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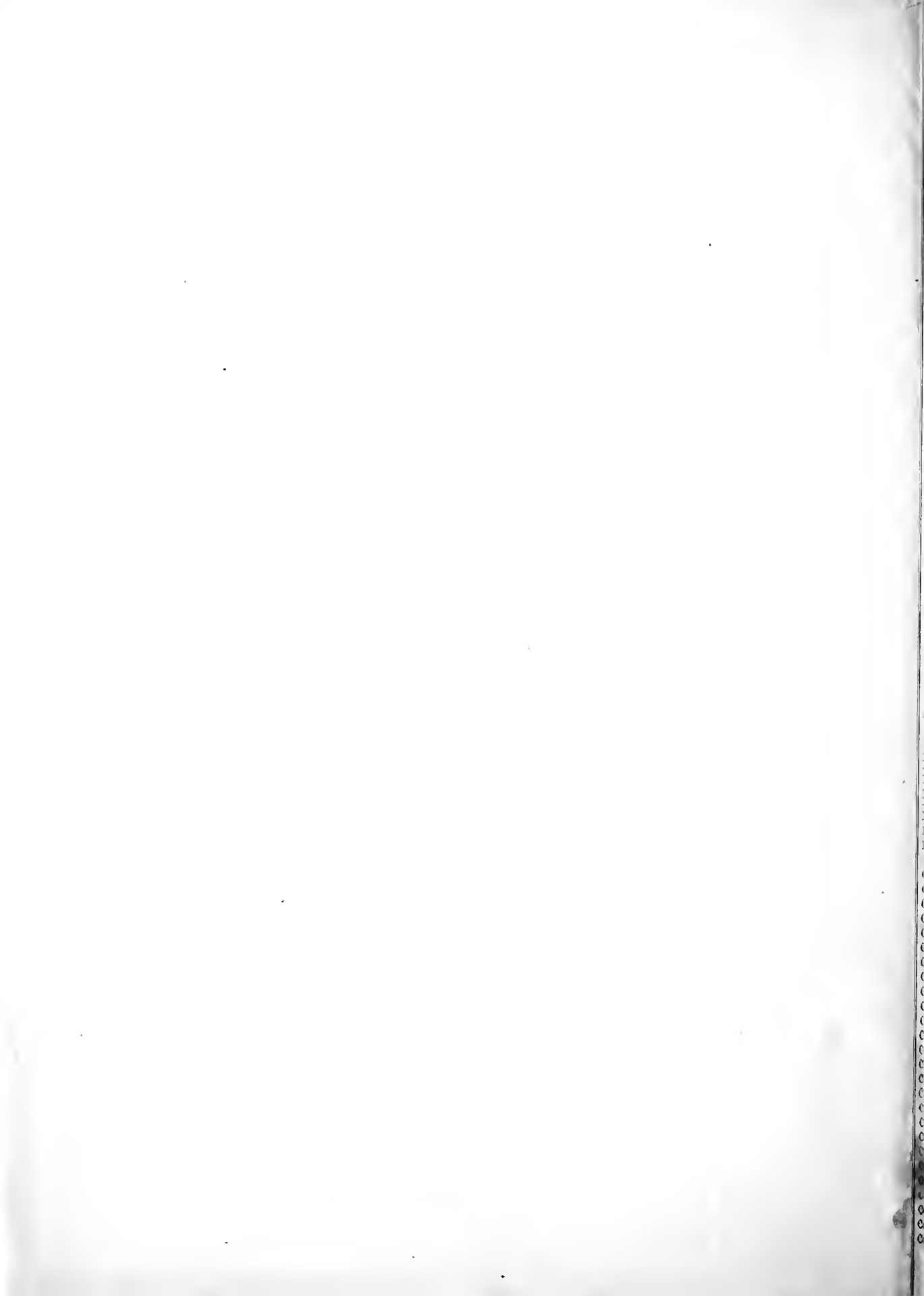
# CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

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VOLUME VI.

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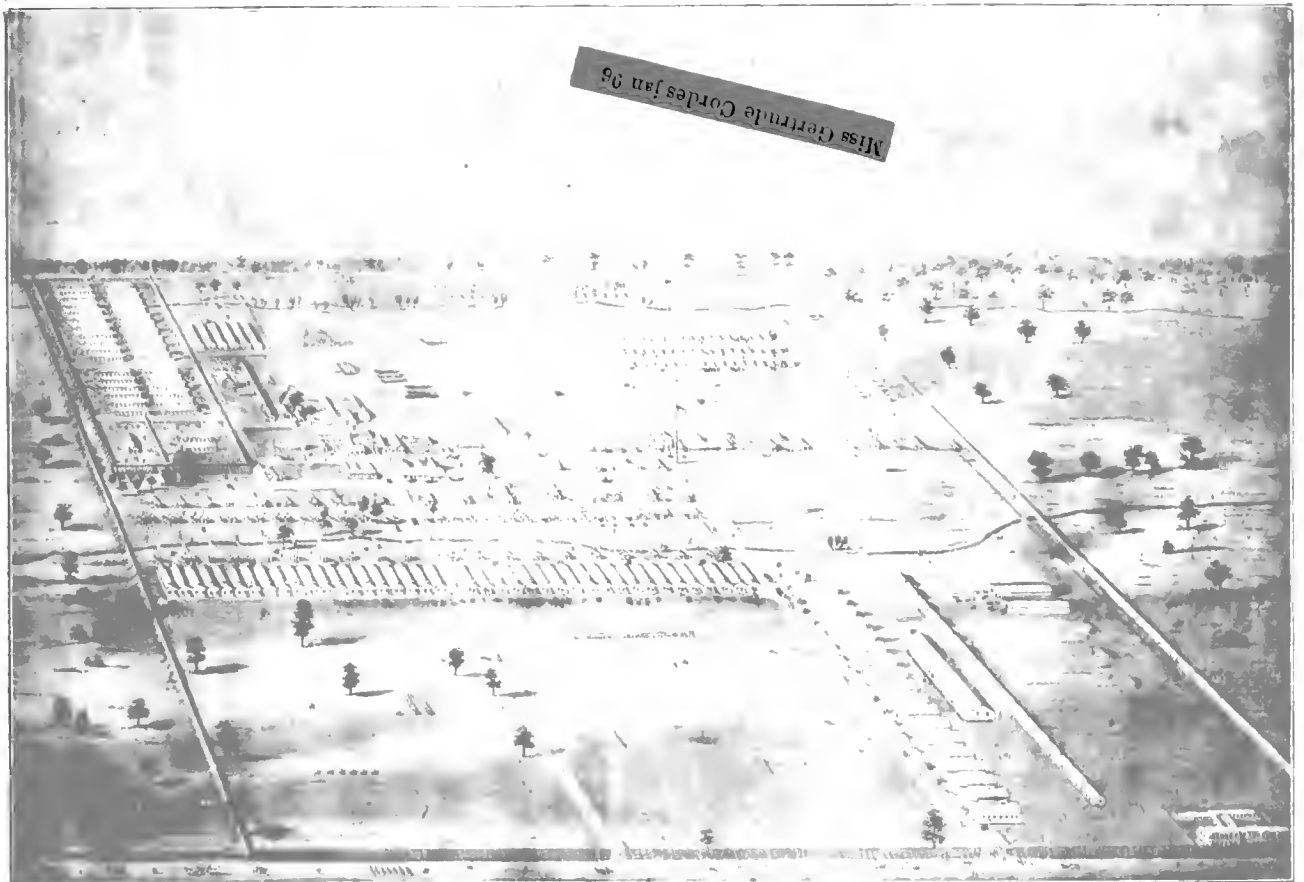
# CONFEDERATE VETERAN.



Vol. 6.

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No. 1.



FROM A DRAWING OF THE OLD CAMP CHASE PRISON, NEAR COLUMBUS, O.

**T**HE above scenes will be familiar to those who were in the Camp Chase prison. The street at bottom of picture is Broadway, and the "four mile house," illustrated in December *Veteran*, is near the center of this area. The main prison is at upper left-hand corner and about half-way from Broadway to the Confederate Cemetery. The group of buildings, six in the row to the right of the main prison, is the Confederate Hospital, while the two-story building at lower right-hand corner of picture is the Federal Hospital. Camp Chase was a regular camp of instruction, and the long rows of buildings at right of campus, comprising two squares, indicate the Federal soldiers' quarters. It is evident that in a few years the city will extend fully out to the cemetery. € € € € € €

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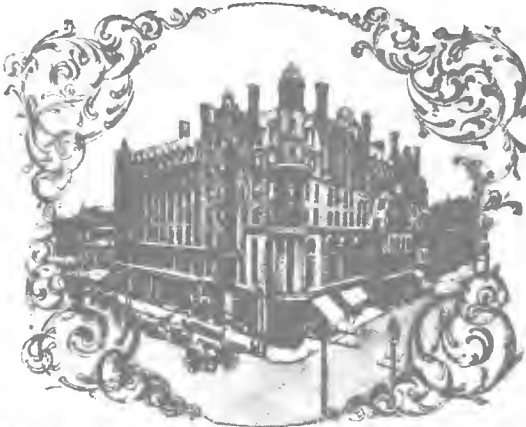
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The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" war will be substituted.

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United Daughters of the Confederacy,  
Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

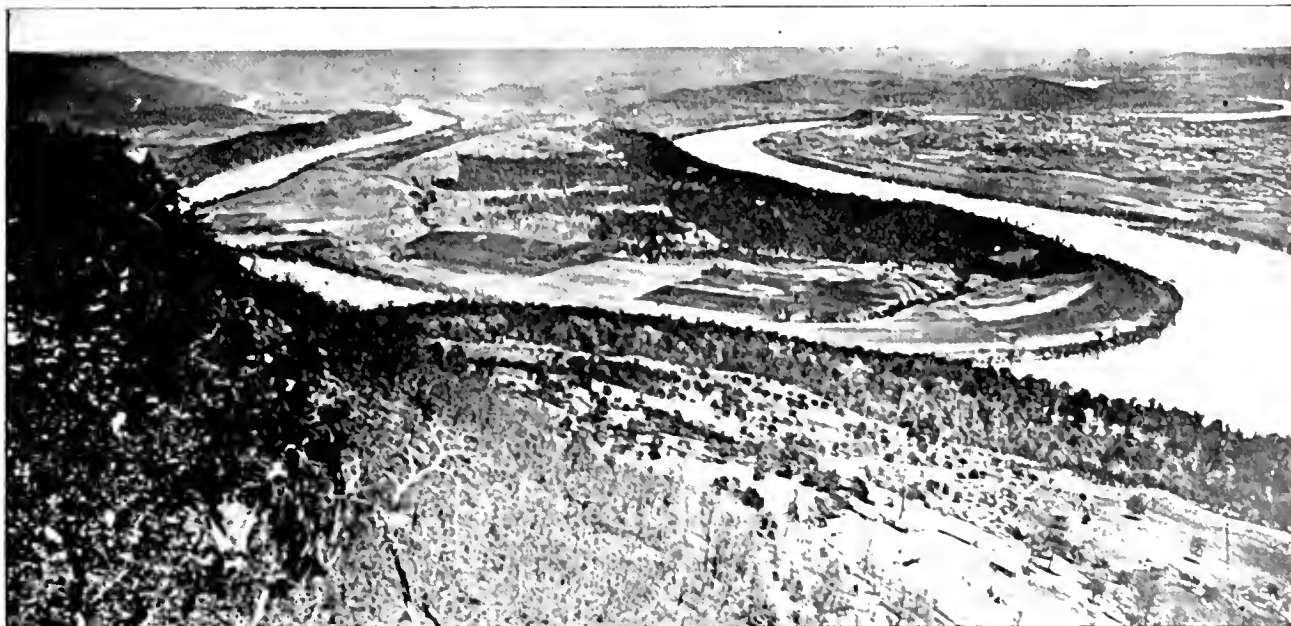
The VETERAN is approved and endorsed by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

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

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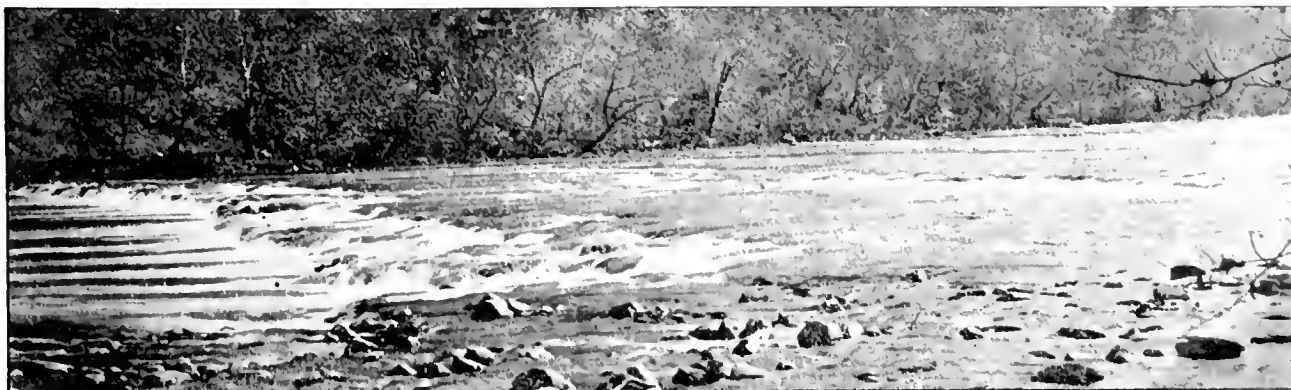
NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1898.

No. 1. ( AN. V. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.



SCENE FROM THE RECENT GOVERNMENT PURCHASE ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Gen. H. V. Boynton, President of the National Park Commission, and his associates are to be congratulated upon this addition.



SCENE ON FRENCH BROAD RIVER BELOW ASHEVILLE, N. C.

**DANIEL D. EMMETT, AUTHOR OF "DIXIE."**

Older readers of the VETERAN will readily recall the story of "Uncle Dan" Emmett in the VETERAN for September, 1895, and the reproduction of the original "Dixie." These plates are the more valuable now, since he has lost the original, and may be republished in the VETERAN next month.

Not having heard from the genial, appreciative old gentleman in many months, inquiry was made, to which he replied, November 5, 1897:

I am in good health for a young man now in his eighty-third year, and I sincerely hope that God has bestowed on you his mercies and blessings, and may this short letter find you chock-full of roast beef and corn bread! I must now inform you of my misfor-



DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.

tune. You are aware that the "Actors' Fund" of New York has regularly contributed \$5 each week for my support, but for some unexplained cause this contribution was discontinued about six weeks since. This has caused me to get in debt for my board and other necessities. Now, my good friend, if it is not too much trouble to you to help me in my distress, could you, in conjunction with some of your particular friends, get me up a "benefit?"

Being in New York soon after this, a visit was made to the office of the "Actors' Fund," when a promise was made to restore "Uncle Dan" to the list, and it was hoped permanently; but in a letter of December 30 he states:

They very kindly donated for my relief for ten weeks. I have two more payments to receive, and then God

only knows what I shall do. I live in hopes of my Southern brethren doing something for me.

Two years ago the VETERAN announced its opposition to a miscellaneous appeal for aid, and has peremptorily declined to do so since until now; but this case is exceptional. *That the author of "Dixie,"* whose parents were Southern-born, an upright, kindly old gentleman, should be in want for the necessaries of life is a direct appeal to every man and woman whose memory thrills at the mention of "Dixie"—the most inspiring tune ever conceived, at least by the Southern people—justifies exception to the rule, and request is made of every friend to consider the conditions at once. Let camps of Veterans, chapters of Daughters, and the Children of the Confederacy everywhere consider what they can do to supply this "benefit." Send to Daniel Decatur Emmett, Mt. Vernon, O., or to this office, and the amount will be forwarded to him promptly. If sent direct, please give notice to the VETERAN.

**"DIXIE" AS A NATIONAL SONG.**

The Washington (D. C.) *Friend at Court*:

This dear old song, which has given its author, Daniel Decatur Emmett, imperishable fame, has become so thoroughly identified with one section of our country that it may be doubted whether or not it is entitled to be classed among our national songs; but it is confidently asserted that, had it not been for the divisions created by the great war, it would have been as popular in the North to-day as it is in the South, since it first came out North and achieved almost instantaneous popularity there—the boys taking it up on the streets—and there would have been no occasion for its diminished favor in that section but for its adoption in the South. It must be generally conceded, whether it is sectional or not, that there are but few songs which have more power to move a popular audience in any geographical section of our country than has this soul-stirring melody.

"Dixie" was taken up and adopted by the South, and Dixie's land and the South have become synonymous terms the world over. That is as Mr. Emmett intended it should be; he meant by "Dixie" the land of the South, according to his own testimony. He says that negro minstrelsy in the days in which "Dixie" was written, the spring of 1859, always carried with it an idea of the South, and that he meant the South when writing the word "Dixie," which he clearly indicated by the words "the land of cotton" and other expressions of similar geographical coloring.

Mr. Emmett also wrote another song which became exceedingly popular throughout the country: "Old Dan Tucker;" but "Dixie," which has power to raise a Southern audience to its feet anywhere and to cause a stir of enthusiasm among any people, is perhaps the most lively and inspiring air that the musical world has ever known.

Dr. J. W. Cocke, of Waco, Tex., died January 8, 1898. He went to Waco from near Hockley, Tex., and was very popular. In the war he was a noted surgeon in Stuart's Cavalry, and was a well-known contributor to medical publications.

