbia, Mo.: "As an addition to the list of Morgan's men now living, I give the name of Capt. Solomon Spears, born in Bourbon County, Ky., November 1, 1841, who has resided in this city for over twenty-five years. He was captured at Fort Donelson, but soon escaped in Chicago and made his way back to General Morgan's command, and was made captain of Company A, 8th Regiment, First Brigade, Kentucky Cavalry. He was

captured the second time in Ohio, with General Duke, and sent to the Allegheny Penitentiary, where he was held for about seven months, and then exchanged. He is one of our best citizens. I surrendered at Shreveport, La., in 1865, under General Kirby Smith."

Ben F. Arthur, of Rockdale, Tex., now in his eighty-fourth year, writes that he was one of John Morgan's men, serving in Company B, 10th Kentucky Cavalry. He was captured with Morgan in Ohio, and spent about seventeen months in Camp Douglas; got back to Richmond on March 2, 1865, and started back home on April 10, just after General Lee's surrender. He was born and reared in Rutherford County, Tenn., and went to Texas in 1883. Says he knows of several other members of Morgan's command in Texas.

A letter has come from H. H. Hughes, of Phoenix, Ariz., about a survivor of Morgan's command out there, the Rev. Seaborn Crutchfield, who has been chaplain of the State legislature for several terms. He is well preserved and looks like he might reach the hundred mark. He attended the reunion in Dallas, of which he writes: "I met eleven of my old comrades there who made that famous raid into Indiana and Ohio, three of the 6th Kentucky Regiment, commanded by Colonel Grigsby. I was a lieutenant in Company I, of that regiment, and was in command of the rearguard on July 23, 1863, and was shot down by Wolford's Kentucky Cavalry and left for dead on the battle field; but I soon recovered and was sent to Columbus Penitentiary, where Morgan was later confined. I was finally transferred to Johnson's Island and exchanged about the time of the surrender at Appomattox.

. . . While at the reunion I heard of several other old comrades still living. I am now in my eighty-ninth year and am planning to attend the reunion at Birmingham in 1926."

G. W. Smith writes from San Diego, Calif.: "I was a member of Company C, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Brigade. If Colonel Cluke were alive, he would remember me. . . . I will be eighty-five years old on October 9. I was born and reared in Shelbyville, Ky."

F. G. Browder, of Montgomery, Ala., calls attention to an error in the name of his old friend, T. F. Small (better known as Hite Small), as given in the list of survivors of Morgan's command in the August *VETERAN*, and of whom he says: "He and I slept together during the war and are old schoolmates. We went in the war together and have always been warm friends. Companies A and B of Gano's Regiment were both from Texas, as were both Colonel Gano and Lieutenant Colonel Huffman, but all were originally from Kentucky. Captain Spear commanded Company A and Captain Harris Company B.

J. E. Abraham, of Louisville, Ky., who served in Company C, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Command, is another who wrote that there were many survivors of Morgan's command in addition to the two mentioned in the July number. He mentions Capt. Fletcher Smith as commanding Company G, of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry.

PICTURE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.—For years the *VETERAN* has been furnishing a handsome picture of President Davis, a large half-tone engraving, which shows him as he was just before the war opened. The picture is very pleasing and has given general satisfaction. It is especially suitable in size, etc., for presentation to schools, and the price is only \$1.00, postpaid. In sending her second order recently, Mrs. E. R. MacKethan, of Fayetteville, N. C., U. D. C. Director for the Children of the Confederacy of that State, writes: "I am so pleased with the picture that I am inclosing check for another one to be placed in our high school."

A PRAYER.

Sing me a song of the old, old South,
'Twill cheer me in life's last day.
Let me feel once more that I am young,
And our boys are happy and gay.

Sing me a song of the old, old South,
Still dear to my heart as when
The boys of our land, though young in years,
Went marching away like men.

Sing me a song of the old, old South,
Let me look down the dim vista of years
And see the old mother in her last found embrace
Baptizing his face with her tears.

Sing me a song of the old, old South,
A song unsung to-day,
A song that was sung under the bonny blue flag
By the boys who wore the gray.

Sing softly a song of the old, old South,
Let me sleep and dream while you sing,
Let me see still floating the flag of the South,
And each boy as proud as a king.

Sing loudly a song of the old, old South,
I'm awake, not sleeping, to-day;
Awake, but, O joy! I soon shall sleep
With the boys who wore the gray.

Sing me a song of the old, old South;
No sad requiem for me that day,
Wrap the flag round me and lay me to sleep
With the boys who wore the gray.

—Frances Chandler Griffith.

[Mrs. Griffith is eighty-years old, and an honored member of the U. D. C. Chapter of St. Albans, W. Va.)

A FRIENDLY MEETING.

The following comes from Franklin E. Emery, of Concord Junction, Mass., in the hope of getting some information of a young Confederate soldier whom he met at City Point, Va., just after the surrender, and who was there awaiting transportation to his home. Mr. Emery says:

"I was a private who, in 1864, had joined the 2nd Maine Battery, Light Artillery, as a recruit. At Gettysburg this was known as "Hall's Battery," and it was a unit of the Reserve Artillery of the Army of the Potomac. I had passed my nineteenth anniversary in January, 1865.

"On that bright day in April, 1865, while walking along, not far from the headquarters of General Grant, my attention was attracted to a boy about my own age, in the Confederate uniform, a well set-up, soldierly looking lad, and my sympathy was stirred by the fact that he was on *crutches*. The only point of similarity between us, aside from our apparent ages, seemed to be in the cut of our uniforms. Mine was the dark blue, short jacket, trimmed with scarlet braid and small brass buttons with "pin cushions" on the back seams to hold up the saber belt, pants of robin's egg blue, with reinforced seat. His was of cadet gray, tailor made, of broadcloth, and the buttons on his jacket were of metal that had been *gilded*.

"Our conversation was as friendly as it might be to-day if we were to meet in a Masonic Lodge, and we were both

happy in the knowledge that the conditions which might have brought us into a position where we would have felt it a duty to kill each other, if possible, *no longer existed*. I told him that my birthplace and home were in Portland, Me., and I learned that his birthplace *was* and his home *had been* in Louisiana. His father had been the owner of one of the finest sugar plantations in that State, with about one hundred slaves to work it, so he was never compelled to soil his hands with hard labor until he enlisted in a cavalry regiment and had to groom his own horse. When the war began, he was attending a boarding school for boys in New York State, and got back home as soon as possible.

"Further conversation brought out the obvious fact that when I should return to my home the face of nature and the habitations of men would be unchanged, and about all I should miss would be some of my schoolmates and other chums, while, as it appeared, his father's house had been burned to the ground, family dead or scattered, niggers freed, and if he could rake up enough to take him to Mexico or some country other than the United States, he would consider himself lucky.

"Before we parted he said he wanted to 'show me something that he would try to keep as long as he lived,' and, unbuttoning his jacket, he took from his inside pocket a package, the outside wrapper of which was a piece of newspaper, next a strip of bandage cloth inclosing a piece of bone five or six inches long that had been taken from his wounded leg, the flattened bullet that hit him, and a Confederate \$10 note, which he called the last sad relics of the Southern Confederacy.

"We exchanged home addresses, but I lost his in a big fire. I hope this may be read by my wounded Confederate friend, whom I should get delighted to hear from."

SERVED UNDER GENERAL POLIGNAC.—Dr. J. H. Combs, writes from San Marcos, Tex.; "I was in Jim Taylor's Consolidated Regiment, of General Polignac's Brigade, Mouton's Division. The lieutenant commanding our company (H) was killed by the Federal battery in front of Polignac's Brigade in our first charge. Lieutenant Colonel Nobles was shot through the head at the same time by a rifle ball. Colonel Jim Taylor was killed at the close of the battle some three miles from where General Mouton was killed. I was shot through the shoulder just before Colonel Taylor was killed. The officers were carried back, but about a dozen or twenty of us lay where we fell until the next day, at ten o'clock, when the ambulances reached us. I wish I had known in time about the visit of the Prince and Princess de Polignac on April 8, the sixty-first anniversary of the battle, and could have attended the unveiling of the memorials. I have taken the VETERAN from the first."

FLAG OF THE FORTY-FIFTH NORTH CAROLINA.—In looking through a booklet illustrated in colors with flags returned by the United States government to the Southern States, Dr. J. S. Downs, of Chickasha, Okla., finds a reference to the flag of the 45th North Carolina Regiment as having been captured by the 56th Pennsylvania Regiment on August 17, 1864, in a fight near Globe Farm, on the Weldon Railroad near Petersburg, Va. Dr. Downs says this is an error. "The 45th North Carolina belonged to Daniels's Brigade, Rodes's Division, Ewell's Corps. In June, 1864, after the battle at Cold Harbor, General Early took command, and we went to Lynchburg and drove Hunter back; we then went on toward

Washington and camped in sight of the city; we then went back to the Valley and stopped near Winchester and fought Sheridan, September 18, 19, 1864. Our flag was never surrendered until General Lee surrendered, April 9, 1865. I was a member of Company F, 45th North Carolina."

BATTLE RECOLLECTIONS.

(Continued from page 328.)

the other seven companies not included. The companies named were from the adjoining counties of Lowndes, Noxubee, and Monroe, respectively.

I write this simply to correct mistakes and, therefore, help to make true Confederate history. I am now past eighty-five.

CORRECTIONS.

Referring to his article on the "Horror of War," continued in the July VETERAN, Judge Purifoy asks that a correction be made of the statement on seventeenth line, page 255, that "Campbell immediately resigned and Bulger was promoted to colonel, July 16, and when sufficiently recovered, went to the front," to "The colonel of the regiment immediately resigned, and Bulger was promoted to colonel," etc. Major Campbell never resigned.

Calvin Goodloe, of San Antonio, Tex., calls attention to some misstatements in the article on Davy Crockett, by Mrs. Nancy North, in the same number, saying: "The location of the Alamo is very nearly in the center of the city, being less than a block south of the post office and Federal Building. . . . The name 'Alamo' comes from a Spanish word meaning 'cottonwood tree.' . . . Regarding Davy Crockett's 'joining some men in hauling freight from Baltimore to West Texas,' the map will show that that was about 1,200 miles on an air line."

[This last was evidently a typographical error, and should have been West Tennessee instead of West Texas.]

THE MEMORIAL HALF DOLLAR.

The VETERAN has the Stone Mountain Memorial half dollar for sale to those who have not been able to procure the coin in their communities. The price is one dollar, plus five cents postage and ten cents for registry fee. Send orders direct to the VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

FROM THE VETERAN'S MAIL.

T. J. Wellons, of Plant City, Fla., renews subscription and writes: "Of course, I want the VETERAN. It gets better and better all the time, and I want it as long as I live; and I want my son and his sons to have it right on."

Mrs. W. W. Williams, Decatur, Tex.: "I enjoy everything in the magazine. I am the wife of a soldier who served four years in the war; was wounded at Atlanta, Ga.; was captured at Fort Donelson and in prison in Chicago seven months. He has been dead eight years."

W. M. McCreless, of Lewisville, Tex., sends a club of three subscriptions for himself, a brother, and an old friend, and says: "I appreciate the VETERAN, which helps me to spend the time very pleasantly and to recall old scenes and memories. I would not do without it."

Thomas L. Miller, Tientsin, China, sends ten dollars to keep the VETERAN going to him, "as I do not want to be without the VETERAN," he says, "not only from the standpoint of my pleasure, but as an educational one as well."

J. E. Abraham, Louisville, Ky., renews subscription to 1930, and writes: "I desire to read the VETERAN as long as the good Lord permits me to remain on the earth (I am only eighty-one years old), so I am inclosing check for six dollars, which pays for four years, and I am hoping at the end of that time to renew for another four years. I wish for the VETERAN a prosperous and long life."

R. E. W. Incé, Norman, Okla., in renewing, says: "If I ever get so blind I can't read the VETERAN, I will try to find some one to read for me. I don't see how any old Confed can get along without it. May it live till the Lord comes."

J. F. Hodges, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I can't do without the VETERAN. I was seventy-nine on the 15th of May, and I trust and pray that 'Old Master' may see fit to let me live to read the VETERAN for several years yet. . . . I was one of the youngest."

Mrs. W. B. Higginbotham, West Point, Ga., renews her subscription to "a paper which I prize highly and *must have*."

R. M. Hodges, of Los Angeles, Calif., renews for two years, saying: "I can't afford to be without the VETERAN. Every number has something in it worth the year's subscription."

C. S. Harris, of Mebane, N. C., writes: "I am an old veteran of eighty-seven years and have been taking the VETERAN since 1895."

J. M. Denison, of Cushman, Ark., writes that he is eighty-seven years and six months old, and one of those who served under Joseph E. Johnston to Bentonville, N. C. He still has his parole, which he cherishes highly.

R. H. Gray, of Fayetteville, Tenn., writes: "I was not old enough for the War between the States, but I have a very clear recollection of it, and I am delighted with the VETERAN. My father, Capt. T. J. Gray, was in command of Starnes's Escort, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and of course I am interested. I think, all sons of veterans ought to take the VETERAN, as they are missing a great deal of war history by neglecting to do so."

W. T. Bridewell, of Canon City, Col., sends five dollars to be credited on subscription, "and when this is exhausted, I will remit again," he says. "I do not wish to miss one issue of this valuable paper."

Gen. I. P. Barnard, of Louisville, Ky., writes, with his renewal order: "I think it the duty of all veterans who can do so to support the VETERAN and give to it their hearty support, as it is the only means by which the best interest of the Association is placed before the veterans as well as the public."

J. H. Baughman, of Harrodsburg, Ky., renews for two years, and says: "I can't get along without the VETERAN."

Mrs. M. Dolan, President of Hannibal Chapter, U. D. C., of Hannibal, Mo., renews "for another year with the VETERAN, which gives me so much pleasure every month through its pages 'from cover to cover.'"

Mrs. E. J. Burch, of Florence, S. C., subscribes for two copies of the VETERAN, and in renewing for them, says: "One copy I always send to the high school, because it is such good history for our children; and I certainly enjoy reading it myself. Would feel lost without it."

Gen. William A. Collier, of Memphis, Tenn., commanding Forrest's Cavalry Corps, sends five dollars on renewal order, and writes: "I cannot get on without the VETERAN. I believe the real, genuine, patriotic United States soldier would enjoy and approve your articles and be benefited."

M. W. Pennington, of Troy, Ala., says he subscribed to the VETERAN in October, 1900, twenty-five years ago, and has all the copies but four received in that time. He was eighty-six on the 1st of February, 1925.

Mrs. Frank McMillan, of Calvert, Tex., makes inquiry for the war record of Jesse Brazil, who enlisted at McKinney, Collins County, Tex., and served with a cavalry regiment, Troop I, and was on the Texas-Louisiana border. She also wants to learn of the service of her father, William Benjamin Wall who enlisted in the latter part of the war in Wheeler's Cavalry; and of Vincent Oliver Wall, his brother, who served through the war, dying of pneumonia in 1865. Both enlisted at Coosehatchie, S. C.

B. F. Ramey, of Ardmore, Okla., would like to hear from any old comrade of the 4th Georgia Cavalry who can give him any information of a brother who served with that command. This brother (whose name he does not give) enlisted at the beginning of the war and served under Captain Kingsley and Colonel Avery. Comrade Ramey himself served with the 32nd Tennessee, Company A, and if any comrades of that command sees this, he would be glad to hear from them.

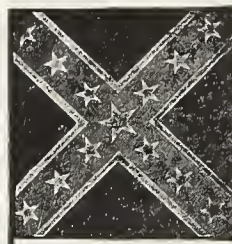
George H. Hakes, of 290 Broadway, New York City, has been coöperating in the sale of the Stone Mountain Memorial Coin and suggests that old war envelopes with stamps could be invested most patriotically in helping on this great memorial work.

Mrs. Walter R. Stokes, 423 North Seventh Street, Fort Smith, Ark., wants to learn where James W. and John W. Hancock are buried. John lived near Pilot Knob, Mo., and James lived in Granby, Newton County, Mo.; they were born in 1833. James was lieutenant, in Company A, 5th Missouri Infantry, 8th Division, Missouri State Guards, C. S. A., and was also a private of Company E, Shelby's Regiment of Missouri Infantry. She also wants to know where she can procure Filson's Map of Kentucky, made in 1782, "the one showing Fort Warren built on a tract in Lincoln County, Ky., by William Warren against the British and Indians between 1776 and 1782.

An inquiry comes for a little book of travel called "Way Down South in Dixie," published about the close of the War between the States, which seems to have been an account of a trip made by a Yankee into the South. Anyone who has a copy, or knows where it can be gotten, will confer a favor by writing to Mr. William P. Barron, 728 West One Hundred and Eighty-First Street, New York City.

LIBERAL UNCLE SAM.—"This is a great country, Pat!" "An' how's that, Mike?" "Sure, an' th' paper says yez kin buy a foive-dollar money order for three cents."—*Capper's*.

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LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year

With forward face and unreluctant soul;
Not hurrying to nor turning from the goal;

Not mourning for the things that disappear

In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole

And happy heart, that pays its toll,
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;

Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,

New friendships, high adventure and a crown,

My heart will keep the courage of the blest

And hope the road's last turn will be the best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

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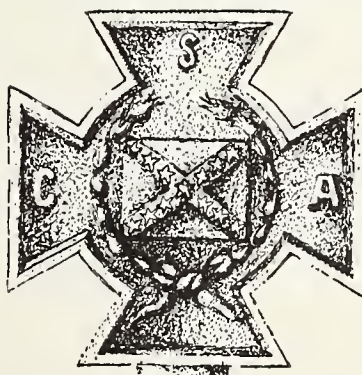
"Lest
We
Forget"

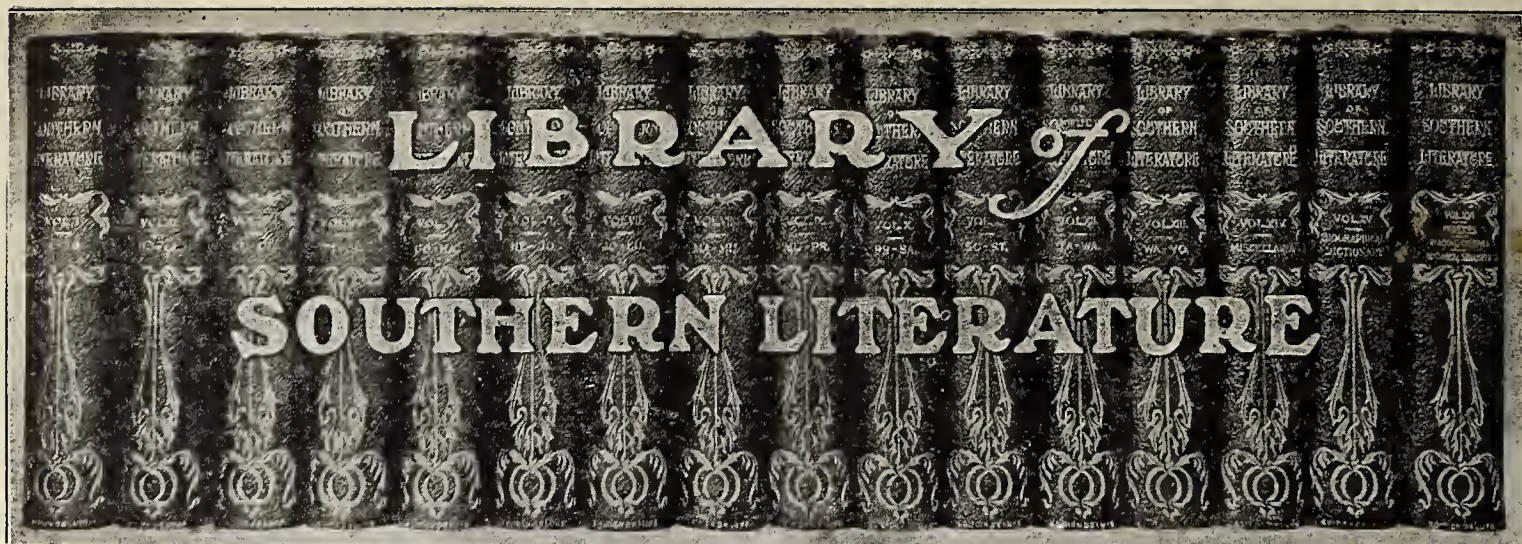
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The Library, then, is not designed to prove the absolute or relative greatness of the South, nor to resurrect authors buried in deserved oblivion, but to do full honor to men and women of merit, whose merits, however, have in many instances not been duly recognized, and to preserve the best that has been thought and written in artistic form by Southern writers. Though the South's renown for oratory seems to be widespread, the recognition of its authors has been tardy and stinted. To know the value of the South's progress as a constituent element of our present stability, the careful reader should be acquainted not merely with its history, the record of its deeds, but with literature, the subtler record of its head and heart. The call has come from many quarters, from workers of every grade, and men and women of all vocations, that such a Library should be compiled.

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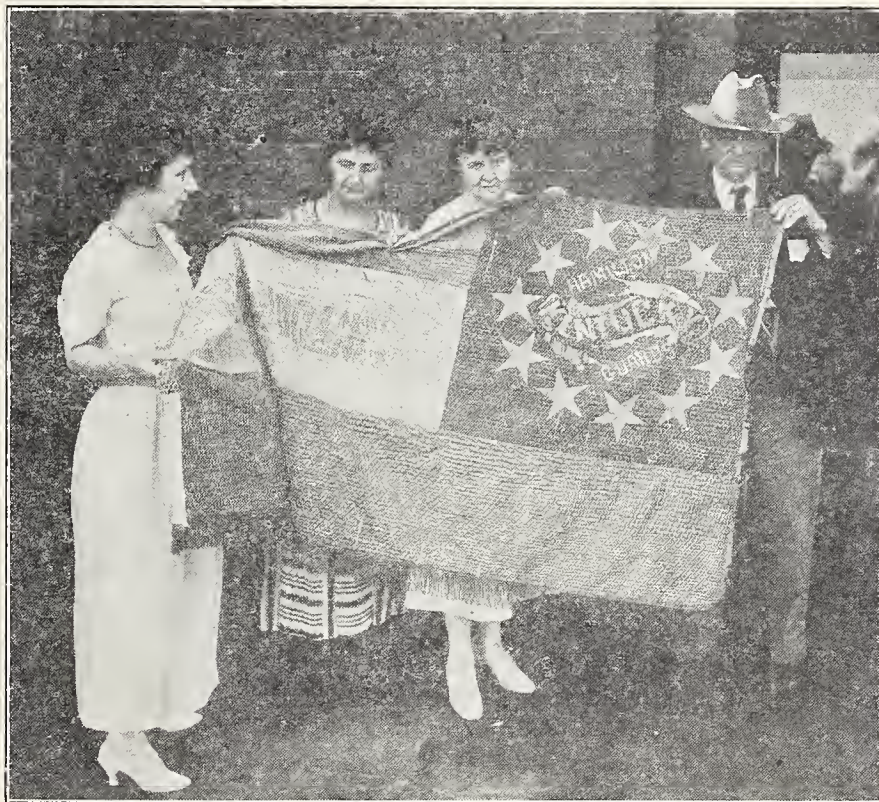
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VOL. XXXIII.

OCTOBER, 1925

NO. 10



FLAG OF THE HAMILTON GUARDS.

This old flag is proudly displayed by the last known survivor of the command over which it waved, James A. McDonald, of Kentucky, and the ladies who have made such a success of mending it—Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Mrs. Nettie McSween, and Miss Edith Bouche, of Louisville.

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va. has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

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

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MOSBY'S RANGERS. BY J. J. WILLIAMSON.

The VETERAN has a limited number of copies of "Mosby's Rangers," by J. J. Williamson, which will be furnished with a year's subscription at \$4.50. The regular price for this book is \$4.00. Just a small supply left.

J. C. Carrington, commanding E. S. Rugeley Camp, U. C. V., of Bay City, Tex., is trying to get a pension for the needy widow of James F. Ayres, who enlisted in August, 1861, at Kossuth, Miss., and was assigned to Company D, 23rd Mississippi Infantry. He was captured at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and sent to Camp Douglas; was exchanged near Vicksburg in September, 1862; was again captured at Vicksburg, Miss., July 4, 1863, and paroled there July 5, and then taken to Demopolis, Ala., and the roll of paroled prisoners at Demopolis showed him present June 30, 1864. Anyone who can certify to this record, or add to it, will please write to Captain Carrington.

Rev. A. S. Doak, of Huntsville, Ala., writes that a friend wishes to find some one who served with Col. M. H. Weeden, who went out with the 9th Alabama Regiment from Jackson County, Ala., and later was major and then lieutenant colonel of the 49th Alabama Regiment.

Joe T. Worthington, of Auburn, Ala., Box 838, wants to hear from any Confederate veteran who knew Robert Worthington, who enlisted in Little Rock, Ark., and served in the Confederate army.

Dr. Milton W. Humphreys, University, Va., offers to send free of charge to any participant in the battles of Cloyd's Farm (or Mountain), New River Bridge, New Market, Piedmont (New Hope), or Lynchburg, upon request, his "History of the Lynchburg Campaign," in pamphlet form.

Capt. W. P. Brown, commanding Marion Cogbill Camp, U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., makes inquiry for any surviving members of the 5th Arkansas Regiment of Infantry, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, and known as Col. D. C. Cross's regiment. He wants to get up a history of that grand old regiment.

EVERYBODY IS HELPED—EVERY BODY SHOULD HELP!

Tuberculosis in this country is a threat against your health and that of your family. There are more than a million cases in this country to-day.

The germs from a single case of tuberculosis can infect whole families. No one is immune. The only sure escape is to stamp out the dread disease entirely. It can be stamped out. The organized work of the tuberculosis crusade has already cut the tuberculosis death rate in half. This work is financed by the sale of Christmas Seals.

Everybody is helped by this great work—and everybody should help in it. Let every member of your family stamp all Christmas parcels, letters, and greeting cards with these able little warriors against disease. Everybody, everywhere, buy Christmas Seals—and buy as many as you can.—*National, State, and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States.*

Mrs. Alice Maude Keeler, of 1269 Muirfield Road, Los Angeles, Calif., wishes to get an authentic account of her father's service as a Confederate soldier. He was John Warner Kelton, a native of Pennsylvania, who went to Mississippi before the war and volunteered there, from Jackson, and served with the 1st Mississippi Light Artillery; he was captured at Champion Hill, July, 1863, and taken to Fort Delaware. While in prison, his brother from the Union army visited him and offered his release if he would take the oath. He refused, and later was exchanged, and lost an arm at Decatur, Ala., in 1864. His wife, Mary Elliott Kelton, was a nurse in the army at Jackson, Miss., and was afterwards matron in an army hospital, doubtless in Selma, Ala. John Kelton's two grandsons, James Kelton, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Frank Drew Keeler, Los Angeles, are to receive the Cross of Service of the World War, which will be presented by their mother's Chapter.

STONE MOUNTAIN COINS.

Look up all your old envelopes up to the year 1875. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. Also look for Confederate stamps; send all you find to me. I will pay highest prices. Then help finish Stone Mountain by purchasing Stone Mountain Memorial Coins with the money you receive. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.

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.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. } VOL. XXXIII. NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1925. No. 10. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. } FOUNDER.

BY MAZIE TURNER WATERS.

Dear line of gray
Fast thinning through the years,
Bequeath us, pray,
Thy faith to fight through tears;
And, if we lose,
Pass on the legacy
Of priceless and courageous loyalty.
Will us thy sword of Memory,
And, losing, yet will we be free.

GEN. E. D. TAYLOR, Richmond, Va. *Army of Northern Virginia*
 GEN. M. B. HOUGHTON, Montgomery, Ala. *Army of Tennessee*
 GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Trans-Mississippi*

ALABAMA—Tuscaloosa	Gen. John R. Kennedy
ARKANSAS—Little Rock	Gen. M. D. Vance
FLORIDA—Tampa	Gen. James McKay
GEORGIA—Savannah	Gen. D. B. Morgan
KENTUCKY—Frankfort	Gen. J. T. George
LOUISIANA—Shreveport	Gen. H. C. Rogers
MISSISSIPPI—Magnolia	Gen. W. M. Wroten
MISSOURI—Kansas City	Gen. A. A. Pearson
NORTH CAROLINA—Ansonville	Gen. W. A. Smith
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa	Gen. J. A. Yeager
SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia	Gen. D. W. McLaurin
TENNESSEE—Nashville	Gen. John P. Hickman
TEXAS—Houston	Gen. J. C. Foster
VIRGINIA—Petersburg	Gen. Homer Atkinson
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg	Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles	Gen. William C. Harrison

GEN. C. I. WALKER—Charleston, S. C.....*Honorary Commander for Life.*
 GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE—Batesville, Miss.....*Honorary Commander for Life.*
 GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga.....*Honorary Commander for Life.*
 REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va.....*Honorary Chaplain General for Life.*

One of the most prominent and forceful members of the United Confederate Veterans has been lost in the death of Quartermaster General J. F. Shipp, which occurred on September 19, at his home in Chattanooga, Tenn. On General Shipp's idea of a general Confederate association the U. C. V. was formed, and he had held the office of quartermaster general continuously. A sketch of him will appear in the November VETERAN.

[Its history, told by James A. McDonald, Company G, 2nd Kentucky Regiment, Orphan Brigade.]

This valued old relic was not a battle flag of the Confederacy, but was a field and dress parade flag. It was made of material from the wedding dresses of three noted Kentucky women, one of whom was Mrs. William Hamilton, of Bourbon County, and the other two were from Clark and Woodford counties. The flag was presented to the Hamilton Guards during the last week in January, 1862, by Mrs. Atkinson, sister of Gen. John S. ("Cerro Gordo") Williams.

The Hamilton Guards was originally a company of the State Guard of Kentucky, and under that name most of them went into the Confederate army. In appreciation of the honor of having this company named for her, Mrs. Hamilton gave them their uniforms of gray jeans, which was of such good quality that it wore for two years of Confederate service. The company numbered ninety-eight men, eighty-four of whom went into the Confederate army. It was commanded first by Capt. John S. Hope, who was sick at the time of the battle of Fort Donelson, so he was not captured with the company, and when it returned to Kentucky, he had been put on General Breckinridge's staff, and later was on Buckner's. Lieut. E. F. Spears was elected captain of the company before the battle of Fort Donelson, and so served during the war. When the fort was surrendered, Captain Spears wrapped the flag around his body under his clothes and thus took it to

Johnson's Island, where they were in prison for six months. The regiment was sent to Vicksburg for exchange, then started back to Kentucky, but at Cumberland Gap was turned back. When it was surrendered in May, 1865, at Washington, Ga., Captain Spears was in a hospital in Alabama, and the flag fell into Federal hands.

Nothing was known of the flag from that time until December, 1924, when an article appeared in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* describing four Kentucky flags that were sold at an auction in Philadelphia and bought by a Mr. Stuart, of Baltimore, Md. Mr. McDonald showed this article to Catesby Spears, of Paris, Ky., a son of Capt. E. F. Spears, and after some correspondence the flag was sent to Kentucky and is now in the care of Mr. McDonald as the last surviving member of the Hamilton Guards, so far as known. The flag, much worn, has been mended by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Louisville, assisted by Miss Edith Bouche and Mrs. Nettie McSween, who, with Mr. McDonald, are in the picture. Mrs. Woodbury corresponded with several flag makers and museums as to the best method of preserving the flag, and upon suggestions of the custodian of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., the flag has been mounted on net and entirely covered in honeycomb stitch, about a half inch mesh.

Mr. McDonald is eighty-eight years old, but is strong and active still.

LAST SURVIVOR OF THE BATTLE ABBEY COMMITTEE.

When the generous offer made by the late Charles Broadway Rouss, a Confederate veteran of New York City, to donate \$100,000 toward the erection of a building in some city of the South to be known as the Battle Abbey of the South, was made known to the Confederate Veterans' reunion in Houston, Tex., in 1895, a committee was appointed to have charge of this undertaking, this committee having a representative from each State and Territory of the South. The personnel was as follows:

Alabama, Gen. George D. Johnston, Tuscaloosa.
Arkansas, Hon. W. C. Ratcliffe, Little Rock.
Florida, Gen. W. D. Chipley, Pensacola.
Georgia, Col. Howard Williams, Atlanta.
Indian Territory, Dr. L. C. Tennent, McAlester.
Kentucky, Capt. John H. Carter, Avon, Fayette County.
Louisiana, Gen. J. A. Chalaron, New Orleans.
Maryland, Gen. George H. Steuart, South River.
Mississippi, Col. J. B. McIntosh, Meridian.
Missouri, Col. John C. Cravens, Springfield.
North Carolina, Maj. Thomas S. Kenan, Raleigh.
Oklahoma, Col. John O. Casler, Oklahoma City.
Tennessee, Maj. W. R. Garrett, Nashville.
South Carolina, Capt. B. H. Teague, Aiken.
Texas, Gen. W. L. Cabell, Dallas.
Virginia, Col. J. B. Cary, Richmond.
Washington, D. C., Capt. John M. Hickey, Washington.
West Virginia, Capt. C. S. White, Romney.

All the members of this committee were veterans of the Confederacy, then in vigorous age. Now there is but one surviving member, Capt. John M. Hickey, of Washington, D. C., who was eighty-nine years of age on the 28th of September. Captain Hickey was so badly wounded at the battle of Franklin that it seemed impossible for him to recover, but he did recover and has lived a long and useful life despite the handicap of wounds (one leg was amputated at the hip).

Captain Hickey enlisted from Howard County, Mo., and served with Gen. Sterling Price, commanding Company B, of

the 2nd and 6th Missouri Infantry, consolidated. He was wounded seven times. Washington has been his home for many years, he and his devoted wife going to Tennessee now and then to renew old associations, though in late years he has not been able to make the long trip. His address in Washington is 2403 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., and he would be glad to hear from surviving comrades.

SHOULD LINCOLN'S IMAGE BE IN SOUTHERN SCHOOLS?

The proposed plan of the directors of the new \$1,500,000 Technological College at Lubbock, Tex., to place a bust of Lincoln in that school has met with vigorous opposition over the State, and rightfully so. When it can be shown that Lincoln was ever in thought, word, or deed a friend to the South, there will be more propriety in placing his image where it will be a reminder of one worthy to be considered in that light. But when it is remembered that he was a sectional President, that he declared war on the South without the sanction of Congress, that he allowed that war to be prosecuted by inhuman methods, that he made medicines and salt contraband of war, that he refused the exchange of prisoners—in other words, that he made war unrefined cruelty—why then should the section which he ravaged with his armies be now turned into a shrine for his worship? It cannot be done.

All this and more is brought out in the protest which has been made by the Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas, and which is being sent out broadcast by Mrs. Oscar Barthold, of Weatherford, who is State Regent of the Texas Room of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., approved by Mrs. J. K. Bivins, of Longview, President of the Texas Division, U. C. V. Surely the president and board of directors of this college will not persist in such ill-advised action in the face of a protest that is the sentiment of the best element of the State.

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.—A recent inquiry for some data on the surgical department of the Confederate army brought realization of the very little information that could be given on the subject and that something should be done to remedy this. The late Dr. Deering J. Roberts, when editor of the *Southern Practitioner*, of Nashville, published the reminiscences of Dr. S. H. Stout, who was in charge of General Bragg's hospitals, but that is now available only to those who have a file of his publication. The *VETERAN* has published what it could on the subject, but that has not been much. Some years ago there was a movement to erect a monument to Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, who was the surgical head of General Lee's army, but the movement was not a success. It should yet be done by some Confederate Association. Any one who can furnish any data on Dr. Moore and his work, or any other surgeon of the Confederate army, will make a valuable contribution to our Confederate history. Send it to the *VETERAN* for publication.

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL COIN.—Since the charge for registering has been increased to fifteen cents, it will be necessary to charge \$1.20 for the Stone Mountain Memorial Half Dollar when sent by mail. This increase was not known when the coin was offered at \$1.15. The *VETERAN* still has a few of them on hand.

COMRADES TRUE.

Devoted friends are Col. John A. Wilson, now living at Bowie, Tex., and who commanded the 24th Tennessee Regiment, and Rev. Henry D. Hogan, of Rosedale, Kans., who served with that regiment. Their pictures show them as they are to-day. Colonel Wilson in his eighty-eighth year. A sketch of him in the *VETERAN* for December, 1924, stated that he was first captain of Company D, was promoted to major in July, 1862, and was made colonel of the regiment in January, 1863. This was just after the battle of Stone's River, where he was wounded.



COL. JOHN A. WILSON.

WIFE OF COL. E. C. COOK, THIRTY-SECOND TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

On June 23, 1864, at the battle of Culp's Farm, near Marietta, Ga., Col. Edmund C. Cook, commanding the 32nd Tennessee Infantry, and acting brigadier general at the time, received his death wound. Sixty-one years later, on July 4, 1925, his devoted wife, Mrs. Eliza G. Cook, joined him in the better land. She died at the home of her niece, Mrs. Thomas

Maslin, in Winston-Salem, N. C. in her eighty-seventh year. Her body was taken back to Tennessee and laid to rest in the cemetery at Franklin.

Mrs. Cook was a daughter of Maj. William Maney, of Revolutionary fame, and was one of a family of thirteen children, born and reared at the old Maney Homestead on the Nashville pike near Franklin. In the McEwen Bivouac at Franklin is the battle flag of Colonel Cook's regiment, which she made from her wedding dress; and in the *VETERAN* office is the handsome headquarters flag which she and other ladies of Franklin



REV. H. D. HOGAN.

Comrade Hogan enlisted in Company B, of the 24th Tennessee Regiment, on April 29, 1861, saying to the boys: "I am with you to stay." He served as a private for the first two years, drilling, on guard and picket duty, and also leading the religious services. He was first under fire at the battle of Shiloh, April 7, 1862, also at Stone's River in December of that year, and after that battle he was detailed to remain and care for Colonel Bratton, who had been mortally wounded there. He was thus a prisoner and was sent to Camp Morton and exchanged the following April. He found his regiment at Dug Gap, Tenn., and then began his ministrations as the chaplain, which he accepted, thinking his influence would be stronger with the boys. At the battle of Atlanta, on July 22, 1864, Colonel Wilson fell desperately wounded, and Chaplain Hogan helped him to a place of safety. "It is due to him that I survive to-day," wrote Colonel Wilson. He was also at the bloody battle of Franklin, where Lieutenant Colonel Shannon was wounded, and Comrade Hogan remained with him through that awful night of November 20, 1864, until he could be removed to the Carter house for treatment. His last battle was at Nashville, and, being familiar with that section, he helped Colonel Tillman, of Strahl's Brigade, and many comrades to escape by conducting them over the hills toward Brentwood—the only way to escape capture.

On Hood's retreat, Comrade Hogan was on the firing line with his old command to the Tennessee River, and when the army fell back to Tupelo, Miss., along in January, 1865, he asked for a transfer to Baxter's Battery, then stationed at Macon, Ga., stating that he was the only one of his original company left, and his youngest brother was a member of Baxter's Battery, and he wanted to be with him. So the transfer was granted, and with that command he served to the end, stacking his gun at Greensboro, N. C., on April 29, 1865, just four years to a day since he entered the army. He was the only one of his original company who surrendered there.

After the war, at the reorganization of the 24th Tennessee Regiment, Rev. H. D. Hogan was elected its chaplain. His later life was as a minister of the gospel, until his retirement some years ago.

Though these old friends are so widely separated, they keep in touch by correspondence. Colonel Wilson is the only surviving officer of the regiment.

made for Colonel Cook, and which was stolen from his baggage when on the way to prison, the flag being found in a pawnshop in Dayton, O., and bought by the late editor of the *VETERAN*.

One son, Ed Cook, of Carson City, Nevada, survives her, also a brother and one sister.

DEAR OLD COAT OF GRAY

BY MARIE CALCOTE HARRIS, POET LAUREATE, BONNIE BLUE FLAG CHAPTER, U. D. C., DALLAS, TEX.

Dear Coat of Gray, mildewed, threadbare, time-stained, moth-worn,
Could you but speak to tell of countless hardships borne,
Of gallant deeds long since condemned to silent tombs—
Great pity 'tis to let you lie in darkened rooms
Unnoted and forgot.

Dear Old Gray Coat, I would your romance understand,
You who long years served hearth and homes of our Southland,
Alas, like time, you're wrapped in silence of defeat,
And you, like time, will not those ancient tales repeat,
For sake of Nation's peace.

With sacred touch I'll fold and place you safe once more,
Because he died long since who this stained garment wore.
I'll place you where my children's children cannot fail to see
And reverence you, along with deeds of Southern chivalry,
My Dear Old Coat of Gray.

From W. T. Rutherford, St. Louis, Mo.: "I cannot do without the *VETERAN*. I read each number from 'kiver to kiver,' and expect to do so as long as I live and the *VETERAN* is published."

THE CONVENTION CITY.

BY ALTA SMITH, CHAIRMAN OF PUBLICITY, HOT SPRINGS U. D. C. CONVENTION BOARD.

Hot Springs National Park and the State of Arkansas expect to leave nothing undone to make the thirty-second annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, November 18-21, a great success.

Under the leadership of Mrs. S. E. Dillon, President of the hostess city Chapter, the Hot Springs Daughters of the Confederacy are hard at work on the vast amount of details always involved preparatory to the efficient handling of a large convention.

While the Hot Springs Chapter is regarded as the hostess Chapter, U. D. C. members throughout Arkansas will play an important part in the entertainment of the convention and in the personnel of the committees.

The New Arlington Hotel, a three-million-dollar hostelry not yet a year old, has been chosen as convention headquarters. This hotel is the home of KTHS radio station, and the courtesy of the station has been extended to the national officers during its broadcasting hours.

Hot Springs is a glorious setting for a convention and is at its best during the month of November. Hospitality is always the keynote at the nation's health and recreational resort, and a most cordial invitation is extended to each and every Daughter to attend the convention.

The little city is nestled in the scenic valley of the pine-covered Ozark Mountains, and its streets wind in and out, and follow the valleys in a most picturesque way. Central Avenue, the main thoroughfare, is so narrow at one point that there is room only for a single row of buildings on each side. The very heart of the city is flanked on the east by Hot Springs Mountain, with its forty-six thermal springs, from which flow one million gallons of radio-active waters daily. At the summit of this mountain an observation tower offers a magnificent view of the surrounding valleys. The mountain driveways and paths can be seen winding in gradual ascent in all directions.

"Bathhouse Row," shaded by its magnificent avenue of magnolias, is made up of bathing palaces of superlative architectural beauty.

Aside from its accessibility, conveniences, climatic advantages, and scenic inducements, Hot Springs is interesting because it was set aside in 1832 by the United States government as the nation's health resort and playground for the people of the nation for all time.

It is also interesting because of its rich legendary background, which has to do with the Indians, great explorations, and with Ponce de Leon in his famous search for the "Fountain of Youth."

Hot Springs is the best-equipped town of its size in the world for handling conventions. In fact, its citizens will challenge any city boasting of convention advantages and

will vie with it for honors! Hot Springs entertained forty-five conventions last year. No less than 200,000 people pass through its portals each year. Over 700,000 baths are given annually in its radio-active waters. The hotels have a combined capacity of 25,000 at one time. The hotels range from the most spacious, which can comfortably care for a thousand guests, to the less pretentious places. There is a place for everybody and a price to suit each purse.

Hot Springs, the city, is accessible, reached by excellent railroad service on both the Missouri Pacific and Rock Island lines, and is pointed out as one of the features of three national highways, the Albert Pike, Lee, and the Bankhead.

A GOOCHLAND HERO.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. JULIA PORCHER WICKHAM, LORRAINE, VA.

(As told by Charles H. Powell, an old comrade.)

At a quarterly term of the county court of Goochland County, held for said county at the courthouse on Monday, the 21st day of March, 1864. Present in court: Thomas Taylor, presiding justice; John P. Holland, James J. P. Fleet, Charles G. Dickinson, Thomas W. Herndon, gentlemen, justices.

On motion of Walter D. Leake, Esq., the following preamble and resolutions, offered by him, were unanimously adopted by the court and ordered to be spread upon its minutes:

"Whereas in this savage war of invasion, waged against us by our cruel and implacable Northern foe, the defense of our wives and children, our homes and firesides depends upon the patriotism and prowess of our citizen soldiery, and this country ought to hold in sacred remembrance the deeds of heroism and bravery of the privates in the ranks; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the cool bravery and patriotic ardor of private James Pleasants, of the Goochland Cavalry, in



THE NEW ARLINGTON HOTEL, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

killing one of the enemy, capturing thirteen others and sixteen horses in the recent raid of Dahlgren in our county were in keeping with the character which this young soldier has won in the army, and the court orders these proceedings to be put upon the records of this court as a memorial of its appreciation of genuine courage and unshrinking patriotism.

"Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be transmitted by the clerk of this court to private James Pleasants, of the Goochland Cavalry, and also to the editors of the Richmond newspapers, with a request that they publish the same in their respective papers."

[A copy from the record, County Court Order Book (1862-1871), page 62.]

Teste: P. G. MILLER,

County Clerk of the County of Goochland, Va.

July 21, 1925.

James Pleasants was a native of Goochland County, Va., and was reared by his uncle, James H. Bowles, of Cardwell, Va. Mr. Bowles was a member of the Goochland Light Dragoons, which, after war was declared, became Company F, 4th Virginia Cavalry.

When it was realized that war was inevitable and that the men would really have to leave their families in order to fight for the preservation of their homes and their rights, James Pleasants insisted that he be allowed to take his uncle's place, as the latter had a large family, while he was unincumbered. Pleasants was about eighteen years of age. They went to Goochland courthouse on May 8, 1861, and made the request of Capt. Julian Harrison, when Mr. Bowles was released and James Pleasants was mustered in. He presented a rather unique picture in the uniform of his uncle, who was a very robust man and Pleasants was very small. He served in his uncle's place until he was twenty-one years old. He was not much of a camp soldier, for he disliked the routine of camp life, but was very fond of cards, and the greatest pleasure he had while in camp was in playing draw poker.

Company F did very little fighting until 1862, after the battle of Williamsburg and the battles around Richmond. It was then that James Pleasants began to show his mettle as a soldier. He seemed never to think of danger, and his cool and deliberate manner inspired all those around him. It was said that he could take a raw recruit and make a veteran of him in one day. On one occasion, in 1862, a young recruit, Tucker Hughes, of Fluvanna County, joined Company F. A few days after this, as the company was about to engage in a battle, Hughes asked Pleasants what he must do. "Just stay close to me," was the reply. Hughes afterwards said that one day did him more good than several weeks' training. On another occasion Pleasants went home to get a horse, and while there he secured another recruit, Philip Taylor. It was late at night when they reached camp, which was then located near Ashland; the next day there was a battle at Peaks, in Hanover



County. Although he had not been aimed, Taylor went with the regiment. When the men dismounted, Pleasants borrowed a carbine and ammunition from one of the soldiers who was detailed to hold horses and gave these arms to Taylor, who, after being taken into the fight by Pleasants, returned to camp feeling himself a trained soldier. In like manner he trained Samuel R. Gray. Pleasants, Hughes, Taylor, and Gray were known in camp as "Set Number Four."

In May, 1862, when Stuart made his raid around McClellan's army, Jim Pleasants was among the 1,500 men who were detailed for that expedition, but there was only a skirmish at this time, and the Confederates lost but one man.

In the winter of 1864, all the troops who were near enough, and could be, were sent home to recruit and to feed their horses, for by this time feed was very scarce. It was in March of this year that Dahlgren made his raid through Goochland County. James Pleasants, with his two horses, was at his uncle's home at Cardwell. The raiders passed there before daylight, and while they took all of the horses, as good luck would have it, they did not search the house. When Pleasants came down to breakfast, Mrs. Bowles told him of the raid, and his first question was: "Why didn't you awaken me?" She replied that she was afraid they would either kill him or take him prisoner. However, as soon as he ate his breakfast, he shouldered his carbine and started on foot to overtake the raiders and get his horses. He had gone about a mile in the direction of Hebron Church when he heard some one approaching from the rear and saw that it was one of the raiders who had flanked out to get his breakfast. Pleasants hid himself, and, as the Yankee came up, he stepped out and ordered him to surrender, which he very promptly and wisely did. He made him dismount and hide his arms in the woods, then mounting the horse, he marched the Yank in front of him down the road in search of others. He had gone only a few miles when he captured thirteen more men and horses. He said he thought those were about all he could manage, so he faced about and marched back to Bowles' store. When he reached there he found two more of Dahlgren's men at the well, one an officer, whom he covered with his gun and ordered him to surrender. The officer refused, saying he would surrender to no one man. At this, Pleasants fired, and the officer dropped dead; then the other surrendered. Thus, he,

single-handed, had captured fifteen men with all their arms and equipment, including sixteen horses, and killed one officer. He took the men to Powhatan Courthouse and sent them to prison. Mr. Bowles and Mr. Peter Watkins gathered up the arms, of which there was a one-horse wagon load.

At Trevillians, Jim Pleasants was in the thick of the charge. With the three special friends mentioned, he hid behind a hen house as the Yankees made a rush; one of his men said to him: "Jim, let's go before they surround us." He replied very coolly, "Let's give them another round," which they did, and stopped the rush, and they then returned to where the line had been formed.

I remember hearing Ben Parrish tell of another of Jim Pleasants's daring adventures. The Confederates were making a rush during the battle of Yellow Tavern, and Mr. Parrish said to him: "Jim, I am going as far as you do to-day." About that time they came to a white oak rail fence, and the grape and canister were falling so fast it almost blinded them. Mr. Parrish said he thought behind that fence was the best place for "Ben" to stop. As soon as the smoke cleared away, he saw Jim Pleasants standing alone in an open field, deliberately loading and firing his gun.

James Pleasants was wounded at Weir's Cave, where he and others were on vidette duty. He was riding along a road when he met a Yankee; both threw up their carbines and each ordered the other to surrender; both refused and both fired. The Federal fell dead, and Pleasants was shot through the left breast just above the heart. He survived, and, after careful nursing, he was sufficiently recovered to return to the command and fought until the last battle and surrendered at Appomattox. He came home and lived ten or twelve years, but finally contracted tuberculosis in his weak lung.

[Mr. Powell is still living, and if any corroboration of these facts is desired, he can be reached by writing to the Confederate Home, Richmond, Va.]

FOR RESTORATION OF KENMORE.—Kenmore, the home of Betty Washington Lewis, sister of President George Washington and wife of Col. Fielding Lewis, at Fredericksburg, Va., was formally dedicated as a national shrine on May 9, in the presence of a distinguished gathering, many of whom wore the costumes of colonial days and drove through the streets in vehicles of a past era. The dedication of Kenmore is the fruitage of a campaign carried on by a small group of patriotic women known as the Kenmore Association. In less than three years the full purchase price of \$30,000 was raised, and the final payment on the historic estate was made on January 1 of this year. A new campaign is in progress to endow the



WATERWORKS LAKE—A BEAUTY SPOT OF HOT SPRINGS, ARR.

building and restore the grounds and mansion to their original elegance.—*Exchange*.

MORE OF MORGAN'S MEN.

T. C. Wingfield, of LaGrange, Ky., reports the following survivors of Morgan's command whose names did not appear in the lists recently published. They are Lieut. Orvill Yeager, M.D., Glenco, Ky; E. Perk Houseworth, Pendleton, Henry County, Ky; Jasper Wigginton, Louisville, Ky.; They belonged to Capt. Fletch Smith's Company, 9th Kentucky Cavalry.

M. H. Mullikin, of Bradley, Ga., writes that he and W. T. Wright, of Sharon, were with Morgan, having joined his command at the reorganization at Decatur, Ga., after Morgan's return from prison. These two were members of Capt. John I. Callaway's company organized in Georgia.

In renewing for two years, Mrs. George A. Justice, of Beach City, Ohio, writes: "Children of the South sometimes live here in the North, but our hearts are back in the dear old Southland. The thought of the homeland has a wonderful drawing power for those who are wandering, and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN brings to me so many memories of the Confederate soldier whom I called father, I could not do without it. . . . I would like to call the attention of the U. D. C. of St. Louis, Mo., to my father's grave in Bellefontaine Cemetery, so, when they have their memorial day that it will not be overlooked. Capt. William A. Brown, captain of Pat Cleburne's sharpshooters, was an intimate friend of Jefferson Davis; his home was at Grenada, Miss. I have not my father's entire record, but he was captured at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and was a prisoner on Johnson's Island for eleven months."

THE MOTHER OF GENERAL FORREST.

[From address by Dr. H. W. Evans, of Atlanta, Ga., at the dedication of the memorial to General Forrest's mother near Navasota, Tex., May 23, 1925.]

We are here assembled to memorialize a life that apparently reached its end in 1867. I say "apparently," because that life still throbs in our midst, and it will continue to the end of time—refreshing, inspiring, edifying, and making stronger and more enduring the soul of Americanism.

Miriam Beck—a tall, beautiful young woman with a broad forehead, dark hair, and bluish gray eyes—was as a magnet among the young people of the Caney Springs neighborhood, in Middle Tennessee, about the time that State was admitted into the Union. Her personality was rare—and it would be to-day, even in the most populous community. It was a combination of perfect health, extraordinary physical strength, liveness, brain power, repose, and delicate charm. Such a personality is ever as the sun shining in all its strength, beauty, and glory upon the circles in which it moves.

It was not to be wondered at that William Forrest—the strong, handsome, high-toned young blacksmith of the settlement—sought her hand in marriage. It was in 1820 that the young couple started their home. They dwelt in a cabin, with a single room below and a half-room or loft overhead. However, it was a home—a real, heaven-kissed home—because the head of the house was a true man in every sense of the word, and especially because Miriam was the industrious, contented, cheer-dispensing, reigning queen.

Owing to its rich combination, Mrs. William Forrest's life in that humble home, natural and beautiful like the fragrant flowers of spring, was a benediction upon her day and generation.

However, July 13, 1821, Miriam Forrest's soul was thrilled, because on that day the Lord granted unto her the supreme joy of motherhood. A biographer, referring to William Forrest and the advent of childhood in his home, observes:

"He was an honorable man and a law-abiding citizen. This I have from a perfectly reliable source, . . . from one who lived a near neighbor and knew him well. He must have been this and more to have won the love and devotion of Miriam Beck, the woman of extraordinary character who on this day held to a mother's breast her twin-born hostages to fortune, his son and daughter. If, as was natural on this eventful day, his heart swelled with pride of paternity and a father's love, what height of ecstasy might not this humble workman have reached could he have seen through the curtain of the future and read the horoscope of that first-born boy of his, who was destined to write his name on one of the loftiest tablets of the immortals in the temple of fame!"

William Forrest's home was blessed with eleven children. Six years after his decease, his widow was married to Joseph Luxton, and to this union three sons and a daughter were born.

Books on how to rear children are plentiful nowadays; but the old-time mother about whose grave we are now gathered had only one book to guide her in the rearing of fifteen children—the Bible. In its light she struggled against the adverse conditions of that pioneer day and ever pointed out the path of rectitude to her sons and daughters. My investigations reveal that she was strict, even stern, in her rulings, yet reasonable. She did not spare the rod when she considered it necessary; but the rod was not her scepter—she counseled and prayed with her children. She taught them by precept and example. In other words, she preached to them and lived her preaching in their presence.

Not a member of this large family departed from the higher

walks of life. This, were there no printed data to guide us, would lead to the conclusion that the mother influence was wise and Heaven directed.

This great woman gave eight sons to the service of her beloved South, all of whom won distinction as soldiers. The name of one of her sons is now a household word, not only in the Southland, but in the North and wherever military tactics are studied and valued. She was his mentor throughout life, and her instructions, early given, lingered in his heart and shaped his destiny. A biographical statement reads: "His love for his mother amounted to adoration, and was one of the noblest features of this great man's character."

Nathan Bedford Forrest was a lad of sixteen when his father died, and upon his young shoulders fell the burden of managing the farm and supporting the large family. This he did with astonishing sagacity. Within three years after his father's death, the family enjoyed prosperity that elicited the wonder of neighbors—and probably the envy of a few. At the age of twenty-one, he entered upon a business career which changed in aspect, but continued to expand until the breaking out of the War between the States, when he was regarded as one of the rich men of the South.

With General Forrest's war record all are familiar. No career in either the Southern or Northern army shines brighter in history than does his. He was conscientious, determined, and perseverant. Defeat was something he never contemplated—the word was not in his vocabulary. The stand he took in the Fort Donelson conference illustrates his rock-ribbed courage. When Generals Floyd and Buckner argued that the situation of the Confederates was hopeless, Forrest coolly announced that the Confederate army was there to fight—not to surrender. He served with increasing distinction throughout the four black, awful years, then gracefully and philosophically accepted the inevitable—as did all the great Southerners. It may be added that as a military strategist, General Forrest has never been excelled, not even in the World War—and it is doubtful if he has yet been equaled.

During the early reconstruction years, when certain sections of the South were cursed with conditions that were intolerable and the gentry had to organize and act for the protection of home and government and self-respect, General Forrest again accepted a leadership which unbiased history now exonerates and which all history will ultimately exalt. Though weary of hardship, the bugle of duty called, and he responded.

The latter years of this great man's life were spent rehabilitating his fortune, ministering unto the necessities of crippled comrades, and the widows and orphans of those who had fallen under his flag, and helping push along the work of his local Church.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "Apology is only egotism wrong side out." I cannot agree with this. It is human to err. The wisest make mistakes. And that man is great who, when he realizes that he has made a mistake, is ready to acknowledge it. General Forrest was such a one. He and Colonel Shepherd quarreled. Duelling was then in vogue. The matter was to have been settled at sunrise. At daybreak, General Forrest called on Colonel Shepherd, extending his hand, and said: "Colonel, I am in the wrong in this affair, and I have come to say so." It would be idle to think of Forrest as a coward. His entire life reveals indomitable courage, and, besides, in those days it required more courage to apologize than to fight a duel. I think you will agree with me when I say that when General Forrest, guided by his conscience, sought Colonel Shepherd at break o' day, he displayed courage with which that of battle field cannot be compared. He, then

and there, took firm stand against a custom that was wrong; he dashed ahead in the fight for right, and, in another rôle, became a leader in the army of reform.

In dwelling at length upon the spectacular career of General Forrest, I have not departed from a discussion of the memory which we have assembled to honor. An analysis of his life will reveal his mother in all his great acts from his boyhood to the hour of his departure. In his thrift during his early manhood and after the unfortunate national conflict, we see his mother's economy, industry, and enterprise; in his war activities and his wise, courageous leadership during the original reconstruction period, her inborn patriotism shines; in the piety and philanthropy of his later years, her Christianity and tenderness of heart are displayed; and in his apology to Colonel Shepherd, her strict insistence upon the leadings of conscience looms large. Moreover, in everything the General undertook can be seen the indefatigable will he inherited from his mother, concerning whom a line in history reads: "Having undertaken any enterprise, she persisted in it until it was accomplished."

When they laid away the mortal remains of this great American woman, they said she was dead and bade her farewell. Nevertheless, she continued to live—in her posterity, and especially in the impress of her illustrious son, and in movements and things too numerous to estimate. And now, after a lapse of fifty-eight years, her magnetism draws to this beautiful, sacred spot an assembly of admiring people who represent hosts not present in body but in spirit. . . .

When, presently, we turn away from this silent little city, shall we also say to her: "Farewell?" Why, love forbids the thought. Moreover, her monument in thousands of human hearts stands like Gibraltar—and it will ever enlarge.

The influence of General Forrest's mother upon the world, like that of all good mothers, and all good people, will remain while time lasts, and it will ever expand with the opportunities afforded by the passing centuries. Instead of "Farewell," we say to her: "Mother in America's Israel, we thank God that you sojourned on earth, and that you still live in our hearts and lives. You are among our great leaders, and we cheerfully follow in duty's path."

FROM WYETH'S "LIFE OF FORREST."

General Forrest's mother was of Scotch extraction, her parents having emigrated from South Carolina and settled near what is now known as Caney Springs, not far from Duck River, in Middle Tennessee, about the time of the admission of this State into the Union in 1796. . . . Mentally and physically Miriam Beck was a remarkable woman. In stature she was almost six feet, of large, muscular frame, and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. Her hair was dark, her eyes a bluish gray, her expression gentle and kind; and yet no one who saw the prominent cheek bones, the broad forehead, and the deep lines of her face could doubt that she possessed great force of character, a determination of will, and unusual courage. Hers was the ruling spirit of the household, and, although strict and severe with her children, it may be said with perfect truthfulness that she won their affectionate love and retained it throughout her life. Bedford Forrest's love for his mother amounted to adoration, and was one of the noblest features of this great man's character. It is said of this "Mother of the Gracchi," who gave eight sons to the service of her country, that she was in her family, as well as in her neighborhood, self-willed and imperious to a degree, and that, having undertaken any enterprise, she persisted in it until it was accomplished. It is more than likely that this marked trait in the character of

her distinguished son was inherited chiefly from the mother's side, for once convinced that he was right, his determination to accomplish his end was characterized by a fixedness of purpose which brooked no opposition, and at times bore down with almost savage fierceness upon all who stood in his path. She bore eleven children to William Forrest, and six years after his death married Mr. Joseph Luxton, and to this union four children were born—three sons and a daughter.

John Forrest, the brother next to the general, volunteered in the American army and served in the Mexican War, and there received a gun shot wound through the lower part of the spinal cord, which produced complete paralysis from that point downward. He could neither walk nor stand without crutches. He resided in Memphis, and was living at the Worsham House when the Federals occupied that city in 1862.

William Forrest, the next son, a captain of scouts, was an exceedingly handsome man of large build, big brown eyes, and brown curly hair, which in middle age was streaked with gray. He served with distinction in the Confederate cavalry and was wounded on several occasions. He led the charge upon Streight's column at the battle on Sand Mountain, near Day's Gap, the last day of April, 1863, and was desperately wounded, his thigh having been shattered by a Minie ball.

Aaron Forrest, the fourth son, became a lieutenant colonel



MRS. THOMAS W. PALMER.

Mrs. Thomas W. Palmer, President of the Alabama Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, is a daughter of the lamented Capt. Joel Herron Rainer, who served four years in the Confederate army and was a member of the staff of Gen. George D. Johnston. Captain Rainer was engaged in many battles and was twice wounded in the face. Mrs. Palmer is an enthusiastic Daughter of the Confederacy. She was a charter member of the R. E. Rodes Chapter at Tuscaloosa, Ala., and on her removal to Montevallo, in 1907, organized the Gen. Josiah Gorgas Chapter. She has served for two terms as Treasurer for the Alabama Division, U. D. C., and was elected President in May, 1925.

of a Mississippi regiment of cavalry, and in the expedition to Paducah, Ky., in 1864, was taken ill with pneumonia and died near Dresden, in West Tennessee.

Jesse Forrest served with the distinguished courage of the family, and became colonel of a regiment. He displayed exceptional ability and gallantry in the attack on Athens, Ala., in 1864, where he was severely wounded.

Jeffrey, the last son and child of William Forrest, born four months after the death of his father, was the pride and special care of his distinguished brother, who felt that he must be to this fatherless child not only an elder brother, but a father also. Having by the time that Jeffrey was old enough to go to school succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune, he determined to give him a thorough school and collegiate education, which he carried out up to the time the war came on, when Jeffrey, in common with all the Forrest brothers excepting John, enlisted. He exhibited military ability of an order which approached more nearly the genius of the great general, became colonel of cavalry, and was commanding a brigade in his brother's division when, at the battle near Okolona, in the pursuit of Sooy Smith, in 1863, while leading the charge, he was shot through the neck and instantly killed.

All of the daughters of William and Miriam Forrest died early in life.

Of the three sons by her second husband, the eldest two entered the Confederate service. The third was too young to be mustered in. After the war these children, one of whom became sheriff of Uvalde County, accompanied by their mother, moved to Texas, where she died and was buried in Navasota in 1867.

IN BATTLE ARRAY AT WILLIAMSPORT AND HAGERSTOWN.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Many writers, following the retreat of the Confederate army from Gettysburg, on its reaching and crossing the Potomac River, dispose of that feat with a wave of the hand, as if it was an exploit of small importance. The future historian can but agree that the conditions surrounding that army on that occasion made it a very critical era in its bloody career. The universal heroic conduct of the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia on that noted night of the 13th and morning of the 14th of July, 1863, will ever stand as a brilliant gem among its numerous achievements.

When that army reached the vicinity of Williamsport on the 7th of July, the Potomac River was found to be so swollen by the rains that had fallen almost incessantly since its entrance into Maryland that it was above the fording stage. The pontoon bridge left in position at Falling Waters, four miles below Williamsport, had been partially destroyed by a Federal raid projected from Frederick, Md., where Maj. Gen. W. G. French was posted in command of several thousand troops. The Confederate trains, with the wounded and prisoners of war, were compelled to await the subsiding of the river and the construction of other boats of the pontoon bridge in lieu of such as had been destroyed. But for the obstructions recounted, the entire Confederate army, with its impedimenta, could have safely reached the Virginia bank of the Potomac River by the close of the day, July 8, four days before its victorious antagonist reached its front.

Here, however, was a *beaten army*, its ranks greatly reduced by a strenuous campaign and bloody battle, with its immense train of sick and wounded and thousands of prisoners of war—said by General Lee to have been 6,000—its commissariat

and quartermaster's department empty and impotent, confronted by its victorious antagonist with available overwhelming numbers armed with superior and well-supplied equipment, its triumphant banners defiantly fluttering in each passing breeze, its drums, fifes, and bugles playing a host of exultant martial symphonies, and an unfordable stream barring further movement toward a friendly haven. Can a more distressing picture be presented? The Confederate commander and the remnant of his valiant army were forced to meet the approaching assault of their victorious foe whether they wished to do so or not. The prospect was ample to appall the stoutest heart.

The army engineers had selected and fortified a fairly good line, no doubt the best that could be secured to fit the case, on which the army could make a stand. Its right flank rested on the Potomac River near Downsville, passing by St. James College, its left resting on the Conococheague, a stream which flows in a southerly direction and reaches the Potomac a short distance above Williamsport.

Rodes's Division of Ewell's Corps "occupied the extreme left of the line of battle," Chambliss's and part of Fitz Lee's brigades of cavalry protected Rodes's left. On Rodes's line Carter's artillery battalion was posted and given stringent orders not to fire except at an advancing line of infantry or cavalry. I am sure that every veteran of the Confederate army will agree that to be thus subjected to a bombardment by the terrible Federal artillery and not be permitted to reply is one of the severest tests to which a soldier's courage can be subjected. If he is permitted to fight back he will be willingly "stand his ground," if necessary, until his body lies a corpse beside his gun. The order was a precautionary measure for economy because of the scarcity of artillery ammunition.

General Lee personally supervised the placing of Longstreet's Corps on the right of the Confederate position, and part of Stuart's cavalry guarded his flank. The tone of General Lee's letters to President Davis showed clearly that he fully appreciated the serious condition of the army. General Alexander says: "I never before, and never afterwards, saw him as I thought visibly anxious over an approaching action; but I did on this occasion. No one can say what might have been the result of a Federal attack, for, although our ammunition was low, we were on the defensive, and the temper of the troops was excellent for a desperate resistance."

Maj. Robert Stiles, serving on this occasion in a subordinate position in one of the Richmond Howitzer batteries, in his "Four Years with Marse Robert," says: "Much has been said, and justly, of the unshaken condition of the Army of Northern Virginia when it retired from the Federal front at Gettysburg; and yet it is equally true that that army had been through a most trying experience, and as it was still in hostile territory and a swollen and, at the time, impassable river flowed between it and the friendly soil of Virginia, Lee had great cause for anxiety, and it behooved him to be thoroughly informed and certified as to the real condition and spirit of his troops. With this view he directed his generals, particularly his generals of division, to make prompt and thorough investigation in this regard, and to report results to him. McLaws, our division general, made a special tour around the camp fires of his men one evening, while they were in line of battle at Hagerstown, waiting for Meade to attack or for the Potomac to fall, so we might in safety cross it, and I was at special pains to follow and see and hear what I could."

Giving other details at length of McLaws's personality and of his division, he states the conversation ran somewhat on this line, McLaws leading:

"Well, boys, how are you?"

"We are all right, General!"

"They say there are lots of those fellows over the way there."

"Well, they can stay there; we ain't offerin' to disturb 'em. We've had all the fighting we want just now; but if they ain't satisfied and want any more, all they've got to do is to come over and get their bellies full."

"Suppose they do come, sure enough, boys, what are you going to do with them?"

"Why, just make the ground blue with 'em. We ain't asking anything of them; but if they want anything of us, why, just let 'em come after it, and they can get all they want; but they'll wish they hadn't come."

"Well, now, I can rely upon that, can I?"

"You just bet your life you can, General. If we are asleep when they come, you just have us waked up; we'll receive 'em in good style."

"Well, good night, boys. I'm satisfied."

When the Federal force reached the front of the Confederate line it began to dig into the ground and throw up breastworks. General Meade called his corps commanders together and submitted the question as to whether the Federal army should attack the Confederate line on the 13th of July. A majority of them were so adverse to the proposition that Meade allowed himself to be persuaded to give the Confederate army the last day needed. Later in the day he repented and issued orders for a general reconnoissance and advance on the 14th. The boats needed to place the pontoon bridge in order were completed and the bridge made passable on the evening of the 13th. The water had subsided sufficiently to make the ford near Williamsport passable, and orders were issued to make the crossing during the night.

Ewell, commanding the Second Corps, was ordered, with his infantry and artillery, to ford the river at Williamsport, the ammunition chests going on the ferryboats. He could find no ferryboats, nor anyone in charge; it was dark and raining. The entrance to the river would have been impracticable for artillery in daylight, and, as well as he could ascertain, the exit was worse. Finally, his artillery and reserve train of ambulances with wounded were sent to cross on the pontoon bridge.

Rodes says: "My division waded the river above the aqueduct over the mouth of the Conococheague; the operation was a perilous one. It was very dark, and raining, and excessively muddy. The men had to wade through the aqueduct, down the steep bank of soft and slippery mud, in which many lost their shoes and down which many fell. The water was cold, deep, and rising; the lights on each side of the river were dim, just affording enough light to mark the places of entrance and exit; the cartridge boxes of the men had to be placed around their necks; some small men had to be carried over by their comrades; the water was up to the armpits of a full-sized man. All the circumstances attending this crossing combine to make it an affair not only involving great hardship, but one of great danger to the men and company officers; be it said to the everlasting honor of these brave fellows, they entered it not only promptly, but actually with cheers and laughter." Rodes's command lost 25,000 or 30,000 rounds of rifle ammunition wetted and spoiled.

Gen. John B. Gordon, whose brigade was part of Early's Division, Ewell's Corps, says: "The fording of the Potomac on the night of the 13th and morning of the 14th was a spectacular phase of the war so quaint and impressive as to leave it lastingly daguerreotyped on the memory. To the giants in the army the passage was comparatively easy, but

the short-legged soldiers were a source of anxiety to the officers and of constant amusement to their long-legged comrades. With their knapsacks, high up on their shoulders, their cartridge boxes above the knapsacks, and their guns lifted still higher to keep them dry, these little heroes of the army battled with the current from shore to shore. Borne down below the line of march by the swiftly rolling water, slipping and sliding in the mud and slime, and stumbling over the boulders at the bottom, the marvel is that none were drowned. The irrepressible spirit for fun-making, for jests and good-natured gibes, was not wanting to add to the grotesque character of the passage. Let the reader imagine himself, if he can, struggling to hold his feet under him, with the water up to his armpits, and some tall, stalwart man just behind him shouting: 'Pull ahead, Johnny; General Meade will help you along directly by turning loose a battery of Parrott guns on you.' Or another, in his front, calling to him: 'Run here, little boy, and get on my back, and I'll carry you over safely.' Or still another, with mock solemnity, proposing to change the name of the corps to 'Lee's Waders' and this answered by a counter proposition to petition the Secretary of War to imitate old Frederick the Great and organize a corps of 'six-footers' to do this sort of work for the whole army. Or still another offering congratulations on this opportunity for being washed, 'The first we have had, boys, for weeks, and General Lee knows we need it.'"

Hays's Brigade, of Early's Division, Ewell's Corps, accompanied Jones's Battalion of Artillery as an escort and crossed on the pontoon bridge. All other infantry of that corps waded the river. Hill's Corps, posted in the center of the line, and Longstreet's Corps, holding the right flank and leading, infantry and artillery of both corps crossed on the pontoon bridge.

About the time the artillery column began to move from the lines another rainstorm set in and continued nearly all night. It was the dark period of the moon, and the overhead clouds shut out the starlight, hence the blackness of the night was phenomenal. The route to the bridge was over small farm roads, rough, narrow, and hilly. They were already bad from previous rains, and now under the long procession of wheeled vehicles, stirring the interminable mud, they became channels of mud, and often they were so deep that the slush ran over the shoe tops of the men. The column of artillery was able only to move three miles between sunset and sunrise—seldom moving more than a few yards at a time. The slush with the constant and repeated short movements did not permit me to enjoy a nap of sleep during that wretched all-night march. Of the many nights marched during my soldier life, this was the darkest. My hand repeatedly placed before my eyes was not visible. Many of the men fell headlong into ditches of varying depth, where they were almost covered with slime; many had more than a single such experience. During this tedious march the artillerymen had to repeatedly call to the drivers and other mounted men to identify their commands.

If the hydra-headed Cerberus, whom Dante found in the third circle of Hades, where the gluttonous are punished, and described as a "cruel monster, fierce and strange, through his wide threefold throat barks as a dog over a multitude beneath," had thrust himself among Lee's leg-weary cannon-eers on that dread night and set his lion head to roaring, his wolf head to howling, and his dog head to yelping, it would have added nothing to the already oppressive burden of that wearied, slush-ridden, and sleep-hungry column of cannon-eers moving at a snail's pace.

When daylight appeared, and the rain had ceased, on the

morning of the 14th, better speed was infused into the column. As the speed increased, men became more eager to join their commands, and the inquiries of passing footmen became more frequent. A passing cannoneer asked: "What battery is this?" An accommodating member of Reese's Battery (Jeff Davis Artillery) replied, "The Jeff Davis Artillery." The inquirer, with a slight pause and a look of disgust, replied: "You blanked fool, do you think I did not know that before? It's all Jeff Davis's." The kindly disposed cannoneer hesitated to reply, seemingly not knowing whether to laugh or make such reply as genteel language would not permit to be printed.

The bridge was finally reached and crossed, and Reese's Battery was posted on the high point over the river bluff overlooking the bridge it had just crossed after a tedious and endurance-testing march of six or eight miles in sixteen or eighteen hours. As we went into position, I remember to have seen Generals Lee and Stuart astride their horses near by, looking across the river. I had no knowledge that other guns were in position. supposing Reese's was the only battery so posted. I distinctly remember that I immediately threw myself on the ground, in rear of the limber chest of my gun, first spreading my Yankee gum cloth down to protect my body from the wet ground. When my eyes were closed it was but a moment till I lost sensibility to the passing throng. While in this condition, a shake of my body caused me to arouse when the call: "Jack, Jack. The 44th Alabama is passing." This was like an electric shock. I leaped to my feet and trotted to the road, probably forty steps from where I was lying. Sure enough, there was my young brother, whom I had not seen since the previous winter. My delight at finding that he had escaped the fatalities of the bloody field of Gettysburg was indescribable. As previously shown, however, he accompanied Longstreet to Chickamauga, was wounded and captured and held a prisoner of war for nearly two years.

I soon returned to my gum cloth, and was again soon soundly asleep, when I had a call to get up and send a charge to the gun. A shell with suitable fuse was sent forward. The popping of small arms was plainly heard behind the hill, which was perhaps a mile beyond the river, but the contestants had not approached to a point to be seen. After some delay, some horsemen, which I took to be a battery of artillery, or it was a squadron of cavalry, galloped to the top of the ridge. This seemed to be the signal for the artillery to fire, and more than twenty guns fired as if one almost and the missiles threw up the loose earth. The formation disappeared, but a battery beyond the hill threw a few shells, but took care to keep out of sight. General Pendleton reported that "a few only of the enemy's guns approached and threw a shell or two, though they took care to keep out of view. A small body of skirmishers ventured rather nearer, but they were speedily dispersed by some well-directed shots, and cannon were there needed no longer."

After the artillery volley Reese's Battery did some firing at the skirmish line which attempted to drive away the bridge guard. Several of these shots went direct to the mark, and it is said Generals Lee and Stuart, who witnessed it, spoke in complimentary terms of it. The Federal skirmishers were from Kilpatrick's command of Federal cavalry.

During the previous night a wagonload of wounded, attempting to cross the bridge, slipped into the river, but, by great diligence, all were rescued.

In a skirmish beyond the river, a small body of Federal cavalry approached within two hundred yards of Heth's Division under Brigadier General Pettigrew, who supposed

them to be Confederate cavalry bringing up the rear. The latter, however, had passed without giving notice that they were the last. Major Weber, of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, with two companies, charged Heth's Division and Weber and nine-tenths of his men were shot down, but one of the few pistol shots fired mortally wounded Pettigrew.

General Lee shows that he did not propose to withdraw from an aggressive attitude after crossing the Potomac, but that he intended to cross into Loudon County, where he might oppose Meade's crossing into Virginia; but he found the Shenandoah too high to ford, and, while waiting for it to subside, the Federal forces crossed below and seized the mountain passes which he proposed to use.

While the two armies were expectantly confronting each other, the following long-distance dialogue occurred:

Meade to Halleck, 4:30 P.M. July 12th: "It is my intention to attack them to-morrow, unless something intervenes to prevent it, for the reason that delay will strengthen the enemy and will not increase my force."

Meade to Halleck, 5 P.M., July 13th: "Upon calling my corps commanders together and submitting the question to them, five out of six were unqualifiedly opposed to it."

Halleck to Meade, same day, 9:30 P.M.; "You are strong enough to attack and defeat the enemy before he can effect a crossing. Act on your own judgment and make your generals execute your orders. Call no council of war. It is proverbial that councils of war never fight."

Meade recanted and ordered an advance on the 14th. To Halleck, at 11 A.M.: "I found on reaching his lines that they were evacuated."

Halleck to Meade, 1 P.M.: "I need hardly say to you that the escape of Lee's army without another battle has created great dissatisfaction in the mind of the President, and it will require an active and energetic pursuit on your part to remove the impression that it has not been sufficiently active heretofore."

This was too much for Meade's sensitive nature. Meade to Halleck 2:30 P.M., same day; "Having performed my duty conscientiously and to the best of my ability, the censure of the President conveyed in your dispatch of 1 P.M. this day is, in my judgment, so undeserved that I feel compelled to ask to be immediately relieved from the command of this army."

Halleck's reply was in a decidedly moderated tone, but Meade's demand was not "immediately" complied with, but later he was superseded.

The available force, with that part which was present, and which could have been thrown against Lee's water-bound little army, will be shown in my next contribution.

THE BATTLE OF HAW'S SHOP, VA.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

Was the battle of Haw's Shop the hardest cavalry fight of the war in Virginia?

The cavalry with Grant's army, April, 1864, commanded by Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, consisted of three divisions—Torbet's, D. M. Grey's, and Wilson's—thirty-two regiments of 12,424 men, not including 1,812 cavalry attached to the Ninth Corps, nor horse artillery acting with the corps. They were equipped with sabers, revolvers, and breech-loading repeating carbines. On Sheridan's first raid, in the spring of 1864, his column was thirteen miles long. Grant's plan of campaign from the Rapidan to Appomattox was a continual movement from his right flank to his left. Sheridan, with this heavy force of cavalry, moved ahead, securing new po-

sitions for the infantry. He was always met by the Confederate cavalry, under General Stuart, and, after his death, under Hampton and Fitz Lee, when very heavy fighting was done by the cavalry, which was almost constantly engaged until the end of the campaign at Appomattox.

When Grant, after fighting the battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, moved down to the head of the waters of the Pamunkey River, on the North Anna River, he found General Lee in a fine position, too formidable to assault. He therefore moved down the north coast side of the Pamunkey River, with Sheridan in advance, about fifteen miles or more, to Hanover Ferry. On the 27th of May, Sheridan crossed the Pamunkey and drove in a Maryland regiment under Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, had a sharp fight with Gordon's Brigade of North Carolina Cavalry, and marched up the Richmond Road four miles to Haw's Shop and Farm about sixteen miles from Richmond, and posted a strong picket at Enon Church, one mile past the shop.

The Richmond and Hanover Ferry Road is crossed at Haw's Shop by a county road leading from Hanover Courthouse, following the general direction of the river to lower ferries, New Castle and the White House, and to Cold Harbor. Besides the steam grist mill and sawmill, foundry and machine shop, known as "Haw's Shop," there was the Salem Presbyterian Church, a schoolhouse, and several residences, while Oak Grove, the Haw residence, was half a mile farther on the road, half way between the shop and Enon Church, the farm fronting the Richmond Road a mile.

On the morning of the 28th of May, General Hampton, with Fitz Lee's Division, his own division, and General Butler's Brigade of South Carolina Cavalry, moved on the Richmond Road to Enon Church and attacked the Yankees. The men dismounted and formed a line of battle across the road at right angles, protecting themselves as best they could behind the trees and any other available objects at hand. The position was a very strong one for the Confederates. There were two creeks running into the Pamunkey River, about four miles apart where they entered the river, Crump's Creek north of Hanover Ferry and the Totopotomoy south of it. The Richmond Road at Enon Church runs on a divide between two small streams. On the Confederate left, the southern branch of Crump's Creek ran nearly parallel to the road, turning to the left where there had been a mill pond. Its banks were covered with timber and underbrush, and the site of the mill pond was a flooded marsh almost impassable. On their right a north branch of the Totopotomoy ran parallel to the road and then bore to the right and entered Haw's Mill Pond. Stream and pond were flanked by timber and underbrush. Gen. W. H. F. Lee, with his division, or a part of it, held the Confederate left northeast side the southern branch, separated by the stream from Hampton and Lee. The entire battle raged between these streams. The Confederates had the advantage of the forest almost the entire length of the battle line, while the Yankees had forest on the right of the road, but field and small scrub pines on the left. The length between streams was hardly a mile. General Wickham's brigade of Virginia troops, after fighting for some time, was relieved by Butler's South Carolinians. The Virginians, though veteran troops, suffered a good deal in killed and wounded. Butler's brigade, consisting of the 4th, 5th, and 6th South Carolina Cavalry, had just arrived from South Carolina and were unaccustomed to severe fighting at close range and had not learned to protect themselves. On reaching the battle field, they went in with a yell, thus revealing their presence to the enemy. They were armed with the English Enfield Rifle, muzzle loaders, which required much

more exposure of the body in loading than the breech-loading carbines. Sergt. Robert Hudgins, of Wickham's Brigade, who is still living, says he never saw so many men wounded in the arm in his experience during the war as in this fight. General Stuart, in a dispatch to Richmond, just previous to this, said of the Yankee cavalry: "They are armed with breech-loading repeating carbines, and fight much better than their infantry." From official records we find that the Second Division, commanded by Brig. Gen. McGregg, of two brigades, and Custer's Michigan Brigade, did the fighting on this part of the line. Merritt's Brigade, of the First Division, was on the Yankee right, as was also Devin's Brigade. Sheridan claims he fought the whole Confederate Cavalry Corps and drove them from their breastworks. He says: "This was a hard-contested engagement, with heavy loss for the number of troops engaged on both sides. These Carolinians fought very gallantly in this their first fight, judging from the dead, wounded, and captured. The most determined efforts were made on both sides and neither would give way until late in the afternoon, when Custer's Brigade, of four regiments, dismounted and charged, driving the enemy out of his works."

Custer says his regiment gave ground several times under cross fire from the Confederates, and that the havoc was particularly great in Butler's Brigade of South Carolina Cavalry; that his own loss was greater than in any other engagement of the campaign. His personal aid had the end of his thumb shot off and a dangerous wound in his thigh, and his horse shot under him, and another member of his staff had his horse killed. He also says the 5th Michigan Regiment was armed with the Spencer seven-shooting breech-loading rifles, and he thinks them the best rifle in the army for cavalry.

Gen. Henry E. Davis, commanding the First Brigade, Second Division, U. S. A., said: "Very severe engagement, lasting seven hours." John W. Keester, commanding the 1st New Jersey Cavalry: "The enemy directed his fire to this part of the line, and the severest cavalry fight of the war waged for two hours in my front. The enemy were South Carolinians, armed with Enfield rifles, and were very formidable." Col. Russell A. Alger, who commanded the 5th Michigan Regiment, reports that his regiment fought hand to hand, in small pines to the left of the road. He also makes the following statement: "I regret to report that John A. Huff, Company E, the man mentioned who wounded Gen. J. E. B. Stuart at Yellow Tavern, on the 11th of May, 1864, has recently died of wounds received at Haw's Shop, May 28. He had belonged to Berdon's Sharpshooters two years and won the prize as best shot in the regiment. He was forty-eight years of age and lived at Armada, Mich." Colonel Alger was Secretary of War under McKinley. In his "Regimental Losses of the Civil War," Fox gives as the greatest losses in killed and wounded at Haw's Shop more than a third of the 5th Michigan and one-fourth killed and wounded of the 6th Michigan.

In the August VETERAN of 1916 there is a very interesting sketch of the life of Captain Pinckney, in which the author says of the 4th South Carolina Regiment: "They arrived at Richmond May 24, 1864, and in the engagement at Haw's Shop, May 28, where so many Charlestonians, especially members of the Light Dragoons, gave up their lives for their country, Captain Pinckney was cut off from his command and taken prisoner. Although he was reported as killed, he was able to get through the lines a message to his family, which was forwarded by Capt. Rawlins Lownds of Hampton's staff. Of the Charleston Dragoons, it was said that out of thirty-six at Haw's Shop they had nine killed and eleven wounded; at Cold Harbor, half of those in action; and at

Trevillians, again half. That at the close of the war the company had not more than ten men. I have been unable to find Wade Hampton's report of this battle. Gen. R. E. Lee, in his daily report to Richmond, said: "General Hampton, with his division, attacked the enemy's cavalry near Haw's Shop and drove them back on their infantry."

In conversation with Gen. Thomas L. Rosser in 1879, he made the following statement; "We had a strong position and could have held it until now, but 'Rooney' Lee (Gen. W. H. F. Lee) reported that the infantry was coming up on his flank and he could not hold his position longer, and the whole line was, therefore, ordered to withdraw. One of Butler's officers refused to obey the order to retreat. I remonstrated with him until a shot passed between us, cutting his sword knot, when I told him if he was fool enough to stay there, he might do so, and left him." This accounts for Captain Pinckney's capture with about thirty prisoners. General Rosser said the officer apologized the next day, saying he thought he should obey only Hampton. A reliable neighbor, a guide to Gen. W. H. F. Lee, confirmed the statement, saying he saw the infantry advancing on Hampton's Brigade. Instead of a great victory for the Federals, as they claim, the Confederates held them back a whole day. The whole army of the Potomac halted and formed a line of battle in rear of the cavalry while General Lee was getting his army in line and fortifying over two miles in Hampton's rear. One of the Yankee reports says the Confederates left 180 dead on the field. This is not so. When the citizens of the neighborhood gathered up the Confederate dead, they found only twenty-four killed in this battle and two killed on the 3rd of June, right at Haw's Shop. These they buried in Enon Churchyard, a mile below. The Yankees held the battle field and buried their dead around Enon Church, which was between the line of battle, cutting their names on sides and back of the church and putting temporary markers over other graves. After the war they were gathered up and buried in national cemeteries. The Confederate dead they placed in shallow graves, (five South Carolinians in a washout) throwing a little dirt on them. After the war several parties came on from South Carolina to get the bodies of their dead, but only one party was able to identify the remains sufficiently to remove them. In 1866, Judge Robinson, of Columbia, wrote to General Logan, who in turn wrote to our family, to ascertain if it were possible to find the remains of his son. On inquiry of a neighbor whose house was between the lines of battle, we learned that they had seen a soldier's foot protruding from a shallow grave, with the name of Robinson marked on his underwear. These facts were written to the Judge, who came on to Virginia, bringing with him a young man who was in the same company with his son. This man said he could not identify the battle field, being so short a time on it, but that four of them behind a pine tree, two next to the tree on either side and two behind, these firing at the Yankees who were close up in some small pines. That he saw a Yankee aiming at them and told Robinson, who was immediately in front of him, to look out. Hardly had the warning been given when a bullet crashed through Robinson's brain, also striking him on the head and knocking him insensible. And he showed a scar marking the path of the bullet from front to back on top of his head. When the body was taken up, we found the skull pierced through and through by a bullet, and found one gold filling in a back tooth. Not fully satisfied, the Judge returned home, but came back with his wife, who identified the body by the teeth and clothing.

As we have seen, the cause of Captain Pinckney's capture was due to a disobedience of orders through a misunder-

standing. When Wickham's Brigade opened the fight, Lieutenant Christian led the advance guard, with his company mounted, and when near Enon Church the Yankees fired on them from behind a fence. Private St. George T. Brooke was shot in the thigh and left in the road. A Yankee put him in a fence corner and put a rail across to protect him from the tramping of the horses. He was carried to my father's yard with the Federal wounded. At the request of our family, when the Yankees carried their wounded to Salem Church, Brooke was left at the house. The next day Hancock's Corps passed up the road and the chief surgeon of the corps, Dr. Calhoun, of New York, camped for the night in the yard. When told of Brooke's condition, he extracted the bullet from his leg and made him as comfortable as possible. He returned the next day from the front, four miles, bringing with him a wire splint to support his leg. A chaplain in the same corps, the Rev. Mr. Twitchel, of Maine, also visited him, bringing some lemons, a very rare luxury at that time. The latter gentleman was an intimate college friend of Maj. Robert Stiles, C. S. A., at Yale. Brooke recovered, but was always lame. He was professor of law for years at the University of West Virginia, at Morgantown.

The Confederates had no entrenchments. I walked over the field repeatedly and never saw any. Near where Robinson was killed, a short, shallow ditch had been dug before the war, very narrow, and not more than one hundred feet long. This happened to be just on the Confederate line and was used as a rifle pit. The Yankees reported over two hundred and fifty wounded and eighty-five killed. We may safely put their loss at four hundred killed and wounded and missing. Our loss unknown; twenty-four dead buried in Enon Churchyard, and some few carried entirely off the field are all that I can account for. My father's house was in a large oak grove, half a mile from the actual battle line. The Yankees placed a battery of horse artillery in the yard, and this drew the fire of the Confederate batteries. Many shells struck the trees in the grove and passed near the house, killing four horses in the yard, two near the yard, and forty on the farm. A shell struck a lieutenant, cutting his leg off and killing his horse, within fifty yards of the house. Shells passed through a storehouse and smokehouse in the rear of the dwelling.

In the beginning of the fight, the Federals used my father's kitchen, a large building in the yard, for a hospital. While operating, a shell struck the chimney, just above the roof, knocking out a cartload of bricks; and another entered the operating room and fell under the table, fortunately not exploding. The medical director of the Army of Potomac, in his report, says: "The medical officers of this hospital displayed great gallantry, as the building, at times, was under heavy fire, several shells striking the building, one falling under the operating table." The hospital was then moved down to Haw's Shop and Salem Church and the schoolhouse used for a hospital. My father's mother and one sister were in our dwelling while the battle was in progress. With some of the negro servants, they took refuge in the very shallow basement, while shells were passing on both sides and above the house. Only one struck it, cutting the corner board and passing through the covered way to the basement and through the back porch.

On the 3rd of June, after the infantry had been withdrawn from this part of the line to Cold Harbor and Wilson's Division of Cavalry had taken its place, another cavalry fight occurred at Haw's Shop. Hampton and Rosser charged through the yard, and a member of the family gave the letters she had written for Captain Pinckney and the thirty South Carolina prisoners to their friends to be mailed home.

On the morning of the fight, Chapman Tyler, a member of Garey's Brigade, whose father's farm was the scene of the hardest part of the battle, the house being between the lines, was acting as guide for Gen. Fitz Lee. While sitting on his horse near General Lee, a shell burst near the staff, a piece striking him on the head, and he died in a few days, killed within a few rods of his childhood home.

The grave in Enon churchyard holding the remains of the twenty-six soldiers killed in the two battles of Haw's Shop is entirely neglected, no mark whatever to locate it. Most of them were South Carolinians. An association has been formed in Virginia to mark all of the battle fields in the State. They have already marked some, among them one at Enon Church (called Haw's Shop) and one at Haw's Shop.

McGOWAN'S BRIGADE AT SPOTSYLVANIA.

[This account of the fighting at Bloody Angle, in the battle of Spotsylvania, was written some years ago by Col. James Armstrong, of Charleston, and Miss Varina D. Brown, of that city, whose father took a prominent part in that bloody struggle, kindly furnished a copy of it as published in the *Charleston Weekly News*. Colonel Armstrong then commanded the color company (Irish Volunteers) 1st South Carolina Regiment.]

The survivors of those who participated in the perils and the memorable campaign of 1864 will remember that there privations of the noble old Army of Northern Virginia during was as little rest as there were rations. From that bright and beautiful May morning when the army left camp near Orange Courthouse until it took position below Richmond, the men were seldom if ever out of range of the enemy's guns. If not struggling in the leaden lines of battle, they were either skirmishing or were exposed to the fatal fire of the Federal sharpshooters. There was no such luxury as a night's rest, for every company was divided into three detachments, one of which was constantly on the watch. Consequently no command was ever caught napping.

McGowan's Brigade was among the commands which stemmed the current of carnage and caused the tide of Grant's triumph to roll refluently in the Wilderness on the 4th and 5th of May, and, illustrated by their deeds of daring, their faith and fortitude, Carolina's unswerving devotion to the hallowed cause of Southern liberty. Notwithstanding the trials and terrors through which they had passed and the frightful inroads which death had made in their ranks, they were as bold and brave and as defiant as when they left their sunny Southern homes. It is true that they were in no mirthful mood, for they missed and mourned many a chosen and courageous comrade who, full of lusty life, had marched with them, slept with them, fought by their side, now sleeping the unbroken sleep of the slain. From the two days of terrible fighting in the Wilderness until the sanguinary struggle of Spotsylvania, the brigade did little more than move from one position to another. The morning of the 12th found the command resting behind breastworks, which they had built on the 9th.

At Spotsylvania fast and fierce firing is heard along the line to the left of the brigade. Staff officers are riding rapidly by; one of them stops and speaks to General McGowan. Capt. Langdon C. Haskell, his able and heroic adjutant general, is seen approaching the breastworks. Everything presents a portentous appearance. "Look out boys! the Twelfth's falling in," is the rapidly expressed remark of one of the members of the "First," as he comes rushing from the right with at least a dozen canteens of water dangling at his sides. This

is quickly followed by the clear and clarion voice of the valiant Col. C. W. McCreary, as he shouts: "First Regiment, fall in." But a few minutes elapse ere the brigade moves toward the left until it reaches an angle on the works. Here it halts. The bold, brave battalion of sharpshooters, commanded by the daring Major Dunlap, deploys as skirmishers and move rapidly to the front. They are hidden from view by the woods into which they have entered. Their comrades are confident, however, that they are, as usual, fighting heroically. The brigade is ordered to take position on the right of Rodes's Division to assist in filling the gap in the front line caused by the capture of a part of Gen. Edward Johnson's Division, who just before daybreak were surprised by Hancock's Corps; the Virginians made a stubborn resistance and refused to surrender until they were flanked. The brigade is again in motion and marching rapidly. The works held by Ewell's Corps are reached. General Rodes compliments the Carolinians as they rush past him. The crest of the hill is reached when the brigade is brought to the front and the command given "forward!" The ever reliable "Twelfth" is on the right, next to which is the faithful "First," then the true and tried "Thirteenth," then the daring and devoted "Orr's Rifles," while the famous and fearless "Fourteenth" holds the left, the color bearers advance to the front and wave their flags, flags which floated over the famous field of Cold Harbor, where the star of Lee's army of Northern Virginia first flashed in triumph; flags borne so grandly at Manassas and at Sharpsburg, which were in the thickest of the fight at Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville, which were the very first to enter the town of Gettysburg, and over one of which the gifted Major General Pender waved his hat just before he fell in the front of the fight; which so often changed hands in the command, whose folds were torn by bullets and bathed in blood, and beneath which so many noble and gallant men had fallen. With firm footsteps and bold bearing the brigade moved forward. Shells strike the ground and scatter the wet soil in every direction; they explode in front and in rear of the line; bullets whiz over the heads of the men. The gallant General McGowan, mounted on his handsome gray charger, shouted: "Forward! my brave boys."

He sits proudly erect, and his face wears as fearless and as determined an expression as that of the lion-hearted Lord Cardigan when he rode through the valley of death and plunged into the Russian battery at Balaklava. They dart down the soft and slippery slope. The firing is getting fiercer and the distance between the contending forces is rapidly diminishing—onward, still onward! They are now at the double-quick. "Cheer, boys, cheer!" Louder than the roar of the cannon, than the roll of the rifles, is the inspiring cheer of the Carolinians. The inner line of works is reached, when the column is halted. There is a break in the line, but it is caused by the invincible "Twelfth," which did not stop, but dashed over the works and continued on. They present a sublime spectacle. They are about to charge the enemy by themselves. The 12th Regiment—and this is the 12th of May. "The houses of York and of Lancaster" are represented in its ranks, but they are not rivals; they are brothers in arms. Their comrades of the other regiments are averse to the Twelfth winning all the laurels, and are determined that they shall not sacrifice themselves unsupported and unassisted. They rush forward as fast as their feet can carry them and before long overtake the Twelfth. The portly form of General McGowan is too conspicuous a mark for the bullets, now flying fast and furious, to miss. He is severely wounded, and the next officer in rank, Colonel Brockman, of the Thirteenth, falls fatally wounded. The command of the brigade de-

volved upon Col. J. N. Brown, of the Fourteenth, who is as bold in battle as he is generous and good. The brigade is nearing the outer line. From the opposite direction comes a column of Federals. They are partly hidden by a hollow and advance with their bodies bent as low as possible. Nothing but the tops of their heads can be seen until they reach the crest, which is about fifty yards from the works. Which line will be the first to reach the works? The Carolinians are at the line, while the Federals falter beneath the fire of Harris's Mississippi Brigade. Their officers gallantly try to get them to advance, but all to no purpose; the enemy retreats and take shelter in the hollow. Another column emerges from the woods and takes position to the left of the former. McGowan's Brigade is too far to the left; it overlaps the line of the Mississippians. The command is given to face to the right and march by flank. To do this the men have to leave the trench and march along the ridge. There is an incessant and ever-increasing fire from the front, while volleys even more destructive are poured from the right of the angle, which the Federals had captured just before daybreak and which they still hold. The order is promptly obeyed. The men realize the perilous position in which they are placed. They rush to the right. The works afford them no protection. They are falling fast. Glory is drawing from their brave breasts streams of blood. The dauntless Lieutenant Colonel Shooter, of the First, is waving his sword and cheering on the left of the regiment. A bullet pierces his breast, and he falls prostrate to the earth. Though in the agonies of approaching death, he raises his head, and with the last articulation of his parting breath, he shouts: "Forward, men! I die with my eyes fixed on victory." The words are scarcely spoken when his brave brother, Lieut. E. C. Shooter, of the same regiment, drops dead within a few feet of where he lies. (Another brother, Sergt. Van Shooter, of the 1st Regiment, was killed at the Wilderness on the 5th of May.) The angle must be reached. The men know the duty they are required to discharge, the danger they have to encounter, the courage they are expected to display, the fortitude they must exhibit, the sacrifice they have to make. It is trying, it is terrible; yet on they go. Their tracks are traced in crimson streams, The danger of death depresses them not. The head of the column reaches the angle—the brigade enters the traverses. The men are within a few feet of the enemy, who has a large force and keeps up a continuous fire which tells with terrible effect. Efforts are made to dislodge them; but they prove unavailing. It is certain death to mount the works, yet daring men try to do so. They are instantly killed. The Federals have a strong position, and they are being strengthened by a large force in the woods in front of the Mississippians and Carolinians and by those lying in the hollow. Their fire is fatally accurate. The woods seem to be one moving mass as their reinforcements hurry to the front, and the trees are reddened by the reflection of the fire flashing from their guns. The cheers of the combatants, the rattle of musketry, and the roar of artillery continue until after midday.

Early in the afternoon the firing suddenly ceases in front of the brigade. It slackens on the right. A finely formed Federal officer steps boldly to the front. The Carolinians cease firing. Rumors are rife as to the object of his visit. The general impression seems to be that the Federals want to surrender. The wish is certainly father to the thought. He asks for the officer in command. Colonel Brown tells him that it is his pride and privilege to be in command of the brigade and requests to be informed as to the nature of his mission. "Why, I am awaiting your surrender" is the unlooked for reply. Colonel Brown, in a polite but most positive manner,

informs him that he has no idea of surrendering; that his men have come to stay; that it is good (even if it is not comfortable) to be here. The Federal then asks: "What is meant by the white flag flying on the left of the line?" Colonel Brown assures him that, if there is a white flag displayed it was not raised by his order, and his men have no more idea of hoisting a white flag than they have of showing the white feather. They do not know anything about the flag of truce, but they do know that their battle flags are still flying. They changed hands during the fight, for a number of color bearers were shot down, but the flags did not fall. There were brave men to take and to carry them when their courageous custodians were disabled or were killed. The Federal officer apologized for his mistake and asks permission to be allowed to return to his command. His request is willingly granted, when, bowing politely, he faces about and moves off. He proceeds but a short distance when a bullet fired from the left of the line strikes him; fortunately, the wound is not fatal. The courtesy, coolness, and courage he displayed attracted the admiration of the Carolinians, who rejoice to know that his daring did not culminate in his death.

The firing is resumed. Faithfully and fearlessly the men face the foe; they stand, they fight, they struggle, they fall. They court danger, they defy death. Their feet are firmly fixed, their faces are turned to the foe, who is content to remain behind the works or under cover of the woods. The scene is sad and sickening, painful and pitiful. The wounded, the dying, and the dead are lying in the trenches and along the ridge. No murmur escapes the lips of the wounded. Poor fellows, noble comrades, self-sacrificing heroes, bruised and bleeding, you suffer in silence! There is no water with which to quench your burning thirst. The trenches, though half filled with the rain that fell, fail to furnish the refreshing draught. The water is crimsoned by blood, the blood of the truest and the tenderest, the boldest, the bravest, and the best of men.

A tall tree comes tottering down; out of its branches flies a frightened bird, which seeks refuge on the breast of a dead soldier! Its tremulous throat trills sweetly and sadly as if in sympathy with the sorrowful scene. The little songster recovers from its fright, hops to the ground, and takes a leaf in its beak, and then hops on the breast of another of the slain. He was a bright and beautiful boy, young in years. As the bird dropped the leaf upon his breast it recalled to more than one of those present that sweet and simple story which they so oft heard in the sunny hours of childhood, with head nestled upon a fond and faithful mother's breast, "The Babes in the Wood." One of the wounded raises his head and the little bird flies to the rear. There is no man in this group who would not willingly be wounded rather than that the bird should be injured.

The men have exhausted the eighty rounds of ammunition which they had in their cartridge boxes; they have used that which was passed to them, and are asking for a further supply, which cannot readily be obtained. The wounded who have the use of their hands remove the cartridge boxes from the dead and give them to their comrades, who now fire less rapidly, but who fight as fiercely and determinedly as ever. The line is getting thinner, but the spirit of the fearless few seems to grow stronger. They are closing to the right. The time of trial and of terror is not yet over. The valiant Mississippians mingle with their Carolina comrades, the blood of the one is as prolifically poured out as that of the other. Daring are the feats performed by the rank and file. They mount the works and fire into the faces of the Federals, who stubbornly stand in the bloody bend, and who are not by

any means deficient in courage. The dead alone are at rest, their pale faces turned toward the sky, along which dark clouds frown angrily down. The sun is hidden from view. The rain is falling fast; it refreshes the wounded, who are without water to drink, and it removes the stains of powder and blood from the pallid faces of the dying and the dead. The sacred name of mother is whispered by youthful lips, and the crimson life current is ebbing from breasts which this morning beat high with hope and happiness. Who will comfort and console that mother in her cherished Carolina home when she is told of the death of her fond, faithful, and fearless son? "Take me to my wife and child!" is faintly spoken by one whose heart has all but ceased to beat; the light of life leaves his eyes—his wife is a widow, his child an orphan.

So close are the combatants that the clothing of some of the men is scorched by the powder flashing from the guns.

There is a huge oak a few feet from the line, upon the tough trunk of which the bullets rattle like hail. They are chipping it away piece by piece. Day darkens into night, but there is no rest. No reinforcements come to the relief of the thin gray line which heroically holds the right. Not a single star is seen in the sky, which now presents the darkness of despair. It looks as if every man is fated to fall. Companies are left without a single officer, yet the men are neither disheartened nor dismayed. Though feeble from fatigue, they are faithful; though few in number they are undaunted. Every sheet of flame is followed by a shower of bullets. How wearily the woe-winged hours wear away! The bullets are clipping the very heart of the large oak; if the firing continues it will fall. "Look out, men!" The tree is tottering, it comes tumbling down, and wounds several of the 1st Regiment. The gloom grows greater. But few words are spoken. A comrade asks, as the one next to him falls: "Where are you wounded?" "In the breast," is his reply. Another asks the same question of one who has fallen heavily to the ground. There is no response. Death has set the seal of silence on the soldier's lips. His comrade's lips quiver as he tears another cartridge, for he has lost a bosom friend, one who was his companion from childhood, and whose only sister is his wife.

Every flash of the guns lights up the ghastly faces of the dead, with whom the ground is thickly strewn. Hearts throb with mingled pity and pride—pity for the fallen, pride in thinking of the brave and brilliant bearing of the brigade. Will daylight ever dawn? Will the tramp, the tumult, the terror of battle ever cease? The firing grows fainter. Daylight is approaching. A whisper passes along the line from the left to move quietly to the rear. Slowly and silently the movement is made; the inner line of works is crossed, and the brigade bivouacs within a few hundred yards of the Court-house. The men can scarcely realize the fact that they are to have a rest. For some time few if any words are spoken. Every face shows signs of sadness; in the mute lips and melancholy looks can be read the dire disasters that befell the brigade. A painful silence pervades the scene. Everything is as still as if it were a bivouac of the dead. The survivors of the terrible struggle are not unmindful of the gratitude which they owe to God for having shielded them from destruction throughout the fight. Many a head is bowed and prayers are breathed from many a breast. Their faith in His goodness, their belief in his beneficence strengthened and sustained them during the fury of the fight. The Angel of Mercy, though concealed in a pillar of cloud by day and in a pillar of fire by night, was still there to protect and to preserve them from danger and from death. Anxious are the inquiries, sad are the replies that are made as to the fate of comrades. So many are missing, most of whom are dead.

Information is received that the Federals have evacuated "The Angle of Death." Detachments are sent out to bury the dead. The scene that meets the gaze is harrowing and horrible. The dead are lying in the trenches, which are nearly half filled with water; it is black with powder and streaked with blood. Some of the dead are leaning against the breast-work, one of whom must have been killed while in the act of firing, his rifle remains in his nerveless grasp. Most of them were shot in the head, neck, or breast. Many of those who are reported missing are found lying in front of the works; they were killed and fell into the very ranks of the enemy. But few of the dead show any signs that they had undergone much suffering. One whose coolness and courage shone radiantly bright lies with his head against the traverse. Were it not for the pallid look and the blood on his breast, one would imagine him to be asleep and in the enjoyment of pleasant dreams. The gallant fellow had written to his wife on the eve of his departure from the camp near Orange Courthouse. It was subsequently learned that the letter reached her on the afternoon of the day on which he was killed.

The tree which fell upon the 1st Regiment is carefully examined. It was literally cut down by bullets. Not a shell touched it. On measuring the stump left standing, it is found to measure over twenty inches in diameter. Around its base are bullets mashed into many shapes. Sometime after the fight it was dug up and taken to the North, and it was placed on exhibition at the Centennial in 1876, where it was seen by some of the survivors of McGowan's Brigade, and awakened in their breasts emotions both stirring and profound. They viewed it as a monument to Carolina courage and self-sacrificing heroism. Although "our friends, the enemy," (as the scholarly and gallant Virginian, Capt. W. Gordon McCabe, felicitously termed them) viewed it from a different standpoint, those who saw it in its primeval position on the 12th of May, 1864, doubtless came to the conclusion that distance lent enchantment to the view.

Silently and sadly the burial party take their slain comrades and tenderly lay them alongside of one another in the trench. They are buried in their battle shroud and covered with the cold and crimson-coated clay. There will be heavy hearts and hapless homes when terrible tidings of their death reach Carolina, upon whose sacrificial altar they laid down their lives. Among these slain heroes are some who were not born in Carolina; the broad Atlantic separates the Green Isle of their birth from the spot beneath which they rest in dreamless sleep. Though foreigners by birth, they became citizens from choice. The perils they so proudly encountered, the privations they so patiently endured, the dauntless manner in which they rushed to death proved that their love for Motherland did not detract from their devotion to the country in which they lived and for which they died.

It is admitted by all that the struggle at Spotsylvania was one of the most fiercely fought battles of the war. The defense made by the Mississippians and Carolinians is among the most brilliant recorded in the annals of martial history. They held their position against a force vastly superior in numbers for over eighteen hours, during which time they were without support, food, water, or rest. They retired only when ordered to do so.

Many affecting incidents occurred during the fight. A lad belonging to Orr's Rifles was walking rapidly to the rear. On arriving at the inner line of works he met a staff officer, who gruffly asked: "Where are you going?" "To the field hospital," the boy replied. "For what purpose?" "To have my wound attended to," exclaimed the gallant boy, at the same time opening his coat and showing his bleeding breast. The

officer stood abashed, begged his pardon, and told him to hurry to the surgeon.

A member of the Thirteenth seized a rifle which a Federal was in the act of firing. Although the bullet was lodged in his shoulder, inflicting a painful wound, he jerked the rifle out of the Federal's hands and knocked him senseless with the butt.

One of the Fourteenth, as he mounted the works, was wounded in the arm and captured. During the "parley" he managed to make his escape and brought with him a Federal sergeant.

The Twelfth took a number of prisoners, some of whom remained with them until the following morning, and whose cartridges were fired at their friends. One of them remarked that the Twelfth seemed to be fond of fighting.

During the charge the color bearer of the First (C. E. Whilden), who, though a stranger to fear, was feeble in health and totally unfitted for active service, on reaching the inner line was scarcely able to keep up with the command. In fact, he was stumbling at every step. The officer commanding the color company, seeing and pitying his condition, offered to relieve him of the flag and to carry it himself. He relinquished it on the officer promising to restore it to his keeping when the regiment would halt. As the command arrived at the next line, Ensign Whilden came rushing up, took the flag and bravely bore it throughout the fight.

In passing over the ground in front of the outer line the day after the fight, one of the soldiers picked up two bullets which were stuck fast to each other. They must have been fired from opposite directions. Some one had them photographed, and a waggish fellow wrote on one of the cartes: "We met; 'twas in a crowd."

It is not claimed that the brigade behaved better than other Confederate troops would have acted in a like position. They discharged their duty. They upheld the martial renown of the State to which they belonged, and they accomplished all that valor and self-sacrificing heroism could. Their fame has been eloquently and truthfully told in the polished pages of their gallant comrade and gifted chronicler, Capt. J. F. J. Caldwell. Every district in the State was represented in its ranks. It lost nearly six hundred men at Spotsylvania, almost half of whom were killed or died of wounds.

It may seem strange to single out instances of individual bravery in a fight where all were faithful and firm, one regiment behaving as well as another, where they displayed Spartan courage and exhibited Roman fortitude; but among the many heroes were two who belonged to the 1st Regiment, one to Company I, the other to Company L, which companies were among the best in the service, and but few commands can point to as long a death roll as they, the former (the Richardson Guards) having lost three officers, the gallant and genial Capt. C. H. Axson, the bold and brave Capt. C. L. Boag, and the cultured and courageous Lieut. Robert W. Rhett; while the latter (the Carolina Light Infantry) left their four officers who accompanied them to Virginia dead on the field of battle—the fearless and efficient Capt. C. D. Barksdale, the daring and determined Capt. J. W. Chambers, the accomplished and heroic Lieut. John Munro, and the dashing and devoted Lieut. E. C. Dubose. But little has been said of them, yet if the record of their services and sacrifices were written it would read like a romance. While the fight raged fiercest, and men fell thick and fast, Sergt. A. F. O'Brien, of Company I, left the trench and stood on the bank where he could command a better view of the enemy. Coolly and deliberately would he aim and fire. He seemed to be insensible of the danger that surrounded him and held his ground until a bullet shattered

his right arm. Before going to the rear, he gave his canteen of water to one of his comrades. His arm was amputated. Sergt. Philip H. Force, of Company L, like his fellow soldier O'Brien, had received two wounds before the campaign of 1864. He stood on the bank and was as calm and collected as it he were drilling in camp. For a time he seemed to bear a charmed life, as every one near him was shot down—he alone remained unscathed. He was in full view of the Federals, within easy range of their guns. His clothing was perforated by bullets, the stock of his rifle was shattered; he took another and continued firing. His comrades begged him to step into the trench: he laughingly remarked, "By and by." A bullet fired from the angle pierced his throat, another entered his forehead—he dropped dead.

IN A NORTHERN PRISON.

BY W. S. LACKEY, CALDWELL, TEX.

I belonged to the 51st Alabama Cavalry, Col. John T. Morgan commanding, Wheeler's Corps. I was captured at Shelbyville, Tenn., on June 27, 1863, and taken to Camp Chase, where we were kept about two weeks. Being alarmed by Gen. John H. Morgan, the "Kentucky Terror," crossing the Ohio River into Indiana, the authorities marched us double-quick to Columbus, where we were put in stock cars and sent to Philadelphia, thence by boat to Delaware Island, called Fort Delaware, situated fifty miles east of Philadelphia in the Delaware Bay, about two miles from land. We landed there on the 17th of July, and were strung out on the island and searched. Not even an old broken-bladed knife was left to me, but they did leave my Bible, which they said was a bad thing for me to have. We were then marched inside the barracks, where the prisoners were as thick as blackbirds, said to be about ten thousand. All the Gettysburg prisoners were there, and through them I learned of the death of my brother-in-law, Capt. J. M. Teague, who fell in the second day's engagement. The prisoners were all divided by States, with a sergeant leader, and given separate quarters in the barracks, which were long, rough box buildings. No beds nor bed clothing except an overcoat and blanket, a hard plank bunk, as they were called, which did very well in warm weather; but when the zero weather came, it was awful, and only one sheet-iron stove to about one hundred and fifty men.

The first day of January, 1864, I think was the coldest day I ever saw. A few would ring themselves around the stove and form a wall as strong as they could, while the rest trotted back and forth to keep from freezing. When tired of this, they would form into a line, charge the ring, and all that could take possession, and so on. Sometimes a fight would occur. I really feared that we would all freeze that night. I had two friends that bunked with me, and they were kind enough to let me lie between them. We lay "spoon style," when one turned, we all had to turn. To my surprise, there were no deaths reported next morning. They gave us two scanty meals a day—three crackers, a little piece of meat, and Irish potatoes, and a cup of thin soup. Later on, they changed the bread to a piece of loaf bread. If anyone took another's allowance, he was punished for it—tied up by the thumbs.

My health failed in October. I stayed in the barracks until I was so weak that four men laid me on a blanket and carried me to the hospital. Some of my friends said: "That is the last of him." After a month's treatment, I returned to the barracks. The men were dying daily in great numbers. When one died, he was carried out to the dead house till next morning, then the burial detail would come with a coffin, the

army chaplain, an Episcopal minister, would hold a burial service, after which the body was carried to the wharf, thence to the Jersey shore and buried.

In February I had another break down, rheumatism, and again was carried to the hospital. After partially recovering, I obtained a ward master's place, where I served several months visiting and comforting the sick generally, as a spiritual adviser. Later the chaplain, Mr. Paddock, got the general to let me assist him, in which capacity I worked among the sick.

When President Lincoln was killed, all the Rebel attendants and convalescent patients were ordered to the barracks. A good many prisoners had agreed to take the oath to the United States government; and these took places as attendants, but I went out. Going by the managing steward's office, who had been kind to me, and whom I wanted to tell good-by, Lieutenant Wolf was there and said to me: "Lackey, there is no use in being pompous about this thing; if you will agree to take the oath, you need not leave." I replied. "Lieutenant, I expect to have it to do, but I am not prepared to do it now." And I walked out.

I must not close without reference to the noble work of some good women, as true patriots as any Southern women. Among them was Mrs. E. R. Peterkin, of Philadelphia, who came to the hospital time and again and brought delicacies and various good things to the patients; also assisted many true "Rebs," as we were called, but she would not help anyone who had applied for the oath. We all looked on them with contempt, called them "Galvanized Yankees." When the final surrender came, she wrote me a nice letter, inclosing five dollars, and said: "You have done all you could for the Southern cause, and now show yourselves true men by returning to your homes and make the best of them you can."

We were released on the 15th of June, 1865. I reached my home on the 20th, and found my wife and three little girls safe and sound. We knelt that night and gave thanks to the Heavenly Father who had so wonderfully preserved us. We still trust all to him, "who doeth all things well."

THE BATTLE OF BRICE'S CROSSROADS.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

On June 10, 1864, sixty-one years ago, the great battle of Brice's Crossroads, in North Mississippi, six miles west of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, was fought between the Federal forces, comprising fifteen thousand men and thirty-six cannon, under Major General Sturgis, and a Confederate force of 3,200 cavalry and eight cannon, under Maj. Gen. N. B. Forrest.

I would greatly enjoy giving in detail the operations leading up to the battle and to pay tribute to numerous officers and men who distinguished themselves in that affair on the Confederate side, but the story would be too long. I will, therefore, mention only the high lights of that wonderful event, which was the greatest achievement at arms in all history. The battle of Fort Pillow had been fought on April 12, previously, where it was claimed by Federal authorities, that Forrest gave no quarter to the negro troops. It is true that the majority of the garrison were killed, but they went down with guns in their hands, fighting.

Several expeditions had been sent against Forrest for the purpose of driving him from North Mississippi and West Tennessee. The section along the Mobile and Ohio Railroad was known as the "corncrib" of the Confederacy, and the Army of Tennessee was almost entirely dependent on that

supply for bread. Determined to drive Forrest from the country or kill him, and to destroy the corn which was stored in pens along the railroad for a hundred miles, the Federal government, having failed in former efforts to do so, organized an army of veteran soldiers, the flower of the "Army of the Cumberland," comprising a division of white infantry, two brigades, under Generals Wilkins and Hoge, and a brigade of negroes, commanded by General Benton, nine thousand strong; and two brigades of cavalry under Generals Warren and Winslow, five thousand strong; and nine batteries of thirty-six guns.

General Sturgis left Memphis June 2, 1864, with the best-equipped expedition, that had ever been sent against that section. The white infantry was a seasoned part of the Army of the Cumberland and was rated with the best troops in that army. The artillery had seen long service also. The negroes had been enlisted from West Tennessee and North Mississippi. That splendid army marched forth with banners flying and bands playing, having no thought of defeat. Reaching the little town of Salem, in Mississippi, on the 5th of June, General Sturgis made his headquarters in the home of Mrs. Henry Walton, a lady of refinement and social position, she was glad to have General Sturgis occupy her premises for the protection it afforded her. The following morning General Sturgis watched his splendid troops march by, while he displayed himself on his beautifully caparisoned horse. Before leaving, he rode back to the house and asked Mrs. Walton if she knew General Forrest. "Yes," she answered, "I have known him all my life." Said the doughty general: "I am going after him, and, if he stands, I may bring him back with me." Mrs. Walton, laughingly said: "He may fool you; several times your people have tried to get him and failed." Said the general: "Do not be surprised if I bring him a prisoner."

Henderson's Scouts, in the meantime, reported the movements of the Federals to Forrest, whose force of all arms, consisted of 4,600 men, but one brigade of Chalmer's Division was at Montevallo, Ala., and one brigade of Buford's Division at Tuscumbia. It began to rain on the 5th of June and continued almost for four or five days. The creeks were all out of their banks, and many bridges had been washed away. On June 9, the Federals had reached the east bank of Tishomingo Creek, a very active stream, at a point seven miles from the Crossroads.

The rain fell in torrents during the night, and the roads were impossible for ordinary vehicles. Forrest's force at hand for the moment consisted of Lyon's brigade, Buford's Division, eight hundred rank and file; Rucker's Brigade, of Chalmer's Division, seven hundred rank and file; and a part of Johnston's Brigade, of Chalmer's Division, five hundred rank and file—say two thousand cavalry and two batteries, eight guns, commanded by Capt. John W. Morton and Charles Rice. Bell's Brigade, of Buford's Division, and Barteau's 2nd Tennessee, of Neely's Brigade, about a thousand men, were hurrying from Tuscumbia.

June 10, 1864, the sun rose clear and bright. The heat was terrific, and the steam from the rain-soaked earth was almost unbearable for men or horses. Forrest, aware of the Federal approach, placed Lyon with the 7th and 8th Kentucky and Faulkner's Kentucky regiment, dismounted, in a skirt of woods on the east side of the road, and sent two companies of cavalry to guard his flank, while Rucker, at the same time, was dismounted and took position on the west side of the road and in the woods with the 18th Mississippi, 7th Tennessee, and 2nd Missouri regiments. Two companies of cavalry went forward to skirmish and draw the enemy on. General

Winslow's brigade of cavalry led the Federal advance, followed by two batteries of eight guns. As they galloped along Lyon's position, he poured a hot fire from rifles into their ranks, killing a number of men and horses. Shocked by this unexpected ambush, the survivors whirled about in great confusion, causing the two batteries to stampede, turning over the guns and caissons. Many of the horsemen, in endeavor to escape, veered into the woods in front of Rucker, who opened on them with telling effect.

In the meantime, Morton and Rice were pouring canister into the confused ranks. Several hundred were killed and wounded, who, together with the dead and crippled horses, blocked the road. The Federals rushed forward the negro brigade and a white brigade, to stay the slaughter, but, exhausted by the long run in the heat and mud, they were in no condition to do so.

Morton and Rice pushed their guns beyond the Confederate line, on both flanks, and poured shot and shrapnel into their disordered ranks. Rucker and Lyon rushed at the panic stricken mass, and, in many instances, intermingled with them, using revolvers with deadly effect. The negroes, in their wild disorder, made it impossible for the Federals to form a line of defense, and the entire advance became a mass of fleeing men and horses, which rushed into the coming reserves, destroying their line. The road became a confused mass of men and horses trying to escape.

The negro infantry could not be halted; they threw down their guns and, those who were not dead or wounded, ran in all directions. They wore a white band across their breasts on which was printed: "Remember Fort Pillow." They had taken an oath while on their knees in front of General Hulbert's headquarters, on Adams Street in Memphis, that they would take no prisoners of Forrest command. When our men read the inscription on the white band, they rushed on the Federal mass with the recklessness of fury, and it was impossible to halt them.

By this time, the entire Federal force was in the utmost confusion, the road blocked with overturned artillery, dead men, and dead horses. The survivors became panic stricken and ran over each other; the grand army was in disgraceful route. The only bridge standing over the swollen stream had been blocked with guns and wagons, overturned, and their safety depended on putting the creek between them and Forrest's cavalry. Unable to cross on the bridge, they plunged into the water, and many were drowned. There had never been so much confusion. The enemy, emerging from the water on the west bank in an open field, were mowed down by the Confederate artillery, which consisted then of fourteen guns. The six additional guns had been abandoned by the Federals and were used against them by the Confederates.

The wagons and cannon on the bridge had to be pushed into the stream before the Confederates could cross in pursuit. When that had been accomplished, we pushed across in the effort to overhaul them, but the Federals scattered through woods and fields, which made it too extended to check them.

Nothing could excel the daring spirit, energy, and execution with which the Confederate artillery was handled. Some five thousand Federals escaped, due to the high water. It was now about sunset, and our matchless men and officers were worn out. In the meantime, Bell's Brigade and Barteau's Regiment, of Neely's Brigade, had reached the scene, and the following morning crossed the creek and went in pursuit, but the enemy could not be overtaken. The following day, General Forrest issued orders for the care of the wounded of both sides and their removal to hospitals.

The battle was far bloodier than it would have been had not the negroes entered upon the campaign inspired by their officers with the conviction that no quarter would be given them, inspired, too, with the resolution to give no quarter.

For a week previous to the battle, the Confederates had been marching, with scant periods of rest, night and day, through drenching rains, over muddy roads, and were greatly fatigued. Nevertheless, officers and men were made invincible by a determination to conquer. The courage manifested throughout has never been surpassed, if ever equaled.

On the morning of June 13th, General Sturgis pulled up at Mrs. Walton's house and asked for a cup of coffee. He had lost his beautiful horse and was riding an artillery horse. He was the picture of defeat and despair, bespattered with mud, broken in spirit. He declared to Mrs. Walton that Johnston's army had attacked and destroyed his inferior force. The writer, several times, heard Mrs. Walton tell of the two visits of the general to her home.

The battle of Brice's Crossroads was the most brilliant achievement at arms in the annals of war. While the results were not so valuable as those of King's Mountain, October 8, 1780, which was the turning point of the Revolutionary War, the victory of Brice's Crossroads will forever stand as the most wonderful of all time. General Forrest, with less than four thousand men, almost totally destroyed an army of fifteen thousand. He captured, killed, and wounded nine thousand men, captured three hundred wagons, thirty-six cannon, thirty ambulances, and a large supply of flour, bacon, coffee, and other articles, and several hundred horses.

In this battle the genuine military capacity of General Forrest seems to have been demonstrated. It has been thought by many that his success was due to uncommon good luck, but it must be apparent that this brilliant victory was won by his prompt comprehension of the situation and his recognition of the possibility of taking his adversary at the disadvantage of being attacked while his column was extended. Seeing his advantage, he planned and executed with celerity. He illustrated in this affair the efficiency of employment of his whole force when the battle moment came. He launched every man and every gun and employed them as swiftly as possible. It is not amiss to say that, closely examined, Forrest's 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 great masters of that art—that is, to rush down swiftly, thunderously, upon his enemy with his whole collective strength. He had the happy gift of knowing how to inspire the courage of his men, how to excite their confidence and enthusiasm, how to bend the most reckless to his iron will. He was not only very popular with his men, but he had the mysterious power of personality that made men face any danger under his direction.

In his composition there was as much sagacity as audacity. At critical instants, he was ever quick to see, swift to decide, and swift to strike. His combats appear to have been delivered, or accepted, at the right juncture. It may be justly said that no other soldier of either side during the war (Stonewall Jackson excepted) carried the genuine distinctive traits of the American character into their operation as did Forrest. Always taking the shortest line toward his object, he knew how to grasp opportunities, and was never at a loss for resources in the most sudden emergencies. Endowed by nature with as stormful, fiery a soul as ever blazed to heat and flame in any soldier, yet surely he accomplished as much by address as by swift, hard-smiting blows. Essentially as daring a cavalry leader as ever gained distinction, it may be

said, of him, as Napoleon said, that "his daring was not a wild cast of the net for fortune"; for it was always supported by a penetration and activity that suffered no opportunity to escape.

Forrest was a magnetic man, standing stalwart and erect, six feet one inch tall, broad shoulders, long arms, high forehead, dark gray eyes, a prominent nose, emphatic jaw, compressed lips—a face that said to all the world: "Out of my way; I'm coming." His step was firm, action impulsive, and, taken all in all, there was not a soldier of the Confederacy that acted with more celerity or effective force from the 14th of June, 1861, when he became a private at Memphis, to the 10th of May, 1865, at Gainesville, Ala., when he surrendered as lieutenant general to the United States authorities. 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 like the audacious warriors of Napoleon on the field of Austerlitz.

The Confederate loss at Brice's Crossroads was heavy. Some of the best officers and men of that matchless band were killed and many wounded. Looking back on the scene, I drop a tear to their memory. Numbers of them were my friends, as well as my comrades, and I wonder who will be responsible for their loss to the South. Of the large number that never came back, may I mention one, Lieut. William S. Pope, Adjutant of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, who was among the killed. He was the highest ideal of a Southern boy—as modest as Ruth, as brave as Forrest, as handsome as Apollo. There were other whose names and fame as soldiers deserve perpetual memory. The writer followed General Forrest in all his daring and desperate enterprises the last two years of the war, first as aide-de-camp to General Chalmers, subsequently as captain of the Escort Company of the First Division, and was the youngest captain of cavalry in the Confederate army.

FIRST LESSON IN WAR.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Meeting at the Dallas reunion, for the first time since the war, an old comrade who carried our colors on many memorable occasions and who had the misfortune to have an eye shot out at Second Manassas, August 28, 1862, my mind naturally reverted to that interesting event in our country's history and our part in it.

We had the "grit" then, but we lacked experience, which we, officers and privates, learned then and afterwards. The want of this on the part of our officers cost us dearly, and our loss could never be restored, for the flower of our regiments were killed or rendered unfit for further military service.

We were well drilled in Hardee's Tactics, but had never been under fire before, and our officers, though educated in the great military school at West Point, had never commanded a brigade or regiment in battle, and it was but natural in the great confusion and noise that they should make some mistakes. Two years later there were hundreds of private soldiers who could have managed better. Indeed, the whole thing now seems to me that it might have been more wisely conducted, with greater success, and smaller loss.

But it was a game fight, though we never again in all the war exhibited such "spunk" as we did in this series of engagements known as "The Seven Days Battle around Richmond," in which we broke up McClellan's magnificent organization, which he had so thoroughly trained to take Richmond. We

did not have the fight in us afterwards that we had then, but our experience was a great schooling for rank and file and served us well on many occasions afterwards. We were brought up from Savannah and Charleston, six fine regiments, under Gen. A. R. Lawton, to assist in this great engagement.

Our regiments numbered about a thousand men each, and when we opened on the enemy the racket we made excited old General "Dick" Ewell, who was used to the noise of battle, so that he rode in a gallop to General Lawton, waving his sword and shouting: "Hurrah for Georgia!"

But we were accomplishing very little at a heavy expense, as I have already intimated, at a great loss of our best men. General Lee had been fighting all the morning, losing heavily without making any impression on McClellan's line in his chosen position at Gaines's Mill and Cold Harbor, and it was now past noon and nothing accomplished except the heavy loss already mentioned. General Lawton, knowing this, and anxious to do something to turn the tide of battle, brought us up in a trot under the hot sun of a bright June day, though tired by a forced march from early dawn, and, as each regiment arrived, threw it forward in line of battle without any skirmishers in front to develop the enemy's line. In doing so, the first regiment encountered our own men, who, supposing they were the enemy coming up on their flank, fired into them, killing and wounding many before they found out their mistake. But the 38th and 31st, coming up last, were thrown forward and struck the enemy's extreme right in the vicinity of the McGee house, where already desperate fighting had taken place. On an eminence to the right of this house was posted the Hoboken Battery of six guns, with an open field in every direction. To the north about eight hundred yards was a woodland in which a Confederate battery had taken position, but its losses were so heavy from the fire of the Hoboken Battery that it did not function after we came on the scene. This Yankee battery was supported by infantry and was dealing out death to the Confederate lines in every direction, and especially to the 38th, when the 31st came up some distance to the left of that splendid command.

As soon as the 31st came out into the open, armed only with smooth-bore muskets, its losses were so heavy from the enemy's infantry, armed with long-range rifles, and the battery on the hill, that the men in the ranks called out to the colonel, Clement A. Evans, that we could not stand it and we must capture the battery and put a stop to the slaughter of our own regiment and the 38th. We were now having our first lesson in actual war, which served us so well afterwards at Gettysburg, The Wilderness, and on many, many other occasions, for, without awaiting the order of the colonel, since common sense dictated to the men what was necessary to be done, they dashed forward in a trot for the battery and the enemy's lines; and when they had come within their old musket range, they opened on them with their buck-and-ball cartridges such a withering fire and yell that the enemy's line broke and fell back immediately toward the battery. Nor could the enemy be censured for this, for the noise made by our shooting and yelling, and the destruction wrought by our "buck-and-ball" cartridges was enough to frighten any man, however well disciplined. The 31st, though new in the game, saw its advantage and determined to press it to rout the infantry, now fleeing back for safety, and capture the battery, and so put an end to the engagement. And this they would have done in a few minutes and saved the lives of many brave men, for up to this time our loss was comparatively small; but our colonel, fearing the men in their headlong charge would penetrate too far into the line of the enemy without proper support and meet with disaster to themselves and to his

military reputation, began from the rear to cry out: "Halt! Halt!" But the men paid no attention to his orders, and rushed on, driving everything ahead, like cattle. Seeing they disregarded his command, he broke through their ranks with sword in hand and ran ahead of them, still shouting, "Halt! Halt!" threatening to slash them if they did not heed. Disregarding his orders and threats, they determined to push their advantage to a successful conclusion, but, running along in front of the men from the right to the left in his frantic effort to stop the charge, he came to the center of the regiment and finally succeeded in stopping the color bearer and the company to which he belonged. Seeing this, the other companies slowed up to shoot it out with the enemy. This was most unfortunate for us, for in front of the battery was a fence and a sunken road, which gave them a splendid position, well protected from our balls, while we were exposed in the open and very near. Here we suffered our greatest loss in all the battles through which we ever passed. It was a fatal mistake, but our colonel was only human, and all men make them at times. It was very costly, but we never after this forgot how to fight. We learned that the enemy would stand and shoot at us as long as we wished to continue the game of exchanging shots with them, but that a bold charge, well organized, with good shooting and much yelling, though few compared with that of the enemy, accomplished much more than exchanging compliments with them at a distance.

But I have said we never after this had the "grit" or numbers to fight as we did on this occasion; and the reader will naturally ask the question, if so, how was it that, with greatly reduced numbers, we swept the field at Gettysburg on the first day of the battle, ran roughshod over the Yankees, killing and capturing thousands of them; and at the Wilderness, on the first day, when we drove Grant's right wing through that thick woods, capturing twenty-five hundred live prisoners besides those we killed and wounded; and the next day, when we at nightfall fell on his right wing and routed it, capturing two generals, many of their men, doubled up that great army, and would have routed the whole force if the darkness of night had not put a stop to our career? My answer is because of our first great lesson, and because we were better led. Every man was an experienced soldier, and did not have to be told what to do in an emergency. An officer in the late World War told me that our method of fighting would never do for that war; but I told him they never accomplished anything until the Americans had a force there large enough to go "over the top." It was costly, but effective, and those who were not killed were soon on their way home. If they had continued to shoot at each other from holes in the ground they might have been there till now.

Then, besides this, we went forward like a cyclone, sweeping up and gathering up everything before us, and always yelling like demons to frighten our foes. This yelling was very effective. I remember on one occasion late in the war, when I and a few other comrades were surrounded after a long hard fight in a strip of woods, we considered our situation desperate, and resolved to sell our lives as dearly as possible, since we had little hope of coming out of it alive. The enemy had ten times our number, and charged us time and again in a half-hearted sort of way, but we bluffed them by the noise we made every time we repulsed them, and some of us escaped to fight it out to the bitter end. They came out into the open, waving their battle flags and huzzaing, but their advance was slow and timid, and our well-directed shots proved too much for them. If they had come forward with a wild rush, they would have killed or captured every one of us and learned how few we were.

But I must return to my original subject and tell how that great battle of Cold Harbor ended as far as my command was concerned in it. We remained there, loading and shooting our old muskets at the enemy, while their infantry and battery slaughtered the 31st and 38th. Just as the sun was dipping down in the west on that long, hot day, and our ammunition was exhausted, we were ordered to retire under a hail of lead and iron. Glancing to the north, toward the woodland previously mentioned, we saw a sight never to be forgotten. Coming out into the open and at right angles to the enemy's line in splendid formation, were the 13th, 26th, 60th, and 61st Georgia, for our general had shifted them from our right, where they had been fighting, but accomplishing very little, and formed them there out of sight of the battery, to fall on and crush the enemy's right. They were advancing as leisurely as if they were drilling on their beautiful parade grounds at Savannah and Charleston. The men at the battery now saw the new danger and ceased to notice us any more. They turned their guns in that direction and cut wide swaths in the ranks of these brave fellows, but it made no impression whatever on them, and they marched up to the mouths of these guns which had done us so much harm, although the men stood by them to the last minute. In one moment they ceased the dreadful roar, for those who had handled them were lying prostrate in death or too badly wounded to offer further resistance, if such was possible. Too much cannot be said for these, our brave enemies.

The next day I had the opportunity to see this hill and find out who these fellows were, for I admired them for their pluck if they were our foes. I haven't the words at my command to convey to the minds of my readers the condition of things that next morning presented to my sight, and shall not attempt it, saying only that there those dogs of war stood silent while those who had handled them lay around, cold in death or suffering with dreadful wounds. But the poor horses! poor, patient dumb brutes! shot and mangled in every conceivable way, standing around or grazing peaceably on the clover as if nothing had happened, waiting only for the arrival of some one to put them out of their suffering.

So many changes and improvements have been made in firearms that few of the younger generation have any idea how heavy and clumsy were the old muzzle-loading muskets with which we were at first armed. Many of these old weapons were originally flint-lock guns, but had been changed to be exploded with percussion caps. They had done service in other wars before our time. They were dangerous at both ends, for they kicked like a young mule. The next day after this battle, a comrade opened his shirt and showed me his shoulder, beaten black by the pounding he got every time his gun was discharged. Mine kicked me ten feet out of ranks and laid me flat on my back with a broken nose and blood streaming from my mouth. They threw a round ball and three buckshot and were effective at a range of two hundred yards. Every man in the regiment, who was disposed to do so, now cast aside his old gun and picked up a new Enfield or Springfield rifle, as the ground everywhere was strewn with them, and they were a menace, for most of them were loaded, cocked, and capped ready to go off if struck by anybody passing over the battle field. The night after the battle they were firing the whole time.

The capture of the Hoboken Battery was the last act in the great battle of June 27, 1862, sometimes called the battle of Gaines's Mill, or Cold Harbor. In this battleground is a Federal cemetery, in which stands an urn which contains the remains, or parts, of eighteen thousand Yankee soldiers

(Continued on page 397.)



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 little space of life is fled,
And all we know is that they gave
A sweetness to the days now dead;
For they were kind and they were brave.
And we shall not forget the grace
Of vanished forms, now grave and chill;
And we shall see each smiling face
Once cherished here, remembered still."

DR. WILLIAM COX HOLMES.

Dr. William Cox Holmes was born in Abbeville District, S. C., November 10, 1840, and during 1848 his father's family removed to Holmes County, Miss., where he attended the country schools until prepared for a college course. In 1859 he entered the Medical Department of the University of Virginia. When John Brown made his raid at Harper's Ferry, the company of students, of which young Holmes was a member, was ordered to that point, but found that Colonel Lee, with his company of Marines, had captured John Brown and a part of his command. When Lincoln called for 75,000 troops, in 1861, to invade the South, he came home and joined a volunteer company, which was being organized at Lexington, Miss., and was appointed orderly sergeant. The company became a part of the 1st Mississippi Valley Regiment, which was known as the 25th Mississippi Regiment until after the battle of Shiloh, where the colonel, J. D. Martin, was killed. The companies from other States were then organized in State commands, and the Mississippi companies were organized into a battalion of sharpshooters, young Holmes becoming the captain of his company. Later, the company and battalion served in Featherston's Brigade, of Loring's Division, which took part in many important battles. In May, 1864, at New Hope Church, Ga., he was severely wounded while leading his company. With twenty-six others badly wounded, he fell into the hands of the enemy and all died except Captain Holmes and three others. On the night of the 27th of July, 1864, he escaped from the Yankee lines and came into the Confederate lines, and made his way to Shelby Springs, Ala., where he entered a hospital.

Because of his wound, he was retired from the army and later returned to the University of Virginia; and when the Yankees captured that part of Virginia, in March, 1865, Captain Holmes went to his home in Mississippi, walking from Newnan, Ga., to Columbus, Miss. He taught a high school in Holmes County until the fall of 1866, when he entered the New Orleans School of Medicine, and was graduated in March, 1867. He went immediately to Texas and located at Pilot Grove, in Grayson County, to practice medicine. In 1882, he removed to Trenton, in an adjoining county, where he lived until his death, on March 8, 1924. He was a very popular man and a leader among his people. He served his country as a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1875.

Dr. Holmes was married twice, both wives preceeding him to the grave, and is survived by four sons and two daughters. In his death, Texas gave up a splendid citizen, a brave Confederate soldier, a genial and intelligent companion, a devoted husband and father. His virtues may well be emulated and his good name cherished by family and friends.

WILLIAM T. WESTWOOD.

William Thomson Westwood was born May 16, 1836, in Hampton, Va., and died June 5, 1925. He was the last male member of a very old family of Elizabeth City County, William Westwood having settled here, from England, as early as 1620. Five successive generations of the family have lived on the property where Comrade Westwood died.

He was educated at the Hampton Military Academy during John B. Cary's régime as principal. He joined the Washington Artillery in 1861, a company made up in Hampton and commanded by Capt. Lawrence Smith, grandfather of Gen. Hugh Smith Cumming, of the Public Health Service. The company served as heavy artillery, under Magruder, on the Virginia Peninsula until the spring of 1862, when it was disbanded and many of the men, including William Westwood, joined the King William Artillery, commanded by Captain Carter. This company served with the Army of Northern Virginia and with Rodes's Division, and distinguished itself on many battle fields, especially at Gettysburg on the first day.

On September 14, 1863, while the company was engaged in an artillery engagement at Summerville Ford, on the Rapidan, young Westwood received a severe wound in the shoulder, from a piece of bursting shell, which so disabled him that he was honorably discharged and was employed in the Quartermaster's Department in Richmond until the end of the war. He was a brave and faithful soldier. When he retired from his company it had participated in twenty-two battles and skirmishes. Returning to Hampton at the close of the war, he found his home destroyed by the fire that burned the town. He went to work to rebuild his ruined fortunes, engaging in various pursuits until 1889, when he became city clerk and served the town until retired a few years ago.

He was a charter member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 485, U. C. V., and its treasurer up to the time of his death. He leaves two daughters—Miss Mary E. Westwood and Mrs. Thomas W. Keaton—ten grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

A faithful and true citizen, serving his State and town in both peace and war.

[J. R. Haw, Adjutant.]

WYNDHAM R. CARPER.

Wyndham Randolph Carper, well-known citizen of Botetourt County, died at his home at Gala, Va., on July 26, 1925, after an illness of several months. He was born November 2, 1840, and was in his eighty-fifth year. While a cadet at Virginia Military Institute, in 1861, he volunteered and went to the front with the Fineastle Rifles, one of the first units to enter the service from this county. He served through the four years of war and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox. He was wounded three times, twice at Gettysburg, and during one of the battles around Richmond.

After the surrender, he returned to Botetourt and engaged in farming, and also filled positions of trust in the county, and for about forty years was a member of the county school board. He had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for many years, and was an estimable citizen. He took great interest in the affairs of the county, and for many years he

was regarded as a leader in the community interests. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters, also by one sister.

The funeral was held at Galatia Presbyterian Church, attended by one of the largest assemblages of neighbors and friends known in that community for many years. The active pallbearers were his nephews. The Julia Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., placed flags and flowers upon the grave of this beloved patriot.

LIEUT. W. W. DAVIS.

Lieut. W. W. Davis, Company F, 59th Tennessee Regiment, Capt Geisler's company, Colonel Akin's regiment, Vaughan's brigade, born October 21, 1844; died July 21, 1925, after a very short illness.

Lieutenant Davis was a brave Confederate soldier, surrendering in North Carolina in April, 1865.

Comrade Davis was married twice, and the writer was best man at both of the weddings. His first wife was Miss Hattie McFarland, daughter of Judge McFarland, and she lived but a year after marriage. His second marriage was to Miss Sue Thomas, daughter of the late J. W. Thomas, who died some ten years ago. Four children were born to this union—three sons and a daughter. He was a merchant in Bristol for many years, active to the end, and had accumulated very valuable property. He was a Democrat and a member of the Methodist Church; his honor and integrity were above question. We had been close friends since the war. One son is a Methodist minister, the other two in business. His only daughter, Mrs. Hattie Keith, lived in Honolulu for many years, but came back two years ago to stay with her father in his declining days.

The last testimony by his old friend.

[J. M. Barker, Bristol, Tenn.]

S. H. BUSH.

S. H. Bush, widely known lawyer, Church worker, and Confederate veteran, died at his home, Elizabethtown, Ky., on August 13, 1925. He was born September 30, 1837, at Claysville, near Elizabethtown.

He enlisted in the Confederate army in September, 1861, as a member of Company B, 6th Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade. He was made first sergeant, May 8, 1862, and was in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Murfreesboro, Jackson, and Chickamauga; was severely wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, and disabled, but remained until the close of the war. He suffered from this wound to the end of his life. He was a major on the staff of Gen. Bennett H. Young, former Commander in Chief, U. C. V.

After the war he practiced law a few years at Hodgenville, but returned to Elizabethtown in 1874 and was engaged in the practice there until the time of his death. He was a deacon in the Severns Valley Baptist Church, the oldest in the State, for fifty years, and a Sunday school superintendent for fifteen years. His wife, Mrs. Harriet Robertson Bush, to whom he was married March 5, 1873, died in May of the present year.

Mr. Bush's life justified the universal esteem and respect in which he was held by all who knew him. He was a man of quiet demeanor, but positive character. His devotion to his Church and his home were outstanding traits.

His survivors are three children—a daughter and two sons, W. C. Bush, of Clarksdale, Miss., and Sam R. Bush, of Chicago.

CAPT. CAMERON N. BISCOE.

Capt. Cameron N. Biscoe died at his home in Helena, Ark., July, 1925, and was laid to rest in Maple Hill Cemetery there. He was the only son of Col. Henry L. and Phoebe Biscoe. His father was a Virginian, going to Arkansas Territory in 1819, where he became prominent in territorial affairs and later as a citizen of the State.

Captain Biscoe was probably the last survivor of the battle of Helena, Ark., which occurred on July 4, 1863, and in which he participated as a cavalry officer; and he was doubtless the only American who could claim the distinction of holding a commission under Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. At the fall of the Confederacy, he and his brother-in-law, Gen. Thomas C. Hindman, at one time commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A., went to Mexico, and while there Captain Biscoe engaged to operate a locomotive on a railroad running out of Mexico City, for which he had to have a commission, and this was issued by the Emperor. Going back to Helena, he secured a position as a engineer on a steamboat operating on the White River, and though he knew nothing of marine engines, he was "willing to tackle anything once," and somehow managed to get through safely. Since that time he had been more or less active as a public officer at Helena, serving as constable and sheriff and in various other offices. Some years ago he was badly injured in a street car accident, but recovered and resumed his activities. He was adjutant of Camp Crowley, U. C. V., for years, and generally present at any Confederate entertainments and had attended many general reunions of Confederate veterans.

Captain Biscoe is survived by his wife, a daughter, and a son, also by a foster daughter.

ANDREW J. WILLIAMS.

Andrew Jackson Williams died at his home near Benton, Tenn., on August 24, after a long illness, aged seventy-nine years. He was born July 29, 1846, in the house where he died, and where he had always lived, the farm having been entered by his father, John Williams, prominent in the early settlement of Polk County. When seventeen years of age, he volunteered for the Confederate service, joining Company A, 2nd Tennessee Regiment, April 6, 1864, and took part in the seventy days' fighting from Dalton to Atlanta of the hundred days it took the Union army to travel that distance; he was also in the battles of Resaca, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Stone Mountain, and, with only forty survivors, was paroled at Charlotte, N. C., May 3, 1865.

Andrew Williams was elected a justice of the peace in the Benton District in 1880, and later was elected county court clerk to fill a vacancy, afterwards being elected for a full term. He was appointed clerk and master in 1896 and served in this capacity until failing health caused his retirement about three years ago. He had for sixty years collected the Confederate history of Polk County, which he published in 1923 in a pamphlet by "Private A. J. Williams."

In 1924, Comrade Williams made a profession of faith in Christ. His last public appearance was as one of the eleven surviving Confederates of Polk County, at a banquet given to them on July 20, in Benton. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and a daughter, also by a sister. Funeral services were held at the Ocoee Baptist Church, at Benton.

He was a member of John D. Traynor Camp, No. 590 U. C. V., at Cleveland, Tenn., and a dear lover of the cause for which he had fought. He will be sadly missed by his comrades of the Camp and the community in which he lived.

[W. O. Shugart, Commander; J. M. Culton, Adjutant.]

JOSEPH HENRY LAND.

A native of Henry County, Va., Joseph Henry Land was born in Irisburg District, August 30, 1842, and spent the larger portion of his long and useful life in his native county.

He came to youth and young manhood during the stirring scenes immediately preceeding the War between the States, and without waiting for the call, young Land, at the age of eighteen, hastened to volunteer, and was enlisted June, 1861, in Company A, 42nd Virginia Infantry. By his genial disposition and brave spirit, he soon became first sergeant of his company.

He was in active service until the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, when the entire brigade of about 3,300 men was captured and taken to Point Lookout, Md. There he remained for three months before being transferred to Elmira, N. Y., and he remained in this prison until the close of the war.

During his active service he took part in the battles of Cedar Run, Chancellorsville. The Wilderness, Winchester, Bunker Hill, Gettysburg, and Spotsylvania, where he and many others were captured.

Returning to his native county of Henry, and with that indomitable will and courage which had carried him through the hardships and privations of war, Comrade Land set about to retrieve his personal fortunes and rebuild his native State.

In November, 1866, he and Miss Eliza Hopper, also of Henry County, were happily united in marriage, and of the children born to them, a son and two daughters survive. His second wife was Miss Sallie Shackelford, whom he married in 1892; she lived but a short time. In September, 1895, he married Mrs. Sarah Richardson Pratt, and to this union was born one daughter.

Late in life, Comrade Land united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Leaksville, N. C., and remained a consistent member till God called him home. He died at the home of his daughter in Graham, N. C. He was active to the last. After funeral services at the home, his body was taken to Reidsville and laid to rest by his wife, who died last March.

The county has lost an honored citizen, the community a good friend and neighbor, and his children a kind and loving father.

DR. T. J. VAN NOY.

Dr. T. J. Van Noy, of Mount Pleasant, Tex., whose death was reported in the *VETERAN* for September, though born in Tennessee and reared in Mississippi, was living in Texas when the war came on and joined Company D, of the 9th Texas Infantry, Colonel Maxey commanding. In the summer of 1861 the regiment was sent to Bowling Green, Ky., and the first battle in which it engaged was Mumfordsville, in the fall of 1861; Perryville, then Shiloh, April, 1862; later, Stone River, Tenn., then in Georgia and helped to fight Sherman from Chattanooga to Atlanta. The regiment was sent to the fortifications of Atlanta, and was with Hood on the march back to Tennessee and took part in the battles of Franklin and Nashville; later it took part in the battle at Spanish Fort, Ala., where Dr. Van Noy was shot in the mouth; he surrendered at Meridian, Miss.

Capt. W. H. Cobb, commanding the company, had only seven men to surrender of the ninety-five taken into the war. He is now an inmate of the Confederate Home at Austin, Tex., ninety-five years old, and blind. Comrades, write to him.

[John C. Organ.]

J. MACE THURMAN.

In the death of Comrade J. Mace Thurman, of Lynnville, Tenn., his community and State have sustained a loss from the best citizenship and another gap has been made in the thin line of gray. He entered the Confederate army on the 9th of December, 1861, as corporal of Company K, 53rd Tennessee Regiment, and was captured at Fort Donelson on the 14th of February, 1862. He spent seven months in prison, and then was with his regiment to the close of the war. He was at Port Hudson, La., during the bombardment, March 14, 1863; with General Johnston in the campaign around Vicksburg in the summer of 1863; through the Georgia campaign and Hood's return to Tennessee in 1864; and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865, ranking at the close as first sergeant of his company. Returning home, he entered into the work of building up his country and became a representative citizen of his community; and he left five daughters and a son, who are among the best citizens of the county.