## HONOR-ROLL OF CONFEDERATE DEAD IN OHIO.

The casual reader will pass over this long list of names without being interested, but to others it will be read with breathless concern. Many, many Confederates were captured whose families have never known their fate, although prayerful diligence was exercised as long as there was a ray of hope. May this list of thousands of names give consolation to mourning hearts, as it will when found that husband, brother, or son, having stood by his colors until overwhelming numbers compelled capitulation, and that whatever opportunities for freedom may have come to him, all were rejected, and he went down to death a faithful Confederate soldier! The paragraphs are alphabetical.

These honored names have been preserved by the authorities, and the arduous work of copying has been done by a soldier of the Union army, or at his personal expense. This man is W. H. KNAUSS. He and his comrades, who realize with him the high claim to praise as "Americans," will see to it that these graves are kept green the rest of their lives.

The occasion of an entertainment by these men to the editor of the VETERAN, reported last month, will be a record directly connected with results of the great war in honor to the gentlemen giving it. Not a man among them gave utterance to anything but what would be received with gratitude by the Southern people, and they will ever hereafter take the greater pleasure in helping to preserve in honor the graves of those thousands of American patriots reared and educated in the South, and for whose peculiar institutions they cheerfully suffered until released by death.

Col. Knauss will furnish for the VETERAN names of the other Confederate dead in the state of Ohio.

William Adkins, Va.; William Austin, 10th Ky. Cav.; H. A. Adkins, 11th Va. Cav.; J. C. Allen, 11th Tenn. Cav.; J. Alford, V. Va.; G. P. Ambuster, state and command unknown; D. C. Atkins, 6th Va. Cav.; T. B. Alexander, Ala.; B. L. Allen, 50th Tenn. Inf.; E. Anloniff, 8th Tenn. Cav.; William R. Ashtacks, 8th Tenn. Cav.; Creel Arnett, 13th Va. Inf.; William H. Allen, 5th Ala. Cav.; W. A. Arnold, 2d Ky. Cav.; William B. Atkins, 21st Ala. Inf.; Luke Arthur, 36th Va. Cav.; William Adkins, Witcher's Va. Cav.; Robert Anderson, 5th Tenn. Cav.; Benjamin Anderson, 6th Ga. Cav.; L. H. Archibald, 36th Ala. Inf.; R. F. Arthurs, 49th Va. Cav.; H. R. Ashby, 10th Ky. Cav.; William Adams, 6th Ky. Inf.; J. R. Adams, 57th Va. Inf.; William J. Atchison, 6th Tex. Inf.; L. W. Anderson, 17th Va. Cav.; Basham Arnold, 90th Va. Inf.; W. Anderson, 29th Ga. Inf.; J. Anderson, 2d Ky. Cav.; W. B. Aiken, 8th Ga. Inf.; Abijah Anderson, 19th S. C. Inf.; O. D. Adams, 8th Ga. Inf.; J. Anders, Quartermaster Department; J. M. Arramps, Johnson's conscripts; James Adamson, 30th Ga. Inf.; J. Armistead, 22d Va. Inf.; D. Anderson, 57th Ala. Inf.; Frank Albert, 20th Ala. Inf.; B. F. Ayers, 25th Va. Cav.; H. Atkins, Moreland's Cav.; Benton Aday, 5th Ala. Cav.; C. A. Allen, citizen of Ga.; Sol O. Andrews, 63d Ga. Inf.; Elijah Agnew, 16th Ga. Inf.; Joseph Abbott, 26th Va. Sharpshooters; A. J. Askins, 8th S. C. Inf.; Simeon Able, 66th Ga. Inf.

M. Blackwell, 3d Ky. Inf.; G. H. Brock, 2d Ky. Inf.; Russell Brown, 11th Tenn. Cav.; Benjamin Bridget, Co. G., 4th Ky.; Andrew Burns, 36th Va. Cav.; Ellis Brazier, 61st Tenn. Inf.; John Barber, 4th Ala. Inf.; Frank Bligsby, 4th Ky. Cav.; P. H. Barron, 4th S. C. Inf.; R. Brooks, 2d Ark. Inf.; — Brown; E. K. Boone, 1st La. Cav.; G. W. Bolton, 44th Ala. Inf.; J. F. Bass, 22d Miss. Inf.; J. L. Barrett, 6th Miss. Inf.; J. D. Burton, 15th Tenn. Cav.; John Black, 19th Va. Cav.; Alexander Boyd, 51th N. C. Inf.; J. H. Bennett, 36th Va. Inf.; M. P. Brasswell, 29th Ga. Inf.; William M. Blackburn, 4th Ga. Cav.; F. Bird, 36th Ga. Inf.; Richard Blackwood, 20th Va. Cav.; H. Branganly, 55th Tex. Cav.; John Barrett, 4th Tenn. Cav.; George H. Burgess, citizen of Ohio; Noah Biekerstaff, 54th N. C. Inf.; W. R. Bartlett, 46th Ga. Inf.; John M. Black, 5th Ala. Cav.; Nathan Bumpers, 4th Ala. Inf.; M. F. Brantley, Tullis Artillery; — Burnett, citizen of La.; David Basham, Storr's Cav.; Leonard Bass, 42d Ga. Inf.; Jesse Bryant, 66th Ga. Inf.; John Disher, 57th N. C. Inf.; William

Brown, 33d Ala. Inf.; A. L. Brown, 30th Ga. Inf.; Jacob Baxter, 54th N. C.; G. K. Bullock, 6th Fla. Inf.; Robert Brown, 30th Ga. Inf.; William S. Barrett, 42d Ga. Inf.; N. F. Brookhire, 1st Ga. Inf.; John Bradley, 46th Ala. Inf.; Hiram Black, 34th Va. Cav.; Thomas M. Beatty, Stewart's Cav.; R. D. Berrell, 4th La. Inf.; T. R. Bullington, 8th Tenn. Cav.; T. C. Barrett, 15th Tex. Cav.; Ezra Bell, 18th Ala. Inf.; James M. Baker, 7th Tenn. Cav.; John M. Brown, 15th S. C. Inf.; Charles Boyles, 55th Ala. Inf.; Crockett Brown, 18th Tenn. Cav.; David A. Bruge, 30th Va. Cav.; D. E. Brown, government employee, Ala.; Thomas R. Bailes, 22d Va. Cav.; William D. Barrett, 8th Tenn. Inf.; D. D. Bumpers, 24th Ala. Inf.; J. D. Brock, 24th Ala. Inf.; James B. Bickley, 22d Va. Cav.; J. W. Blank, 54th Ala. Inf.; E. B. Brooks, 1st Ga. Inf.; J. M. Baker, 46th Ala. Inf.; C. A. H. Brock, 50th Ga. Inf.; P. C. Bush, 6th Fla. Inf.; Evan Butcher, 46th Battery, Va. Cav.; John Bennfield, Beauregard's Battery; James Balkum, 20th N. C. Inf.; E. W. Baswell, 4th Tenn. Cav.; Louis Barker, 5th Ky. Inf.; S. A. Barnett, 6th Ky. Cav.; W. Bustle, 8th Tenn. Cav.; Charles Bowers, 24th S. C. Inf.; John M. Beasley, 10th Tenn. Cav.; James C. Banton, 19th La. Inf.; James A. Bocket, 8th Con. Cav.; J. F. Barnes, 1st Va. Cav.; John G. Bell, 3d Fla. Inf.; J. B. Brigans, 2d Tenn. Inf.; John R. Bell, 4th Fla. Inf.; John F. Berry, 4th Ky. Cav.; Abijah (or Booth) Banth, 36th Va. Inf.; W. O. Barbre, 2d Ark. Cav.; H. P. Blair, 1st Ga. Inf.; W. E. Boyd, 7th Ala. Cav.; C. E. Brooks, 2d S. C. Inf.; S. W. Bagwell, 15th Miss. Inf.; Thomas Bacon, 25th Ga. Inf.; Stephen Browning, 45th Ga. Inf.; Jacob Beck, N. C. conscripts; W. R. Butts, 13th Tenn. Inf.; R. B. Brown, 52d Ga. Inf.; David W. Barnes, 7th Fla. Inf.; B. F. Beasley, 4th Ala. Cav.; R. S. Brown, 11th Va. Cav.; James Balls, 24th S. C. Inf.; B. Bridges, 7th Ala. Cav.; John Buit, 19th S. C. Inf.; W. J. Bettess, 13th La. Cav.; John Bolton, Badger's Scouts; Isaac W. Brooklin, 57th Ga. Inf.; Matthew B. Busby, 4th Ky. Cav.; J. Babin, 4th La. Inf.; D. Bird, 15th S. C. Inf.; Ely M. Brasham, 8th S. C. Inf.; Robert W. Boyd, 1st Ga. Inf.; Pleasant Bertram, 22d Va. Cav.; Calvin Brock, 8th S. C. Inf.; F. W. Barnes, 2d Tenn. Cav.; Thomas Bodworth, 13th Ky. Cav.; James H. Bailey, 15th Miss. Inf.; James Bowman, 3d Engineers; J. Burton, 4th Ky. Cav.; E. Browning, 29th Ky. Inf.; John R. Bumgar-den, 8th Va. Cav.; Henry Bruges, 29th N. C. Inf.; H. P. Bothea, 8th S. C. Infantry; J. E. Bowers, Hampton's Legion; W. S. Brown, Madison's Artillery; J. C. Bradford, 10th Miss. Inf.; W. J. Berry, 29th Tenn. Inf.; W. H. Baylock, 5th Ala. Cav.; W. W. Bagwell, 7th S. C. Inf.; Samuel Bayse, 23d Va. Bat.; J. T. Brooks, 32d Miss. Bat.; W. B. Booth, 21st Va. Cav.; John Brown, Tenn. conscript; W. W. Blair, 28th Miss. Cav.; J. W. Bentley, 37th Miss. Inf.; N. O. Barker, 49th Ala. Inf.; E. E. Benton, 21st S. C. Inf.; W. Bassentine, 90th Ga. Inf.; J. S. Bush, 33d Ala. Inf.; T. H. Barrett, 6th Miss. Inf.; H. C. Bowles, Warren's Regiment; J. Baker, 12th Ky. Cav.; J. W. Barton, 6th Fla. Inf.; George Burkhardt, Hill's Cav.; S. Boyd, 3d Miss. Inf.; M. Brown, Wordal's Cav.; John Butler, 5th Bat. Va. Inf.; A. G. Brooks, 66th Ga. Inf.; J. J. Brown, 23d Ala. Inf.; W. Bond, 3d Miss. Inf.; F. J. Burt, 22d Miss. Inf.; E. H. Bryans, 17th Va. Cav.; W. Baker, 4th Tenn. Cav.; E. F. Bowlin, 6th Va. Inf.; W. Black, 51st Va. Inf.; W. A. Beck, 26th Ga. Inf.; R. Briant, 21st Va. Cav.; J. A. Beaucamp, 6th Fla. Inf.; E. Ratson, 16th S. C. Inf.; J. Burnett, 1st Tenn. Cav.; W. Bachelor, 10th Ala. Inf.; John Beasley, 4th Tenn. Cav.; J. W. Black, 17th Ala. Inf.; R. L. Blackman, 1st Fla. Inf.; I. A. Beasley, 10th Ala. Cav.; B. J. Baley, 7th Miss. Inf.; George Burkhardt, 7th Fla. Inf.; Andie Burt, 22d Miss. Inf.; W. B. Bagerly, 41st Tenn. Inf.; John E. Barton, 11th Ga. Inf.; S. W. Bryan, 25th Ga. Inf.; Sakathiel Berry, 4th Ala. Cav.; Wiley S. Brown, 11th Tenn. Inf.; W. S. Bensley, 4th Tenn. Inf.; George W. Birchel, 1st Ala. Cav.; H. Barnes, 57th N. C. Inf.; M. L. Bishop, 19th Va. Cav.; Daniel Bush, 29th Miss. Inf.; Andrew Bertrand, 3d La. Inf.; G. W. Bonds, 29th Ga. Inf.; I. G. Berry, 31th Ala. Inf.; I. A. Busby, 31st Ala. Inf.; P. A. Bryant, 46th Miss. Inf.; John G. Blount, 17th N. C. Inf.; W. W. Brantley, 42d N. C. Inf.; F. A. Blanton, 4th N. C. Reserves; John A. Burkett, 6th Fla. Inf.; J. H. Burgess, 8th Ga. Inf.; Martin Barger, N. C. Reserves; J. D. Bryan, 39th Ala. Inf.; S. F. Bunch, 29th Tenn. Inf.; August R. Bryant, Freeman's Bat.; J. Ryn, 9th Ark. Inf.; R. Brinkley, Freeman's Bat.; E. A. Brown, 7th Va. Cav.; J. Bailey, 7th Ala. Cav.; J. E. Cherry, of Tenn.; J. Cornell, 4th Ala. Inf.; H. Carroll, Walker's Bat.; J. D. Cain, 10th Ky. Cav.; Thompson Cooper, citizen of Va.; J. D. Cochran, 5th Ky. Inf.; J. Cox, 3d S. C. Cav.; W. R. Crum, Stodgalis's Cav.; George R. Carter, 9th Tenn. Cav.; Peter Combs, 8th Ky. Inf.; S. Collins, 1st Ky. Cav.; Robert Conran, citizen of Va.; J. B. Caper, 23d Va. Cav.; James Cook, 26th Va. Inf.; R. Christian, 8th Ga. Inf.; Jacob Christian, 24th Bat. Va. Cav.; S. H. Crow, 3d Ala. Cav.; Thomas F. Canada, Fornett's La. Bat.; Joseph M. Camp, 64th Ga. Inf.; John Coydell, Bat. N. C. Inf.; H. Clifton, — William F. Carroll, 40th Ga. Inf.; William Carpenter, 8th S. C. Cav.; William Carr, 24th Ga. Inf.; John Cook, citizen of Va.; Christopher Coe, citizen of Va.; Tuck Caster, 43d Tenn. Inf.; Lieut. John B. Cathart, 43d Tenn. Inf.; James H. Cress, 21st Va. Cav.; E. W. Carnett, 1st Ga. Cav.; J. T. Cunningham, 54th Ala. Inf.; J. S. Cochran, 41st Miss. Inf.; Robert Carson, 37th Va. Cav.; M. M. Clerpuns, 31st Miss. Inf.; R. M. Chamberlain, 36th Tenn. Cav.; J. W. Carney, 4th Ky. Inf.; E. J. Clark, 4th Ala. Inf.; Thomas H. Clayborn, 56th Ga. Inf.; F. E. Clements, 36th Ala. Inf.; J. T. Chambers, 37th Va. Cav.; William T. Carmichael, 8th Tenn. 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Church, 30th Miss. Inf.; L. Crenshaw, 52d Ga. Inf.; R. B. Campbell, 27th Va. Cav.; W. Carroll, 4th Ala. Cav.; N. H. Caigle, 17th Ala. Inf.; G. B. Campbell, 17th Ala. Inf.; J. D. Cease, 15th S. C. Inf.; E. T. Chapman, 63d Ga. Inf.; J. N. Cowhine, 30th Ga. Inf.; John Coleman, 17th Ala. Inf.; James W. Crowder, 5th Tenn. Inf.; S. S. Crump, 10th Ala. Cav.; H. Cowinan, citizen of Va.; Robert Clark, Carroll Co., Ark.; Charles W. Coy, 8th S. C. Inf.; Jeff Chudler, 25th Va. Inf.; Joel Carter, 63d Va. Cav.; Stephen Carroll, 22d Miss. Inf.; R. B. Childs, 30th Ga. Inf.; C. H. Carrigan, 8th Tenn. Inf.; William Carter, 1st Tenn. Cav.; T. J. Campbell, 5th Mo. Inf.; Elias Cowell, 20th Va. Cav.; R. C. Cochran, 46th Miss. Inf.; Jesse Casey, Dent's Bat. Art.; Alexander Cupp, 7th Ga. Inf.; W. W. Clearman, 3d Miss. Inf.; John Crawley, 60th Ga. Inf.; G. W. Conoway, 46th Ala. Inf.; G. P. H. Cree, 29th Ala. Inf.; James Carral, 94th Va. Inf.; John Clark, 4th Ala. Cav.; M. T. Clark, 29th N. C. Inf.; E. P. Colton, 56th Ga. Inf.; T. T. Carle, 4th La. Inf.; James Claiman, 1st Va. Bat. Inf.; R. P. C. Caldwell, 21st Miss. Inf.; A. Carter, 24th S. C. Inf.; James Chambers, 16th Ga. Cav.; James A. Caine, 55th Ala. Inf.; G. W. Coble, 1st N. C. Conscrips; David T. Cole, 56th Ga. Inf.; Henry Clay, 5th N. C. Cav.

P. F. Davis, 5th N. C. Cav.; Lieut. J. A. Daniel, 17th Tenn. Cav.; C. H. Dudley, 10th Tenn. Cav.; J. J. Duncan, Forrest's Tenn. Cav.; I. Duncan, 8th Tenn. Cav.; J. D. Derryberry, 11th Tenn. Cav.; J. De Loek, 10th Confederate Cav.; M. Dethridge, 2d Ky. Cav.; Martin Doney, 1st Ky. Cav.; Milton Dagley, 2d Tenn. Cav.; W. H. Dean, 1st Ga. Inf.; John Daniels, 2d Va. Inf.; John W. Duncan, 56th Ga. Inf.; David Dunaway, 34th Ala. Inf.; T. R. Dougherty, 4th La. Inf.; T. H. Date, 22d Ala. Inf.; W. P. Doig, 40th Ga. Inf.; B. F. Darby, 57th Ala. Inf.; D. Demain, 7th S. C. Inf.; George W. Duncan, 3d S. C. Inf.; W. Dougherty, 1st Ga.