By resolution, the Harvey Walker Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Giles County, Tenn., pays tribute to this "esteemed brother and noble comrade, who did credit to the honorable principles of the Southern Confederacy, for which he so bravely fought and endured so many hardships," resolving that "we dedicate these lines as a feeble token of our love and respect for our departed friend and comrade."

"Be it further resolved, That we, the members of the Harvey Walker Camp, Sons of the Confederacy, be inspired by the memory of this departed comrade to more diligence in the discharge of our duties in maintaining in our lives the noble principles which our Confederate forefathers have bequeathed unto us."

Committee: Hugh H. Miller, T. G. McMahon, J. Y. Matthews.

[O. S. Smith, Commander.]

ARISTIDE M. GREMILLION.

Aristide M. Gremillion, veteran newspaper man, died at his New Orleans residence, on September 8, after a long illness. He was eighty-four years of age. Interment was at Marksville, La.

Born on his father's plantation, Aristide Gremillion was educated at the Marksville high school and the college at Grand Coteau, La. When the War between the States broke out, he left school and joined Company I, 18th Louisiana Regiment, with which he saw much service.

While on furlough, he married Miss Hermentine Bonnette, of Marksville.

After the war, Comrade Gremillion became proprietor and editor of the *Marksville Review*, and later editor of the *Marksville Weekly News*. He left Marksville in 1909 for Crowley, La., and about ten years ago he retired to New Orleans. He is survived by his wife, four daughters, and two sons.

CALEB BRUCE PATTERSON.

Caleb Bruce Patterson, Commander of Sul Ross Camp, No. 172 U. C. V., of Henrietta, Tex., died at San Diego Calif., on December 2, 1924, and his body was taken back to Henrietta and laid to rest in Hope Cemetery beside his beloved wife. He was born in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, September 4, 1839. In April, 1867, he was married to Miss Ella Jane Stratton, at Linn, Mo., and after several years' residence in Missouri and Colorado, they finally located at Henrietta, Tex., in the early seventies.

Caleb Patterson was educated at Wesleyan College, Mount

Pleasant, Iowa, and after he had been merchandizing for awhile, the war came on and his sympathy for the South sent him into the ranks of the Confederate army as a full-fledged, loyal-blooded soldier, serving with the 16th Missouri Infantry, Colonel Peyton's regiment, of Parsons's Brigade. He was a faithful, gallant soldier to the end; was wounded in 1864.

After the war he settled in Colorado, but went to Clay County, Mo., after his marriage, where, in 1878, he was elected county surveyor, and he established the Clay County abstract office, which is a thriving business to-day.

Youth found him religious, and he became a member of the Methodist Church, and he was a charter member of that Church at Henrietta, from which his funeral service was conducted. Two sons and three daughters are left to mourn the loss of a devoted father.

JOSEPH BRUNSON.

Joseph Brunson, noble Confederate soldier, answered the last roll call November 6, 1924, at his home in Aiken, S. C.

Joe Brunson was born in Edgefield County, S. C., on July 20, 1840, son of Rev. D. D. and Lucretia Lowe Brunson. He received his education in the schools of his native county and for a time attended the Arsenal, a military school at Columbia. He entered the Confederate service January 5, 1861, as a private in Company C, Gregg's 1st South Carolina Infantry, and served with that company until disbanded six months later. He then enlisted in Company D, 14th South Carolina Regiment, and was soon promoted to second sergeant. He left Edgefield, January 6, and at Charleston he saw and heard the first gun fired on Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, and the surrender of Major Anderson on the 13th. His regiment was the second command from any State to reach Richmond. He was color bearer two years, and just before the surrender he prevented the capture of his flag by hiding it under a rock. He was wounded at the battles of Gettysburg and the Wilderness. At the latter place he spent most of the night on the battle field surrounded by burning woods.

He was at home only twice during the four long years of the war. He waded and swam the Potomac river six times; marched across the Blue Ridge Mountains, and left tracks of blood behind him. He participated in the battles of Antietam, Appomattox, Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, Fair Oaks, Frazier's Farm, Fredericksburg, Gaines's Mill, Gettysburg, Hanover Courthouse, Harper's Ferry, Malvern Hill, Spotsylvania, and Sumter, and was with the noble Lee when he surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse. He got his parole, and made a start for home on foot and made the trip, six hundred miles, in twelve days.

W. M. COLLINS.

On September 14, 1925, at the age of eighty-six, W. M. Collins, Commander of the Camp of Confederate Veterans in the Jeff Davis Confederate Home at Biloxi, Miss., passed into the Great Beyond. He served in Company C, 4th Mississippi Regiment, and entered the Home in 1914 from

Covington County, Miss. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Josie Robertson, of New Orleans, and several grandchildren.

[Marcus D. Herring, representing Memorial Committee.]

CAPT. J. J. GEISLER, CONFEDERATE HERO.

BY CAPT. FRANK W. SMYTH, IN THE WASHINGTON COUNTY (VA.) JOURNAL, APRIL 10, 1925.

The funeral of Capt. J. J. Geisler, of Washington County, Va., took place to-day at his home, between Abingdon and Saltville. He was ninety-three years old. It was more than sixty years ago that I, as a boy of ten years, rode, to his home, to tell his wife and the members of his family of his death.

That news came to Emory, where I was living, following the raid made by the Federals in the direction of Lynchburg—either that of Averill or old Hunter. It was in that fight that Captain Geisler was reported to have been killed. He was in command of a cavalry company and there was a brisk set-to near Lynchburg. Captain Geisler was a mark for two Federal cavalymen, and they proceeded to whack him across the forehead with their sabers, making a complete and perfect cross. Then they swung their sabers to the top of his head, where they made a second complete cross.

Captain Geisler was of fighting stock, however, and while the attack felled him and brought blood in streams from his face and head, he was game. He managed to wipe the blood from his eyes and face and then pulled his pistol and shot both of the men, killing them in their tracks.

But he was badly hurt, and the report that he was dead was accepted as a fact. Couriers were sent back with the news of the fight, and they stated that there was not a chance for his recovery.

I was told to ride to his home and break the news to his wife and family. Pretty tough on me, a youth, and as I told what had been told me, the tears were running down my face. The wife of the soldier was pitiful in her grief; and just then her father, an old man, walked out on the porch, and what he said about the Federals was sufficient.

While this was taking place we heard some one approaching the home, and there came a man on a horse, riding slowly and sitting perfectly in his saddle. His head was swathed in bandages. As we looked we finally saw that it was Captain Geisler. He was a sight to see—bloody, pale, and the embodiment of suffering. He rode up, there was a reunion, and he was taken into his home, and after a long time he managed to recover.

He was one of the best men I ever knew—a farmer, miller, and business man. He was a hard worker, liberal, frugal, a neighbor in every sense, and enjoyed the complete confidence of the people of that section. But it was sixty years after I had reported his death to his family that the funeral took place.

In sending the clipping giving this story of Captain Geisler's bravery, Rev. J. A. Lyons, of Glade Springs, Va., writes: "I think this worthy a place in the columns of the VETERAN. I knew Captain Geisler, but had not heard of this incident."

GOVERNOR LUBBOCK'S DEATH.—An unintentional omission from the sketch of Gov. F. R. Lubbock, of Texas, in the September VETERAN, was the date of his death, which occurred on June 22, 1905. He was ninety years old.



JOSEPH BRUNSON

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

MRS. J. T. BEAL, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

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

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Place

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North K Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Mrs. John Anderson, Fayetteville, N. C., Vice Chairman of the Rutherford History Committee, reports that the pamphlets on the "Battle Abbey Address," by H. Snowden Marshall, on "Force or Consent as the Basis of American Government," and the famous "Lee-Acton Letters" have been received with great appreciation by the various heads of colleges. Members of the committee feel that much good will result from this campaign for disseminating the truths of Southern history.

Convention.—As the time approaches for the annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Hot Springs, Ark., your attention is called to the importance of paying your delinquent per capita tax and of having your Chapter fully registered. See that your delegates are elected and their names recorded on the credential blanks. The list of hotels, with prices, will be published in the VETERAN. The New Arlington Hotel, Hot Springs, Ark., will be headquarters. Secure your rooms early and do your part to make the 1925 convention the largest in the history of the organization.

We feel that these great annual gatherings are the most important events in the year, for they bring before us for consideration the many plans for the work of the coming year, as well as the record of accomplishment of the year past.

Memorial Hour.—Mrs. J. W. Daniel, 102 East Henry Street, Savannah, Ga., Chairman of the Memorial Committee, will have charge of Memorial Hour during the convention. Names of all members who have passed on during the year should be sent to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass., Corresponding Secretary General. Neglect of this duty will result in the omission of the names of beloved deceased members from the Memorial Page in the Minutes of the Hot Springs convention.

Chapter Membership.—The following letter has been sent out by the Treasurer General, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, to every Chapter, U. D. C.:

"My Dear Madam President: At the general convention in Savannah the following motion was passed:

"That the Treasurer General be instructed to secure from each Chapter a duplicate list of the active dues-paying, registered members.

"By 'active dues-paying' is meant the members from whom the Chapter receives Chapter dues. Do not send the names of honorary or associate members unless they pay into your treasury Chapter dues.

"You are nearing the close of the official year, and your membership list should be complete. Please send it in at once.

"We hope to be able to report at Hot Springs that this

record of active membership is available and feel confident you will do your part in accomplishing this.

"A printed roster of Chapter members, corrected to date, eliminating all dropped, deceased, and demitted names, will be acceptable. The removal from your list of demitted names will enable us to avoid duplication.

"I hope I have succeeded in impressing upon you the vital importance of getting this complete and corrected roster to me at the earliest possible time. Be sure to have list typed.

"Please use the following form:

Town.	Division.	Name of Chapter.	Number.
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Then list names alphabetically, giving street address in towns having delivery."

Transportation.—Mrs. Walter Allen, 2515 Grace Street, Richmond, Va., has succeeded in securing one and a half fare for the round trip to Hot Springs, on the identification certificate plan. The following letter will give further information on the subject.

"RICHMOND, VA., August 25, 1925.

"To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: In order to arrange an attractive trip to and from the annual meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Hot Springs, Ark., November 18-20, 1925, as Chairman of the Transportation Committee, I have sent in requests for special Pullmans for our accommodation, to be operated from Richmond, Columbia, Jacksonville, Atlanta, Birmingham, and other points where there is enough business to justify special cars, same to be operated through to Hot Springs, arriving at Memphis Tuesday morning, November 17; leave Memphis, via Missouri Pacific 9:30 A.M.; arrive at Hot Springs 3:30 P.M., Special Train.

"I am also pleased to advise that arrangements have been made with practically all railroads for tickets to be sold to Hot Springs at the rate of one and a half fare for the round trip on the identification certificate plan, and these certificates may be secured from your Division President or from this office, and when presented to your ticket agent will be authority for reduced rates as above, tickets on sale from about November 12 to 18; final limit, November 27. A supply of these certificates has been sent each Division President, and members should secure a certificate at once, as no reduced rates will be made unless certificate is presented.

"All-year tourist tickets are on sale daily to Hot Springs from all points, final limit nine months, stop overs allowed at all points en route, rate about 20 per cent more than rates on the identification certificate plan.

"Return Trip.—Railroad representatives will be at Hotel Headquarters daily and will make Pullman reservations for

all returning home, giving information relative to best schedules, etc.

"Respectfully submitted, MRS. WALTER ALLEN,
Chairman, Transportation Committee."

With the hope of having a large delegation at Hot Springs and that the convention will accomplish much good work, I am

Sincerely yours, ALLENE WALKER HARROLD

U. D. C. NOTES.

An important request comes from the Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. W. H. Estabrook—viz., that every Director of World War Records and every Recorder of Crosses mail to her, not later than October 10, the number of Crosses bestowed by each State. Many do this already; and, when a discrepancy occurs between any report and that of the Custodian General, opportunity is thus given for adjustment.

As Chairman also of the Committee for Subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the editor of this Department earnestly requests that each Division Director send to her not later than October 20, a report of her work—the number of subscriptions secured, and anything of interest or information, or any suggestion that might render the efforts of the other Directors more effective.

* * *

Mrs. Stillwell, of Little Rock, rejoices that the Arkansas Division's fond dream for so many years is being realized. She says:

"When men who wore the blue and men who wore the gray more than sixty years ago gathered this past week on one of their old battle fields, they no longer found this famous spot unmarked.

"A handsome memorial entrance with piers of native stone laid in ranged ashlar masonry, with rough faces and closely fitting joints, placed in their natural beds, and the words, 'Prairie Grove Battle Field,' formed by the grillwork of iron over the entrance, greeted them.

"The Arkansas United Daughters of the Confederacy, who for more than half a century have labored to preserve historic spots in the State, and who have asked and asked in vain for legislative appropriation, have at last made headway toward a \$30,000 memorial to the men who gave their lives in the War between the States. They have erected this gate, and the memorial building, plans for which have already been drawn, will come later."

* * *

The following officers were elected by the California Division at the meeting in May: President, Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, San Francisco; First Vice President, Mrs. George E. Trowbridge, Los Angeles; Second Vice President, Mrs. M. K. Harris, Fresno; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frank W. Galvin, Los Angeles; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Callie Brooke, Oakland; Treasurer, Mrs. Herbert Schick, Los Angeles; Historian, Mrs. Lillian B. Harrison, Oakland; Registrar, Mrs. M. L. Stannard, Oakland; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Owen Standley Lair, Pasadena; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. Rena C. Keesling, San Jose; Parliamentarian, Mrs. William C. Tyler, Los Angeles; Director of Children's Work, Mrs. Harry C. Graves, Chatsworth.

* * *

Kentucky U. D. C. are thoroughly in earnest regarding a State appropriation for the upkeep of the Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview. Mrs. W. T. Fowler writes that the Division President, Mrs. McCarty, has announced that the

full strength of the organization will back legislative nominees who will stand by such a bill to be introduced in the 1926 legislature. An appeal is being made to the State Highway Commission to lay a concrete road to the Jefferson Davis shaft. The Kentucky State Park Commission is seeking to lay out a park near the monument as a further convenience to tourists.

* * *

Some of the Louisiana Chapters have not been deterred by the heat when pleasure could be given their veterans. From Mrs. F. C. Kolman we hear that, although the majority of the Chapters have suspended business meetings during the summer months, a number of social meetings have been held in Chapters throughout the State, where enjoyable programs are arranged, and the President's letter and other interesting articles are read from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Joanna Waddill Chapter, Baton Rouge, has had a series of social gatherings during the summer, and the veterans of Baton Rouge and vicinity are always invited to be present.

Henry Watkins Allen Chapter, of Baton Rouge, also entertained the veterans during the past month at a picnic and ride and gave its simiannual boat ride on the steamer Capitol on September 18, the proceeds of which fill the treasury of this Chapter.

Camp Moore Chapter, Tangipahoa, held its September social meeting with Mrs. R. W. Travis, a member, in Independence, La. The trip was made in automobiles, a nice program was given, and a number of members, veterans, and invited guests were present.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, New Orleans, has inaugurated a card tournament which is well attended twice each month. A series of entertainments—evenings of music and song and dramatic art—to which all members, Chapter Presidents, and Division officers have been invited, have added much to the success of the Chapter under the direction of its President, Mrs. H. W. Eckhardt.

New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, is proud of its relief work under the personal direction of its chairman, Miss Lise Allain, and President, Mrs. Charles Granger.

* * *

Mrs. McMahan, of Blackwater, writes that the U. D. C. of Missouri are hoping very much that one of that State's own sons will be chosen for Stone Mountain—viz., Gen. Sterling Price.

The veterans of George B. Harper Camp, of Cooper County, with their families, were entertained at Choteau Springs by the U. D. C. of that county with a picnic dinner on September 2.

The five Kansas City Chapters are perfecting plans for the entertainment of Missouri veterans at their annual State reunion in October in that city. Gen. A. A. Pearson, State Commander U. C. V., is a resident of Kansas City.

* * *

Like all U. D. C.'s in South Carolina, Mrs. Farley is very proud of that Division's record for several years in the formation of new Chapters, and she delights in reporting new ones:

"The extreme heat in South Carolina for the past few months has by no means stopped the work of the energetic District Directors. Pee Dee District, Miss Julia Ragsdale, Director, reports a new Chapter formed at McColl, with a charter membership of thirty-three.

"With the thermometer soaring above the 100 mark, Mrs. M. C. Milling, the new Director of the Piedmont District, in company with several U. D. C.'s from Greenwood, organized a most promising Chapter at Donalds, August 18.

"Miss Bertie Smith, President of Hampton-Lee Chapter, of Greer, has written a creed and a song, both of which were unanimously adopted by the Chapter for use in the meetings.

"Mrs. J. F. Walker, Division Historian, is publishing in the papers throughout the State a list of 'Books Recommended and Books Condemned.' In view of the fact that in 1927, new textbooks will be adopted for public school use, this is a wise proceeding, and will no doubt have its influence in the choice of books."

* * *

Mrs. Olin Fisk Wiley writes that the outstanding feature of Historical Day with the Boston Chapter, which had to fall on April 21 this year, was the observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, March 18, 1825. She was the sister of Patrick Henry and wife of Gen. William Russell. A beautiful stone church stands in Saltville Valley, Va., on the spot where once stood her dwelling, built by the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South—Madam Russell Memorial. Like her distinguished brother, she was widely known for the brilliancy of her intellect and the beauty of her Christian character. It was at this place and in this home of this illustrious Christian woman that the first Methodist bishop who crossed the Alleghanys stopped and held his first Conference, and ever afterwards the leading potentates of this Church made their home here while passing through this section.

From Madam Russell have descended some of the most distinguished sons and daughters in the Southland. She was the grandmother of Mrs. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina; Mrs. John B. Floyd, wife of the governor of Virginia; Mrs. Compton, of Missouri; Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky; Col. Thomas L. Preston, of Charlottesville, Va.; and many others whose names are high in the roll of fame. It would give me untold satisfaction to locate the movable pulpit she kept on the first floor of her dwelling house and place it in the museum of Emory and Henry College, which is named for her and Bishop Emory, at Emory, Va.

To-day a "Girl of the Sixties" is being laid to rest in Hollywood, Richmond, Va., a typical Southern gentlewoman, Mary Williamson Patteson, who, as a girl around ten years, busied herself scraping lint for our wounded and carrying food to the Confederate hospital in Petersburg, Va.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

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

U. D. C. STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

November.

Tell of the Alabama claims.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

November.

Gen John S. Marmaduke.

HOTELS AND RATES FOR U. D. C. CONVENTION.

Mrs. S. E. Dillon, Chairman of Arrangements for the U. D. C. convention at Hot Springs, reports the following rates made by the hotels there:

The new Arlington, where the convention will be held, European, plan, double room with bath, \$7 to \$9 per day; single rooms, with bath, \$6. Rooms without bath, \$5 to \$7.

The Majestic, American plan, double room with bath, \$9 to \$12; single room with bath, \$6. Rooms without bath, \$4 to \$7.

The Waukesha, European plan, double room, \$2.50; single, \$1.50.

The Como, European plan, double room, \$3 to \$6; single, \$2 to \$3.

The New Moody, American plan, \$4 per day.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIME."

We are now nearing the close of the year 1924-25, and the work of carrying out the obligation assumed by the U. D. C. to distribute 10,000 copies of our book, "Women of the South in War Times," is not very encouraging.

We started this year with more than 5,000 copies still on our shelves. I have been wondering if some of the Divisions with large quotas could not be induced to wipe out their indebtedness by the various Chapters sending a check for "The Grand Total" of their quota assignment to their Director. Later the Chapters could dispose of their copies, when on sale.

The South Carolina Director, Miss Salley, who has made such a splendid record, gave out quotas and kept on writing letters until she had the quota of 775 almost near completion last year. In this case the majority of the Chapters responded to their quotas. Around the first of November our books will close. Much can yet be accomplished, but it will mean concerted action.

There are only two ways of putting this work over—viz.: The Chapters to take their quotas or the Divisions to assume their debt and send an order for the Division quota.

Very hopefully, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.
Fairmont, W. Va.

THE FIFTH ARKANSAS REGIMENT CHAPTER, U. D. C.

In April, 1861, at the old Methodist Camp Ground near Vannsdale, Ark., the 5th Arkansas Regiment was mustered into the Confederate army. The regiment was in Govan's Brigade, Pat Cleburne's Division, and surrendered with Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865. On Friday, the 11th of September, 1925, a meeting was held at this old Camp Ground for the purpose of organizing a Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which was started with seventeen charter members and under the name of the 5th Arkansas Regiment Chapter. Mrs. T. D. Hall, a daughter of Lieut. Eli Sigman, of Company A, was elected President of the Chapter. Members of the Marion Cogbill Camp, of Wynne, Ark., participated in the meeting and helped in the organization and afterwards enjoyed the fine dinner prepared by the ladies of the community.

In sending an account of this occasion, Capt. W. P. Brown, commanding Marion Cogbill Camp of Veterans, writes that there was only one known survivor of the regiment, an old negro who was a servant to the captain of Company A; he would be glad to hear of any others.

TABLET TO CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

BY MARY C. CHESLEY, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY GENERAL,
U. D. C.

On September 4, on Martha's Vineyard, a delightfully charming island just off the coast of Massachusetts, there occurred an event which, in significance, is next in importance to the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1776. This was the unveiling of a tablet to the memory of the Confederate soldiers. The inscription on this bronze tablet, which is to be placed on a monument already standing in the center of the principal street at Oak Bluffs, reads:

"THE CHASM IS CLOSED.

IN MEMORY OF THE RESTORED UNION

THIS TABLET IS DEDICATED BY THE UNION

VETERANS AND PATRIOTIC MEN AND WOMEN OF

MARTHA'S VINEYARD

TO THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS."

The story that leads to the sentiment precipitating the erecting of a memorial to the Confederate heroes in Massachusetts will bring to the minds of many the eloquent and noble Henry W. Grady, of Georgia.

Thirty-odd years ago, a Confederate veteran, seeking better health, settled on this island just off of Cape Cod. Being a highly cultured and well-educated man, he conceived the idea of publishing a newspaper, not only for occupation; but, like Grady, he knew all that was needed to bring about a real reunited country was a better understanding of the two sections. So patiently and tactfully, he began this great mission of patriotic love. In a few years he succeeded, through his columns, in raising enough money to erect a monument to the Union braves who sacrificed their lives from this island, which is a part of Massachusetts. When the monument was dedicated, Mr. Charles Strahan, the Confederate editor, expressed a wish that some day the blank side left on the monument might bear a tribute to the brave Confederate patriots of this country.

Friday, September 4, 1925, it was my privilege to witness the unique and inspiring ceremony of the unveiling of this tablet. The only sadness connected with the event was the death of Judge Hillman, a prominent G. A. R. veteran, who had been largely responsible in making possible this great tribute. He passed away suddenly two days before the time appointed for the exercises. However, his representative reverently presented the tablet, and it was received in the name of the Confederate soldiers and their families by Mr. Charles Strahan, who has lived to see his dearest wish come true. In a gallant speech, Mr. Strahan, depicted the real object of the tablet and impressed all present with a true conception of real patriotism.

It was my rare privilege and honor to present the greetings of the United Daughters of the Confederacy on this occasion, being introduced by the past President of the Woman's Relief Corps of Martha's Vineyard, Mrs. Sydna Eldridge. Prominent men addressed the audience, also Mrs. Eldridge, and among the guests on the platform were two escorts who went with me from Boston, Mr. Nat Poyntz and Mr. E. C. Brush, formerly members of the Confederate States army! Mrs. Swartwout and Dr. Flynn, of the Boston Chapter, were also guests.

A YOUNG GIRL IN THE WAR.

In sending a report of the death of a Southern woman in Kansas, Mrs. Flora E. Stevens, of Kansas City, Mo., writes that "it would make Mrs. Lindsay happy could she know of its publication in the VETERAN, because she was for so long lonely for Southern companionship in her adopted State and town." Of her, Mrs. Stevens writes:

"Mrs. Fannie Lindsay, who died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Allen White, in Emporia, Kans., was born in Kentucky in 1850, and as a child underwent the perils and privations of the war in a border State. In 1874, she married J. M. Lindsay, who had been a young soldier with Gen. John H. Morgan, and she was most proud of 'Morgan's Men,' whom she termed 'the very flower of Kentucky.' The young couple soon made their home in Kansas, and there reared their three sons and three daughters in staunch loyalty to the principles of the South. She and her daughters were members of the Kansas City, Mo., Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and her husband, who died in 1918, was a member of Camp No. 80, U. C. V., of Kansas City. She was for forty-five years a member of the Methodist Church of Kansas City, Kans., also a member of the D. A. R. and Eastern Star. Her son-in-law, the noted editor and novelist, William Allen White, though of opposite political creed, was devoted to her.

"Although living in a State violently Northern, where passion and bitterness has not yet died out, this gentle Kentucky woman, dowered with all home virtues, drew the respect and even love of all about her and reared a household of such high-principled children upon the frontiers that the Lindsay family is esteemed throughout the entire State, and the passing of the lovely character, this genuine Southern lady of the old school, is a loss widely felt."

MANY EDUCATED BY THE U. D. C.'S

Interesting announcements are made by the South Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, through its chairman on education, Mrs. Peter C. Brunson, of Orangeburg.

A coeducational loan scholarship, valued at \$125, is offered from the Edisto District. Competition is limited to this district.

A State-wide competition is provided for a division scholarship at Winthrop College, valued at \$100.

The following scholarships are provided for South-wide competition: Medical College of South Carolina, Charleston, scholarship valued at \$120; Converse College, Spartanburg, tuition scholarship valued at \$100; Furman University, Greenville, tuition scholarship valued at \$75; College of Charleston, Charleston, tuition scholarship valued at \$50; Winthrop College, Rock Hill, tuition scholarship.

It is interesting to note that the United Daughters of the Confederacy spent last year \$4,116.75 in educating the descendants of those who wore the gray.—*Exchange*.

Through his daughter, Capt. Fred Beall, of Washington, D. C., Life Commander of Camp No. 171 U. C. V., sends a kindly message to the VETERAN expressing his enjoyment of the number for August, saying it is "the best yet," and that it has been read from "kiver to kiver." He also sends his appreciation of the work being done by the management to maintain the high standard of this publication, "making it a treasure house of Confederate history, of incalculable value to the present and future generations."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jean D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Greetings, with affectionate remembrance of all the tender and thoughtful courtesies extended during the Dallas reunion and your patience in aiding me in every possible way to make the splendid success of what the Dallas women had planned for our benefit and pleasure.

A rest of several weeks in the mountains of North Carolina was concluded with a delightful stay of four days with Mrs. Jesse J. Yates, our State President for North Carolina, and also President of the Asheville local association, who had planned many pleasures for my visit, most important of which was the opportunity given me of meeting the members of the Asheville Ladies' Memorial Association at Hotel Vanderbilt, at a charming reception, where the privilege was also given of enjoying a visit with a number of the local veterans.

The Memorial Coin.—That every man and woman holding true to the faith of our fathers, whose proud record has never been excelled, will rally to the support of this wonderful opportunity to complete upon Stone Mountain the story of the glory of the achievements of our hero ancestors goes without saying, for it brings to each of us a test of our loyalty to the cause for which they fought and our desire to fittingly honor them. Let us rise above all personalities and press forward to aid in the completion of this most marvelous undertaking by aiding in the sale of the coin and bearing in mind ever their faith in us, with our motto ever in mind:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet.
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Our New Sculptor.—During my long period of illness came the notice of my election as a Vice President of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, which came to my sick room and brought a pleasant surprise that friends had not forgotten me though shut in as I had been, and the desire to be of real service in aiding the herculean undertaking lent fresh inspiration to take up again the responsibilities of life. Since my election, it has been my privilege to attend two meetings of the Board of Directors. At the last meeting, held in Atlanta, August 19, the supreme satisfaction was given the Board of having presented by Mr. Lukeman, for the first time, his model of the central group for inspection and criticism, and which elicited the greatest applause from the large number present. The figures of Lee and Jackson have slight changes; our first and only President, Jefferson Davis, was given his rightful place at the head of the column, leading the army as President and Commander in Chief of the

Southern forces. Mr. Lukeman's figures are full of life, likenesses splendid, and the groupings pervaded with the dignity befitting the grandeur of characters personated. Mr. Lukeman is of genial personality, modest in bearing, and thrilled with the undertaking before him. The Board felt that no mistake had been made, but a fortunate selection to carry on to completion this masterful production. Work will be resumed in October, as this reaches you.

Commander in Chief, U. C. V.—Among the many notables present at the presentation of Mr. Lukeman's models, Gen. W. B. Freeman, our beloved and honored Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, was an outstanding figure, and, representing as he does the remnant of the incomparable forces of our great struggle for principles which we know to be right, General Freeman's presence and support gave added courage to our leader and president, Mr. Hollins N. Randolph, who has so splendidly led the forces of the association and has, out of the chaotic condition of plans and finances, brought harmony and a wonderfully successful campaign for final completion of this, a world's masterpiece.

Let my earnest admonition be that not only every association, but every individual member, put forth her best efforts in helping to push this, our pledged object, and work for Stone Mountain with heart and brain, and the recompense will be in the end joy to each soul that brought even as the "widow's mite"—that we lent a helping hand when most needed.

Gold Bar Mothers.—Our list is growing. Mrs. Winnie Green, of Dixon, Miss., was presented with a gold bar in August, and a mother who is a hundred years of age will receive hers this month. Send the name of any mother of a living Confederate soldier to Mrs. Ernest Walworth, Chairman, 1918 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

Always faithfully yours.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

MEMORIAL DAY, JUNE 3.

The following beautiful address was made by Hon. Allison Owen on the occasion of the annual memorial exercises at Greenwood Cemetery, New Orleans, under the auspices of the local Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association:

"Fifty-one years ago the women of New Orleans raised this stately monument to the valor of Southern heroes.

"On each succeeding year the ever-thinning ranks of the once great gray army have come to this hallowed spot to

renew their faith in the purity of their aim and to cherish the memory of those who gave their lives and those who have since gone to join their swelling ranks.

"Beneath these sacred stones, wrapped in the silence of eternity, rests the precious dust of those who in the joy and glow of youth laid the sacrifice of their lives upon the altar of their country. Here about its base stand the commanding features of four of their matchless leaders, Lee, Jackson, Polk, and Johnston. And on its summit that splendid, sturdy figure, that type of American manhood, that warrior without blemish, that exemplar of dauntless courage, of unparalleled endurance, of matchless valor, and of peerless fortitude, the Confederate soldier stands guard forever over that precious memory and looks out upon the passing throng of generation after generation and recalls to them that heroic age through which it was ordained that our country should emerge the greatest in all the world.

"It is singularly appropriate that we should gather here in the slanting sunlight on this day, the birthday of that great American soldier and statesman, Jefferson Davis, to pay our debt of gratitude. Greater and greater as time goes on grows his stature among that host of great Americans. Year by year we learn dispassionately to evaluate his sterling Christian character, his part in the upbuilding of his State, his service in the halls of Congress, his outstanding military leadership in Mexico, his constructive work as Secretary of War, his courageous break with his old associates when the crisis came, his heroic defense of the constitutional rights of the Southern States, his able guidance of the Confederacy, and, finally, his martyrdom for principle and honor which has clothed his memory with glory and left it to us an inspiration for all time.

"It was my good fortune to have known him in the twilight of his eventful life, both at the hospitable table of my soldier father and on the shady gallery of his stately old Southern home at Beauvoir, and to have learned to love him for himself, for his courageous wife, and his charming daughter, the 'Daughter of the Confederacy.'

"It was there that I learned at first hand the truth of many of the vicious and cowardly calumnies with which it was sought to besmirch his memory—calumnies repeated to this day, but so often and so completely refuted that I will not dignify them by further reference.

"It was my privilege as a student to march in that great outpouring and heartfelt tribute to his imperishable memory when at last he was called by the Great Commander to his final reward.

"And so to-day, while that gray army is ever growing on the shores of the Great Beyond, while it is fading into the gray dusk of eternity, we of the younger generation, in the uniform of our reunited country, we who also know the stark realities of war, we who also have given our sons in the defense of our common country, we salute you, the dwindling survivors of heroic days, and you, the saintly women who have raised and cherished this beautiful shaft to the glory of Southern chivalry; and we salute you, the dead, our fathers, whose soldierly example we have striven to emulate on the fields of France.

"Your noble deeds are our treasured heritage, your memory is safe in our keeping. Our children shall transmit it untarnished to the generations to come, and here let us dedicate ourselves and them to the service of our country."

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT RESACA, GA.

The following letter was sent to the VETERAN by a good friend and patron, James S. Hatch, of Big Rock, Ill., a veteran of the blue, who has made many pilgrimages to Southern battle fields, on some of which he fought. He has the faculty of making friends wherever he goes, and through them keeps in touch with those old fields of glory and of death. This letter about the cemetery at Resaca, Ga., is from Mrs. W. C. Hines, of Calhoun, Ga., and of date April 17, 1925. Responding to his inquiries, she says:

"As custodian of the Resaca Confederate Cemetery for several years past, under appointment by the State Legislature with the approval of the governor, I have tried in a very unsatisfactory way to myself to keep the grounds fairly respectable in appearance. We observe the anniversary of the battles fought there, in which you participated in 1864,

"A few days ago I visited the cemetery and found it looking very fresh and green. Memorial exercises will be observed there sometime in May. It is now the property of the State, having been donated by the original owners and founders. The State accepted the gift and has made several appropriations toward the upkeep. The handsome stone wall that incloses the graves was built by the State under the direction of a joint committee of U. C. V. and U. D. C. of Gordon County. This cemetery and one at Winchester, Va., were consecrated and dedicated on the same date, each thinking theirs was the first Confederate cemetery. This ceremony was performed on October 25, 1866. A large crowd was present, some coming from a long distance. Each State's soldiers are buried in the State group, the unknown soldiers in circles near the center, where a nice granite cross is placed to their memory. Several wooden fences at different times inclosed the grounds, which decayed as the years passed. The rock wall was built in 1911. Little white marble headstones mark the graves, which number between four and five hundred. This is a beautiful country. I came here to live, from Middle Georgia, in 1874. Many, many changes and improvements have taken place since then. My father and three uncles were veterans in the War between the States. Father was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville the day that Stonewall Jackson received his death wound; one uncle was wounded at the battle of Knoxville, Tenn.; another died of pneumonia in camp. My mother's brother returned unscarred and is still living, quite an old man."

HALLOWED GROUND.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS.

Deep hid within the silent wood,
The camp where Forrest's chargers stood;
Dim marked the trenches in the sod,
A lone grave, sacred spot of God.

The same south wind sighs through the trees,
The violets whisper to the breeze;
While, sinking red, the summer sun
Paints red, again, the trickling run.

God's chapel here, beneath the trees,
And, all alone, on bended knee,
My heart renews a boyhood vow—
To shield for aye, 'gainst ax and plow.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
 PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark. *Surgeon in Chief*
 JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 REV. ALBERT S. JOHNSON, Charlotte, N. C. *Chaplain in Chief*
 DON FARNSWORTH, New York City. *Commissary in Chief*

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DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA. John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
 ARMY TENNESSEE. Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.
 ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—Washington.
 Fielding M. Lewis
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York City. Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Savannah. Dr. W. R. Dancy
 KENTUCKY—Lexington. W. V. McFerrin
 LOUISIANA—Monroe. J. W. McWilliams
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. W. Scott Hancock
 MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo. John M. Witt
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell. Harry D. Calhoun
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. T. E. Powers
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. A. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

GENERAL ORDERS AND COMMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA DIVISION, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. The Division Commander having assumed command of the Camps composing the Virginia Division as per Special Orders No. 1, heretofore issued, now issues General Orders No. 1 as follows:

2. The following comrades were elected Brigade Commanders at the reunion in Staunton, Va., June 17, 18, 19, 1925:

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, John R. Saunders, Richmond, Va.
 Second Brigade, V. P. Paulett, Farmville, Va.
 Third Brigade, R. G. Lampkin, Roanoke, Va.
 Fourth Brigade, Rudolph Bumgardner, Staunton, Va.
 Fifth Brigade, E. P. Francis, Marion, Va.

3. The Division Commander has appointed to his official staff the comrades whose names are set out below. Every staff officer is enjoined to be diligent in the work and to do all in his power toward building up our organization.

4. The Division Commander desires to return his most sincere thanks for the honor conferred upon him in being made the head of the Virginia Division. Words cannot express what he has it in his heart to say, but to a Virginian qualified by descent from Confederate heroes there can come no higher honor than elevation to the post of Commander of the Virginia Division, and the present Commander is deeply grateful to his comrades for the honor which they have conferred upon him. We Sons must see to it that history shall eternally record the truth that no other nation than our Confederacy ever came into existence in pursuit of nobler ideals or made war with objects so free of selfish ends. Our fathers went to war as patriots, not mercenaries. A great Virginian said: "The glory of the Confederate soldier is in the fact that he went forth from the people's homes to the field of battle; that he suffered for a people's cause without pay; that he carried a people's standard without reward, and that when all was lost save honor he worked as he fought, with his whole soul, and achieved victories of peace that outshine all the fields of war. I would not give the memory of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, A. P. Hill, J. E. B. Stuart, and their compeers for all your mines and fields. I would

not give the character and fame of the Confederate private soldier for the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

T. E. POWERS,

Commander Virginia Division, S. C. V.

C. I. CARRINGTON, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff.*

Officers of the Virginia Division, S. C. V.

Commander, T. E. Powers, Charlottesville, Va.

OFFICIAL STAFF.

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, C. I. Carrington, Richmond, Va.

Assistant Adjutant, E. S. Shields, Farmville, Va.

Inspector, H. L. Opie, Staunton, Va.

Assistant Inspector, Lee O. Miller, Richmond, Va.

Judge Advocate, A. S. Bolling, Charlottesville, Va.

Assistant Judge Advocate, T. E. Grimsley, Culpeper, Va.

Chaplain, Rev. George P. Mayo, Dyke, Va.

Assistant Chaplain, Rev. F. Bland Tucker, Lawrenceville, Va.

Quartermaster, S. S. Birch, Martinsville, Va.

Assistant Quartermaster, R. S. Hudgins, Richmond, Va.

Commissary, R. M. Colvin, Harrisonburg, Va.

Assistant Commissary, J. Edward Beale, Remington, Va.

Surgeon, Dr. Israel Brown, Norfolk, Va.

Assistant Surgeon, Dr. A. T. Finch, Chase City, Va.

Color Sergeant, W. A. Earhart, Radford, Va.

Assistant Color Sergeant, E. H. Birchfield, Roanoke, Va.

Historian, Roswell Page, Ashland, Va.

Assistant Historian, W. Roy Mason, Richmond, Va.

HEADQUARTERS NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, ASHVILLE, N. C. August 14, 1925.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. By virtue of office as Commander for the Division of North Carolina, I hereby assume command of the brigades and Camps composing my division, and announce my headquarters as Asheville, N. C.

2. I hereby announce the appointment of the following members of my staff to become effective at once:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, George A. Diggs, Asheville, N. C.

Inspector, J. W. L. Arthur, Asheville, N. C.

Judge Advocate, Gallatin Roberts, Asheville, N. C.

Quartermaster, L. E. Rankin, Gastonia, N. C.

Commissary, E. L. McKee, Sylva, N. C.
 Surgeon, Dr. J. H. Shuford, Hickory, N. C.
 Historian, John H. Dillard, Murphy, N. C.
 Chaplain, E. J. Hyatt, Waynesville, N. C.
 Color Bearer, Charles H. Reid, Sanford, N. C.

3. I also announce the appointment of my Brigade Commanders who will serve during my term of office as Division Commanders for North Carolina:

First Brigade, J. D. Paul, Washington, N. C.
 Second Brigade, Dr. J. M. Manning, Durham, N. C.
 Third Brigade, G. O. Coble, Greensboro, N. C.
 Fourth Brigade, A. E. Aev, Ashville, N. C.

I wish to state that the duties of these commanders and the members of my official staff begin at once, each having been notified as to his appointment.

CHARLES M. BROWN,
 Commander North Carolina Division, S. C. V.

THE BEAM IN THE EYE.

The *American Legion Weekly* gives an interesting story about "The old Men in Gray," in the course of which it refers to that recent book on Lee written by Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, British Chief of Operations during the World War. This Maurice book would be great but for one glaring error, which throws its criticisms and conclusions all out of balance. Lee is styled "the main prop of a cause history has proved to be wrong."

How has history proved any such thing? The actual and immediate cause of the South going to war was to repel invasion. Has history proved that a man defending his home and country is "wrong"? Slightly more remote in the circumstances which forced the South to war stands "State rights," which she went down to utter exhaustion in defending. Are there now, anywhere on earth, more ardent defenders of State rights than those same Northern States which went to war denying to the South the "right of a homogeneous people to govern themselves"? It would seem that General Maurice could well afford to alter that line in his book, bringing it nearer to truth thereby and showing, at least, a clearer idea of history than of propaganda.

"BREATHES THERE A MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD?"

The *Kansas City Times* is quoted as saying that to many observers the South has greatly changed in recent years, that "remarkable transformations" have taken place, and it quotes a "former judge of the superior court of North Carolina" as writing in *Current History* that the South of tradition is gone. "In warp and woof, in body and texture, the change is complete," he is quoted as saying. "Everything of the Old South has disappeared—its manners and customs, its standards of values, its very civilization. And ninety-nine of every one hundred Southerners rejoice at the change." We sincerely hope, and we sincerely believe, that this "former judge," if he be correctly quoted, is entirely wrong. We have among our Southern population an element poisoned on Northern propaganda and false histories who through ignorance foul their own nests, and there is another element who, both from lack of character and lack of information, think it a sign of "advancement" and "progress" to decry the Old South; but we *know* that these elements, taken together, constitute a small minority; otherwise we should despair. Is it possible to think of the South then, the South of Lee and Jackson and of those high days of colonial chivalry, degenerated into a lot of men fawning about a swarming Northern population, half foreign born, and, in their efforts to please these Northerners, assuming a pose of superiority in defam-

ing their native land and the people who gave them birth? It cannot be imagined! There exists no such "ninety-nine of every hundred" among us. In spite of the minority who shame themselves and us upon occasions, the South is inhabited by patriotic and South-loving men and women who revere its history and traditions, who look with pride upon its great men and their great deeds, who know the truth and honor which have always attended the South along the path of history, and who would scorn to abase themselves as do some pitiful few in their efforts to appear ultra advanced and progressive.

BLACK HORSE CAMP, S. C. V.

This Camp with the historic name held its annual meeting at Fauquier Springs, Va., on August 14. This is a rural Camp and adopts this idea of the annual meeting as its best way of holding the interest in the work at a high pitch; special called meetings are held when occasion requires. There was a dinner and a large audience, which Commander Beale says was only tinged with regret that so many of the veterans, always members of the Camp, had passed away in recent years. We thank Commander Beale for always remembering the S. C. V. Department of the VETERAN and for sending in his account of these interesting meetings. The officers of the Camp are: J. Edward Beale, Commander; R. A. McEntyre, Lieutenant Commander; Chaplen Fletcher, Adjutant; E. C. Cocks, Treasurer; M. A. Gimms, Sergeant; Rev. S. W. Cole, Chaplain.

HOW THEY DO LOVE US!

The Grand Army of the Republic has broken loose again. This time these patriotic pensioners are throwing a fit over the "restoration" of the Lee Mansion at Arlington. Arlington, the beautiful estate of the Washington and the Lee families, stolen by the Yankee government at the beginning of the War between the States, was turned into a graveyard, doubtless, at that time, with the idea of desecration. Fortunately, it has evolved into an honored burial place for the nation's dead. When it was stolen the beautiful furnishings and stately equipment of the mansion were largely stolen also or destroyed. It is now proposed to "restore" the mansion. We recall how recently those patriotic commanders in chief of the G. A. R., Messrs. Salsgaber and Arsenburg, thundered out their anathemas at Stone Mountain, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, etc. Treason ever stares these saviors of the nation (at so many dollars per save) in the face, and if treason ever gets in its work it will not be for lack of sonorous warnings from Messrs. Salsgaber and Arsenburg, superpatriots. Now, the Grand Army in its annual meeting at Grand Rapids, Mich., in formal resolution, denounces this restoration of the Lee Mansion and states that "to honor the chattels and name of Robert E. Lee is most unthinkable, and it would be an insult and a disgrace to the nation." There is a lot more like this. It is a pity about these old men, some of whom doubtless actually were in the Northern army and saw some fighting. Most of these surviving pensioners, however, probably never saw much or any of actual war—they got on the rolls through some of the many fraudulent bills engineered through Congress for this purpose; but at the end this way, it is pitiable to see men who call themselves American soldiers slobbering out revilings and insults at their infinite superiors.

Thomas B. Gwin, of Gadsden, Ala., says he does not want to miss a number of the VETERAN, "for it is very dear to my heart," so he sends five dollars to insure its coming to him for some year longer.

FIRST TASTE OF WAR.

BY J. CHURCHILL COOKE, COMPANY G, 4TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

In this communication I wish to correct what I have often seen in newspapers and in other publications that President Jefferson Davis was the cause of our army not capturing Washington after the first battle of Manassas.

My company was the Hanover Troop, of Hanover County, Va., a volunteer company many years before the war. I was a member of it, though very young, and could be at its meetings only during vacations from school; but I was at home when the war broke out, having just left college. As soon as the State of Virginia seceded, my company was among the first called into service. We assembled at Ashland, in Hanover County, and had been there about two weeks when we were hurried off to Fairfax Station, on the Gordonsville and Alexander Railroad, at that time, and about four miles from Fairfax Courthouse. We went in freight cars with our horses and had scarcely gotten to the station when we were hurried to the Courthouse to meet a raiding party of cavalry from Washington, commanded by one Captain Thomas. When we got to the Courthouse, the raiders had been driven off by the Warrenton Rifles, commanded by Capt. J. Q. Marr, who, unfortunately, was killed, said to be the first Confederate soldier killed during the war. It was there we saw our first blood of the war. We moved from the station to the Courthouse and made it our headquarters from that time until the first battle of Manassas.

At that battle my company was stationed at a ford on the Bull Run, some little distance on the extreme right of our army. We could hear the fighting all day. Sometime late in the evening, we were sent for and, as all advanced in a gallop, we got our first taste of a solid shot. A Yankee battery on our right had a good view of us, and sent us a reception. It was good shooting from long range, but no one was hurt. By the time we got on the field, the Yankees had commenced to retire. We were ordered across Bull Run, with directions to intercept and charge into them. We did as ordered, but they were at that time a long way from being in a panic, which they afterwards got into. In the charge I got separated from my company and went much farther in the *mêlée* than I intended. Night was coming on, and when I found my company, I learned that four of my comrades had been killed or wounded. Three were killed outright, and one, Edmond Fontaine, sergeant major of the regiment, badly wounded. His brother, Dr. John B. Fontaine, a member of the company, asked me to help carry him to a hospital some distance from the field. With another man, I helped to carry him off and we took him to the same hospital in which Generals Bee and Bartow had been placed. About one o'clock that night, Comrade Fontaine died. The next day we put him in a rude coffin and went to Manassas Junction to send the body to his home. I was detailed from my company to escort the remains home. There were many others on the same train going to their last resting place.

On this train was President Jefferson Davis also. This train passed through the towns of Culpeper and Orange. At one of these places where the train stopped, the President was called out by the people to let them see and hear him. I followed right behind him, and

heard his talk. After extolling the army and praising it for what it had done in defeating the enemy, he remarked with emphasis: "And by this time I expect the army is in Washington." He repeated that remark several times, and it does not sound like the President hindered our capturing Washington. I carried Comrade Fontaine's body home and buried it, then returned to my company.

The panic that followed after that battle is beyond my power to describe. The men of my company captured any number of army six-shooters (pistols). When we were mustered into service, we were armed with old "horseman pistols," muzzle-loaders, which had to be carried in holsters on our saddles. After the battle, we threw away our old pistols for the new ones. I have mine to this good day. We continued to do picket duty in that section of the State until the following March, when we were ordered down to the Peninsula.

A LITTLE DEVIL.

Could the war experiences of Marion Francis Webb, now of Oak Grove, Jackson County, Mo., be written, they would doubtless make a book of thrilling interest, for he had his share of exciting adventures and hairbreadth escapes as a young Confederate soldier. He was only eighteen when he enlisted, and in the following he tells something of his experiences:

"On the night of December 3, 1862, I started south from Chapel Hill in company with Dr. Put Fulkerson, Tom Ragsdale, Jim Peake, David George, Dave Faulkenberry, Tom Faulkenberry, Chauncey Husted, Andy Owings, Jim Ives, a man named Lawson, and Joseph Perry, who was our pilot. In this bunch of recruits there were only two pistols and one gun. But we were well mounted and we rode by night, lying in the brush by day, passed the Federal lines, and reached the Arkansas River without trouble. We joined the Confederate forces on Christmas Eve, and on January 1, 1863, I was sworn in, becoming a member of Company C, Shanks's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade, Marmaduke's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A., and continued in that command until the surrender at Shreveport, La., at the end



MEMBERS OF JOHN F. HILL CAMP, U. C. V., OF CLARKSVILLE, ARK.

The John F. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans was organized at Clarksville, Ark., some years ago with one hundred and sixty-six members, of whom there are but thirty-two now on the Camp roll. The above group shows the members attending the annual Memorial Day services on May 10. In the top row, left to right, are: J. J. Taylor, Arch Ogden, John Reed, S. N. Thomason, W. E. Shirley, R. Burford, W. H. Langford, W. S. Jett. Bottom row: J. G. Coffee, S. A. Dixon, R. S. Saurie, Pleas Morgan, W. P. Hamilton, J. S. Asklock, E. W. Lemley, J. V. Hughes, E. T. McConnell.

of the war. I missed only one raid that Shelby made in Missouri, and only one battle in which my command participated, in both cases on account of illness. I was never wounded, never but once struck by a bullet, when a part of my coat was ripped off by the enemy's fire as we made an advance.

"My first battle was at Springfield, Mo., January 8, 1863, just one week from the day I enlisted. The Federals were in possession of Springfield and had converted the courthouse into a fort, where they held a number of Confederate prisoners. It was decided to attack. Our men were ready, awaiting orders. I was lying on the ground, dead tired and half asleep, when Gen. Jo Shelby came tearing along the line shouting for Shanks's men. We were soon in the saddle. I had an idea firmly fixed in my head that when the order came to advance to ride straight forward. The order came, and I rode, rode fast, and straight ahead. The bullets were singing at a lively rate, coming from both directions, and I soon became aware of shouts to my rear of 'Stop! come back here, you little devil!' I found that I had ridden considerably in advance of our lines and was making a fair target for the enemy in front and my comrades in the rear. How I escaped injury is a mystery.

"I was destined to be addressed as 'little devil' twice again that same day. Once was when I was over the entrenchments and making my way into the fort, and my older brother, John Webb, a soldier of some experience, caught hold of me and, applying the term, advised me to stay with my company. Later in the day I entered an attractive looking farmhouse and was delighted to find a deserted dining room and a long table spread with a fine dinner which was untouched. I stacked my gun and was preparing to make a foray upon that table when my arm was clutched and I heard: 'Stop, you little devil! It may be a trap, the food may be poisoned!' We left the house, and none too soon, for the enemy was lurking near, but afterwards I heard to my regret that the dinner was the very same to which the Federal officers were sitting down when they were startled by the Rebel yell.

"When we surrendered at Shreveport, we asked permission to return home by land and bring our horses. We were issued a pass by General Canby, the Federal officer in command, who also gave us arms and forty rounds of ammunition each, to protect ourselves from jayhawkers and robbers on the homeward journey. We were not to fire upon United States troops unless attacked, in which case we were given full power to defend ourselves. We arrived in Missouri safely, and, according to the arrangement, turned over our arms to the first United States troops we came across within the borders of our State, which, as it happened, were at Nevada, Mo."

After the war Mr. Webb went to New York and took ship for California, via Panama, and remained in the far West two years, returning home across the plains. On December 21, 1873, he and Miss Mattie J. Phillips, of Chapel Hill, were married. They have spent all their married life near Oak Grove. Their present home is a farm which is a part of the large tract entered from the government by Mr. Webb's parents, Thomas and Margaret Webb, when they came from Giles County, Tenn., in 1836. Francis Marion Webb was born October 17, 1844, in a large log house, which still stands a few miles from his present home.

Of the twelve children born to them there are five sons and four daughters living, all of whom reside in Missouri,

Mr. Webb is a reader of the *VETERAN*, has a well-selected library of Southern histories, attends the general reunions, and, through his children, keeps in touch with the State and local organizations which are devoted to the preservation of the history of the Southern Confederacy.

FIRST LESSON IN WAR.

(Continued from page 383.)

killed in this fight and the one which took place here June 2 and 3, 1864. For years after the close of the war, the bombshells driven into the ground and lying on top of it made the cultivation of the soil dangerous.

McClellan's artillery was served on every occasion with the greatest skill. He seemed to have more confidence in that arm of the service than any other. He was an accomplished soldier and a gentleman, but overcautious.

I have written this article for the *VETERAN* in the interest of true history, that its readers may know the facts which I witnessed, and to present them again to the minds of my old comrades who participated in them with me. But, alas, how few of them are left! I should be pleased to hear from any or all of them now living.

I do not wish to leave the impression that Lawton's Brigade deserved more credit for winning this great battle than others; many brigades had fought that morning with the greatest gallantry before we came up, but were decimated by the fire of the enemy in their chosen position behind Powhite Creek. Too much cannot be said for the brave fellows who assaulted McClellan's center at Gaines's Mill, a position equally as strong as that held by him at Malvern Hill and Meade's at Gettysburg. The enemy occupied a hill on the east side of the creek and mill pond, made more difficult to cross by the timber being cut so as to fall into them. The hill was fortified by three lines of breastworks, one above another occupied by the infantry, and on the level at the top, overlooking the open field through which the Confederates must advance, were numerous batteries of artillery which swept the field and drove back the Confederates in every assault they made, even though they reached the creek and pond, which they failed to cross on account of the tree tops in the water and the fire of the lines of infantry above them. This was the situation far to our right where the battle had raged so fearfully all the forenoon, and upon which General Lee had lost so many men without making any impression. The Confederates who had done this fighting were the flower of the South, and although they had failed and were discouraged, they were not to be blamed; for it does seem that they had attempted the impossible.

The writer of this account of the battle was only a private in the ranks, and trying to do his duty with his command far to the left. He was too busy to think about what was transpiring on the far-flung line to the right, for even the noise of battle there was drowned by the awful roar around him; but as soon as the Hoboken Battery was captured, news came to us that General Hood and his brigade of Texans, Georgians, and North Carolinians had stormed this position, captured the artillery, and routed the cavalry charge made by McClellan to recover his ground, and were still holding it. This was the last act in the great drama, and all McClellan's army not killed or captured on that side of the Chickahominy were now driven into the swamp of that stream and were floundering around in the darkness, mud, and water in an effort to cross over to the main force on the other side, for that stream had risen and flooded all the adjacent lowlands.

The Confederates, with their artillery, might have destroyed the fugitives in the swamp that night, but for some reason did not choose to do so.

[NOTE.—All the regiments of Lawton's brigade were armed with imported Enfield rifles except the 31st.]

THE BIGGEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

The "Biggest Book in the World" has been reproduced in miniature form, from the press of the Norman-Remington Company. This handsomely bound little volume is a reproduction by photographic plates of the bibliopegic jumbo which was exhibited at the Southern Industrial Exhibition in New York City last May.

The original, of which this little book is a replica, is entitled "The Story of the South in the Building of the Republic," each page of which is illustrated with a picture setting forth an epoch in regard to the South's part in the development of the republic from the first settlement at Jamestown to the final summary of the South's contribution in the winning of the World War. Some of the pictures are taken from enlargements of rare old prints, while others are from modern artists, such as Lloyd Branson's picture of the frontiersmen preparing for the battle of King's Mountain;

This jumbo volume was held to be the most popular attraction at the New York Exhibition. The original weighs over 500 pounds, is 6 feet 10 inches in height, 12 inches thick, 9 feet 2 inches when outspread. The easel and mechanism on which the book rests is 12 feet 2 inches high, and the pages are turned by an electrical device, which, operating through compound gearing, develops twelve horse power at the main shaft.

New England commentator has said: "The biggest book in the world, physically speaking, and one of the greatest from a literary and historical viewpoint, is dedicated to 'All Americans, regardless of their birthplace, who have added to the enduring heritage of the republic in words, work, and worth.' In a few words on each page it describes events and men with accurate vividness. 'George Washington has been called the Sword of the Revolution; so, Thomas Jefferson may be called the Pen, and Patrick Henry the Voice of the War for Independence,' reads one sentence on one page, thus describing in twenty-eight words the work and the personal character of three of the greatest men in American history."

This miniature book may be ordered through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at \$1.00 the copy, postage prepaid; each copy will contain an illustrated post card of the biggest book in the world.

BISHOP QUINTARD: His Book.—The VETERAN has for sale a copy of General Hood's "Advance and Retreat," on the fly leaf of which is inscribed: "To Bishop Quintard, from John C. Brown." On the inside of cover is the Bishop's bookplate in colors, which is his coat of arms, with the motto: "*Mon Dieu Est Ma Roche*" (My God is my Rock). The book was sent to the VETERAN from Sheridan, Pa., for sale, and the price of \$5.00 is thought to be reasonable, as it is in very good condition. Its association with Bishop Quintard would make it more valuable to one of his "old boys."

A SOUTH CAROLINA MOTHER.—The following comes from W. E. Doyle, of Teage, Tex.: "Prior and up to February, 1864, when I joined the Virginia army, I lived where is now the little town of Madison, in Pickens District, South Carolina. Mrs. Amelia Butler was one of our neighbors. She had five sons and sent them all to the Army of Northern Virginia. Four were killed in battle and one came home from Appomattox with a broken arm, having been wounded late Saturday evening before the surrender on Sunday."

ERRORS AND OMISSIONS.

It is not good policy to call attention to blunders, but for the sake of correcting some errors and omissions in the September number, the following notes are made:

Page 329.—In the article on the golden wedding anniversary of the Rev. William D. Matthews and wife, of Oklahoma, it is stated that "he retired from the ministry after five years of effective service," when it should have been that he retired after his fiftieth year of active service in the ministry. The maiden name of his wife was Miss Nannie D. Conway.

On the same page, our good English friend, Mr. Gerald Smythe, is given the title of "General" under his picture, evidently because the printer thinks everybody should have a title.

Page 326.—In the sketch of Governor Lubbock the date of his death should have been given—June 22, 1905. And in the sketch of the McLaurin twins (page 328), of South Carolina, it should have been stated that D. W. McLaurin is now Commander of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V.

The worst blunder involves the whole printing force in allowing a mixup of the beautiful poem by Arthur Louis Petcolas. On page 331, first column, near bottom of page, Tuscarora says, "Will they renew the fight?" and this should have been followed by the response from the Cherokee, "Ay, with the morninglight" (second column, near bottom). This then reads on to the line, "The chaplet of victory," on page 332, which should be followed by the line given just under Tuscarora's question on page 331, "His gaunt, grim veterans," and so on to the close.

Doubtless other mistakes have been noticed by the VETERAN readers, but these are surely the worst.

Mat Burney, of Uvalde, Tex., writes: "I am eighty-one years of age; served four years in the Confederate army in Company C, 1st Texas Cavalry, but my service was in the Trans-Mississippi Department. I get more history from reading the VETERAN than from most so-called histories of the War between the States. I don't think there is anyone who enjoys reading the VETERAN more than I do, and I wish that every Confederate veteran, every Son, and every Daughter of the Confederacy would read it. A long and useful life for it."

George A. Bruton, Comanche, Tex., renews for two years, and says: "I can't live without the VETERAN. I am eighty-two years young, served in Company E, 19th Louisiana Infantry, Gibson's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, under Bragg, Johnston, Hood. I hope to read the VETERAN until I am a hundred. Long live the VETERAN!"

The editor of the *Observer*, Mr. Frank C. Van Horn, of Christobal, Tex., is a subscriber to the VETERAN, and says of it: "I have great pleasure in reading the VETERAN, and occasionally copy a story for my paper, which is the official organ of the Mountain Remnant Brigade, Texas Division, U. C. V., and they hold their annual reunion at this place every year. About seventy-five attend, and are given a barbecue three days while they are camped in our shady park; and a program of speaking, music, dancing to old-time fiddling is rendered for the three days and nights, and the old boys enjoy it to the limit."

J. J. Willett, of Anniston, Ala., renews for two years and writes: "You produce the best, cleanest, and most readable magazine I know of. The wonder is how you can do it for the price."

An inquiry comes for any of John Esten Cooke's works, and anyone who has the single volumes or the complete set will confer a favor by writing to the VETERAN, stating style of binding, condition, and price wanted.

W. E. Gill of Texline, Tex., is anxious to get in communication with some old comrades of the war. He was born in Windsor, N. C., was conscripted, and detailed as shoemaker for his community. Any comrades now living he would like to hear from.

M. J. Sheridan, 1121 South Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Calif., is seeking information concerning men named Sheridan who served in the Confederate army, both officers and enlisted men, and the record of Gen. Jacob Sheridan is particularly sought.

Mr. William T. Alexander, 525 Battery Place, Chattanooga, Tenn., asks that all survivors of the siege of Vicksburg send their names to him, and the command with which they served. He says: "I served through that horrible siege, from May 16 to July 4, 1863, forty-seven days and nights. We gave up only through starvation, having existed that time on ten days' rations. My object is to form an association of the present survivors of that siege, all to meet at our next reunion in Birmingham."

TO THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

(Written by Dr. B. T. Welch, and read by Miss Blanche Van Horn, Daughter of the Mountain Remnant Brigade, Fifth Division, U. C. V., at the reunion on August 6, 1925.)

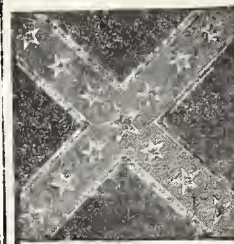
The thin gray line's advancing,
A softened ray is glancing,
A mellow glow where western sun doth set.

They halt to give us greeting,
We're happy at the meeting,
So happy just to know
They're with us yet.

We hail them, voices cheerful,
We greet them, eyelids tearful,
A smile upon our cheeks
What though they're wet.
We love them all so dearly
So truly and sincerely
We never can, no, never can forget.

It's a joy just looking at them,
And to honor, love, and pet them
Is our service, and our tribute, and our debt.
For there never was another'n
Like our noble, fine old Southern,
Grand old Southern Confederate Vet.

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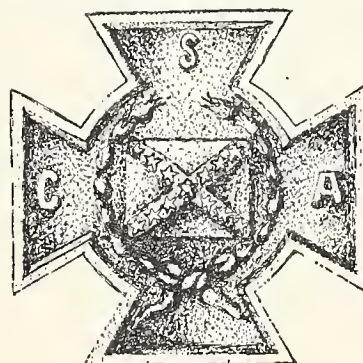
ARMY COSTS.—The United States army in the Philippine Islands spent \$10,147,386 in cash sent from the United States during 1924, a statement prepared by the Philippine Department shows. This sum does not include all of the money spent during the year to meet the needs of the army in the Philippines, but simply represents the actual cash disbursed. In addition to this sum, much more was spent in the United States for supplies and materials which were sent to the islands during the year. Of the total expended in cash, \$5,567,163 went for the pay of officers and enlisted men, field clerks, and army nurses. The rest was expended for forage for the several thousand horses and mules, subsistence stores, coal, gasoline, and many other articles.—*National Tribune.*

LAST RESORT.—In his announcement on a Sunday morning the vicar regretted that money was not coming in fast enough—but he was no pessimist. "We have tried," he said, "to raise the necessary money in the usual manner. We have tried honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar can do."

A LEADING QUESTION.—Professor: "I will use my hat to represent the planet Mars. Are there any questions before I go on?" Student: "Yes. Is Mars inhabited?"



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A Section but not Sectionalism

The Library, then, is not designed to prove the absolute or relative greatness of the South, nor to resurrect authors buried in deserved oblivion, but to do full honor to men and women of merit, whose merits, however, have in many instances not been duly recognized, and to preserve the best that has been thought and written in artistic form by Southern writers. Though the South's renown for oratory seems to be widespread, the recognition of its authors has been tardy and stinted. To know the value of the South's progress as a constituent element of our present stability, the careful reader should be acquainted not merely with its history, the record of its deeds, but with literature, the subtler record of its head and heart. The call has come from many quarters, from workers of every grade, and men and women of all vocations, that such a Library should be compiled.

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VOL. XXXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1925

NO. 11



THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

Preliminary design for the central group of the Stone Mountain Memorial as submitted by Augustus Lukeman, sculptor, and approved by the Committee. These leading figures are of President Davis and Generals Lee and Jackson, while two color bearers and four other Confederate generals, to be selected by historians of the Southern States, will complete the central group.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

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W. E. Preston, of Columbus, Ga., is another good friend who believes in the future of the VETERAN, by sending ten dollars on subscription account. This takes him to June, 1932.

A. W. Williams, of LaFayette, Ky., wants a copy of Thomas Dixon's book, "The Traitor," and will appreciate hearing from anyone who has it for sale or can tell him where it may be procured.

Any surviving comrade or friends of Levi Easley, who went into the war from Tishomingo County, Miss., will please communicate with his wife (now eighty-five years old and in need of a pension), in care of Mrs. L. J. Bailey, Confederate Home, Ardmore, Okla. She has forgotten the company and regiment with which her husband served, but says he was under "General Cheatham and a Captain White." If Mose or Dave Achard (or Ackoid) is still living, she asks to hear from him.

Mrs. Olin Fisk Wiley, 20 Hawthorne Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass., is anxious to procure a copy of the old song which has this refrain:

"Sleep, soldier, and the many shall regret thee
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day;
Soon, soon will the kindest forget thee
And thy name from the earth pass away."

W. E. Doyle, of Teague, Tex., asks for a copy of "Wilkinson's History," which he thinks has subtitle as, "A Yankee Soldier Who Heard the Order Given and Saw It Disobeyed." Anyone having this book, or knows where it can be bought, will please write to him, stating price, etc.

James C. Brown, Box No. 155, New Madrid, Mo., has a copy of the "United States History" written by Dr. J. William Jones, which he wishes to exchange for a copy of Dabney's "Life of Stonewall Jackson." Write him about it.

A. Neelly, Adjutant of Walker McRea Camp, of Searcy, Ark., would like to get a facsimile of the signatures of President Davis and of General Lee, and will appreciate hearing about them and the cost.

G. R. Seamonds, clerk of Cabell County, Huntington, W. Va., sends ten dollars on his subscription account, and says he likes the VETERAN very much.

STONE MOUNTAIN COINS.

Look up all your old envelopes up to the year 1875. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. Also look for Confederate stamps; send all you find to me. I will pay highest prices. Then help finish Stone Mountain by purchasing Stone Mountain Memorial Coins with the money you receive. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Confederate Veteran.

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

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VOL. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1925.

No. 11.

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GEN. H. M. WHARTON, Baltimore, Md. *Chaplain General*

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VIRGINIA—Petersburg Gen. Homer Atkinson
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles Gen. William C. Harrison

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER—Charleston, S. C. *Honorary Commander for Life.*
GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE—Batesville, Miss. *Honorary Commander for Life.*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life.*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life.*

U. C. V. APPOINTMENTS.

Brig. Gen. J. B. Marshall, Montgomery, Ala., has been appointed Quartermaster General, U. C. V., to succeed the late Gen. J. F. Shipp.

Gen. J. S. Frink, Commander First Brigade, Florida Division, U. C. V., has been appointed to command of the State Division until the State reunion at Gainesville, November 3-5, when a successor to the late Gen. James McKay will be elected.

REORGANIZING CAMPS.

The following letter shows the effort that is being made to keep alive the Camps of this department and is commended as a most effective method:

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.
HEADQUARTERS, RICHMOND, VA., September 1, 1925.

"Lieutenant General Edgar D. Taylor, Commanding Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V.

"My Dear General: Our motto is, as you know, 'No Camp Should Disband as Long as It Has Two Living Members.'

"We must live up to this motto. How can it be done? As our comrades grow older and less able physically to attend meetings of Camps, the organizations become inactive. The report of the Adjutant General, U. C. V., made at the reunion at Dallas in May, 1925, shows as follows:

Division	Number of Camps	Number Paid
South Carolina	58	28
North Carolina	57	27
Virginia	68	35
West Virginia	19	2
Maryland	12	1
Total	214	93

"It will be seen from this report that of 214 Camps in this Department, only 93 are in good standing, not having paid their per capita dues. The reason these dues have not been paid is, doubtless, because of the inactivity of the members on account of their physical condition, resulting in the failure to hold meetings of the Camps.

"It is believed that this condition can be easily remedied with the assistance of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who are so faithful and loyal to the memory of the glorious cause and to the veterans' organization. This suggestion is made in consequence of recent experience in one of the States of this Department in which it seemed impossible to revive a single Camp. After prolonged correspondence with many veterans and others in that State in the unsuccessful effort to reorganize some of the inactive Camps, one of the Daughters, a young lady, was requested to lend her assistance in

this effort; she readily did so, and to her we are indebted for a reorganized Camp with 27 members in good standing, represented at Dallas by one of the most distinguished veterans at that reunion.

"The names of a few veterans were furnished to this young lady; she called on them at their homes, obtained their permission to enroll them as members of a Camp, and their choice of a commander. The commander thus selected, who was subsequently the delegate at Dallas, joined with most energetic and efficient assistance in the organization, and it is safe to predict that that Camp will not disband as long as two of them are spared.

"It is not necessary for these Camps to hold meetings; there is nothing for them now to do; but if it should be found necessary for the Camp to take action in any matter, the votes of the members may be taken at their homes just as were the votes for the commander of this Camp.

"Now what was done by this noble Daughter can be done by others, and it is not doubted for an instant that there are hundreds of them in the territory covered by this Department who would be more than delighted to do this glorious work.

"The Commander in Chief informs me that already in one of the towns in this State, one of the Daughters has been instrumental in reorganizing inactive Camps.

"If you think favorably of the suggestion, I dare say your request for the different organizations of the Daughters to lend a hand will bring about a revival of these inactive Camps to an extent that will surprise the most optimistic.

"I am submitting these suggestions with great respect, feeling sure that the interest you have in the Department commanded by you will lead you to say quickly and plainly whether the plan has any merit and that if it has, your vigorous coöperation will follow.

"Yours sincerely,
JO. LANE STERN,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

"I heartily indorse the above letter being sent out by Adjutant General Jo. Lane Stern, my Chief of Staff, representing the Army of Northern Virginia Department, and I have no doubt but what the letter will result in great good in helping to keep the Camps alive and reviving those that are dead.

EDGAR D. TAYLOR,
Commanding Army of Northern Virginia Department."

"Recommended and heartily indorsed.

W. B. FREEMAN,
Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans."

CAPT. S. A. ASHE, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

One of the most valuable citizens of the Old North State is Capt. S. A. Ashe, of Raleigh, who has served the State as valiantly in time of peace as he did when fighting for State Rights in the sixties. As lawyer, editor, and historian he has rendered signal service in these past sixty years, and his eighty-fifth birthday—September 14—found him still active and zealous in his special interest, the history of his State. His "History of North Carolina," upon which he is now engaged, will be a valuable addition to its historic annals.

COMMANDER PACIFIC DIVISION, U. C. V.—Friends everywhere will sympathize with Gen. W. C. Harrison, commanding the Pacific Division, U. C. V., in his suffering occasioned by a serious fall early in September. It is gratifying to report that he is improving, and he will appreciate hearing from friends and comrades. His address is 837 Lake Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

SAM DAVIS—OCTOBER 6.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

To-day I watched you kneel in prayer
Before the shrine of one held dear;
And pride of race shone on each face—
To shame the weakling's glist'ning tear.

The sunshine tinged with gold that brow,
Those lips, so stern they seemed to smile;
The boy whom Death had found a man—
No death his soul could e'er defile.

Your wreaths, dew-spangled with your tears,
Fair garlands strewed upon the sword;
Your prayers—the pledge renewed again—
"Sam Davis, we thy fame shall guard!"

THE LOVE THAT NEVER DIES.

Nothing I have ever witnessed awakened the feeling in my heart that came the other day when that little band of women stood with bared heads before the statue of Sam Davis on the Capitol grounds at Nashville, as John DeWitt offered up a prayer to the memory of the boy who gave his life rather than betray the friend who, living, might further aid his beloved Southland.

Surrounded on every hand by the noisy, heedless throngs of a busy city, this little band of loyal ones might have indeed been standing on that shining shore where waits the lad whose memory they had come again, on this his birthday, to honor. And, somehow, I felt that Sam Davis in the flesh was there in their midst, proud and happy in the knowledge that all the years have not changed the fair land for which he gave up his life. And the setting sun cast a bright radiance upon that sweet, stern face, a radiance that was reflected within the heart of each one of that little group of worshipers, a radiance that brought to every eye the undying fire that the bitter tears of the past have but kept aglow; and as those loyal ones left the spot made sacred by their pilgrimages, the little battle flags seemed to whisper to the breezes of nightfall: "All is well, all is well, with Dixie!"

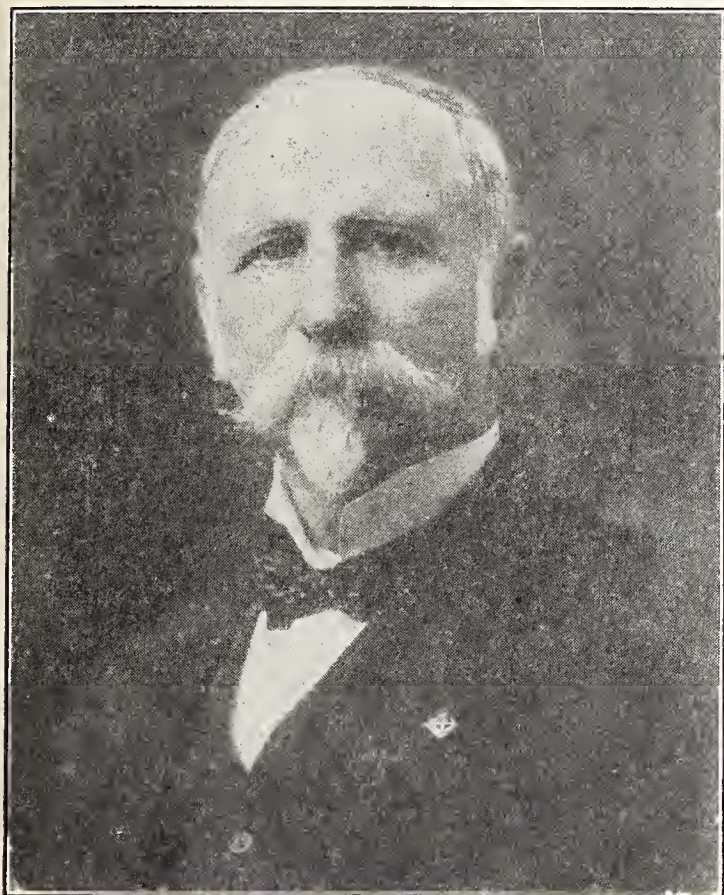
Mrs. Sarah J. McElvey, Quincy, Fla., sends for the VETERAN another year, and writes: "I am eighty-one years old, and I lived through those four dreadful years of war with my husband with Longstreet in Virginia. I also remember the reconstruction era and our sufferings and humiliations. The VETERAN brings to mind our struggles, and I want my grandchildren to know the truth while they are being taught untruth in the public schools. May God bless you and help you to broadcast the truth and honor of a fallen nation for a just cause."

Mrs. S. H. Mobberly, of Springfield, Mo., renews "so that my subscription shall not run out," she says. "You can count on me as one of your old subscribers who expect to continue to take the VETERAN till the last day. I am now seventy-eight years old."

Mrs. J. H. Grabill, of Woodstock, Va., renews subscription in the name of her late husband, and says: "It has been three years since he 'passed over the river,' but I like to see it come directed to him, making it doubly dear. God bless you!"

GEN. JOSEPH F. SHIPP: IN MEMORIAM.