Art.; W. D. Dillon, 2d Va. Cav.; J. W. Daniels, 54th Ala. Inf.; J. Davidson, 27th Va. Cav.; C. H. Drum, 17th Tenn. Cav.; John Deckson, 1st Tenn. Cav.; James Dills, 21st Va. Cav.; T. E. Dillard, 40th Ala. Inf.; Charles H. Dudley, 30th Miss. Inf.; W. Driscoll, 1st Tenn. Cav.; J. A. Doyle, 15th Tenn. Inf.; Pringle Davis, 24th S. C. Inf.; James S. Douglas, 34th Ala. Inf.; K. Daniels, 57th Ala. Inf.; George Davis, 20th Va. Cav.; J. G. Deathridge, 8th Va. Cav.; William H. Duncan, Conscrip Tenn. Guards; Thomas Drum, 19th S. C. Inf.; Davison Dunham, 3d Fla. Inf.; J. R. Deiver, 36th Ga. Inf.; Philip Dorset, 46th Ga. Inf.; J. J. Driggers, Perry's Bat.; J. Driggers, 5th Ala. Cav.; J. A. Dillingham, 13th Ky. Cav.; B. W. Dirden, 45th Ala. Inf.; Simpson Driggers, 7th Fla. Inf.; W. A. Dorlas, 32d Miss. Inf.; S. W. Dickey, 18th Ala. Inf.; T. R. Drisbach, 7th Ala. Cav.; T. G. Dunbar, 57th Ga. Inf.; Richard Dupree, 34th Ala. Inf.; A. Deans, 35th Miss. Inf.; R. Dougherty, 4th La. Inf.; P. L. Dowsing, 8th S. C. Cav.; E. Daniels (or David), 4th Ala. Cav.; H. Davis, engineer corps; J. Driggers, 5th S. C. Inf.; Thomas Davis, 33d Ala. Inf.; J. M. Duerson, 34th Ga. Inf.; H. N. Davis, 14th Tenn. Cav.; David Dinwiddie, La. Sharpshooters; N. Davis, 1st Miss. Bat.; J. P. Davis, 2d Ky. Cav.; Patrick Daily, 1st Ga. Inf.; M. J. Davis, 45th Va. Inf.; Charles Doyle, 2d Tenn. Cav.; W. R. Davis, 52d Ga. Inf.; Charles Davis, 8th S. C. Inf.; J. W. Drake, 4th Ala. Inf.; P. H. Denniston, 14th Tenn. Inf.; J. S. Dillingham, 13th Ky. Cav.; Joshua Dolan, 5th Tenn. Inf.; J. W. Daniel, 15th Miss. Inf.; Phil C. Duhard, 15th Miss. Inf.; S. R. Drake, 20th Tenn. Cav.; Joel Dillon, Mussy's Bat.; Thomas Dilley, 19th Va. Cav.; W. P. Dougherty, 22d Va. Cav.; Stephen Duke, Marshall's Bat.

Joseph Ellis, Marshall's Bat.; Joseph Ellis, 5th Ky. —; Ed G. Ellison, 62d Va. Inf.; J. S. Elliott, 62d N. C. Cav.; Owen Edwards, 1st Ky. Cav.; N. Eagle, nitre mining bureau; B. O. Estes, 9th Ga. Inf.; John Estes, 5th Miss. Inf.; H. K. Eddins, 3d Tenn. Cav.; Henry S. Edson, citizen of Va.; E. W. Ellis, 6th Fla. Inf.; W. Eaton, 4th Tenn. Cav.; M. J. Eaton, 8th Va. Cav.; John N. Emerson, 54th N. C. Inf.; J. B. Elrod, 39th Ga. Inf.; W. W. Edwards, citizen of Va.; Pusey, 46th Ala. Inf.; J. R. Ellis, citizen of Va.; John W. Embler, 29th A. C. Inf.; J. M. Echols, 66th Ga. Inf.; John W. Edwards, 1st Ga. Bat.; J. C. Erskine, 32d Va. Cav.; Eli English, 33d Ala. Inf.; W. E. Ellan, 13th Va. Inf.; P. Ellington, 5th Miss. Cav.; Allen T. Estiss, 5th Ala. Cav.; I. H. Emery, 2d Md. Cav.; W. G. Egnor, 34th Va. Cav.; J. J. Ewing, 32d Ala. Inf.; R. Esmond, 15th Ala. Inf.; I. Ervin, 10th Ala. Cav.; W. W. Ewing, 5th Ala. Cav.; R. S. England, 2d Mo. Inf.; W. M. Eye, 62d Va. Inf.; John Elkin, 4th Ala. Cav.; William Evans, 46th Ga. Inf.; F. N. England, 3d S. S. Inf.; John Estes, 16th Ga. Cav.; T. M. Easter, 37th Va. Cav.; George Eagle, citizen of Va.; H. F. Eagle, citizen of Va.; H. M. Everett, 22d Tenn. Cav.; James B. Earnhart, 1st S. C. Inf.; J. N. Esell, 59th Ala. Inf.; L. Eubanks, 28th Ala. Inf.; E. H. Eubanks, 3d Ala. Cav.; Hiram Elorge, 28th Va. Cav.

S. A. Fields, 3d S. C. Cav.; Jeff Fennell, 17th Tenn. —; W. H. Fisher, citizen of Va.; J. D. Ford, —; F. A. Fore, 5th Tenn. Inf.; J. J. Fox, 11th Tex. Cav.; E. Foust, 5th Tenn. Inf.; J. A. Fontaine, 12th Va. Cav.; W. E. Fenton, 20th Va. Inf.; M. R. Fuller, 41st Miss. Inf.; S. Faris, 25th Tenn. Inf.; S. L. Flake, 15th Tenn. Inf.; Jacob H. Farmier, 42d Ga. Inf.; Thomas G. Flurry, 42d Ala. Inf.; Reuben Farmer, 43d Ga. Inf.; Wilson Fanclotte, 6th Fla. Inf.; J. Freeland, 41st Ga. Inf.; James F. Furlgam, 30th Ala. Inf.; George Fleming, 18th Tenn. Cav.; W. Fowler, 5th Ga. Inf.; John F. Fonville, 1st Miss. —; A. P. Ferguson, 21st Va. Cav.; J. Finch, Patterson's Bat.; L. Farrell, 5th Ala. Inf.; Miller Farnom, 5th Ky. Inf.; W. Francum, 58th N. C. Inf.; Falsom, 6th Fla. Inf.; D. B. Francesco, 12th Tenn. Cav.; Albert Franklin, 46th Miss. Inf.; J. K. Ferguson, 37th Miss. Inf.; James P. Fox, 17th Va. Cav.; J. S. Frasier, 2d Miss. Inf.; Theodore Fannin, — Va. Inf.; A. Y. Filippo, 49th Ala. Inf.; B. B. Freeman, 28th Tenn. Inf.; L. W. Fleeman, 54th Va. Inf.; J. A. Floyd, 49th Ala. Inf.; G. W. Farrell, 56th Ga. Inf.; W. C. Fincher, 66th Ga. Inf.; A. H. Farrell, 28th Va. Cav.; F. B. Fishbrom, 37th Va. Cav.; S. Fuller, 8th Ga. Inf.; Thomas Farris, 13th Va. Cav.; John Fortinburg, Lowry's Miss. Inf.; W. C. Fitzgerald, 36th Va. Cav.; Malachi Free, 52d Ga. Inf.; Peter Franklin, 8th S. C. Cav.; C. W. Franklin, 23d Tenn. Inf.; W. F. Freeman, 56th Ga. Inf.; Robert Floyd, 1st Ky. Cav.; E. J. Firley, 31st Miss. Inf.; M. S. Frisbie, 29th N. C. Inf.; J. F. Faircloth, 57th Ala. Inf.; B. F. Fry, 7th Miss. Inf.; S. B. Firney, 54th Ga. Inf.; Thomas Frazzell, 34th Ala. Inf.; Louis Fleming, 22d Va. Cav.; W. H. Ford, 54th Ala. Inf.; J. R. French, Ga. conscrip; A. W. Freeman, 5th Ala. Cav.; W. P. Freeman, 31st Ga. Inf.; Henry Frierson, 9th Tenn. Cav.; W. P. Freeman, 1st Tenn. Inf.; J. L. Fowler, 13th Va. Inf.; P. Poly, 3d La. Inf.; J. M. Freeman, 7th Miss. Inf.; W. C. Fitzgerald, 36th Va. Cav.; M. M. Freeman, 70th Ala. Inf.; Finney Freeling, 4th Ala. Cav.; John Fridley, 22d Va. Inf.; Newton Frier, 4th Fla. Inf.; J. G. Forrest, 29th Ga. Inf.; Paul Farthing, 11th N. C. Inf.; H. B. Folkner, citizen of Ky.; Willis French, 35th Ala. Inf.; R. P. Farthing, 11th N. C. Inf.; E. Fowler, 13th Ky. Cav.; N. F. Francis, Thomas' Legion; Newton Fletcher, 25th Va. Cav.; Daniel Fore, 39th Miss. Inf.; Thomas Futch, 25th Ga. Inf.

E. H. Gardner, 4th Ga. —; Benjamin Griffith, citizen of Va.; Andy Gibson, 3d Confederate Sharpshooters; David Growin, citizen of Va.; S. C. Golden, 20th — Cav.; Edwin Grigsby, Lieutenant 10th Ky. Inf.; A. Gaunt, citizen of Va.; James L. Greer, 2d Tenn. Cav.; H. Gordon, 51st Ga. Inf.; R. R. Goldbury, 13th Ky. Cav.; George A. Gerrold, citizen of Va.; Joseph Godwin, 29th Ga. Inf.; John F. Green, 28th Ala. Inf.; J. Gantlin, 48th Tenn. Inf.; John L. Griffin, 1st Ga. Bat.; F. A. Gilsland, 1st Ga. troop; W. R. Gilpin, 13th Va. Inf.; Adam Goble, 10th Ky. Cav.; J. P. Guidney, 30th La. Inf.; James Goldsmith, 14th N. C. Inf.; L. Garrison, 57th Ala. Inf.; A. N. Gaines, 1st Ga. Inf.; A. A. Glover, 6th Ga. Cav.; M. V. Giddons, 29th Ga. Inf.; Stephen Gibbs, government employee; W. H. Gost, 27th Va. Cav.; J. Gill, 1st Ga. Inf.; H. S. Graddish, 4th Ala. Cav.; L. Green, — Va. Cav.; W. Garner, 1st Ky. Cav.; Clement Griffin, 30th Ala. Inf.; M. S. Gilfoil, 4th La. Inf.; Adam Gissner, 3d Va. Inf.; I. Griffith, 46th Miss. Inf.; Morgan Gilmore, 16th Va. Cav.; W. F. Gregory, 66th Ga. Inf.; J. Gradick, Roberts' Miss. Cav.; John M. Goodsbey, 28th Ala. Inf.; W. J. N. Gilmer, 2d S. C. Inf.; J. C. Goodhead, 14th Tenn. Inf.;





Shaver, conscript of Tenn.; J. Scriggs, 48th Tenn. Inf.; Howell S. Smith, 18th Miss. Inf.; John A. Shawber, 22d Va. Cav.; D. P. Sayer, 56th Ga. Inf.; Thomas Spain, 66th Ga. Inf.; Elfred Smith, 3d Miss. Inf.; G. C. Stewart, 35th Ala. Inf.; J. Strickland, 1st Ga. Inf.; W. B. Sanders, 23d Ala. Inf.; A. C. Sykes, 30th Miss. Inf.; W. C. Simmes, Camper's Bat.; E. H. Smith, 58th Ala. Inf.; B. F. Stewart, 46th Ala. Inf.; J. W. Simmons, 5th Miss. Cav.; J. O. Smith, 24th S. C. Inf.; J. W. Slaughter, 2d Miss. Cav.; W. W. Stakes, 58th Ala. Inf.; H. B. Singleton, 34th Ala. Inf.; J. Stewart, 29th Tenn. Inf.; Isaac Shelton, 56th Ga. Inf.; James Sample, 10th Ky. Cav.; A. J. Stovell, 5th Confederate Inf.; L. T. Smith, 21st Ga. Inf.; I. L. Suddeth, 54th Ala. Inf.; I. S. Spicer, 2d Tenn. Cav.; W. A. Spencer, Moreland's Cav.; E. Silas, 34th Ala. Inf.; C. N. Smith, 36th Va. Inf.; I. H. Speers, 4th Ga. Cav.; J. Smith, 1st Fla. Cav.; Pat Scandler, 5th Confederate Inf.; William Stephens, 38th Ala. Inf.; C. I. Sparkman, 4th La. Inf.; Hampton Shirley, 24th S. C. Inf.; G. M. Strother, 46th Ala. Inf.; I. D. Schogan, 33d Miss. Inf.; L. Sinkins, 23d Ark. Inf.; W. A. Sholer, 10th Ala. Cav.; R. Ship, 39th Ala. Inf.; B. A. Smith, 57th Ala. Inf.; J. W. Smotherman, 11th Tenn. Cav.; J. H. Shelton, Hays's Cav.; J. Steel, Tenn. reserve troops; J. E. Stickney, 19th S. C. Inf.; J. W. Smith, 6th Fla. Inf.; J. B. Satterfield, 6th Ga. Cav.; T. Stiles, 13th Ky. Cav.; D. Suppington, 14th Miss. Cav.; H. Shephard, Steward's escort; I. H. Stephens, 1st Confederate Cav.; W. M. Sylvestre, 6th Fla. Inf.; V. A. Sanford, 1st Ala. Inf.; P. Sellers, 2d Ala. Cav.; E. E. Skinner, 13th Ky. Cav.; Mike Staub, 13th La. Inf.; J. B. Snipe, 46th Ga. Inf.; W. A. Scrogan, 56th Ga. Inf.; James A. Sharp, 2d Ky. Cav.; D. H. Scott, 23d Miss. Inf.; C. Strickland, 29th Ga. Inf.; Simeon Smith, 20th Miss. Inf.; Summerson Stennett, 40th Miss. Inf.; Alex Smith, 8th Va. Cav.; R. P. W. Stalwker, 46th Ala. Inf.; Finney Staling, 4th Ala. Inf.; S. S. Smith, 29th Ga. Inf.; Joseph B. Steel, 33d Miss. Inf.; R. W. Steal, 44th Miss. Inf.; C. T. Smith, 17th Miss. Cav.; C. S. Smallwood, 4th Ga. Cav.; Casal Stephens, 22d Miss. Inf.; W. H. Sorrells, 42d Miss. Cav.; James A. Sanders, 31st Miss. Cav.; William W. Steward, 36th Miss. Cav.; Hazell Steward, 40th Miss. Cav.; Thomas F. Sturdevant, 21st N. C. Inf.; E. B. Shane, 1st Fla. Inf.; P. T. Stone, 9th Ky. Cav.; John Sellers, 5th Ky. Cav.; W. F. Schafer, 17th Tenn. Cav.; W. H. Stanton, 35th Ala. Inf.; Joel Stamper, 2d Ky. Cav.; A. M. Stekler, 26th Va. Inf.; George Seimkins, J. Sparks, 18th Ala. Inf.; S. Stewart, 24th Va. Cav.; J. B. Studer, 43d Ga. Inf.; E. A. Stizer, Noah B. Smith, 42d Ga. Cav.; J. H. Smith, 1st Ga. Cav.; John Simpson, 1st Ga. Cav.; W. R. Salmon, 30th Ga. Inf.; J. P. Smith, 29th Miss. Inf.; George Sampson, citizen of Va.; Abner St. John, 18th Tenn. Inf.; John Shields, 19th La. Inf.; J. B. Spears, 1st Ga. Inf.; D. B. Soniker, 36th Va. Inf.; Douglas Stewart, 24th Ala. Inf.; L. P. Silver, 29th N. C. Inf.; Thomas W. Stearns, 2d Ark. Inf.; S. J. Stafford, 8th Va. Cav.; William T. Stone, 12th Tenn. Inf.; W. P. Sanders, 46th Miss. Inf.; David Sisenore, 37th Va. Cav.; T. J. Stephens, 16th La. Inf.; J. W. Shoop, 31st Va. Cav.; Jacob W. Shamol, 6th N. C. Inf.; J. L. Simmons, 54th Ala. Inf.; John S. Syree, 31st Miss. detail; F. B. Smith, Dobbling's Ark. Cav.; W. G. Smith, 33d Miss. Inf.; B. H. Spencer, 5th Ga. Cav.; J. Alex Smith, 29th Ga. Inf.; John Sanford, Ward's Bat.; A. G. Sancey, 1st Ga. Inf.; Chris Schrader, citizen of Va.; W. F. Sanders, 15th S. C. Inf.; W. B. Stafford, 8th Va. Cav.; L. Shealey, 15th S. C. Inf.; Ed Sepine, 16th La. Inf.; Shemorick Smith, 2d Ala. Cav.; John Sermons, 26th Ga. Inf.; James L. Sharp, 19th Va. Cav.; B. F. Stone, 35th Miss. Inf.; Marsback Stephens, 4th Tenn. Cav.; Robert Summers, 46th Ala. Inf.; Dennis Sullivan, 5th Confederate Cav.; George Sullivan, 4th Tenn. Cav.; J. W. Shearouse, 54th Ga. Inf.; John Summerrall, 7th Bat. Miss. Inf.; Morgan Smith, 6th N. C. Inf.; Andrew Spriggs, 13th Bat. Va. Inf.; John Sherrew, 16th La. Inf.; William Sinn, 35th Ala. Inf.; Cyrus Stephens, 39th N. C. Inf.; William Snott, 5th Confederate Inf.; Thomas Staggsdal, 55th Ala. Inf.; Hillard Smith, 46th Ala. Inf.; J. B. Strawn, 41st Tenn. Inf.; J. P. B. Schrisopher, 7th Miss. Bat. Inf.; John Shepard, 35th Ala. Cav.; David Sanderson, 10th Ala. Cav.; S. J. Sills, 38th Miss. Inf.; C. C. Smith, 34th Va. Bat. Cav.; Edgar Scarber, 38th Ala. Inf.; Philip Sheppard, 38th Ala. Inf.; R. H. Secrese, 4th Mo. Cav.; James C. Sutton, 12th Ark. Inf.; J. B. Sanderson, 10th Ala. Cav.; A. H. Salter, 1st Ala. Inf.; D. W. Suggs, 6th Tenn. Inf.; E. Sharp, 6th Tenn. Inf.; G. W. Salley, 35th Miss. Inf.; J. D. Stephens, 17th Va. Cav.; Charles W. Stewart, 25th Ga. Inf.; J. W. Staff, 7th Ala. Cav.; John S. Senasbaugh, 20th N. C. Inf.; J. Shoemaker, 15th Tenn. Inf.; W. G. Stoker, 1st Fla. Cav.; Gasper Smith, 1st Ark. Inf.; A. H. Smith. — I. P. Shrouse, 52d Ga. Inf.; James R. Stone, Wheeler's Scouts; R. N. Smith, 21st Tenn. Cav.; W. D. Smith, 8th N. C. Inf.; Louis Stafford, 1st N. C. detail; John W. Summersett, 18th Ala. Inf.; James Small, 19th Va. Cav.; Henry Swope, 30th Ga. Inf.; John Singley, 39th Ga. Inf.; James Spere, 17th Ala. Inf.; W. W. Stearns, 23d Ala. Inf.; N. S. Skinner, 22d Miss. Inf.; A. B. Sutlers, 22d Miss. Inf.; W. B. Scott, 8th Ga. Bat. Inf.; A. M. Smith, 1st Ga. Bat. Inf.; M. D. Shanton, 24th S. C. Inf.; — Stratton, — Ark.; I. A. Senclair, 1st Confederate Cav.