The passing of Gen. Joseph F. Shipp, Quartermaster General of the United Confederate Veterans, takes a prominent and beloved member from the ranks of the great Confederate organization, one who had been identified with it from the first, and who was the prime mover in organizing the survivors of the Confederate army into this great body. He organized the N. B. Forrest Camp of Confederate Veterans at Chattanooga, and later the idea came to him of a general association of all the State Confederate organizations, and this idea



GEN. J. F. SHIPP, U. C. V.

was perfected with the organization of the United Confederate Veterans. He was made Quartermaster General, and continued in that capacity to the end.

Joseph Franklin Shipp, born February 3, 1844, in Jasper County, Ga., enlisted for the Confederacy on the day that Fort Sumter was fired upon, April 12, 1861, becoming a member of the Glover Guards, of Monticello, Ga., which became Company G, of the 4th Georgia Volunteer Infantry. His command was stationed about Portsmouth, Va., and assisted in floating the celebrated Merrimac, which became the Confederate ironclad Virginia, and Joseph Shipp witnessed the first battle between ironclads in March, 1862. An account of this was written by him and published in the *VETERAN* for July, 1916, as a true record of a battle that has been much misrepresented.

He participated as a private in all the battles around Richmond and in Northern Virginia in which his regiment was engaged for two years. He was wounded at Malvern Hill, and discharged from the service. Returning to Georgia, he entered the service as purchasing agent for the Georgia Railroad and Assistant Quartermaster under Major Throckmorton, at Augusta, and was also in charge of moving the Atlanta rolling mill to Columbia, S. C., by the Confederate government, to manufacture army and navy materials. When Sherman be-

gan his march to the sea, young Shipp joined the cavalry under General Wheeler, which was engaged in checking Sherman's marauders. While in this service, his gallantry won him promotion to captain. He was later captured, but escaped and rejoined the army and was paroled at Augusta, Ga., April, 1865.

Returning to his Georgia home, Captain Shipp was engaged in various enterprises for several years, and in 1874 he located at Chattanooga, Tenn., which had since been his home. He was successful in business and helped to develop and build up the city of his adoption, with which he had been thoroughly identified for the past fifty years. During that time he served as tax assessor of Hamilton County, as sheriff, as a member of the board of aldermen, member of the board of education, president of the Board of Trade, and an active member of the Chamber of Commerce. He was perhaps the best known resident of the city and beloved wherever known. He helped to organize N. B. Forrest Camp of Confederate Veterans, and was its commander from 1887 to 1897. He was for several years an active member of the Board of Trustees for the Confederate Home of Tennessee and ever interested in securing relief for any needy comrades.

During the Spanish-American War, Captain Shipp was civilian quartermaster for the United States Government at Camp Thomas, now Fort Oglethorpe, where over 60,000 troops were quartered. Under appointment of Governor Turney, he served as coal oil inspector in the early nineties, and was again appointed to this office last year.

It was a Georgia girl whom Captain Shipp married in 1866, Miss Lily Eckles, of Social Circle, and theirs was a happy life of nearly sixty years. She survives him with four sons and three daughters, nine children having been born to them.

The funeral of this beloved comrade, friend, and noble citizen was from the Baptist Church, of which he was a loyal member, with a great throng in attendance, testifying to the esteem in which he was held. A pathetic feature of these services was the bestowal of his Cross of Honor upon his eldest son.

"To him," writes one who knew him well, "might be applied the sentiment contained in the lines he was wont to quote when called upon to stand at the graves of his departed comrades in the Confederate cemetery:

"March on! you silent heroes,
Sharing each day the record of the great;
Whole-hearted, wounded in heart, body, and mind,
Suffering, but brave, strong and defiant,
Underneath the load that crushed you—
March on!"

TIMES CHANGE, AND MEN AND MANNERS WITH THEM.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

Abraham Lincoln was a member of the lower house of Congress from 1847 to 1849. During the session of 1848-49, he voted for the supply bills incurred during the Mexican War. To one of the bills Mr. Ashman, a Whig, offered an amendment to the effect that the Mexican War was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally begun by the President of the United States ordering General Taylor and his army to the Rio Grande border. Mr. Lincoln voted for the amendment, and said the war was unconstitutional because the power of levying war is vested in Congress and not in the President. In 1861 he changed his mind as to the powers vested in the President when, without the authority of Congress, he called for 75,000 volunteers and sent them into Virginia to subjugate the people of the South.

SURGICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The request for contributions on Surgeons and Surgery of the Confederate Army has brought response in an article on Surgeon General Samuel Preston Moore, C. S. A., by H. R. McIlwaine, of Richmond, Va., a most fitting beginning of the series. This article comes through Mrs. Julia Porcher Wickham, of Lorraine, Va., who promises an article to follow on her father, Dr. Porcher, who was associated with Dr. Moore in those days of war. Other articles on this department or on those devoted surgeons and physicians who looked after the health of the Confederate soldier will be appreciated.

SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE, SURGEON GENERAL, C. S. A.

Samuel Preston Moore was born in Charleston S. C., in 1813. His father and mother were Stephen West and Eleanor Screven Gilbert Moore, his grandfather and grandmother were Samuel Preston and Susanna Pearson Moore. His first American paternal forebear was Dr. Mordecai Moore, the physician of Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland.

Dr. Moore was educated in the city of his nativity. Graduating in medicine in 1834, he was appointed assistant surgeon (with the rank of captain) in the United States army, March 14, 1835, when he was twenty-two years of age. His service in the old army, lasting for twenty-six years, was a very varied one, and prepared him well for the execution of the onerous and most responsible duties to which he was called when in 1861 he threw in his lot with his fellow citizens of South Carolina.

On July 30, 1861, Dr. Moore was assigned to duty in Richmond as acting surgeon general of the Confederacy, and his name was, on November 29, 1861, presented to the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States for confirmation.

Probably the most difficult work that he had at the start was to secure a sufficient number of competent surgeons. The troops in the field were all volunteer troops who had been allowed to select their own officers, medical officers included, and their selections were not always the best. In the enthusiasm of the early days of the war many doctors had volunteered for service as soldiers, not as surgeons. Some of these were officers and some even in the ranks. Proper laws applying to the medical personnel were slow in getting passed. But in course of time medical examining boards were provided for, which improved conditions wonderfully. It is estimated that there were, first and last, about one thousand surgeons and two thousand assistant surgeons in the Confederate army and navy—both branches of the service being looked after by the one medical department.

These cared for in the four years of the war six hundred thousand Confederate troops and about two hundred and seventy thousand Federal prisoners of war, the latter of whom had to be looked after for a much longer period than normally would have been the case because of the stern policy of the Federal government, late in the war, of permitting no exchange of prisoners, a policy that resulted in the crowding at one time of thirty thousand prisoners into a space at Andersonville intended to accommodate only ten thousand, and in a distressing death rate in most of the Confederate prisons—but one not equal, it must be said in justice to the Confederate surgeons and their chief, who strove manfully to reduce it, to the death rate in the Federal prisons, the percentage of deaths in the former being about 8.3 and in the latter 12. It is said that the Confederate surgeons cared for during the war more than three million cases of wounds and disease.

Moore's next most difficult work was the erection of an adequate number of hospitals in properly selected places

throughout the South—such hospitals as in the late great World War would have been called base hospitals.

A continuing and increasing difficulty was the securing of medical and surgical supplies for these base hospitals and for field and camps. Though the Federal blockade pressed heavily, the medical department of the Confederacy did not cease at any time during the war from getting in large quantities of supplies from abroad. In addition, there was a good amount of trade with Mexico, and there was always a vast amount of smuggling along the extended borders of the



DR. SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

North and the South. Another source of supply was capture. The result of all this was that there was at no time an absolute dearth of medical supplies. Many Confederate surgeons said after the war that they never failed to have an ample supply of the three most important drugs—quinine, morphine, and chloroform.

From the beginning of the war Dr. Moore occupied himself with the question of substitutes and with the study of the medicinal qualities of indigenous plants. A rather amusing correspondence is preserved—and printed in the "Records"—carried on between Surgeon General Moore and one of the generals in the field in reference to the use of quinine, he maintaining that the general had erred in issuing an order that quinine should be given to the troops as a prophylactic. He held that it should be reserved for use in cases of actual sickness and that a preparation of native plants should be relied on for prophylactic purposes. His stand-by was the following: "Dried dogwood bark, 30 parts; dried poplar bark, 30 parts; dried willow bark, 40 parts; whisky, 45 per cent strength; 2 pounds of the mixed bark to 1 gallon of whisky. Macerate 14 days. Dose for tonic and antifebrifuge purposes, 1 ounce three times a day."

As with medicines, so with hospital furniture, bedding, and other necessary articles, it was in course of time found necessary for the medical bureau to assume direct control of the manufacture of them. Competent operatives had to be secured for the work. Disabled soldiers were used as far as practicable, but what with his laboratories, his distilleries,

and his establishments for making equipment, he had to have detailed many men, experts in their line, whom commanding officers were loath to give up and anxious to get back into ranks. The surgeon general was compelled to wage a constant warfare to keep up his organization. What he was striving for until the very end was permanence of assignment of men to the work under his control and their exemption from all military duty. He maintained that they should not be expected to bear arms even in extreme emergency.

Dr. Porcher says of him in an address before the Association of the Survivors of the Confederate Surgeons of South Carolina at Columbia, S. C., November, 1889:

"Within his domain, which was a very extensive one, he had absolute power and the *fiat* of an autocrat; the Emperor of the Russias was not more autocratic. He commanded, and it was done. He stood *in terrorem* over the surgeon, whatever his rank or wherever he might be—from Richmond to the Trans-Mississippi, and to the extremest verge of the Confederate States. And though appearing to be cold and forbidding, we do not think that Surgeon Moore was cruel, arbitrary, or insensible to conviction. We have ourselves experienced some of his stern rulings, which were afterwards fully compensated for."

One respect in which the surgeon general, in Dr. Porcher's opinion, erred, was in his opposition to the granting of furloughs except in extreme cases. Dr. Porcher maintained that the mental outlook of the average Confederate soldier was different from that of the average soldier in any other army; that the Confederate soldier was, when depleted by wounds or sickness, peculiarly subject to an extreme degree of nostalgia that became dangerous in its effects. "The promise of a furlough was found to be superior to the whole pharmacopœa and would literally rescue a sick or wounded soldier from the jaws of death." This peculiarity of the Southern soldier may in some measure account for the higher mortality in the Northern prisons than in the Southern prisons. Moore, accustomed in the old United States army to men on the average much less sensitive and high strung than were the Confederate soldiers, was a foe to easy furlough.

Dr. Moore did not overlook the value of the meeting from time to time of men of the same profession for the discussion of topics of mutual interest and for gaining inspiration from contact with each other. In August, 1863, there assembled in Richmond, under his auspices, a large number of surgeons, who organized the "Association of Army and Navy Surgeons of the Confederate States." He also endeavored to have supplied in a measure the lack of professional literature throughout the South by encouraging the publication of *The Confederate States Medical and Naval Journal*. This came out monthly in Richmond from January, 1864, through February, 1865. In short, he seems to have neglected none of the known methods for consolidating the members of the medical and surgical profession in the South in his effort to make of them a most efficient instrument in the conduct of the war.

The last report made by Surgeon General Moore to the Secretary of War is dated February 9, 1865. It is a special report in reply to a circular sent out by the Secretary asking for a report from each department head as to the means on hand for carrying on the war. It was generally felt that conditions were becoming critical. One would not suppose this, however, from a perusal of the reports, which, if not optimistic, are certainly determined. Dr. Moore replied, in part: "The department has on hand, of some articles, a twelve months' supply; of others a limited supply; but if allowed to retain its skilled employees at the various laboratories, purveying depots, and distilleries, and to import medicines freely through

our lines in Mississippi and Alabama, no fear need be entertained that the sick and the wounded of the army will suffer for the want of any of the essential articles of the supply table."

At the close of the war Dr. Moore elected to remain a resident of Richmond. Since he had sufficient means to supply the wants of himself and family, he did not endeavor to practice his profession to any great extent, preferring, after the arduous labors he had performed, to pass the remainder of his life in comparative ease. Being, however, a very public-spirited citizen, he served his adopted city and State well as a member of at least two boards. One of these was the executive board of the Virginia Agricultural Society, of which he became a member in 1874, continuing until 1881. Since he always took his duties seriously, his services in connection with the State fairs were valuable. His was a striking figure in the crowds at the exhibitions.

His services were even more valuable as a member of the city school board, from 1877 until his death. It is said of him that every morning he, with military precision, went to the office of the superintendent of schools for consultation. He advocated the teaching of vocal music in the schools, but the medical man in him came out plainly in the arguments he made that the singing would greatly develop the lungs of the pupils. He was the author or instigator of a series of eye-sight tests, with the purpose of having the teachers give pupils of defective vision advantageous seats with reference to the blackboards and windows. On the day before he died he was at the superintendent's office as usual, and talked in the most interested way of the forthcoming high school commencement, in making arrangements for which he had spent much time. This picture of Dr. Moore giving of his best in his declining years to the service of youth reminds us of the rôle played in a broader way by his great chieftain, Robert E. Lee.

Dr. Moore was a member of Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Richmond, and never gave up his interest in Confederate affairs. According to his own wish, no flowers were placed on his coffin or on his grave at the time of his interment, but on his breast was laid a small Confederate flag, and to the lapel of his coat was pinned a Confederate badge. He died on May 31, 1889, in the early morning, and was buried on June 2, in the afternoon, in Hollywood Cemetery. His comrades and the citizens of Richmond and of the South universally recognized that a most notable figure had passed.

A SHRINE.

BY ALBERT H. ELLIOTT, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

[Written after viewing the oil painting of Winnie Davis, known as the "Daughter of the Confederacy," in the old Jefferson Davis home, Richmond, Va.]

I am here, fair Southern Daughter,
I have crossed the Dixie line,
I have entered unbidden thy dwelling,
To gaze on thy picture divine.

The spirit of youth still pervades me,
Unfettered by section or clime;
Like a knight of the time of the fairies,
Thy portrait I'd pilfer for mine.

Poets tell us the fair face of Helen
Brought war to the closed gates of Troy;
I know that to gaze at you fondly
Puts fight into this young boy.

JOHN TYLER MORGAN OF ALABAMA.

BY MRS. C. W. M'MAHON, LIVINGSTON, ALA.

Guizot, in his history of France, declares that great events and great men are the fixed points of history. So we would conclude that in Athens, Tenn., on June 20, 1824, there appeared a milestone in history, for on that day John Tyler Morgan first saw the light of day, a man destined to make his impress on mankind and the world at large.

At six years of age the boy was put in school, and soon it was demonstrated that he had a remarkable mind, his rapid advancement being the marvel of teachers. In three years he had read six books in Cæsar, Virgil, dipped into Sallust, and was well acquainted with Horace, as well as being well versed in history, geography, and mathematics.

At this time, when young Morgan was nine years old, his father moved to Calhoun County, Ala., then a wilderness and occupied by Indians. His companions were mostly Indian children, and he learned from them to speak the Indian language, which was a great help to him in after life in dealing with Indian problems.

The opportunities for an education for a poor boy in Alabama were very meager at that time. The young boy assisted his father in making a crop and worked in the woods as well; but in the absence of schools his mother undertook his education. To his knowledge of Latin was added the study of the Bible and the English classics. Memorizing such books as Young's Night Thoughts, Thompson's Seasons, and Wesley's Sermons, often transmitted orally by the mother from memory to her son's brilliant mind, thus was laid the foundation of not only a classical education, but a religious one.

John T. Morgan was said to have been the architect of his own fortune. Neither heredity nor environment favored him. He came from the great mass of common people, having no illustrious ancestry nor influence of wealth. He literally started at the bottom and ended at the topmost rung of the ladder of fame. Yet, could he not have said truly, with many other great men: "All that I am, I owe to my mother?" Young Morgan developed a memory under his mother's training that was a source of wonder to his associates in after life. Some admirers abroad thought it marvelous that a man could rise to distinction without a collegiate education. Morgan replied that it was usually the self-taught men in America that achieved success.

He studied law in the office of William P. Chilton, of Tuskegee, was admitted to the bar in 1845, and practiced there until his removal to Dallas County in 1850. He was delegate from Dallas County to the State convention which passed the Ordinance of Secession. After the close of this convention, he served on the staff of General Clemens, commander of State troops, at Fort Morgan. When that fort was transferred to the Confederate government in April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Cahaba Rifles. When the companies were organized, he was made a major. Without previous military training, his advancement was phenomenal. At Chickamauga, General Wheeler, in his report, complimented Major Morgan for his bravery and gallantry, and General Lee, recognizing his ability, personally notified Morgan, who had risen to the rank of colonel, of his appointment as brigadier general.

A notable achievement of General Morgan's brigade occurred at Maryville, Tenn., when, in connection with two Texas regiments, he charged General Wolford's noted cavalry brigade and drove it in bewildered confusion across the Little River. This was considered a most important victory on

account of the brilliant record of the leader, who was called the "Forrest of the Federal Army."

"But peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and great though General Morgan's achievements were as a soldier, greater still was he in time of peace. When General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, General Morgan returned to his home in Selma and resumed the practice of law, where he was soon a leader at the bar. It was with a sad heart that this gallant soldier, who had loved and served the South so well, laid down his arms that he had taken up in her defense; but, with a calm, brave determination, he accepted the inevitable and by his wise counsel led and encouraged his people. Through all the dark days of reconstruction, he stood as a great tower of strength, helping to maintain the traditions and ideals, as well as the civilization, that stood in danger of destruction.

In 1876, General Morgan was named as Presidential Elector on the Democratic ticket for the State at large. His eloquence and earnestness were irresistible, and in that campaign he achieved higher honors as a statesman. The confidence and admiration of his people were so aroused by his patriotic eloquence that later in the same year he defeated George T. Houston, one of the most beloved and popular men that Alabama has ever produced, for the Senate.

He came to the Senate in 1877, tempered in the fiery furnace of war and its trying aftermath—reconstruction—a learned and formidable debater. So great was the implicit confidence of the citizens of Alabama in his wisdom and judgment, so profound their admiration for his intellect and statesmanship, so loyal their affection for his blameless character, that he was retained as their senior representative in the greatest deliberative body in the world for more than a quarter of a century.

Few have served so long, and fewer still have gained such prominence in the Senate and the State as this "grand old man of Alabama." For many years Senator Morgan took a great interest in the construction of a canal connecting the two oceans. He favored the Nicaraguan route, and was greatly in earnest in his advocacy, recognizing the superior advantages of the canal route through the splendid valley of the San Juan River and across Lake Nicaragua, through a healthful climate and beautiful country. Having been chairman of the Oceanic Committee during President Cleveland's administration, he was in a position to advance greatly his advocacy of the Isthmian canal. Although disappointed when the Panama site was selected, he was not embittered, and lent all his influence to the undertaking in its earliest and most difficult stages, and even though the route chosen did not represent the Senator's idea, he was recognized by his contemporaries as the "father of the Isthmian canal idea."

In the year 1900 all the hearts of the Southern people were drawn to Senator Morgan by his noble efforts against (and the ultimate defeat of) the iniquitous "Force Bill," introduced in the Senate by Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, a Republican. Had he never accomplished anything but the defeat of that bill, he would by that have deserved and gained the everlasting love and gratitude of a people who felt that the very life of their institutions was dependent upon his success in that fight; for the bill, if made effective, would have plunged the Southern States into disorders and horrors comparable to those of reconstruction days—perhaps into another war.

A contemporary critic of national reputation, writing on the personnel of the United States Senate, said: "No matter what the subject under consideration in the Senate—the building of a navy, the construction of ordnance, the tariff, finances,

public lands, Isthmian canals, or relations with foreign powers, Indian affairs, constitutional or municipal law—Senator Morgan is always able to enlighten his colleagues and the world."

Senator Davis, of Minnesota, himself a profound scholar, in a debate on Chinese exclusion, referred to Senator Morgan as "the Senator from Alabama, who is so universally informed on everything known." It could be said truly of Senator Morgan that he touched no subject he did not adorn and on which he did not shed some new light. If there be that which some regard as profuseness in his style, it is unavoidable, for a mind so stored with knowledge is like a great river, swollen by a thousand streams, which cannot be confined within narrow limits and must sometimes overflow its banks. "He is the master of the art of speech. He uses it as the painter does his brush, or as the sculptor his chisel," this same author said. "The whole aspect of Senator Morgan when thoroughly warmed on a congenial subject is a study. His form is stately, his gestures graceful and appropriate, his face is diffused with smiles, and his eyes beam as with the light of inspiration. He is enraptured with his theme; he fondles and caresses it; he clothes it with a dress of beauty and sends it forth a joy forever."

The correspondent of the *Commercial-Appeal*, of Memphis, Tenn., writing of the passing of the venerable statesman, said: "John T. Morgan was born a Senator. Had destiny decreed that he be born in Rome, in the days of the Consuls, he would have fought with Cæsar in Gaul, or would have been a member of that memorable coalition, the 'First Triumvirate.' 'The Roman Senator,' he has been aptly styled, for in his character and bearing, his education and ideals, his triumphs in war and peace, there was much to suggest the noble dignity of countenance and the manly aspects of Anthony, the virtues, philosophy, and courage of Brutus."

Hon. John H. Bankhead, who was elected to the senatorial succession, in his in memoriam remarks in the House of Representatives, pays this beautiful tribute: "Senator Morgan was a man of wonderful perspective, and his mental horizon was not limited by local conditions or partisan convictions. His statesmanship was of that quality that 'he could see the near side of far things, and the far side of near things.' The universe was his forum and humanity his field of endeavor. Senator Morgan's life was gentle: in social intercourse he was always affable, considerate, and just. His affectionate solicitude for the happiness of his family was beautiful in its tenderness. He was scrupulously honest and fair in his dealings with men. He locked his lips too close to tell a lie; he washed his hands too white to take a bribe."

General Pettus, his colleague and life-long friend, said he was rather proud of Morgan's poverty. His salary was his only income, and the tender and forceful speech in which General Pettus, when advocating increase of salary, depicted the life of Morgan, its possibilities, and its renunciation of riches for public service, made a deep impression on all who heard it.

Senator Morgan had strong convictions on all public questions and was slow to yield to the arguments of those who differed from him. He was a Democrat and loyal to his party on the recognized policies of the party, but on questions that he did not deem properly party ones, he followed his own convictions of duty, regardless of party. He was wedded to high ideals. He liked excellence and perfection wherever they could be found. He loved the great party to which he was loyal and whose principles and policies he upheld with unsurpassed eloquence for more than half a century. His faith in his people and in our form of government was strong,

and his pride in the Senate, his jealous care of its rights and dignity, grew stronger as he grew older. He well-illustrated the forceful words of Burton:

"Do what thy manhood bids thee do,
From none but self expect applause.
He noblest lives and noblest dies
Who makes and keeps his self-made laws."

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, said of Senator Morgan in a memorial address: "As a citizen, as a legislator, as an arbitrator, in all the various responsibilities placed upon him, he brought to the subject great ability, great knowledge, and brought forth great results. He leaves behind him a great name, a priceless legacy of industry, patriotism, and achievement in this interest of his country and of humanity."

Another colleague says of him: "He was with Alabama in her gloom and in her glory. By his speeches he infused new life into the energies and aspirations of the people of his State, and no man took a deeper interest, or by his eloquence and arguments encouraged more than he did the development of the resources, the erection of the furnaces, the constructions of the railroads, and the cultivation of the soil of his beloved State."

"He did more toward healing the breach between the North and South than perhaps any other man, cementing the chasm with Christian love and brotherhood, making us a united country, one in heart and spirit. He adopted the motto of Shakespeare:

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

By appointment of President Harrison, in 1892, Senator Morgan was made a member of the Behring Sea Fisheries Commission, the duty of which was to arbitrate differences that had arisen between Great Britain and the United States regarding the seal fisheries rights. The arbitrators were to be jurists of distinction in their own countries. It was a distinct compliment to Senator Morgan that he was elected to serve jointly with Mr. Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court. And he was called upon to draft the code of laws for the Hawaiian Islands after that country became part of the territory of the United States, a further recognition of his outstanding ability.

Senator Morgan was a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and often expressed his faith in revealed religion. His mother's God was his God, and he never wavered from the faith imbibed at his mother's knee.

It was the dying boast of Pericles that he had never made an Athenian weep, and the friends of Senator Morgan may boast that no Alabamian ever blushed because of an ignoble word or deed of Morgan. Men of his stripe gave character and grandeur to the Senate among American people. The wealth of a State and nation consists not in fertile soil, mineral land, or hoarded gold, but in the manhood of her men and the womanhood of her women. Rich indeed in priceless jewels is a country that can boast a son of such heroic mold as the grand old man, John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, the ideal American statesman—pure, brave, capable, patriotic—who truly say with Paul: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course: I have kept the faith."

Englishman: "Why do you Americans always answer a question by asking another question?" American: "Why? Do we?"

HUNTER AS LINCOLN'S AGENT.

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

"The campaign of 1864 in the Valley of Virginia and the Expedition to Lynchburg" is the title of a book by Col. H. A. Du Pont, of the Federal army, a participant therein, recently issued from the press, in which is related some facts of more than passing interest. As truth should not be obscured by time, there seems no more fitting place for its preservation than in the pages of the VETERAN. While the incidents described are only too well known to the few survivors of those who resided in the pathway of that campaign, outside of this limited circle little is remembered of the character of warfare that prevailed on that expedition. As is well known, this campaign was under the leadership of Gen. David Hunter.

David Hunter's parents and ancestry were Virginians, his father being a Presbyterian clergyman, although the son is represented as having been born in New Jersey and appointed to West Point from that State in 1818, and graduated therefrom four years later. He served in the West in the infantry and dragoons. After fighting several duels, he was tried by court-martial for sending a challenge to his commanding officer and sentenced to dismissal from the service, which penalty was later remitted by President John Quincy Adams. He was a major and paymaster at the beginning of the War between the States, and he accompanied Lincoln to Washington in 1861. He was soon thereafter appointed colonel of the 3d Cavalry, this promotion being followed by the appointments of brigadier general and major general of volunteers. He commanded a division of volunteers at first Bull Run and was severely wounded. Later, in defiance of military regulations, he laid a letter of complaint directly before the President; notwithstanding this breach, he was, three months later, assigned as commander of the Department of the South, and took charge of the siege of Fort Pulaski, near Savannah, Ga., which surrendered April 11, 1862.

On the day after the surrender, Hunter announced in general orders that slavery and martial law were incompatible and proclaimed the immediate enfranchisement of all slaves within his department, at the same time declaring his intention to raise colored troops; and he proceeded to organize a negro regiment, the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, which were supplied with arms, clothing, etc. Soon after this, President Lincoln issued a proclamation stating that the government had no knowledge or part in the above orders, which were void, and that neither he (Hunter) nor any other military commander had been authorized to enfranchise the slaves of any State. Nevertheless, Hunter was not relieved of his command, nor were charges preferred against him. (Official Records, Series 3, Vol. 2, p. 43.) Hunter's arming the negroes caused the Confederate government to brand him as an outlaw, and announcing that in the event of his capture he should not be regarded as a prisoner of war, but held in close confinement for execution as a felon. (Official Records, Vol. 5, p. 712.) Instead of being court-martialed and dismissed from the service for such conduct, Hunter was soon thereafter called to Washington for consultation, and in the following September was appointed president of a court of inquiry to investigate the causes of the surrender of Harper's Ferry. Later he was detailed as president of the court-martial to try Maj. Gen. Fitz John Porter.

In August, 1861, Porter had been promoted to brigadier general and assigned to command a division in defense of Washington. He later commanded the 5th Corps and fought the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill. He commanded the left at Malvern Hill, which mainly resisted

the Confederate assaults of that day. He fought, August 30, 1862, at second Bull Run, but did not fight on the 29th, although ordered in by Pope. He later fought at Antietam. In November he was arraigned before a court-martial on charge of disobedience of orders at second Bull Run, and, on January 21, 1863, was cashiered.* The fact that Hunter was detailed as president of the court elicited much comment, as it was known that Hunter particularly disliked McClellan, whose military and personal relations with Porter were of the most close and intimate character. It may also be fairly presumed that Lincoln personally had no friendly feelings for McClellan, due to the fact, as related by Herndon and Weeks in their "Life of Lincoln," that some time prior to the war, McClellan, while representing the Illinois Central Railroad as superintendent, had rejected a claim of Lincoln's for \$2,000, for legal services rendered that company on the ground of being excessive. Lincoln, although he had valued his services at \$2,000, later brought suit against that company for \$5,000 for this same service, and judgment for that sum was taken by default and paid.

But to resume from this digression. In June, 1863, Hunter was temporarily relieved from the command of the Department of the South, due to the influence of Horace Greely. The 31st of August, 1863, Hunter wrote Stanton, Secretary of War, suggesting a general arming of the negroes and a general destruction of all the property of the slaveholders of the South and requesting permission "to take the men you can spare, land at Brunswick, and march through the heart of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, to New Orleans, arming all the negroes and burning the houses and other property of every slaveholder." (Official Records, Series 3, Vol. 3, p. 740.) Notwithstanding this record, General David Hunter was, on the 21st day of May, 1864, placed in command of the Department of West Virginia, which covered his operations in the Valley campaign. Again digressing from Colonel Du Pont's book, there is an old rule—and which has always been regarded as sound—that a man may be measured by the character of the agents he employs, and particularly where an agent is retained after full opportunity for the principal to know his character. No one can be justly criticized for applying this rule to Mr. Lincoln in the case of General Hunter. In May, 1864, Hunter announced that any town or village would be burned to the ground if an attack upon Federal wagon trains were made in its immediate vicinity. (Official Records, Series 1, Vol. 27, Part 1, p. 528.) Colonel Du Pont writes: "It was useless to point out to him that Mosby's command, who were engaged in attacking and destroying government trains, consisted of volunteers from all parts of the Confederacy. An attack was made upon a wagon train near Newtown, Va., and a quantity of army supplies destroyed. Hunter, being at Rudes Hill, some miles distant, gave instructions (May 30) to the commander of the 1st New York Cavalry: 'You will detail two hundred men, with commissioned officers, to proceed to Newtown to-morrow at 3 o'clock A.M., for the purpose of burning every house, store, and outbuilding in that place, except churches, and houses and outbuildings of those who are known to be loyal citizens of the United States. You will also burn the houses, outbuildings, etc. of all Rebels between Newtown and Middletown,'" the sole inhabitants at that time being women and children, with a sprinkling of old men and perhaps a few wounded and paroled Confederate soldiers. When the detachment arrived, and its purpose became known, "the population turned out *en masse* with heartrending lamentations

*Long afterwards this unjust stigma was removed by Porter's complete exoneration.

and tearful protests. The commander of the detachment, Maj. Joseph K. Stearns, with all the officers present, conferred with the townspeople, who showed that they had nursed with care the Union soldiers recently wounded in the attack on the wagon train, and had evidence in shape of private letters which conclusively proved that the absent male relatives were not members of Mosby's force. . . . Murmurings of disapproval also came from Stearn's own force, who claimed it was no part of their duty to burn the homes of noncombatant civilians, some going so far as to declare that they would obey no order to apply the torch." Stearns, who was a man of good sense and humanity, decided to spare the town, and, on June 3, personally reported the facts to Hunter, who evidently let the matter drop—although it was generally reported and believed at the time that Hunter had ordered the dismissal of this officer. Hunter arrived at Lexington, Va., June 11, and remained there two and a half days, during which time every building connected with the Virginia Military Institute was burned to the ground by General Hunter's order, save the residence of Colonel Smith, Superintendent, which was spared on account of the serious illness of one of Colonel Smith's daughters. To use Col. Du Pont's own words; "With several officers, I took part in saving some of the personal effects of Mrs. Gilham, wife of Prof. Gilham, by carrying out of the house with our own hands tables, sofas, and other furniture just before the building was set on fire. Mrs. Gilham's brother was an officer of the United States Regular Army. Of those who helped was Capt. William McKinley, afterwards President."

Hunter also had the torch applied to the home of ex-Governor Letcher, a resident of the town. Colonel Du Pont further relates: "The sole order I individually received referred to the destruction of the artillery trophies belonging to the Institute. I examined these and found . . . the most important objects consisted of two ancient French bronze pieces, relics of the colonial era. The carriages were destroyed and the guns left on the ground as utterly worthless for any military purpose." Then, in a footnote, he writes: "These guns were afterwards loaded in wagons and carried off, no doubt by General Hunter's direction, although I was not informed in regard to this."

The writer of this article may add that he, some days later, saw and recognized these same guns being hauled in wagons through Beverley, W. Va. Also therewith was the bronze statue of George Washington which had stood immediately in front of the barracks at the Virginia Military Institute, and, as a boy, I wondered why that was captured. This and the bronze guns were sometime after the war returned to the Institute. On June 24, the command arrived at the White Sulphur Springs, and while there Hunter ordered the burning of the immense hotel, as well as the long rows of cottages and numerous other buildings. Colonel du Pont says: "As the enemy had abandoned his pursuit for more than forty-eight hours, and as there was no hostile movement or armed resistance when we took possession of the White Sulphur, I was greatly surprised to hear of the contemplated destruction of such a very large amount of private property. . . . I reported to General Hunter about noon, and made inquiry as to the hour for beginning the march the next day, and in regard to the details. As I was about to depart, I remarked: 'General, I hear that you intend to burn the buildings here when we leave.' He replied: 'Yes; I intend to burn them all down.' I said: 'Don't you think, General, that the burning of these structures would be a military mistake?' He asked: 'What do you mean, Captain, by that inquiry.' 'I mean this, General: if we have later to occupy and hold this country, the

White Sulphur Springs will be the natural point for our principal station, as so many roads converge here. . . . The buildings would furnish excellent winter quarters for at least a brigade of troops. He looked at me with some suspicion. In a few seconds, his expression changed, and he quietly remarked: 'Well, I had not thought of that.' He instantly sent for the adjutant general to report forthwith, to whom Hunter said: 'Colonel, I have changed my mind about burning the buildings here. Don't issue the order.' Without another word, I took my departure, with the satisfaction of knowing that I had been the means of averting a wrong and unjustifiable act."

As a finishing touch and seeming indorsement of Hunter's conduct, on the 13th of March, 1865, Mr. Lincoln promoted Hunter to brevet brigadier general in the regular army *for gallant and meritorious service during the campaign in the Valley of Virginia.*

SPARTAN MOTHERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

"Who bade us go with smiling tears?
Who scorned the renegade?
Who, silencing their trembling fears,
Watched, cheered, then wept and prayed?
Who nursed our wounds with tender care,
And then, when all was lost,
Who lifted us from our despair,
And counted not the cost?
The women of the South!"

Among other North Carolina mothers who had many sons in the Confederacy was Mrs. Daniel Seagle, of Lincoln County, who had nine sons in the army, their names forming a galaxy of patriotism. They were: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Martin Van Buren, Polk Dallas, James, James Madison, Benjamin Franklin, Nathaniel Macon, and Andrew Jackson Seagle.

Mrs. Nancy Stinson, of Chatham County, besides giving ten sons to the Confederacy, gave enough relatives to form a company. She gave her children, her kin, her love, her time, her work, and, as "Mother Stinson," she lived to be ninety years old.

In Buncombe, the "Widow Stevens" lived, who gave her eight farmer sons as Confederate soldiers. Not one of these Stevens boys during their turn of service was so disabled by wound or sickness as to be compelled to leave his post of duty. All of them returned to their homes, and thirty-six years after the war all the eight were living.

Mrs. David Stevenson, of Johnston County, had seven sons in the service, not one of them receiving a wound. Another mother was Mrs. John Wilfong, of Newton, who gave six sons—Milton, Henry, Pinckney, John, Sidney, Charles—and her only daughter's husband, Capt. M. L. McCorkle.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hoke Rowe and Mrs. Catherine Fry Smyre, of Cabbarus County, each gave five sons. Mrs. William Joyner, of Franklin County, was another mother of five soldiers, two of these being twins, and four of the five being in the battle of Gettysburg.

A mother of seven sons, "three being killed in battle," was Mrs. Neil McLean, of Laurinburg.

Mrs. Mary Morrow Heath, whose plantation joined the birthplace of Andrew Jackson, gave six sons to the Confederacy who became leaders after the war in North Carolina's business activities.

Another mother of six sons was Mrs. Richard Stallons, of Franklin County, to whom only one of the sons returned alive.

Other mothers of five sons were Mrs. Edna Barnes, of Johnston County, and Mrs. Angus McCattem, of Moore County.

Mrs. Margaret Smith Gibbs, of Wilkes County, gave three sons, triplets, to the Confederate army.

Mrs. Thomas Carlton, of Burke County, after her three sons were killed, sent her son-in-law, saying: "The ranks of the Confederate army must be filled."

Mrs. May Ruffin and Mrs. Abia Person, of Franklin County, each gave four sons.

Mrs. John Buxton Williams, of Warren county, gave four sons to the Confederacy, and kept her home, "Buxton Place," open to the boys in gray, filling their knapsacks as they left with a cheery "Good-by."

"Yes, her brave deeds shall brightly shine upon the books of fame,

And Time's immortal scroll will keep the record of her name."

MORTON'S FORD, JANUARY 4, 1864.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

This place was the scene of two severe engagements of a minor character during the war of the sixties, in which Gordon's Georgia Brigade was the participant on the side of the Confederates. It was here General Meade left his rear guard when he suddenly declined to fight at Mine Run. General Gordon attempted to capture this force late in the evening of the last day of the fight, but his plan, though well conceived, resulted only in a severe fight, which lasted till late in the night, and all of the enemy escaped except those who were killed. After this, General Lee, supposing that winter had put a stop to all aggression on the part of the Yankees until spring should open, issued an order allowing one man from each company in every regiment to have a twenty-four-day furlough, beginning with the most meritorious who had never had a leave of absence. I was among those who got one of these furloughs and was therefore absent at home in Georgia when the second engagement took place, and this account of it will be as it came from my comrades.

General Lee had left the army and gone on a visit to his family at Richmond, and General Gordon had gone to Culpeper Courthouse, many miles away from his command. Col. Clement A. Evans, of the 31st Georgia, was the senior officer of the brigade and in command. This brigade had gone into winter quarters a few miles back from the ford and were the nearest troops to our pickets stationed there. Everything seemed to indicate a quiet, peaceable time for the rest of the winter; but hostilities suddenly broke out again. Why the enemy came over and began a new offensive could be accounted for only on the ground that somebody at the head of the movement, under the potent influence of Christmas cheer, decided to end the war then and there without further delay.

Orders were issued to build a bridge that night at the ford. This was done, or half done, for this bridge of round poles did not reach the southern bank of the stream, and the drunken soldiers who crossed on it had to jump to make a landing.

To the surprise of the Confederates, early on the morning of January 4, firing at the ford attracted the attention of our men, and pretty soon news came that two brigades of the enemy had driven off our pickets and had crossed over and were formed in line of battle. Hasty orders were issued and the men were started in a trot to meet the enemy. When they

came in sight of them, Colonel Evans saw that he had quite a large force to meet. They were drawn up in line beyond Dr. Morton's house, while their skirmishers held the grove around it and the negro quarters across the road to the south. These were constructed of brick and were only four or five feet apart; and, being in line with Dr. Morton's residence, afforded a safe position for their pickets.

The Confederates advanced in the open under fire to within a short distance of the enemy, where they found a gully or depression in the land that gave them protection. There they stopped and maintained an exchange of shots until late in the afternoon, when Colonel Evans brought up a battery and opened fire on the houses. At the same time the skirmishers advanced with a yell and captured the position, driving off the enemy and killing and capturing quite a number of them. But this was only the beginning. They reinforced their troops and made several efforts to retake the position, advancing boldly to within a few feet of the Confederates, where many of them, rather than risk the chance of being killed in a retreat back to their own main line, rushed into the houses and surrendered. Not satisfied with this failure, they now advanced a solid line of battle, but with no better success.

It was now very dark, and, through some misunderstanding, the Confederates on the right withdrew; the enemy, discovering this, swung around in the rear and flanked our men out of their position, capturing one man who was in Dr. Morton's house and unaware of what had occurred. But Colonel Evans had sent a new line of skirmishers in to take the place of those who had been fighting all day. The enemy, somewhat sobered by their bloody defeat, decided not to renew the engagement and put an end to the war that very night. Before morning all who were not drowned in trying to cross the river on their bridge constructed of poles, killed, or captured, were on the other side of the Rapidan. One hundred and seventeen of them lay dead in front of the negro houses, and one hundred and fifty prisoners stood up in line. No one knows how many lost their lives in crossing the river, but General Hayes, who was in command, told W. H. Bland, who fell into their hands, that he lost five hundred men. Our loss in this affair was only four men—one killed in the rear by a stray ball, one captured, and two wounded.

General Lee had now arrived from Richmond, and as he rode along in view of the prisoners on his old iron gray horse, these men made many complimentary remarks about him. One would say, "O, if we had such a general;" and another, "What a splendid looking man!" "He is the noblest man I ever saw."

I want to say here that all our men in this affair were sober, not because they were all prohibitionists, but to demonstrate how inefficient a drunken man is.

This wound up all active hostilities until we broke up camp and marched off to the Wilderness on May 4, 1864, to meet Grant's army on the 5th and 6th of that month.

I should add that the principal part of this fighting was done by two companies of not more than forty men of the 61st Georgia Regiment under the brave Captain Kennedy. When he routed the enemy out of the houses, he pursued them some distance and wanted to continue the drive, feeling sure he could push the whole outfit into the river, but was ordered to return and hold the position taken.

The following is from a letter written by Comrade W. H. Bland, of Boxley, Ga., on December 20, 1897, to Comrade G. W. Nichols, telling him of his experience after his capture in this fight. They were both members of the 61st Georgia

Regiment, of Gordon's Brigade, under Captain Kennedy. He says:

"I was captured at Dr. Morton's house, near Morton's Ford, on the Rapidan River, on the night of the 4th of January, 1864, after we had shot away nearly all of our ammunition. My capture happened in this way: I was at Dr. Morton's house while you and others of our company were fighting from behind other houses. As you well know, our skirmish line had given the Yankees a whipping, killing, wounding, and capturing four or five hundred, and there were not over forty of us fighting them, and, after our ammunition had been exhausted, the Yankees surrounded Dr. Morton's house just at dark. I had gone into the house and did not know that any part of our line had given way until Dr. Morton's house was entirely surrounded by the enemy. I did not see any of our boys leaving, so I was alone and was surrounded by about fifty Union soldiers, and I just had to surrender. They took me to the rear in a hurry, for they were scared and in bad confusion. When we got to the river, I found that it was bridged with round poles and lacked a few feet of being finished on the south side of the river, and we had to make a pretty good jump to get on to it. I made it very well, as I was an expert jumper, as did my guard, he being sober; but some of those little cut-short Dutchmen could not make it very well with the amount of whisky they had taken on. They could not reach the bridge, but did reach the water under the bridge, and, some being too drunk to swim and others not able to swim, lost their lives in the icy waters of the river, while in the darkness and rain their friends could not render them any assistance.

"After we had crossed the river and had gone about three hundred yards, we found some camp fires. I was taken to them and kept there until the Yankees got across. After all were over, they formed in line and marched off and went about four miles and camped.

"They had a hard time in getting fire started with oak brush and chips in the rain. My guard and I sat down by an oak stump on our knapsacks, and he spread his oilcloth over us to keep off the falling rain. He was soon nodding, and I thought he was asleep. I lifted the cloth off me and raised up to run; but he woke up, so I turned over my knapsack and sat down again quickly to keep him from suspecting my anticipated escape. He spread the cloth over me again, and I remained very quiet. He was soon nodding again, and I made a second attempt; but he woke again. By this time they had fires started, and he said, 'Well, Johnnie, we will go to the light,' and I saw no chance of making my escape.

"Next day we marched about nine miles and reached their old camp. I was put in a guardhouse with about a dozen of their own prisoners. Being the only Johnnie Reb (as they called me), I was treated kindly. Next morning I was sent for to go to General Hayes's headquarters. While going through their camps the Yankees would say, 'Hello, Johnnie, when did you come over?' and I would reply, 'I was captured and brought over,' for I did not want them to think that I was a deserter.

"The General's headquarters were some four or five hundred yards away. When I got there, the guard said: 'General, here is our Johnnie Reb.' The general wheeled around and said: 'Hello, Johnnie, how do you feel to-day?' I replied: 'I feel very well, General. How do you feel?' He said, 'I am well;' then: 'Well, Johnny, do you wish to go back across the river?' I told him that I did. He said: 'O, no, Johnny, you don't wish to go back.' 'Well,' said I, 'all you have to do is to give me a showing to that effect and you will see that I go back.' 'Well, Johnny, how are you faring on

your side of the river?' I told him I was faring very well. 'Well, Johnny, what do you get to eat on your side of the river?' I replied: 'Bacon, flour, rice, sugar, coffee, etc.' 'Well, Johnny, do you draw all that?' 'Yes, sir.' (Which we did, but it was scanty, especially the sugar and coffee.)

"By this time he was looking in my haversack. I happened to have two days' rations for four men, and he said: 'Did you draw all this meat, Johnny?' I said: 'Yes, sir.' 'How many days is this ration for, Johnny?' 'Two days,' I replied. He then turned to another general and said, 'Look at the meat, general,' who replied: 'Yes, I see.' He then said: 'How is it, Johnny, that some of you men come over here and say that you are on starvation?' I said: 'Well, any man who will desert his country will tell you a lie.' And I further said as to my regiment and brigade: 'We fare very well, but as to the rest of the army, I can't account for.'

"He then said: 'How is Lee's army situated?' 'I guess you know more about that than I do,' said I. 'How much force has he got?' To this I replied: 'You know more about that than I can tell you.' He turned to another general and said: 'This is a fine man, general, if he is a Rebel. What was your loss, Johnny?' I told him I did not know. 'Did you see any dead men?' I told him I did not see any, then asked him his losses, and he said they lost between four and five hundred. I said: 'Well, we did very well then.' (I have since learned that we had two killed, one wounded, and I was captured, which made a total of four.)

"He told me that they all got on a drunken spree, and he rushed his men over the river without orders, and that he was under arrest that day. He also told me that he rode on our skirmish line for some distance, in the dark and was halted several times, but he said he told them that he was General Hayes and was allowed to go on. Saying to me: 'You have a General Hayes, which was all that saved my life.'

"The general then said: 'Johnny, don't you want a drink of good brandy this morning?' I told him I could not refuse, as I had taken cold. He then poured out a fine drink and gave it to me, and I drank it. He then said: 'Well, Johnny, we will have to send you to prison.'

"I was taken to a place they called their 'bull pen,' about thirty miles away, where I found six or eight more Confederate prisoners. This was on the railroad running from Fredericksburg to Alexandria and Washington. We had plenty to eat, but we came near freezing. We stayed here two days and nights, and were then taken to the city of Washington and put in prison in the old Capitol building, which they used for a wayside prison.

"Our fare was very good for prisoners, though we were closely confined. We were in rooms about eighteen feet square, with a good fireplace, and plenty of coal and blankets were furnished us. Here a Confederate prisoner from Florida killed another from Virginia while in a mad fit, but he was afterwards very sorry for the deed.

"One day Mosby's Cavalry made a raid on the railroad near Alexandria, Va., and caused some confusion in the city of Washington. We stayed here about four months, with excellent fare; we had plenty to eat and good coffee to drink, and I weighed more than I ever did before or since. We were transferred from there to Fort Delaware. Here some Confederates made a lot of money while shut up in prison, with no other tools but saws made out of case knives, pocket-knives, needle drills, hand saw files, and other small files, making bone and gutta-percha rings with gold and silver sets in them. A great many other things besides were made and sold by them. They traded with citizens, Yankee officers, and private soldiers.

"Here we fared extremely bad, in fact we were nearly starved to death. I would often dream of being at home at my mother's table, with plenty of good things on it, and I would eat and eat, but it seemed that I could never get enough. I would awaken nearly dead from hunger. Our rations consisted of one-fourth of a one-half pound loaf of baker's bread. We got this twice a day. Our meat consisted of a very small, thin slice of salt pork, or fresh beef, which made about one good mouthful, with one Irish potato occasionally thrown in extra. I often gave up to die from hunger. I was so nearly starved that I was reduced from one hundred and forty to eighty pounds. This food caused scurvy among the prisoners and many of them died.

"One man bet his blanket that he could eat every bit of his bread at one mouthful. He did, and won the blanket. The prisoners ate every rat they could catch. They were fine and highly relished by the prisoners, and if we could have caught enough rats we would have gotten along a great deal better than we did.

"In extremely cold weather all the water we had to drink was real brackish tide water. It would not quench thirst, but made us want water much worse. We sometimes had river water brought to us in boats from up the river. We had this brackish water only when it was too cold to bring the other. The private soldiers were in one department and the officers in another. We could have no communication with them except to write a few lines on paper, tie it to a stone, and throw it over the wall to them when the guards were not watching us. They would often reply to us in the same way.

"About six thousand prisoners were there. Our guards were old soldiers who had been used to hard service and were mostly square gentlemen. They were kind to us and would often divide tobacco with us and show us other acts of kindness.

"I do not think we received all the government sent there for us or intended us to have. I believe it was abominable rascality and speculation of some of the managers of the prison, and I am sure that from what we heard the Confederate officers' fare was, if possible, worse than ours.

"I stayed in prison about ten months and had the smallpox in that time. There was a department in the prison for each Southern State, and one thousand private soldiers were in the Georgia department. They paroled us all, with ten Georgia officers, and marched us to the boat and put us on it. We started about eleven o'clock in the morning on the 7th of March, 1865, to City Point, below Richmond, Va. Six prisoners died on the boat and were buried on the banks of the James River near City Point.

"When we put our feet on Dixie's soil, how our hearts leaped with joy and our eyes filled with tears! We were marched along through the Yankee army, which was between City Point and our army at Drewry's Bluff. We were then put on a boat and taken up the river to a landing near Richmond and marched to Camp Lee, two miles from the city. Here we drew money and clothing and stayed four days, and then were given a sixty-day furlough. With this I started home to my mother, but I had a rough time getting there, for Sherman had torn up a great many of our railroads. I was weak and emaciated from confinement and starvation and could walk but a short distance at a time, but finally arrived at home on the 27th of the month. I took those at home by surprise, for they all thought I was dead, as they had not received any news from me in about fifteen months."

(NOTE.—The General Hayes who figured in this affair was afterwards President of the United States and a good man. As such he filled the office acceptably to the people of the South by withdrawing all military forces from the States.)

STRENGTH OF THE ARMIES IN THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Historians, writers, and speakers, referring to the strength of the two armies which met each other at Gettysburg and Williamsport, July 1-14, 1863, confine their discussions to such forces as were actually present and on the field at Gettysburg and under the immediate command of Generals Lee and Meade.

Concerning the strength of the Federal army, Gen. George Gordon Meade testified before the Committee on the Conduct of the War (Official Records, Second Series, Vol. I, p. 337): "Including all arms of the service, my strength was a little under one hundred thousand—about ninety-five thousand. . . . I think the returns shown me, when I took command of the army, amounted to about one hundred and five thousand men; included in those were the eleven thousand of General French."

In making this statement, the evidence is against General Meade. On the 27th of June, Gen. Joseph Hooker, in command of the Army of the Potomac, dispatched from Pooleville, Md., Army Headquarters, to Major General Halleck, General in Chief: "That there may be no misunderstanding as to my force, I would respectfully state that, including portions of Heintzelman's command and General Schenck's, now with me, *my whole force of enlisted men* for duty will not exceed 105,000." (*Italics mine.*) As only enlisted men are included in the number, Hooker's total effective (officers and men) numbered at least one hundred and twelve thousand.

Later on the same day, Hooker dispatched from Sandy Hook to Halleck: "I have received your telegram in regard to Harper's Ferry. I find 10,000 men here, in condition to take the field. Here they are of no earthly account. They cannot defend a ford of the river, and, as far as Harper's Ferry is concerned, there is nothing to it. As for the fortifications, the work of the troops, they remain when the troops are withdrawn. No enemy will ever take possession of them for them."

Meade dispatched to Secretary of War Stanton, July 1: "French was ordered to send 3,000 of his force to Washington, with all the property, then move up and join me with the balance." After detaching 3,000 of his force to escort the property from Harper's Ferry to Washington, General French was located at Frederick City, Md., to guard that point with the remainder of his force, 7,000.

Including the Harper's Ferry garrison, General Meade's immediate force numbered 112,000. This does not include the menacing force organized at Harrisburg by Maj. Gen. Darius Nash Couch, the aggregate of which, of all arms, was 25,930. Nor the 17,000 reinforcements sent to Meade by Maj. Gen. John A. Dix, Fort Monroe. Nor the force under the command of Col. L. B. Pierce, operating from Bloody Run and Loudon, 2,000.

July 6, Maj. Gen. Robert C. Schenck, headquarters at Baltimore, commanding the Eighth Army Corps, claimed in a dispatch to Halleck that he had a total of 18,000 men with Meade and proposed to go forward and take command of them. Deducting the Harper's Ferry garrison, 10,000, accounted for, here are 8,000 additional troops.

Nor does it include the 15,000 commanded by Brig. Gen. B. F. Kelley, headquarters at Hancock, Md.

The aggregate of the figures given is one hundred and seventy-five thousand (175,000). General Heintzelman held at Washington, available to the Army of the Potomac after the repulse of the Confederate army, 18,000 troops. A careful

checking over of the figures will show that the 208,000 present and available against the Army of Northern Virginia does not include all such troops.

Col. Walter H. Taylor, Assistant Adjutant General, Army of Northern Virginia, on General Lee's staff, in his "Four Years with General Lee," said: "It appears from the official returns on file in the War Department (U. S. War Department) that, on the 31st of May, 1863, the Army of Northern Virginia numbered: infantry, 54,356; cavalry, 9,536; and artillery, 4,460; of all arms, 68,352 effective. This was immediately before the invasion of Pennsylvania, and may be regarded as representing the maximum of General Lee's army in the Gettysburg campaign.

"At the time of that return the army was divided into but two corps or two wings, one under Longstreet, and the other—Jackson's old corps—under A. P. Hill. The former embraced the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, Pickett, and Hood; and the latter those of A. P. Hill, Early, Rodes, and Johnson. Immediately after the date of this return, the army was organized into three corps, as follows; Longstreet's (First Corps), embracing the divisions of McLaws, Pickett, and Hood; Ewell's (Second Corps), embracing the divisions of Early, Rodes, and Johnson; Hill's (Third Corps), embracing the divisions of Anderson, Heth, and Pender.

"The last two divisions of Hill's Corps were formed by adding Pettigrew's Brigade, which joined the army just at this time, and J. R. Davis's Brigade (formed for him by taking scattered Mississippi regiments from mixed brigades), to the six which constituted A. P. Hill's Division, and dividing the eight into two divisions of four brigades each. The army remained the same as to brigades, with the exception of one additional under General Pettigrew. General Corse was left with his brigade of Pickett's Division, and a North Carolina regiment (the 44th North Carolina Regiment of Pettigrew's Brigade), at Hanover Junction, and took no part in the Pennsylvania campaign; his command offset the brigade brought to the army by General Pettigrew, and I therefore assume that the army return just quoted shows General Lee's maximum strength in that campaign."

The 54th North Carolina Regiment, of Hoke's Brigade, and the 58th Virginia Regiment, of Smith's Brigade, were detached at Winchester and sent as a guard for the prisoners captured on the advance into Pennsylvania, and the 13th Virginia Regiment, of Smith's Brigade, was detached as guard for the captured property and left at Winchester, and neither of the three regiments reached the battle field of Gettysburg. The first two crossed the Potomac in time to aid Imboden in his fight to save the train at Williamsport. The 13th, however, did not cross the Potomac. The 15th Virginia Cavalry, Maj. C. R. Collins in command, was left in the vicinity of Fredericksburg when the army left that point. These four regiments furnished their quota for making up the May 31 return referred to above. There were about eight hundred and forty casualties reported by Stuart in the cavalry, and Ewell in his corps, before their troops crossed into Maryland.

At no time during the three-day battle of Gettysburg was the full strength of the Confederate army present. On July 1 but four of its ten divisions, including cavalry, numbering not exceeding 27,500, were present. The casualties for that date are not so reported as to enable the making of a Confederate aggregate for that date alone; the fighting, however, was close and bloody, and the casualties—killed, wounded, and captured—were heavy, numbering from 5,000 to 7,000. Jenkins's Brigade and White's Battalion constituted the cavalry present until the arrival of Stuart from Carlisle, late in the evening of the 2nd; and Jenkins's entire command was

not present. Robertson, Jones, and Imboden, over half the Confederate cavalry, did not reach the vicinity of the battle field until midday on the 3rd; and one brigade, Jones's, was sent to Fairfield, while Imboden and Robertson were held in the vicinity of Cashtown to watch the force that Couch was operating from Carlisle. Stuart had encountered these in the latter town on July 1.

Colonel Taylor states further: "On the 20th of July, 1863, after the return of General Lee to Virginia, his army numbered forty-one thousand three hundred and eighty-eight (41,388) effective, exclusive of the cavalry corps, of which no report is made in the return of the date last mentioned; allowing 7,612, a fair estimate for the cavalry, the effective total of the army, on the 20th of July, was 49,000." The official returns as printed in Volume XXVII, Part II, p. 292, Official Records, using Colonel Taylor's figures as an estimate for the cavalry, which is not reported, show a total of all arms for July 10, 1863, of 49,304.

The official abstract from returns of the Army of the Potomac, for July 10, 1863, (Official Records, Volume XXVII, Part I, p. 152) show present for duty, 85,231; present for duty and equipped, 73,156. The difference does not consist of camp followers, but most of them are engaged in other legitimate duties which do not require them to carry arms. If to the latter figures, 67,913 other troops present and available are added, Lee's greatly depleted army, stopped by an unfordable river, was threatened by the immense number of 141,069. But as Heintzelman's force at Washington, 18,000, available, but was not present, objection may be raised to including it; if deducted, Lee's army was still menaced by 123,069 Federal soldiers with guns, swords, pistols, etc., in their hands.

When the Confederate army retreated from Gettysburg, Brig. Gen. John B. Gordon's Georgia Brigade, of Early's Division, Ewell's Second Corps, served as rear guard from the infantry, and Maj. E. V. White's Cavalry Battalion followed Gordon. Though the army began its retrograde movement by withdrawing from its formation held during the 4th of July, as soon as the shades of night covered the field on that date, the rear guard did not disappear behind the screen of growing timber and elevations situated between Willoughby and Marsh Runs until the afternoon of the 5th of July. The other two corps, Hill's leading and Longstreet's following it, with trains and Federal prisoners of war interspersed, had required the time to stretch into column. After Ewell's Corps began to move it made good time, considering the condition of the roads made bad by the terrific rains.

The messenger bearing letters from President Davis and Adjutant General Samuel Cooper was captured at Hagerstown July 2, and the letters were rushed to General Meade, who, in turn, scattered their contents broadcast, particularly to the authorities and commanding officers. (See October, 1924, issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, p., 390, for detailed facts). This information caused a universal chuckle among Federal generals and other officials of high rank. All knew that General Lee's request for a phantom army, under the command of Beauregard, to threaten Washington had failed to materialize, and not a man could Lee expect to fill the great gaps made by a strenuous campaign and great bloody battle. They knew that every threatened point—Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, and even New York, or any other point north of the Potomac River—was relieved from any menace from the Confederate army; that every soldier within the range of the points named was available to add to Meade for active fighting.

Halleck, general in chief, promptly sent notice to the

commander at every point; Dix, at Fort Monroe; Schenck, at Baltimore; Foster, in North Carolina; Kelley, in West Maryland; Couch at Harrisburg; and every other commander of troops, to push forward every man to Meade to aid in the pending battle in the destruction of Lee's army. The managers of all railroads were notified to confine the activity of their rolling stock to the movement of men, horses, ammunition, and army supplies to Meade.

Major General French, at Frederick City, dispatched to Halleck at 8 P.M., July 4: "An expedition sent out by me last night has just returned; entirely destroyed the pontoon bridge over the Potomac at Williamsport, capturing the guard, a lieutenant and thirteen men." [The bridge was really located at Falling Waters, three miles below Williamsport.]

Brig. Gen. B. F. Kelley was urged to concentrate his force at Hancock and Clear Spring to be in a position to attack Lee's flanks, should he be compelled to recross the Potomac River. Urgent and repeated messages were sent to the commanders of all posts within available distance to rush forward all the help they could possibly get together.

Couch's force under Smith, Dana, Pierce, and Hawley were active in their efforts to aid in the destruction of the Confederate army.

Pierce, operating from Bloody Run and Loudon, attacked the Confederate train that was being convoyed to Williamsport by Imboden, on the morning of the 5th of July, at Greencastle, and reported the capture of "653 prisoners—4 field and staff; 28 officers; 308 enlisted men badly wounded and left at Mercersburg; 345 taken in arms; 100 wagons; 300 horses and mules." General J. E. B. Stuart, in his report, mentions this incident: "As a part of the operations of this period, I will here report that about sixty of the wagons belonging to Lee's Brigade, while in the special charge of General Imboden, en route to Williamsport, near Mercersburg, were captured by the enemy."

The records are full of evidence that all the troops named in this article were subject to orders from General Meade, and all, except the 18,000 under Heintzelman at Washington, were sent to Meade to aid in the pending battle.

On July 5th Meade ordered all the corps of the army located at Gettysburg to move, the general direction being toward Frederick City. Becoming doubtful of Lee's purpose, he soon halted his entire army and dispatched Couch on July 6: "I delayed my flank movement until I am positively satisfied the enemy are retreating to the Potomac. I hope sometime to-day to determine this."

Lee's 68,352 men encountered a force of approximately 150,000. Yet in "Everybody's Cyclopaedia," under the head, "The Decisive Battles of the World and Their Results," is the following: "Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863, Federal forces (75,000) under Meade, defeated the Confederates (75,000) under Lee. Losses 23,186 and 31,621, respectively. Decisive battle of the American Civil War by ending Confederate invasions."

Note that the casualties of the Army of Northern Virginia are here given at 31,621. Admitting, for argument's sake, that the Confederate army numbered 75,000, if we deduct 49,000, the strength of the Confederate army on July 20, there will remain but 26,000, hence, the inevitable conclusion is that 31,000 casualties is an error. It is also a matter of history that a year later General Early, with the Second Corps, entered Maryland, scattered the Federal forces sent to meet him at Monocacy, and approached the very fortifications at the city of Washington.

Washington Irving, whose brilliant mind and facile pen

have left so many beautiful sketches to interest and entertain his fellow men in the world, spent a day in Westminster Abbey. This magnificent Gothic pile is one of the chief ornaments of London. Here, for nearly a thousand years, has occurred the coronation of England's sovereigns. It is also distinguished as the burial place of a large number of the English sovereigns from Edward the Confessor to George the II; here is a section set apart and occupied chiefly with monuments to noted deceased warriors and statesmen; in this great pile is situated the "Poets' Corner," the burial and memorial place of most of England's great writers from Chaucer to John Ruskin. Though begun slightly less than a thousand years ago, Irving discovered enough to inspire his imagination to activity.

"How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of the name. Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. . . . History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription molds from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs but characters written in dust?"

HEARING FROM OLD COMRADES.

The little reference in the VETERAN for October to Capt. J. M. Hickey, of Washington, D. C., who was so badly wounded at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, has brought to him many letters from comrades of the long ago, some of whom had not seen him since that terrible day and night at Franklin. Captain Hickey was made very happy by these messages, and his devoted wife copied for the VETERAN the following letters from two comrades of his native State, who had not expected him to survive his serious wounds:

J. J. Moore writes from Keytesville, Mo.:

"*Dear Old Comrade:* When I opened the VETERAN and found the name of Capt. J. M. Hickey enrolled therein, I was so rejoiced that I read it over and over. When I came to Capt. J. M. Hickey, Company B, 2nd and 6th Missouri Regiments, consolidated, it swelled my heart with such rejoicing that tears trickled down my cheeks. I hope that little periodical, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, will hold out for many years. How I enjoy it! Its pages brought your name to me, which amply repays me for the many years that I have taken it. May the Lord ever bless it! The last time I saw you was on the battle field of Franklin, Tenn., never expecting you to live. The words you spoke to me, to 'tell old Company B to remember me'—oh, how sweet those words come to my memory yet! This all comes to my memory after seeing your name enrolled in the VETERAN."

From G. N. Ratliff, Moberly, Mo.:

"*Dear Comrade:* I was surprised to-day, in looking over my CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to come across your name and address. At the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, after the Federal army had fallen back, I was going over the battle field, and I heard some one calling for help, and I went to him and it was you. You asked me for water, and I cut a canteen off of a dead soldier and gave you water and sent some one from the 2nd Regiment to you. This was a horrible time."

BREAKING GRANT'S LINE.

BY J. D. BARRIER, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Early in June, 1864, the armies of Lee and Grant were in death grips chiefly in front of Petersburg. Grant was intent on piercing Lee's line. He advanced with as many as ten lines of battle, expecting that, when the first line should wither under the deadly fire of the Confederates, the second line would arrive and fill the ranks and go forward, and, in case it too should be weakened and demoralized, a third line would arrive to push on the assault, and thus there would be nine successive refillings of the decimated ranks, which seemed to promise success. But alas! the Confederate fire was too accurate and the dogged determination not to yield to forces however formidable sent all back in confusion. Even the blowing up of a battery in Lee's line, on July 30, 1864, while it was essentially appalling to the Confederates, proved a dismal failure, which was dearly paid for in Union blood.

But the chief point in this story is as it involves the 57th North Carolina Regiment.

This regiment won its "spurs" in its first engagement, which was a part of the Fredericksburg battle, December 13, 1862. It had the misfortune to be a part of Early's army which tried to hold the Valley of Virginia. Of course, it suffered greatly by the stampedes of that campaign and there was even reflection upon its innate fighting qualities.

Early, being overpowered by Sheridan in the Valley, was withdrawn and relieved of his command, and the 57th North Carolina took its position in the line of Lee's right wing about Hatcher's Run, and took active part in the battle of that name. In February, 1865, the regiment took a prominent place in the line just in front of Petersburg and facing the Federal Fort Steadman.

The two armies were in easy shot of each other. The Confederate breastworks were strong and high and capped with a square hewn log with observation portholes, for it was foolhardy to lift the head above this defense. The Confederate front was obstructed by four lines of chevaux-de-frise, all linked together, and the Federals had a kind of rail spike arrangement, one end in the ground and so supported as to stand out against an advancing army. This situation seemed to forbid assault from either army.

At the Hatcher's Run battle, the 57th lost its color bearer. The flag was then tendered to and accepted by a young man of Company F, just a few months more than twenty years of age, and the remainder of this story will rest entirely upon his knowledge of the battle of Fort Steadman.

On the evening of March 24, while strolling leisurely along the breastworks, his ear caught the sound of the Confederate and Federal sentinels on the outer posts jollying each other. It went something like this: "Come over, Johnnie, and get you a cup of coffee and some hard-tack." "Come over, you Blue Coats, and get a good chew of tobacco. We have some of the best rosin you ever stuck a tooth into." That young color bearer knew without a doubt that something serious was pending. Such interchange of words was not allowed ordinarily. Sometime in the early darkness, Lieut. Jim Edmondson came to him for help to select six of the most dependable members of Company F, to help make up a squadron of sixty men for some special duty unknown to any of us.

Just as light began to show in the east on the 25th, the 6th and 57th North Carolina Regiments were up and in line, and were ordered "over the top" (as they said in the World War), and were lying in line ready for the pistol shot signal. Just then Lieutenant Edmondson and his squadron filed over the breastworks in column of twos, with unloaded guns. By way

of strategy he, as leader, called out: "O, boys, come back! Don't go." This fooled the enemy in the advanced rifle pits into believing it to be a column of deserters, and they allowed the Confederates to approach without firing on them. Of course, those men in the rifle pits were captured and sent back into the Confederate lines, and the way was open for Lieutenant Edmondson to enter Fort Steadman.

The chevaux-de-frise in front of the Confederates were all removed ready for action early in the night, and as soon as Lieutenant Edmondson's success was apparent, a gallant corps of pioneers dashed upon the enemy's obstructions and with their axes chopped and battered them down to make way for the two regiments to enter and take the enemy's line of defense. It was a daring piece of strategy. All was confusion as to what it meant. No one knew where the enemy might be lurking.

The young color bearer never thought that such an ordeal would confront him. Whatever his fears were, he realized that it was up to him to lead the 57th through that supposedly deadly field. His flag could not be seen the length of a company, however much he might wave it, so he kept his voice going loud enough to be heard all along the line of the regiment saying: "Here's your flag; come on, men; keep in line." Thus he made it possible to keep the ranks unbroken.

There was no escape from imminent danger and little hope for anything but the worst. The men could not be urged to a double-quick, and it seemed a long time getting across that open field. The enemy, however, had been struck with such consternation at the boldness of the well-nigh exhausted gray lines that they fled in dismay after a feeble effort at resistance and left the attacking force in complete possession of Fort Steadman. The two regiments entered the Federal line of defense, and no enemy appeared near.

The color bearer realized that this day was to be a real ordeal for him and wished most longingly for Col. H. C. Jones (late of Charlotte) to command. He said to himself: "If I had Colonel Jones to command, I would carry these colors to any limit, or fall in the effort." He did not then know that Colonel Jones had returned from captivity through exchange and was actually in command.

The 57th was ordered to deploy and capture a battery in front, located on Hare's Hill. After advancing well away from other troops then arriving, the voice of Colonel Jones rang out in the morning twilight: "Attention, 57th! Halt! I learn since my return that the regiment has been charged with not standing in battle. To-day we give that the lie. Forward!" The regiment was yet far from the goal when Colonel Jones was wounded, and the color bearer was deprived of his ideal commander. It was found impossible to capture the fort and the regiment narrowly escaped capture.

The battle now became a shell bombardment by the enemy of frightful fierceness. While the color bearer was standing in line in full view of the fort that the regiment failed to capture, a shell, evidently aimed at the colors, burst so near that he seemed in the very midst of the shock. Both the color guards fell.

After enduring this inferno till about 9 o'clock, the adjutant of the division came along on his horse hunting for all the color bearers, ordering them to go back at once and plant their colors in the breastworks that the regiments left in the morning. To get back then through a gauntlet of enfilading fire of small arms seemed more dreadful than to remain under the shell fire.

The flag of the 57th was safely landed inside the Confederate defenses and the bearer congratulated himself that he had passed through the ordeal unscathed, but, owing to

certain crooks in the line of breastworks, he was traveling along the line directly away from the enemy when a stray shot swooped over the front and down the incline as he walked along and passed through his left shoulder. However he suffered less from this wound in the hospital than he would have done amid the hardships from Petersburg to Appomattox.

CONFEDERATE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURG.

An interesting find has been made on the old battle field of Petersburg in the discovery that some of the tunnelling done by the Confederates there is still in condition for exploration. The discovery of the opening to these subterranean passages within the old Confederate battle lines along the Jerusalem Plank Road, just outside of Petersburg, was made when the ground was being cleared in the vicinity of the two Pennsylvania monuments, and investigation showed that the tunnels ran in several directions for hundreds of yards. They are between the Confederate works called Fort Mahone, or Fort Damnation, and the Northern works known as Fort Sedgewick, or Fort Hell. It will be remembered that the fighting at this point started on June 9, 1864, and continued at intervals until April 2, 1865, when General Lee began his retreat toward Appomattox.

This discovery has attracted many visitors to the spot, who have been puzzled over the reason for constructing these tunnels. It is thought that they must have been made when

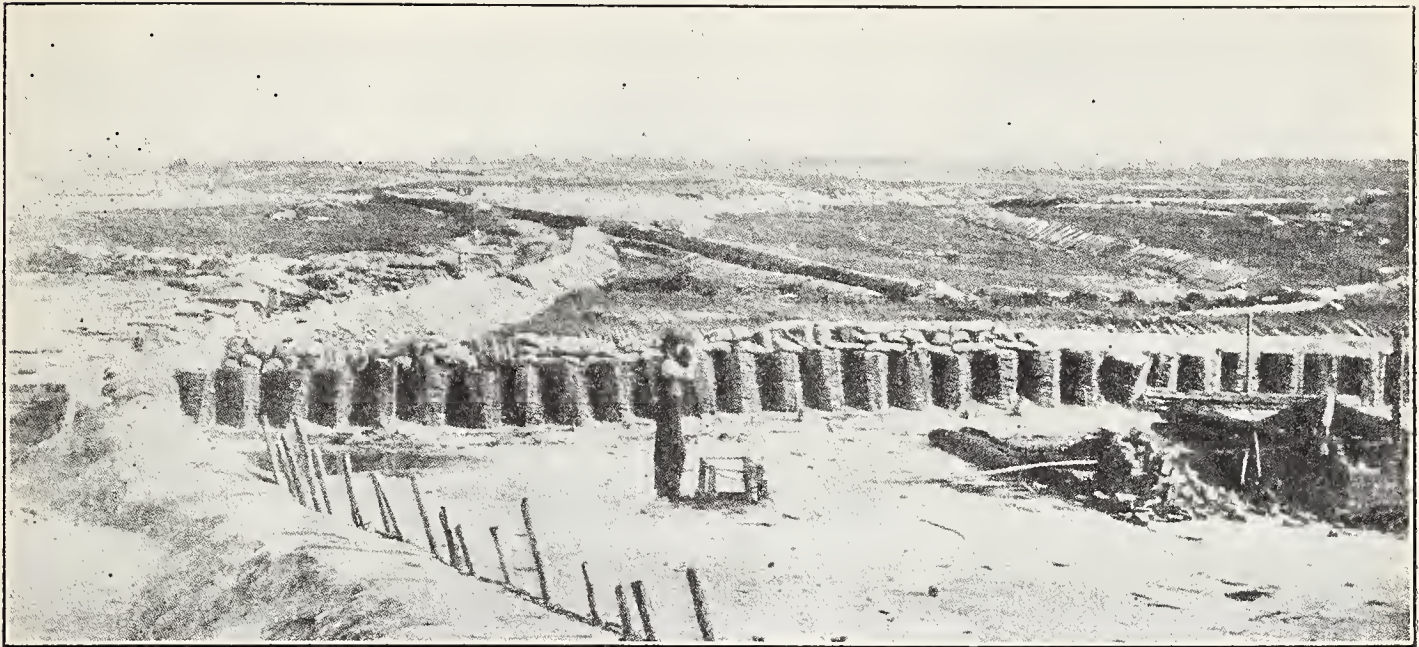
countermining was started on learning that the Federals were undermining the Confederate works, and which later ended in the blowing up of the Crater. In writing of this, Col. T. M. R. Talcott, commanding the Engineer Troops of the Army of Northern Virginia, says in an article contributed to the "Photographic History of the Civil War," Vol. V, page 262:

"As soon as it became known to General Beauregard that an attempt was being made to undermine a salient point on his line, he made use of the company of engineer troops then at Petersburg in an effort to protect the threatened point by countermining. Two pits were sunk in the trenches, from the bottom of which drifts or tunnels were extended some distance beyond the entrenchments, and a circumvallating gallery was in progress, which, if it had been completed in time, might have discovered the exact location of the underground approach of the foe; although it was subsequently ascertained that while the drift by which the Federals reached a point under the Confederate lines was about halfway between the two Confederate workings, it was at a somewhat lower level. However, the Confederate works were incomplete when, on July 30, 1864, the Federal mine was exploded.

"The most lasting effect of this demonstration by General Grant was to produce a feeling of impending danger at every salient point of the Confederate line of defense; and General Lee ordered eight more companies of engineer troops from north of the James to Petersburg and made large details from the infantry to swell their numbers in order to expedite the the work of countermining, which, from that time on, was



ENTRANCE TO THE CONFEDERATE TUNNELS ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF PETERSBURG.



CONFEDERATE ENTRENCHMENTS AT PETERSBURG AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD REACH.

The Confederate fortifications in defense of Petersburg were among the most substantial and strongest erected during the war. These tremendous works were built with a degree of skill that has since made them a wonder to military men. They were undermined and blown up by Union troops at the famous "Crater," but were never carried in a front attack till the final assault, after which General Lee withdrew. (From "Photographic History of the Civil War." Used by courtesy.)

pushed energetically, until ample protection was afforded at all points exposed to attack by mining. These underground defenses included, besides the necessary pits, over two and one-half miles of drifts or tunnels."