H. Tension, Stuart's escort; J. N. Thomas, 8th S. C. Inf.; J. J. Triplett, 19th Tenn. Inf.; L. Tabor, 14th Va. Cav.; J. Trusley, 14th Tenn. Inf.; J. S. Tyler, 47th Tenn. Inf.; J. B. Taylor, 14th Va. Cav.; W. L. Taylor, 36th Ala. Inf.; George W. Talbot, 34th Ga. Inf.; William S. Thomas, enrolling officer; S. I. Tripp, 3d N. C. Cav.; I. J. Thompson, 14th Tenn. Cav.; J. R. Townsend, 15th Miss. Inf.; J. W. Taylor, 25th Ga. Inf.; William Thornhill, 23d Ala. Inf.; J. M. Taylor, 1st Confederate Inf.; G. Thompson, 27th Bat. Cav.; B. Tipton, 4th Ala. Cav.; W. J. Turnage, 16th La. Inf.; Pleasant Taylor, 4th Ala. Cav.; C. Tyson, 41st Ga. Inf.; P. Thompson, 8th Va. Cav.; G. W. Tell, 46th Ala. Inf.; J. H. Thompson, 66th Ga. Inf.; E. P. Thorn, 25th Ga. Inf.; J. N. Templeton, 35th Miss. Inf.; J. Tate, 11th Tenn. Cav.; W. J. Thompson, 3d Confederate Cav.; P. H. Thorn, 6th Miss. Inf.; Wesley Tomlin, 10th Ala. Cav.; George Turner, 40th Miss. Inf.; W. B. Tomlinson, 17th Ala. Inf.; Thomas Terry, 17th Ala. Inf.; S. P. Turner, 13th Ky. Cav.; Benjamin Turner, 7th Fla. Inf.; P. D. Thornton, 10th Miss. Inf.; Martin J. Thacker, 28th Tenn. Inf.; Robert R. Taylor, 4th Ala. Cav.; Robert M. Tarrib, 7th Ala. Cav.; James H. Tolan, 49th Tenn. Inf.; William Turner, 38th Bat. N. C. H. G.; J. P. Tappley, 39th Miss. Inf.; B. R. Tobias, 37th Ala. Inf.; B. N. Thompson, 41st N. C. Cav.

Calvin Upchurch, 5th N. C. Cav.; John Umphrey, 40th Ga. Inf.; John Upchurch, 39th Miss. Inf.; W. J. Underwood, 10th Ala. Cav.; John Upright, N. C. state reserve.

A. G. Vedula, 1st Tenn. Cav.; Osmon Vincent, Confederate Cav.; B. Vaughan, 1st Ga. Inf.; W. T. Venable, 55th Ala. Inf.; Joseph C. Valentine, 46th Miss. Inf.; Joseph H. Vowell, 1st Ark. Inf.; E. F. Vesey, 3d Miss. Inf.; David P. Vamee, 8th Tenn. Cav.; J. C. Vining, 16th Ga. Cav.; L. M. Vaughan, 25th Va. Cav.; Charles Vick, 27th Ala. Inf.; W. Vansant, 23d Va. Cav.; S. Vickers, 20th Miss. Inf.; C. E. Vandike, 21st Tenn. Cav.; L. Victory, 12th Ga. Inf.; A. Vaughn, 16th S. C. Inf.; R. Vaugh, 10th Ky. Cav.; L. Vanhoosar, — Ambers Vaughn, 10th Ala. Cav.

I. Williams, 8th Ky. Cav.; H. Whitmore, 4th Ala. Cav.; J. A. Watson, citizen of Va.; Thomas Woodward, 10th Ky. Cav.; — Woodward, — J. A. Watts, 10th Ky. Inf.; W. B. Wright, 6th Cav.; George Wait, 21st Tenn. Inf.; S. Wilson, 8th Va. Cav.; Capt. Wickett, 4th Tenn. Cav.; J. Wells, A. Whettle, citizens of Va.; R. Woodrum, 22d Va. Bat.; Ellis G. Winstud, 4th Ark. Inf.; J. N. Walkall, 25th Ark. Inf.; A. C. Whately, 3d Ga. Cav.; E. J. Williams, 36th Ga. Inf.; S. B. Wilcox, 1st Ky. Cav.; J. P. Walls, 12th Tenn. Cav.; J. N. Wolf, citizen of Va.; M. Wain, 19th Va. Cav.; J. W. Warren, conscript of N. C.; J. H. Walker, 23d Tenn. Inf.; A. P. Williams, 15th Tenn. Cav.; A. M. Watson, 20th N. C. Inf.; J. B. Wingard, 63d Ga. Inf.; A. Weese, citizen of Va.; John F. Wilburn, 23d Va. Cav.; George Wheelley, 15th Miss. Inf.; W. Wilder, 4th Fla. Inf.; W. Walker, 36th Va. Inf.; Samuel P. Witz, 5th Confederate; W. L. Williams, 16th Tenn. Cav.; Henry Warule, 56th Ga. Inf.; W. F. Waul, 4th Ala. Inf.; John D. Williams, 42d Ala. Inf.; Levi Walker, 60th Va. Inf.; Isaac Weese, 1st Ga. Inf.; Charles Whitefield, 18th Tex. Cav.; J. S. Wheeler, conscript from Tenn.; R. Woods, 36th Miss. Inf.; Uriah Wright, Baltimore Art.; Henry Wissing, — Ga. Inf.; John Woodrum, 6th Ga. Inf.; G. W. Ware, 23d Va. Cav.; Samuel Williams, 23d Va. Cav.; Thomas Watson, 1st Tenn. Cav.; W. O. West, 20th Va. Cav.; James M. Windson, 18th Ga. Inf.; R. L. Wiggins, 36th Ala. Inf.; Henry Wirt, 34th Va. Inf.; W. A. Woods, 35th Va. Cav.; James H. Warren, 18th Tenn. Inf.; W. H. Wisecarver, 11th Va. Cav.; A. Wilson, 42d Ala. Inf.; Wilson Warden, 36th Va. Inf.; William J. Warren, 47th Tenn. Inf.; J. M. Watson, 1st Ga. Inf.; George Wilson, Gilmore's Bat.; John W. Wilkes, 8th S. C. Inf.; David Weaver, 43d Inf.; Henry Wagoner, 54th N. C. Inf.; T. Woodson, 9th Tex. Inf.; R. F. Walker, 1st Ga. Inf.; Columbus Wells, 42d Ala. Inf.; John A. Wilson, Lewis' Ala. Bat.; J. W. Weaver, — J. P. Walker, 10th Tenn. Cav.; W. Warfield, 1st Md. Cav.; Stanley Walker, 8th Ky. Cav.; Owens Wilson, 7th Ala. Cav.; O. R. Watkins, 37th Tenn. Inf.; Joseph B. Wilson, 1st Fla. Inf.; Andrew Willoughby, 64th Ala. Inf.; J. C. Woville, 43d Miss. Inf.; J. C. Wilson, 24th S. C. Inf.; Jackson A. Wines, 19th Va. Cav.; S. C. Wiseman, 29th Ga. Inf.; J. W. Wisdom, 11th Tex. Cav.; P. P. Wilson, 66th Ga. Inf.; Owen Wilson, 7th Ala. Inf.; C. S. West, 18th Miss. Inf.; G. W. Williams, 1st Mo. Cav.; W. Whitefield, 44th Tenn. Inf.; Hayton Wines, 19th Va. Cav.; W. W. Ward, 12th La. Inf.; J. B. Wilkinson, 57th Ala. Inf.; William Winfield, 37th Bat. Va. Cav.; J. W. Wesley, 2d Mo. Inf.; E. W. White, 2d Tex. Inf.; J. M. White, 7th Fla. Inf.; Jonathan Wood, 44th Ala. Cav.; Green Woodruff, 46th Miss. Inf.; L. L. Wesson, 35th Ala. Inf.; J. H. Wyatt, 52d Tenn. Inf.; B. H. Woodruff, 6th Ga. state troops; B. T. Williams, 15th Tenn. Cav.; W. F. Wade, 1st Mo. Cav.; W. H. Williams, 6th Mo. Inf.; J. A. Woodall, 4th Ala. Cav.; S. Washburn, 11th Ky. Cav.; Luke B. Williams, 1st Bat. S. S. troops; E. H. Wiggins, 11th Ala. Cav.; H. White, 1st Fla. Cav.; W. M. Walker, 1st Miss. Inf.; G. W. Wilson, 33d Ala. Inf.; E. F. Williams, 5th Ga. Cav.; R. J. Williams, 2d Ala. Cav.; J. Waldon, 13th Ky. Cav.; J. B. Williams, Dardon's Bat.; L. M. Wilson, 24th Tenn. Inf.; J. F. Wilson, 6th Ala. Inf.; J. Wald, 13th Ky. Cav.; Leonidas White, 16th Ala. Inf.; E. F. Widham, 38th Ala. Inf.; I. H. Warrick, 46th Ala. Inf.; A. S. Williams, 53rd Tenn. Inf.; William Willet, 15th Ala. Inf.; T. J. Walker, 13th Miss. Inf.; B. F. Williams, conscript of Ky.; J. P. Wilcox, 49th Tenn. Inf.; J. H. West, 30th Tenn. Inf.; O. Williams, 20th Ala. Inf.; N. D. Wood, 10th Ala. Cav.; B. E. Woodward, 13th Ky. Cav.; Elijah Widner, 21st Va. Cav.; John Walker, citizen of Ala.; J. Williams, 19th Va. Cav.; A. Whaler, 17th Ala. Inf.; Solomon Wade, — Bat.; John Walsh, 6th Fla. Inf.; Jackson Wilson, 13th Ky. Cav.; T. A. Woodrad, 10th Ky. Cav.; D. C. Weldon, 20th Ala. Inf.; O. P. Walker, 2d Ky. Cav.; W. Wildman, 55th Ala. Inf.; J. S. M. Whitefield, 13th Ky. Cav.; R. H. Wallace, 32d Miss. Inf.; E. M. Williams, 10th Ky. Inf.; L. N. White, 39th Ga. Inf.; A. I. Winnet, 4th Tenn. Cav.; A. J. Wheeler, 10th Tex. Inf.; Nelson Williams, 65th Ga. Inf.; D. O. Walker, 8th Tenn. — John B. Williams, 56th Tenn. Inf.; B. I. Whitefield, 13th Ky. Cav.; William A. Woodall, 29th Ala. Inf.; A. E. Ward, citizen of E. Tenn.; John J. Webb, 13th Va. Inf.; Addison Waydell, 25th Va. Cav.; G. A. Williams, 5th Miss. Cav.; John B. Weaver, 54th Ga. Cav.; Thomas S. Walstonhome, 43d Miss. Inf.; George F. Williams, 63d Ala. Inf.;

G. Y. M. Wright, 4th Ala. Cav.; John Willard, 23d Bat. Va. Inf.; S. W. Widham, 23d Miss. Inf.; J. L. Willis, 31st Ala. Inf.; C. S. Wilfong, 3d N. C. —; E. F. Waters, 46th Ga. Inf.; Bennett Whidden, 6th Fla. Inf.; Rice Willis, 1st Ky. Cav.  
 J. E. Yeager, 7th Ala. Inf.; William Yancey, 1st Ark. —; Peter Young, 37th Va. Inf.; J. Yonan, 1st Fla. Inf.; E. L. Yost, 22d Va. Cav.; Haz. Yarborough, 16th Ga. Cav.; T. J. Yother, 65th Ga. Inf.; W. Yerby, Woodward's Ala. Cav.; J. Yete, 11th Tenn. Cav.; E. A. York, 26th Tenn. Inf.; W. F. Yargin, 34th Ga. Inf.; Francis Youst, 20th Va. Cav.; A. I. Yarbrough, 4th La. Inf.; William A. Young, 46th Miss. Inf.; W. H. Young, 46th — Inf.; W. H. Young, 5th Miss. Cav.; Green J. Yeates, 1st Ala. Inf.  
 One unknown Confederate soldier.

#### FACTS CONCERNING CAMP CHASE PRISON.

The Confederates' good friend who has done so much for us in Columbus, O., furnishes the following:

The first prisoner brought to Columbus for alleged participation in the rebellion was a man detected in firing a bridge. He arrived June 27, 1861, and was lodged in the station-house. The first batch of Southerners brought from the field was a party of twenty-three, mostly "wealthy and influential citizens of Virginia," who had been taken in the Kanawha Valley as hostages for Union men seized by the Confederates. They arrived under guard July 5, and were lodged at Camp Chase, but were released a few days later. The *Ohio State Journal* of July 6, 1861, states: "Lieut. J. E. McGowan, of Company B, Twenty-First Regiment O. V. M., arrived in this city yesterday morning with twenty-three prisoners, who were taken in the valley of the Kanawha River. The prisoners are: R. B. Hackney, A. B. Dorst, A. Roseberry, H. J. Fisher, R. Knupp, Jacob C. Kline, Frank Ransom, J. N. McMullen, J. W. Echard, David Long, G. D. Slaughter, A. E. Eastham, J. F. Diltz, Robert Mitchell, S. Hargiss, E. J. Ransom, T. B. Kline, Alexander McCauseland, O. H. P. Sebrill, James Johnson, W. O. Roseberry, Benjamin Franklin, and James Carr. The majority of them are wealthy and influential citizens of Virginia."

Other extracts from the *Journal* are copied:

"On July 16 four arrivals at the camp from Virginia; and twenty-eight more, mostly officers, arrived from Virginia August 17."

"A number of them appear rather communicative, and talk of their sentiments like men who are convinced of the justice of their cause and the ultimate triumph of the South. We heard one of them remark that if they took Washington City they would not burn it; that there were too many good buildings there, and they wished to make it the capital of the Confederacy."

"Sixteen Confederate soldiers, captured near Cheat Mountain, were brought in August 30. A squad of fifteen or twenty secessionists, taken in Louisa County, Va., and fourteen more captured in battle near Summerville, same state, were added to the Camp Chase colony on September 16 and 18 respectively. Forty-three from Kentucky and twelve taken near Cross Lanes, Va., arrived by special train from Cincinnati October 27. Eight were brought in from the Kanawha Valley November 6, and eleven from Cheat Mountain November 13. The total number at the camp at this time was two hundred and seventy-eight. On December 9 eight more arrived from Romney."

The *Journal* of February 24, 1861, reports that "a large number of Rebel prisoners, taken at Bloomery Gap, in Gen. Lander's Division, were brought to 'Camp Chase Hotel' Friday night. The squad included one colonel (Robert J. Baldwin, who was captured by Gen. Lander himself in the assault upon that place), six captains, nine lieutenants, five first sergeants, six other

sergeants, five corporals, and nineteen privates. They were brought there in charge of Maj. Armstrong, of the Fifth Ohio. Nine prisoners captured near Fayetteville, Ky., by Col. Scammon, of the Twenty-Third Ohio, also arrived on Saturday last."

The *Ohio Statesman* of November 6, 1861, states: "The following distinguished secesh prisoners have, by order of Gen. O. M. Mitchell, been sent from Camp Chase to Port Lafayette: Col. B. F. Stanton, Isaac Nelson, Thomas Caston, R. S. Thomas, and George Forrester. The rumor is that they concocted well-laid plans for an escape from Camp Chase."