W. McDonald Lee, of Irvington, Va., Past Commander in Chief, S. C. V., gives another reason for these passages in the following:

"A visit to the tunnels on the battle fields at Rives's Salient, near Petersburg, was interesting in the extreme. The recent discoveries are rather astounding, due as much to their magnitude as to their long obscurity.

"While it may be, as stated by one who was a participant in that campaign of the sixties, they were tunnels or counter-shafts to prevent further mining by the Federals and explosions such as had previously taken place at the Crater—and this has credence in the fact that the Confederate tunnels just discovered do not conform to lateral lines, but branch off as fingers of the hand, as feelers, we might say—yet, from the cursory surface survey I made on my visit, I am inclined to believe they were largely used for another purpose, for entrance and exit and passageways between the several salients or individual fortifications. This view is borne out by the fact that the two openings now visible reach out toward Petersburg under cover of hillsides. No other approach could be made to any of the Confederate salients from the Petersburg side without suffering sweeping fires from the Federal fortifications in the rear. As the two present discovered openings to the tunnels were covered by rampart or hill, they gave safe access for men and supplies via Petersburg, which was in the hands of Confederates. Then, too, they gave safe retreat, under scathing fire, to those manning the breastworks above.

"The most marvelous feature, perhaps, in the tunnels lies in the fact that hardly a lump of earth during more than sixty years has tumbled in. Stiffness of the clay and dryness because of altitude leave the tunnels so far opened intact, although the old wooden false work has rotted and fallen. Practically every one of the many thousands of pick marks still show in the ceiling and sides, and this holds

good as to the several cuddy holes, or man holes, which were dug along the way.

"Had our forces been sure of the tough consistency of the soil, as now demonstrated, no false work would have been necessary; but, lacking that knowledge, and playing safe, the wooden stanchions and boards were constructed intermittently. This lack of acquaintance with the stickativeness of the clay subsoil probably caused the squaring of the ceiling. The latter was cut in almost perfect right angles to the side walls, and not arched, a fact that made the ceiling more difficult to construct and reasonably more dangerous. However, the engineering feat was no small success, and the addition of props and boards overhead precluded for sure any cave-in from shells that might strike above.

"Not only should Virginians, but all who are interested in history and the great conflict of sixty years ago, watch with interest the development and exploration of these tunnels so long hidden and now looming in vast proportions. They seem to conform to the height of the ordinary six-foot man and the width by which two might walk abreast, or allow easy passing by. Surely, there ought to be some Confederate veterans yet alive who had a hand in digging these subterranean trenches and could declare accurately their purposes, which I feel assured were principally for covered ingress and egress, though maybe also for countermining."

Writing of later discoveries, Samuel D. Rogers, of Petersburg, tells of the further excavations that are being made at Fort Sedgewick, across the fields from the Confederate tunnels at Pine Gardens, of which he says:

"The Confederate tunnels are completed, and on the Federal side at Fort Sedgewick there seem to be numerous tunnels running in every direction from the fort. It seems strange that a number of tunnels parallel the line of fortifications, and from the parallel tunnels run out across the fields in many directions the tunnels as are found at Rives's Salient.

"In one of the tunnels recently opened at Fort Sedgewick, there is a perfect line of a dummy or small railway track, constructed of wood as cut from the trees. The sills, as well as the track, though of wood, are in a perfect state of preserva-

tion. Just what this track was made for is a mystery. It may have been constructed to remove the dirt as dug or perhaps to carry under and store the powder. To this tunnel there is an entrance from the fortifications at Fort Sedgewick. The Federal tunnels apparently were not of as great dimensions as were the Confederate, but seem to have been more greatly strengthened. The tunnel in which the track is located has been opened up not more than thirty or forty feet, there being an abrupt closing which may have been caused by the earth falling in, though this is not indicated by the surface of the ground. Evidently the track was extended considerably beyond that.

"Just about fifty yards nearer the road three other tunnels are being opened. At one point and close to this place can be found several other entrances indicated by holes in the ground almost large enough for one to creep in.

"Nothing has created so much interest as the opening of these old tunnels, and, when completed, this will doubtless be the greatest point of interest around Petersburg. These Confederate tunnels are located at Pine Gardens on the Jerusalem Plank Road, beginning with the point of the battle of the 9th of June, 1864, and extending to Rives's Salient, through the Federal fortifications at Fort Sedgewick, and the lines from there to City Point.

"Before the war this property was known as the Rives farm, and on the battle line is located the old family cemetery, within which stands a monument to Timothy Rives, who was a leading citizen of Prince George in the antebellum period."

This property was recently acquired by David A. Lyon, Jr., a prominent citizen of Petersburg, and the tunnels were discovered in clearing up the grounds. He is having these excavations made and is beautifying these historic fields and erecting buildings which conform to the old-time structures. An entrance has been built to the Confederate tunnels, and markers will be placed at the several entrances to Pine Gardens which will further beautify this historic battle field, and the tunnels will be electrically lighted. Many interesting relics have been found—swords, shells, bayonets, Minie balls, belts, canteens, etc., practically every implement known to the Confederate soldier. Throngs of people from all over this and other countries are daily visitors.

CAPTURE OF GENERALS CROOK AND KELLY.

BY J. W. DUFFEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

[Many fragmentary accounts of the capture of Generals Crook and Kelly have appeared from time to time, usually with a trace of truth and a profusion of fiction. The only authentic account given to the public was prepared by Comrade John B. Fay, who recently died in Washington, a native of Cumberland, Md., who planned the capture and served as pilot on the raid. His account appeared shortly after the war, and was copied by several newspapers, but never put in a more permanent form. Many of his terms and phrases were so well chosen and so admirably stated, I shall be at liberty to use them in this account whenever they serve my purpose. While he set forth the leading facts in the case, he omitted many details, for the obvious reason he shared a leading part in them. Many of them have never been published, and, although of minor importance; yet as they are directly related to the story and may serve as sidelights for the reader, they are incorporated in this narrative.]

It should be noted that Capt. Jesse C. McNeill was in command when the generals were captured, having succeeded his father, Capt. John H. McNeill, who had organized the

company in 1862 for scout duty in the South Branch Valley. The senior McNeill was mortally wounded by an accidental shot from one of his own men while making a daybreak attack on a company of cavalry near Mount Jackson, Va., October 3, 1864. And, stranger than fiction, shortly after the calamity, when Sheridan's army was falling back from Harrisonburg to Winchester, General Sheridan made his headquarters for a night in the same house where the wounded McNeill was fighting a losing battle with death; and there Sheridan met and interviewed the man whom he had previously designated as "the most daring and dangerous of all bushwhackers." The application, however, was a misfit, as McNeill did not adopt that method of warfare. He resorted to it once, and then only as a retaliatory measure.

In his interview with McNeill, General Sheridan evidently concluded "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush." He ordered a detail and ambulance to move McNeill down the Valley within the Federal lines. The next day, when the ambulance arrived, McNeill could not be found. He had been placed in an improvised ambulance and was far on the way to Harrisonburg, where, in Hill's Hotel, he died November 10, 1864.

Jesse McNeill, being first lieutenant, became commander, and later received his commission as captain. In the few remaining months before the close of the war, he exemplified much of the daring and dash of his father without his father's maturity and caution. After the war he married Miss Sharrard, of Hardy County, W. Va., and later moved to Illinois, where he died in 1912.

As military experts have expressed their estimate of the capture of Generals Crook and Kelly, two or three brief quotations may be introduced.

Governor O'Ferrall, of Virginia, in his book, "The Civil War," says: "It was as bold and successful an achievement as any during the war and deserves a place in every book which treats of that stormy period."

Gen. John B. Gordon, in his "Reminiscences of the War," says: "In daring and dash, it is the most thrilling incident of the entire war."

In a "History of the Laurel Brigade," known originally as the Ashby Cavalry, by Capt. William M. McDonald, it is said: "The capture of Generals Crook and Kelly was an event that excited the North with astonishment at the audacity, and the South with admiration for its boldness and exultation over its success."

Plans for the capture of the generals had been in process for some time. Fay had discussed with McNeill the feasibility of the capture, he having made two trips into Cumberland to ascertain the number and location of the pickets, the exact location of the sleeping apartments of the generals, and all other items of information deemed necessary.

The time for the raid was tentatively set. Fay was commissioned to proceed several days in advance to make a final reconnoissance; and if it was ascertained "all is quiet on the Potomac to-night," the raiding party would be in readiness to start at once.

Fay selected as companion Comrade C. Richie Hallar, known among the Rangers as "Pense" Hallar, because he joined the Company in Pennsylvania, a youth of courage and prudence, and who, at this writing resides in Kansas City, Mo. They proceeded on their difficult mission and in due time found conditions still favorable.

But those two scouts were not of the class who stop short of "assurance doubly sure." As a man may change his bed and board on short notice, or no notice, a matter of first importance was to make sure that the generals would be found in

their accustomed beds when the raiding party arrived; therefore, as a further precaution, Fay secured the coöperation of two well-known and trusty citizens in Cumberland. One of them was to ascertain at a late hour whether the generals had "turned in" for the night, the night for which the capture was planned, the other to report to Fay and the raiding party at a designated time and place. With those details settled, Fay and Hallar retraced their steps and by daybreak they were twenty miles away, breaking their fast with a bachelor farmer friend, Vause Herriott, in a quiet section of Hampshire County about five miles from Romney.

From Herriott's Hallar was dispatched "through a blinding snow" to report to McNeill, who, according to agreement, had moved his camp from Moorefield to a secluded place near Romney. The raiding party consisted of forty-eight of McNeill's men and sixteen well-known men of other commands. On receiving the report from Hallar, the troop started in the late afternoon and, proceeding by an obscure route, arrived at Harriott's about sunset and there met Fay.

After feeding our horses and ourselves for the last time for a continuous ride of eighty miles, the major part of which promised to be a neck-and-neck race, we mounted and with Fay as a guide rode off in the dark. Between us and the Potomac where we expected to cross the river were twenty rugged miles over several ridges, one of which is dignified as Knobly Mountain. The sky was clear, the temperature biting cold, and the snow in many places banked in formidable drifts. Crossing Knobly, we were forced to dismount and make a way through the drifts for our struggling horses.

Passing down Knobly by the "Ren" Seymour home, we forded the river at the Sam Brady farm and found Fay's faithful ally, an Irishman by the name of George Stauntan, waiting with a favorable report. From that point to Cumberland is five miles by the New Creek (now Keyser) road, but that road was known to be well guarded; the other road through Cresaptown and the Narrows, though double the distance of the New Creek road yet being clear of pickets we had planned to go that way. But the hours had slipped by and the night was so far gone it was considered impossible to reach the city before daybreak by the longer road.

At that juncture one of two things had to be done: either turn back and give up the game or take the hazard of the New Creek road. The raiders knew the risk of attempting to capture pickets without communicating an alarm to the main body of troops, and being far from base as they were, if the enemy should be aroused there would be slim chance of escape. In that supreme moment the expedition was saved from failure by the confidence and courage of Fay. The New Creek road with its hazard was taken. McNeill and Vandiver, followed by Kuykendall and Fay, rode ahead as an advance guard, the rest of the troop under Lieutenant Welton keeping close behind.

Two miles were cautiously passed with no sound to break the stillness of the morning except the crust of snow beneath the horses' feet. Suddenly there was a pistol shot at the front, and at the same instant an outcry: "I surrender—I surrender—I surrender!" The picket had been shot at and, though unhurt, it was a case where one might as well be killed as frightened to death. He had challenged the advance guard with the usual: "Halt! Who comes there?" "Friends from New Creek," was the reply. He then said: "Dismount one and advance with the countersign." McNeill dashed at him as a wild beast springs on its prey, and, unable to check his horse at the picket's side, fired in his face as he passed.

Two companion pickets sheltered in the fence corner took to their heels, but were captured without firing another shot.

The three captured pickets were brought to the middle of the road and ordered to give the countersign. They refused to give it. Neither hope of reward nor fear of death seemed to move them. McNeill placed the muzzle of his pistol between the eyes of one of them with a threat to pull the trigger, but he stood as still and silent as the petrified sentinel at the gate of Pompeii. His dogged silence was as admirable as it was provoking. It was suggested, "Hang him and choke the word out of him." Halter straps were soon in evidence, and, as one encircled his neck, he opened his mouth and said: "'Bull's Gap' is the countersign."

Fortunately, as it developed later, the reserve picket post did not hear the pistol shot. With the prisoners mounted on their own horses, the troop moved on toward the reserve picket post, which proved to be beyond an intervening hill more than a mile distant, and was composed of a squad of infantry sitting before a blazing log fire engaged in a game of cards. With but little ceremony, the countersign served its purpose. The picket squad was surrounded and quietly captured. Their arms and ammunition were destroyed and themselves paroled on honor to remain on the spot until we returned. If they kept their parole, they are still at their post, as we did not return that way and had no intention of doing so. It was believed we could accomplish our work before they could give an alarm.

Inside the picket lines the lights of the city were soon in view. Its population at that time was about 8,000, with a garrison of Federal troops variously estimated at from 7,000 9,000. The morning star, high above the horizon, admonished us of the near approach of day, and whatever remained to be done in darkness must be done soon. Proceeding in a dog trot, and, on entering Green Street, slowing down to an apparently careless gait, some of the men lazily whistling Yankee tunes, we passed around the courthouse hill. Crossing the bridge over Will's Creek and up Baltimore Street, the halt was made with the head of the column in front of the Revere House and the rear of the column in front of the Barnum, which was about a hundred yards from the Revere. In front of each hotel a sentinel leisurely paced his beat undisturbed by our approach, evidently assuming a scouting party had come in to report.

A detail of two squads had been previously made with Kuykendall and Vandiver in charge of the squads for the Barnum and Revere, respectively. The first to dismount was Sprigg S. Lynn, a native of Cumberland, who captured and disarmed the sentinel in front of the Barnum, and, quickly followed by Kuykendall, John Daily, and John H. Cunningham, proceeded to General Kelly's apartment on the second floor. The first room entered proved to be that of the adjutant general, Major Melvin, who was asked where General Kelly was. He replied: "In the adjoining room." The communicating door being open, it was entered at once. When General Kelly was awakened, he was told he was a prisoner, and to make his toilet as speedily as possible. With some degree of nervousness, he complied, inquiring as he did so to whom he was surrendering. Kuykendall replied: "To Captain McNeill, by order of General Rosser!" He had very little more to say after that. In a very short time, he and Melvin were led to the street and mounted upon horses, the owners of which gave them the saddles and rode behind.

At the Revere House a similar scene was taking place. The sentinel in front of the hotel was quietly captured, but the front door was locked. After knocking it was opened by a negro boy, Jacob Gassman, who had been a clerk in the hotel, went up to where General Crook slept and, supposing the door was locked, rapped several times. A

voice within asked: "Who's there?" Gassman replied. "A friend," and was told: "Come in." Vandiver, Samuel Tucker, and James Daily, son of the proprietor of the hotel, arrived by this time, and all entered the room. The General meanwhile having half risen, Vandiver said: "General Crook, you are my prisoner!"

"What authority have you for this?" inquired Crook.

"The authority of General Rosser, of Fitzhugh Lee's Division of Cavalry," was Vandiver's reply.

General Crook then got up and said: "Is General Rosser here?"

"Yes," replied Vandiver, "I am General Rosser. I have twenty-five hundred men, and we have surprised and captured the city."

This settled the matter as far as the bona fide general was concerned. He was intensely surprised by the bold announcement, but, knowing nothing to the contrary, accepted Vandiver's assertion as the truth and submitted to his fate with as much grace and cheerfulness as he could command.

After Vandiver and his party disappeared into the hotel, Fay and Hallar went to the telegraph office adjoining and proceeded to put that apparatus out of commission. The telegraph operator was A. Thomas Brennaman, who was asleep with his feet up on the table when they entered, and the first notice he had of their intrusion was when one of them kicked the table over. However, it became apparent later on that the damage to the telegraph had been repaired in due haste.

General Crook was soon ready, though the squad did not appear with him on the street for some minutes after Kelly had been mounted, and minutes then meant more than ever before or since. Several headquarters flags were brought with the prisoner, and, when all were mounted, breathing suddenly became easier with the waiting troop.

On the street while waiting for the generals to be brought out, a citizen, an early bird who had better been in bed, approached and inquired: "Boys, what's up?" He found out, being taken in hand as the column wheeled and moved orderly down the street.

It was not known then that among the late arrivals in those hotels were Brig. Gen. R. B. Hayes and Maj. William McKinley, or we might have had a larger harvest of generals and two future Presidents of the United States.

Near the chain bridge on Baltimore Street there was a government stable where several fine horses were secured, among them "Philippi," General Kelly's celebrated charger. One of the men brought out a Shetland pony, the steed of the son of an officer, which later was turned loose because it was not able to keep up with us.

With the men and prisoners provided with horses, Fay led the way, taking the tow path down the river. Two picket posts, one at the canal lock on the edge of the city, the other about a mile and a half below, were passed with but little ceremony when informed that the Rebels were coming and we were going out to meet them. At Wiley's Ford, about one mile below the city, we crossed the Potomac at daybreak. But though on Virginia soil again, we were not safe. Sixty rugged miles, through disputed territory, from which scouting bands of the enemy were seldom absent, lay between us and Moorefield, with no guarantee of safety then. West of us at New Creek, now Keyser, which is forty miles from Moorefield, with a good road between, there was a strong force of cavalry. On the east, at Winchester, which is sixty miles from Moorefield with a direct road connecting those places, Sheridan had cavalry enough to block the roads and scour the mountains, and both New Creek and Winchester were con-

nected by wire with Cumberland. The cavalry force in Cumberland was known to be small, but sufficient to make trouble for us, and would soon be on our trail, so that we still had "to run the gauntlet" with our prize. The first requisite was enduring horse flesh. In the make-up of the raiding party, men were chosen with the best horses, it being well known that "the life of the scout hangs on the heels of the horse."

Four or five miles from the city we heard the boom of a cannon giving the alarm. When we were getting up speed, General Crook complained of discomfort and, turning to William H. Maloney, at his side, said: "Can't you go ahead and get me a saddle?" Maloney said he did not know where he could get one. The General laughed and said: "Take one from the first Yank you meet and tell him General Crook ordered you to take it." Maloney dashed ahead to Jacob Kyles and said: "I want a saddle for General Crook." Kyles, who had just been aroused from the night's slumber, supposing Maloney to be a Yankee, said: "You took the only saddle I had yesterday." When Maloney informed him that he was not a Yankee and had Crook a prisoner, Kyles directed him to a flour barrel where a saddle was procured.

Passing through Romney, with headquarters flags flying and a mixture of blue coats, some of the citizens were uncertain whether it was a troupe of Rebels or Yankees. From that point the Trough road to Moorefield was taken, an abandoned road near to and parallel with the South Branch of the Potomac.

The cavalry from Cumberland came in sight two miles south of Romney and captured Joseph Sherrard and wounded John Poland, who had stopped at the farmhouse of William B. Stump. The cavalry then proceeded to press our rear guard. While the prisoners were being hurried on, the rear guard was strengthened and a position was taken on an elevation covered with scrubby trees, the road climbing the hill in a serpentine fashion, while an abrupt ridge on one side and the river on the other made it impossible for the enemy to flank us. When the enemy ascertained the advantage we had secured in position, they withdrew and discontinued pursuit. We waited an hour to give the prisoners a good start, and then followed on. Meanwhile the sun had softened the snow sufficiently to ball under our horses' feet, thereby increasing their labor and decreasing our speed.

Shortly after entering the Moorefield Valley, where the road from New Creek could be seen, we observed a cavalry force heading for Moorefield at the top of their speed. The two roads are but a mile apart and the river is between. The cavalry proved to be the 22nd Pennsylvania, Colonel Greenfield commanding, and known among us as the Ringgold Cavalry, our old enemies with whom in times past we had had many lively tilts, and after the war our warm friends, with whom we fellowshipped in reunions—the first on record of the blue and the gray meeting in friendly relations.

But at the time of this incident both sides were bent on business—the race was on—the vapor from their panting horses extended back in a long level line like the smoke of an express train. Two miles ahead they would cross the river and then the two roads came together. We were in no mood for a reunion at that junction.

It was evident we could not pass through Moorefield, the rallying point of McNeill's Rangers, as we had hoped to be able to do; on the contrary we must resort to a well-known expedient when hard pressed by the enemy—take to the bushes. As we turned to a trail through the woods and ridges, General Crook cast a parting glance at the blue column and quietly exclaimed: "So near and yet so far." We passed out of sight and quickly crossed the road from Winchester on

which Sheridan's cavalry were coming, and passing east of Moorefield as the sun sank below the horizon, pressed on south of the town, recalling meanwhile the words of Wellington at Waterloo. When his shattered columns were making their last stand and Blucher had not arrived with reinforcements, the British commander said: "Come, Blucher, or night!" We had no Blucher to look to, but night favored us and, eight miles south of Moorefield, the wearied men and jaded horses found refuge in a friendly gorge of the mountain, and while they slept the only sentinels to keep watch were the shining stars.

The pursuing cavalry from New Creek bivouacked at Moorefield, and although reinforced during the night by troops from Winchester, made only a desultory and futile effort to strike our trail.

After a few hours' rest and scant rations, Lieutenant Welton, with Raison C. Davis and others in charge of the prisoners, and all mounted on fresh horses, proceeded up the South Fork of the south branch of the Potomac, thirty miles south of Moorefield, to the intersection of a road leading east through Dry River Gap to Harrisonburg. But, night coming on, they camped near Raleigh Springs, twelve miles west of Harrisonburg. No event of importance occurred during the day, notwithstanding it was the birthday of George Washington.

But there was something of a coincidence that night. While the generals were sleeping on the "cold, cold ground" in old Virginia, an entertainment was going on in a theater in Cumberland, and Miss Bruce, who after the war became Mrs. Kelly, appeared on the stage and sang "He Kissed Me before He Left." A voice in the audience responded: "I'll be damned if he did; McNeill didn't give him time."

The next morning, arriving at Harrisonburg, a short stop was made at Hill's Hotel for "refreshments." As the generals dismounted, Crook still cheerful and good-natured, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, this is the most brilliant exploit of the war." One of the citizens who heard the remark and who treasured it as a war episode, was Benjamin P. Newman, father of Judge E. D. Newman, of Woodstock, Va.

The effect on the generals of the long horseback ride had become so manifest, provision was made for a more comfortable mode of travel. An old stagecoach was pressed into service for the remaining twenty-five miles to Staunton, where, that evening, the prisoners met General Early, after which they were served with a bountiful supper and introduced to soft beds, the first they had seen since leaving their own in Cumberland. In the three days they had traveled one hundred and fifty-four miles.

After a night in Staunton they entrained for Richmond. On the way Colonel Mosby became a passenger on the same train. Among the daring achievements of Mosby had been the capture of Gen. Edwin H. Stoughton at Fairfax Courthouse, Va. On the train, when Mosby learned of the capture of Crook and Kelly, he extended his hand to Lieutenant Welton and said: "You boys have beaten me badly. The only way I can equal this is to go into Washington and bring out Lincoln." (As a matter of fact, a scheme had been devised for the abduction of President Lincoln, but the suspected treachery of an accomplice snuffed out the plan before it could be put in operation. The writer has no evidence, however, that Colonel Mosby was implicated in the scheme.)

Arriving at Richmond, the prisoners were passed over to the Confederate authorities. The next day Welton and Davis went to see how the generals were faring, and were pleased to find them in clean and comfortable quarters and in good spirits. The day following, just before leaving the city, they

went to see them again and on the way bought a pint of whisky, paying sixty-five dollars for it, with which to refresh the generals. The leave-taking, as related by Lieutenant Welton in after years, had the mellow tone of friends in time of peace rather than enemies in war.

These four men have passed from us, the last survivor being Lieutenant Welton, who died in Petersburg, W. Va., his native place, in 1923.

Raison C. Davis, known after the war as Judge Davis, of Louisville, Ky., died in Louisville in 1910. He was a native of Clarksburg, W. Va., and an uncle of J. W. Davis, the Democratic candidate for President in 1924.

General Crook, after the war, married Miss Daily, a daughter of the proprietor of the Revere House, and a sister of C. J. Daily, who had a conspicuous part in the capture of the general. General Crook died in Chicago in 1890.

General Kelly, after the war, married Miss Bruce, of Cumberland. The general died in Western Maryland in 1891.

The night of the capture the father of this writer was a transient guest at the Revere House. He knew *nothing* of the capture until he came downstairs that morning. He found the hotel lobby well filled with men in excited conversation. There was much speculation as to who did it, how it was accomplished, and whether or not the generals would be recaptured. The Rebels were being roundly denounced and consigned to a warmer place than Dry Tortugas when, suddenly, a stentorian speaker exclaimed: "Gentlemen, its the Jumboest joke of the war!" The crowd broke loose in a burst of laughter and filed into the dining room for breakfast.

John G. Lynn, president of the Kenneweg Co., wholesale grocers of Cumberland, and Mr. William H. Malony, formerly of Romney, W. Va., but now residing in Cumberland, are the only two survivors of McNeill's Rangers living in this section. Not over eight or ten members of the company are living.

Mr. John G. Lynn, Sr., eighty-four years of age, in spite of his advanced age has a wonderful memory and often recalls the stirring exploits of McNeill's Rangers, which seldom exceeded in quota sixty members and captured and sent to Southern prisons 2,400 prisoners during the duration of the war. The members of McNeill's company were principally boys and young men from Cumberland, Md.; Hampshire, Hardy, and Pendleton Counties, W. Va.

DISPATCHES CONCERNING THE CAPTURE OF GENERALS CROOK AND KELLY

CUMBERLAND, MD., February 21, 1865.

Major General Sheridan, Winchester, Va.. This morning, about 3 o'clock, a party of Rebel horsemen came up on the New Creek road, about sixty in number. They captured the picket and quietly rode into town, went directly to the headquarters of Generals Crook and Kelly, sending a couple of men to each place to overpower the headquarters guard, when they went directly to the room of General Crook, and, without disturbing anyone else in the house, ordered him to dress and took him downstairs and placed him upon a horse, ready saddled and waiting. The same was done to General Kelly. Captain Melvin, Assistant Adjutant General to General Kelly, was also taken. While this was being done a few of them, without creating any disturbance, opened one or two stores, but they left without waiting to take anything. It was done so quietly that others of us who were sleeping in adjoining rooms to General Crook were not disturbed. The alarm was given in ten minutes by a darky watchman at the hotel, who escaped from them, and within an hour we had a party of fifty cavalry after them. They tore up the telegraph

(Continued on page 437.)



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.

"They do not die who in their deeds survive
Enshrined forever in the hearts of men."

GEN. JAMES MCKAY, U. C. V.

Taps sounded for Gen. James McKay, commanding the Florida Division, U. C. V., after an illness of several weeks, at his home in Tampa, Fla., on September 5, 1925. This valiant soldier was more familiarly known as Captain McKay, that being the title which was his in the War between the States, and he loved it for the cause in which he won it.

Few men have lived such eventful lives as fell to him. His was the unique experience of having participated in five wars—the Indian wars of 1855–57, the War between the States, the Spanish-American war, the Mexican trouble, and the World War.

James McKay was born at Mobile, Ala., in 1842, but was reared from infancy in Tampa. As a boy he did guide and scout duty against the Seminole Indians. In 1859–60 he attended the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort, receiving a training valuable to him in later years. He entered the service of the Confederacy early in the conflict, leaving home for Richmond, Va., on July 21, 1861, intending to join the 2nd Florida Infantry; but at the suggestion of Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, he was commissioned captain quartermaster and assigned to the 4th Florida. He accompanied the regiment to Chattanooga in the fall of 1862 and participated in the battle of Murfreesboro, the campaign in Mississippi under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, between Jackson and Vicksburg, and the battle of Chickamauga with its attendant campaign. After the investment of Chattanooga, he was detailed to return to Florida and collect beef cattle for the army. He continued in this service until the latter part of the war, when he served as quartermaster of Munnerlyn's Battalion, being paroled with that command at Bayport.

During the Spanish-American war, he was superintendent in charge of loading and fitting transports at Port Tampa and made many trips to Havana on confidential and important errands for the United States. On one of these he sustained a bad fall, from which he was crippled the remainder of his life. During the Mexican trouble he was stationed at Galveston, in charge of the transport of troops and supplies. Again, when the country entered the World War, his large experience and patriotic service commended him to a similar participation in it.

At the time of death, Captain McKay was Major General Commanding the Florida Division, United Confederate Veterans. He had previously served as Brigadier General of the Third Brigade.

His contribution to civilian service was as large as the one made by him in the activities of war. He was mayor of Tampa, State Senator from this district, postmaster

at Tampa, and United States marshal. His last work was as a supervisor of the State census for Hillsborough County.

Captain McKay was a member of the Baptist Church. He was married three times, and seven children (all of the first marriage) survive him—four daughters and three sons.

His funeral was one of the most largely attended ever held in his home city, and already a movement is on foot to erect a memorial to him in Tampa.

Of all the causes which he loved and served, that of the Confederacy ranked first with Capt. James McKay—the good soldier, good citizen, good friend.

The following is taken from the memorial tribute to Captain McKay, by the Executive Board of the Florida Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy:

"Resolved, That we have not only lost a true and honored Confederate veteran of the Florida Division, and coworker of the Florida Division, U. D. C., but a faithful, loyal friend and Christian gentleman. His was a life filled with noble attributes and crowned with loyal deeds.

"Resolved, That his memory will ever be lovingly and tenderly cherished, and that his influence and high ideals will remain always a benediction with our memorial organization which he so much loved.

MRS. J. C. BLOCKER,
President Florida Division, U. D. C.;

MRS. R. B. BULLOCK,
First Vice President Florida Division, U. D. C.;

MRS. E. A. DOUGLASS,
Recording Secretary Florida Division, U. D. C."

WILLIAM S. NOLEN.

On September 28, William S. Nolen died at his home near Franklin, Tenn., in his eightieth year. With a life record of good deeds, he was ready to give account of his pilgrimage here below.

William Nolen was the son of William Martin and Sarah Crump Nolen, and was born June 10, 1846, at the family homestead on the Murfreesboro Road, near Franklin, which was first owned by his grandfather. As a boy of eighteen, he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving with Company F, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, under Colonel Starnes, and though his service was short, he made a record as a gallant soldier and was ever true and loyal to the cause for which he had fought. He loved the Confederacy and enjoyed the reunions with his comrades, the last he attended being that at Dallas, Tex. He was a member of McEwen Bivouac at Franklin and a faithful attendant on its meetings, his gray uniform and his Cross of Honor worn as emblems of heroic service and loyalty to principle.

Comrade Nolen was a successful farmer, a man widely known for his integrity, generosity, hospitality, and love of his fellow men, devoted to his family and friends. He was a steward in the Methodist Church at Trinity for fifty years, and superintendent of its Sunday school for thirty years, a Christian following in the footsteps of the lowly Master, relieving the needy in their distress, visiting and comforting the sick, and his influence for good will long live in the hearts of those who knew him.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Michael Toon, and two sons and two daughters, also by four sisters and a brother, and five grandchildren. After funeral services at the home, he was laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery at Franklin, with burial services by the McEwen Bivouac.

CAPT. ANDREW JACKSON KENNEDY.

In his eighty-first year, Capt. Andrew J. Kennedy answered to the last roll call at his home in Tupelo, Miss., on September 12. He was an honored member of the Methodist Church, and after funeral services there his body was laid away with Masonic rites, he having been a lifelong member of that fraternity.

In the spring of 1862, just after the battle of Shiloh, Andrew Kennedy, a frail lad of seventeen, left home to join a company that was being organized by Dr. Stephens at Sarepta, some twenty miles away. He was rejected at first, but his persistency overcame the doctor's opposition, and he took the boy under his special care.

The company was mustered in as a part of the 31st Mississippi Infantry, under Col. Jehu A. Orr, of Houston, and Capt. M. D. L. Stephens was elected lieutenant colonel of the regiment. Up to this time young Kennedy had been orderly sergeant of his company, and very soon rose to first lieutenant. The zeal and efficiency of the lad so distinguished him that office came without the asking, and when a vacancy came he was made commander of the company.

His regiment was one of Featherstone's Brigade, Loring's Division, and he went through the campaigns of this division, engaging in all the battles, and during the time was never unfit for service nor asked leave of absence. At the battle of Franklin, when his colonel was severely wounded, he told the young captain to take his sword and lead the regiment, which he did and surrendered the remnant of it under Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina.

The war over, he returned to his home at Coffeeville, where his father had moved, and, with the same spirit that had characterized his service as a soldier, he set to work to build up his country. At the age of twenty-four he was married to Miss Mary E. Hunter, of Coffeeville, and their companionship extended over fifty-three years of happy life, and their children are examples of good citizenship. Two sons and six daughters survive him.

[John L. Collins, Coffeeville, Miss.]

ROBERT HOSKINS.

In the death of Robert Hoskins, of Morrillton, Ark., the community has lost a noble citizen and a faithful veteran of the Confederacy. His death occurred in February, 1925, at the age of seventy-eight years. He was born in Danville, Ky., January 11, 1847, and had been a resident of Morrillton for twenty-nine years. He was a son of John M. and Maria Yerby Hoskins, and nephew of the late Mrs. Eliza Hoskins Farris, known as the "Florence Nightingale of Kentucky" during the War between the States. Being too young to enlist as a regular soldier when the war came on in 1861, he entered the service as an aide to Gen. Kirby Smith, and while serving in this capacity he was slightly wounded.



CAPT. A. J. KENNEDY AND LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER.

HARVEY C. SANDERS.

Harvey C. Sanders, a native son of Trigg County, Ky., but for many years a citizen of Texas, died on September 30, at the home of his son in Bowie County. He was born November 24, 1837, and had thus nearly completed his eighty-eighth year.

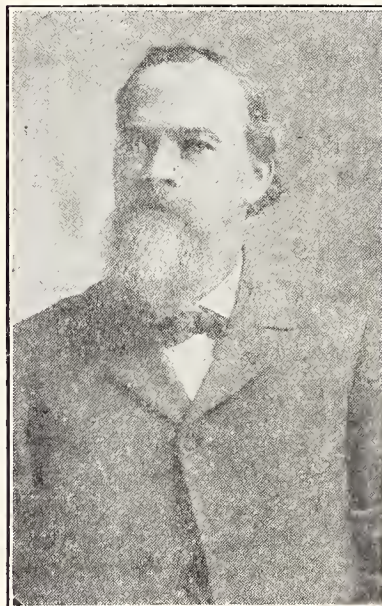
At the breaking out of war between the States, Harvey Sanders joined Company B, 2nd Kentucky Volunteers, C. S. A., and served under General Forrest until he was transferred to the West. He was then attached to General Wheeler's command, with which he served to the close of the war. He was in many important battles, among them Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Petersburg, Fort Donelson, Perryville, and Murfreesboro. He was twice wounded—by a saber thrust, and again by a gunshot. He was one of the bodyguard of President Davis, and was captured in Washington County, Ga.

After a year in prison, Comrade Sanders returned to his home in Trigg County; and in December, 1867, he was married to Miss Alice Baker, of that place, who died in 1869, leaving a son, who died in his young manhood. In 1872, he married Miss Elizabeth Jones, of Caldwell County, Ky., and four of their five children survive him—three sons and a daughter. A brother also is left, Joshua Sanders, of Trigg County.

Comrade Sanders went to Texas in 1882, locating in Coryell County, but in 1887 he removed his family to Bowie County, which was his home until death. The funeral was from the Christian Church, of which he had been a member for more than sixty years. The Odd Fellows Lodge officiated at the burial service in Red Bayou Cemetery, he having been a member of this order for more than fifty years and was Past Grand Master.

WILLIAM F. LEE.

Taps sounded at an early hour on the morning of August 20, 1925, for another Confederate veteran when William F. Lee, of Piedmont, S. C., was called to his reward. He was well known in the Confederate organizations of his county and was beloved by his comrades.



WILLIAM F. LEE.

William F. Lee was born September 14, 1844, and enlisted with Confederate troops on April 13, 1862. He was discharged from this service April 13, 1865, after three years of faithful service, having served with Company B, Hampton's Legion.

Upon his return from the war, William Lee resumed his profession of civil engineering, and it is said that during his career in that profession he surveyed all of the land within a radius of twenty-five miles from his home at Piedmont.

He always looked forward for the time for his VETERAN to come, and there was no other paper he liked to read so well. The last letter he wrote was in sending his subscription to the VETERAN for another year.

His memory will long be cherished by his loved ones and friends. [A granddaughter.]

THOMAS WASHINGTON WALTHAL.

Thomas Washington Walthal, a lifelong resident of Montgomery County, Tenn., died at his home in St. Bethlehem on October 5. He was born on October 12, 1841, and thus lacked but seven days of completing his eighty-fourth year. He was the eldest son of Thomas Braxton and Elizabeth Pollard Walthal, who came to Tennessee from Petersburg, Va., nearly ninety years ago, and his boyhood was spent on the farm near Clarksville.

Thomas Walthal was at Stewart College (now the Southwestern Presbyterian University) when the war came on in 1861, and he immediately enlisted in Company A, 49th Tennessee Regiment, of Wall's Brigade. While at Fort Donelson he contracted measles and had to return home, where he remained for several months, a victim of complications. He rejoined his command at Corinth and saw service at Vicksburg, Mobile, Kennesaw Mountain, and was under Generals Bragg, Johnston, and Hood during the Georgia and Tennessee campaigns and took part in the last two battles of the war at Goldsboro and Bentonville, N. C. He was a prisoner at one time during his service, and was released to die, it was thought, but he partially recovered, though the malady had a hold on him during the remainder of his life.

Comrade Walthal walked the greater part of the way to his home after the war, which he reached on May 31, 1865, and immediately set about rebuilding the waste of war. He was married in January, 1874, to Miss Sallie Whitfield, of a prominent family of that section, and reared a fine family of four sons and three daughters, all surviving with their mother.

Comrade Walthal devoted most of his life to farming, though he was in the mercantile business a short while. For thirty-eight years he was a member of the Montgomery County Court, with a hundred per cent attendance record, and served upon many of its important committees, and was also school commissioner for twenty-five years. His membership in the Baptist Church covered a period of more than fifty years, and he served his Church as Sunday school superintendent and in other capacities. His clean, charitable life held the highest regard and esteem of his neighbors, and as the head of a devoted family his splendid characteristics are reflected in the sturdy sons and daughters who blessed his home.

He was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery at Clarksville, the honorary pallbearers being his comrades of Forbes Bivouac of Confederate Veterans.

CAPT. GEORGE W. SHORT.

George Washington Short, pioneer citizen of Wise County, Tex., died at the home of his son in Amarillo, Tex., on August 27, aged eighty-two years. His body was taken to Decatur and there interred in Oaklawn Cemetery with Masonic ceremonies. He was a valued member of that order for sixty years.

Until about a year ago, when his health gave way, Captain Short was actively engaged in farming and cattle raising near Decatur, conducting his ranch most successfully. He had gained a reputation all over the country as a breeder of fine Shorthorn cattle, which took many premiums at State fairs in Texas and Louisiana.

George W. Short was born in Marshall County, Ky., December 24, 1842, but his parents removed to Claiborne Parish, La., when he was five years old, and he there grew to manhood. In September, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving as a member of Company H, 17th Louisiana Volunteer Infantry. His regiment spent the winter of 1861-62 in New Orleans, and in March, 1862, went to Corinth, Miss., and in April took part in the battle of Shiloh, where

many worthy comrades were lost. In May the regiment was moved to Vicksburg, where it was reorganized, and young Short was elected sergeant of his company. The command later engaged in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Port Gibson, and the siege of Vicksburg, where he was captured, July 4, 1863, and paroled. After being exchanged, he served in the Trans-Mississippi Department to the end of the war.

On December 31, 1868, Comrade Short was married to Miss Martha Phipps, of Haynesville, La., and in January, 1874, he took his family to Denton County, Tex., going to Wise County in 1881, which had since been his home. He was a charter member and commander of the R. Q. Mills Camp, No. 360 U. C. V., and later became a member of Ben McCulloch Camp No. 30 U. C. V., and served as its commander several years. In 1917 he was made commander of the 4th Brigade, Texas Division, U. C. V. He was a sterling and loyal veteran of the Confederacy and was a member of the managing committee for the annual reunions, which he always attended.

Captain Short had an important part in the life of his community in his younger days, a man of strong convictions, upright in his dealings, and highly esteemed as a substantial citizen. He is survived by five sons.

ARISTIDE M. GREMILLION.

Aristide M. Gremillion, born and reared in Marksville, La., died in New Orleans on September 8, in his eighty-fifth year. Nearly all of his long life had been spent in Marksville, and his body was taken back to the old home town and there interred in the Catholic Cemetery.

Comrade Gremillion was a student at Grand Coteau College, at Grand Coteau, La., when the South called upon her loyal sons, and he left college to join the 18th Louisiana Regiment, with which he served as a member of Company I, a faithful and gallant soldier to the end. During a furlough home in 1864, he was married to Miss Hermentine Bonnette, and this faithful companion of sixty-one years is left with six of the nine children born to them—four daughters and two sons.

Though he was not able to finish his education at college, his student years built a good foundation, and his natural ability and talent made the most of it. For twenty-nine years he was editor of the *Marksville Review and Weekly News*, and during the time he helped to mold public opinion by his able pen. He was especially interested in public affairs and in all civic improvements. After his retirement from active work, he devoted his last years to a quiet life, doing kindly and charitable acts in behalf of others, especially for the comrades of the war period of the sixties. He took part in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill under Generals Mouton and Polignac, which he ever remembered with satisfaction. He lived at Crowley for several years after leaving Marksville, then removed to New Orleans.

Aristide Gremillion was a descendant of Martin Gremillion, who settled in Avoyelles Prairie nearly a century ago, and whose sixteen children peopled that section with sturdy men and women, and whose impress lives in the worthy lives of his descendants.

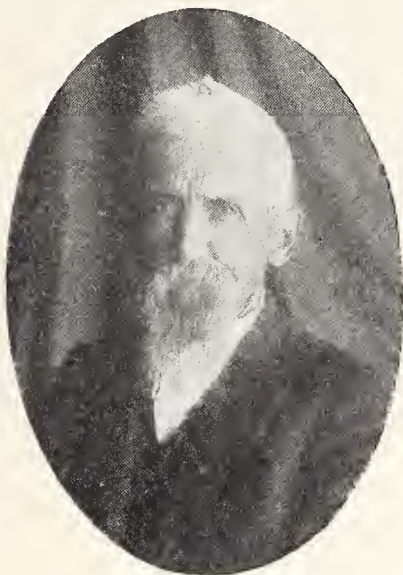
TENNESSEE COMRADES.

Report comes from D. J. Bowden, Adjutant of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 892 U. C. V., Martin Tenn., that the following members had been lost since last report: S. P. Scott, Company H, 20th Tennessee Cavalry; aged eighty years. Allen Christian, Company K, 19th Tennessee Infantry; aged eighty-five years. J. N. Cooke, Company A, 12th Kentucky Cavalry; aged eighty-five years.

JOHN C. BAIRD.

John C. Baird was born in Pickens County, Ala., on the 10th of August, 1844, and died in Homer, La., on August 26, 1925, at the ripe age of eighty-one years.

When the call was made for brave and true men to rally to the defense of the South, John C. Baird, although a mere lad, despite the objections of his father, secretly enlisted in the army of the South, joining the 1st Alabama Cavalry, Company E, and served throughout the conflict under Generals Wheeler and Clanton. He was in the battles of Shiloh and Knoxville, Tenn., besides numerous other engagements of major importance. His war record was of the highest type, always at his post,



JOHN C. BAIRD.

never shirking his duty bravely and nobly fighting for the cause of the Confederacy. After the war he returned to Alabama, where he was married to Miss Annie E. Justice. Eight children were born to this union. In 1886, he removed his family to Union County, Ark., and in the same year his wife died. In 1888, he was married to Miss Ellen McWilliams. Shortly afterwards he moved to Webster Parish, La., and four years later to Claiborne Parish, where he remained until death. To this union five children were born, and all of the thirteen children are now living, all good and noble men and women. His wife also survives him.

John C. Baird was a public spirited man, manifesting great interest in all matters of general good, and he lived a very active life. He was always loyal to his old comrades, and at the time of his death was serving on the Louisiana State Board of Pensions. Though this noble and brave soldier of the Confederacy has now passed into his eternal home, he ever lives in the hearts and memories of all who knew him.

GUS H. WEST.

Gus H. West, at one time commander of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of Waco, Tex., died at his home in that city on the 9th of October, 1925.

He was born at New Brunswick, N. J., July 23, 1847, in the same home where his mother was born. His father, Capt. G. O. West, moved to New Port, Fla., and Gus was at school at Tallahassee, fourteen years old, when he ran away and enlisted in the Confederate army. His father took him out of the army and sent him back to school, but he ran away and joined the army the second time, and stayed in the ranks until the war was over. He was in the battles of Natural Bridge and Ocean Pond, or Olustee, and other engagements. His account of the fight at Natural Bridge will be found in the *VETERAN* for December, 1919, page 475. He had lived in Waco for forty-nine years, and left a host of friends. The funeral was largely attended, a number of veterans being present.

Surviving him are his wife and two sons and a sister, Mrs. D. A. Kelley. He was a kind-hearted, good citizen, and a true patriot.

CAPT. FRANK MONROE.

"Captain" Frank Monroe, for many years a resident of Clarksville, Tenn., died in Hopkinsville, Ky., on October 5, aged seventy-five years. Among the youngest survivors of those four years of war, he was reputed to be the very youngest who had an active part in the War between the States. He entered the Confederate army when barely thirteen years of age and was surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., with Forrest's command.

Frank Monroe was born in Paris, France, January 2, 1850, and before he was a year old, his parents, who were French, brought him to America. They settled in New Orleans, and by the time he was eight years old both parents had died, and the boy was left without any known kin. He was living in Panola County, Miss., when the war came on, and though too young to enter the service regularly, "Little Frank" was furnished a horse and equipment and followed the Panola Guards, a cavalry company formed at Eureka, Miss. His command was placed in a battalion under Captain Miller, of Grenada, and he accompanied them to Jackson, Tenn., where he had a serious illness. Later his name was enrolled in Company H, 6th Tennessee Regiment, and he served under Capt. A. B. Jones, standing shoulder to shoulder with his comrades in opposing Sherman on his raid through Georgia. He received his discharge from Captain Jones's company to seek enlistment in his old command, and left for Gainesville, Ala., where he joined the boys of Bell's Brigade and was there surrendered.

The later life of Frank Monroe was largely as a newspaper man, he having been connected in important capacities with the *West Tennessee Whig*, at Jackson; the *Herald*, at Russellville, Ky.; the *Daily Kentucky New Era*, and later with the *Independent*, at Hopkinsville. His last years were spent in Clarksville, where he was secretary of a florist establishment. He was twice married, both wives preceding him to the grave.

JOHN MCCALISTER.

John McCalister, of Alpena, W. Va., died on October 8 at the home of his son at Elm Grove, Wheeling. He was born near Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, W. Va., on December 15, 1835. He was married in December, 1863, to Miss Sarah Jane Heltzel, and to this union were born six sons and two daughters.

At the outbreak of the war in 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate cause and served under direct command of Stonewall Jackson. His first enlistment was in Company G, 10th Virginia Infantry, which regiment was composed of one thousand men. He served with this regiment until all but sixteen of them had either been killed or wounded, at which time he enlisted in Stuart's Cavalry, where he served until the close of the war. He was wounded in the head at the last battle of Bull Run, from which he suffered more or less all the days of his life.

He is survived by four sons.

ARKANSAS COMRADES

The following deaths have occurred in Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 864 U. C. V., of Altus, Ark., since last report:

W. M. Hale, died April 8, aged eighty-six years. He was a member of Company E, Shaler's Arkansas Regiment.

G. W. Harris, aged eighty-one years. He was a member of Company F, 31st Tennessee Regiment.

We have just five members left on our roll.

[A. T. Jones, Commander.]

JOHN OGILVIE ELGIN.

John Ogilvie Elgin, formerly of Montgomery County, Md., but for the past fifty years a resident of Virginia, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. H. Ricker, Herndon, Va., on August 22. Interment took place at Clifton, Va., near where he had lived from 1875 to 1902.



JOHN OGILVIE ELGIN.

John O. Elgin was the youngest son of William S. Elgin, General Superintendent of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal from the time of its completion until his death in 1856, and was born at Harper's Ferry, Va., July 7, 1842. At the outbreak of the war, the young man espoused the Southern cause and, although his mother was making preparations to send him to college and his friends urged him to complete his education and leave the issues of the day to older heads, the lad spent his time dreaming of fighting for his ideals. So, one morning in May, 1862, this youth of nineteen crossed the Potomac without the knowledge of his friends and cast his lot with his native State of Virginia.

After some preliminary scouting, he and his comrades were assigned to General Rosser's Brigade, Company B, 35th Battalion of Cavalry, Col. E. V. White commanding. He served throughout the remainder of the war with signal bravery, taking part in all important engagements of the east. He acted as courier for Colonel White to both Jackson and Lee at various times, and the battalion of which he was a member was chosen as advance guard for Jackson when he invaded Maryland, and for General Early when he invaded Pennsylvania. It is said that young Elgin was the first Confederate soldier to enter Gettysburg. He was early selected by his comrades as their lieutenant, but refused the honor, preferring the more perilous duties of the man of the ranks.

Comrade Elgin took the oath of allegiance at Harper's Ferry at the close of the war, and again at Edwards's Ferry, Montgomery County, Md., when he resumed civil life. In May, 1865, he married Miss Martha Dorcas Haley, a Virginia girl, and followed the pursuit of a farmer in Maryland and Virginia until his retirement in 1902.

Maintaining that the cause for which he had fought was just, Mr. Elgin fiercely resented to the day of his death the charge that the Southern soldier was a traitor to his country, but held that he had patriotically fought to preserve the principles upon which the nation was founded.

W. D. SUMNER.

On June 20, 1925, W. D. Sumner died at Brownwood, Tex., where he had lived with his daughter. He was born in Georgia, May 7, 1841, the family removing to Alabama while he was a boy. There he grew to manhood, and when the first call came for volunteers in the Confederate army, he enlisted in the 22nd Alabama Infantry and fought through the four years of war. He was twice wounded.

He was proud of his record as a soldier and never missed a reunion until age and feebleness prevented last May.

[His daughter, Mrs. J. E. Deely.]

JOHN T. STOWERS.

John Turner Stowers, a member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, at Nashville Tenn., died in that city on October 12, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Boyles, with whom he has made his home for several years.

John Stowers was born in Nashville, March 2, 1839. He enlisted on May 10, 1861, and served in Company B, 11th Tennessee Infantry, under Gen George W. Gordon and was so seriously wounded in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, that he was retired. He was a charter member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, organized in October, 1885, and very active in the organization. He had lived in West Nashville thirty-two years. Despite his crippled condition, having lost a leg in the Atlanta battle, Comrade Stowers was one of the most industrious citizens of his community and continued actively at work until a year or so before his death. Such as he have been of solid worth to this Southern country.

Funeral services were held at West Nashville Methodist Church, of which he was a member. Honorary pallbearers were members of Troop A, Confederate Cavalry, and Frank Cheatham Bivouac.

Comrade Stowers was married in May, 1867, to Miss Mary Tilford, who died about fifteen years ago. He is survived by six daughters and two sons, also eighteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. A brother and sister are left of his family.

CAPT. THOMAS WINN HUNT.

Captain Hunt, a son of Abijah Hunt and Mary Walton, of Jefferson County, Miss., born February 21, 1842, died September 30, 1895, in St. Paul, Minn. He was the grandson of David Hunt, one of the grand characters of long ago, who was a power in his community, always giving liberally to the advancement of religion and education, a boon to his friends and neighbors in times of stress, and deeply mourned by them at his death in 1861.

On April 1, 1861, Thomas Winn Hunt was commissioned adjutant and second lieutenant in the Confederate States army and ordered to report to General Bragg at Pensacola, Fla.; and about September, 1861, he was ordered to report to Gen. A. S. Johnston, at Columbus, Ky. In January, 1862, he was ordered to report to Gen. William J. Hardee, at Bowling Green, Ky., and acted as A. D. C. to that officer until December 31, 1862, when he was commissioned as captain and acting adjutant inspector general, P. A. C. S., until December 1864. He was then ordered, by request, to report as Assistant Inspector General to General Jackson, commanding division of Gen. N. B. Forrest's Cavalry Corps. He was paroled May 18, 1865, at Columbus, Miss. He was with General Hardee from January, 1862, until 1865.

[In sending the above notes, the widow of Captain Hunt, now living in New York City, writes that he was among the first subscribers to the VETERAN, and she is getting it still. "I would miss it as I would an old friend," she says.]

Mrs. Sue F. Allen, of Pacific, Mo., renews subscription, and writes: "I have not missed a number in thirty years. With a husband who was with Lee at Antietam, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, and a father who was at Appomattox, you will not be surprised that I am interested in every word published in the VETERAN."

MORGAN'S MEN.

The publication of the lists of the survivors of Morgan's command has brought many letters to the *VETERAN*, among the latest of which is one from Mrs. R. H. Chesley, of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., who writes of one of these gallant fighters who is now a citizen of Massachusetts, and she sends an editorial from the Boston *Transcript* about him as "A Confederate in Boston." This is Comrade Nat Poyntz, the only Confederate veteran on the active rolls of the United States army. He was given a pass by his commanding officer at the army base to attend the Confederate reunion at Dallas, Tex., last May, where he was to meet his brother, Ollie Poyntz, whom he had not seen for forty years. A cheering crowd saw him off at the Boston station.

The *Transcript* says of him: "Nat Poyntz is the 'grand old man' of the Army Base. He is eighty years of age, and commands as much respect here as does a general. His rank in the army is that of field clerk. He never misses a day from duty, and, unlike some of the younger soldiers stationed here, he never goes absent without leave. Asked when he surrendered, he curtly replied that he had never surrendered to anybody or anything. He is a Confederate veteran and proud of it—to the extent that it makes one proud of him."

Nat Poyntz was born at Maysville, Mason County, Ky., and at the outbreak of war between the States he enlisted as a private in Morgan's command and was attached to Company C, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, under Colonel Breckinridge. He saw extensive service, notably at Hartsville, Tenn., at Shiloh, and Fort Pillow. He was in North Carolina under Joseph E. Johnston at the last, and, fearing that he would lose his horse, as only officers were allowed to retain their mounts, he stole out of camp, and thus did not surrender. Though well in the fifties when the war with Spain came on, he joined the colors and did valiant duty in the Philippines, and he had to have a part with our boys in the World War.

"A characteristic and delightful incident" of his late years was that "at the recent reunion of the G. A. R. in Boston, Nat Poyntz donned his Confederate uniform and marched with them up to the State House!"

This gallant veteran is affiliated with the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., and that Chapter was responsible for his trip to Dallas.

Capt. J. H. Steele, of Union City, Tenn., writes of another member of Morgan's command, now living at Union City. W. T. Harris joined Company F, 15th Tennessee Cavalry, in September, 1862, at Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., W. H. Ward, colonel, Basil Duke's Brigade. He was with Morgan on his raid into Ohio, and was captured at Buffington on the 19th of July, 1863, and taken to Camp Chase, then transferred to Camp Douglas, where he remained until released on the 5th of June, 1865.

Mrs. H. A. Anderson, of Anson, Tex. (not Kentucky, as given before), sends the names of two other survivors—William Murphy, of Ranger, Tex., and Joe E. Wilson, Luegart, Okla., aged eighty-five. All belonged to Company A, Gano's Texas Squadron.

REUNION OF MOSBY'S MEN.

The daughters of the Confederacy of Front Royal, Va., invited the survivors of the 43rd Virginia Battalion—Mosby's Men—to meet there on the 3rd of September. In writing of this meeting, F. M. Angelo, of Washington, D. C., Commander of Mosby's Men, says:

"They gave us a glorious welcome, and I was particularly proud that we had forty of the old boys there to enjoy the good time and dinner, and I heard of several others that

wanted to come. Our beloved Colonel Chapman and wife were there, and the boys were glad to see him once more.

"Dinner was served in the basement of the Methodist church, and later there were welcome exercises at the opera house, followed by a business meeting. At Mosby's monument a program was carried out, a feature of which was the reading of the address delivered by Major Richards at the unveiling of the monument in 1899, and there was also an address on the life of Mosby. Automobiles were in readiness to take the veterans anywhere, and at Ivy Lodge our farewells were said.

"Among the deaths reported was that of our beloved chaplain, Rev. Frank A. Strother, of Stephens City, Va. There were four or five chaplains in our command, and he is the last. He was a fine soldier, a Christian, and a good preacher. Colonel Mosby once remarked that if he, our chaplain, fought the devil as hard as he did the Yankees, the devil would have to get reinforcements."

PATRIOT AND SOLDIER.

BY MRS. J. R. D. SMITH, ROCK HILL, S. C.

From his Colonial and Revolutionary ancestors, Maj. Thomas Edwards Dudley inherited the right principles with



MAJ. THOMAS E. DUDLEY

which to meet the War between the States. At the age of twenty-four, he was a volunteer in Company G, 8th South Carolina Volunteers, Capt. John W. Harrington commanding, and served in the war until its close. His experiences and observations clung tenaciously, were always clear and thrilling, always a part of him. Battles, marches, camp always a vivid rehearsal of the life in Old Virginia, the life he was ready to give for the protection of home.

Citadel trained, there was order, neatness, exactness through every phase of his life; bred to principles of honor, he had no desire to deviate therefrom; the charm of Masonry held him; the love and care of the Church was above all; everybody was welcome to his open door; his best was not too good for the humblest.

The service he rendered as soldier, Christian, citizen, professional man was inconspicuous because of the modesty of his nature, but will continue to glow with added luster as long as memory lives.

At the time of his death (February 15, 1898), Major Dudley was the oldest native-born citizen of Bennettsville, S. C. Early in life he married Amelia Townsend, the girl of his choice, and had an abundant and happy home, with sons and daughters. He devoted his best efforts to the building up of his native town, gave freely of his time, energy, and ability to every worthy enterprise. Evergreen Cemetery gives him a place of rest after all his labors in opening it to the public, clearing away the forest primeval, and designing a beautiful city for the dead.

"Our soldier now reports to God
For future work in heaven."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

MRS. J. T. BEAL, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

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

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5330 Pershing Place

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917 North K Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: As the thirty-second annual convention of our beloved organization comes to a close, your President General finds it difficult to realize that her official leadership will cease, that this is the last time, as your chief executive, she will address you through the VETERAN.

These two years have given unique opportunity for a greater knowledge of the purposeful lives and the high nobility of our Confederate leaders. Your President General honors these mighty figures of our glorious past now as never before. She has a deeper understanding, a truer appreciation, and a reawakened pride in the common heritage of all Daughters of the Southland. To-day her fervent wish is to find words to convey adequately and properly the sense of admiration and gratitude felt toward the women who so courageously began the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and toward the women who have carried it on so splendidly.

Your President General has unlimited faith in the future of our great organization. Looking forward, she sees the United Daughters of the Confederacy an ever-steadying force of patriotic endeavor, an initiator and molder of public opinion, a marvelous power for good, sponsoring every worthy cause with unselfish ideals, one vast army of right-thinking women pledged to countenance only those things which will exalt a nation.

For the spirit of coöperation and understanding manifested by the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, your retiring President General feels that her appreciation cannot be too generously expressed. They have at all times answered her call to service whenever response was humanly possible. They have made sacrifices, not only willingly, but cheerfully, to perform our society's tasks. The experience of the past two years has brought to light many friendships now treasured among the most beautiful gifts of life. Moreover, the devotion of these friends to the United Daughters of the Confederacy has constituted a clarifying lens through which their true worth has become visualized. For these blessings your President General is deeply grateful, and she will carry with her through life an abiding memory of the unfailing kindness of all.

Therefore your President General wishes to take this opportunity to thank you, her loyal friends and coworkers, for the constant assistance which you have given, for the innumerable evidences of your active desire to make the work a success, and for the whole-hearted support which has attended her leadership throughout the entire two years.

In bidding the official farewell and in renewing her pledge of service as a member of the ranks, she can only say: "May God ever bless and keep you in the shadow of his love."

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

THE HOT SPRINGS CONVENTION.

The stage is all set at Hot Springs National Park for the thirty-second annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The local committee in charge, together with Mrs. Frank Harrold, President General, and Mrs. Walter Lamar, Chair-



MRS. LORA GAINES GOOLSBY, PRESIDENT ARKANSAS
DIVISION, U. D. C.

man of the Program Committee, have overlooked nothing to make this the most interesting and colorful convention that has been held in many a day. Hot Springs and Arkansas women have held regular meetings for months looking toward the comfort and pleasure of their guests. Mrs. Lora Gaines

Goolsby, of Fort Smith, Ark., President of the Arkansas Division, will be official hostess, and each State delegation will have as special hostesses a delegation of Arkansas Daughters, who will see that their convention guests go away with the happiest recollection of the convention and those who have entertained them. Never before has a convention met under as many pleasant circumstances.

One of the innovations of the Hot Springs convention will be the broadcasting of the programs of the convention. Friends in every division are especially invited to tune in on Tuesday evening, November 17, and Thursday evening, November 19, and enjoy with us the opening and the historical programs especially. A splendid radio station from the tower of the Arlington Hotel, where all sessions will be held, sends out nightly programs, which take the air and reach even as far away as Australia; and so the members of the U. D. C. all over the Southland ought to sit quietly in their own homes and enjoy with us the proceedings of the convention. The local committee would appreciate telegrams from those who hear the program over the radio, and if the telegram is addressed "Arlington Hotel, Hot Springs National Park," it will reach us in a few moments, and all telegrams thus received will be read at the end of each number. You will then have the double pleasure of hearing the program and hearing your own telegram read.

MRS. S. E. DILLON, *Chairman Local Committee;*

MRS. W. E. MASSEY, *Vice Chairman Local Committee.*

Mrs J. T. Beal, of Little Rock, First Vice President General, U. D. C., is general chairman of hostesses for the Hot Springs convention, each State Division being represented in these hostesses. Mrs. T. J. Terral, wife of the chief executive of the State will be hostess to the general officers.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Mrs. William Stillwell writes that the Arkansas Division is thoroughly alive to its privilege in raising funds for the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Fund. The chairman of the fund, Mrs. T. J. Newman, of Little Rock, has announced the selection of October 3 for receiving donations to this scholarship fund. The Presidents of the Chapters throughout the State will serve as chairmen in their respective towns, and it is confidently expected that by the time for the general convention in Hot Springs, Ark., they will have raised the full amount pledged. The Essay Committee of the Division is very much encouraged by the decided interest manifested this year by the youth of the State, not only for the large number of papers submitted, but for the quality of the work.

* * *

Notes from California do not come very often, but when they do, they are interesting reading. We have before us the program of what must have been a remarkable service at Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on Sunday, June 14. On the front of the sheet is a cut of the beautiful church, below which is "The Creed on Which We Stand," followed by reports of Church activities. On the reverse we find the program for the day and the welcome.

In the morning services, the anthem was a medley of old songs, and the offertory solo was "The Songs My Mother Sang." The sermon was on "The Lost Cause," by Rev. Bob Shuler. In the evening service the Jubilee Singers gave a program of negro spirituals and camp meeting songs, and Dr. Shuler's sermon was on "Memories of Dixie." The welcome greeting to these services, as printed on the program, was as follows:

"WE WELCOME THE BOYS IN GRAY.

"This Church is as loyal to the united country as any Church in our great America. Men and women from every point of the compass have gathered into the membership of this Church, and all alike will delight to honor to-day the brave boys who fought in the Southern Confederacy. It is a thin line that will be seen upon our platform this day, and yet their deeds are altogether heroic.

"We welcome these defenders of the Old South with true affection. Long ago sectional strife was over. Long ago we laid down arms. Long ago the South took off its hat to Lincoln. Long ago the North crowned Lee. Long ago we came to where we were too big and brotherly and American for bitterness.

"And may God bless every old soldier who sits upon this platform this morning. They are our guests. They will eat dinner with us. This is our day of opportunity in honoring them. We want them to know how much we love them; and now that they stand in the twilight, we want them to catch a gleam of light that leads into the eternal morning from the songs and prayers and loving comradeship of this service.

"We wish we could invite all our friends to eat with us to-day, but only the old soldiers and their wives will be granted that privilege. We want every soldier and every soldier's wife to stay for dinner. This is your day, old Confederates, and we are going to see that you have your way about it."

We have also from Mrs. Pleasants, of Los Angeles, a description of the occasion when the members of the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter gathered to pay their annual tribute to the memory of General Wheeler on the anniversary of his birth. Luncheon was served to more than fifty members and their friends in the dining room of the Virginia Hotel, where Confederate flags had places of honor among the gorgeous flowers of red and yellow that indicated the Diamond Jubilee of California. After the luncheon the meeting adjourned to the luxurious salon, where a program was presented, followed by a business session. The speaker of the occasion was Rev. J. A. B. Fry, D.D., a son of North Carolina. Preceding and following his address on the life of General Wheeler were delightful musical numbers. A story of the Bear Flag was given by the Chapter Historian. The \$150 scholarship offered by this Chapter is awarded this year to the granddaughter of the two Confederate veterans—one served under General Forrest, the other under General Price.

California U. D. C. are rejoicing in a dream come true—the unveiling of a beautiful monument in Hollywood Cemetery, "The first Confederate monument in the West." They are happy, too, over their splendid yearbook just issued, and deeply appreciative are they of the untiring efforts put forth in many ways by their President, Mrs. Chester Garfield, and of her generosity that made possible the section in the yearbook devoted to the article, with accompanying photograph, about this monument. Mrs. Garfield offers a prize of \$25 to the Chapter bestowing the greatest number of Crosses of Service. Three new Chapters have been organized and chartered recently—Twin Peakes, in San Francisco; W. G. McAdoo, in Hollywood; Mary Curtis Less, in Los Angeles. This Division now has twenty-five Chapters and twelve Chapters C. of C.

* * *

Mrs. Kolman, of New Orleans, writes that the Henry Watkins Allen Chapter, Baton Rouge, at the October meeting, entertained the Confederate veterans of Baton Rouge, twenty in number, by an automobile ride to Greater University of

Louisiana, and, in addition to refreshments, gave each veteran a Stone Mountain Memorial Coin.

Joanna Waddill Chapter, of Baton Rouge, celebrated Admiral Semmes's birthday in the Woman's Clubhouse with an interesting program of music and readings. Confederate veterans were guests of honor. One Cross of Honor was bestowed.

Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, New Orleans, was hostess Chapter at the Confederate Home on Sunday, September 27, when Crosses of Honor were bestowed upon five Confederate veterans and upon one descendant.

A short address on Admiral Semmes was given, followed by music and readings. A touching letter was read from Miss Doriska Gautreaux, who is very ill, and who for the first time was absent from a Cross of Honor celebration.

Gen. C. D. Brooks, Past Commander, Louisiana Division, U. C. V., died at his home in St. Francisville, on September 20, after a long illness.

The Confederate monument in Baton Rouge occupies a most prominent position, standing in a small public square on top of a hill overlooking the Mississippi, just outside the grounds of the Capitol, almost between the city hall and the post office, facing the most important street of the city. The two Chapters have the care of the monument and the plots around its base. The unusual in this description is that every night a searchlight holds in full view the figure of the Confederate soldier on top of the monument. In ordering this done, the city commissioners wished not only to pay a tribute of respect to the valor of the Confederate soldier, but to remind the youth of the city by day and by night of his noble deeds.

* * *

Mrs. Sessums, of Columbus, is enthusiastic over the first annual convention of the Mississippi Division, Children of the Confederacy, which was held in Aberdeen, June 23, 24, with the Major Jonas Chapter, C. of C., as hostess.

A large number of leaders and delegates were present, also Mrs. H. F. Simrall, Past President of the Mississippi Division, and Mrs. T. B. Holloman, the recently elected President. Mrs. Madge Burney, Director of C. of C. in the Mississippi Division, very proudly opened the first convention in the home of her childhood and received much praise for her fine work, which has brought about this glorious day for the children of the State.

The leader of the Aberdeen Chapter, Mrs. Robert McWilliams, is the daughter of the late Maj. S. A. Jonas, for whom the Chapter is named, and his valor and courage as a soldier were linked with a broad intellect, whose poetic genius gave birth to the matchless lines on "The Confederate Note."

The homes of this cultured city were opened most hospitably to the guests, and interesting programs featured each day of the gathering.

The social features reached a grand climax in a swimming party in the wonderful swimming pool in Acker Park, after which an al fresco supper was served by the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C.

The next annual meeting will be held at Columbus, Miss.

* * *

Missouri Division is making a special effort during this year in bestowing Crosses of Honor. Mrs. McMahan writes that thirty were bestowed by the Blackwater Chapter, thus winning the \$10 offered for the largest number.

Missouri Daughters will miss from their conventions the familiar face of old Mr. Dorsey, who, with his wife, were inmates of the Confederate Home at Higginsville, both of

whom often attended the annual meetings of the U. D. C. Mr. Dorsey passed away some time ago.

Mrs. McMahan has been reelected President of the Chapter in Blackwater that she organized ten years ago. This Chapter has a birthday penny box, which, at its recent annual opening, yielded \$17.60. Mrs. McMahan presented to the Chapter a scrapbook of photos, pictures, and clippings pertaining to the South in 1861-65. This will be taken to the Division convention and entered in the scrapbook contest.

September 27 was celebrated by the U. D. C. as homecoming day for the inmates at the Home in Higginsville, an interesting program and a fine dinner being enjoyed by all.

* * *

Mrs. Farley, of Saluda, writes that, in addition to the large number of U. D. C. Chapters chartered in South Carolina during the year, Mrs. Workman, Division Director C. of C., has organized seven new C. of C. Chapters.

On Sunday evening, September 27, J. McK. Reynolds Chapter held a very impressive service, at which time sixty-two Crosses of Service and two Crosses of Honor were bestowed, with most appropriate exercises.

The visits of Division officers to Chapters always result in mutual benefit. The members of the Lucinda Horn Chapter, of Saluda, entertained the Division Registrar, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, with a delightful reception recently.

* * *

On September 28, the Rosalie Brown Chapter, of Erwin, Tenn., observed the birthday of Admiral Semmes in a most interesting way at the home of Mrs. R. M. Fortune, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the ocean idea being carried out in both decorations and refreshments. The central decoration of the table was a miniature ocean, on which were tiny red and white ships. As a part of the program, Mrs. Fortune read a summary of the life of Admiral Semmes, and Mrs. J. M. Ferguson gave the story of the life of his daughter, Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, by Arminta Finlay. Songs and readings were a part of the program, following which delicious refreshments were served. The plate favors were unique cards, bearing a red and white bow in the U. D. C. colors, the date of Admiral Semmes's birth, and a tiny pen picture of a ship.

(Concluded on page 438.)

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

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

U. D. C. STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

December.

The Solid South.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

December.

Gen Wirt Adams.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



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ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

A SPECIAL MESSAGE.

TO STATE PRESIDENTS AND PRESIDENTS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

My Dear Coworkers: The Harvest Sale of the Memorial Coin, the mintage of which was graciously granted by the President of the United States and ratified unanimously by Congress, is now on, and is a vitally important factor in the success of the glorious memorial to be put upon Stone Mountain as an everlasting tribute of the love of the South for her matchless heroes. As Memorial women, can we afford to fail in responsibility to this great cause? Being the oldest patriotic organization of women in the United States, we are looked to as sponsors to aid in any possible way toward carrying forward this work. No more appreciated Christmas gift or more appropriate than a Memorial Coin in a silver holder could be suggested. Buy them now, thus helping the Executive Committee in raising the needed funds, and the reward of "well done" will be yours. Let me urge that you do not relax your efforts until every Association is one hundred per cent strong in helping the sale. Appoint a Coin Committee and work from now until Christmas Day, when indeed will yours be a happy Christmas.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN MAGAZINE.

Do all your Associations subscribe to this, our official organ? A year's subscription is so small a sum, only \$1.50, and this heritage from the founder, Mr. Cunningham, and under the able leadership of Miss Edith Pope, offers to you the most valuable opportunity of keeping in touch with the work of the Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and United Daughters of the Confederacy, besides our own work. This is an oft-repeated request, but I trust one that will sink deep in your hearts and thoughts, to help keep alive the voice of the past which speaks of the present and the future.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General, C. S. M. A.*

IN MEMORY OF SAM DAVIS.

The Junior Confederate Memorial Association of Memphis, through its President, Mrs. Mary H. Miller, has presented to the Central High School a large photograph of Sam Davis, the Confederate boy soldier who was hung because he would not betray important information of a military character with which he had been entrusted by his superiors. Tennessee has two handsome memorials to this hero, with another well on the way to completion.

The Junior Memorial at Memphis has done much good work. Its splendid choir, under the leadership of Mrs. Miller, for many years took part in the memorial exercises of the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, which were held annually on June 3.

THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL COIN.

It is the only coin issued by the United States in memory of any American army.

Commemorating purely a quality of character, it has a spiritual significance in contrast to other special coins commemorating material events.

On one face it bears the image of two great Confederate leaders on horseback, and over them is inscribed, "In God We Trust," with thirteen stars representing the thirteen States of the Confederacy.

On the other face of the coin is a mighty eagle resting, with outstretched wings, upon the summit of Stone Mountain, and below this the inscription which makes the coin a priceless badge of honor for the sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers: "Memorial to the Valor of the Soldier of the South."

These coins are to be sold at a premium for the completion of the greatest memorial of all time.

The obligation is ours to see that all are taken, that this great work may go on. Every son and daughter of the South should have a part in this.

MEMORIAL TO THE WOMEN OF ALABAMA.

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY.

If Southern mothers had not reared brave sons,
Memorials we have raised were all in vain!
World history enrolled no braver ones
Than followed Lee and Jackson—though in vain.
Our heroes slain we've honored, as we ought;
We've raised tall shafts to keep their mem'ry bright!
Now, Southern women, who such manhood wrought,
Memorial claim, fit emblem, sacred right!

Since time began grand mothers inspired man
To lofty deeds of valor, works of grace!
Our Southern women were a peerless clan—
Mothers of Israel graced no higher place.
Shall we, then, fail to found, without delay,
Memorial fit? Your answer can't be nay.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
 PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark. *Surgeon in Chief*
 JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 REV. ALBERT S. JOHNSON, Charlotte, N. C. *Chaplain in Chief*
 DON FARNSWORTH, New York City. *Commissary in Chief*

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 N. B. FORREST. Atlanta, Ga.
 JOHN M. KINARD. Newberry, S. C.
 LUCIUS L. MOSS. Lake Charles, La.
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DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA. John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
 ARMY TENNESSEE. Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.
 ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—Washington.
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York City. Fielding M. Lewis
 FLORIDA—Tampa. Silas W. Fry
 GEORGIA—Savannah. S. L. Lowry
 KENTUCKY—Lexington. Dr. W. R. Dancy
 LOUISIANA—Monroe. W. V. McFerran
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. J. W. McWilliams
 MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo. W. Scott Hancock
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. John M. Witt
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. C. M. Brown
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell. J. E. Jones
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. Harry D. Calhoun
 TEXAS—Austin. J. L. Highsaw
 VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. Lon A. Smith
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. T. E. Powers
 G. A. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

GENERAL NOTES.

THE CRUISER PEE DEE.

The following letter from Inspector in Chief H. T. Willcox, of Marion, S. C., explains itself;

"Arthur H. Jennings, Esq., Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

"My Dear Comrade: I shall be glad if you will have the following communication published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN:

"An old Confederate cruiser, the Pee Dee, burned and sunk by its own crew during the last days of the War between the States, was found recently in the Pee Dee River between the Atlantic Coast Line bridge and the Mars Bluff Ferry bridge, having been revealed on account of the low stage of the river. News of the discovery spread very rapidly and hundreds of people from the neighboring counties have been viewing the historic old wreck.