The first burial there was on August 4, 1863, S. Horton, Fourteenth Alabama; the second, August 14, 1863, William Adkins, a citizen of Virginia; third, E. H. Gardner, Fourth Georgia. Prior to August 4, 1863, they were buried in the city cemetery, southeast of Columbus, when the one hundred and thirty-five were removed to Camp Chase. The first buried in the city cemetery was April 6, 1862, J. M. Childs, lieutenant, Third Mississippi; second, April 9, 1862, R. B. White, Fourteenth Mississippi; third, April 9, 1862, Thomas J. Tipps, Forty-First Tennessee. At Camp Dennison, O., there were buried one hundred and sixteen—the first, May 17, 1862, Henry Martin, Company F, Seventeenth Alabama; second, May 17, 1862, — Baldwin, further unknown; third, April 20, 1863, P. S. Carter, lieutenant, Third Mississippi. At Johnson's Island two hundred and six were buried—the first, November 6, 1863, J. E. Scruggs, colonel, Eighty-Fifth Virginia; second, C. M. Triggles, captain, Thirty-Fifth Georgia; third, Confederate soldier unknown.

Gen. Basil Duke was supposed to be one of the heirs of the property now the Confederate cemetery. The ground was first held by a lease. The deed of the property, dated April 23, 1879, to United States of America, was signed by M. J. Marshall, E. S. Hallaway, P. S. Hallaway, and W. S. Hallaway, as executors of John G. Hallaway, residents of Kentucky, and conveyed the property known and described as the Confederate Cemetery at Camp Chase.

The cemetery was fenced in by lumber from the barracks. The government had wooden head-boards placed at the graves, with the name and number of the company and state of each one inscribed on them. The place was neglected, and soon became very wild.

When ex-President Hayes was Governor he arranged with Mr. H. Briggs, a farmer near the cemetery, to take care of the ground for \$25 a year, paid from the contingent fund. This was continued till Mr. Bishop was Governor, when he ordered it stopped. Nothing more was done until Mr. J. B. Foraker was Governor. He communicated to the United States Government the condition and disgrace of the grounds, and through his influence an appropriation of about \$6,000 was made to build a substantial stone wall and new wooden head-boards and to fix the place up generally. A large stone weighing about sixteen tons was found three miles from the cemetery. This was taken to the grounds, and the inscription "2260 Confederate soldiers of the war 1861-65 buried in this enclosure" was cut in it. The balance of the money was used to build a fence at the Sandusky Confederate burial-grounds, and in this condition it was left until taken up by private citizens and prepared for the sacred services.





THE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, COVINGTON, GA.

### CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, COVINGTON, GA.

G. D. Heard sends a complete list of the Confederate dead buried at Covington, Ga., and writes:

Some time since you published a partial list of the Confederate dead buried in the cemetery at this place. I send you a complete list of the names and commands of the seventy-three, also a photograph of the cemetery, kindly furnished by L. W. Glass. Each grave is marked by polished marble head and foot stones, and the plot is surrounded by a hedge of evergreens.

Near the center of the picture stand Judge Capers Dickson, Commander of our camp (Jefferson Lamar Camp No. 305), and myself. Just beyond the Confederate is the city cemetery and a part of the city.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of this city, who have the care of the cemetery, had the marble head and foot stones erected.

On each Decoration Day all of the business houses and schools are closed, and the people generally join in honoring these dead heroes by decorating their graves with choice flowers and other appropriate services.

D. Southerland, 68th Ga.  
 J. C. Edwards, 25th Ga.  
 J. H. Carter, 63d Ga.  
 D. Bosier, 64th Ga.  
 I. S. Halland, 8th Ga.  
 R. S. Godfrey, 34th Ga.  
 J. Beasley, 63d Ga.  
 W. P. Howard, 66th Ga.  
 L. W. Farr, 66th Ga.  
 W. B. Hannah, 54th Ga.  
 W. D. Pool, 27th Ga.  
 E. S. Lading, 55th Ga.  
 J. S. Abrams, 66th Ga.  
 H. Knight, 63d Ga.  
 William Brown, 8th Ga. Bat.  
 J. W. Maecingo, 4th Ga. Bat.  
 G. D. Hanson, 1st Ga. Cav.  
 J. V. Woodson, Cobb's Legion.  
 L. S. Porter, 24th Miss.  
 S. B. Forrester, 43d Miss.  
 R. J. Pearce, 34th Miss.  
 A. Measle, 33d Ala.  
 J. Willis, 38th Ala.  
 T. Weaver, 34th Ala.  
 N. Martin, 29th Ala.  
 J. Hester, 28th Ala.  
 M. A. Munson, 58th Ala.  
 W. A. Alaerson, 58th Ala.  
 A. H. Whilly, 1st Ala.  
 M. Koney, 6th Ala.  
 R. Thomson, 36th Ala.  
 J. S. Brooks, 33d Ala.  
 J. A. Roberson, 12th Ala. Bat.  
 J. E. Mitchell, — Ark.

T. Wright, 66th Ga.  
 W. Kemp, 6th Ga.  
 T. J. Beah, 37th Ga.  
 O. J. Batchelor, 66th Ga.  
 E. Rainey, 4th Ga. Bat.  
 W. H. Hendrick, 29th Miss.  
 J. Kolb, 25th Miss.  
 J. A. Clark, — Miss.  
 S. Connelly, 7th Miss.  
 J. Dooley, 5th Miss.  
 T. Otterson, 44th Miss.  
 E. Edson, 37th Miss.  
 J. Allen, 28th Miss Cav.  
 W. D. Parkham, 2d Fla.  
 W. C. Rashberry, 42d Fla.  
 H. E. Fank, 5th Ky.  
 H. S. Londer, 11st Tenn.  
 A. J. Whitson, 6th Tenn.  
 S. Gossett, — Tenn.  
 J. M. White, 91st Tenn.  
 W. W. Coffey, 26th Tenn.  
 J. M. White, 19th Tenn.  
 R. Richardson, 38th Tenn.  
 W. Bailly, 1st Tenn.  
 J. H. Adecock, 1st Tenn.  
 — Skelton, 29th Tenn.  
 M. D. McDowell, 19th S. C.  
 W. W. Bally, 24th N. C.  
 J. W. Rape, 5th Tex.  
 J. J. Gill, Company G., —  
 W. J. Burtery, Baxter Art.  
 There are eight marked "unknown."

R. D. Edwards, Grand Pass., Mo.:

I have read with considerable interest every number of the VETERAN for a long time, and am interested in a few boys from my old home in North Carolina. In the October number Mrs. Louise Wigfall Wright, of Maryland, states that all the Confederate dead buried in that state have been taken to Baltimore and buried in Loudon Park. There were a few boys from North Carolina who died in prison at Point Lookout, and were buried at that place. Now I want to ask any one who may know if those buried at Point Lookout were also taken to Baltimore. These men "bore the burden and heat of the day," and belonged to the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, organized at Raleigh in 1861. On March 14 they were at Newbern, under Col. Zeb Vance. On that date Burnside's fleet captured Newbern, and I might add that the Confederates never regained that point. The Twenty-Sixth, being on the extreme left, avoided capture. They could not cross Brice's Creek on the bridge, and had to ford it. In crossing Col. Vance's horse floundered in some way, and he would probably have been drowned if one of the boys had not swum to him and assisted him to the shore, and thus saved North Carolina's greatest statesman.

From that time on these boys played important parts in many hard-fought battles, being at Richmond, Chancellorsville, Manassas, and Gettysburg. On the first day at the last-named place they were in Heth's Division, and helped drive back Meade's center. They were also in Pickett's celebrated charge. On the retreat from Gettysburg, near Falling Water, Gen. Pettigrew was killed. I think his brigade covered the retreat, and the Federal cavalry rushed upon and captured these comrades. They were taken to Point Lookout and held there seven or eight months, and then paroled. They returned to service, and I last saw them in the ditches at Petersburg. They were captured at that place and again taken to Point Lookout, where many of them died.

If any one will kindly answer the questions in beginning of this or supplement the data here given, it will be appreciated.

## CONFEDERATE DEAD AT LEXINGTON, KY.

List of Confederates buried in the Confederate lot in the cemetery at Lexington, Ky.:

T. W. Ward, E., 30th Ark.	John Seals, —, 12th Tenn.
T. H. Hunter, C., 2d Tenn.	J. E. D., C. S. soldier.
M. T. Searles, B., 20th Ala.	N. G. Winfield, D., 3d Ga.
John D. Ives, 48th Tenn.	J. S. Barker, —, 6th Fla.
R. D. Nichols, A., 56th Ga.	A. Fowler, A., 7th Fla.
A. P. Smith, G., 54th Ga.	Peter Helm, D., 54th Va.
T. O. Putman, I., 12th Tenn.	G. Foley, F., 6th Fla.
G. W. Palmer, G., 48th Tenn.	J. C. Mercer, B., 6th Fla.
A. R. Surgeon, F., 2d Ark.	J. Nawls, F., 6th Fla.
George A. Boykin, E., 6th Fla.	J. R. Cooplund, G., 48th Tenn.
G. W. Eavins, H., 59th Ga.	R. C. Steed, B., 3d Ga.
L. Ross, G., Buford's Brigade.	D. J. Robinette, F., 3d Ga.
J. H. Jones, F., 54th Ga.	G. F. Landham, H., 14th Ark.
R. H. Brown, —, 7th Fla.	J. C. Randolph, E., 34th Ga.
W. Hicks, C., 59th Ga.	M. Dryberry, B., 33th Ga.
G. R. Phillips, G., 59th Ga.	C. W. Massey, C., 29th Va.
A. S. Allgood, C., 54th Ga.	J. Deas, G., 7th Fla.
Charles A. Gordon, I., 1st Ark.	T. M. Fore, F., 43d Ala.
Zac Johnson, B., 1st Ala. Leg.	Wiley Pope, C. S. soldier.
J. R. Butler, A., 6th Fla.	P. W. Pierce, —, 6th Fla.
Josiah Merritt, F., 7th Fla.	J. W. Brooks, F., 2d Ark.
E. Varner, D., 6th Fla.	T. C. Robinson, —, 48th Tenn.
Charles McJones, C., 7th Fla.	Thomas Hawkins, I., 43d Ala.
Sam Ingreen, Buford's Brig.	J. H. Harris, F., 54th Ga.
D. Burchfield, F., 39th Ga.	John Jenkins, G., 9th Miss.
James Ross, H., 54th Ga.	— Burke, C. S. soldier.
R. C. Tinton, A., 54th Ga.	— Daniels, —, 6th Fla.
James Wilson, —, 2d Ark.	L. F. Krout, H., 20th Ala.

John Williams, 1st Ark. Cav.	J. B. McCarty, C. S. soldier.
J. S. P. Wardrobe, D., 20th N. C.	J. Chambers, D., 1st Ky. Cav.
R. T. Chambers, H., 34th Ga.	O. P. Hamilton, 14th Ky. Cav.
J. W. Hartley, C., 54th Ga.	John Whit, A., 34th Va.
J. Williams, F., 42d Ga.	J. Columbia, citizen prisoner.
L. K. Frisbey, G., 15th Tex.	J. McComas, Jesse's Cav. Bat.
Thomas Coker, I., 4th Tenn.	David Cook, citizen prisoner.
R. S. Huff, H., 54th Ga.	C. W. Cook, citizen prisoner.
S. J. Williams, H., 6th Fla.	C. Howard, A., 12th Ky. Cav.
Robert Rivenback, G., 1st Fla.	W. R. Gains, C. S. soldier.
James Allen, H., 56th Ga.	Hiram Taylor, C. S. soldier.
H. L. Tucker, A., 43d Ala.	Henry Eades, citizen prisoner.
Elijah Maddox, F., 6th Fla.	Charles W. Jones, —
S. L. Rowan, E., 6th Fla.	Bernard Johnson, —, K. Cav.
John Cowen, H., 6th Fla.	William Russell, —, Tenn. Inf.
James L. Sweet, —, 6th Fla.	W. D. McGee, F., 11th Ky. Cav.
E. Hays, C., 6th Fla.	C. W. Savage, —, Ga.
Richard Stewart, C., 30th Ala.	S. W. Garrett, —, 2d Ky. Inf.
John Martin, —, 10th Tex. Cav.	Charles Byrne, Quirk's Scouts.
E. A. Standridge, A., 29th N. C.	C. A. Sandusky, F., 5th Ky. Inf.
George Newman, D., 18th Ala.	W. A. L. Phillips, E., 5th Ky. Cav.
C. G. Knatzar, F., — Ky.	T. E. Thomasson, B., 2d Ky. Inf.
R. Fletcher, C. S. soldier.	J. C. Griffith, B., 2d Ky. Inf.
— Rodes, C. S. soldier.	M. W. Virden, B., 2d Ky. Inf.
W. R. Grider, Morgan's Cav.	R. P. Austin, D., 5th Ky. Cav.
P. Pickens, C. S. soldier.	W. W. Weatherred, I., 2 Ky. Cav.
N. B. Buchanan, 62d N. C.	Frank Boyd, A., 2d Ky. Cav.
W. Rose, C. S. soldier.	A. R. Atchison, —, 2d Ky. Cav.
James S. Ray, D., 10th Ky. Cav.	Dennis Burns, A., 8th Ky. Cav.

The foregoing was furnished by Comrade John Boyd, to whom the South is indebted for years of unremitting zeal to preserve the noble record made by Confederates in our great war. In a personal note Gen. Boyd states: "You can say that there is not a cemetery anywhere that is better kept or tended, and there is no more lovely spot on earth than where these brave boys sleep."

## GRATEFUL EXPRESSIONS FROM VETERANS.

The "old boys" of the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home had a good Christmas. At a special meeting of the inmates of the Home they passed preamble and resolutions, in which they say:

The benevolent ladies of Nashville, Memphis, and Franklin have in the warm generosity of their kind hearts contributed most liberally toward supplying us with our Christmas dinner, reminding us most forcibly of "ye olden times," when "boxes of goodies to the front" was the order of the day; and such amiable generosity is to us an assurance "strong as proof of Holy Writ" that the charming daughters of this day are the worthy descendants of the noble mothers of other and darker times.

Our warmest and most heartfelt thanks are tendered to those kindly and loving spirits, whose thoughtful charity prompted them to include us, "the wrecks whose broken masts and rifted decks tell us of the shipwreck that is o'er," in the list of remembrances on this the natal day of our Lord and Saviour. This generous charity is most highly appreciated, and the fair donors will ever hold a warm place in our hearts.

Signed: Jesse Taylor, Jo A. Hill, E. W. Avene, G. S. Cotton, Jo Brady, John Dagnon, Committee.

Comrade J. H. White, Superintendent, reports it.

In the notice of J. R. Matlock published in the December VETERAN, page 625, the address of his mother should have been given as Lewisburg, Ky., instead of Tennessee. May some one give information of him to his aged parent!

E. A. Robinson, of Kiowa, Ind. T., desires to hear from any of the survivors of Lieut. Gravel's Pioneer Corps, of Cleburne's Division, which was in winter quarters at Tunnel Hill, Ga., in February, 1864.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, LEXINGTON, KY.

JOURNEY TO AND FROM APPOMATTOX.

BY PATTIE GUILD.

The dear old army had passed away from me forever, and I had been through the Confederacy. It was the last week of the war. Gen. Lee's army was camped near Petersburg, and I had been there all winter, at Mrs. Richard Kidder Meade's, to be near my husband, who was medical director of the Army of Northern Virginia and on Gen. Lee's staff. Agnes Lee had been on a visit at Mrs. Meade's, but left Saturday morning for Richmond. Sunday morning I was dressing for church, when my ambulance drove up to Mrs. Meade's door, and old Wilson, my faithful old soldier driver who had always driven my ambulance, gave me a note from my husband saying: "The enemy are entering Richmond. I do not wish to leave you within their lines. Wilson will know where to take you." I immediately put some necessary articles in a small trunk and had it put in the ambulance, got in, and Wilson drove off. All that day and all that night we drove and drove. I do not remember eating, but I do know I slept. Once in the night I awoke and heard sounds of sorrow, and was told that they were from Mrs. A. P. Hill's ambulance, and that Gen. Hill had been killed just before our army left Petersburg.