"Pursuant to the request of the Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Florence, S. C., who advised that souvenir hunters had been committing depredations on the old hulk, Governor McLeod has asked authority of Dwight F. Davis, Acting Secretary of War, to salvage the wreck for historical purposes, and has wired the sheriffs of Florence and Marion counties to protect the boat from trespassers.

"Yours truly,

H. T. WILLCOX,
Inspector in Chief."

KENTUCKY DIVISION REPORT.

Comrade W. V. McFerran, Commander of Kentucky Division, S. C. V., Lexington, Ky., reports as follows:

"Mr. Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief, Lynchburg, Va.

"Dear Sir: As requested by Comrade Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., I wish to hand you herewith a list of appointments made by me to date on my staff as Division Commander of Kentucky.

"Upon advice of Mr. Hopkins, I have not appointed all of my Brigade Commanders, as I wish to await the organization of additional Camps in this State.

"I have appointed Mr. A. Gordon Sulser Commander of the First Brigade, and Mr. Robert J. Breckinridge Commander of the Second Brigade; Mr. William H. Willson, Adjutant in Chief, and Capt. J. E. Kellar, Historian.

"When additional Camps are organized, I will appoint the

remainder of my staff. We have recently organized a Camp at Georgetown, Ky., and have about completed the organization of another Camp at Paris, Ky., and will proceed to organize Camps at Maysville and Paducah, Ky.

"I trust that you will pardon my long delay in advising you of these appointments, but I am State Chairman for the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association and this occupies a large part of my time.

"With best wishes, I am, fraternally yours,

W. V. MCFERRAN, *Division Commander for Kentucky.*"

REPORT FROM SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Harry D. Calhoun, Commander South Carolina Division, S. C. V., Barnwell S. C., reports as follows:

"I have the honor to name the following Brigade Commanders:

"R. S. Smalls, Charleston, Commander of First Brigade.

"C. Keys Sanders, Barnwell, Commander Second Brigade.

"J. C. Thompson, Abbeville, Commander Third Brigade.

"Holmes B. Springs, Greenville, Commander Fourth Brigade.

"Charles L. Cobb, Rock Hill, Commander Fifth Brigade.

"P. C. Evans, Marion, Commander Sixth Brigade.

"J. M. Bell, Columbia, Commander Seventh Brigade."

"A LITTLE BIT OF DIXIE THERE."

If you wish to spend a pleasant half hour and drift back a half century in your thoughts, call on the Hon. Thomas E. Richardson, judge of the Probate Court of Sumter, S. C. If Judge Richardson receives you at all, he will receive you with utmost courtesy in a little office of the Sumter courthouse, which office is actually filled, with the exception of two or three paths through the accumulations, with the results of his energetic collection of historical documents and curios of every description. These vary from a prehistoric lamp, doubtless of Eastern origin, yet found on a South Carolina plantation, to relics of the War between the States. As to the latter disturbance, Judge Richardson could well say: "Part of this I saw and part of this I was." He tells with glee of his part, attached, as he was, to a large horse pistol, in whose company he felt absolutely safe and secure. Like most veterans, Judge Richardson wishes for more pensions, not for himself, but for his few remaining and needy comrades. This is a thing we all wish, yet some feel that the States are doing all they can. Judge Richardson is to the manner and

he manor born, and a half hour spent in his company is a half hour to be remembered, and I remember it most agreeably and send him my greetings.

ITEM FROM NEW YORK CAMP.

New York S. C. V., gets out a get-together letter for a fall meeting at the Hotel McAlpin, Room C, Friday October 1. The letter says, in part:

"We expect a big attendance. Come early. Applications for membership have begun to come in. Bring along a friend; better still, a new member."

The letter announces appointment by Commander Hartwell B. Grubbs of several committees, as follows: Committee on membership, committee on publicity, committee on speakers, committee on entertainment, and nominating committee. This list might be a guide to some other Camps and a suggestion as to their line of activities.

ARKANSAS SONS CLING TO OLD-TIME COURTESY.

Out in Little Rock, Ark., the Chamber of Commerce, actuated, doubtless, by that feeling of "New Southism" and groping after progressivism which they feel will please their Northern friends, have been trying to stop the doffing of hats in elevators. Led by Division Commander E. R. Viles, the Sons of Little Rock, in meeting assembled, expressed their feelings on this subject in the following set of resolutions:

"Whereas there has recently appeared in the passenger elevators of the city placards requesting gentlemen to not remove their hats for economic reason, signed by the real estate board of the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce; and whereas the necessity for such a change does not exist for any economic reason, but strikes at the very root of our one remaining custom that has made the South distinctive and the Southern gentleman noted for his chivalrous manners; therefore be it

"Resolved by Robert C. Newton Camp, No. 197 Sons of Confederate Veterans, That we condemn such a suggestion individually and collectively and will do all in our power to maintain that respect we feel is so highly appreciated and so justly deserved by the women of our land."

NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

Division Commander Charles M. Brown, of North Carolina, sets off some good points in his letter to his Brigade Commanders. He says, in part:

"The Camp in Asheville is doing real work, with the aid of our wives and members of the two U. D. C. Chapters here. With the help of your U. D. C. officials, you can do the same. This Camp holds monthly luncheons, the ladies doing the shopping, cooking, and serving; for it our members pay fifty cents each, and we usually come out O.K.

"This same faithful body of women makes all the plans for the Jefferson Davis ball, given annually as a benefit to raise funds with which we pay the personal expenses of our veterans en route to and from the reunions each year. A new movement is a card party benefit to raise a general fund for our veterans' needs during the year. Another annual move is to give our veterans a Christmas tree. This is a joint affair, as all Confederate organizations take part in it. The sons give the tree and on it they place bags of candy, fruit, nuts, tobacco, and a handkerchief to each veteran present, and to the sick and needy baskets of groceries are sent. The Confederate Southern Memorial Association serve a luncheon, and the two U. D. C. Chapters unite in buying a present for

each. These are all good things to do during the year to inspire interest among the members. Try them."

Here we see the value of active coöperation with the Daughters of the Confederacy. This coöperation is always gladly extended when asked for. If more S. C. V. Camps would seek this aid, they would show more results.

TRUTH STILL LIES PRONE.

History fakers are active these days. Up in Kalamazoo, Mich., a certain "Captain," who hails from Florida, tells with glee of his part in the capture of Jefferson Davis "in women's clothes." This wretched fabrication started directly after the capture, and although the falsity of it has been fully exposed time and time again, it bobs up with as much regularity as the apple tree myth, the lie about Lee offering Grant his sword, and the Barbara Frietchie fable. The latter, by the way, this week, comes strongly to the front through the medium of a double page illustrated advertisement in the most widely distributed weekly story paper of the country. Barbara is shown vigorously waving a United States flag which she has just torn from its nailed position by her window over the heads of a crowd of soldiers led by a brigandish-looking, much bewhiskered individual, who must be Stonewall Jackson, to carry out the idea of the illustration. In the reading matter Barbara is referred to as one of our most illustrious heroines of national "tradition" (mark the word, "tradition"; perhaps the writer could not find the heart to say "history"), and Stonewall Jackson comes in the plot as a "Southern gentleman." A strange idea to use a thoroughly discredited yarn which, in its essence, slandered the Southern soldiers, as a means of gaining customers for a firm through national advertising. In the matter of the fake tale about President Davis being caught in women's clothes, back in 1878 there was a most authoritative refutation of this slander by no less a personage than the Hon. John H. Reagan, of Texas, a Cabinet officer of the Confederate government. His article was published in a Philadelphia newspaper and later appeared as a part of the volume, "Annals of the War." The story has since been refuted in every way even by Northern soldiers who took part in Mr. Davis's capture.

R. L. Armstrong, of San Angelo, Tex., renews for two years, saying: "The VETERAN is a great magazine, one that I expect to subscribe to as long as we both are here. As a son of a veteran, I cannot speak too highly of the aims and purposes of the publication. I have almost complete files since 1896, and would not part with them at any price."

Dr. B. Atkinson, writes from Waverly, Camden County, Ga., when renewing for three years: "I am a young veteran of seventy-seven years, and I read each number with a great deal of pleasure. I was a cadet at the Georgia Military Institute at Marietta, Ga., in 1864, when Sherman's army reached Kenesaw Mountain. Our battalion of cadets, under Maj. F. W. Capers, joined General Johnston's army and did active service until the end of the war. Quite a number of our boys were killed or wounded around Atlanta and at other places before the end came. I still have the list of those belonging to Company B of that battalion, whose commander was Victor E. Monget. I often wonder how many of the boys are still living, and would like to hear from them."

Rev. Henry W. Battle, in changing his address from Charlottesville, Va., to Leesburg, Fla., his future home, asks that the VETERAN be sent him there, saying: "I cannot do without the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and I devoutly wish all sons of our Southern heroes felt about it as I do."

A CONFEDERATE GRAVE.

In the beautiful Valley of Virginia, a Confederate soldier lies within a grave upon the crown of a hill looking over the pleasant prospect of a land which, this summer, was golden with the wealth of the wheat just harvested and radiant with the glory of the Southern sun. This resting place of a brave man is marked by a marble stone recounting name and place of birth and the service which he "unselfishly rendered to the cause of Southern independence." This memorial was placed there by his comrades of a Virginia cavalry regiment, who, after the War between the States, and as soon as their means permitted, reinterred his sacred ashes in their present soil within the lovely cemetery and this grave is tenderly cared for by the few remaining veterans of the gallant command of which this devoted soldier was a member.

The life story of this man, so far as it is connected with the war and his service in the Confederate army, is singularly interesting. This young soldier was not a Southerner by birth. He was born in a Northern State, but he became convinced that the invasion of the South by the North was both morally wrong and constitutionally unjustified, a conclusion reached by many a Northern man. In 1863 he made his way between the lines, and entered the Confederate encampment near the Middle Valley. After due examination, he was enlisted in the Southern service. A year later, during a skirmish, he was struck in the head and instantly killed; his comrades buried him where he fell. A true title for this patriot of liberty would be, "A Northern Confederate."

There is to-day a man living in Massachusetts who, many years ago, became a "Confederate from conviction," to use his own designation of himself. He was only three years old when the war began; but, for a quarter of a century, he has been a devoted supporter of Confederate principles. He is an honorary member of one Confederate organization and an associate member of another Confederate body, while some of his writings in defense and glorification of the "cause of Southern independence" have been "placed on file" in the archives of a Camp of Confederate Veterans in the far South. His ardor for the "truth of Confederate history" increases with the years; he loses no opportunity, both with pen and voice, to give utterance to his convictions as to the nature of the War between the States, and he reads the CONFEDERATE VETERAN almost as one who cherishes sacred words. He well knows that the Constitution of 1787 and the ideals of the Revolutionary Fathers were criminally assaulted in 1861; and he rejoices that the term, "Lost Cause" is, in these latter days of a discriminating patriotism, a misnomer, *not* a "Lost Cause, but Herald of the patriot Dawn." In memoriam and as testimony and reminder of present-day need of loyalty to the great Anglo-American ideals of civil liberty, he keeps a stand of colors on his desk, the Stars and Stripes in the center, surrounded by the four Confederate Flags, and on each side, the State flags of Massachusetts and Virginia, all and together indicative of the deathless principle—State sovereignty in Federal Union, eternally opposed to imperial centralization in any form whatever in our beloved America!

Last year an appeal went out from the President of the local U. D. C. Chapter in the town where lie the remains of the Northern cavalryman in the Confederate service for markers for *all* the Confederate graves within the cemeteries of the township. The writer, who calls himself by a title first given in ridicule and derision, but gladly adopted as a designation of honor, "Massachusetts Confederate," wrote the Chapter, asking if he should intrude if he were to buy one of the markers to be placed upon some Confederate grave. He was most graciously invited to do so. Then, be-

cause he did not wish to mark an unknown resting place, he wrote again asking if some particular grave might be assigned to him where his own marker might be placed and over which he might manifest an especial interest. And again a most gracious manifestation of Southern hospitality and friendly feeling this grave of the Northern Confederate in the lovely cemetery was allotted to him that he might have, second, of course, to the love and care of his comrades still living, continuous interest during the remainder of his lifetime. That is *real reunion* of North and South, is it not? While disparity in years made it impossible for these two "Confederates from conviction" to serve together in arms, yet the *mental* ideals are absolutely alike. And it would seem most appropriate that the living patriot should care for and honor the grave and the memory of the dead patriot. And so, *in memoriam et in perpetuum, requiescat in pace*, to the sacred ashes; and may his devoted spirit dwell eternal in the heart of God, where, perchance, these "Confederates from conviction" may meet together on the "other side" and rejoice with each other that "the land to human nature dear shall not be unbeloved by thee."

On a radiant July day last summer, the "Massachusetts Confederate," laden with a wealth of red and white flowers from the garden of a Confederate Virginia lady who suffered much and lost much during the war, went out to the Valley cemetery and held, just by himself, a brief service of dedication and loving consecration at that grave of the soldier dead who entered the Confederate service from the North. The Lord's prayer; the verse, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them"; kneeling by the holy mound and over the flowers symbolizing the Southern colors, the red and the white, a prayer was offered, filled with gratitude for the cause and the noble sacrifice to uphold it—such a prayer as has been repeatedly offered by this Massachusetts man when in the Memorial Chapel at Lexington at the recumbent figure of General Lee; closing with a fervent benediction: "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God! Keep him, O Father, in thine eternal care!"

May it be that no Confederate soldier's grave shall ever go uncared for! A soldier's grave, what is it? The memorial of one who fought the good fight fearlessly, bravely, unselfishly that the cause of personal liberty and local self-government, the priceless treasures handed down to us from the patriot centuries, may never perish from the earth! As each Memorial Day comes around, may the Southern youth in all succeeding generations witness and be glad for the days of the patriots of the past and tenderly lay the flowers, red and white, upon the sacred mounds of the dead, who, though resting from their labors, still live in their glorious deeds for human liberty!

At the first meeting of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., this autumn report was made of what has been narrated above; and the "Massachusetts Confederate" making the report asked the Chapter to feel as he felt at the little service in the Virginia cemetery, that somehow they might share in thus doing honor to a worthy patriot and a Southern soldier. By vote of the Chapter, it is recorded that they thus would share in whatever makes for the memory by "love made eternal," wherever the soldiers of the Southland are remembered for the battles they fought for the cause that ever liveth to bless and to glorify the America that we love!

[This article was signed a "Massachusetts Confederate," who will be recognized by VETERAN readers as the good friend, Dr. A. W. Littlefield, now living at Middlesboro, near Boston, and an honorary member of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C.]

in sending this article, Mrs. Armstrong Swartwout, President of the Boston Chapter, says: "He is one of our greatest inspirations in the North. We have so few we like to keep them very near to us—and Boston Chapter is honored in having such a member."]

CAPTURE OF GENERALS CROOK AND KELLY.

(Continued from page 423.)

ness, and it required almost an hour to get them in working order. As soon as New Creek could be called, I ordered a force to be sent to Romney, and it started without any unnecessary delay. A second force has gone from New Creek to Moorefield, and a regiment of infantry has gone to New Creek to supply the place of the cavalry. They rode good horses and left at a very rapid rate, evidently fearful of being overtaken. They did not remain in Cumberland over ten minutes. For all information I am inclined to believe that instead of Rosser, it is McNeill's company. Most of the men of that company are from this place. I will telegraph you fully any further information. ROBERT P. KENNEDY,

Major and A. A. C.

WINCHESTER, VA., February 21, 1865, 9:45 A.M.

(Received 10:40 A.M.).

Major General H. W. Hallack, Chief of Staff: A party of fifty or sixty Rebel cavalry surprised General Crook's pickets at Cumberland at 3 o'clock this morning, entered the city, and captured Generals Crook and Kelly, and carried them off. I ordered the cavalry at New Creek to Moorefield, and sent force from here to same place via Wardensville, but have little hopes of recapture, as the party is going very rapidly. I think the party belongs to McNeill's band. P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
February 24, 1865.

Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War: General Early reports that Lieutenant McNeill, with thirty men, on the morning of the 21st, entered Cumberland, captured, and brought out Generals Crook and Kelly, the Adjutant General of the department, two privates, and the headquarters flags, without firing a gun, though a considerable force is stationed in the vicinity. Lieutenant McNeill and party deserve much credit for this bold exploit. Their prisoners will reach Richmond to-day. R. E. LEE.

ROSTER OF MEN ON THE CUMBERLAND RAID.

M'NEILL'S RANGERS.

Capt. Jesse C. McNeill, Lieut. Isaac S. Welton, Sergt. Harrison Taylor, Sergt. Joseph L. Vandiver, Sergt. Charles James Daily, Sergt. Isaac S. Judy, Sergt. David E. Hopkins, Sergt. John H. Cunningham, John Acker, G. M. Allen, Joseph V. Barnum, Frederick W. Bean, George Carroll, W. Wallace Chisholm, James W. Crawford, David Cowger, Samuel Daugherty, Jefferson W. Duffey, John B. Fay, C. C. Richie Haller, George S. Harness, John L. Harvey, William D. Hoyer, David Judy, Robert G. Lobb, John R. Long, Sprigg S. Lynn, George Little, James W. Mason, William H. Maloney, James McGinnis, Charles W. Nichols, Isaac E. Oats, William H. Pool, Amos Poland Poling, Oliver L. Rhodes, B. Frank Rickards, Frederick A. Stewart, B. William Spalding, Samuel H. Shafer, Henry Seymour, J. Snyder Stickley, Harlan P. Tabb, Samuel T. Tucker, Henry M. Truehart, George V. Vandiver, Charles E. Watkins, Benjamin F. Wotringer. Number of McNeill's men, 48.

COMPANY F., 7TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY, ROSSER'S BRIGADE.

John S. Arnold, Hiram R. Allan, George F. Cunningham, Leslie Davis, George W. Everett, Jacob Gassman, George R. Johnson, Joseph W. Kuykendall, R. S. Merryman.

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John Daily, David John Parsons, Joseph L. Sherrard, Joseph A. Pancake, John W. Poland, John Taylor, Alexander Carlisle.

BRICE'S CROSSROADS AND AFTER.

BY FRANK WOOD, INVERNESS, MISS.

I have read with interest the article in the October VETERAN, "The Battle of Brice's Crossroads," by Capt. James Dinkins, and would like to correct his enumeration of the troops in Colonel Rucker's Brigade, which he says was composed of the 7th Tennessee Regiment, the 18th Battalion Mississippi Cavalry, and the 2nd Missouri Regiment. Rucker's Brigade consisted of the 7th Tennessee, Colonel Duckworth; 7th Mississippi, Colonel Chalmers; 8th Mississippi, Col. Bill Duff. The 2nd Missouri was in McCullough's Brigade. I was a seventeen-year-old private in the 8th Mississippi Cavalry, Colonel Duff. I agree with Captain Dinkins in his description of the fight on June 10, but we crossed the creek that evening, ate supper out of the captured wagons in the field across the creek from the battle field, followed the Yankees all night, and in the morning renewed the fight in the town of Ripley, Miss.

The morning of the 11th of June we passed on the roadside a burned house, and a young woman with a child in her arms was the only living thing I saw on the place. As I came into view of this sight, soldiers were casting their haversacks into the yard, then put spurs to their weary horses and went full speed to overtake the Yankees, which we did in Ripley. The Yankees, I think, intended to make a stand there. They had put straw in three or four stables, the doors opening toward the battle line, and their surgeons with instruments were on hand, but we drove them so fast we got the doctors before any wounded arrived. For several miles we found a line of Yankee cavalry on every rise or vantage point. We were dismounted and advanced rapidly till we came to an infantry regiment in battle line, and were advancing at a trot when ordered by an officer to halt and lie down. I was close to the road and looked back the way we had come. I saw a heavy dust rising, and the first thing to appear out of the dust was a mounted Reb, his saber twirling in the sunlight, and behind him, riding in column, Lyon's Kentuckians. I don't know what regiment, but it seems to me it was the 4th, and they charged and captured that regiment without deploying. The Yankees fired one volley and surrendered. Rucker's men jumped up and went on with those Kentuckians. On every hill for several miles Yankee infantry was captured. That night of June 11 I was on guard over Federal prisoners in a town called Salem.

Going back, we drove the woods for Yankee stragglers, like boys on a hunt. We got some. I was a member of Company F, 8th Mississippi Cavalry, Rucker's Brigade. The only other member of that company now living, so far as I know, is J. F. Bransford, an inmate of the Confederate Home at Beauvoir, Miss.

G. R. Seamonds, clerk of the circuit court of Cabell County, Huntington, W. Va., likes the VETERAN so very much that he sends ten dollars to have his date set forward, and says to advise him when that expires. This takes him to August, 1931.

U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 432.)

A memorial service was held by Nashville Chapter No. 1 on October 10, in tribute to a beloved member, Mrs. Mary Leland Hume, whose death occurred on October 3. Appropriate vocal and instrumental selections were given between the tender tributes which were paid to her many admirable qualities. Mrs. Hume was one of the founders of the general order, and at the Washington convention, 1923, she was made one of its Honorary Presidents. She was a charter member of Nashville Chapter, which she had served as President for two terms and as a loyal working member since its organization. The Mary Leland Hume Chapter, at Spring Hill, Tenn., where she had lived of late years, was named in her honor.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

As usual, when the Chapters begin to meet in the fall, activity is renewed in the distribution of our book, "Women of the South in War Times." The Divisions that have maintained, or are gaining, leadership in the contest for 1924-25 are: Arkansas, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Missouri.

It is to be hoped that a special showing will be made at the time of the convention by Mississippi, Virginia, and Georgia, who have the largest quotas yet to be filled. The Publicity Committee believes that two more of the States are going to absorb their quotas in the near future. Although West Virginia has been long over the top, she took new pledges at the State convention.

Letters still come in from different States and sections showing that this book is the one which, perhaps more than any other, sets forth the justice and truth of the Southern cause in a way that will bring conviction to the minds of those who have been hitherto ignorant, prejudiced, or skeptical.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*

Fairmont, W. Va.

A TENNESSEE LAW.

An act to make it unlawful to take, cut, injure, or destroy any tree, shrub, vine, flower, moss, or turf upon the land or premises of another without the consent of the owner, to declare same a misdemeanor and provide for the punishment thereof.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee,* That it shall be unlawful for any person to remove, take, cut, break, injure, or destroy any tree, shrub, vine, flower, moss, or turf from the land or premises of another; or to cut, or attempt to cut, burn or attempt to burn, girdle or attempt to girdle, or otherwise damage or destroy any standing or growing timber or trees thereon, without consent first had and obtained of the owner thereof, or under the personal direction of such owner.

SEC. 2. *Be it further enacted,* That this Act shall also be construed to apply to all trees, shrubs, vines, flowers, etc., growing on or along the roadside of all public highways in this State.

SEC. 3. *Be it further enacted,* That any willful violation of this Act shall constitute a misdemeanor and any person convicted thereof before a justice of the peace on a plea of guilty shall be fined not less than \$2.00 nor more than \$25.00, or in a court of record on indictment by a grand jury shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$2.00 nor more than \$25.00, or by imprisonment if the facts warrant same.

SEC. 4. *Be it further enacted,* That this act take effect from and after its passage, the public welfare requiring it.

FAMOUS HORSES OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY

An interesting article could be written about the horse ridden by Confederate leaders, and the VETERAN asks for contributions on the subject. The following from the Nashville *Banner* of some years ago will serve as an introduction of this subject:

WOODSTOCK HORSES IN THE CONFEDERACY.

Two of the handsomest horses used by Confederate generals were products of the famous Woodstock Farm, of Kentucky. They were the mounts of Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston and Simon Bolivar Buckner.

Charles N. Meriwether, of Todd County, Ky., owned some of the best horses in the South. In the fall of 1861, fearing that his section would be invaded by the Federal army, he sent some of his most valuable horses to his brother, Dr. J. H. Meriwether, of Arkansas, for safe-keeping. Among them was Empire, a handsome dapple gray, sired by Ambassador.

Dr. Meriwether, both liberal and patriotic, thought the safest keeping he could give Empire was to present him to General Johnston. The horse had not been shod, and was sent to Memphis for this purpose. But no sooner done than he deliberately pulled the shoes off with his teeth. After he was reshod, he had to be haltered in a way that he could not reach his feet until he was accustomed to wearing shoes. While he was being broken, he showed signs of being vicious, and the stable boys called him "Spitfire," and in the "Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston," by his son, he is called "Fire Eater," but his real name was "Empire." So symmetrical in form was he that Doyle, the sculptor, used a picture of him as a model for the equestrian statue of General Johnston at Metairie Cemetery, New Orleans.

Cumberland, another handsome horse from Woodstock, and half brother of Empire, was sent to Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Kentucky. General Buckner rode him through the war, and he died of lockjaw in Texas during the late sixties.

If there is a stock company in a high class theater in the South willing to handle my Southern play, "Flora Stuart," who was the lovely wife of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, please communicate with me at 2824 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo.—
Mrs. Flora Ellice Stevens.

The following comes from D. J. Bowden, Adjutant of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Martin, Tenn.: "I read and reread my CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I like it better all the time and cannot see why every old soldier would not want to take it."

Anyone having a copy of Dr. Wyeth's "Life of Forrest." Semmes's "Service Afloat," Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction" for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN, stating condition and price wanted.

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IT'S ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND.

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you think you would like to win, but
you can't,
It's almost a "cinch" you won't;
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.
Full many a race is lost
Before even a race is run,
And many a coward fails
Before even his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds will grow,
Think small, and you fall behind,
Think that you can, and you will;
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you are outclassed, you
are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You ever can win a prize.
Life's battle doesn't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But sooner or later, the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.—*Anon.*

THE REASON WHY.—"But I don't
love you," the lady objected. "Then
why," demanded the indignant youth,
hastily referring to divers memoranda
in his pocket diary, "did you eat fifty-
two pounds of sweetmeats I bought
for you during the past year?" "Be-
cause," said the lady, "I love them."

TREES.

The poplar is a soldier,
The beech tree is a queen,
The birch, the daintiest fairy
That tripped upon a green.
But there are only two trees
That set my heart astir,
They are the drooping larch tree
And the rough Scotch fir.

The oak tree tells of conquest
And solid, dogged worth.
The elm of quiet homesteads
And peace upon the earth.
But oh! my love and lady,
Just two trees speak of her,
They are the swaying larch tree
And the rough Scotch fir.

They speak of shady woodlands,
They tell of windy heath,
Of branches spread above us
And crackling cones beneath.
And oh! I fain would wander
Where once I went with her,
Beneath the golden larch tree
And the rough Scotch fir.

The ash is bent with weeping,
The cypress dark with doom,
The almond tree and hawthorn
Are bright with hope and bloom.
But there are only two trees
That set my heart astir,
They are the swaying larch tree
And the bleak Scotch fir.

—*Irene Maunder.*

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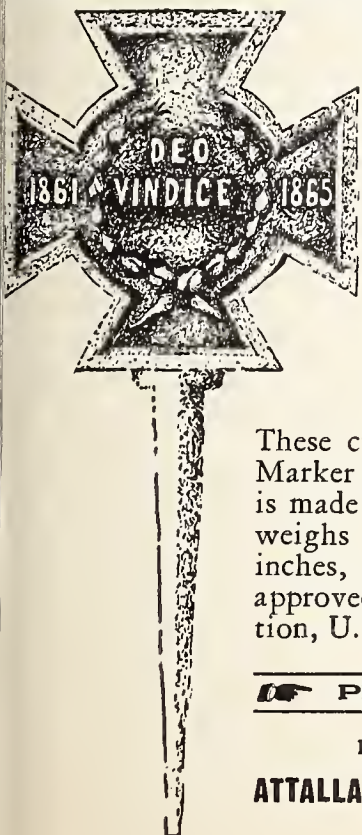
VERY PATRIOTIC.—A schoolmaster,
giving a music lesson, inquired whether
the pupils had any favorite anthem they
would like to sing. "God Save the
King," sir," responded one of the lads.
"A very patriotic suggestion, Tommy,"
said the master. "Now tell me what
made you think of the national anthem."
"Because," replied the boy, glancing
toward the clock, "it's time to go
home."—*Canadian American.*

My grandpa notes the world's worn cogs
And says we're going to the dogs.
His grandpa in his house of logs
Said things were going to the dogs.
His grandpa in the Flemish bogs
Said things were going to the dogs.
His grandpa in his hairy togs
Said things were going to the dogs.
But this is what I wish to state:
The dogs have had an awful wait!

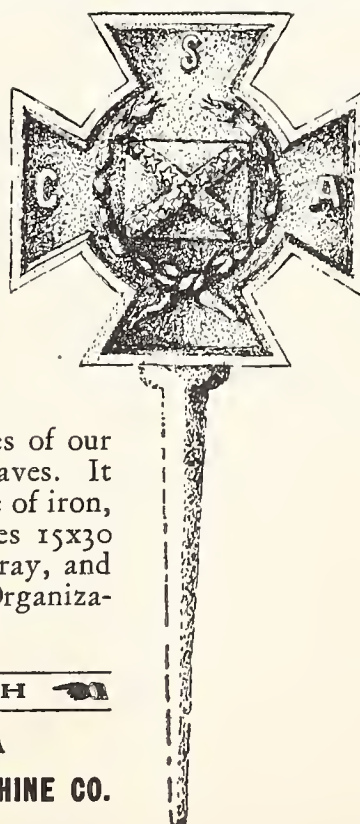
—*Bulletin N. Y. Sabbath Committee.*

How?—The teacher was giving a
class a lecture on "gravity." "Now,
children," she said, "it is the law of
gravity that keeps us on this earth."
"But, please, teacher," inquired one
small child, "how did we stick on before
the law was passed?"

FULL UP.—"Standing room on the
earth will be full up by the year 3000,"
said Professor Gregory at a meeting of
the British association. "The world
population will be 700,000,000,000."



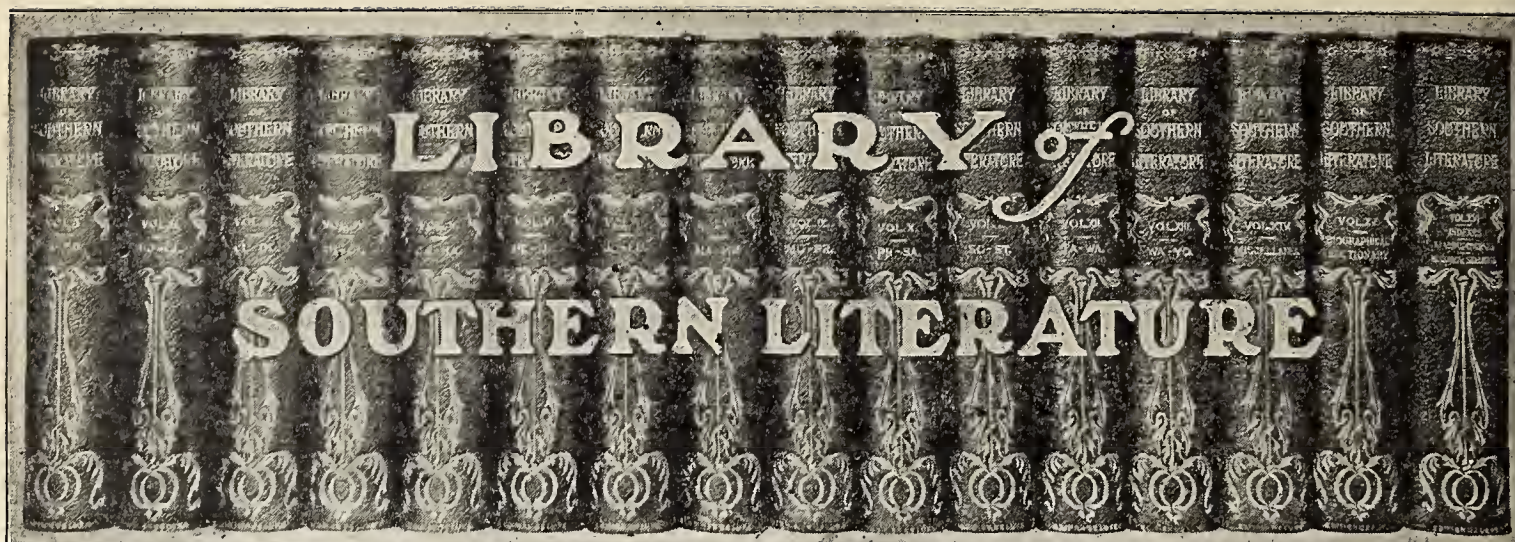
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Mrs. Drucella Jeffers, of Clay, Ky., needs a pension and would appreciate hearing from any comrades of her husband, Isaac Jeffers, but she does not know with what company and regiment he served; thinks he enlisted in Tennessee in 1861, and that he served under General Forrest, Bell's Brigade, Wheeler's Division, a while. Write to her in care of Lofton Butler, R. F. D. No. 2, Clay, Ky.

S. L. Harrison, 144B Pollock Street, New Bern, N. C., is trying to get some information of an uncle, Levy Harrison, who entered the Confederate army at the beginning of the war and never returned home, though he was heard from several times after the war and was then in Georgia. Any information as to his whereabouts, if living, or where and when he died, and anything of his family will be appreciated.

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John R. Hall, Lagrange, Ga. (Route No. 1), writes that he served in Company E, 41st Georgia Regiment, from March 4, 1862, to 1864, when we were fighting around Atlanta, Ga., where he was severely wounded and never able to return to the ranks. He wants to know what became of Lieutenant Cahal, of Stovall's staff, from Dalton to Atlanta, who, he says, was one of the bravest men he ever saw; thinks he was from Tennessee.

James McElin, of Kansas City, 311 Keith and Perry Building, is anxious to procure a real C. S. A. button, such as was worn by an officer or a soldier of the Confederate army. If he can't buy one, he says he would like to rent, borrow, or steal one just for a day and will give good security for its return.

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Confederate Veteran.

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

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No. 12.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

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 EN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga.....*Honorary Commander for Life.*
 EV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va.....*Honorary Chaplain General for Life.*

"FIRST CITIZEN."

Gen. K. M. VanZandt, former Commander in Chief, U. C. A., and who celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday on November 6, has been presented by the Exchange Club, of Fort Worth Tex., with a handsomely engraved diploma signifying that he is "the most distinguished citizen" of that city, and a dinner was given in his honor. Gen. VanZandt is still the active President of the Fort Worth National Bank, which he helped to found more than fifty years ago.

COMMANDER ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Another great loss has come to the United Confederate Veterans in the death of Gen. M. B. Houghton, of Montgomery, Ala., Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, which occurred at his home there, Morningview, on November 4, after a brief illness. Long prominent in the Confederate organization of his State, he was given this higher honor in the general organization at the reunion in Dallas last May, and no honor has been more worthily bestowed. The department comprises seven States, and the honor is second only to that of Commander in Chief.

Mitchell Bennett Houghton was born September 14, 1844, in Franklin, Heard County, Ga., the son of William Henry and Eliza Ann Bennett Houghton. He received his education in the Dover Academy, of Columbus, Ga., leaving there in the early days of the War between the States to enlist as a private in the Glendale Guards, of Barbour County, Ala., later Company H, 15th Alabama Regiment. He served with distinction as a private throughout the war, taking part in the battles of Second Manassas, Gettysburg, and Chickamauga, and minor engagements. He participated in Stonewall Jackson's campaign through the Shenandoah Valley and the fighting at Port Republic and Cedar Mountain. He was wounded several times and disabled from the effects of those wounds. Captured soon after the Chickamauga battle, he spent fourteen months in prison at Camp Morton, Ind.

Following the war, young Houghton engaged in business in Union Springs, Ala., where he and two others established the Bullock County Bank. He was also chairman of the Democratic executive committee of Bullock County during his residence there.

Moving to Montgomery about thirty-five years ago, General Houghton early identified himself with the business interests of the city. He was an organizer of the State Bank of Montgomery, of which he served as president for five years; established the Commercial and Industrial Association of Montgomery in 1890, of which he was also president; and he was for four years president of the Montgomery County Board of Revenue. He retired from active business a number of years ago, and since that time had devoted himself to his large planting interests and at his beautiful home.

Always actively interested in the United Confederate Veterans, he was at one time commander of the Alabama Division, and at the reunion in Dallas he was elected to command the Army of Tennessee Department.

General Houghton was a life-long member of the Methodist Church, and served as a member of the board of the Court Street Methodist Church of Montgomery, and was also a member of the board of trustees of the Woman's College. He was the author of the book on "Two Boys in the Civil War and After."

In his gray uniform and under the flag which he had followed as a boy soldier, his body rested in the beautiful home while friends and comrades paid their last tributes of respect and affection, and then, escorted, by his veteran guard of honor, he was laid to rest until that day of the great reunion over there.

REUNION OF TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

The Tennessee Division, U. C. V., held its annual reunion at Humboldt, October 7, 8, and, despite the unfavorable weather, enjoyed the occasion to the utmost. Though the rain kept them indoors, so much entertainment was provided, in addition to the business sessions, that every bit of the time was pleasantly accounted for. The Daughters of the Confederacy of Humboldt had special charge of preparations for the veterans and everything that could be done was done to make this reunion successful in every way. Mrs. A. R. Dodson, President of the Humboldt Chapter, planned much of the features of entertainment and aided in carrying out all the program. She was ably assisted by the Chapter members, Sons of Veterans, and veterans of the community, hence the success of the meeting.

Most of the veterans came in on Tuesday and were met by the reception committee and assigned to homes. That night a welcome meeting was held, with a special program of music and addresses. On Wednesday morning the first business session was held, and at noon the Daughters of the Confederacy served a delicious luncheon at the Hotel Humboldt. The auto drive planned for the afternoon was called off because of the rain, and an impromptu program of music and speaking was given, a kind of sacred meeting, with the songs of long ago sung by all. This was followed by a special showing of the Humboldt Day Parade at the moving picture house. At night a delightful program was given at the Baptist Church, consisting of music, both vocal and instrumental, a flag drill by the Children of the Confederacy, and other features.

After a business session, the veterans paraded on Thursday morning, despite the continued rain, and then gathered at the Hotel Humboldt for their picnic dinner, also served by the Daughters.

The following officers were elected:

Commander, Maj. Gen. John P. Hickman, Nashville.

First Brigade, Brig. Gen. R. C. Crouch, Morristown.

Second Brigade, Brig. Gen. W. W. Courtney, Franklin.

Third Brigade, Brig. Gen. E. R. Oldham, Henning.

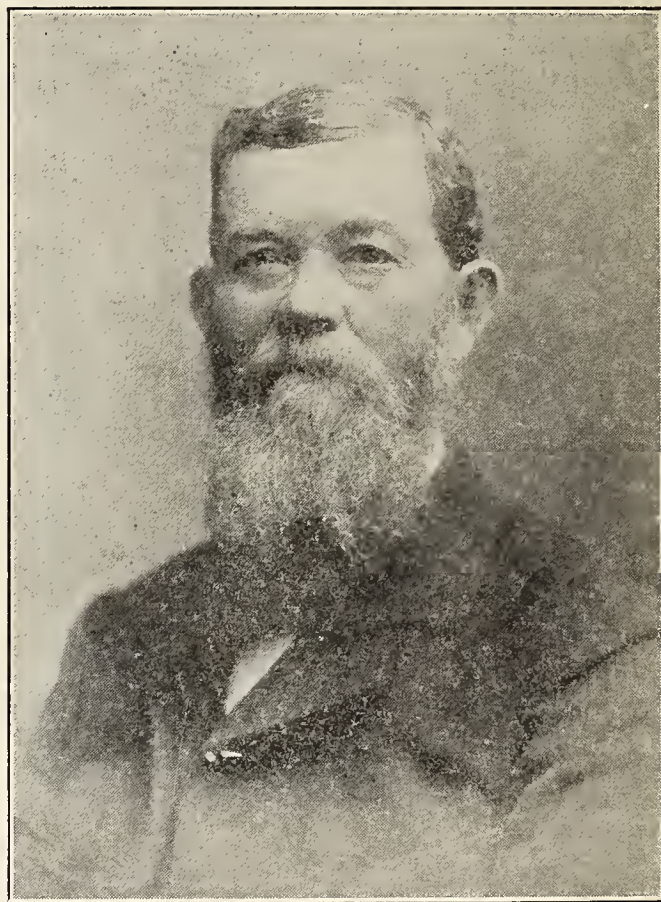
Chaplain for Life, Rev. P. T. Martin, Franklin.

The next reunion will be held in Dyersburg, October, 1926.

REV. P. T. MARTIN, CHAPLAIN TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

An appreciated honor was bestowed upon Rev. P. T. Martin, of Franklin, Tenn., Chaplain of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., by making him Chaplain for Life. This beloved veteran enlisted April 7, 1861, becoming a member of Company F. 17th, Tennessee Regiment, under Captain Miller, of Chapel Hill, Marshall County, Tenn., and his first battle was

at Fishing Creek, Ky., where General Zollicoffer was killed. He and his wounded brother were among the prisoners taken there, and they spent eight months in prison, being exchanged at Vicksburg. They got back to their command in time to fight Yankees again at Murfreesboro. He met them again at Chickamauga, and there, on Saturday, he was shot and taken to the hospital, but was able to get back in the battle early Sunday morning, and that was his hardest day's fighting during the war. He says: "When Colonel Floyd formed our



REV. P. T. MARTIN.

regiment and counted us, he said, 'Well, boys, we have lost heavily, but I have yet seventy-six as brave men as ever fired a gun,' my boyish pride welled up in my heart indescribably. From there my command went to East Tennessee with General Longstreet and had a fight at Knoxville, and the next engagement was at Bean Station, where a 'careless Yankee' put a Minie ball into my thigh, where it has been ever since. After being disabled for six months, I got back to my command at Petersburg, Va., finding it in the ditches. When we were ordered out for battle, I found that I could not endure the marching and was given a transfer to Forrest's Cavalry, with whom I surrendered at Gainesville, Ala."

IN THE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURG.—Referring to the recently discovered trenches on the battle field of Petersburg, C. Mashburn, of Dover, N. C., writes of having been there as a boy of eighteen, and recalls one tunnel, of which he says: "It was in front of Harold Grove, between the Crater and the Appomattox River. We dug a well sixty feet deep in the trenches, then went down to the ravine and began a tunnel, making two curves, striking the well in the ditch, and laying blocks and planks so as to roll the dirt out in 'wheel barriers.' I was within sixty yards of the Crater when it blew up."

LEE, SON OF VIRGINIA.

The charge has been made against Gen. Robert E. Lee that, in giving his allegiance to Virginia in the War between the States, he had been a traitor to the government which educated and trained him for his life work. Without considering the service which he rendered to the United States government as soldier and military engineer for some thirty years, and which amply repaid for his four years of training, here is another view brought out by President Davis in a memorial tribute to the great Virginian. At a meeting held in Richmond, Va., on November 3, 1870, in tribute to General Lee, so lately dead, which was presided over by Mr. Davis, he also delivered an address, a part of which is here given. A report of this meeting stated that "as Mr. Davis arose to walk to the stand, every person in the house stood, and there followed such a storm of applause as seemed to shake the very foundation of the building, while cheer upon cheer was echoed from the throats of veterans saluting one whom they delighted to honor."

Mr. Davis spoke at length, and with his accustomed thrilling, moving eloquence. He addressed his hearers as "Soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, comrades and friends," and said:

"Assembled on this sad occasion, with hearts oppressed with the grief that follows the loss of him who was our leader on many a bloody battle field, a pleasing though melancholy spectacle is presented. Hitherto, and in all times, men have been honored when successful; but here is the case of one who amid disaster went down to his grave, and those who were his companions in misfortune have assembled to honor his memory. It is as much an honor to you who give as to him who receives; for, above the vulgar test of merit, you show yourselves competent to discriminate between him who enjoys and him who deserves success.

"Robert E. Lee was my associate and friend in the Military Academy, and we were friends until the hour of his death. We were associates and friends when he was a soldier and I a congressman; and associates and friends when he led the armies of the Confederacy and I presided in its cabinet. We passed through many sad scenes together, but I cannot remember that there was ever aught but perfect harmony between us. If ever there was difference of opinion, it was dissipated by discussion, and harmony was the result. I repeat, we never disagreed; and I may add that I never in my life saw in him the slightest tendency to self-seeking. It was not his to make a record, it was not his to shift blame to other shoulders; but it was his, with an eye fixed upon the welfare of his country, never faltering, to follow the line of duty to the end. His was the heart that braved every difficulty; his was the mind that wrought victory out of defeat.

"He has been charged with 'want of dash.' I wish to say that I never knew Lee to falter to attempt anything ever man could dare. An attempt has also been made to throw a cloud upon his character because he left the army of the United States to join in the struggle for the liberty of his State. Without trenching at all upon politics, I deem it my duty to say one word in reference to this charge. Virginian born, descended from a family illustrious in Virginia's annals, given by Virginia to the service of the United States, he represented her in the Military Academy at West Point. He was not educated by the Federal government, but by Virginia; for she paid her full share for the support of that institution and was entitled to demand in return the services of her sons. Entering the army of the United States, he represented Virginia there also, and nobly. On many a hard-fought field Lee was

conspicuous, battling for his native State as much as for the Union. He came from Mexico crowned with honors, covered by brevets, and recognized, young as he was, as one of the ablest of his country's soldiers. And, to prove that he was estimated then as such, let me tell you that when Lee was a captain of engineers stationed in Baltimore, the Cuban Junta in New York selected him to be their leader in the struggle for the independence of their native country. They were anxious to secure his services, and offered him every temptation that ambition could desire. He thought the matter over, and, I remember, came to Washington to consult me as to what he should do; and when I began to discuss the complications which might arise from his acceptance of the trust, he gently rebuked me, saying that this was not the line upon which he wished my advice; the simple question was whether it was right or not? He had been educated by the United States, and felt it wrong to accept a place in the army of a foreign power. Such was his extreme delicacy, such was the nice sense of honor of the gallant gentleman whose death we deplore. But when Virginia withdrew, the State to whom he owed his first and last allegiance, the same nice sense of honor led him to draw his sword and throw it in the scale for good or for ill.

"When Virginia joined the Confederacy, Robert Lee, the highest officer in the little army of Virginia, came to Richmond; and, not pausing to inquire what would be his rank in the service of the Confederacy, went to Western Virginia under the belief that he was still an officer of the State. He came back carrying the heavy weight of defeat and unappreciated by the people whom he served, for they could not know, as I knew, that if his plans and orders had been carried out the result would have been victory rather than retreat. You did not know, for I would not have known it had he not breathed it in my ear only at my earnest request, and begging that nothing be said about it. The clamor which then arose followed him when he went to South Carolina, so that it became necessary on his going to South Carolina to write a letter to the governor of that State, telling him what manner of man he was. Yet, through all this, with a magnanimity rarely equaled, he stood in silence without defending himself or allowing others to defend him, for he was unwilling to offend anyone who was wearing a sword and striking blows for the Confederacy."

BY THE DELAWARE.

BY MARY NOBLE ALLEN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The trees like sentinels their vigils keep
O'er silent graves, beside the waters deep,
Where lie our soldiers in their last long sleep;
While the grasses wave and the flowers are fair
By the side of the sparkling Delaware.

The skies are as blue as they were that day
When our boys from the Southland marched away,
But the shifting shadows make them gray;
And the granite shaft that rises high,
Tells of a valor that cannot die.
And I kneel at its base and breathe a prayer
For the boys who sleep by the Delaware.

[This poem was inspired by the dedication of the monument erected by the United States government to the Confederate dead of Fort Delaware].

MEMORIES OF COLD HARBOR, VA., JUNE, 1862.

BY B. H. KING, FORT MEADE, FLA.

A long line of heavy entrenchments, behind which at attention stand the soldiers of Lee. The air is still and heavy with the sulphurous smoke of battle. Here and there is a head log knocked from its position on top of the works by shell fire. Dead men lie inside. The line is now resting from the assault of three battle lines of Grant's Federal troops, five or six to one. Victory is with "Lee's Immortals." Officers with field glasses are looking to the front at a skirt of timber where Federal officers are cursing and begging the blue coats to make another assault. The soldiers refuse (history). Rebel "buck-and-ball" has won the battle. In front lie some thirteen thousand dead and dying soldiers. In the short space of twenty-five minutes (some lie in piles) the ground was covered. Horrors! what a sight! The American soldier dead on the field of battle, but not all Americans. The bull-necked, round-headed German, the dark-skinned sons of Italy and France, the blue-eyed fighting Irishman, beardless boys (somebody's darlings), bums, gutter snipes, soldiers of fortune, and bounty jumpers—all under the folds of Old Glory—the flag of my forefathers. Some die with a prayer on the lip; others an oath; some with groans and lamentations loud.

Night comes on; a sickly half moon covers the faces of the dead with its rays; wide open eyes, with the glaze of death, looking up. All is quiet, and the living are asleep among the dead. Out among the fallen foe, creeping figures can be seen—the skulking army coyotes who rob the dead while the vidette walks his beat. Morning comes. How changed the scene. Pools of blood that were red yesterday are now black and hard; the eyes of the dead have lost the glaze; bloated faces, dark in spots, and the air has a sickening odor. White flags flutter in the morning breeze. Trenches are being dug, and they will soon be food for the worm, covered with a mantle of mother earth. Who is responsible for all this?

IN STONEWALL CEMETERY AT WINCHESTER, VA.

BY W. S. LANG, BELINGTON, W. VA.

My father, Lieut. Col. David B. Lang, while in command of his regiment, the 62nd Virginia, Imboden's command, at Stephen's Depot, near Bunker Hill, Va., received a mortal wound, September 5, 1864, from which he died next day, as we have understood, and was buried there. Some years after the close of the war, a Miss Williams, of Winchester, Va., in passing down the Valley and seeing the graves of so many Confederates who had given their lives for their Southland, was pained to know that no care was taken of them, and conceived the idea of having the bodies taken up and moved to Winchester. She put her soul into the work, raised all the money by subscription that she could—and those who could not give money gave labor and the use of their teams—and by hard work and perseverance the Confederate dead of the vicinity were all moved to Winchester and reinterred in the beautiful Stonewall Cemetery. The bodies that could be identified were buried in sections of each State from which they came. There were more than eight hundred that could not be identified, and they were placed in a circle and a large monument was built in the center to commemorate their valor.

On July 20, 1891, while on my way to Lexington, Va., to the unveiling of the Stonewall Jackson monument the next day, in company with my friend, the late Hon. Isaac V. Johnson (the last Democratic auditor of West Virginia),

I stopped at Winchester to visit my father's grave, which was the second as we entered from the south, near that of Gen. Turner Ashby, the daring cavalry commander. I was again at Winchester the 6th of June, 1917, the day of the annual decoration, and was perplexed to find that my father's grave was the first of the Virginians as you entered from the south, the gate house. Capt. Floyd Harris, who was with me, brought the sexton, who said he had been there seventeen years and the grave stones had never been moved since he had been there. Two or three years ago, Mrs. Lora Robinson, of Fairmont, W. Va., a cousin of ours, while on a visit to Winchester, and having heard us speak of the matter, took the time to count the markers, which were numbered consecutively, and that to my father's grave was numbered 335. When we read her letter, we were convinced that the friends of the one marked 336, which was the first grave as you entered from the south, had taken his body up after we had been there the first time. I should be glad to know if anyone can tell the history of this soldier who was buried next to my father, who said: "I shall see Virginia free or be buried beneath her sod."

CAPTURED AND RELEASED.

BY F. M. KNOX, ANSON, TEX.

I was sworn into the Confederate service by Capt. Buck Bronaugh on the 16th day of August, 1862, near where I was born in Tebo Township, Henry County, Mo. Captain Bronaugh was getting up a company to serve under Gen. Sterling Price.

We camped a few days on Grand River near Clinton, waiting for General Price. We thought he would come through there, but he passed west of us after the battle of Lone Jack, and we had to go through by ourselves, which we did without the loss of a man and caught up with them at Elm Springs, Ark. There I joined Capt. F. P. Bronaugh's company, Company K, 16th Missouri Infantry, Gen. M. M. Parson's Brigade.

After we left Elm Springs, we went south and camped a while and then went north and fought the battle of Prairie Grove under General Hindman. We camped on the battle field that night. Three of us had a chicken and plenty of frozen apples for supper; no bread or salt. The next morning we moved south and crossed the Arkansas River and went into camp near Fort Smith. I was sick, and when the army was ready to start to Little Rock, I was put in the hospital at Fort Smith. The building was a two-story storehouse, and I was in the upper story. I do not know how many were in the building, but was told there were two hundred. When we left I counted twenty-two. I soon got so that I could go about town a little, and would get something to eat, which was always better than anything we got at the hospital.

A steamboat was sent from Little Rock to Fort Smith to take those of us who were left to our commands. We boarded the boat, started to Little Rock, and got as far as Van Buren, and there on the bank were a lot of blue coats with two little pieces of cannon all ready to begin shooting. The men motioned for us to come in, which we did without loss of time, and as we got to the bank two men on horses rode up on the other side of the river on the sand bar and got to the water, when one of the little cannon was fired at them. The first shot struck the water close to the men, and they did not wait for the next shot, but struck out for the timber. The second shot struck the sand right behind them, the third shot went wild; couldn't tell where it struck. The first two shots were too low, the last too high.

There were some chickens in a coop on the boat, some of

which got out and flew into the water. Some of the men began shooting at them, but missed them every time.

The commander of the Federals had us all get off the boat and lined us up on the bank. He took our names and the name of our commands and said they were going to burn the boat, but did not do it. They let us go back on the boat, and we made it to Little Rock without any further trouble. I have never seen any account of the capture of our boat. We surrendered at Shreveport, La.

EVENTS LEADING TO LINCOLN'S ELECTION.

BY CORNELIUS B. HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Black Republican Party was formally organized in New York State in 1854 by William H. Seward, later Lincoln's Secretary of State; and, in 1856, this same party was organized for the State of Illinois at a convention at Bloomington. During this year Lincoln campaigned for Fremont for President, who got every Republican vote cast.

After Lincoln's debates with Douglas, he accepted calls to speak at Columbus and Cincinnati, Ohio; and it was about this time that Joseph Medill, of the Chicago *Tribune*, one of a radical group of Illinois Republicans, began to groom Lincoln for the nomination of this radical party at the next presidential election; and, that Lincoln might be known to the New York and New England members of the party, an invitation was secured for him (from a New York committee) to come on to New York City to make an address, the object being to see what kind of an impression he would make on the leaders as well as on the people generally. Accordingly, Lincoln went and addressed a large assembly at Cooper's Union, presided over by William Cullen Bryant. In this speech, to please the radicals, he denounced as "seditious" the bill introduced in the United States Senate by Douglas, of Illinois, for the punishment of such interstate murderous and riotous gangs as John Brown and his associates. In other words, Lincoln defended John Brown and his gang of murderers, whom all the world utterly abhorred, except the radical groups, which were more numerous by far in New England than elsewhere.

After the New York City address, Lincoln went into New England and there continued his "seditious" and unconstitutional propaganda among the members of his radical party and others.

At this period of his life Lincoln said: "I admit I am ambitious and want to be President." Again he said: "I do not think I am fitted for the presidency." Had Lincoln meant what he said in this last statement, he would have spoken the truth; but, unfortunately, he was not a humble-minded man, for all his actions showed he was egoist enough to imagine himself one of the great men of the earth instead of one of the smallest and basest, morally and intellectually.

Remember, Lincoln was born in 1809 and was, therefore, fifty-two years old, fully matured (indeed, it may be said, a little overripe), with character formed, when William H. Seward, his Secretary of State, said: "He has that political cunning that is genius." In other words, Lincoln was tricky and a political "trimmer."

The editor of the *Central Illinois Gazette* brought him out for President; and afterwards the movement spread strongly.

Lincoln's friends—Davis, Swett, Logan, and Palmer, also his faithful partner, Herndon—continued to urge him to be an active candidate. He finally consented and was soon busy marshaling the support of his friends. He used all his well-known skill as a politician to forward his campaign.

It will be remembered that the National Republican Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln met at Chicago, Ill., May 16, 1860, in the "Wigwam," built to hold ten thousand people; and Lincoln's friends—Davis, Judd, Palmer, Swett, and Oglesby—worked night and day for him.

The candidates for the nomination were William H. Seward, New York; Lincoln, Illinois; Cameron, Pennsylvania; Salmon P. Chase, Ohio; Bates, Missouri; and several others. Lincoln's friends, by promising a cabinet position to Cameron, secured his support; and on the third ballot, Lincoln was nominated.

So this great (?) champion of the Black Republican Party of the North, this *immaculate* Lincoln, *bought* his first nomination with the bait of a cabinet position! It will be shown later how he obtained his second election.

In the election of 1860, Lincoln carried only the States north of the Ohio River and Mason and Dixon's Line. He got no votes in the States that later seceded.

By the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency of the United States was consummated the long-cherished hope of the extreme radical, *sectional* party of the North to get possession of the Federal government, which it proposed to run to the best financial interests of that section, even though in violation of the United States Constitution, by appealing to a "higher law"; and the corrupting influences of this "higher-law" party has so permeated the political life of the Northern tier of States as to enable it to control the government for the past *sixty* years; and are we not now suffering from this *moral degeneracy* in almost the whole land? I think so; and yet we are wondering *why* and *whence* all the present-day crime and disorder that prevail everywhere. Does not a "corrupt tree bring forth evil fruit?" And "by their fruits ye shall know them." The Republican Party of the North has sown the wind, and now we are reaping the whirlwind.

Lincoln must have had a very bad conscience when he came to the District of Columbia to be sworn in as President, for it is stated on sound authority that he imagined assassins lurked at many street corners; and, on the day of his inauguration, he had armed men on many housetops along the line of the procession for his protection.

The oath of office was taken before Chief Justice Roger B. Taney of the United States Supreme Court, the very oath which the aforesaid Chief Justice severely rebuked him for violating within ninety days thereafter; and this rebuke was delivered under the seal of the United States Supreme Court by a court messenger to the "President of the United States."

Let us now see what great *rebels* Lincoln and his few radical backers were in 1861. The life of Charles Francis Adams (Lincoln's Minister to England) states, page 49, *et seq.*: "Up to the very day of firing on the flag, the attitude of the Northern States, even in case of hostilities, was open to grave question, while that of the border States did not admit of a doubt; and the Secretary of State, Seward, repudiated the right of the United States government to use armed force against the South." He said further: "The President accepted as true—that the Federal authorities had no right of coercion." And, "The Southern sympathizers throughout the loyal States are earnest and outspoken."

Gen. B. F. Butler states that: "Henry Dunning, mayor of Hartford, Conn., called the city council together to consult if my troops should be allowed to go through Hartford on my way to the war"; and Morse's "Lincoln" says (vol. 1, p. 231), that "Greeley, Seward, and Wendell Phillips, representative men, are little better than 'secessionists';" and that "none of the distinguished men, leaders of his own party, whom Lincoln found about him at Washington, were in a frame of mind

to aid him efficiently." Andrews says (Vol. II, p. 95): "Throughout the North, the feeling was strong against coercion"; and McLure states: "Even in Philadelphia, nearly the whole commercial and financial interests were against Lincoln at first." Greeley's "American Conflict" states: "There was a tremendous demonstration in New York State against the war in February, 1861; and, also, in the Democratic convention, comprising the foremost men of the State, the opinions expressed were not only not to coerce, but to aid the South in case of war" (p. 392 *et seq.*).

Views strongly adverse to the war and emancipation did not cease in the North and West when the war began, dangerous as it soon became to advocate them; but imprisonments without trial, trials by court-martial, sentences to prisons, often solitary, remote from home and friends, did at last silence all but the boldest.

Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War ("Recollections," p. 236 *et seq.*), says: "Ninety-seven leading citizens of Baltimore, Md., were arrested in *one* day and imprisoned in solitary confinement at Washington, D. C."; and Gorham's "Life of Stanton" quotes a proclamation of Stanton's in justification of Lincoln's usurpation of despotic power over liberty and life asserting: "Treason is everywhere." In New York State, Gov. Horatio Seymour had enormous backing against the war before it began and afterwards; and Schouler's "History" (p. 417) concedes that the State of New York was obstructive to the President's wishes; and Governor Seymour, in his address to the mob that was forcibly stopping the draft in New York City, refers to that "ungodly conflict that is distracting the land."

In Ohio, Vallandigham's resistance to the war was so strong that he was banished by Lincoln's order, which was "denounced" by John Sherman ("Recollections," p. 323), and Holland's "Lincoln" (p. 471) tells of the "bitter resentment this banishment order provoked in New York State." Gen. John A. Logan's "Great Conspiracy" (p. 557) records a gathering at "Springfield, Ill., in June, 1863, of nearly 100,000 Vallandigham, antiwar, peace Democrats, which utterly repudiated the war." Also, for account of "avowed hostility to Lincoln" in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and "opposition in New Jersey that made the State disgraceful," see Allen's "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks," Vol. I, p. 448. Governor Morton (Indiana), found the war so unpopular he got from Lincoln such despotic power that he announced: "I am the State." In Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln" (Vol. VIII, p. 8 *et seq.*) confirms the above, stating that but for Governor Morton "the Indiana Legislature would have recognized the Confederacy and seceded from the Union"; and George S. Boutwell says: "During the entire war New York, Ohio, and Illinois were doubtful States, and Indiana was kept in line by its governor."

Grant's "Memoirs" (Vol. II, p. 323) says: "Halleck informed me there was an organized scheme to resist the draft, and it might be necessary to withdraw a part of the army from the field to suppress it; and Nicolay and Hay (Vol. VI, p. 3) tell of "violent resistance to the draft in Pennsylvania"; and Butler's book (p. 536) states: "In all but strong Republican States, the opposition was triumphant, and the administration party defeated."

In 1847-49, when Lincoln served one term in Congress, he made the following speech: "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 most sacred, right, which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to a case in which the whole of an

existing government chooses 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." This speech was a secession one, and ultra at that; but it was only for the "gallery," for it is evident *he didn't mean* what he said; otherwise, he would not have made war on the South of his *own volition*. He was a political "trimmer," and had, as Seward said, that cunning which was genius.

UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE.

BY INSLEE DEADERICK, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Our regiment, the 2nd Tennessee Cavalry (Ashby's), was camped on the bank of Clinch River, about fifteen miles from Cumberland Gap, then occupied by the Federals. Our duty was to watch the enemy and report to headquarters at Knoxville any movement he might make.

One day came orders from our general at Knoxville to our colonel instructing him to carry a message to the commander of the army at Cumberland Gap, under flag of truce. Captain Langford, of Company I, was detailed for the trip. From his company he selected about fifteen of us to go with him. We started at noon, and after passing through Tazewell, we raised the white rag, as this region was infested with bush-whackers.

When we reached the enemy's advance picket, they halted us and called the sergeant of the guard. He said he would conduct the officers bearing the papers to headquarters. The rest of us could await their return. So we dismounted, hitched our horses to trees, and waited, some chatting pleasantly with the Yankee picket, and all "taking it easy."

Some time in the night, our officers returned, and with them two Federal officers, who had courteously proposed to escort us part of the way home.

We had ridden some miles when, descending from a ridge along a rough, rocky, sunken road, there came the report of a gun, immediately followed by a deafening roar of musketry from both sides of the road, so near that the flash from one gun scorched the rim of my hat and blinded me for a moment. My horse bolted, stumbled over some horses that had been shot down, and fell with my leg under him. I saw a man on the bank above throwing rocks at us. I couldn't get up, but managed to get on my hands and knees, drew my pistol and was about to fire at the man when another horse came plunging down the road, jumped over the horse lying near me, struck me on the back with his knee or hoof, and laid me out flat, as I thought, with a broken back.

My horse scrambled to his feet and left me. Then I heard the cry: "Cease firing! Flag of truce!"

Then the Yankee officers began to explain. They were "sorry," "didn't know there was a flag of truce," etc., ordered their men to lay aside their arms and help us to the house. There was a cabin near the top of the ridge. They carried our dead and wounded there.

Col. James Carter, in charge of the attacking party, explained that he was out foraging with his own regiment and a company of an Ohio regiment. On his way back a woman told him that a rebel troop had passed going toward the Gap. She didn't mention the white flag, so he concluded to await our return.

He sent to the Gap for surgeons and ambulances. The surgeons worked with the wounded till day, then the wounded and dead and those who had lost their horses were taken to our camp in the ambulances. Only two of our company were killed outright, and one of the Yankee officers that rode with us. Our Lieutenant Kimbrough was killed. Our captain was

the only one that escaped unhurt and rode to camp on his own horse. I was pretty badly hurt, and lay in the road among the dead and wounded horses for quite a while. Then two men assisted me to rise and go to the cabin, where I lay on the floor and rested a while, then got up and helped care for my wounded comrades who were worse hurt than I. The wounded Yankee officer was in the room with us. Later we heard that he died soon after reaching the Gap. Colonel Carter and his assistants were very kind and did everything in their power to alleviate the suffering caused by their terrible mistake.

Since then I have heard numerous discussions as to whether or not they knew of the flag of truce. I have no doubt of their good faith in the matter. Colonel Carter was my father's cousin, but we had never met before and I didn't introduce myself that night.

In the morning I went out to view the battle ground. The Yanks were dragging the dead horses from the road in order to get through with the ambulances. Where I had fallen was near the foot of the hill. I heard a Yank say that he had piled a few rocks at his feet, expecting to get but one shot, then use the rocks. I saw several such piles on both sides of the road. The banks or sides of the road were about five feet high, making a fine place for an ambushade, and we wondered that more of us were not killed. My horse ran at his top speed all the way to camp and was no longer fit for service. I sent him home, at Knoxville, and got another.

Three of the Carter brothers served in the Federal army—General Sam, Colonel Jim, and Rev. William, who was a chaplain. Gen. Sam Carter for a while commanded the Department of East Tennessee with headquarters at Knoxville. He was very kind and helpful to my father and family, who lived there, though they were on different sides.

BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY DR. W. H. MOON, GOODWATER, ALA.

In this paper I shall confine myself mainly to the movements of Archer's Brigade, consisting of the 1st, 7th, 14th Tennessee and the 13th Alabama Regiments, and the 5th Alabama Battalion.

On June 30, 1863, we camped at Cashtown, eight miles west of Gettysburg, where we washed our clothes and took a bath preparatory to meeting "our friends the enemy." On July 1, about seven A.M., Archer's Brigade fell in line, followed by Davis's Brigade of Mississippians, and began the advance on Gettysburg. We had gone only three or four miles when we saw Federal cavalry approaching on our right front. The 5th Alabama Battalion, being front of the column, was sent out with a detail from the 13th Alabama Regiment, and formed a skirmish line fronting the cavalry, the major in charge of the battalion and Lieut. Will Crawford commanding the detachment from the 13th Alabama Regiment. In this formation the column continued to advance along the road, the cavalry falling back, followed by our skirmishers. Occasional shots were exchanged by the cavalry and the skirmishers, and *these were the first shots fired in the beginning of the battle of Gettysburg*; and there was not a Confederate between Archer's and Davis's brigades and Gettysburg.

In column formation we continued to advance to within about two miles of the town, where we halted for a short time. When Davis's Brigade came up, we filed right into a body of woods, Davis's Brigade taking position on the left of the road. A Confederate battery of three guns came up and took position on the right front of my regiment, the 13th Alabama, in the edge of an open field which extended down to and across

Willoughby Run. So we had an unobstructed view of the blue coats on Seminary Ridge in our front.

Now, here were Archer's and Davis's brigades confronted by Reynolds's Corps and Buford's Division of cavalry. When we came in contact with the cavalry, General Heth dispatched to General Lee this fact. Lee's reply, "Develop the infantry, but don't bring on a battle if it can be avoided," is well known history. Why Heth did force the battle with such odds against him and in the face of Lee's orders and without support has ever been an unsolved problem to me.

We had been in line of battle but a short time after our battery took position until the order was given: "Forward!" As we debouched into the open field, a Federal battery, located about one hundred yards south of where the Reynolds monument now stands, saluted us with a shower of shells. Our line of advance placed the 13th on a direct line between the Federal and Confederate batteries. The descent to Willoughby Run is a gradual slope with a dip about one hundred and fifty yards from the Run, so our battery could not engage the Federal guns until we had gone about a half mile down the slope. As soon as we were below the range of our guns, they fired a volley at the Federal battery, and I thought it the sweetest music I had ever heard as the balls went whizzing just above our heads. At the second volley from our battery, I saw one of the Federal guns topple and fall to the ground. This raised a terrible Rebel yell all along the line. I was color guard on the left of the color bearer, Tom Grant. He was a big, double-jointed six-footer, and, having that morning imbued freely of Pennsylvania rye or apple juice, he was waving the flag and holloaing at the top of his voice, making a fine target while the shells were flying thick around us. I said: "Tom, if you don't stop that I will use my bayonet on you." Just then a fusillade of rifle balls from the Federals greeted us, and Tom needed no further admonition from me.

We were now in easy range of the Federals across the Run, who were firing on us, but not advancing. We continued to advance, but in a walk, loading and firing as we went, until we reached a strip of low land along the Run. There we were protected from the fire of the enemy by an abrupt rise across the Run in our front. We halted to reform, reload, catch our breath, and cool off a little. It was about nine o'clock in the morning and hot, hotter, hottest! While we were thus engaged, the Tennesseans on our left advanced through a copse which ran up a ravine, spreading out into a fan shape as it neared the top of the ridge. They were hotly engaged at close quarters, the Yanks charging them in column, the Tennesseans lying on their backs to load and whirling over to fire. At this stage, Colonel George, of a Tennessee regiment (the only man of the brigade to go in on horseback), rode down the line to the right and requested General Archer, or Colonel Akin—they were close together—to left wheel the 13th Alabama Regiment so as to cross fire on the Federals in front of the Tennesseans. This move placed the right of our regiment on or near the crest of the ridge and about seventy-five yards from the blue coats, into whom we were pouring volley after volley as fast as we could load and shoot. We were rather enjoying the fray when an order was given to "fall back on Willoughby Run." We could see no reason for the order, as the Tennesseans were keeping the "blue boys" busy, and things seemed going pretty well for us, as we had only a skirmish line to our right, to which we gave little attention.

It was at this time that General Reynolds was shot from his horse by a member of Company F, 13th Alabama Regiment. This company was on the left, joining a Tennessee regiment, which placed them in much closer contact with the

Federals than the right. I had been under the impression that General Reynolds was shot by a Tennessean until I met Captain Simpson, of Company F, 13th Alabama, at Gettysburg in 1913, and we went to the Reynolds monument, when he pointed to the place where he and his men were standing when he ordered one of them to "shoot the man on the horse" (only about thirty yards distant), which was promptly done. Captain Simpson was at that time, and had been since its organization, Commander of the Alabama Soldiers' Home at Mountain Creek. A few years since he resigned, moved to Birmingham, and died there. I have no doubt of his statement being true.

I suppose the order to fall back on Willoughby Run was prompted by Buford's Cavalry driving our skirmishers back and forming a line of battle in the open field in our rear, through which we had passed. When we reached the Run, order was given to "lie down." The blue coats soon covered the hillside in our front, ordering us to surrender. Our only hope now was that a supporting line would come up, drive the cavalry from our rear, fall in line with us, and drive the Federals from Seminary Ridge. But, alas! our support did not materialize, so we were forced to surrender, General Archer and Colonel Akin with the 13th Alabama Regiment only a few steps to the left of Company I, of which I was a member.

After being captured, we passed by the gun which had been cut down by our battery earlier in the day and saw that a solid shot had struck the axle about four inches from the gun, cutting it completely in two. If any member of that Confederate battery is living, I would be glad to hear from him. I think it was one of the Howitzers from Richmond, but am not sure. Anyway, they knew how to handle their guns, and we were not at all uneasy for them to send their solid shots just above our heads.

We were taken to General Meade's headquarters and enrolled as prisoners of war. We remained in the vicinity of the town about three hours. All firing ceased in a few minutes after our surrender, and, as I remember, it was at least two hours before the fight was resumed. Quite a number of the 13th Alabama made their escape as we fell back to the Run by remembering the old adage: "He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day." Those who escaped were mostly from the left of the regiment and near the woods, occupied by the Tennesseans, which afforded considerable protection from the Federal rifles.

Major Stiles, in his "Four Years Under Marse Robert," after saying that Heth's Division reached Cashtown June 30, continues: "On July 1, Heth sent forward Pettigrew's Brigade toward Gettysburg, where it encountered a considerable force. How considerable Pettigrew could not determine, but it consisted, in part, at least, of cavalry, and this information was sent at once through Heth and Hill to the commanding general, who directed Heth to ascertain, if possible, what force was at Gettysburg; and if he found infantry, to report at once, but not force an engagement. He *did* find infantry, a large body of it, and finding himself unable to draw away from it, soon became hotly engaged." This statement of Major Stiles is unfounded, as Pettigrew's Brigade was not there to take any part in the battle that morning. Then, as to "finding himself unable to withdraw," that is all pure fiction. There was nothing to prevent us from remaining where we formed line of battle for several hours without danger of being attacked. I suppose there are members of Archer's and Davis's brigades living who can testify to the facts of the statement here made. Davis's Brigade was largely obscured from Archer and the enemy in front by the patches of woods and irregularities of the ground over

which they had to pass while in front of Archer. There was nothing but an open field to the Federal line on Seminary Ridge.

There are no markers to show where the first line of battle was formed; the first markers being placed on Seminary Ridge along Confederate Avenue, then occupied by the Federals, but subsequently by the Confederates, from which the series of charges were made on the Federals occupying Cemetery Ridge. Anyone visiting the battle field can go to the Reynolds monument, from there go down Confederate Avenue south to the first gun pointing east. Face west, look across the open field, and about one mile distant he will see a strip of woods projecting out across the end of the field about two hundred yards. There stands at the end of the woods a two-story dwelling. This is the place where Archer's Brigade formed and from which the first charge was made by Archer's and Davis's brigades *without support*.

I have been prompted to write this sketch from the fact that no history that I have read or article that I have seen written on the battle of Gettysburg mentions the fact that Archer's and Davis's brigades *alone* fought the battle on the morning of July 1, 1863.

After being captured, we were assigned headquarters at Fort Delaware, where many of our bravest and most noble comrades lost their lives on account of the treatment received. I hope in the near future to give a sketch of prison life at Fort Delaware and how I made my escape after fifteen months of prison life.

THE LAST SHOT AT GETTYSBURG.

BY W. MCR. EVANS, RICHMOND, VA.

The "Boy Battery" was so named by Gen. Stephen D. Lee when a colonel of artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia, and who had this battery as a part of his battalion at the battle of Sharpsburg, or, as our friends, the enemy, call it, Antietam. In giving the battery the name, General Lee had asked them to volunteer for "forlorn hope" duty at Sharpsburg, to which what was left of them volunteered to a man. "You are only boys, but you have been this day where only brave men dare to go." At the battle of Gettysburg it was a part of the battalion of artillery commanded by Gen. E. P. Alexander, then a colonel of artillery, under the direct command of Capt. William Watts Parker, of Richmond, Va.

After the charge of Pickett's Division, which was formed directly in the rear, our command charged over to the Peach Orchard (See "Strong Arm of Lee," by Jennings H. Wise), which was held until the field was evacuated in the afternoon of July 4, 1863. During the afternoon the guns of the battalion were withdrawn from the Peach Orchard in sections from the left of our battalion line. Our battery, being on the right of the battalion, was, of course, the last to leave. In explanation of what is to follow, I will say that to the right of our battery was the road that led to Little Round Top and the "Devil's Den."

The first section of the battery had been withdrawn under Captain Parker, leaving the second section under Lieut. J. Thompson Brown. About fifteen minutes before, between five and six o'clock, the second section started to move by piece; therefore, the last gun under Sergeant Duffey was the last gun to leave the battle field, and fired the last shot under direct command of General Longstreet. Sergeant Duffey tells the story, which is authenticated by General Longstreet, in the following letter:

"Gen. James Longstreet.

"Dear Sir: I write to ask if you remember ordering a

sergeant of artillery to go and fire down the road to the right of the peach orchard at Gettysburg, July 4, 1863?

"You and Gen. Robert E. Lee met the gun that I was sergeant of as we came from the peach orchard, after the charge of General Pickett. You asked me if I had any ammunition. I stated that I had a little canister. You then ordered me to take the piece and elevate it and fire down the road to the right of the orchard, when the Yanks were advancing.

"I did as ordered, and this gun of Parker's Battery, Alexander's Battalion, fired the last shot at Gettysburg.

"Please indorse the inclosed if they are remembered by you, as I have been looking over my pocket diary, kept during the war, and desire to see if what I have written is correct.

"Very respectfully,

(Signed)

"E. S. DUFFEY."

Indorsement:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 27, 1900.

"I remember the incident referred to in this paper.

(Signed)

JAMES LONGSTREET."

During the night of July 4 the battalion was assembled in a peach orchard to the left of the road to cover the retreat of the army. From this position we moved on the morning of July 5, 1863, being the last guns to reach Williamsport. Owing to the heavy rain it was impossible to ford the Potomac at Williamsport, and we had to cross the river on pontoons at Falling Water. The "Boy Battery" was sent to take position on a hill to the left of the bridge (Maryland side).

Here we remained until the army had crossed the river. When it became our turn to move over the pontoon, we found it quite a precarious job, for the reason that an ambulance had gone off the bridge on the upper side. The wheels of the ambulance rested against the bridge with the strong current pounding against its top, making a very severe strain on the anchorage; in fact, the bridge had bucked in the center so much so that the engineer officer in charge would allow only one piece, or caisson, on the bridge at a time; but we got over safely at last to Virginia soil.

The following is from the *Washington Star* of September 13, 1925:

"'Sam' Duffey, as he has always been called by his friends, was nineteen when war was declared, and left his watchmaking trade to join Lee's army. He enlisted April 15, 1861, in Kemper's Battery of Field Artillery, at Alexandria, Va., and saw service in many of the major engagements during the four long years of bloodshed that drained the South of her youth and her resources.

"At the first battle of Bull Run, Sergeant Duffey was the hero of another dramatic incident, although he claims that it was purely an accident on his part.

"It seems that his battery went into the line to aid the Confederates, who were driving the Yanks from the field. As the retreating Northerners were about to cross the ford at what is known as Cub Run (just below Bull Run), Duffey fired on them, killing the horse attached to the first wagon and wrecking the vehicle. The fallen horse and wagon blocked up the ford and cut off the retreat. The Confederates rushed in and captured the entire Yankee detachment thus trapped.

"The captain afterwards cited Duffey for his action, which may have been purely providential, as he modestly asserts, but which had all the earmarks of a bit of skillful firing on somebody's part.

"Sergeant Duffey's list of engagements includes an early skirmish at Vienna, the battle of Manassas (Bull Run), seven

days around Richmond, second battle of Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, the Tennessee campaign, and Richmond again in 1864 and 1865.

"He was captured once and later traded back for a Yankee. He was wounded at Antietam on September 17, 1862. Not having any modern Red Cross equipment at hand, wounded soldiers in the sixties had to shift pretty much for themselves. Sergeant Duffey, with the aid of a comrade, limped from the battle field after being shot through one leg and dragged himself to the nearest town, where he lay for many months in a hospital.

"After his army had been forced to admit defeat in that dark hour at Appomattox, Samuel Duffey went home to face the heartbreaking task of assisting his people in bringing order out of the chaos that had once been a glorious Southland. He took up his work where he had left off four years before, years which held poignant memories that were to remain with him vividly for more than half a century. He established his little jewelry shop in Middleburg, Va., and there he has worked at watchmaking for the past fifty-five years. In his picturesque little shop he dreams his dreams of that heroic general who stands out in his loyal mind as the greatest man the South has yet produced."

OUR HERITAGE.

(Dedicated to the Texas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy by Ernest Powell, and read by Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, La., at the meeting of the Texas Division, U. D. C., at Marshall, October, 1925.)

The gates of time swing wide to-day,
And through them march our men in gray—
Fathers, brothers, young and old—
With loyal minds, with hearts of gold;
And, through the mist of dreams and tears,
Our heroes come across the years.

Again the voice of Lee we hear,
Again his army's answering cheer;
Again a wall of stone we see,
And Jackson stands by General Lee;
And fearless leaders, score on score,
Make up the South's immortal corps.

Another army passes by,
Whose name and fame can never die—
Our Southern women, dauntless, brave,
Who gave their lives to cheer, to save;
Our Southern women, tried and true,
Who toiled and prayed the long years through.

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.

The gates of time wide open stand,
And through them streams a deathless band—
Southern women, Southern men,
Who come to thrill our souls again;
And through the mist of tears we pray:
"God keep them all who loved the gray!"

"OLD CHARLESTON BY THE SEA."

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS.

As one stands on East Battery overlooking the wonderful harbor of Charleston, S. C., with its two wide rivers, the Ashley and the Cooper, it makes his heart beat with pride. About ten miles up the Cooper is located the great Port Terminals costing nearly twenty millions of dollars, one of the most modern and complete line of piers in the world.

Charleston, with her new Port Utilities Commission, will bring about a favorable understanding of the city's harbor developments. Charleston is at last going to get acquainted with the live industrial textile centers of the State like Greenville, Spartanburg, and Anderson.

This old city of Charleston was truly great in the days gone by. Just read the shipping news printed in the issues of the *Courier* about 1824—which reads like "Tom Cringle's Log"—ships from many foreign lands, "full riggers," "barks," "brigs," "brigantines," "schooners," and every sort of craft known to seamen.

In the eyes of commerce it must have been wonderful, and in the eyes of romance joyous and sweet. Out in the bay, vessels of all nations swinging hard against their anchor chains with the ebb and flow of the tide, waiting for the wind to blow off shore so they could put on sail and run out to sea, where the ocean breezes would carry them to every point of the compass.

How lovely the wide bay looks to-day, the waves sweeping in from the bar, the little sailing boats tacking about in the bright sunlight of dear old Dixie; above, the sky so blue and soft, and the warm air blowing from the tall pines just across the rivers; out at Quarantine the government building shows up so clearly. Old Fort Sumter, near the entrance of Charleston harbor, is dreaming of the war of sixty-one to sixty-five and the brave part she played under the "Stars and Bars." In the air there is an odor of lime and oyster shells that seems to cling about the salt sea.

No wonder people from all over the country want to see "The Battery" "Old White Point Gardens" of the Colonial days. Just walk about the "High Battery" and look out to sea. This is Charleston of the bravest history in all America, the home of the days of William Gilmore Simms, Henry Timrod, and Paul Hamilton Hayne; this is the old town that a native born never forgets—her people love her like an Irishman loves "Old Erin's Isle"; it never quite leaves their memory, it matters not where they make their homes in after life. If you are fond of reading, it will recall the story of David Copperfield, "Little Emily" and David picking up shells on the sands and "Old Peggotty" waiting for them in the little boathouse on the beach; and if the weather is rough, you will think of the awful storm at Yarmouth, in England, where Ham Peggotty, the giant sailor of the fisher village, gives up his life in trying to save Steerforth, clinging to the broken spar. A storm on the ocean makes you think of Charles Dickens's description of the tempest at Yarmouth, or Lord Byron's "Dark, heaving, boundless sea, endless and sublime."

When old Charleston is approached from the sea, the day bright with sunshine, the bay peaceful, the old seaport lying just above the water line a few feet, the wide rivers sweeping around the harbor front, the scene would please an artist who loves the painting of nature, with its soft touches of beauty here and there, the green stretch of marsh land that leads away to the pines, for it is truly the American Venice—just the sea everywhere.

This old town was known in the past days of shipping, from Botany Bay, Sydney, to the Golden Gate; from Sandy Hook to Fastnet Light. On the docks of Liverpool and West

Street, New York, the deep sea seamen knew Charleston and the river front. In those days it took wind and sail to make ships move. Old St. Michael and St. Philip Churches can remember the days of commerce, for many a sailor has watched their tall spires as their vessels dropped anchor in the stream.

When the sun has fallen away over the tall pines beyond the Ashley and the little buoy lamps are burning by quick flashes, and Ripley's light shows red, the wind rushing in strong from the Atlantic, you cannot help loving the ocean. What would Liverpool on the Mersey, or London on the Thames give for such a field of salt water? London docks cannot get the largest tonnage ships in the trade, for they are forced to lighten their cargoes out in the stream far down the river. Charleston has maritime pictures in her natural harbor that millions of dollars cannot duplicate in other South Atlantic ports, a scene to encourage shipping.

What can be a sweeter scene than to stand on the East Battery when the big bright moon is shining down, and watch a big ship, her long yards stretching out over the water, with a green and red light hitched "fore and aft" as she swings with the currents of the sea; or it may be just the voice of two lonely boatmen talking to each other as they pull on their oars in a little boat out in the Bay. The wind will be blowing in strong against your face, and beyond Morris Light the swells are sweeping in, to break up in a soft monotonous splash about the heavy rocks along the High Battery.

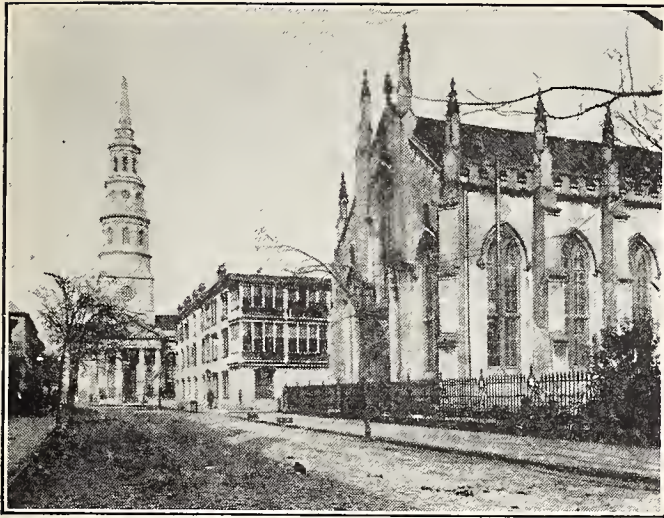
Some one speaks to me—and the spell is broken: "This is a beautiful bay you have here; it reminds me so much of my home over in England; I live at Plymouth, and we have a lighthouse not far away and the ocean rolls in just like it does here in Charleston to-night. Have you ever read 'Westward, Ho!' by Charles Kingsley? It tells of the soft green shores of Devon." His voice was eager, and I thought how sweet the scene must be to him so far from home.

"Full riggers" and barks sometimes come in to port now, their sails lashed up, and tugs push them to safe anchorage; but the days of sailing ships are almost over, though still we see them occasionally, and they look like old friends that have come back to us from out of the sea. As you stand on the Old Battery at night and watch the sea roll in, the lights changing as the ships swing in the ebb and the flow of the tide, it makes a picture never to be forgotten. Over across the quiet bay the old fortifications of Fort Moultrie stand on guard to-day, as she did when Charleston was young.

It was at this old fort that Major Anderson, of the United States army, spiked his guns on the day after Christmas, 1860, and took charge of Fort Sumter until April, 1861. The Confederates did not let him remain there long, for, after



EAST BATTERY AND THE BAY AT CHARLESTON. FORT SUMTER IN THE DISTANCE.

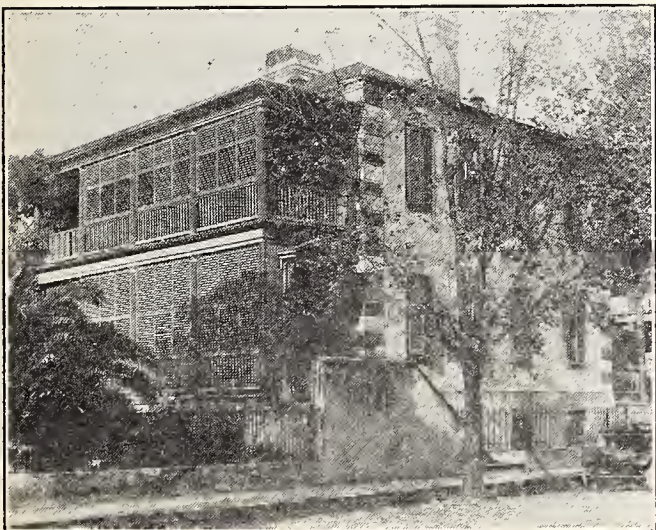


OLD ST. PHILIP'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH (WITH THE TALL SPIRE) AND THE OLD HUGUENOT FRENCH CHURCH (TO THE RIGHT).

a three-day siege, he moved rapidly out, taking with him the Stars and Stripes. It was then that the Southern Cross was raised on the front wall to fly in the sweet Dixie air. From Coming Point the first gun was fired on the Star of the West. That shot changed the Old South into a new one, and it altered the finest civilization of all times. The defense of this fort was one of the bravest in all history. South Carolinians commanded it for four long years—Rhett, Mitchell, Hugenin, and Elliott. As a stranger leans over the Battery rails on some soft summer morning, he generally wants to know "Where is Fort Sumter?" The name seems to have a sort of magical charm about it, for just ahead of you, in the very entrance of the harbor, it shows up dark and stern.

It is getting late, the city is almost asleep, the buoy lights are shining bright, the ships are moving about on their chains out in the tide; the sky above looks so soft as the misty clouds float smoothly across the face of the moon, sending quick shadows down on the hard stone walk and white oyster shells on East Battery; out in the river a boatman is rowing, you can hear the monotonous sound of the rubbing against the oar locks and his talking in a subdued tone to his shipmate.

From the sea beyond Morris Lighthouse the swells rush



BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. WADE HAMPTON, ONE OF THE OLDEST HOUSES IN CHARLESTON. IT WAS BUILT PRIOR TO 1722 AND ORIGINALLY OWNED BY COL. WILLIAM RHETT.



BEAUTIFUL OLD GATEWAY LEADING TO ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS OF CHARLESTON. THIS IS 14 LEGARE STREET.

in to wash about the huge rocks at your feet. The night is so peaceful, so silent, just the footfall of some wanderer like myself enjoying the beauty of the bay at night, as the "Old City by the Sea" sleeps.

South Carolina should be to-day the most interesting section of the Old South, and especially to those who still love and revere our early history and its wonderfully romantic story. The low country of the "Old Palmetto State" is very rich in tradition, more so than other parts of our country. The winters are fine in climate, the skies the bluest. When the wind blows raw and cool in the Piedmont section of South Carolina, and the snow still clings to the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains of the "Old North State" and Virginia, the atmosphere about the "City by the Sea" is sweet with the ocean air and the pines. When the early spring comes—and very often it does come about the end of February—and the March winds begin to sweep over the Balsam Mountains, around the tops of Mounts Mitchell and Pisgah, it is getting bright and warm down near the sea coast.

Come to Charleston and feel its delights, but don't spend all your time in the old seaport. Go out into the country, along the banks of the Ashley, where the beauty of the Old South still lives; enjoy the scenes of the very long ago, the



STATUE OF HON. WILLIAM PITT, M. P., IN CITY HALL PARK, CHARLESTON.

lovely plantations that tell of a better civilization that South Carolina used to have, with its chivalry and real hospitality. Maybe it would seem old-fashioned to-day, but it was sincere. You will not see the old carriages and the negro coachmen, for they are gone now never to come back; but sometimes you see the old family coach, wabbling on its wheels. The sight touches your heart in a tender kind of way and makes a tear occasionally wet the eyelashes, for it looks so neglected, so lonesome among the rushing cars that never seem to rest. But when you get far out in the beautiful, quiet country in the early spring, you hear the soft wind coming through the tall pine tops, with the clear sunlight falling over the white sandy road ahead of you, and the little red and blue birds flying about the bushes, the brown thrushes scratching in the leaves by the roadway, the air sweet with the jasmine—the tiny yellow flowers that hug the pine saplings, because they are so happy in the spring, for they don't live long and must not miss one moment of the sweet world that God has given them to make friends with the trees; and the Cherokee roses showing up so pure and white, each blossom trying to make the earth sweeter.

Some day, when the weather is fine, take a trip over the "Old Dorchester State Road" that goes to Summerville from Charleston. You will pass "Old Lamb's Plantation," near the Ashley River; and as you leave the big road and enter the gate, just ahead is the most beautiful avenue of great pines, and around the old place is a double row of live oaks, giant in size. What stories they might tell if they could only talk, but how silent they seem with their long limbs almost reaching the very ground and literally covered with gray moss.

There are many fine old homes along the Ashley River, and those who, as children, lived on the old plantations can understand what sweet memories they bring to me; and some who read this may recall far back over the years, and perhaps from far away, scenes of home and the old plantation days in South Carolina, for those who enjoyed them can never forget.

When the sun drops over the tall pines and shadows fall across the Old Dorchester Road, you make your way back to Charleston, and as you near the old town the lights along the river come into view, the air is freshening, blowing stronger as the sea draws nearer, and the odor of the salt marshes mixes with the ocean breezes as you drive along the Meeting Street Road, passing Magnolia Crossing into the old city of Charleston.

To know the old Southland of ours, to get a picture of just how wonderfully joyous the earliest scenes must have been, you must leave the modern South far in the distance and visit these fine old plantations along the Ashley. Charleston holds something in its history so brave, so entirely different from any other town in our Dixieland, with its beautiful old

gardens hidden behind high brick walls, the quiet old streets that have never changed since I was a little boy and would watch for the "Lamplighter" to come at twilight and make the scene brighter as he slowly passed along.

Old Charleston by the sea looks very quiet and beautiful out in her bay; the old Battery looks out to the ocean and old Fort Sumter is still on guard; the little boats are sailing about the harbor and the wind is coming in so strong from the Atlantic. What a peaceful old town! What history of brave deeds cling to her, as the jasmine vine clings to the pine saplings along our country roads in the early spring!

GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

BY MRS. C. W. MCMAHON, LIVINGSTON, ALA.

[This paper was awarded the Cox Medal by the U. D. C. Convention at Savannah, Ga., 1924.]

Gen. Joseph Wheeler's life reads like a romance, and yet it was so real, so vivid, so magnificent that one peruses the pages of its history, reveling in its glory, his manhood, and his leadership wondering at the enthusiasm and ambition which led this beloved hero from victory to victory.

Of all the figures thrown into relief by the war gods, none has been more unique or significant than "Little Joe Wheeler." Graduated from West Point at the age of nineteen, in 1859 he was made a lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Dragoons and assigned to the war school in Carlisle, Pa. Later he served at army posts in Kansas and New Mexico until 1861; but when Georgia, his native State, seceded from the Union he at once resigned his commission in the United States army and cast his lot with the Confederacy.

He was scarcely more than a boy, but it took only a short time for this remarkable man to display his peculiar worth. On his return to Georgia he was commissioned as first lieutenant of artillery in the Confederate army and was stationed at Pensacola, Fla. He was at once found most valuable in training and drilling regiments and companies, which were for the most part composed of men and boys utterly untrained, coming as they did from law offices, banks, stores, and farms. He was soon recommended by President Davis for promotion. Early in the summer he was made colonel and given command of the 19th Alabama Regiment, which he led into the battle of Shiloh, and he was commended by the general for gallantry and skill. Following this engagement, he was made brigadier general—the youngest brigadier general next to Napoleon—and thanked by the Confederate Congress for his brilliant services. He possessed so much energy and skill, was so watchful and active, he rarely failed in anything that he undertook. Because of his dash and bravery at the battle of Murfreesboro, he was made a major general.

During the four years of the war General Wheeler commanded in one hundred and twenty-seven battles and was in five hundred skirmishes, many of which were successful to the Southern cause. He seemed to have led a charmed life, two horses having been killed under him during the battle of Shiloh, and in other battles sixteen horses were shot and killed while he was riding them. Thirty-six staff officers fell at his side, eight of whom were killed.

He was given the task of reorganizing the cavalry of Mississippi, and in that branch of service won his fame as the greatest of all cavalry leaders of all wars. Everywhere the ideal soldier, quiet, cool, brave, and determined, and while he was daring and fearless, taking good care of his men, never leading them into unnecessary slaughter, he exemplified the truth of the lines:



TYPICAL SCENE ON A SOUTH CAROLINA ROAD.

"The bravest are the gentlest,
The loving are the daring."

Wheeler commanded all the Confederate cavalry at Stone's River, stormed and captured the fortifications at McMinnville, Tenn., and destroyed vast stores of supplies there. In May, 1864, he became senior cavalry general of the Confederate armies. He hotly contested Sherman's march and narrowed that devastating path to the sea. His last big battle was fought at Bentonville, N. C. The record of General Wheeler's effort to reach General Forrest to inform him that the Federals had possession of the bridge and were on the outskirts of the town at which Forrest and Wheeler had been ordered to meet has been preserved for history.

Wheeler's leap from the bank into the Duck River was as famous and daring an episode as Israel Putnam's plunge down "The Stairs," or Weatherford's leap into the Alabama. This daring leap was but one of the many brave and spectacular acts of the little general's military career which appeals to the imagination and establishes him as one of the most fearless figures of a heroic age.

General Hardee wrote of Wheeler to President Davis: "I have not met anyone in this war more devoted to the cause, or anyone more zealous, conscientious, or faithful in the discharge of his duties." President Davis himself said: "He displays a dash and a consummate skill which justly entitles him to a prominent place on the roll of the world's greatest cavalry leaders." General Lee said after the war: "The two ablest cavalry officers which were developed by the war were Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, of Virginia, and Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of the Army of Tennessee."

When we consider his extreme youth, General Wheeler's achievements were all the more remarkable. At twenty-two he was a lieutenant in the United States army, and at twenty-four a colonel in the Confederate army. The next year he became a brigadier general, then a major general. His military services were mainly in the War between the States, but his service in the Spanish-American War sustained his signal reputation and set more, but not richer, brilliants in the crown of his Confederate fame.

After the war, General Wheeler spent three years in New Orleans, studied law, then settled on his large plantation in Alabama, devoting himself to the practice of law and the rebuilding of the agricultural fabric of the South with the same energy and zeal which characterized his brilliant military career.

He became a great leader in peace as well as war. In 1880 he was elected to Congress, serving ten consecutive terms from the Eighth Alabama District. He fought the "Force Bill" with all the tactical genius he possessed, and when that issue was out of the way, spent his energies in closing the breach between the North and the South, consecrating to that noble purpose his influence in the halls of Congress, combined with his wonderful personal magnetism.

At the outbreak of the war between Spain and America, General Wheeler, then in Congress, offered his sword to the government. Throughout the North there were heard scattering doubts of Southern loyalty to the United States flag, which was resented by all true-hearted men of the South, especially by Confederate veterans. When reminded of a law on the statute books prohibiting anyone from holding a commission in the United States army who had held one in the Confederate army, General Wheeler replied that he reckoned "there would be plenty of room in the ranks."

But General Wheeler's fame as a soldier was too well known for him to be overlooked. "Fighting Joe," a sobriquet he had gained because of his eagerness and enthusiasm in

warfare, was the type of man President McKinley wanted to put against the fiery Spaniards, so in May, 1898, then sixty-two years old, he was commissioned major general of a volunteer regiment, was assigned to a cavalry division, and sent to Cuba. At Santiago, despite an order from General Shafter to fall back, he pressed forward to victory. It was told that in the height of the battle he exclaimed, "Charge them, boys! The Yankees are running!" and then, remembering his blue uniform and that he was fighting under the Stars and Stripes and not the Stars and Bars, said: "I mean the Spaniards are running and both Rebels and Yankees must charge them." He was given full credit for the victory and was called the "Hero of Santiago," although a few in the North claimed that honor for Roosevelt.

At El Caney his advice saved American armies from defeat and inspired the advance until the Stars and Stripes floated in victory. What happened at Santiago is well known history. General Wheeler was sick when the American troops attacked, but hastened toward the front in an ambulance. When about half way he saw some litters bearing wounded men to the rear. The veteran commander, over the protest of surgeons, ordered his horse, and, after personally assisting the disabled men into the ambulance, mounted his charger and rode to the front. His men burst into frantic cheers and were stimulated and encouraged by their great leader's act.

'Into the thick of the fight he went, pallid and sick and wan,
Borne in an ambulance to the front, a ghostly wisp of a man;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved in the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance, and the body of 'Fighting Joe.'

Out from the front they were coming back, smitten of Spanish shells,
Wounded boys from Vermont hills and Alabama dells.
'Put them into this ambulance! I'll ride to the front,' he said,
And climbed to the saddle and rode right on, that little old ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up the ringing cheers,
And many a powder-black face was furrowed with sudden tears
As with flashing eye and gleaming sword and hair and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little old 'Fighting Joe.'

On his return to this country, General Wheeler was feted and praised and worshiped as a hero, and in his modest manner he said that one of the strange, yet beautiful facts of the war with Spain was that it made brothers of men who had fought against each other in the War between the States, and he warmly advocated cordial friendship between the North and the South.

In 1899 he was honorably discharged from the service, but three days later was commissioned a brigadier general and sent to the Philippine Islands, and there displayed the same dash and courage and judgment he had shown in other scenes of strife. An incident of the campaign is typical. Having been ordered by General McArthur to march his foot troops to a certain point within a certain time, with periods of rest, he took issue with his superior officer, and, when McArthur declared that such a course as he, Wheeler, had planned would incapacitate the men for two weeks, demonstrated his views. The indomitable "Fighting Joe" dismounted, placed a sick soldier on his horse, took a gun from another sick soldier and,

with his old cry, "Come on, boys!" led the march over the rough island roads, overtook the cavalry, and brought up his men in fine shape.

General Wheeler was retired in 1900, being declared "the ideal cavalryman of all wars." At his death many beautiful tributes were paid him, from the North as well as from the South. If Joe Wheeler's public service had been confined only to his part in the Spanish-American war, he would have been worthy of a place in the Hall of Fame, but this service was but a crowning sequel to a long life of distinguished achievement as soldier, statesman, and lover of his fellow man.

Gen. C. A. Evans, of Georgia, said: "General Wheeler was a true type of the patriotic soldier of our free nation, whose sword is never drawn except at the call of duty and is always sheathed when that duty has been discharged."

His name and fame will be loved as long as noble deeds are revered among men. Gen. Basil Duke said of him: "In war he was as brave as a lion, in peace as gentle as a woman, a paladin of gentleness, chivalry, and simplicity. Modest and retiring, never seeking recognition for himself, his hands never failed to point out or his feet to tread the path of service, or his heart to respond to the needs of Alabama until those feet were still, those hands folded, and that brave heart had ceased to beat."

When he was laid to rest, the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the army and the navy, gathered in sorrow around the coffin and did honor at the grave of Confederate Gen. Joe Wheeler.

The tallest shaft in the Arlington Cemetery now marks his last resting place.

"Nor shall your glory be forgot,
While fame her records keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

FRANCIS PEYRE PORCHER, M.D., LL.D., PHYSICIAN,
BOTANIST, AUTHOR.

BY MRS. JULIA PORCHER WICKHAM, LORRAINE, VA.

Francis Peyre Porcher, born in St. John's District, Berkeley County, S. C., on December 14, 1825, was descended from Isaac Porcher, M.D. (being French the name is pronounced as if spelled *Porshay*), who emigrated from France at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and settled in South Carolina. He was also descended through his mother from Thomas Walter, an English botanist, who came to South Carolina during the eighteenth century and made a study of the plants growing in his new home. Many specimens of these he sent back to England, where they were afterwards seen in Kew Gardens by some of his descendants. He wrote a book in Latin which he called "*Flora Caroliniana*." It was printed in London, and is dated "Ad Ripas Fluvii Santee."

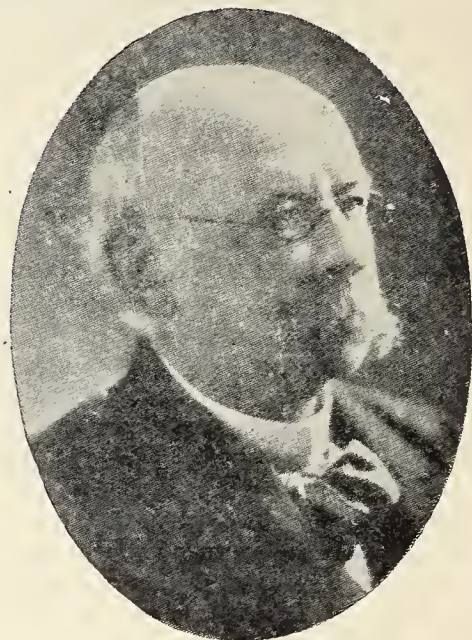
Francis Porcher apparently inherited his tastes from both ancestors, since he became both a medical man and a botanist. It was, therefore, quite natural that at the time of his graduation from the Medical College of South Carolina (when he took first honor in a class of seventy-six students), he should have chosen a botanical subject for his thesis. It was called "*A Medico-Botanical Catalogue of the Plants and Ferns of St. Johns, Berkeley County, S. C.*" It was afterwards published by order of the faculty of the college and was the forerunner of a long series of medical and botanical works.

After his graduation, Dr. Porcher spent two years in France and Italy perfecting himself in the refinements of his profes-

sion. He then returned to Charleston, where he assisted in establishing the Charleston Preparatory and Medical School, and also published the following series of books: "*A Sketch of the Medical Botany of South Carolina, 1849*;" "*The Medicinal, Dietetic, and Poisonous Plants of the United States, Being a Report Made to the Association at Its Sessions Held in Richmond, Va., and at St. Louis, Mo., 1854*." In addition, he wrote a prize essay called "*Illustrations of Disease with the Microscope: Clinical Investigations, with Up-*

wards of Five Hundred Original Drawings from Nature and One Hundred and Ten Illustrations on Wood." For this a prize of one hundred dollars, offered by the Medical Association of South Carolina, was awarded him.

When the War between the States became a certainty, Dr. Porcher at once joined the Holcombe Legion (Col. P. F. Stevens, Evans's Brigade), in which he served as surgeon until March, 1862, when he was ordered to Norfolk, Va.



DR. F. P. PORCHER.

After the fall of Norfolk, Dr. Porcher was detailed by Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, Surgeon General of the Confederate States, to write a medical botany in order that the people of the Confederacy might learn the useful properties of the plants growing all about them in their woods and fields, and so supply themselves with medicines, etc., which, owing to the war, they could no longer import from outside.

Going back to his home, Dr. Porcher spent two years in producing a remarkable book, which he very appropriately named "*The Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests*," and which is to this day a standard and highly valued work on American botany.

Two women assisted him in this task—his mother, who, being herself an accomplished botanist, had, from his youth up, trained him in an accurate knowledge of the medicinal properties of the common plants which grew on her plantations (the negroes for miles around were in the habit of coming to "Ole Miss," as they called her, to be told what plants to use to cure their various ailments), and his wife, who assisted him in the labors and pleasures of his work, and to whom the book is dedicated.

It is difficult for those of the present generation to appreciate the contemporary value of this work of Dr. Porcher's. It was written at fever heat, with the desire of supplying as quickly as possible the needs of the Southern people by attracting their attention to the wealth of material which lay all around them, in woods and fields, in herbs and plants, if their wonderful properties of all kinds were only known and utilized. Its title page declared it to be "*A Medical Botany of the Southern States: with Practical Information on the Useful Properties of the Trees, Plants, and Shrubs*," and even the slightest reading of the book itself will show the enormous amount of information the author had gathered from all sorts of sources.

He said in his "Preliminary": "I here introduce a notice of upward of five hundred substances possessing every variety of useful quality"—here follows a long list of them, among others—"fruits, seeds, silks, oils, materials for making paper and cordage, furniture, ships, and utensils of every sort—all these abound in the greatest munificence, and need only the arm of authority or the energy and enterprise of the private citizen to be made sources of utility, profit, or beauty."

He goes on to speak of the phosphates "recently discovered and developed in one section, at least, of South Carolina, which may contribute materially to improve the production of our fields," and to recommend an elaborate system of drainage of the marshes and swamp lands, particularly near the cities and along the river courses, both of which plans have been developed as the South prospered after the war was over and have added much to her wealth. "Considering the times and the circumstances," said Col. John Peyre Thomas, writing of Dr. Porcher's book, "when this volume was published there was never a publication more seasonable. It was the inspiration of genius and of patriotism. The usefulness of this handbook of scientific and popular knowledge, especially in 1861-63, cannot be measured. Dr. Porcher never commanded an army nor yet a squadron in the field in the great war, but who will deny him the laurels of medical victory? It is no exaggeration to say that he ranks with those who best served the South in her hour of trial and suffering."

During the latter part of the war, Dr. Porcher was in charge of the South Carolina Hospital in Petersburg, Va., but when peace came at last he returned to his old home in Charleston to resume the practice of his profession and to help build up again the poor war-beaten city which was so dear to him. From this time on he became one of the beloved physicians of the town, and for many years, he and his old horse, Hilda, and his faithful driver, "Daddy Charles," were among the familiar sights of the town as he went about on his errands of mercy and comfort to the sick.

Dr. Porcher was twice married. First to Miss Virginia Leigh, daughter of the distinguished lawyer, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of Richmond, Va., and his second wife was Miss Margaret Ward, the daughter of Joshua Ward, of Georgetown, S. C., the owner of many plantations and the introducer to the world of Georgetown rice.

Dr. Porcher was for years one of the faculty of the Medical College of the State of South Carolina, where he occupied the chairs of Clinical Medicine and of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. He was for five years one of the editors of the *Charleston Medical Journal and Review*. Besides revising and bringing out a new edition of the "Resources" in 1869, he made other valuable contributions to medical literature. He was a member of the Association of American Physicians, an ex-Vice President of the American Medical Association, an Associate Fellow of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Philadelphia, and received the degree of L.L.D. from his *Alma Mater*, the University of South Carolina, in 1891.

He possessed as his distinguishing characteristic an immense capacity for work. He was never idle, but always busily studying or working over some plan which his busy brain had conceived, or reading. His mind was highly cultivated in both literary and medical lines, and he enjoyed a beautiful thought or a finely turned phrase with the delight of an artist in words.

He studied his profession continually so as to keep up with its new discoveries and improvements. He constantly preached to his students, "Be always learning something new. Never let yourself get into a rut," and what he preached he also practiced.

His was a most lovable personality; full of humor, a charm-

ing conversationalist, he added to the pleasure of any group in which he happened to be and withal he had certain peculiarities which endeared him to all his friends. He was thoroughly French in his appearance and nature; active in intellect, impatient in words and thought; childlike in his "enjoyment of little things." He loved a fine natural scene—like a sunrise or sunset—with the joy of a discoverer. Once, on the piazza of his Sullivan's Island home in Charleston harbor, he sat watching a regatta, enjoying intensely the beauty of the lovely white boats as they went by. When his children begged him to come in to dinner, he refused with scorn, saying that he could eat dinner any day of the week, but he did not know when he would ever see again such a beautiful sight as the one before him.

A few years before his death, at the invitation of a publishing firm, he wrote a paper on "The Medical and Edible Properties of the Cryptogamic Plants," and illustrated it with exquisite pen-and-ink drawings. This was to him a labor of love. During a long illness from paralysis, a plant was brought to him which he declared at once to be a specimen of "Trillium Punilum," and announced that, as far as he knew, it had not been seen in a hundred years, but that he recognized it from its printed description, showing that, in spite of his illness, his mind was still actively interested in his old studies. He was afterwards supported in this statement by the highest botanical authorities of his time. He might easily have acquired wealth if his mind had been so directed, for he stated in his book, as far back as 1869, that the oil extracted from the cotton seed was extremely valuable. Some time afterwards others began to develop this idea, and large fortunes have been made from it by the manufacture of cotton seed oil and its by-products.

As this sketch of Dr. Porcher is the forerunner, it is hoped, of a series of histories of the heroic medical men of the Confederate army, it is quite fitting that his own account and opinion of his fellow soldier-doctors (for that is what they really were in the highest sense—soldiers as well as doctors) should be given. This is fully set forth in an oration delivered before the Association of the ex-Confederate Surgeons of South Carolina, in Columbia, on November 14, 1889. A part of this address has already been quoted by Dr. McIlwaine in his paper on Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, which appeared in the *VETERAN* for November; but that concerned only the Surgeon General and his office. The following words give Dr. Porcher's opinion of the rank and file of his profession and of the Confederate soldier as he was known by the doctors who cared for him when sick or wounded. Of this oration the *Columbia Register* had this to say the next day, editorially:

"Prof. F. Peyre Porcher's address at the Agricultural Hall yesterday, before the Confederate Surgeons' Association, was truly a literary gem. Those who were privileged to hear the physician will recall the address as one of those exquisitely beautiful things which satisfy the most refined taste, appeal to the warmest heart, and are worthy of the noblest cause." The *Register* added that when the Doctor had finished his tribute to the Confederate soldier there was scarcely a dry eye in the house, so remarkable was it for "pathos, tenderness, and that fellow feeling which makes brothers of us all."

Dr. Porcher said:

"It is becoming and necessary that a record should be kept of what was accomplished in those four years of a most bloody and disastrous war, when responsible acts, often requiring the greatest personal coolness and courage, were performed by men of our profession who had been wholly untrained in the arts and requirements of actual warfare.

"It must be noted also that they quietly fulfilled the most arduous, delicate, and responsible duties unaccompanied by the usual expedients which are ordinarily resorted to to incite and cheer the soldier; they were men whom it was not deemed necessary to stimulate by adventitious aid—by mention in the *Gazettes*, by brevet ranks conferred, by commendations read at the head of regiments, or reports sent to headquarters when the battles were ended and the records of victories or defeat were recited. They stood in need of no such aids, artificial or actual. These were the men who would only be referred to, if fate so willed it, in the list of casualties; and even in grave official histories of the campaigns it is seldom that the presence, the acts, or the self-sacrifice of the medical staff would be recorded. In proof of this, since the war ended, we have seen no statement regarding the position, the conduct, or the services of the medical department of the army in the great contest in which they played a most essential, if not the most conspicuous, part. Nor did they ask fame, either present or posthumous. As if conscious that, as members of a noble profession, the special duties they were called upon to execute were of a high and exalted order, the approval of their immediate commanders, the confidence of the sick and wounded—these, with the support of their own consciences, must be their supreme and only ambition.

"With a sphere so limited, with rewards so meager and inadequate in comparison with those bestowed upon their military associates of similar or superior rank, we are now entitled to award them the highest credit for the unselfish performance of duty, whether done within the walls of a hospital, to the sick or wounded soldier in his quarters, or, as was often the case, in the face of the enemy, surrounded by danger and death and equally exposed with the private soldier to shot and shell while near or on the battle field, the surgeons, therefore, had no light duties to perform.

"Shells frequently passed over the South Carolina Hospital in Petersburg during the siege of that doomed city. One struck within a few feet of the fourth ward, another entered the ninth, and a third passed through one of the tents where the overflow of the wounded had been carried. Before this position became untenable, the surgeon (Dr. Porcher himself, which fact he modestly did not mention) had to distribute the amputations among his five assistants, and all of three whole days and nights were required to complete the work.

"Batteries like Wagner (near Charleston), it is no exaggeration to say, were often more sulphurous and fiery than that of Tartarus—made more terrible by those bolts of steel,

"The leaden messengers that ride upon the violent speed of fire,"

which, impelled by vengeful fury, rained upon the soldiers by day and by night. The defense was so desperate and so destructive that the troops and their medical attendants had frequently to be relieved. Sumter, Mobile, and Vicksburg were scarcely more endurable. The surgeons and assistant surgeons, the generals and their officers lived generally with their men in the open fields, in trenches swept by the fire of the enemy, or in holes often half filled by water, from which they were sometimes, in the rainy season, driven out like rats. Half-starved upon the coarsest food, in cold and storm and rain, exposed to every hazard—these, our brethren of the medical department, quailed not; they patiently submitted to every hardship, often with their systems shattered by privation and ill health, while they performed services which required skill, care, and serene courage. No extended reference can be made here to the privations endured in prisons, but more than one example exists of voluntary surrender by sur-

geons in order that they might not be separated from their sick and wounded. These facts are mentioned to show some of the reasons which justify us in recalling, at our annual meetings, the events of the past, that those who come after may know how the medical department comported itself in the trials of that great and bloody war, which to many of us in memory seems now but a dream of the past.

"Your speaker would be very remiss if, on an occasion like this, and while commenting favorably on our own department, he should forget the tribute we owe to the Confederate soldier. The surgeon knows the soldier better than anyone else; he has occupied peculiar relations with him, and should freely express what deserves to be said in his behalf. The Confederate soldier resigned himself to his fate. As a striking proof of the apathy of the sick soldier when he takes asylum in the hospital, it may be mentioned that on a visit by General Lee to the farm near Petersburg to which the sick and wounded had been removed, he visited many of the tents. There was not the slightest excitement or enthusiasm manifested; there was no exclamation or apparent recognition of their beloved leader by a single individual. Politeness compelled the surgeon in charge in every instance to announce the presence of their Commander in Chief, and to introduce him to his own soldiers. What a contrast to their reception on every other occasion, as, when surrounded by his generals, he rode in review; or when, all life, energy, and courage, they were ready for any enterprise, and, meeting the same man in the forefront of the hottest battle, with a wild cheer of recognition, they would turn his horse aside that he might not encounter the dangers which menaced them.

"There was no one so uncomplaining as the Confederate soldier. Every surgeon who has seen active service will confirm this fact. In your daily rounds to offer him relief he gazed upon you, but did not complain if you passed him by, asked for nothing, did not bemoan his fate or murmur at the insufficiency of either food or attendance. The mere stripling possessed his soul unterrified and uttered neither cry nor groan. There was always a courage and resolution mingled with his apparent indifference which has frequently extorted our admiration and has compelled us involuntarily to recall the noble description of the invincible Cato: 'The whole world was subdued save the intrepid soul of Cato.'

"When the soldier, leaving friends, kindred, and home, delivered up his life for his country, he had paid the dearest



GROUP OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS UNDER LIVE OAK TREES
NEAR CHARLESTON, S. C. DURING THE SIXTIES.

tribute which man can offer, and there is a moral sublimity in the act which ennobled the very poorest. In every age this sacrifice has been immortalized in verse and song, and the divine Dante says of him:

“He goes in quest of liberty—which is so dear
As he knew best who gave his life for it.”

“There were many high-bred, gentle, keenly sensitive youths, who felt a stain as they would a blow—but brave as lions—who freely gave their lives, with only a tear for those at home, in obedience to the demands of that inborn nobility which sent them forth at the call of their bleeding country.

“Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.”

With these words we must close our quotations from Dr. Porcher's great address, of which they really give a very imperfect idea. It is a pity it cannot be republished in full, to be read over and over again by those who would wish to know the Confederate soldiers of all ranks as they only could be known by such a keen mind and sympathetic spirit as Dr. Porcher possessed. He died at his home in Charleston in his seventieth year, on November 19, 1895, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

IN THE BATTLE OF BELMONT, MO.

BY GEORGE H. HUBBARD, CALL JUNCTION, TEX.

Having gone through the battle of Belmont, Mo., as a member of a squadron of the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, I will endeavor to give such an account of the battle as my memory will allow. Belmont is just opposite Columbus, Ky., which was fortified and held by General Polk. There were no fortifications at Belmont. It was occupied by the 13th Arkansas Infantry, commanded by Colonel Tappan, Watson's Battery, and two companies of the 1st Mississippi cavalry, commanded by Captain Bowles. Our cavalry pickets were stationed about four miles north, on the banks of the river some eighteen or twenty miles south of Cairo, Ill.

On the morning of November 6, 1861, one of the pickets was sent in to notify us that the Federals were coming down the river with several large transports and gunboats. Tappan's men had just gone out to fell timber in our front. The long roll was sounded, and my command was rushed to the support of our pickets. Colonel Beltzhoover moved his battery as far to the front as the timber would allow, and Tappan's command was rushed in advance of the battery. The enemy had landed at our picket station and began a rapid advance. We joined our pickets, who were falling back slowly, firing at every opportunity. We had the river on our right, and they could not flank us on that side, and our previous experience had taught us that there was no danger in the fire from the gunboats.

After falling back for something like a mile, the enemy moved to the left and, in the lull of the firing, we heard the guns of our battery and Tappan's rifles. We then turned to the left and took the road into camp. The main body of the enemy had rushed the small force in front of them, driven the infantry to the river bank, killed every horse in the battery, and captured the guns.

For a clearer idea of the situation, I will give a short description of the ground where most of the fighting occurred. There was only one small house at Belmont, and it stood on the north side of a small field of maybe twenty acres, which was surrounded by dense woods and thickets. There were only two roads leading to the camp, one from the north and one to the southwest. Beltzhoover was hampered by the

timber in front of him, and the guns from the fort at Columbus did not know the location of our troops and could only fire when the enemy reached the open ground. We had at that time the largest breech-loading rifled cannon in use, which was known as the “Lady Polk.” When the enemy made their dash across the open field, this opened on them with deadly effect. One of its shells exploded in front of our squadron just as we were charging the Federals in our camp. A few moments later a steamer from Columbus landed with reinforcements, commanded by General Cheatham. He was the first man ashore, closely followed by our Colonel Miller (the bravest, most tender-hearted old man I ever knew). We were ordered to form a line as a screen for his infantry to form behind. We were then ordered to charge the enemy's cavalry on our left, but they retreated before we reached them. We now found ourselves in the rear of an Indiana regiment and made a charge upon their right and doubled them back. We then fell back and made a dash around their rear to our old position on the river bank. In the meantime other reinforcements had arrived, and the enemy were in full retreat for the river bank, where their transports were waiting for them safely out of reach of the guns at Columbus. We followed them to the water side and continued a rifle fire into their boats as long as they were in range.

There was not a steamboat in port when the battle opened, which accounts for the delay of reinforcements. Less than six hundred of us forced two or three brigades of Federals to consume over four hours in marching three and a half miles. I never heard of any one of our men lagging or holding back. I was badly scared, but managed to hide it.

The “Lady Polk” was allowed to cool with a shell in the breech, and the day after the battle it was fired off. As the rifles on the shell were not fitted to the rifles in the gun, it exploded, and General Polk, who was one of those near the gun, was severely shocked, and General Bragg had to take command until General Polk recovered.

[Comrade Hubbard is now eighty-five, but writes a firm, clear hand.]

STORMING OF FORT PILLOW.

BY THEO. F. BREWER, TULSA, OKLA.

I was in twenty-nine engagements during the War between the States, but all of them could not be classified as battles. Some were little more than skirmishes. The most of them are now being correctly written in our histories, yet one seems to be still greatly misunderstood by many of our Northern friends. I refer to the Fort Pillow fight. In his life of General Forrest, Dr. Wyeth has written a fair statement of the facts in the case. Gen. T. H. Bell gave in the *VETERAN* some years ago the best account of the battle I have seen. I will not attempt to reiterate the details of the fight, I only want to deny that it was a massacre.

On the morning that General Forrest left Tibbee Station, Miss., it was not his purpose to attack Fort Pillow. He made a forced march from Tibbee to Paducah, Ky., taking Union City, Tenn., on the way. At Paducah he intended only to destroy government supplies en route for General Thomas's Army of the Tennessee. After Forrest captured Union City and destroyed the supplies at Paducah, he returned to Eaton, Tenn., on his way back to Mississippi. At Eaton he was met by many of the citizens of West Tennessee, principally ladies, who besought him not to fail to take Fort Pillow before he left the State. The troops at Fort Pillow were principally negroes who formerly belonged to people that lived in West

(Continued on page 478.)

THE CAPTURE OF FORT PILLOW.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

During the first week of March, 1864, Forrest's Cavalry was augmented by three regiments of Kentuckians, who, having served as infantry, were now sent to General Forrest to be mounted as cavalry. They were so greatly reduced, however, that all three regiments did not number more than seven hundred effectives, and only a few of them had received horses. Gen. A. Buford came with them, and was assigned to the command of the second division of Forrest's Cavalry, which was assembled at Tibbee Station, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Buford assumed command on the 8th of March, and his division consisted of the 3rd Brigade, Col. A. P. Thompson, and the 4th Brigade, Col. T. H. Bell, not over 2,800 effectives.

Brig. Gen. James R. Chalmers commanded the first division with headquarters at Mayhew Station, four miles south of Tibbee Station, with the First Brigade commanded by General Richardson, and the Second Brigade commanded by Col. Robert McCulloch.

General Forrest determined to make another inroad across the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad into West Tennessee, and, if possible, into Kentucky. He was incited to do so by several motives; first, Buford's men were in pressing need of clothing, horses, and equipment. The Tennesseans, likewise, stood in great need of clothing.

All preparations for the contemplated expedition northward having been completed by the 15th of March, Buford, with Thompson's Brigade, Bell's Brigade, and the 7th Tennessee, and McDonald's Battalion, were in motion that day. I will not follow Buford on his march into Kentucky, which is a separate event; this story relates to Fort Pillow.

General Chalmers crossed into West Tennessee, near Lagrange, with McCulloch's Brigade, and was at Bolivar early on the next day, while Neely's Brigade moved to Sommerville. Subsequently Bell's Brigade, of Buford's Division, returned to Jackson from Paducah, Ky., now about seventeen hundred strong.

From the advent into West Tennessee, General Forrest had been advised of well-authenticated instances of rapine and atrocious outrages upon noncombatants of the country by the garrison at Fort Pillow. A delegation of the people of Jackson and surrounding region now waited upon and earnestly besought General Forrest to leave a brigade there for protection against this nest of outlaws.

According to the best information, the garrison in question consisted of a battalion of whites commanded by Major Bradford (a Tennessean), and a negro battalion under Major Booth, who likewise commanded the post.

Many of Bradford's men were known to be deserters from the Confederate army, and the rest were men of the country who entertained a malignant hatred toward Confederate soldiers, their families, and friends.

Under pretense of scouring the country for arms and "Rebel soldiers," Bradford and his followers had traversed the surrounding country with detachments, robbing the people of their stock, wearing apparel, furniture, and every possible movable article of value, besides venting upon the wives and daughters of Confederate soldiers the most approbious and obscene epithets with more than one extreme outrage upon the persons of these victims of their hate and lust. The families of many of Forrest's men had been thus grievously wronged, despoiled, and insulted, and in two or more cases fearfully outraged; so that many of his officers united with the citizens of the country in the petition and begged to be

permitted to remain to shield their families from further molestation.

Of course, that was impossible, but Forrest determined to employ his present resources for the suppression of the grievances by the capture of Fort Pillow, and, to that end, orders were issued on the 10th of April. Bell's and McCulloch's Brigades and Walton's battery, of four howitzers, being selected for the operation.

As I have stated, a long course of brutal, infamous conduct on the part of Bradford's Battalion toward the noncombatant people of West Tennessee had determined General Forrest to break up their lair and capture or destroy them before leaving that section of the country for other operations. Leaving Jackson on the morning of April 11, Forrest overtook General Chalmers at Brownsville about 2 P.M., and ordered him to push ahead with the troops by forced march, so that he might be in close proximity to Fort Pillow by daylight the next morning. The distance was thirty-eight miles; it was raining, and so dense that the darkness made it difficult to distinguish the road or to see the man in front.

Nevertheless, such was the eager spirit of the hardy riders who followed Chalmers that they, with McCulloch's Brigade in front, pushed on that awful night without halting, except now and then to examine a shaky bridge. Just before daylight the advance guard, commanded by Capt. Frank J. Smith, of the 2nd Missouri Cavalry, guided by a citizen of the neighborhood, surprised the Federal picket and captured all except one or two, who, escaping to the fort, gave the first warning of our advance.

Fort Pillow was established in 1861 by the State of Tennessee about four miles above, or north, of Fulton, and was fortified by the Confederate States engineers under orders of General Beauregard in March, 1862, and it baffled the efforts of the Federal navy to pass it; but about the last of May, 1862, the Confederates having been forced to evacuate Corinth, Fort Pillow was also abandoned. The Federals occupied it at once, but never with any considerable force, evidently feeling safe against any serious enterprise of any sort.

The line of works erected by the Confederate engineers to defend the land approach were upon an extended scale, calculated to resist artillery, and too large to be of any use to a garrison as small as that which the Federals kept there. The fort proper had been reinforced, and the Federals relied with much ill-judged confidence on it as an impregnable fortress. There was a gradual slope from the river bank eastward, and there were narrow ravines, broken by crooked, deep gullies, affording well-covered approaches to the main fort. The wall of the fort was about ten feet high with a ditch about six feet deep and twelve feet wide. The Federal armament consisted of two ten-pound Parrott rifled guns, two twelve-pounder howitzers, and two six-pounder rifle guns, and the garrison numbered 580 men.

Upon the capture of the pickets, McCulloch's Brigade was pressed rapidly on, with instructions to take up position southward of the fort, and as near the river as possible. Bell's Brigade was likewise ordered up, while Wilson's Regiment deployed directly in front to hold the close attention of the garrison.

Bell moved to the north of the fort along a creek. It was thought that was the weak point and the attack would begin there. These movements were executed with care, taking advantage of the gullies to avoid unnecessary exposure. McCulloch, on his side, seized a position with his left resting on the river bank, south of the fort, where he waited to hear the sound of Bell's musketry as a signal for his attack. Bell was unable, however, to cross the creek, and that brought delay.

In the meantime, Forrest, after a ride of seventy-two miles since six o'clock the day before, came upon the scene with his staff and his escort. It was about nine o'clock, and about the same time, it developed, Major Booth, the Federal commander, and his adjutant were killed.

Losing no time, General Forrest pressed immediately to the front to reconnoiter, and had two horses killed under him before he was satisfied of a plan of operations. He found that the ravine previously mentioned, near the southern side of the fort, would afford complete immunity from the fire of the Federals, as they could not depress their artillery so as to command it, and they could not raise their heads above the fort without being shot by a Confederate sharpshooter. Orders were given to "move up." (That was a favorite phrase of General Forrest's.) Bell threw his brigade forward, sheltered by a ravine and at the same time McCulloch gained the outer entrenchments on the south of the fort. The Federals, closely pressed, retired into the fort. The position thus secured was fatal to the defense. Fully satisfied of his ability to carry the position without difficulty or delay, but desiring to avoid the loss of life that must occur in storming the fort, General Forrest determined to demand the surrender of the place. Accordingly he caused a signal for cessation of hostilities to be given and sent Capt. W. A. Goodman, of General Chalmer's staff, with a flag of truce, with a formal demand in writing, couched substantially in these terms:

"Having the fort surrounded by a force sufficiently strong to take it by assault, wishing to avoid the unnecessary destruction of human life, I am prompted to make a demand for the surrender. If this demand is acceded to, the gallantry of the defense which has already been made will entitle all its garrison to be treated as prisoners of war."

This was sent from a point which commanded a full view of the interior of the Federal works. So close were the Confederates that the flag of truce was halted before it advanced beyond the line near McCulloch's left, and the conference took place there. Major Booth had been killed early in the day, and the command had fallen into the hands of Maj. W. F. Bradford, a Tennessee renegade, and commander of the 13th Tennessee Battalion.

The answer came after some delay and bore the name of Maj. L. F. Booth, and required an hour for consultation with his officers and those of a gunboat. This communication was delivered to General Forrest, who had in the meantime moved to a point in the valley about four hundred yards southward. He immediately replied in writing that he had not asked for the surrender of the gunboat, but for that of the fort and garrison, and that he would give twenty minutes for a decision. So great was the animosity existing between the Tennesseans of the two forces, General Forrest added that he would not be responsible for the consequences if obliged to storm the place.

While waiting for an answer to this communication, and during the period of the truce, the smoke of several steamers was noted coming up the river, and rapidly, one crowded with troops and her guards filled with artillery, evidently bound for the fortress. Believing that an attempt would be made to land the troops from the steamer, General Forrest sent his aide-de-camp, Capt. Charles Anderson, with two companies from McCulloch's Brigade, along the ravine through the town to occupy some old trenches under the bluff of the river. Captain Anderson took the designated position directly in sight of the gunboat New Era. Another boat, the Olive Branch, soon came very near, but, seeing the Confederates at the mouth of the ravine pushed off to the other shore. General Forrest's second note having been carried into the fort by a Federal officer, one who had remained with the flag

expressed the belief that Forrest was not present, and that his name was used as a ruse, while another one stated that he was acquainted with General Forrest by sight. Capt. Tom Henderson, who had accompanied the flag, then rode to where General Forrest was and informed him of the suspicion and suggested that the enemy might surrender sooner if he were to go forward and satisfy them of his presence. Immediately the General rode to the spot where the flag stood and was presented to Captain Young of the 24th Missouri Infantry and also the party who claimed to know the General. They both remarked that they had no longer any doubt. Meantime the parapets of the fort were thronged with negro soldiers watching events, who indulged in the most provoking, impudent jeers, saying, "Come on, you dirty Rebels," and other insulting calls. Finally the answer to the last demand was brought out of the fort by Captain Goodman and handed to General Forrest. It was illegibly written, with a lead pencil on a piece of dirty paper and without an envelope, and ran as follows:

"Your demand does not produce the desired effect." General Forrest remarked: "This will not do. Send it back and say to Major Booth (whose name was signed to the paper) that I want an answer, 'Yes,' or 'No.'" It was not long before Captain Goodman returned with the Federal answer, a positive refusal to surrender.

General Forrest returned to his former position and, turning to those around him, with a few energetic words, stimulated the pride of his men to do their duty and put the battle flags on top of the fort. Generals Forrest and Chalmers with their staff officers rode to a commanding eminence which gave a complete view of the field and called on "Gans," his bugler: "Blow the charge."

Meantime Bell occupied a position near the ditch on the north and in some instances, occupied the ditch, while McCulloch's men were protected in some vacant cabins within fifty yards of the ditch on the south. With the first blare of the bugle the Confederates opened a galling fire on the parapet as they advanced, which was replied to by the garrison for a few moments with great spirit; but so deadly was the aim of the Confederates from their enfilading position, the enemy could not rise high enough from their cover to fire, nor use their artillery without being shot. Consequently, there was little resistance. Almost instantly the Confederates, with a single impulse and with a yell, went over the parapet from all sides, leaping headlong into the ditch, the agile, hardy fellows helping each other, climbed as nimbly and as swiftly as squirrels over the breastworks and fired from the crest of the fort upon the garrison.

Major Bradford had arranged with the captain of the gunboat that, if beaten at the breastworks, the garrison would drop down under the bank and the gunboat would shelter them with canister.

A prearranged signal was given, and the garrison, white and black, with guns in their hands, broke for the place of refuge, leaving the flag still afloat on the fort. They turned repeatedly in their retreat to return the fire upon them. The gunboat, however, failed to give any assistance. The naval commander evidently was more concerned for the safety of himself and his craft. Many of the retreating Federals were killed, and others, finding that the help which had been promised from the gunboat was not given, threw themselves into the river and were drowned, while others sought to escape along the river bank and were shot or driven back.

Let it be understood that the entrance of the Confederates into the fort had been achieved by an impetuous rush by each individual, and that for sometime afterwards there was a

general confusion, and, in fact, a dissolution of all organization, and doubtless some whites, as well as negroes, who had thrown down their arms were shot, as invariably happens on such occasions.

When the Confederates swarmed over the trenches that had been held so defiantly in the face of superior numbers, the garrison did not yield, did not lay down their arms, nor take down their flag, but fled with guns in their hands to another position in which they were promised relief, and while on their way returned the fire. The Confederates remembered the banter of the negro soldiers, "Come on, you dirty Rebels," and it was difficult to control them. Both Generals Forrest and Chalmers rode into the works and, with their staff officers, made every effort to stop the firing, and so energetic were their efforts that the firing ceased within fifteen minutes from the time for the termination of the truce, and all allegations to the contrary are malicious inventions.

The first order by General Forrest was to collect and secure the prisoners from possible injury and to arrange to bury the Federal dead.

Many of the prisoners were drunk. A number of barrels of whisky were found at convenient points in the fort with tin dippers for use of the Federal soldiers. Among the prisoners taken unhurt was Major Bradford, the commanding officer since early in the morning. Bradford was temporarily paroled to supervise the burial of his brother, Captain Bradford, after which, under pledge not to attempt to escape, he was placed for the night in the custody of Colonel McCulloch, who gave him a bed in his room and shared with him his supper. This pledge Major Bradford violated, taking advantage of the darkness and his knowledge of the locality when his host was asleep and effected his escape.

The brilliant success achieved was not without severe loss on the part of the Confederates. Some of the best were killed, fourteen officers and men killed and eighty or more wounded.

Among the prisoners taken was Captain Young, the bearer of the Federal flag of truce, who was sent up the river with a flag of truce to endeavor to communicate with the gunboat New Era, with the request that the commander take charge of the Federal wounded; but that ever-prudent master ignored every signal and, keeping on his way, disappeared up the river. As fast as possible the wounded on both sides were gathered from the bloody field and placed under shelter, when the Confederate surgeons set to work with that human feeling which characterized (with rare exceptions) the medical officers of the army toward the wounded prisoners of war. General Forrest turned over the command to General Chalmers, with instructions to complete the burial of the dead, the collection of arms, and, if possible, deliver the Federal wounded to a passing steamer, and, finally, to follow with the troops as soon as possible.

General Forrest returned to Jackson with his staff and escort on the 12th, and the following day, April 13, the troops were moved back from the river and put into camp. Several transports came to the landing, and all the Federal wounded were transferred to the cabin of the steamer Platte Valley. Seven officers and 219 enlisted men, unwounded (56 negroes and 163 whites), were carried off as prisoners of war. At Brownsville, on the return, the citizens of all classes, old men and women, received General Forrest with tokens of gratitude. The ladies assembled at the courthouse, received him publicly, and testified their profound appreciation for delivery from further insult and outrage. On the 15th of April, headquarters were established at Jackson, where the command rested until the 1st of May.

When General Chalmers with the command reached Jack-

son, the staff and escort rode into the Court Square and fed their horses. Ladies and young girls served the men with nice things to eat and welcomed them heartedly.

The writer at that time was aide-de-camp on the staff of General Chalmers, and, with Capt. T. L. Lindsey and Jule Taylor of the staff, promenaded the streets. As we walked along, we passed three young girls standing in front of a gate and one of the girls remarked: "O, the one in the middle has got on a corset." The writer was in the middle, and he wore his coat buttoned up. He had never been accused of anything so dreadful before in his life.

He had prided himself on being a good horseman, a good pistol shot, and a live Southern boy, but to be accused of wearing a corset knocked all the egotism, pride, and confidence out of him. Two months later he won first prize as the best horseman in Forrest's Cavalry at a tournament at Egypt Station, Miss. To make matters worse, if possible, Lindsey and Taylor rasped him unmercifully and so did the General.

Thirty-five years later the writer was freight agent of the Illinois Central Railroad at Jackson and met the three girls who had so cruelly slandered him—Miss Jennie Day, who became the wife of Dr. Fenner; Miss Lilly Gamewell, who married Mr. Stevens; and Miss Mary McCorry, who married Hon. John Freeman. They have all passed to realms above. Peace be to them!

THE EIGHTH MISSISSIPPI CAVALRY AT BRICE'S CROSSROADS.

BY T. M. MOSELY, WEST POINT, MISS.

In the following article on the battle of Brice's Crossroads, I will present the part enacted by the 8th Mississippi Cavalry as I saw it.

This regiment, Col. W. L. Duff commanding, formed a part of General Rucker's Brigade at that time. The brigade marched from Booneville on the morning of June 10, 1864. The 8th leading the brigade and my Company, K, Capt. W. E. Cox in command, leading the regiment, arriving near the picket line, where skirmishing was then going on, about 12 o'clock, when preparation was made for a charge in columns of fours to the extent of filling some of Company K's front fours with seasoned men selected from other companies of the regiment, since Company K had but recently joined the regiment with little experience on the firing line; and this movement promised to be an important one, involving fighting at close quarters, General Forrest and Colonel Duff securing their swords by straps to their wrists. When it became known to General Forrest that Guntown Road, running about one mile south of us was unguarded, the regiment was rushed over to occupy it, taking position a short distance from the enemy (I think we were not reunited with brigade until the battle was over and we returned to camp), the other regiments of the brigade coming up and at once going into battle when fighting became general. The 8th Cavalry, with General Forrest's escort, about one hundred strong, became engaged on the Guntown Road about two o'clock, this being the extreme left of our lines. The Federal cavalry, the only troops at that time engaged, were steadily driven back, but not without stubborn resistance, on the Federal infantry line after some hours of fighting.

About this time General Bell's Brigade arrived, having marched from Rienzi, and a concerted forward movement was made on this line, resulting in its utter rout, which was vigorously followed up during the entire night and following day. Company K, of the 8th Mississippi Cavalry, had lost in killed and wounded one-fourth of its men, including every

commissioned officer. Being first sergeant, I had command of the company in the pursuit (I account for the unusual casualty list, since it was much greater than any other company sustained, by its going into battle along the road fully exposed to rifle fire from the enemy in their concealed position not far away), meeting with no great resistance. However, the Federal cavalry and parts of infantry maintained their organization, blocking our progress from time to time. We reached Salem, about thirty-five miles distant on the line of retreat, there camping for the night. Returning on the morrow, we were deployed, driving the woods on both sides of the road and picking up many prisoners, who had fallen out, unable to stand up before our rapid pursuit, seeking to escape in this way; many, I have no doubt, did escape. This was a great victory for General Forrest, not a wagon, cannon, or ambulance escaped. The Federals had not time to destroy the wagons loaded with supplies, only to cut loose their mules and ride them away.

For a full and correct account of the Federal side of this battle read the court-martial proceedings in the trial of General Sturgis commanding the Federal forces, and the account given by Dr. Wyeth in his "Life of General Forrest" for the Confederate side. I know of only three members of Company K now living—Taylor Dunn, Beauvoir; Jack Harpole, Mabens; and myself. Would like to hear from any others living.

FIGHTING INDIANS IN THE SIXTIES.

BY JASPER B. WELLS, SANGER, TEX.

Late in 1861, Col. Bill Young, of the 11th Texas Cavalry, C. S. A., was ordered to take about two hundred and fifty picked men and horses and proceed to Fort Gibson by forced march. We left camp on White River in Arkansas about December 20, 1861, arriving at Fort Gibson and crossing Grand River the third day. We crossed the Verdigris the next day, going up the river on the west side.

We struck the trail of the Pin Indians, who, being reinforced by some wild tribes of the West and a few Kansas Jayhawkers, had borne down on the civilized tribes, robbing and murdering them. They had thousands of horses and cattle, and many wagons loaded with the booty taken. They took their captives' teams and loaded their own wagons with such things as they wanted to go with them. We followed their trail, which was about fifty yards wide, the grass about as high as our horses' backs, all bent one way; no habitation could be seen. At the mouth of Bird Creek, we left the river and proceeded up the stream to near where the Osage Agency was established. On a clear evening, as the sun was setting, we came to a small grove of timber in the wide valley. We were in line, ready to be ordered to go into camp when a squad of men rode up on a mound a short distance from us. The sun shone in our eyes so we could not distinguish them, so Captain Bounds sent six men to go out and see who they were. When the Texas boys began to approach the mound, the horsemen whirled their horses, and the freezing north wind blew their skins and blankets with which they were clad out behind them. Everybody holloed out: "Indians." We now went into camp twelve miles from the Indian's stronghold in the mountains. We suffered that night, the timber being green, and we had no axes.

We were ordered to be in our saddles at daybreak. The horses as well as the men being about frozen, the horses struck a gallop and continued for about ten miles up the wide valley facing a freezing north wind. At this point we struck a timber ridge, and Colonel Greer's regiment of Texans, who had passed to the front either after dark or before day, began a heavy

skirmish with the Indian scouts, who fell back rapidly. Colonel Young, of the 11th Texas, who had been following his men in a carriage drawn by two fine sorrel horses, with a negro leading a fine saddle horse, passed to the front and said: "Boys, tighten up your belts. We are in it." Up to this time I had been about frozen, but now I began to get warm. Greer's men pushed the Indians back in a full run until they reached Bird Creek (which the Indians called Oostenaula). Greer's men here dismounted and crossed the creek on the ice and deployed in a narrow valley between the creek and mountain.

Now, Colonel Young's men began to cross the creek mounted. We had much trouble, our Texas horses not being accustomed to ice. We finally crossed the creek and formed in the valley vacated by Greer's men, who were now climbing the mountain on foot. The Indians at the top of the mountain, several thousand strong, were making sport of us by howling like wolves and gobbling like turkeys, screaming like panthers, and yelling like the devil was after them. The 11th Texas started up mounted, following the zigzag trail made by the Indians, keeping abreast with the footmen. We were near the top of the mountain when I noticed our footmen fighting from our side of a large rock, Indians being on the other side. The first Indian I saw was slipping around the rock to our men, but a footman peeked around and saw him, fired first, and the Indian went down. We reached the summit and found Indians everywhere fighting from behind trees and rocks at close range. The Indians held their ground until their arrows began to give out. They could shoot them as fast as a man could shoot the old cap-and-ball revolvers, and the air was full of arrows while they lasted, but when a brave's arrows gave out, he started to run. We had several men killed here, one Cooke County young man named Addison. Several hundred Indians were also killed. I emptied my carbine several times.

The Indians now scattered through a level, past oak woods with tall grass, hiding in the grass and behind trees to shoot our men as they passed. As we scattered through the woods, I, being a boy in my seventeenth year, thought I had better keep near my captain, who, in running through the woods, ran over an Indian hid in the grass. The Indian broke for a tree near by, the captain wounding him as he went. At this time I saw another Indian running. I took after him and he made for the rough country and thickets. I came near losing him several times, but after the race had continued for more than two miles, we came to an open country and I ran on to him. When I got near him, I saw that he had no arrows in his quiver and had thrown his bow away. He stopped, turned around, and looked at me. I stopped my horse a few feet from him. We were standing there looking at each other (the Indian having run until he could hardly stand up) when Wilson Skegs, who died several years ago, at Chico, Tex., came up, and said: "Jasper, why don't you shoot him?" I told him I did not want to shoot an unarmed man with no chance for his life. "I will," he says. Skegs banged away, and the Indian fell on his face. He had a big Texas spur on one heel, though he was barefooted and clad in a new red blanket. Skegs said: "Don't you want me to get you that spur and red blanket?" I said: "I do not want anything he has." By this time we heard our bugle sounding in the distance, and the 11th Texas assembled and went into camp near where the fight started. Just after dark, one of our boys, who was in a fallen tree top gathering wood for a fire, stepped on an Indian who had hid there during the first fighting, and he was the only warrior taken prisoner.

Our official report was five hundred Indians killed. The next

morning I went to see our dead who had been gathered and laid side by side on blankets. I counted eighteen, and we had about sixty men seriously wounded, Capt. Jim Young, of Cooke County, being one of the number. As he was passing a tree an Indian shot him through the fleshy part of the hip with an iron-headed arrow, pinning him to his new Texas saddle. He could not dismount without help.

The next morning we hurried off in pursuit of the Indians. We struck their trail where they had assembled the night before, and followed the track of a two-wheeled cart drawn by a yoke of oxen. They went between trees and rocks, where they either took off the wheels or turned the cart up edgeways. We followed this cart until late in the evening. It was said that they had an Indian chief, either dead or wounded, in the cart. I saw but few Indians that day, and they were running for life. We arrived at our headquarters near the battle ground late at night. The next morning we started for our winter quarters at Camp Lubbock, on White River, in Arkansas.

I have been asked to write of the battles in which the 11th Texas took part, and should be glad to hear from any surviving comrades. I served with Company G.

THE RIDE OF PAUL REVERE

As some writers in the *VETERAN* have rather cast doubt upon the story of the ride made by Paul Revere "on the 18th of April in '75," the *VETERAN* deems it proper to use this story from the *Providence Journal* of April 12, 1925, as the truth of the incident. Poets have a way of utilizing such part or parts of an incident as may suit their purpose, and Longfellow's poem is an example of this poetic tendency to give the truth only in part. The *Journal* says:

"One hundred and fifty years after the famous ride of Paul Revere, it is difficult to realize that in his day there were no methods of communication faster than a horse and rider. Messages which to-day would be flashed by wireless or radio, or whispered into the mouthpiece of a telephone, to be gathered by the ears of millions, in colonial days had to be entrusted to the faithfulness of human hands and could be carried no faster than the hoof beats of a tireless steed.

"Perhaps it is this fact that gives to the ride of Paul Revere its picturesqueness, for there is ever a halo of romance about a horse and his rider. If the American Revolution, which began in 1775, had commenced a hundred years later, there would have been no ride of Paul Revere. The spire of the Old North Church would never have become historic for its lantern warnings, and a host of storied landmarks would never have been heard of. Indeed, Gage in Boston would never have sent the scarlet-coated minions of King George out into the country to reconnoiter and seize provincial stores, only to be met by handfuls of maddened countrymen, organized into trained bands and armed with deadly muskets.

"In a hundred ways there would be far less of the picturesque were history thus to be turned upside down. For the Revolution was fought in the days and amid the circumstances that were marked by the extreme of the picturesque. Then the military uniform still flaunted its gorgeous colors upon the landscape, for it had not yet condescended to become the dingy gray or khaki that is so much less beautiful—and so much safer. Then the valor of men and the strength of horses were the strongest elements to be reckoned with, for war had not become so much a matter of machinery. The marvels of science had not yet been harnessed to provide means of instant communication, nor had

its cruel wonders been invoked for man to crush man in masses, as he has done since war became a thing so perfect.

"It was still the day when war was a thing of personal courage and physical endurance. Hence, it happened that there was no way in which Dr. Joseph Warren, chairman of the committee of safety of the town of Boston, could broadcast his message that the British were advancing but by the hands of men and the feet of horses. Yet Hancock and Adams, then spending the night in Lexington on account of the turbulence of affairs in Boston, must be warned, and the patriots must be stirred to protect the powder and cannon which the British wanted to destroy.

"And now every schoolboy and girl knows how, between the late hours of the evening of April 18, 1775, and dawn the next morning, Revere performed his perilous mission. Not so many know that its dangers were equally shared, and its success equally won, through the efforts of two other riders, William Dawes, ancestor of Vice President Dawes, and the then youthful Dr. Prescott. Longfellow's beautiful poem gives glory only to Revere, while unwittingly the American people have nearly forgotten Dawes and Prescott, whose exploits are still awaiting the genius of some worthy poet.

"The story of Paul Revere's ride as told in Longfellow's poem is claimed by some historians to differ materially from the actual facts, besides doing an injustice to Dawes and Prescott in omitting them altogether. These variations, it is claimed, greatly transcend the allowable limits of poetic license. Yet it is upon Longfellow's version that most Americans have based their knowledge of the event. Whatever may be the merits of this controversy, the ride itself and the part taken by Revere and his companions are admitted to have been of the utmost importance and were a most notable forerunner of the battles of the next day, whose shots were 'heard 'round the world.'

"There were rumblings of unusual activity, even in Boston, on the night of that 18th of April, 1775. Gage, the British military governor, was in command and had been watching with anxious feelings the development in the country around. For years many of the citizens of Massachusetts, embittered by the oppressive measures taken for their government by the British Parliament, had been more and more convinced that war must sometime come. Companies of villagers had been organized into trained bands of soldiers, and it was known that small cannon and stores of powder were gathered at various places. A notable quantity of these was at Concord.

"Small bodies of red-coated soldiers had been sent out into the country at different times for various ostensible purposes, but really, it was believed, that Gage might know accurately the formation of the land and the locations and landmarks. It was believed that he intended to send an expedition to seize the powder. Forethought among the patriots of that day was exercised in many ways, notably in keeping watch in Boston for the expected movement of the soldiers, and, outside of Boston, in dividing the stores and moving them to various places of seclusion. A provincial legislature had been in session, concluding its meetings at Concord on the 15th.

"The purpose of Gage, as accurately learned by sympathizers with the cause of the colonists, was to seize the powder and military stores and also to capture Samuel Adams and John Hancock, whom he regarded as the arch offenders in all movements against him and the soul of rebellion that he saw was rising. This was the setting of the picture, as events shaped themselves for the expedition of the soldiers on the 19th, which have come down in the annals of America as the battles of Lexington and Concord, the beginnings of the Revolution.

"The most active patriot in Boston at that time was Dr. Joseph Warren, a promising young physician, who had, nevertheless, nearly if not quite, abandoned his profession of medicine for that of the soldier, in consequence of his support of the patriot cause. He was the chairman of the committee of safety. He had delivered a notable address at the monster mass meeting from which the Boston tea party ensued. He was killed at Bunker Hill, where he had declined to receive an officer's commission and served as a private soldier. His assailant was a British officer, who recognized him, the last man to leave the redoubt.