Well, we went on and on. Occasionally I saw my husband, and other officers would ride up and say, "Mrs. Guild, we have no command; we will rally around your ambulance." Our poor soldiers would come to me and ask for food, and know I had none to give; but each day my husband, I suppose, would manage to get me something to eat, for I was never hungry. Often on that march my husband or some other officer would ride up hurriedly and speak to old Wilson, and he would whip up the mules, and we would rush across fields in any direction. It would be because the enemy had cut our lines. Finally Col. Baldwin, of Gen. Lee's staff, came to me and gave me fifty dollars in greenbacks—the first, I believe, I ever had. He said he did not know what would happen, and I might need it; but I was so young and thoughtless in those days I did not dream of danger or surrender. I was even happy on that dreadful march; everything was so strange. I was the only lady. My husband would often ride up to my ambulance and cheer me in every way he could. At last, one evening at sunset, my ambulance stopped, Wilson saying he had orders to halt. By and by several officers came up, and soon the baggage-wagons. My husband ordered his servant, Nathan, whom he had brought from the old plantation, and who had been with him through the war, to get out his best clothes. He and other officers dressed themselves in their best. I asked Dr. Guild why it was, and he replied that they might be captured, and wanted to make a good appearance. Then my husband went with me to a house near by, where I refreshed myself. Returning to the ambulance, I found all the officers lying around on the ground with their military cloaks thrown over their faces, asleep in the moonlight. It was a strange sight. I got in my ambulance, and was soon asleep myself. When I awoke it was daylight, and we were moving. Soon my husband came to me and said there might be a fight there, but that I was in no danger, and must not be fright-

ened. He took me out of the ambulance and put me in a gully, barricaded it with wagons, and told old Wilson to keep the ambulance ready, so he could put me in it, and where to take me if certain things happened; but just then an officer rode up and said there was a house a mile off, and my husband put me in the ambulance and took me there. It was the home of Gen. Morton, and he made me welcome, and took me to a room on the first floor, where my husband bade me good-by and returned to Gen. Lee. He had hardly left me, when a body of our men and a party of



DR. LAFAYETTE GUILD AND MRS. PATTIE GUILD.

the enemy met in a skirmish right in front of my room. When it was over I laid my hat, watch, and chain off, and went to bathe my face, just as my door was burst open and a Dutch soldier, with pistol in his hand, came in, cursing the Rebels. I said not a word, but quietly left the room. I found the whole house filled with soldiers. I saw an officer, and told him what had happened, and he instantly went with me. I found my watch and chain gone, but was too glad to escape with that to murmur. I heard that Gen. John Gibbon, who used to be a dear old army friend, was near,

and I asked if I could send him a note. Immediately a man was sent with my little penciled note to Gen. Gibbon, and quickly a reply came, saying he would come to me; and he came even while I was reading his note, the same kind old friend. He put a safe guard around the house; but, notwithstanding that, the next morning a negro soldier came to my room, but, as they had always been my slaves, I did not feel afraid of him. I ordered him out, and he went. Our little Indian boy, Joe, whom we had since he was seven years old (then twelve), was with me. Then my husband came and told me of the surrender, and he broke completely down when he spoke of Gen Lee.

Well, we left Appomattox Court-House. My ambulance followed Gen. Lee's, which was empty, he riding with his staff and those of the army who went with him to Richmond. I shall never forget how, as Gen. Lee rode away from Appomattox the Union soldiers cheered and cheered him. He was grander to me on that sad march back to Richmond than he ever was after one of his great victories. Often on that march he would come to my ambulance early in the morning with a cup of coffee, depriving himself for the only woman who was on that sorrowful, hopeless march. We would all, from the highest officer to the humblest soldier, have given him our last drop of water or food, we loved him so; and on that march, when we would camp near a house, they would prepare their best for Gen. Lee; but he would sleep in his tent or on the ground with his staff, and say that I must go and have what was prepared for him. How provoked they must have felt to see a forlorn little woman, instead of Gen. Lee! When we reached Richmond we all separated. I never saw Gen. Lee again, but my husband went back to Richmond to see him; and now I feel sure they are not very far apart in heaven. And for me,

Would those hours could come again, with their thorns and flowers!

I would give the hopes of years for those bygone hours.

Dr. Lafayette Guild was a native of Tuscaloosa, Ala., and a nephew of the late Judge Jo C. Guild, of Nashville, Tenn. When the great war broke out he was a surgeon in the U. S. Army and on duty in California. He resigned and went on to Richmond, Va., with Gen. A. S. Johnston, and became a surgeon in the Army of Northern Virginia. When Gen. Lee took command of the army he telegraphed: "Send me Dr. Lafayette Guild." He appointed him on his staff, and made him medical director of the Army of Northern Virginia. Gen. Lee was very fond of and confidential with Dr. Guild. His report to Gen. Lee of the battle of Gettysburg is a part of the commander's official report in the "War Records." After the war Dr. Guild commenced the practise of medicine in Mobile, Ala., in partnership with a brother of Admiral Raphael Semmes. He died, however, soon after going to Mobile.

In the list of chapters, U. D. C., reported in the December VETERAN the officers of some were not given, not having been reported to the Recording Secretary. Among them was the chapter at Rock Hill, S. C., of which Mrs. R. T. Fewell is President and Miss Elizabeth Sherfesece, Secretary.

## REMEMBERS MORGAN'S TELEGRAPH-OPERATOR.

J. N. BROOKS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

I notice in the VETERAN for November the statement of Col. George A. Ellsworth, who was Gen. John H. Morgan's telegraph-operator, regarding Gen. Morgan's capture of Gallatin, Tenn., in August, 1862. I am the J. N. Brooks whom he mentions, one of the men now living, and remember the occurrence as well as though it were yesterday. Col. Ellsworth's statement is in the main correct, but he fails to go into the particulars of my capture. I suppose he was in so many raids it is but natural that he would overlook some of the minor features of this one.

I was employed by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company as agent at Gallatin, and had charge of the freight, express, and telegraph offices. About day-break August 12, 1862, I heard some one coming upstairs to my room, and thinking it was my porter, who usually went up about that time with fresh water, thought nothing of it, and turned to go to sleep, but was aroused by a voice saying: "Surrender! I demand it in the name of Gen. John Morgan." I instantly found myself looking down the barrels of four navy revolvers. Col. Ellsworth and his associate had one in each hand. I was ordered by Col. Ellsworth to get up and dress myself. After putting on my pants and boots he allowed me to look down the barrel of his revolver again, asking me if I had any money. I said, "Yes," and handed him my pocketbook, which he took, and counted the contents, saying, "Forty dollars," and handed me back the empty pocketbook. He then asked if that was all I had. I replied that it was, but now confess that I told a falsehood, for I had \$500 in a leather pocketbook between the blankets of the bed. I was then ordered down-stairs to open up the office and to find out where the trains were and whether on time or not. In doing this I worked as awkwardly as I dared, in order that the operators on the line would detect something wrong. Shortly afterward Col. Ellsworth, keeping me under guard, took charge of the instrument. After working a short time, Jimmy Morris, the operator at Northeast Nashville, suspected that something was wrong at Gallatin, and he called me up and asked if I got that bottle of nitric acid he sent me a few days ago. Col. Ellsworth turned to me and asked the same question, and I answered no. He then allowed me to look down the barrel of his revolver again, saying that if I told him a falsehood he would blow the top of my head off. I still stuck to my answer, and he went back to the instrument and gave Morris some indefinite answer. Well, within five minutes after I had denied receiving the bottle I remembered the circumstances. Jimmy had sent me a bottle of whisky, and labeled it "nitric acid" so the boys on the train would not drink it. Now, if the question had been asked whether I got a bottle of whisky or not, I would have answered yes; but, as I had denied getting the nitric acid, it was too late to recall my answer. Jimmy Morris then knew that there was something wrong at Gallatin.

Col. Ellsworth asked me where I kept my express money, and I told him in the desk. He then ordered me to open it, and took out a package of money containing fifty or sixty dollars that had come in the night

before for some lady, whose name I have forgotten, and put that in his pocket.

About half-past seven Mr. Culp, who kept the hotel just across from the depot, and with whom I boarded (the father of Mr. Culp who was for a long time General Freight Agent of the L. and N. R. R.), came into the depot and told me to come and get my breakfast. I said: "How can I go? I am under guard here; but if these guards will go with me, I will go." They readily agreed, and as we went out of the office we had to pass the stairway to my room. I asked them to wait at the foot of the stairs and allow me to run up and wash my face, which they did. I did not care so much about washing as I did to get my pocketbook out of the bed. I got it and put it in my boot-leg, wet my face, and came down, and we went to breakfast, Col. Ellsworth with us. By the way, I have that same old leather pocketbook yet.

About ten A.M. Washington Morgan, a cousin of Gen. John H. Morgan and an officer in his command, as I understood, came to the depot and ordered the guards to turn me over to him. I must confess I began to feel quite uneasy, not knowing what he wanted with me, although I had looked down the barrels of several revolvers during the morning. When we were about half-way to the Public Square he broke the silence by saying that he had been asked by some of the oldest citizens (among them Col. Helms) not to harm me, as I had treated everybody with civility, etc. After crossing the creek he said he wanted a drink, and wanted it badly, and for me to take him where he could get one. We went to a saloon, and found all the doors closed and no one there. After reaching the next one, and finding the front door closed, we went to the rear and found the proprietor, who, after a little persuasion, let us in and gave my friend what he wanted, and we parted feeling happy, at least I did, although I had been admonished not to attempt to leave the town under any circumstances.

I returned to the depot, and about this time Conductor Murphy came in with a freight from Louisville, which was taken charge of by Maj. Dick McCann and unloaded. After the war I became well acquainted with Maj. McCann, and we often talked over the capture of Gallatin. I laughed at him undertaking to break the spokes of the drivers of the engine with an ax.

About two o'clock that day you would have thought there was a circus in town. People came in from far and near, and hundreds of wagons came and loaded up with the government stores taken from this train, and before night they were all gone. Nearly every farmer in the county got more or less. There were three carloads of artillery horses and about fifteen of government supplies. I was a spectator, with my occupation gone, having been superseded by Col. Ellsworth.

I still had my pocketbook in my boot-leg, and when I went up to my room I found a new coat, for which I had paid \$25, and my shirts, etc., absent. I looked all around for them, and at last found that Col. Ellsworth had appropriated them. In fact, I hardly recognized him. About four o'clock that afternoon Gen. Morgan commenced concentrating his forces on the Public Square. He was sitting on his horse when I went up to him and introduced myself, telling him about the money and clothing that had been taken from me and by whom. The General replied that he had no right

to take those things from me, and said he would see that I got them back again. I never saw the General after that, but believe if he had lived he would have complied with my request. Gen. Morgan was an exceedingly fine-looking man, affable and pleasant, at least to me.

I remained in Gallatin the following day, and about nine o'clock the day after I took the telegraph instrument out, put it under my arm, and started for Louisville, getting into a large corn-field adjoining the depot, by the side of which the railroad track extended for about three-quarters of a mile. Nearing the end of this field I heard the clattering of horses' feet on the pike. My heart was in my mouth, as I thought Gen. Morgan's cavalry was looking for me. I lay down in the corn-field until the sound of feet had died away, and nothing was heard but the rustling of corn-blades, when I ventured to renew my journey. Arriving at the fence on the pike, I could see no one, and I crossed the road into another corn-field. Having gone through this, I went to the railroad track, and along it to South Tunnel; then got the section boss to take me to Franklin, Ky., on his hand-car, taking the train for Louisville.

J. T. Blount, Water Valley, Miss.:

The reference made by C. E. Merrill in the December VETERAN to the nerve exhibited by Capt. Roland W. Jones, who was so desperately wounded at the battle of Franklin, awakens memories of the past. The incident is well remembered by Col. M. D. L. Stephens, of this place, who commanded the Thirty-First Mississippi Regiment, and who was also badly wounded, and was with Capt. Jones and others in the McGavock House at the time. Capt. Jones was from this county (Yalobusha), and commanded a company in Rayburn's Battalion. He not only saved enough of himself "to make a cavalryman," but he also lived to serve his country in civil life with equal honors as those won upon the bloody field at Franklin. He married one of the ladies who waited on him while wounded, and the children of that union are now of the first people of this state. Capt. Jones never fully recovered from his wounds, and died about four years ago, the soul of honor and loved by all who knew him.

Col. Stephens had good cause to remember the conversation that occurred, for, after turning from Capt. Jones, the surgeon said to him: "Well, Colonel, we will certainly have to amputate your leg."

Col. Stephens himself was too weak to refuse, but there was a Dr. Wall present, who had promised the Colonel not to allow his limb taken off, and he protested; and when the surgeon seemed determined he said: "I promised Col. Stephens I would not allow his leg taken off, and I will shoot the first man who puts a knife on it."

The surgeon remarked, "Well, there is no use being a — fool about it!" and walked off.

Col. Stephens recovered, and is to-day in full enjoyment of health and limbs. He is Commander of Featherston Camp No. 517, United Confederate Veterans.

W. F. Brittingham, a Confederate naval veteran, who for some seven years past has been engaged in business in New York City, and was an officer of the Confederate Veteran Camp there, has removed to Charleston, W. Va., and is interested in the daily *Gazette*.

## LUXURIATES IN FEASTS AND FEATHER BEDS.

J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEX.

BOTETOURT COUNTY, VA., December 20, 1864.

*Charming Nellie:* Is it a dream, or have I really been a soldier for the last four years? is a question I frequently ask myself nowadays; for here in this old Virginia country home of genuine kindness and hospitality—where I take my place three times a day at a bountifully provided table; sleep on a feather bed, between clean, white sheets; hear the chatter and laughter of little children; and may, when I choose, listen to the low, sweet voices of refined and cultured women or the music evoked by skilful fingers from a melodious piano—there is little to remind me of the cruel war except a pair of crutches, my missing limb, and the empty sleeve of my genial host, Capt. John J. Allen. The crutches are “out of mind as soon as out of sight;” my wound has healed nicely, and gives no pain; the Captain is post-quartermaster at Buchanan, and always there during the day—and so, whether talking with the ladies in parlor or library or (he taking snuff and I smoking a long-stemmed pipe) sitting with Judge Allen, of the Court of Appeals of the state, in his cozy little law-office in the yard, and thinking lazily of a future that is always to be happy, I can easily—too easily, perhaps—forget my comrades of brigade, regiment, and even company, who are struggling and suffering in the cause of the South.

It is the most selfish of selfishness, but I can not help it. This peace and plenty, rest and content, are too pleasant and soothing to mind and body to be disturbed by thoughts of either my own past or the hardships of my dearest friends.

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
 Act, act in the living present!  
 Heart within and God o'erhead!

may have been, when written, good advice to the civilians of that day, but is not applicable in its entirety to a fellow in my situation. “Let the dead past bury its dead” is doctrine to which I willingly submit, but I *must trust the future*, for in it lie all my hopes and ambitions. As for acting “in the living present,” that is so diametrically opposed both to bodily condition and to feelings that I absolutely refuse to obey the injunction. I want and I need repose, and nowhere can I find it in such perfection as among these kind and thoughtful friends here in the mountains of Virginia. I speak of home so seldom that young Mrs. Allen expressed surprise the other day at my apparent apathy.

“Why, Miss Lizzie,” said I, addressing her by the name I used to call her when, as a callow youth two years her junior and she a young lady out in society, I claimed her as a sweetheart, “I am so sure of going home that I am just luxuriating in the first feeling of certainty permitted me since June, 1861!”

“That statement is not very complimentary to your sweetheart,” said she. “Don't you want to see her?”

The question placed me fairly on the horns of a dilemma—the one, natural gallantry; the other, regard for truth. To add to my embarrassment, Miss Eva, the Captain's sister, entered the room in time to hear the question, but not the prelude to it, and she also insisted on an answer. I hemmed and I hawed, tried

the efficacy of a joke I had never known to fail, and went off at a tangent on half a dozen other subjects, but all in vain; the ladies held me relentlessly to the inquisitorial rack, and in self-defense and to escape a lie I had to reply: “No; not a bit more than to see my mother and sisters. She is as much a certainty as they.”

“Maybe not,” mischievously remarked Miss Eva; “ladies change their minds sometimes.”

“My sweetheart is not of that sort,” I proudly replied. Don't you think I am right?

Whether because of previous long fasting or the keen, invigorating air of these mountains, my appetite has become a veritable tyrant, so insatiate in its demands as almost to ignore the law of physics that no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time. In camp my grievance was not getting enough to eat; here it is inability to eat enough of the plenty I get either to satisfy the cravings of the corporeal system or the hospitable solicitude of entertainers. As the last forkful of meat on my plate starts to reenforce its predecessors the Judge lifts another slice of ham, corned beef, or turkey from the dish, and, if not warned to desist, lays it silently before me. The other folks at the table are equally attentive.

Just before I left Richmond to come up here the Veteran came to see me, and, as he had been considerate enough to bring his rations along, I could afford to ask him to dinner. Ravenous as was my appetite, the provender furnished by the hospital was barely sufficient for one grown man, let alone two. We had a jolly day of it, for he brought both the latest news and the latest jokes from camp. One of the jokes was on Jim Cosgrove, who helped me off the field on the day I was wounded. Cosgrove is fond of fun and excitement, plays a practical joke on a comrade whenever he can, and is always making himself heard. One day when rations were slenderest and he hungriest he said to his messmate: “I would eat anything in the world—snails, frogs, grasshoppers, dogs, rats; anything but cats. I draw the line at those cussed, sharp-clawed, treacherous creatures.”

“I helped eat a cat once,” remarked Babe reminiscantly and with a far-off look in his hungry eyes, “and it was good too; and I shouldn't object to the leg of one right now.”

“But I would,” protested Cosgrove. “Just remember that, please; and if you ever have cat for breakfast, dinner, or supper, count me among the missing. Why, I'd—I'd eat a buzzard sooner than a cat, any day.”

Babe made no reply, but a bright idea struck him: Cosgrove would be on picket that night, and when he came back next day was sure to be too famished to be inquisitive, and he might be taught that cat was not bad eating, after all his antipathy to it. Luckily for Babe's plans, an old bachelor citizen lived near camp, whose most cherished pet was a half-grown, fat, and sleek pussy, that was in the habit of taking a nightly stroll through the camp. That night Babe lay in wait for it, and next morning its remains swung from the rafters of its captor's little cabin, and later in the day became the principal ingredient of a “rabbit” pie, so called in deference to Cosgrove. The intended joke would be too good for one man, besides Babe didn't care to be alone with Cosgrove when the truth was revealed to him, and so he invited a friend to dine with them.

"What have you got in the skillet to-day, old man?" asked Cosgrove when, released from duty, and standing before the mess fire, he caught a whiff of savory odors.