"Warren had arranged plans with his friends, Revere and Dawes, to send word to the countryside in case there should be signs of a British movement. Revere crossed the river to Charlestown close under the shadow of the British man-of-war Somerset. On the other shore he waited for the signal that had been agreed upon, a light in the tower of the old North Church. One lantern was to signify that the British intended to make a journey by land, while two were to be hung in case the departure was to be made by boat. Mingling among those upon the streets, and using his wits in every way, Warren was able to determine that the British were to depart across the river, the first stage of their journey being therefore in boats.

"Two lanterns flashed their warning from the church tower across the river to Revere, who had procured a fleet horse and was waiting for the signal. He was soon off upon his mission. Two British officers attempted to intercept him, but he had been warned of their presence and eluded them. His horse was faster than theirs, and, in attempting to catch him, one of the pursuers was led into a clay pit, where he was mired.

"Longfellow's poem places no exaggeration upon the importance of Revere's errand—

"... through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

"Not only the provincial stores of powder and cannon were to be saved from destruction, but Hancock and Adams were to be saved from capture and death, for Hutchinson, predecessor of Gage, had declared they ought to be sent to England for trial for treason.

"Hancock and Adams, on account of the turbulence of affairs in Boston, were staying at Lexington, at the home of the village parson, Rev. Jason Clarke, to whom Hancock was related. After passing through Medford and Menotomy (now Arlington) Revere came to the house of Parson Clarke. It was surrounded by a guard of soldiers for the safety of its precious occupants. The sergeant in command told the messenger that the family had just retired and did not want to be disturbed by any noise that night. 'Noise,' exclaimed Revere, 'you'll have noise enough before long. The regulars are coming out.' He was then permitted to pass and knocked at the door. Parson Clarke opened a window and inquired what was wanted.

"Without answering Revere said he wanted to see Hancock. Hancock was within, and, although he had retired, was not asleep. He knew the sound of Revere's voice and immediately responded, 'Come in, Revere; we're not afraid of you.'

"Dawes had made his way to the same point, but by a longer route. He arrived soon after Revere had made known his mission. The intelligence was that a large body of troops, estimated at 1,200 or 1,500, were on their way to Concord to destroy the stores.

"Earlier in the same evening, Solomon Brown, of Lexington, returning from a market trip in Boston, had reported to William Munroe, then the orderly sergeant of the militia, that he had seen British officers near Lexington, and it was suspected that the redcoats had designs to capture Adams and Prescott at that place. Whatever the designs were, it was decided they would bear watching. Accordingly three Lexington men, named Sanderson, Brown, and Loring, were sent out to gain whatever information they could. These men were soon afterwards captured by the British.

"On learning of these things, Revere and Dawes determined to go on to Concord to give notice of the expected approach of the enemy. Soon after leaving Lexington they were joined by Prescott, who had spent the evening in Lexington, calling upon the young woman who afterwards became his wife. The three proceeded on the road to Concord.

"Before reaching the Concord line, Revere, who was in the lead, met two British officers. He called loudly for the two others, thinking to capture the enemy. But more British officers appeared and Revere was captured. Dawes wheeled his horse back toward Lexington and escaped, while Prescott jumped his horse over a fence and, galloping through a path with which he was familiar, reached Concord in safety.

"Dawes, however, did not escape without pursuit, and he owed his eventual escape to his wits. A party of the British pursued him, and he rode straight up to the door of a farmhouse. There he reined in so suddenly that he was thrown to the ground. With presence of mind he shouted for assistance, exclaiming, 'Hello, my boys, I've got two of them.' Thinking they were being ambushed, the officers rode away. The house, as a matter of fact, was empty. Dawes rode his horse leisurely away.

"The British officers then had the three Lexington men, Sanderson, Brown, and Loring, in their custody, besides Revere. Putting pistols to their heads, they strictly questioned them, especially Revere, who gave evasive answers. Finally, he said, firmly: 'Gentlemen, you have missed your aim.' 'What aim?' asked one of the officers. Revere replied: 'I came out from Boston an hour after your troops left, and if I had not known that messengers had been sent out to give information to the country, I would have ventured one shot from you before I would have suffered you to stop me.' The captors were apparently more scared than was Revere.

"Soon afterwards the sound of a distant bell was heard, one of the summons to the countryside from the patriots. 'The bell's ringing—the town's alarmed—and you are all dead men,' said one of the Lexington prisoners. These declarations frightened the British officers, and after going nearly to Lexington, they released their prisoners, but taking Revere's horse from him and cutting the saddle girths of the others. They then rode off at all speed toward Boston.

"So ended the ride of Paul Revere. Capt. John Parker assembled his militia company on Lexington green at 2 o'clock in the morning, commanding every man to load and prime his musket. At daybreak the British appeared, and the battle of Lexington was fought, followed by the struggle at Concord bridge.

"But every patriotic American will agree with Longfellow in the closing words of the poem:

"Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."



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 tears we shed o'er Southern graves,
That fall upon each rose-gemmed bed,
Are for the private as the chief;
There is no rank among the dead—
God loves them all."

CAPT. ROBERT MAYO.

On March 11, 1925, there passed from earthly companionship Capt. Robert Mayo, an honorary member of the Philadelphia Chapter and our only Confederate veteran, the father of a beloved member, Miss Lucy Garnett Mayo.

Captain Mayo was born in Washington, D. C., on February 10, 1840. His mother died when he was only five years old, and he was reared by his father, Dr. Robert Mayo, who had married late in life after rearing five young nephews. He took them from Virginia to Philadelphia and made a home for them and supervised their education until the last one had graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, where he had previously taken his degree in medicine. Dr. Mayo then returned to Washington and took up literary work, and there his only son, Robert, was born. The boy was educated in private schools and at Catonsville Academy, Md., and his first position was as secretary to Gen. Louis Cass, who was then Secretary of War under President Buchanan. The War between the States developed shortly, and young Mayo went to Richmond and enlisted on April 19, 1861, in the Richmond Grays, 12th Virginia Regiment, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V. He was on duty in Norfolk when the fight between the Virginia and the Monitor took place, which he witnessed at close range and gave a very thrilling account of it. He was in many skirmishes and battles for the four years, the most notable of which were Cold Harbor, Mechanicsville, Chickahominy, Frazier's Farm, Second Battle of Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Marye's Heights, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. He was severely wounded at Spotsylvania, May, 1864, and disabled for further military service. There were so many desperately wounded there that he could not receive medical aid for twenty-four hours, erysipelas set in, and the surgeon told him the arm would have to be amputated; but he would not consent to that, and eventually recovered, though the injury to his right hand caused him to give up his cherished plan of being a surgeon, for which he had studied medicine.

In 1865, Captain Mayo was married to Miss Ann E. Bass, of Richmond, and of their six children, a daughter and a son survive him.

He was connected with railroads for about sixty years, mainly the Southern Railway, remaining in active service some fifteen years after the age limit for retirement. His home had been in Philadelphia for thirty years or more, where he had wide acquaintance, his fine intellect, remarkable mem-

ory, keen humor, and charm of personality winning him many friends, for whom he had the sincerest appreciation and affection. He was upright and honorable in every word and act, a true and patriotic citizen, a devoted father, a loyal friend and steadfast Christian gentleman, who passed to a rich reward for a life well spent.

(From memorial tribute by the Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C.)

JUDGE JOHN W. LEE

At LaGrange, Ky., on September 20, Judge J. W. Lee, gallant soldier of the Confederacy, noble citizen, passed to his reward, at the age of eighty-two years. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Sue Foster, and seven children.

For twelve years he was county judge, and for twenty years he was clerk of the Trimble County Court.

Judge Lee lost his left arm at Marion, Va., having been wounded in the fighting there. He enlisted with the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, Col. Henry Giltner, and served with Company G, 6th Battalion. I was his close comrade during our service and was with him when his arm was amputated. It is in sadness and sorrow that I pay this humble tribute, and in sincere appreciation of the friendship that existed between us from the earliest schoolboy days and through the days of bloodshed. J. W. Lee was a brave soldier, whose memory is a sweet treasure to those who had the honor of serving with him.

[Marion Pyles, Louisville, Ky.]

J. SUMMEY COULTER.

An esteemed citizen of Newton, N. C., has been lost to that community in the passing of J. Summey Coulter, whose death

occurred on October 7, at Statesville, after an extended illness. His body was taken to the old home near Startown, and there interred in historic St. Paul's Cemetery.

The ancestors of John Summey Coulter came from Germany (the name being originally spelled Kolter), and colonial records show them to have been substantial citizens whose bravery and courage were attested in the struggles of those pioneer days. Born January 30, 1847, he himself was one of those youthful volunteers whose strength was



J. SUMMEY COULTER.

given to the dying Confederacy. He enlisted on May 21, 1864, in Company E, 72nd North Carolina Volunteers; was captured at Fort Fisher in December, and imprisoned at Point Lookout until the close of the war.

Returning home, he engaged in farming, and, like many others, made a success of it. At various periods, he was also interested in lumbering, flour milling, cotton ginneries, etc., industries which tended to the upbuilding of his Southern country. Ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought, he was an active member of the Catawba Camp of Confederate Veterans and enjoyed the reunions of his comrades, both local and general, many of which he attended in his gray uniform. He was a friend of Churches and schools, and ever stood for what was best for his county, State, and nation.

In 1871, Comrade Coulter was married to Miss Sarah Ann Herman, and to them were born seven children, two daughters and four sons surviving him. To them he has bequeathed a heritage of high character and upright living.

BOROUS CARTER.

Borous Carter, Jr., was born on his father's plantation near Somerville, Tenn., on October 28, 1840, the youngest but one of twelve children. He made a profession of religion and joined the Methodist Church at Taylor's Chapel in 1852, remaining a member in good standing therein until his death on September 8, 1925.

The spring of 1861 found young Carter preparing to enter the Medical Department of the Tennessee University, but the call to arms was paramount with him, and, with four of his brothers, he entered the service of the Confederacy, becoming a member of Company A, 13th Tennessee Regiment (154th Confederate); and at the battle of Belmont, Mo., on November 7, 1861, he was severely wounded and sent home. His left arm was broken at the elbow joint by a musket ball and stiffened for life; so he was never able to return to the army, but his brothers remained, and three of them were killed, one at Franklin, one at Murfreesboro, and one at Atlanta.

After the war ended, Borous Carter engaged in farming and spent the rest of his life in that occupation. No man in his county stood higher in the estimation of the best people than he. After being an invalid for several years, he entered into rest September 8, 1925, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. *Requiescat in pace.*

[His son, G. W. Carter.]

J. H. TURNER.

Comrade J. H. Turner was born at Talladega, Ala., March 16, 1847, and enlisted in the 39th Alabama Regiment, Company A, at the age of fourteen years. He did faithful service for his beloved Southland until severely wounded and disabled for further service at the battle of Franklin, Tenn.

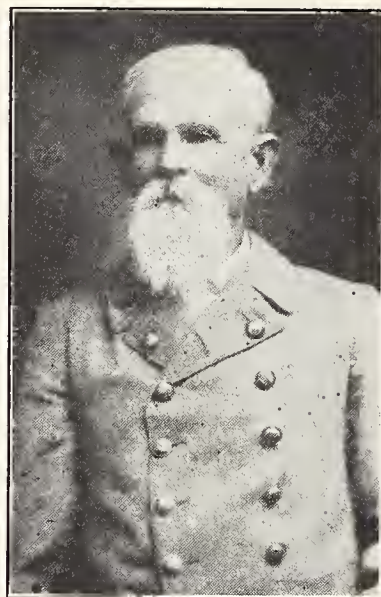
He came to Texas soon after the close of the war and settled in Williamson County, near the town of Taylor, where he lived until the death angel summoned him to the great beyond. He was married to Miss Angie Northington at Georgetown, Tex., in 1872. She died in 1921. He was a deacon in the First Christian Church, having united with the Church about thirty years ago. He is survived by seven children—four daughters and three sons—and several grandchildren.

Comrade Turner was a member of the Williamson County Confederate Association and John B. Hood Camp, U. C. V. He had a wide circle of friends in his county, and he was known as a public-spirited citizen, and had much to do with the upbuilding of his county and State. The editor of his home paper, in recording his death, says: "It was such bold and intrepid pioneers as Captain Turner, with the boldness and faith that they possessed, who brought about the development of the great and grand commonwealth in which we, as Texans, take pride and enjoy the fruits of their labor to-day. It is sad when one of these sturdy old pioneers passes over the border and vividly calls to mind the thinning ranks of this revered link of the present with those hardy, rugged lays of the long ago, when Texas was in her infancy and these pioneers wrested from the wilderness the beloved land in which we all rejoice, and give them the credit for our wondrous land to-day."

[J. H. Faubion, President Williamson County Confederate Association.]

CAPT. GEORGE W. SHORT.

George Washington Short, pioneer citizen of Wise County, Tex., died at the home of his son in Amarillo, Tex., on August 27, aged eighty-two years.



CAPT. G. W. SHORT.

His body was taken to Decatur and there interred in Oaklawn Cemetery with Masonic ceremonies. He was a valued member of that order for sixty years.

Until about a year ago, when his health gave way, Captain Short was actively engaged in farming and cattle raising near Decatur, conducting his ranch most successfully. He had gained a reputation all over the country as a breeder of fine Shorthorn cattle, which took many premiums at State fairs in Texas and Louisiana.

George W. Short was born in Marshall County,

Ky., December 24, 1842, but his parents removed to Claiborne Parish, La., when he was five years old, and he there grew to manhood. In September, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving as a member of Company H, 17th Louisiana Volunteer Infantry. His regiment spent the winter of 1861-62 in New Orleans, and in March, 1862, went to Corinth, Miss., and in April took part in the battle of Shiloh, where many worthy comrades were lost. In May the regiment was moved to Vicksburg, where it was reorganized, and young Short was elected sergeant of his company. The command later engaged in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Port Gibson, and the siege of Vicksburg, where he was captured, July 4, 1863, and paroled. After being exchanged, he served in the Trans-Mississippi Department to the end of the war.

On December 31, 1868, Comrade Short was married to Miss Martha Phipps, of Haynesville, La., and in January, 1874, he took his family to Denton County, Tex., going to Wise County in 1881, which had since been his home. He was a charter member and commander of the R. Q. Mills Camp, No. 360 U. C. V., and later became a member of Ben McCulloch Camp No. 30 U. C. V., and served as its commander several years. In 1917 he was made commander of the 4th Bridage, Texas Division, U. C. V. He was a sterling and loyal veteran of the Confederacy and was a member of the managing committee for the annual reunions, which he always attended.

Captain Short had an important part in the life of his community in his younger days, a man of strong convictions, upright in his dealings and highly esteemed as a substantial citizen. He is survived by five sons.

OLDEST MEMBER.—The death of Joe Sigle, the oldest member of Camp No. 770, of Los Angeles, Calif., is reported by Mrs. F. B. Harrington, Assistant Adjutant General of the Pacific Division, U. C. V. He died in September, aged ninety-eight years and nine months, having been in good health until two months before. His death is a great loss to the Camp.

ANDREW R. POPE.

Andrew R. Pope, one of the last three members of the Shelby Grays, C. S. A., of Memphis, Tenn., died at his home in Memphis, on October 28, at the age of eighty-four years. He was a lifetime citizen of Shelby County, and a magistrate of that county for thirty years.

"Uncle Billy" Moore, superintendent of Elmwood Cemetery, and J. B. Kirby are now the only survivors of that company of one hundred gallant Southerners who represented Shelby County so well under the flag of the Confederacy.

His wife, who was Miss Mary Murrell, of Somerville, Tenn., survives him, with two sons and two daughters. They celebrated their golden wedding anniversary several years ago.

Andrew Pope was born at the old Pope home where the Shelby County Hospital now stands, on December 8, 1841. He enlisted in May, 1861, as a private in Company A, 4th Tennessee. He was later in the Signal Corps, but returned to Company A and took part in the battle of Shiloh, then went back to the Signal Corps, in which he served until the end of the war. He was captured at Perryville, was exchanged, and rejoined the army at Shelbyville. He was paroled in April, 1865.

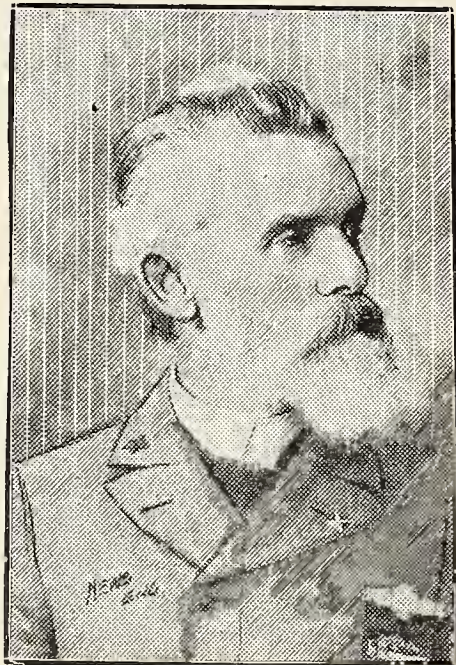
Public office beckoned him in the years after the war, and he became a member of the county court, serving as a magistrate of the Sixth District and later of Thomastown. In 1912, with the institution of the commission form of government, he retired.

His father, Col. John Pope, had resided on the Raleigh Road, Memphis, and sold the county the property for the Shelby County Hospital.

GEN. A. C. OXFORD, U. C. V.

After an illness of about two years, Gen. Allen C. Oxford died at his home in Birmingham, Ala., September 30, 1925. He was born in Pickens County, Ala., June 6, 1841. His parents died in his early childhood leaving him to his own resources. He worked in a blacksmith's shop when but a small boy, afterwards on a farm, and later was employed in a photograph gallery at Tuscaloosa, Ala.

When the War between the States came on, he enlisted early in 1861, joining the McCaa Rangers, of Pickens County, then the Pope Walker Battalion, at Columbus, Miss. He did service and scout duty on the Tennessee River until after the battle of Shiloh and until General Wheeler took charge of the cavalry forces of Bragg's army, then he joined Company D, 8th Regiment, Tennessee Army, and followed Wheeler's command until the last gun was fired. He was at one time on the staff of General Wheeler, and also aide-de-camp to General Humes. He participated in all the arduous and trying campaigns of Kentucky, Tennessee,



GEN. A. C. OXFORD.

Georgia, North and South Carolina. He was never captured, never surrendered, and never took the oath of allegiance; never deserted, never drew but one furlough, and gave that as "boot" in a horse swap, and remained with his command until Wheeler surrendered his gallant army.

After the war, young Oxford returned to Pickensville, going from there to Columbus, Miss., afterwards to Marion and Selma, Ala., and then to Birmingham in 1872, and there followed the photographer's business twelve years. In the earlier days of Birmingham he was very active in all religious and civic affairs.

In 1868 he was married to Miss Alethea Whitlow, of Old Spring Hill, Ala., who died in 1880. He was married the second time to Miss Fannie Spiva, of Camden, Ala., who died in 1919.

He was a charter member of Camp Hardee, Birmingham, Ala., and Commander of the camp two years, and was also Commander of the 4th Alabama Brigade two years.

One of his acquaintances, knowing him well while he was living, wrote of him: "There is no man in the State of Alabama more beloved by those who know him than General Oxford, for his noble traits of character, sincerity of purpose, true worth as a man and brave Confederate soldier and defender of the Southern cause. May this good man live to attend many more reunions. God bless him."

He is survived by one son-in-law, two granddaughters, and many nieces and nephews.

[J. C. Morris.]

COMRADES OF HAGERSTOWN, MD.

A recent death in Hagerstown was that of Reuben Andrew Jackson Hornsby, a former citizen of Williamsport, Md., and a native of North Carolina. He served in the Confederate States navy, and was thought to be the last survivor of the naval battle between the Virginia and the Monitor. In that engagement he was nearly drowned, being blown into the water by an explosion on the vessel. He was rescued in time, however, and served faithfully to the close of the war. His was a commanding figure, a type of the hardy North Carolinian, standing over six feet in his stocking feet. He was in his eighty-fourth year, a member of the M. E. Church, South, and a true Christian.

Joseph H. Wright, of Williamsport, Md., died on October 18, at his home in that town. He was a member of the immortal and invincible Stonewall Brigade, and served with distinction all through the war. He was a native of Virginia, a member of the Presbyterian Church, of the Odd Fellows, and Junior Order of American Mechanics, and a supervisor of the Western Maryland Railroad for forty years. He was in his seventy-sixth year.

Joseph Green, colored, one of the immortal Stonewall's body servants, who served with Jackson in the war, died at Williamsport during October, his age being given as eighty-eight years.

[B. F. Grosh, October, 1925.]

OKLAHOMA COMRADES.

W. S. Kilgore, aged eighty years, died May 17, 1925; he was a member of the 9th Georgia Regiment.

John N. Harris, aged eighty-three years, died April 22, 1925; served with the 3rd Mississippi Cavalry.

I. J. H. Clark, aged seventy-nine years, died December 26, 1924; served with the 20th Texas Regiment.

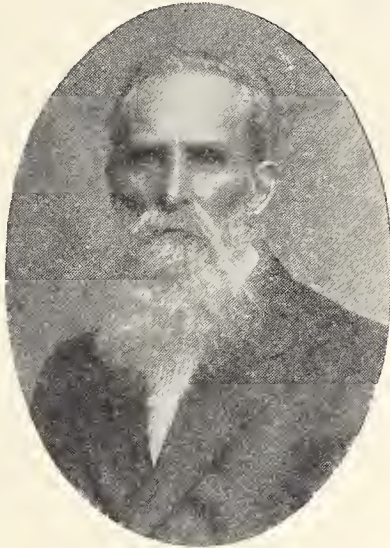
All were members of Jo Shelby Camp, No. 975 U. C. V., of Chickasha, Okla.

[J. S. Downs, Adjutant.]

ISAAC ANDERSON REED.

On October 1, 1925, the gentle spirit of Isaac Anderson Reed crossed the river to "rest under the shade of the trees."

He was born in Dekalb County, Ga., July 8, 1840, and in his twentieth year volunteered for the Confederate army, joining what was known as the Roswell Guards, under Capt. Tom King, which later became a part of the 7th Georgia Regiment, Anderson's Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps. As a private of Company H, serving in Virginia, he took part in the first battle of Manassas, where he received nine bullet holes through his clothes and one through his hat. His service continued until he was



ISAAC A. REED.

wounded three times at the battle of Knoxville, November 29, 1863, in the assault on Fort Sanders. He was wounded in the leg and arm and also received a Minie ball in his shoulder, which he carried almost fifty-one years in his body, it having been removed in October, 1914, after which his health improved. His wife, who was Miss Martha Gaines, died some three years ago, his son had also died, and his last years were spent with his only daughter, Mrs. Tom Hamby, of Marietta, Ga. Each birthday anniversary had for many years been celebrated at the home of his daughter by inviting a few friends and some of the "boys who wore the gray" to come and spend a while together living in the past.

At an early age, Comrade Reed joined the Methodist Church at Mt. Bethel, in Cobb County, and remained a member of this Church, which he helped to build, until the fall of 1883, when he moved to Roswell, Ga. In 1906, he and his wife went to Marietta to live with their daughter.

A friend wrote of him: "Mr. Reed was the type of man and citizen that was loved by all with whom he came in contact, a man the children liked to know as well as the older people. . . . He was one of the most consistent members of the Church, and, when his health would permit, he was never absent from Sunday school or Church services."

COMRADES OF HENRY COUNTY, TENN.

Lewis Cole, the only man from Henry County, Tenn., who served in the Confederate navy, surrendering under Admiral Semmes at Mobile, Ala., died recently at the age of eighty-nine years. He is survived by two sons and two daughters, his wife having died some thirty years ago. He was a member of the Fitzgerald Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, and his funeral services were conducted at Bethesda Church by his comrades and Adjutant of the Camp.

Samuel Newton King, of Henry County, died at the age of eighty-eight years, on October 22. He served with Company A, 5th Tennessee Infantry, through the war, a faithful and gallant soldier. He was a member of the Fitzgerald Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris. Three sons and a daughter survive him.

Comrade King was a quiet, unpretentious citizen, and since the death of his wife many years ago he had made his home with his sons. The funeral services were held at Hagler's

Chapel by young Brother Davidson and the writer and with some of his veteran friends in attendance to pay this last tribute of respect to a faithful and devoted comrade.

[P. P. Pullen, Paris, Tenn.]

H. A. EIFFERT.

At the age of eighty-three years, H. A. Eiffert died at his home in Cleveland, Tenn., on the 26th of October, after a long illness. He was a native of Bradley County, Tenn., and served throughout the War between the States as a member of Company B, 10th Missouri Infantry, having much active service. After the war he settled in Southwestern Virginia, where he was a pioneer in the development of the great cabbage culture for which that section is now noted.

He returned to his native county in 1912, and had since made his home at Cleveland, where he was an appreciated citizen with a host of friends. He was a lifelong member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was always active in its work. He was also a member of the John D. Traynor Camp, No. 590 U. C. V., of that place.

Surviving him are his wife, five daughters, and two sons, sixteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. After funeral services from the home, he was laid to rest in Fort Hill Cemetery.

[J. M. Culton, Adjutant John D. Traynor Camp.]

WILLIAM JASPER BROWN.

On October 14, 1925, William Jasper Brown died in Jackson, Miss., at the age of eighty years.

Enlisting in the Confederate army on May 14, 1863, at Jackson, Miss., he reported to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston as courier, his duties being directed by Col. Edwin J. Harris, Inspector General of the staff of General Johnston. When Johnston was relieved from command of the army, Brown served under Hood, and in February, 1865, was transferred to Company F, Wood's Regiment, Wirt Adams's Brigade, Mississippi Cavalry. On the 12th of May, 1865, at Gainesville, Ala., he received his parole, and, in his faded and tattered uniform, started on his homeward march to Jackson, Miss., where he lived thereafter.

At the time of his death he was serving as Adjutant of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., a post of honor he had held for a number of years. It was the proud record of Comrade Brown that until the present year he had never missed a Confederate reunion in Mississippi, and on many occasions he attended the general reunions. Those attending these reunions will recall a special float that was featured by him, that of the thirteen Confederate States being represented by young ladies, each carrying a State flag.

"Jim" Brown, as he was familiarly known, had a host of friends throughout the commonwealth, and many will mourn his loss. He served twenty-five years as deputy clerk of the Supreme Court at Jackson, Miss., and no more faithful and efficient man ever held public office.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Janie Swann, and a daughter, Mrs. Mary Lee Granberry; a brother, L. P. Brown, of Meridian; also one sister, Mrs. John T. Buck, of Jackson.

He was made a Master Mason in October, 1870, a Royal Arch Mason in December of the same year, and in 1871 a Knight Templar. He was a loyal and devoted member of Galloway Memorial Methodist Church, where he was a regular attendant until his last illness. It can be truly said that Jackson never had a more genial, affable, companionable, and lovable citizen than "Jim" Brown, and the entire community mourns his loss.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.....*First Vice President General*

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

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Houston Tex.....*Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City.....*Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. FRANK O. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La... *Corresponding Secretary General*

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MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark.....*Treasurer General*

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

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla.....*Registrar General*
917 North K Street

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

MRS. JACKSON BRANT, Maryland.....*Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

THE CONVENTION AT HOT SPRINGS.

REPORTED BY MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, NEWBERRY, S. C.

No convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy ever opened more auspiciously than did the thirty-second, in the ballroom of the magnificent New Arlington Hotel, at Hot Springs, Ark., on Tuesday evening, November 17. More than one thousand delegates and visitors composed the audience. The decorations in the beautifully appointed ballroom were typical of the occasion—the Stars and Bars, the memorial flags of the organization, portraits of President Davis, and the Stars and Stripes. The stage was banked with autumn boughs from the city's mountainsides, interspersed with ferns and flowers, while for a background there shone forth the gorgeous electrically lighted emblem of the U. D. C., so generously presented to the organization by the Savannah Chapter in 1925; and over the stage hung the flag that embodies the sentiment in the heart of every loyal U. D. C.—“Peace for All the Earth.” The audience was entertained with a delightful musical program of Southern numbers from the Meyer-Davis Orchestra, heard every night in the programs from KTHS Radio Station. At the sound of the bugle call, the pages, forty beautiful girls of Southern ancestry, led the procession of general officers and guests of honor. Most impressive was the invocation of Rev. Charles Collins, who at its close was joined by more than a thousand voices in the Lord's Prayer.

Addresses of welcome that left no doubt as to their sincere cordiality were given by his Excellency, Gov. T. J. Terral, of Arkansas; by F. Leslie Body, Secretary, Hot Springs Chamber of Commerce; by Mrs. Lora G. Goolsby, President Arkansas Division, U. D. C.; and by Mrs. W. E. Massey, Hot Springs Chapter, U. D. C.

The response to these was given by Mrs. W. D. Lamar, of Georgia. Miss Decca West, of Texas, presented the President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, who responded in a short but eloquent speech.

Congratulations and good wishes were expressed in the greetings brought by Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander in Chief, U. C. V.; Dr. W. C. Galloway, Commander in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans; Mrs. Harry Anderson, the Arkansas Society, D. A. R.; Maj. Howell Brewer, Official Orator, American Legion; and Mrs. Samuel Preston Davis, President National Society, United States Daughters of 1812.

The only one of the eleven living Honorary Presidents present was Mrs. C. B. Bryan, of Tennessee, daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes, who was presented by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky. Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, of West Virginia, presented the Past Presidents General—Mrs. J. C. Muse, of Texas; Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Mississippi;

Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of South Carolina; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Kentucky; and Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, of New York. The program was interspersed with vocal numbers by three of Hot Springs's talented singers—Miss John Wootton, W. C. Brown, and Mrs. J. C. Miller. The presentation of the lovely pages by the chairman, Mrs. Edwin Goffigon, of Virginia, closed the exercises.

Wednesday morning found the convention ready for business, Mrs. R. W. McKinney, as chairman of the Credentials Committee, presenting a complete report when called. This report showed 2,138 Chapter votes, 18 Division Presidents, 1 Honorary President, 10 General Officers, and 4 chairmen of Standing Committees; total, 2,171. Virginia led with 311 votes, followed by Georgia with 260, North Carolina with 256, and South Carolina 200. The report from every general officer showed increased work, giving unmistakable evidence that the organization is forging ahead by rapid strides. Matters of outstanding interest reported were: Thirty-three new chapters, South Carolina leading with nine, fifty-seven new Chapters Children of the Confederacy have been chartered, with 2,957 members. In the two years of Mrs. Harrold's administration she has signed 27,000 certificates of membership, and 8,000 members have been registered in 1925. The historical and educational work has a value exceeding \$350,000, while there is an invested fund of more than \$200,000.

There were 1,245 Crosses of Service and 627 Crosses of Honor bestowed during the year. The Smithsonian Institution and the American Numismatic Society have requested Crosses of Service, and these requests have been complied with. The immensity of the work of the organization is indicated by the fact that letters written by the President General during 1925 totaled 3,500.

The outstanding feature of a brilliant Historical Evening was the presentation of two Crosses of Service, one to Col. Warren Jefferson Davis, of San Diego, Calif., the other to First Lieut. Samuel T. Smith of Conway, Ark., in recognition by the organization of their acts of bravery during the World War. Two such medals are awarded annually to soldiers, sailors, or marines who are lineal descendants of Confederate soldiers or sailors.

Colonel Davis, at present engaged as an author and attorney, was for a period in 1918 and 1919 director of military aeronautics of the American army and was decorated with the order of the Crown of Italy and the Legion of Honor of France.

Lieutenant Smith won a French Croix de Guerre for exceptional bravery in the Argonne in 1918 in which he was wounded. Colonel Davis traveled from the Pacific Coast for the especial purpose of receiving his Cross.

The annual address of the evening was delivered by Rev.

Gordon Hurlbut, Th.D., of Hot Springs. The music on the program was as beautiful as any ever heard at a general convention. The artists were Mrs. Virginus Alexander, Mrs. Ailee, Hugh Bennett, Ray West, and Mrs. E. K. Jordan, directed by Mrs. Leo Andrews, all from Pine Bluff, with an impressive musical reading by Mrs. Arthur Triplett, and these numbers were broadcast from KTHS. The awarding of the following medals and prizes was a most interesting feature of this session, which was presided over by Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, Historian General:

Anna Robinson Andrews Medal, Mrs. J. L. Woodbury, Kentucky.

Roberts Medal, Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, Tennessee.

Yoree Prizes: First, Mrs. E. J. Burch, South Carolina; second, Mrs. Lee Trammell, Georgia; third, Mrs. P. H. Lane, Philadelphia.

Orren Randolph Smith Medal, Mrs. R. P. Holt, North Carolina.

Soldier's Prize, Mrs. Mary Rutherford, Oklahoma.

Raines Banner, Virginia Division.

Rose Loving Cup, Mrs. J. D. Workman, South Carolina.

Martha Washington House Medal, Mrs. F. W. Millsbaugh, Nashville.

Blount Memorial Cup, South Carolina Division.

Hyde Medal: First, Martha Lee O'Pry, Louisiana; Second, Mary Hallett Harper, North Carolina.

Davidson Prize, Miss Elizabeth Hanna, Georgia.

Jean Fox Weinman Cup, North Carolina Division.

Perdue Loving Cup, Mrs. Ella Watson Johnson, Virginia.

Bettie Marriott Whitehead Holt Prize, Mrs. Lee McKeithan, North Carolina.

Florence Goalder Faris Medal, Miss Madge Burney, Mississippi.

Eliza Guin Medal, Amalie Sawry, St. Louis.

Ricks Banner, Mrs. Long, Newton, N. C.

Prizes bestowed during other sessions were:

Twenty-five dollars in gold offered by Mrs. J. P. Higgins, awarded to Mrs. W. J. Woodliffe, Oklahoma.

Alexander Allen Faris Loving Cup, South Carolina Division.

In connection with "Women of the South in War Times," Miss Marion Salley, of South Carolina, received the prize for carrying her Division "over the top," Mrs. R. P. Holt, of North Carolina, as Director, selling the largest number of books, and the Bethel Heroes Chapter, of North Carolina (Mrs. Holt, President), for the largest number disposed of by a Chapter.

Important matters passed on by the thirty-second convention were:

The appointment of a committee consisting of three Past Presidents General, two Recording Secretaries General, and two Historians General to compile a history of the general organization.

That the Chapters of the District of Columbia were suspended when the Division was suspended; that they were reinstated on November 25, and authorized to act as independent Chapters until such time as the Executive Board will consider with them forming a Division, which, according to the U. D. C. by-laws, is essential.

That the sum pledged to the Mrs. Norman Randolph Relief Fund for needy Confederate Women was nearly \$4,000.

That the registry fee for U. D. C. pins be increased to twenty cents, and that the price of the Cross of Honor be increased to thirty cents.

That the sincere thanks of the convention be sent Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keys for her invaluable assistance in the matter of the restoration of Arlington.

That the deep appreciation of the organization be expressed to President Coolidge and to the Congress of the United States for the tribute rendered Confederate heroes in the minting of the Stone Mountain coin.

That the Jefferson Davis Boulder be placed at Brownsville, Tex.

That, in the opinion of the U. D. C., Orren Randolph Smith, of North Carolina, was the designer of the Stars and Bars.

That the Lee Memorial Chapel Fund shall remain in trust until such time as an opportunity is offered to apply it.

That the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee be instructed to have 3,000 large maps of the United States made, showing all highways, but giving special emphasis to the Jefferson Davis Highway. Also to have a handbook published, giving maps of the States through which it passes, with all necessary data.

That the Custodian of Badges issue a medal of the same design as the one now in use, but less expensive, \$5 instead of \$8.50.

That hereafter suitable ribbons be provided for the Honorary Presidents.

That the Chapters be urged to complete the Woodrow Wilson Scholarship of \$12,000, more than half of which has been contributed, on which a partial scholarship has been awarded for this year.

The following appropriations were made:

\$2,500 to the Cornelia Branch Stone Fellowship at Randolph Macon Woman's College.

\$615 to bring the Mrs. Simon Baruch Memorial Fund to \$12,000.

\$475 to meet the deficit on the General de Polignac monument.

\$2,000 to meet the expense to the organization in connection with the Yale University Press Photo Films.

The following amendments were lost or withdrawn: To admit nieces of the remotest degree to membership; to increase the per capita tax from twenty cents to thirty-five cents; to increase the price of certificates from twenty-five cents to fifty cents; to provide a penalty for the unauthorized use of the name of the U. D. C.; to make obligatory attaching the U. D. C. emblem to the red, white, and red ribbon; all amendments pertaining to changes in Children of Confederacy by-laws.

The convention was particularly interested in the information brought by Dr. Matthew Page Andrews relative to the American Legion's efforts to have a history written suitable for use in the seventh and eighth grades of the schools; and to the production of the thirty-three photoplay films being issued by the Yale University Press, fifteen of which are finished. The organization is particularly fortunate in having Dr. Andrews as its representative in these two most important matters. Many delegates reported having used these films to great advantage. The charges are most reasonable. Information relative thereto may be obtained from Mr. Arthur Brooke, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Among those presented to the convention at various times were: Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander in Chief, U. C. V.; General Foster, Commander Texas Division, U. C. V.; General Yeager, Commander Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.; General Vance, Commander Arkansas Division, U. C. V.; Mrs. Bradley, of Tennessee, granddaughter of General Forrest; Mrs. Martin, of Tennessee, granddaughter of Admiral Semmes; Mrs. Lanier, of Connecticut, daughter-in-law of Sidney Lanier, who brought a loving message from the widow of that sweet singer of the South; Miss Pope, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; Rev. J. A. Winchester, Bishop of Arkansas,

who charmed his listeners with reminiscences of his association with many of the heroes of the Confederacy; Miss Annie Wheeler, of Alabama, daughter of "Fighting Joe" Wheeler; Mrs. J. C. Muse, of Texas, daughter of General Cabell; Mrs. Hankins, of Arkansas, daughter of General Churchill; Mrs. Wilkins, of Washington State, daughter of General Avery.

Most impressive were the memorial exercises held under the direction of Mrs. C. E. Bolling, of Richmond. Since the last convention, four Honorary Presidents have been called from earth—Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Mrs. W. C. Hume, Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, and Mrs. C. Helen Plane. North Carolina mourns the death of two Past Presidents, most active workers in the general organization—Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash Morrison and Mrs. T. W. Wilson.

Officers elected for 1925-26 are:

President General, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton. Charleston, S. C.

First Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, Charleston, W. Va.

Second Vice President General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chatham, Va.

Third Vice President General, Miss Katie Daffan, Houston, Tex.

Recording Secretary General, Mrs. A. J. Smith, New York.

Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. Frank O. Kolman, New Orleans.

Treasurer General, Mrs. R. H. Ramsey, Little Rock, Ark.

Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Louisville, Ky.

Registrar General, Mrs. W. J. Woodliff, Muskogee, Okla.

Custodian of Crosses of Honor and Service, Mrs. Tempe W. Holt, Rocky Mount, N. C.

Custodian of Flags and Pennants, Mrs. Jackson Brant, Maryland.

Honorary Presidents, Mrs. Peter Youree, Louisiana; Mrs. W. D. Mason, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. C. A. Forney-Smith, Arkansas; Mrs. C. C. Clay, California.

Invitations were extended from Memphis, Tenn., Macon, Ga., Seattle, Wash., and Richmond, Va.; but all withdrew in favor of Richmond.

The convention in Hot Springs bears the unique distinction of being the first to have any of its proceedings broadcast over the radio, this through the courtesy of Station KTHS. In the past gifts of various kinds have been presented to the Presidents General, but only Arkansas, the "Wonder State," has presented a beautiful solitaire diamond ring and a bar pin carrying a pearl of unusual beauty, the diamond the product of the State's own mines, and the pearl taken from a shell of the White River.

The social affairs will appear next month.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Missouri.—The twenty-ninth annual reunion of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., was held in Kansas City, October 12 and 13. An official check showed forty-three veterans registered, which was an unusual attendance considering the rainy weather. Interesting programs of addresses, music, and readings were given, and luncheons were served at the Westport Baptist Church.

A most colorful affair was the ball on Monday evening at the Jack-o'-Lantern, with the five Kansas City Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy as hostesses. The ballroom was beautifully decorated with Confederate and American flags.

By unanimous vote, the following officers were reelected for the ensuing year: Maj. Gen. A. A. Pearson, Kansas City,

Commander Missouri Division; Brig. Gen. John W. Barton, Frankford, Mo., Commander Eastern Division; Gen. P. H. Franklin, Marshall, Mo., Commander of Western Division.

Blackwater Chapter No. 1764 has lost a good friend in the recent death of Amos O'Neal, a member of George B. Harper Camp, U. C. V., of Cooper County.

* * *

North Carolina.—Special efforts were put forth by this Historical Committee, Mrs. John Anderson, Historian of the Division, to have a general observance of North Carolina Day, October 12. Programs were issued for the observance, containing the music and words of the State song and a history of the State flag. In several counties every school was presented with a State flag. This department also fostered a Southern Poets' Day in all the schools of the State.

Among important actions taken by the Division convention, recently held in Fayetteville, were: Inauguration of an intensive campaign for the erection of a suitable North Carolina monument at Gettysburg, to cost \$75,000 to \$100,000; sponsorship of a project to raise \$1,500 for the beautification of the Cemetery near the Confederate Home; and the subscribing of \$200 or more for historical research and preservation of important historical documents.

Two silver cups and \$400 in gold prizes were awarded at the convention.

Officers elected were: President, Mrs. J. Dolph Long, Graham; First Vice President, Mrs. H. M. Landon, Raleigh; Second Vice President, Mrs. L. B. Newell, Charlotte; Third Vice President, Mrs. Sidney Cooper, Henderson; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Glenn Long, Newton; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Allen Thompson, Graham; Treasurer, Mrs. Charles Wallace, Morehead City; Registrar, Mrs. Emma Wallace, Charlotte; Historian, Mrs. John H. Anderson, Fayetteville; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. W. E. White, Louisburg; Director of Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. W. R. Cowper, Gatesville; Chaplain, Mrs. Andrew Falkner, Goldsboro.

* * *

Ohio.—The twenty-fourth annual convention of this Division was held October 14, in Cincinnati, with the Stonewall Jackson Chapter as hostess. Reports from officers, chairmen of standing committees, and Chapters showed an active and enthusiastic interest in all departments of the work. The convention voted to send a request to the War Department that the fence surrounding Johnson's Island Cemetery for Confederate soldiers be painted. The Division will continue its care of Mrs. Mary Johnson, Franklin, Ohio, aged Southern woman who needs this support. The silver jubilee of the Division will be held in Columbus, October, 1926. A unique feature of the convention luncheon, attended by sixty-five guests and given at the Hotel Sinton, was the decoration of the tables. This consisted of a Jefferson Davis Highway in miniature extending the entire length of the three long tables, "planted" with trees, up and down which sped automobiles, dogs wandered across it, and ducks swam in near-by ponds. The toys were distributed as souvenirs after the luncheon.

The historical session held in the evening at the hotel was a real "Dixie" evening—Southern songs, groups of Dixie readings, Southern instrumental numbers, and reminiscences of the South by Col. Edward Colston. An interesting motion picture, descriptive of the closing days of Stephen Foster, was shown.

Officers for 1925-26 are: President, Mrs. Albert S. Porter, Cleveland; First Vice President, Mrs. M. M. Crocker, Columbus; Second Vice President, Mrs. S. E. Lyle, Dayton; Third Vice President, Mrs. J. P. Broyles, Cincinnati; Recording

Secretary, Mrs. John Robinson, Fort Thomas; Treasurer, Mrs. Leroy Rose, Columbus; Historian, Mrs. J. P. Pickett, Cincinnati; Custodian, Mrs. A. H. Sanford, Columbus.

* * *

South Carolina.—The John McKellar Reynolds Chapter, of Greenwood, celebrated the birthday of Admiral Raphael Semmes with a public meeting, Dr. W. M. Vines making the address of the evening. At the conclusion of the service, two Southern Crosses of Honor were presented to descendants of Confederate veterans, and fifty-two Crosses of Service to World War veterans.

The Johnson Hagood Chapter, of Barnwell, met on Semmes's birthday with the "boys of the '60's" as guests of honor, at which time two were presented with Southern Crosses of Honor.

The William Wallace Chapter recently entertained the "girls of the '60's:" when presented the entire Chapter stood to greet them. A special program was given for their entertainment.

The St. Matthews Chapter at its last meeting was presented with a sword belonging to the father of one of its members. It was accepted with great pleasure and put into the South Carolina relic room for safe keeping.

Mrs. O. D. Black, South Carolina Division President, was recently entertained by the Ellenton and Leesville Chapters. Of the Ellenton Chapter, Mrs. Eugene Buckingham, President—and the only president they have ever had—Mrs. Black says: "Since its organization in 1917 the Ellenton Chapter has not failed in any of its undertakings and is always 100 per cent in U. D. C. objectives."

* * *

West Virginia.—This Division held its twenty-seventh annual convention in Clarksburg, the birthplace of Stonewall Jackson, on September 23-24, where they were entertained by the Stonewall Jackson Chapter. On Tuesday evening, September 22, a brilliant reception was given at the home of one of the members, and the convention closed on Thursday afternoon with an automobile trip to Jackson's Mills, twenty-six miles from Clarksburg.

The William Stanley Hammond Chapter, of Fairmont, entertained the convention at a lovely tea at the home of Mrs. Edwin Robinson, the honor guests including Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Retiring President; Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, Past President, and indorsed by the convention for First Vice President General; Miss Sally Lee Powell, newly elected Second Vice President; and Mrs. Ira Bowen, Registrar.

A larger number of delegates than usual attended, and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. B. M. Hoover, Elkins; First Vice President, Mrs. Edwin A. Robinson, Fairmont; Second Vice President, Miss Sallie Lee Powell, Shepherdstown; Recording Secretary, Miss Loretta Keenan, Clarksburg; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Feamster, Alderson; Treasurer, Miss Mary C. Stribling, Martinsburg; Historian, Mrs. Jane Price Dice, Lewisburg; Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Miss Bertha E. White, Parkersburg.

Miss Orta F. Tomlinson of Charles Town, who for many years has been the faithful and most efficient Historian, was made Honorary Historian.

The 1926 convention will be held in Shepherdstown.

The Parkersburg Chapter held its annual picnic in June and as usual the Confederate veterans were the guests of honor. A large number of members and friends attended, and it was one of the most enjoyable affairs ever given.

This Chapter had the honor of having one of its younger members, Miss Virginia McCluer, appointed a maid of honor

to Adjutant General Hampden Osbourne to assist at the reunion in Dallas, Tex.

* * *

Washington.—So pleasant it is to Daughters down in Dixie to hear of how other U. D. C.'s are "carrying on" in far Western and Northern States, that we shall quote the letter from Mrs. Julia V. Fletcher, of Tacoma, in full:

"I am hoping that a short account of what the U. D. C.'s are doing in this far corner of our country may be of interest to the readers of the VETERAN in Dixieland.

"The Washington Division held its annual convention October 14, in Tacoma. The three Chapters were represented by delegates, and the convention opened in the Hotel Winthrop, at 10 A.M. The usual preliminaries were finished before luncheon, which was in true Southern style. The tables were decorated with red and white carnations, and a cotton boll was at each place, sent by a brother of one of our members from North Carolina. The reports of the Chapters showed increased interest in the work and the care of the veterans. Robert E. Lee Chapter, Seattle, told of the monument to cost \$3,000 to be placed in their Confederate lot in Lakeview, Cemetery. Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, has placed twelve grave markers over the veterans buried in Tacoma Cemetery. These markers were furnished by the Attalla Foundry in Alabama. Our Memorial Day, June 3, was well attended. After our ritual service, addresses were made by Judge John D. Fletcher and General Johnstone, Commander of Camp Lewis, U. S. Army Post, near Tacoma.

"The following officers were elected for two years: President, Mrs. May Avery Wilkins, R. E. Lee Chapter, Seattle; First Vice President, Mrs. Holmes, Spokane; Second Vice President, Mrs. C. P. Gammon, Dixie Chapter, Tacoma; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Irving, R. E. Lee Chapter; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Calhoun, R. E. Lee Chapter; Treasurer, Mrs. Haile, Mildred Lee, Spokane; Historian, Mrs. A. W. Ollor, Dixie; Registrar, Mrs. Kurt Schluss, Dixie; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Carlson, Spokane.

"The President, Mrs. Wilkins, will attend the Hot Springs convention."

TRYING TO RECORD TRUTH ABOUT THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, VICE CHAIRMAN RUTHERFORD HISTORY COMMITTEE, U. D. C.

Those Daughters of the Confederacy who are working directly under the Historical Department feel that it is our sacred duty to "Keep History Straight" and to record the truth about our beloved Southland, bearing always in mind the motto of the U. D. C., "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

The Rutherford History Committee, now a subcommittee under the Historian General, U. D. C., is endeavoring to disseminate literature that will educate the students of America in the truths of Southern history. Similar committees of the United Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans are following the same lines, and through these channels, as well as the subcommittee on Southern Literature and Textbooks, and the General History Committee, many errors may be corrected. These committees cannot do all, but each Daughter of the Confederacy may help by using her influence in her own community. The distribution of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the greatest and most valuable help that the Rutherford Committee has in recording these truths, and we are deeply appreciative of its influence. When we study the growth of the Historical Department of the U. D. C., we see what a mighty power it has become, being second to none in the general organization.

TO HEROES OF TWO WARS.

A long-cherished dream of the Josiah Gorgas Chapter, U. D. C., of Montevallo, Ala., was realized in the dedication of its Memorial Chapel to veterans of two wars. On Sunday afternoon, April 26, the town joined in a parade to the cemetery, where appropriate exercises were held, with addresses by Maj. Cage Head, Commander of the American Legion Post; C. G. Smith, President of the Exchange Club; and response by Maj. R. A. Reid, who accepted the chapel on behalf of the city.

An interesting feature of the program was the presentation of the Palmer Prize to Myra Horn, of the sixth grade, for the "best essay on Lee or Jackson." This prize is given by the President of the Chapter, Mrs. T. W. Palmer, and will be offered yearly. A second prize, offered by the Brotherhood Sunday School Class, was awarded to Milton Orr, and the third, given by Dr. J. I. Reid, was won by Reba June Reid.

The music was furnished by the College Quartet and children of the public school, and at the close of the program flowers were placed on graves of Confederate veterans, already marked with evergreens, and on those of World War veterans, marked with United States flags.

The presence of only two Confederate veterans was a forcible reminder that the beloved "thin gray line" will soon be just a memory, but it is the hope of these loyal Daughters of the Confederacy that the few remaining heroes will bear this message to their comrades: "We live in hearts we leave behind."

DRAMATIZATION OF THE "WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

It will be of general interest to the United Daughters of the Confederacy to know that the dramatization of their volume has been set forth in an attractive booklet entitled "Living Pages from 'Women of the South in War Times,'" a pageant by Mrs. Ila Earle Fowler, President of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, of Frankfort, Ky.

The original dramatization at Frankfort was acted by schoolgirls, who were dressed in costumes to represent their grandmothers or great-grandmothers. The characters in "Women of the South in War Times" were personified under the supervision of Mrs. Fowler and the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter; and the costume effect is given by photograph in the frontispiece, with directions as to how the pageant can be set forth at Chapter or community entertainments.

Copies of this booklet may be obtained by U. D. C. Chapters gratis through Mrs. Edwin Robinson, Chairman of the Committee on Publicity, 532 Fairmont Avenue, Fairmont, W. Va.

SPARTAN MOTHERS.—C. Mashburn, of Dover, N. C., sends the names of two other North Carolina mothers who contributed sons to the Confederate army, one of whom sent six sons into the ranks with Company A, 35th North Carolina Regiment, and two of them did not come back; and Mrs. Durant Cox had three sons serving in the same company, only one returning home.

Who knows anything of a Miss Virginia Moon, a Confederate spy known as "Miss Ginger"? Any information will be appreciated.

DIXIE.

[The writing of these lines was occasioned by the remarks made by a Confederate veteran upon hearing "Dixie" played and sung by a boatload of girls on Long Island Sound.]

Hear them sing it, girlish voices,
Little dreaming as they sing,
How an old man's heart rejoices,
How the echoes round him ring.

Loud we sang that grand old chorus
In the days of long ago,
When the Stars and Bars were o'er us
And Virginia's soil below.

Souls of comrades round me rally;
We were young and lusty then,
Marching down a pleasant valley
With a hundred thousand men.

Ah, I've known that war song rolling
Down the hills of Tennessee
Set ten thousand bells a-tolling
From Missouri to the sea.

I have known it, rising higher,
Heavy with sulphuric breath,
Sweep an even line of fire
Up the very slope of death.

I have known it, wildly ringing,
As the squadroned horse went by,
With ten thousand sabers swinging
And ten thousand throats a-cry.

I have known it rise victorious,
And its martial strains were sweet;
And I've known it, still more glorious,
Cheering brave men in defeat.

I have known it—passing measure
Let my final tribute be—
I have known it kindle pleasure
On the face of Robert Lee.

So sing on, ye girlish voices,
Little dreaming as ye sing
How an old man's heart rejoices,
How the echoes round him ring.

—Edward A. Blount, Dallas, Tex.

SPIRIT OF THE OLD SOUTH.—In a city in Tennessee, the afternoon before Christmas, a dozen or more people stood on a corner awaiting a belated street car. An old negress, bent, ragged, and hobbling by aid of a stick, approached the group, peering questioningly at each person. Then with confidence she accosted an aged lady, presented a battered tin cup, and called out cheerily: "Chris'mus Eve, Mistis!" The lady turned, her wrinkled face lighting instantly. "You get everything I have," she said, and emptied the contents of her purse into the cup. With a fervent but chuckling "Thanky, Mistis," the old woman stumped happily away and the incident was closed. For that brief period the spirit of the Old South awoke, type answered type. Across a gap of sixty years, the former slave called to the former slave owner and "Mistis" had responded with quick and understanding love.

—Contributed.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
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TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

My Dear Coworkers: With the dawning of the morning of another Christmas Day, a loving message of greeting and thoughtful appreciation turns my heart to you in remembrance of the cordial support accorded me during the past year and during all the seven years that I have striven to serve you to the limit of my ability. While we celebrate the advent of the Prince of Peace, may the "peace that passeth understanding" be yours. The dominant thought of the world is "peace," and every Christian soul unites with joyful song: "All hail the power of Jesus' name." This thought has echoed down the ages, and the urge of passing on and joining in this triumphant chorus of praise to God from whom all blessings flow rises as a paean of thanksgiving from this land of ours, so blessed by the giver of all good.

May each home and fireside awake at this glorious season to find the fullness of joy which is our inheritance, and wherever shadows of sickness and sorrow abide, may the message, "come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and find rest unto your souls," bring light out of darkness and enable us to look up and not down, to look out and to find the closing of this, another year, one of joy in that "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son" to bring us peace and happiness, which come with love to our fellow men and service in their behalf. May our thoughts be: Where can we best serve to make this world a better place in which to live? In brightening and helping other lives to a higher plane of service, and in following the command, "Love one another," then shall we receive at the closing of life's little day: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

With every good wish for a most happy and blessed Christmas,

Yours in affectionate and loving service.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

NEW MEMBER OF ADVISORY BOARD.

Mrs. Warren D. White has been appointed by the President General as a resident member of the Advisory Board of the C. S. M. A., and will be an invaluable addition to the board. Mrs. White has had large experience in patriotic work, having served as Regent and Historian of the Joseph Habersham Chapter, D. A. R., one of the largest Chapters in the South.

She has rendered invaluable service for the past three years as Registrar of the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., one of the largest Chapters in the general organization; is Recording Secretary of the Atlanta War Mothers' Service Legion; Past Acting Secretary of the Stone Mountain Monumental Association; present chairman International Relations Committee of the Joseph Habersham Chapter, D. A. R.; and Corresponding Secretary of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association; cultured and studious, she will be given a cordial welcome to the Board.

* * *

THE GOLD BAR OF HONOR FOR CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

Mrs. Ernest Walworth, of Memphis, Tenn., the loyal and capable chairman of the committee to seek out these dear old mothers who have living veteran sons—and they are pitifully few—is working untiringly to see that they have the honor of wearing this token of loving appreciation given by the C. S. M. A., and has within the past year located three of these precious relics of a glorious past. Each one, more than ninety years old, has had her heart gladdened and her last days made happier and brighter by this recognition. Will not every loyal C. S. M. A. lend a helping hand in locating these dear mothers? Do try; the time is so short.

* * *

Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle and Miss Phoebe Frazer have left Memphis for their winter home in Tampa, Fla., and will be sorely missed from their large circle of Memphis friends.

THE SOLDIER DEAD.

BY ALBERT H. ELLIOTT, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

[Written on seeing a Confederate flag in front of a house in Richmond, Va, on Memorial Day, May 30, 1925.]

Unfurl thy flag, Confederate,
On this Memorial Day.
You honor thus the soldier dead,
Those clothed in blue or gray.

Unfurl thy flag, Confederate,
Let no one say thee nay;
The memory of your patriot dead
Shall consecrate this day.

Fold up your flag, Confederate,
The day of prayer is over.
Men of North greet men of South,
One land, one flag, forever.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
 PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark. *Surgeon in Chief*
 JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 REV. ALBERT S. JOHNSON, Charlotte, N. C. *Chaplain in Chief*
 DON FARNSWORTH, New York City. *Commissary in Chief*

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DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, *Chairman*. Wilmington, N. C.
 N. B. FORREST. Atlanta, Ga.
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 LUCIUS L. MOSS. Lake Charles, La.
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 L. A. MORTON. Duncan, Okla.



DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA. John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
 ARMY TENNESSEE. Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.
 ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—Washington.
 Fielding M. Lewis
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York City. Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Savannah. Dr. W. R. Dancy
 KENTUCKY—Lexington. W. V. McFerrin
 LOUISIANA—Monroe. J. W. McWilliams
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. W. Scott Hancock
 MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo. John M. Witt
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell. Harry D. Calhoun
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. T. E. Powers
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. A. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

NOTES AND REPORTS.

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

When we hear some super-progressive allude slightly to the "Old South" and boast of our having gotten away from the philosophy and customs of that time, let us always bear in mind that those old days produced as fruits of their time George Washington and Robert E. Lee. Let us then ask the critical one where he can point to any other civilization which bore such fruit.

ARKANSAS DIVISION GENERAL ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS ARKANSAS DIVISION, S. C. V.,
 LITTLE ROCK, ARK., October 17, 1925.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

To be read before all Camps of the Arkansas Division.

1. By virtue of my election as Division Commander for Arkansas of the Sons of Confederate Veterans by the State convention in the city of Little Rock, which met October 17, I hereby assume command of all Brigades and Camps comprising the Confederation in the State.

2. I hereby announce the appointment of my official staff, Brigade Commanders, Executive Council, and Standing Committees:

Official Staff.

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Robert D. Lee, Little Rock, Ark.

Division Quartermaster, Gordon N. Peay, Sr., Little Rock, Ark.

Division Surgeon, Dr. W. T. Fike, Warren, Ark.

Division Commissary, G. W. Culberhouse, Jonesboro, Ark.

Division Chaplain, Dr. Philip Cone Fletcher, Little Rock, Ark.

Division Historian, M. E. Dunnaway, Little Rock, Ark.

Division Judge Advocate, Judge James E. Hogue, Little Rock, Ark.

Division Color Sergeant, J. K. Smith, Texarkana, Ark.

Division Organizer and Lecturer, R. Minor Wallace, Little Rock, Ark.

Division Executive Council.

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Robert D. Lee, Little Rock, Ark.

First Brigade Commander, Mr. Poole, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Second Brigade Commander, T. P. Harris, Bentonville, Ark.

Third Brigade Commander, A. H. Ballard, Piggott, Ark.

Fourth Brigade Commander, J. H. Hamilton, Mena, Ark.

Fifth Brigade Commander, R. W. Rodgers, Texarkana, Ark.

Past Commander in Chief, W. W. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.

Past Commander, A. D. Pope, McNeil, Ark.

Past Commander, Farrar Newberry, Little Rock, Ark.

Past Commander, R. G. McDaniel, Little Rock, Ark.

Past Commander, A. W. Park, Little Rock, Ark.

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, Mr. Poole, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Second Brigade, F. P. Harris, Bentonville, Ark.

Third Brigade, A. H. Ballard, Piggott, Ark.

Fourth Brigade, J. H. Hamilton, Mena, Ark.

Fifth Brigade, R. W. Rodgers, Texarkana, Ark.

Standing Committees.

LEGISLATION COMMITTEE.

Chairman, Judge C. P. Newton, Little Rock, Ark.; L. D. Chambliss, Star City, Ark.; Adolph Felsenthal, Camden, Ark.; Louis Eddington, Warren, Ark.; John L. Carter, Little Rock, Ark.

MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

Chairman, A. J. Wilson, Little Rock, Ark.; Judge James E. Hogue, Little Rock, Ark.; G. S. McFalls, Star City, Ark.; J. O. Blakeney, Little Rock, Ark.; W. L. Jameson, McNeil, Ark.

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.

Chairman, R. Minor Wallace, Little Rock, Ark.; J. W. Davis, Charleston, Ark.; Monroe Martin, Mena, Ark.; E. Linebarrier, Camden, Ark.; R. D. Hill, Charleston, Ark.

There is no reason why the Sons of Confederate organization should not be the largest in point of members, the most strongly felt in the shaping of the policies that vitally affect the interest of the South. It is the one organization that should foster and perpetuate those principles and ideals for which our fathers stood. As your Division Commander, I earnestly appeal to you to throw yourselves into the work whole heartedly and help to build an organization in the South for which we will have reason to feel proud.

Robert D. Lee,

Division Adjutant, S. C. V. of Arkansas.

By order of

EDMOND R. WILES,

Division Commander of Arkansas S. C. V.

THE HALL OF FAME AND THE HALL OF FREAKS.

In the "Hall of Freaks" we shall be compelled to place the effigy of Mr. Heyward Broun, more or less well-known writer, particularly for the *New York World*. Speaking of the proposal of Matthew Fontaine Maury for place in the Hall of Fame (which, with one or two illustrious exceptions, is more famed for its omissions than its admissions), Mr. Broun says: "It is preposterous. I have never heard of Matthew Fontaine Maury."

There was once a lot of pygmy characters at Washington, colossal only in their hate, who thought they could eliminate Maury from knowledge of men by scratching his name from certain governmental roles and records, whose chief illumination consisted in having it there. These pygmies, now forgotten, would acclaim this Broun remark and think they had not, then, wrought in vain. While Mr. Broun never heard of the immortal "Pathfinder of the Seas," practically all of the courts, governments, and universities of the civilized world have, and he was more decorated and honored than any American had ever been before or has been since. Nations and principalities and cities delighted to do him honor. The renaissance of interest in McGuffey's Fifth Reader, which now is filling many news paragraphs, may bring to mind also the name of "Maury's World We Live In," a geography which tens of thousands of American children have studied. This and "Maury's Physical Geography" were household words all over America when McGuffey's Reader was making its mark. Yes, quite a few people of this country and Europe know Maury, the sailing men of every sea and schoolchildren of some decades ago by the thousands know him. It seems a pity that Mr. Heyward Broun has never heard of him.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION GENERAL ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION, S. C. V.,
BARNWELL, S. C., October 15, 1925.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

To be read before all Camps of the South Carolina Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

1. By virtue of my appointment as Commander of the South Carolina Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, I hereby assume command of the Brigades and Camps comprising the South Carolina Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

2. I hereby announce the appointment of my official staff and Brigade Commanders who will serve during my term of office:

Official Staff.

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, C. Keys Sanders, Barnwell, S. C.

Historian, P. C. Evans, Marion, S. C.

Inspector, R. S. Smalls, Charleston, S. C.

Judge Advocate, J. C. Thompson, Abbeville, S. C.

Quartermaster, Holmes B. Springs, Greenville, S. C.

Commissary, Arthur W. Hamby, Columbia, S. C.

Color Bearer, Charles R. Cobb, Rock Hill, S. C.

Surgeon, Dr. A. S. Weekley, Bamberg, S. C.

Chaplain, Rev. W. M. Jones, Barnwell, S. C.

Brigade Commanders.

A list of Brigade Commanders was printed in last issue of the *VETERAN*.

3. It is my earnest hope that each and every member of my staff, and each and every Brigade Commander will use his best efforts to organize at least one Camp in every county and city under his jurisdiction. If you need any blanks or

supplies, write to C. Keys Sanders, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Barnwell, S. C., who will forward them to you immediately.

By order of

HARRY D. CALHOUN,
Commander South Carolina Division, S. C. V.

Official:

C. KEYS SANDERS,

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, South Carolina Division, S. C. V.

LODGE AND HIS LINCOLN IGNORANCE.

The late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, in his book, "The Senate and League of Nations," wherein he lambasts Woodrow Wilson and all his works, renders his words largely futile to an unbiased reader when he displays deep ignorance of our history in an important era and shows himself a victim of his section's propaganda. Senator Lodge was a Back Bay Brahmin of Boston, apparently as chuckful of knowledge and learning as he could stick. He never lost a chance to show his attainments, and he was widely esteemed as a highly illuminated specimen of the genus intelligentsia. "But," he says, showing his lack of knowledge of fundamental American history, his submersion in New England propaganda, "if it [the League] had been a real ideal of Wilson, he would have succeeded just as Lincoln did when he put aside for a time the emancipation of the slaves, on which his heart was set, in order to preserve the Union which was to him the highest ideal," etc. If there is any point in our history absolutely proved, it is Lincoln's absolute and total lack of interest in the emancipation of the slaves until such a thing became a means by which he thought, and wrongfully thought, he might overthrow the Southern armies in the field by a servile insurrection in their rear. Lincoln hated the "abolitionists" and shows it time and again. He shows in his letter to Toombs before his inauguration and in his inaugural address later his total lack of any desire to interfere with slavery where it existed. He strongly announced his intention not to interfere with it. His preliminary proclamation shows that he offers the continuance of slavery within their borders to such States as, having seceded, will return to the Union. The writings of his war cabinet show how objectionable and unthinkable was the idea of emancipation to all of them—a group of hard-boiled South haters though they were. Yet in the face of all this, Lodge, a shining light of New England culture, comes to us with this type of rot about Lincoln and emancipation. It seems impossible for a certain large class of Northern people, in their adulation, to even attempt to narrate truth when Lincoln is mentioned.

IN OLD SOUTH CAROLINA.

Several Camps have been organized in South Carolina during the year under the administration of John M. Kinard, of Newberry, State Commander. The annual meeting will be in connection with the State reunion of the Confederate veterans, which was held this year at Abbeville.

The Palmetto Camp, S. C. V., was organized at Columbia last May, at the home of John C. Coulter, one of the leading young business men of the city. This Camp will be an auxiliary to the Wade Hampton Chapter, U. D. C., of which Mrs. Coulter is President.

Officers elected were: Arthur William Hamby, Commandant; F. H. McMaster, First Lieutenant Commandant; E. C. Black, Second Lieutenant Commandant; C. H. Girardeau, Quartermaster; J. C. Coulter, Adjutant; the Rev. Henry D. Phillips, D.D., Chaplain; Dr. J. W. Boozer, Treasurer; Dr. William Weston, Surgeon; Dr. Charles C. Stanley, Historian; D. W. Lyon, Color Sergeant.

Besides the officers, the following are charter members of the Camp: A. E. Legare, Gov. Thomas G. McLeod, T. K. Legare, F. D. McNulty, J. Fraser Lyon, T. C. Hamby, F. H. Weston, V. F. Funderburk.

This Camp coöperated with the Daughters of the Confederacy in entertaining veterans on Confederate Day at the State Fair in Columbia in October. Transportation and entertainment were free to the veterans, and the Sons and Daughters saw that all meals were conveniently served. A bountiful turkey dinner was contributed by the city and was an enjoyable feast. This occasion was also made successful by the assistance rendered by all civic and patriotic organizations of the city. The veterans held a meeting during the time, presided over by Division Commander D. W. McLaurin, and some fine addresses were made by Governor McLeod and others.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

Twenty miles to the northwest of Philadelphia is a tract of land that has been converted into a spacious park. Thousands of persons visit it each year, but beginning June 1, 1926, when the Sesquicentennial International Exposition opens in Philadelphia, it is expected to prove a Mecca for visitors from all parts of the country.

The tract is Valley Forge, where, during the winter of 1777-78, Washington and the Continental Army encamped and endured hardships and intense cold in the cause of liberty.

Valley Forge has become one of the greatest shrines of American patriotism. Its roads and lawns are well kept now, and monuments to the brave men who suffered there dot the landscape; but in spite of this, the ground is much the same as it was when Washington and his troops were encamped there. The Schuylkill River still flows by in imperturbable serenity, and Valley Creek still ripples past the gray stone building that was Washington's headquarters.

Midway up the valley of the creek, a half mile from the river into which the creek flows, is a small building which, before revolutionary days, was occupied by a blacksmith and an iron founder. Valley Forge gets its name from this old building. The forge is reputed to have been the first built in the province of Pennsylvania. Farther up the stream is a grist and sawmill. The British, prior to their occupation of Philadelphia in 1777, burned the sawmill, but permitted the forge to remain unharmed, believing that they might be able to put it into use for the casting of cannon and other war-time metal working pursuits.

The story of the winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge is one of dreadful hardships borne with unconquerable spirit. There was a desperate shortage of clothing and food, and many of the Continental soldiers were forced to go without shoes.

Somehow, by bravery, self-sacrifice, endurance, and fortitude the dreadful winter months were passed. Spring approached, and the men became cheerful. Then came the news that the British had evacuated Philadelphia. On June 21, 1778, the little army crossed the Delaware in pursuit of the invaders, who were hurrying to New York. They fell upon them in upper New Jersey, and the battle of Monmouth followed.

Thus ended the occupation of Valley Forge; but the park which now marks the spot of the historic encampment will remain as a perpetual reminder of the heroic sacrifices of Washington and his men.

STORMING OF FORT PILLOW.

(Continued from page 459.)

Tennessee. They had terrorized their old masters's families until they did not know what to expect next. The Rev. G. W. D. Harris, D.D., was held as a prisoner in the fort, and suffered many indignities at the hands of the negroes, and was released only a few days before Forrest's arrival. Dr. Harris was one of the most distinguished ministers in the Southern Methodist Church.

General Forrest was a man of great sympathy, and when he heard the pathetic stories told by the ladies, he changed his plans and decided to capture Fort Pillow.

In the fort, commanded by Major Bradford, whose home was in Dyersburg, Tenn., there were two hundred white and four hundred negro soldiers. Early in the afternoon of the day the ladies visited him, General Forrest sent a detail of soldiers on to capture the pickets at the fort. At 7 P.M. he mounted his command and started to the fort, getting there at 5 A.M. The advance guard had captured the pickets without the firing of a gun. After stationing his troops at strategic points, Captain Morton's battery opened fire on the fort, and this was responded to by the cannon in the fort. Then our sharpshooters began to "pick off" the gunners, and a general engagement followed. Early in the afternoon, General Forrest, under a flag of truce, ordered an unconditional surrender of the fort. Major Bradford refused, and General Forrest proceeded to take the fort. The negroes were drunk, and, when Forrest's men got into the fort, the negroes continued to fight until they were overpowered. This is why so many of them were killed. Major Bradford and many of the white troops retreated to the river, seeking protection under their gunboats. But Captain Morton soon turned the guns in the fort on the gunboats, and they sought shelter around the bend of the river. After the surrender, Major Bradford was taken from the river where, up to his chin in water, he had tried to board one of the gunboats.

I never saw a man killed or a gun fired after the drunken negroes surrendered. The killed on the Union side was necessarily great, but it could not be helped. This fight was in no sense a massacre.

GOOD SERVICE.—W. L. Jackson, of Mangum, Okla., who will be eighty years old next May, writes that he joined Company G, 39th Georgia Regiment, before he was eighteen, in Gilmer County, Ga., and his last fight in infantry was at Missionary Ridge. "I then went home," he says, "and Lee Smith and I made up a cavalry company to put down all lawlessness on both sides, sending all prisoners south with reports as we found them. Our headquarters were eight miles southeast of Ellijay, our county seat. Our company grew, and we surrendered over a thousand men at Kingston, Ga., in June after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. We had law and order before we surrendered, and had North Georgia under our command. Col. Samuel Ralston was elected colonel of our command, and there never was a braver man. I would like to hear from any of the old command or from any survivors of the six men we turned loose after capture. My address is 217 East Jefferson Street, Mangum, Okla."

WANTED.—Copies of Dr. Wyeth's "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest," Admiral Semmes's "Service Afloat," also books by John Esten Cooke and other Southern writers on the war period. Address the VETERAN, stating condition and price asked.

XMAS MONEY FOR YOU

Search Your Attic for Fortunes in Old Confederate Envelopes

Among the old letters of many Southern families are hundreds of very rare stamps and envelopes. Many have been found and sold for small fortunes. Single envelopes have been sold for as high as \$2,000, and many have brought upwards of \$100 each. It sounds "fishy," but it's true. They are valuable because they are rare. And they are rare, not because there are only a few, but simply because most of them have remained stored away and forgotten, in old trunks and closets.

Make a thorough search through your attic or storeroom for these old war letters. Fortunes in rare stamps or franked envelopes have been found in old trunks which no one ever dreamed contained anything of value. Keep the letters if you wish, but send the envelopes to Mr. Harold C. Brooks, Box 270, Marshall, Michigan, and he will immediately write you, stating their value. In sending them to him you are not obliged to sell unless his offer meets with your approval. Anything not purchased he will return in good order. Mr. Brooks, who is mayor of his city, is a private collector and has paid thousands of dollars for old envelopes. Although the rare issues are especially desired he also buys many of the commoner kinds. Many people in this way are getting Christmas money with very little trouble and no expense.

The advertising manager of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has known Mr. Brooks for many years, and you may place fullest confidence in his integrity. On receipt of envelopes he will examine them and report promptly their value. If they are not purchased, he guarantees to return them in good order.

Mr. Brooks states that there are so many different stamps which are similar in appearance he cannot quote values from written descriptions, but must see the envelopes. There are, for example, ten different Confederate government stamps bearing the portrait of Jefferson Davis, and many local stamps or stamped envelopes are very much the same in appearance. The same is true of U. S. issues, the heads of Washington or Franklin being used on different stamps. Mr. Brooks does not buy loose stamps, stamp collections, coins, or Confederate money. Stamps should not be cut from the envelopes and no dates written on. He is fully acquainted with all issues, even though the postmark may show no year date. Those especially wanted are Confederate issues, but he also buys U. S., Canadian, Hawaiian, and certain foreign stamps provided they are on the original envelopes and mailed not later than 1865.

If envelopes are sent in a bunch they should be carefully packed in a cardboard box to protect them from damage while in the mails. If you have reason to believe your envelopes are of special value send them by registered or insured mail. If you have no old letters written during or before the Civil War, show this notice to your friends—especially those whose families have lived in the same home for several generations. Many old families, old banks, and law firms still have stored away hundreds of letters, wait-

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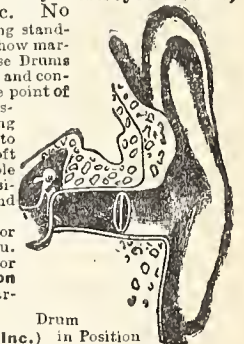


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"Do you suppose there ever was a human being who didn't talk about his neighbors?" asked the cynical man. "Yes," said his companion. "Name him." "Robinson Crusoe."

All survivors of the siege of Vicksburg are asked to communicate with William T. Alexander, 525 Battery Place, Chattanooga, Tenn., giving the commands with which they served. His object is to form an association of the present survivors of that siege, all to meet at the reunion in Birmingham, 1926.

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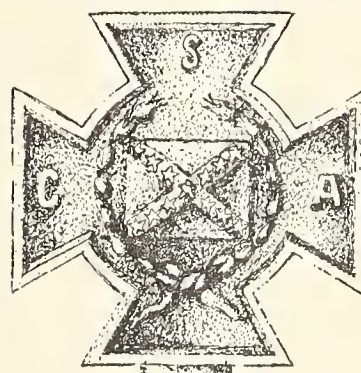
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