"The fattest little cotton-tail rabbit you ever saw," responded Babe with a childlike smile.

"It smells good, anyhow," remarked Cosgrove approvingly. "Isn't it most done?"

"Yes," answered his messmate; "get off your traps, and take a fair start with us."

Soon the three were seated around the skillet, busily consuming its contents.

"Umph!" grunted Cosgrove as he closed his teeth on a juicy morsel; "if this isn't good enough eatin' for Gen. Lee! Where'd you get it, Babe?"

"Out of a hollow stump," answered his comrade, with his mouth almost too full for utterance.

The skillet was soon sopped clean enough to bake a cake in. Then, with his feet high up on the jamb of the fireplace, Jim folded his hands across his corporosity and said in his mellowest tone: "Lord! Lord! Lord! how good that mess was, and how peaceful I feel! Why, Babe, a five-year-old child could play with me now, and I could be amiable even to a Yankee."

Babe looked at Jim a moment, took his stand in the doorway, and, discovering that retreat was possible, remarked: "I thought you didn't like cat, Jim?"

"Cat?" shouted that suddenly surprised gentleman; "cat? Is it a cat I've been eatin'?"

"Of course it is," said the guest; "and it's powerful good eatin' too."

Cosgrove turned pale as a ghost, and endeavored to get rid of the portion of the animal he had appropriated, but in vain. His digestion had not been worked to its limit for a long time, and it clung successfully to its prey. Then he got mad, but Babe Metcalf was out of sight and hearing, and the guest could not be held responsible for any deception, and so poor Cosgrove had to stomach both the cat and the joke.

"But," said the Veteran, "you'd better not say 'cat' to him when you meet; he has already thrashed one fellow within an inch of his life for just mewing like a cat."

### MEMORABLE GETTYSBURG.

William L. Royall, in a letter to the *Richmond Times*:

When you start on your excursion over the battle-field the first thing to arrest your attention is the number of monuments and memorial stones. You can scarcely go twenty yards in any direction without running upon one of these, and all to commemorate the performance of some Federal command. So far as I saw, there is not one to speak of the heroic valor displayed upon that world-renowned field by Southern men. They performed deeds there that will live forever in the ballads of men, but the monuments to those deeds rest in memory alone. All the world knows the battle of Gettysburg was fought July 1-3, 1863. The first day's battle was an unexpected engagement between about twenty-two thousand of Ewell's and Hill's Corps and the First and Eleventh Federal Corps of about the same number. It resulted about 4 p.m. of that day in the total rout and almost destruction of the two Federal corps. They flew pell-mell through the streets of Gettysburg to the "heights" immediately behind the town.

The criticisms that have been made upon Gen. Long-

street's part in the battle of the 2d and 3d of July relate to two points. It is said that when Gen. Lee saw how the enemy was routed and demoralized on July 1 he wanted the attack pressed at once, and told Gen. Longstreet that evening to get his two divisions (Hood's and McLaw's) up and attack Meade's left at daylight of the 2d. Gen. Longstreet was in the open field to the Confederate right of Gettysburg with Gen. Lee at 5 p.m. of the 1st, and Gen. Lee then told him with emphasis, in reply to his suggestion that our army should file around Meade's right and threaten Washington, that if Meade was there next morning he should attack him. Both knew that the part of Meade's army which had arrived was utterly beaten, even routed, and they knew a great part of his army was not up. Longstreet knew the attack was to be made next day; he could see there was no enemy that amounted to anything between Gettysburg and Round Top. Hood's and McLaw's Divisions reached Marsh Creek, on the Chambersburg road, at 12 p.m. of the night of July 1, which is only three miles from the seminary. They could have been given two hours rest and marched to the seminary before it was light.

I have said that I saw no Confederate monument upon the battle-field of Gettysburg, and this is substantially but not literally true. Where Pickett's Virginians, led by the glorious Gen. Armistead, broke over the stone wall a block of granite has been set up by the Gettysburg Memorial Association, I believe. This stone marks the spot where Gen. Armistead received his mortal wound. It has on it these words only: "Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Armistead, C. S. A., fell here July 2, 1863." This simple inscription will quicken the pulses and move the hearts of men for many years to come. Just by the spot, to the left, stands a granite monument to Cowan's First New York Battery, which bears the inscription upon it, "Double canister at ten yards," and the inscription states that Confederates came within ten yards of the guns. This monument is all of fifty yards inside of the stone wall.

J. Earl Preston, Esq., of Navasota, Tex.:

At the battle near Resaca, Ga., in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, the Forty-Second Alabama, Baker's Brigade, was engaged. Lieut.-Col. Lanier, commanding regiment, Capt. McNeil (Company A) acting as major, First Lieut. T. P. Preston, commanding Company A (Hood's Corps), made the celebrated, although unsuccessful, charge on Sherman's breastworks. My brother was mortally wounded near those works. He was taken prisoner, and sent to a Federal field hospital. The surgeon who dressed his wounds, at the request of my brother, wrote to another brother, Hon. S. S. Preston, of Wilson County, Tenn., to send him some money and clothing, which was promptly done, in care of the Federal surgeon, whose name is not remembered. Nothing more has ever been heard of Lieut. Preston, except that he died of his wounds. His widow (now dead) soon after the war went to Resaca and visited the battle-field, to see if she could locate his grave. There were the usual trenches into which the killed were tumbled and covered with Georgia soil, but no mark or name showed who the patriots were. This good wife could never find her husband's grave. If that surgeon is living, we would be gratified to hear from him. He amputated my brother's leg.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

Unusual difficulties have occurred in presenting just what was desired in this issue of the VETERAN. The extensive space necessary to print the list of Camp Chase prison dead—and it seemed best to have it complete in one number—compels postponement of some articles regarded with special concern. Of these, the most important are reports of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Texas, in Missouri, and in Maryland. Let all who have reports for the Daughters to go in the February number send them in as soon as practicable.

A serious complication arose in connection with the award of the \$200 or piano premium for the most successful solicitor of new subscriptions. It is in the hands of a committee, and may not be decided in time for the closing pages of this number.

Profiting by that experience, it is sincerely hoped that all will be perfectly clear in giving the rewards offered for March 1. These rules will govern the distribution of \$100 due at that time:

New subscriptions only will be counted, the names all to be reported and money paid. No information will be given other than that printed in the VETERAN as to the progress of the competition. The person sending the largest number of subscriptions by March 1 will be paid \$50; the next largest, \$30; the next, \$15; and the fourth will receive \$10. This last prize has been increased from \$5, so the prizes for March 1 aggregate \$105.

In addition, those who fail to secure one of the cash prizes will be allowed to select some premium offered for the number of subscriptions to their credit. In this way every person may be compensated for all the work done. There is no lottery in this. It is a means offered to put the VETERAN in the homes of more and more people, in the hope that lasting good may be accomplished. Those desirous of competing for these prizes will be furnished sample copies and report-blanks on application. Letters mailed February 28 will be counted.

"Peace and good will to men" is a beautiful sentiment. The Union and its preservation under the old flag, the flag of our fathers, is the only hope of the American people for the system of inherited government. Appreciation for every kindness extended to Confederate veterans by those who fought for the Union is universal, and tributes from them to the honor of our dead comrades fill Southern hearts with gratitude. Even the antipathy for the term "blue and

gray" is subdued by this gratitude. But our former enemies who are acting so nobly in these things must bear with our less liberal people when the vandalism of their war comrades is considered. The VETERAN is consistently diligent to go far in the line of reconciliation, much as it sympathizes with those who are irconcilable to the policy of pouring oil on the disturbed waters.

In this connection the cruelties perpetrated by—let us hope foreigners and hirelings—men in blue uniforms are recalled from nearly all sections of our Southland, and "spring up as the deadly upas."

There is a painful illustration of these terrible things in an old Natchez (Miss.) *Courier* of February 18, 1867, that happens to be at hand, copied from the *Holly Springs Reporter*, which tells of an army of twenty thousand at that place, under Gen. Smith, in August, 1864. A non-combatant, a worthy gentleman, lived there, whose wife was so dreadfully ill of an incurable malady that a shroud had been made for her burial, and it was kept under her pillow, to be ready at her death. Some Federal soldiers in search of plunder entered the sick-room and rudely took her off the bed and laid her on the floor, that they might search the bed for valuables. They found the shroud, and it attracted their special attention. They inspected it thoroughly, making most profane and jesting remarks, and one of the fiends put it on over his uniform and yelled and danced around the room in it. Afterward they tore it into shreds and decorated themselves by putting the strips on their hats and clothes, all the time yelling like demons. The horrid shock was too much for the frail constitution of this Southern lady, and the next day, without her beautiful shroud, she was buried in her mother earth, and her soul doubtless entered into a "peace that passeth understanding."

The VETERAN would heal all wounds as effectively as possible. For the good of the country in the coming years it chooses to record the pleasant things, but justice demands that much consideration be had for those who suffered as did the family of this poor woman, if they refuse to exult in these comminglings.

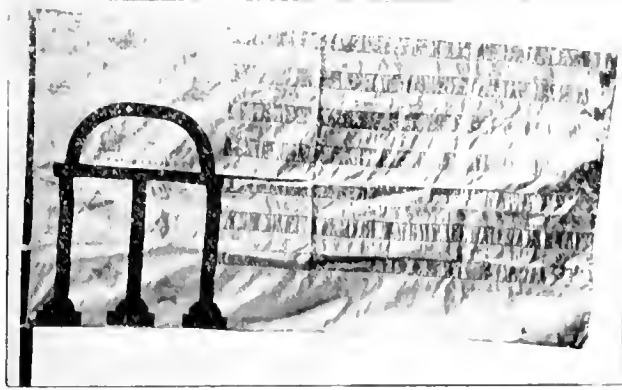
Let us in this connection revert to the department of the Confederate army under Gen. Lee when it invaded Pennsylvania, and consider the contrast.

The fact that the VETERAN has entered its sixth year without a known unkind criticism creates intensest desire to continue to the end in so upright and patriotic a manner as to have mankind North and South say: "Well done!" The cooperation of gallant men who fought throughout the war to perpetuate the Union and now honor Confederates as patriots and heroes argues more for the future of our great country than is usually appreciated, and the VETERAN will do all in its power to honor them and to strengthen the Union for which they risked their lives; but nothing under the sun can induce it to ignore the consideration for noble people of the South who were robbed and insulted without ever having done aught to induce the villainy.



**WHO WERE THE GWINNETTE CAVALIERS?**

An officer who served in the Union army possesses the flag from which this picture is engraved. He would like to return it, and makes inquiry through the VETERAN. He writes that it was captured by the Sec-



ond Brigade, Second Division, Army of the Cumberland, at Rockwell, Ga., during the Atlanta campaign. The words under "Gwinnette Cavaliers" are "Our State and Union," and in the columns, "Wisdom, Justice, Moderation." Write the VETERAN.

**CONFEDERATE OFFICIAL STATISTICS.**

John W. H. Porter, a comrade of Stonewall Camp Confederate Veterans, writes from Portsmouth, Va.:

On page 561 of the November number of the VETERAN are published certain statistics purporting to give the strength of the Confederate armies January 1, 1864, and the number of men paroled April 9, 1865, and among them I find the following: "The largest muster-roll of the Confederacy for troops ready for duty at any one time was on January 1, 1864—472,781."

There is a difference of more than 250,000 between this and the Confederate official reports. According to those reports, Gen. Lee began the campaign in Virginia in 1864 with 64,000 men of all arms, and was reinforced before the army reached Petersburg by Pickett's Division, 5,000; Breckinridge's command, 2,200; Hoke's Brigade of Early's Division, 1,200; and by Hoke's Division, 5,500—making a total of 77,900. In addition to these there were in the valley a force of 3,000 men composed of regular troops, the Virginia Military Institute cadets, and home guards, for the defense of Lynchburg, thus making the total force in Virginia of all kinds and conditions 80,900. Breckinridge joined after the battle of New Market, and the commands of Pickett and Hoke took part in the defeat of Butler at Drewry's Bluff, and their losses in that engagement are included in this report.

Gen. Johnston had with him at Dalton at the beginning of that campaign 45,000 men, and was reinforced by Polk's Corps of 14,200 men from near Vicksburg and 4,000 cavalry, making a total of 63,200. He was subsequently reinforced by 3,000 Georgia militia under Gen. G. W. Smith, thus swelling his army to 66,200.

Gen. Kirby Smith's official report gives the total present for duty west of the Mississippi—in Arkansas,

Louisiana, and Texas—at 18,180 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 2,000 artillery—in all, 30,180.

These were all the troops the Confederacy had in the field in 1864, except the detached cavalry commands of Forrest and Morgan and the garrisons of Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington, with a few scattered battalions here and there on outpost duty. I am sure 30,000 would be an overestimate for them all. Now let us add these together:

Under Gen. Lee, in Virginia.....	80,900
Under Gen. Johnston, in Georgia.....	60,200
Under Gen. Smith, in Trans-Mississippi.....	30,180
At other posts of duty.....	30,000

Total ..... 207,280

As these figures are taken from the official reports of the Confederate commanders, and are 265,000 below the statistics compiled for the VETERAN, it is incumbent upon the compiler to state in what part of the Confederacy those men were doing duty.

The statement also that there were 174,223 Confederate soldiers paroled April 9, 1865, is very misleading. Below I give you the total number of Confederates in the field who were surrendered then and subsequent to that date, taken from the most reliable sources:

By Gen. Lee.....	26,000
By Gen. Johnston.....	27,500
By Gen. Taylor.....	10,000
By Gen. Jones.....	8,000
By Gen. Thompson.....	7,454
By Gen. Smith.....	20,000

Total ..... 98,954

Of course there were a number of civilians who took the oath after the surrender, but they should not be counted as soldiers.

**EMPLOYMENT BUREAU FOR CONFEDERATES.**

The Sioux City (Iowa) *Journal* states:

The organization of the Confederate Veterans' Employment Bureau in New Orleans indicates the earnestness of the Southern people in their efforts to care for the broken and aged veterans who served in the Southern armies. In some states pensions are provided for the dependent ex-Confederates, but the meager revenues of the states makes this but a partial remedy for the unfortunate situation. The veterans are growing old and are being crowded out of the offices and workshops by younger men, hence the organization of this association or bureau in New Orleans to assist them to bread-earning positions.

Hon. John M. Thompson, living in the vicinity of where the battle of Nashville was fought, states that last summer Mr. L. G. Puckett, of Winchester, Ind., was at his home. When looking over the battle-field of the second day's fight around Nashville, in 1864, Mr. Puckett said he was in the last charge made against our lines on that day, and that he had in his possession a dinner-bucket taken from a battery stationed about two hundred yards west of the Franklin pike. He would like to return the bucket. It has the name of the captain of the battery on it.

## IN HOT PURSUIT—AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

Mrs. Kate Lee Shaw Nichols, a daughter of one of Forrest's soldiers, gives the following as literally true:

A sultry August noon, with the sun's piercing rays beaming down upon two little figures trudging up a long, dusty lane.

"Somehow it seems awful far to-day, Milly. Maybe, though, it's because I have such a headache."

"Hurry on, Mary; we'll soon be there. Just think how hungry sister must get waiting for her dinner!"

They quickened their footsteps, and soon reached a stone stile leading into a cool, shady yard, in the center of which stood a low, rambling log house, with here and there a room added to suit the fancy of its owner.

When they entered the front room a scene of disorder and confusion confronted them. It was plain that something had happened, for there on the lounge lay Aunt Amelia, sobbing and muttering incoherently. Between her disjointed sentences and outbursts a vague fear seized the children, until they asked in one breath: "Where is George, Aunt Amelia?"

"Those vagabond Yankees took him off to Carthage a little while ago. Oh, dear me! I know that Miss Sallie will be heart-broken when she hears of it."

Mary and Milly exchanged glances. A fixed determination suddenly filled the hearts of both little girls.



Seizing their pink sunbonnets and darting out of the door, they called back to the dazed old woman: "Tell sister we've gone for George."

In vain she called after them as they sped out the back gate and through the orchard. On through the meadow into the stubble-field ran the panting children, oblivious of briars or stubble. They knew that the road wound around many a broad acre, and, if their strength did not fail them, they could, by going through, overtake the Federal cavalry before they reached the main Carthage pike. Once they paused when a vicious dog pursued them into a yard, where they sought refuge upon an ash-hopper. The noise of the clattering boards and the shrieking children brought the owner to the door in time to witness a ludicrous scene. Perched upon one corner of the dilapidated hopper was a brave little creature, with one arm clasped tightly around the smaller and younger sister, while with the disengaged hand she hurled clods of hardened ashes at their pursuer, and at intervals wailed: Oh, do come and take your dog away! for we're in a *dreadful* hurry."

Released from their embarrassing position, they fled without any intelligible explanation. They soon spied blue uniforms mingled with the dust in the distance. Nearer and nearer they drew, until Mary waved her bonnet aloft. The captain drew rein, as did the entire

company, and awaited the approach of the flushed little girls. They clambered over the fence, and, walking up to the foremost man, Milly asked timidly: "Are you the captain, sir?"

The surprised officer answered in the affirmative.

"Then, sir, do, oh, please do, give us back George!"

A magnificent bay, bearing a ruddy-faced Dutchman, nickered at the sound of his name and sight of those children.

Not waiting for a reply, the quavering little voice hurried on: "Oh, sir! he was the only horse we had, and we would miss him like he was one of our family."

Mary stole to the horse's side, and, fastening her fingers in his dark mane, she looked up with eyes full of pitiful entreaty. "Oh, Mr. Captain, do let us take him back home, for we do love him *ever* so good."

In a few polite phrases the young officer tried to explain that all such captures became Gen. Payne's.

"But, oh, sir, just think how your own little girls at home would feel if some big, strange men were to take away their own dear horse!"

The man's face softened as he turned to the glowering Dutchman and said in a low, imperative tone: "Dismount, and give that horse to these children!" Then, alighting himself, he took a blanket from underneath his own saddle, and, placing it on George, proffered to assist the happy children in getting up.

What a glad pair they were returning home!

Dr. S. H. Stout, Cisco, Tex.:

After Sherman's march from Memphis to the relief of Chattanooga, in the fertile valley of Elk River, his column having subsisted upon the country through which it passed, many families were destitute of provisions. The guards left to protect the bridge over Elk River, on the line of the Nashville and Decatur railroad, depended upon foraging parties to procure their subsistence. These parties had so repeatedly called at Mrs. Dr. Upshaw's, a mile or two south of the bridge, that her supplies were reduced so low as to threaten starvation. She saddled her pony and rode alone to the headquarters of the colonel commanding at the bridge, and told him in a polite and bland manner that it was her wish that he would send a couple of wagons to her house and get the rest of her provisions, as she was tired of the daily visits of his foragers; her husband being away from home, she always felt alarmed when they came there.

The colonel expressed his pleasure at so frank an offer, pronouncing the policy she was pursuing the best that could be adopted by all the Rebel families in the neighborhood. The next day he sent a commissioned officer in charge of a detail of men with two wagons to Mrs. Upshaw's. The lady politely conducted the officer to her smoke-house and corn-crib and through every apartment in her dwelling. Nowhere did he find a pound of meat or a dust of meal or flour. Going to the kitchen, she directed the men to put a single shoulder of bacon and a bushel of corn stored there—all the provisions she had in the world—in their wagons. Turning to the officer, she said: "Now, Captain, you have seen all that is left, and have it in your wagons; please notify the fact to your colonel, and tell him I hold him to his promise not to permit his foraging parties to come here again."

Instead of the colonel being offended, he chivalrously "took in" the lady's condition, and ordered one of the wagons full-laden with provisions to return to Mrs. Upshaw's with his compliments and the assurance that should she at any future time be destitute of provisions, upon notifying him of the fact, she should be supplied. The colonel put a restraint upon indiscriminate foraging, and afterward had little difficulty in procuring supplies for his command from those in the vicinity who had a surplus.

It was after this period that Sherman said that a crow could not find sufficient food in that section.

S. F. Thomas, Commander of Alexander Young Camp, U. C. V., Frederick, Md.:

In the October VETERAN an article appears under the caption of "Daughters of the Confederacy in Maryland," in which the writer states that "in all the Southern States the Confederate dead lie in scattered graves and villages" and that "in Maryland they have all been brought to Baltimore by the Army and Navy Society, C. S. A., and laid in the large Confederate burial-lot of London Park."

Allow me to say that in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, Md., repose the remains of about three hundred Confederate soldiers who fell in the memorable battle of Monocacy Junction, about three miles from our city, each grave surmounted by a marble tombstone, upon which is inscribed, wherever possible, the deceased's name, address, and regiment under which he served. There are many unknown dead, of whom no information could be secured. Facing the long row of the soldier dead in "God's Acre," a noble monument rears its massive form to the sky, and stands as a silent sentinel over the humble last resting-places of those who gave their lives for the cause they believed to be just and right. This monument is in the form of a private Confederate soldier standing at parade-rest, and is a beautiful specimen of the sculptor's art. It, together with the front stones to the graves, was purchased and erected by the loyal women of this city and vicinity, and speaks volumes for the longevity of that sympathy and devotion for the South and its lost cause that is characteristic of its champions of both sexes in every state of the Union. I enclose herewith a photograph of the monument to go with the description.



During the last few years we have organized and

maintained a camp known as Alexander Young Camp No. 500, U. C. V., which numbers forty-five members. The graves and monument have been turned over to our charge, and we and our friends meet in June of each year and strew the graves of our comrades with flowers and see that everything is in good condition. The camp also meets on the 10th day of January annually, and celebrates with appropriate ceremonies the birthday of our great general, Robert E. Lee.

### HEROIC CHILL-CURE.

J. E. Preston likes the words "heroic cure for chills."

In the November number (1897) of the VETERAN I find two stories under the same heading in substance as above. I believe my story (which is true) will cap the two referred to. On the 21st and 22d of November, 1861, the Seventeenth Alabama was encamped near the navy-yard, about seven or eight miles below Pensacola, Fla., and about one and one-half miles in rear of Fort Barancas and other Confederate forts and sand batteries, when the celebrated fight took place between Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island, and two navy ships (Federal). The ammunition of the Federals was evidently faulty, because not one-half of the shells thrown from Pickens and the two vessels exploded. Hundreds of the Yankee shells passed over the forts and fell in and near our camp, and did no damage, not exploding. A few days after the fight the Eighth Mississippi (I think it was the Eighth), Col. Chalmers (afterward general) commanding, was assigned to camps adjoining our regiment. Many of them were suffering from chills. The surgeon made the usual prescription in such cases, and suggested to the messmate of one of the sufferers to heat a rock and place it at the feet of the sufferer about the hour the chill usually came on. The messmate could not find a rock, but he found one of those unexploded, innocent-looking, ten-inch Yankee shells, and rolled it into the fire. After he thought it was hot enough he rolled it into the sick man's tent, raised the blankets, and carefully placed it against his feet, and took his seat near his friend. In a few minutes or seconds a tremendous explosion took place. The whole camp was aroused. Result: A demolished tent, the patient lying about ten feet from where the tent had stood, his blankets on fire, and his friend, trying to stand up, exclaiming: "Have the Yankees opened fire again?" Strange to say, neither of these good Mississippians was much hurt, but it is certain that the sick man had no more chills while the regiment remained in Florida.

A month or so after this the regiment was ordered to join the army either in Virginia or Tennessee, for more active fields of usefulness in the cause we loved.

The Howitzer Battery, of Richmond, Va., which has long been the most prominent military organization in the state, will soon make a change in uniform from the present blue and red to Confederate gray. The Governor has given his approval for this change. The Howitzer Battery has a war record of which any military organization might be proud, and it will be a pleasant sight to the old members to see the company appear in the familiar gray. Capt. John A. Hutcheson is now commander of the battery.

## NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

The VETERAN'S request for a naval reminiscence conjures up the summer of 1861 and the pomp and circumstance of its battles. Being too young, I was refused membership in the Washington Artillery, so the navy was the only service for the eldest of eight children, born in New Orleans. My father invoked the kindly aid of Gen. David E. Twiggs, our summer neighbor at Pascagoula and friend for many winters in the Crescent City. It was not a trivial thing for the General to interview brave Hollins in my behalf. Gen. Twiggs had served in the war of 1812 and under Jackson in Florida. He was in his seventy-first year, and he had to climb the Custom-House stairs many times for me. Although second to Gen. Scott in command of the national army, he cast his fortunes with his native Georgia.



*Geo S Waterman  
Chickasawman G. S. N.*

He served under Gen. Taylor, winning distinction at Point Isabel, and commanding the right wing at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. A sword from Congress and a major-generalcy interpret Twiggs at Monterey. He was then ordered to Gen. Scott's line at Vera Cruz in 1847. Fighting at Cerro Gordo, Gen. David E. Twiggs planned the attack, and, storming with his divisions the enemy's position, carried the main height. It is but little known that during the famous times of nullification in Charleston, S. C. (1832), President Jackson ordered to that city, in support of the Federal authority, Gen. Twiggs, Joseph E. Johnston, with others, and that the war-ship "Natchez," sent to that harbor, was "executed" by the future admiral, Lieut. David G. Farragut. It was no ordinary sacrifice my father asked of him to climb those Custom-House stairs, and I can now appreciate that service by one who had served in Florida in Jackson's day.

The General sent over the gunboat "Oregon," Capt. A. L. Myers, the first armed vessel's deck I had walked. It was a bright day to run by Ship Island, where I saw at the foot of that spot of history the reconstruction of the uncompleted fort, Massachusetts (now wearing the name of Twiggs). The run through the Rigolets was a swift one, and Fort Pike made a deep impression on my young mind. The General passed away during the next year, at the Georgia homestead, where he was born seventy-two years before.

Readers of the VETERAN can picture me in my teens learning from my father that the General called by the store in his bouche, saying: "Tell George he can pack his valise."

The Commodore said: "I'll send you over to the station in Berwick's Bay and have Lieut. Shepperd put you under Lieut. Cenas to work you into shipshape aboard the 'St. Mary.' Give my regards to the General."

I hopped down-stairs and made my way to his residence to thank the stout old warrior for his aid, when he bade me keep a journal and to have something in it tip-top for his perusal. "God bless you, George, and keep you steadfast to the end!"

I reported at Berwick's Bay, some eighty miles west by rail from New Orleans. Lieut. Francis E. Shepperd commanded the station, aboard the "Mobile;" and, reporting to him, I was sent for duty to the "St. Mary," Lieut. Hilary Cenas. There was so much business and scholarship and simple manners in Lieut. Shepperd that I remember him to this day with fond admiration. He was the first captain of the "Virginus" steamer, and it was a bold and graceful act when he took leave of her in Caribbean waters. Lieut. Hilary Cenas, of New Orleans, was a graduate of the naval academy in 1859, serving two years before he joined his fortunes with his native state. Lieut. Shepperd was a North Carolinian, and was an instructor in the academy when Lieut. Cenas graduated.

The "Mobile" and the "St. Mary" were given the duty of patrolling the waters of the Atchafalaya to the gulf, and our cruising-ground stretched from Caillon Bay at Last Island, on the east, to Sabine Pass, on the west. As the "St. Mary's" draft was two feet less than the "Mobile's," we had the most of the run. There was the blockading fleet, barred by their enormous weight, from running close into shore. We saw one to three or four of these vessels keeping watch of the coast night and day.

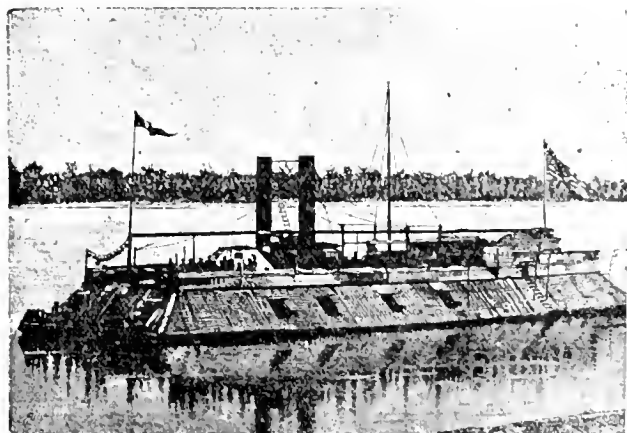
The "Mobile" was a propeller, with crew of sixty men. She had four guns, a bow and a stern, and two broadside guns; while the "St. Mary" had but two "pivots," a breech-loading rifle forward, and a thirty-two pounder rifle aft, with a crew of forty men. The military importance of this station consisted chiefly in being the channel of the supply of Texas beef cattle, and there was a supply of fuel for the steamers, over sixty thousand barrels of coal, lying in the yards. The swampy shores around this station of ours afforded fine "stomping-ground" for wild cattle, and among my earliest forays in the service was the chasing and shooting a wild steer through the cane thickets. The steer came at me active voice, imperative mode, present tense; but the end of all was peace—excellent piece of beef for our vessel. Lady Brashear, owner of much of this region, had, with great public spirit, given us permission to shoot all that were needed to supply the "Mobile" and the "St. Mary," but enjoined us to report the number thus disposed of.

The authorities had located Forts Berwick and Chêne in commanding position—Fort Berwick about four miles from Brashear City. The former was quadrangular-shaped, with earth parapets five feet high, with the rear protected by palisades seven feet in height. This fort had a moat six feet wide in front

and three feet in rear, and was loop-holed for musketry. The garrison contained a company of infantry and one of sappers and miners. Four twenty-four pounders and one thirty-two pounder rifle gun were mounted in front. Fort Chêne was much like Fort Berwick, but it had only one company of infantry and four twenty-four pounder pivots. Lieut.-Col. Edward Fry commanded these forts.

We had a favorite anchorage at Shell Island, fifteen miles from Brashear City, at the junction of the main Atchafalaya channel and Shell Island Bayou. We had at high water nine feet on the Atchafalaya bar and never less than four feet on the bayou. As yet no fort had been placed on Shell Island.

After counting the hazard of hunting those wild bayou cattle in the thickets—fierce as the famous white cattle of Scotland—we next estimated the danger of being fired on by the guns of the blockading fleet. The length of our patrolling was great for one vessel to bear the chief burden; but the "St. Mary" rejoiced in a commander perfectly at home in these waters and versed in the coast-line of Caribbean waters and always in the heartiest humor, whatever the obstacle. He protected with his guns the erection of two



thirty-two pounders at Grand Caillon, and made a speech to the two companies in their new quarters.

On the third week's run we lay the "St. Mary" one night along the north shore of Last Island, deep in the shadow of oaks, while anticipating a party of boat raiders from the blockade fleet. The enemy didn't come, I suppose because we wanted him to wade in.

Among the charts and sketch-maps of my profession, packed up in 1863 to follow me to the Confederate States naval school on James River, was my first drafting—a little survey of Last Island, where two nights were spent awaiting attack of boats from the blockade fleet. I had letters from Lieut. Shepperd to the able chief of astronomy, navigation, and surveying, a noble Georgian. My folks at home gave me a tragic account of the devastation of Last Island in August, 1856, over two hundred lives stated to have been lost.

At this day, three dozen years after, I recall the pleasure of my first furlough, though one day only was accorded me. I reached New Orleans in the night, and the cathedral loomed grandly in the moonlight, and some of the brilliance tipped the bronze horseman, throwing expression, as it were, into his stern visage.

This replica of the grand equestrian statue in Lafayette Park, fronting the White House, of Washington City, attracted me as I speeded, light of heart and light-footed, homeward bound. I spent that memorable day in the Crescent City. To a lad fresh from grammar-school the hero of New Orleans was a living image, and his defense of my native city in 1815 a reality based on boyish enthusiasm. It was not long before the bronze of rearing charger and horseman saluting with his *chapeau* vanished, and the charm of gentle smiles and loving words and tenderest embraces fell to the lot of the sailor lad, and my sleep was long and sweet.

I started out next morning to make the most of the day. The "McRae" was lying in the river off Canal Street, and I went aboard to see my schoolmate, Midshipman Sam Blanc. He introduced me to the versatile Mississippian, Lieut. Charles W. Read, the executive officer of the "McRae." The "McRae" was a propeller of about six hundred tons, bark-rigged, and mounted six thirty-two pounders, one nine-inch Dahlgren gun on pivot, and one twenty-four pounder brass rifle, also on pivot, making in all eight guns. After examining this armament I was presented to Commander Thomas B. Huger. This representative of the old navy had just returned from the Mediterranean, where he had served on the first cruise of the "Iroquois." A quarter of a century had been spent by him in the United States Navy.

There was a mask surprise party that night at the residence of Mrs. Alfred Kearny, on Prytania Street. We "dressed to kill," wearing masks, but in full uniforms, not knowing "who was who." My sister Sarah paid me marked attention. Fortune favored audacious Sam, and, strange to say, Delphine Blanc felt it to be her bounden duty to render to my brother officer her regards for the uniform. "The Way We Have in the Navy" was sung sweet and low to him, all out of the strictly sisterly sentiment. Until the hour of unmasking we two brethren had the rare felicity of being entertained by our respective sisters, and the charm abides forever in the song:

'Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright,  
The dewdrops blaze beneath her ray;  
The twinkling stars their trembling light  
Like beauty's eyes display.

Then sleep no more, though round thy heart  
Some tender dream may idly play,  
For midnight song, with magic art,  
Shall chase that dream away.

I saw that my native city had derived an immense wealth through the active cooperation of her best mercantile leaders. The Mississippi Valley was considered the prize for which the war might well be waged, for its possession would decide the conflict; but who could foresee the outcome of the civil war?

In the cabins of the "Mobile" and the "St. Mary" I found, shortly after my return, that the commanders had studied the situation on strictly military principles. They set down on a chart the lines of the defenses of New Orleans, the greatest city of the Confederacy. Each had followed out the lines devised by them jointly, using needles with colored wax heads. It was well understood that Vicksburg would be the great center, should New Orleans fall into Federal hands. Gov. Moore, of Louisiana, was advised by telegram from

Hon. John Slidell, January 10, 1861: "The danger is not from St. Louis, but from sea." The warning of Commodore Hollins extended to the authorities at Richmond: that the enemy would approach through the Passes, rather than from above the city. This had occurred to Lieuts. Shepperd and Cenas. It is the inevitable that happens to Anglo-Americans; the unexpected in the world of Frenchmen. Four days now had rolled by with their watch and routine work when news came that Farragut had "slided" over the bar, and the prophecy of the brave Hollins had come to pass: that Farragut had come to the Passes. Preparations for "business" began from the hour the enemy opened fire upon the lower forts, Friday, April 18. Farragut had years before touched at one of these forts, coming as a voyager on a vessel laden with bricks to be laid in its walls. Shepperd and Cenas were ordered to take both steamers "as fast as engines can paddle" into the Mississippi, and ascend the Yazoo before Foote could get down or Farragut get up and make a junction against us.

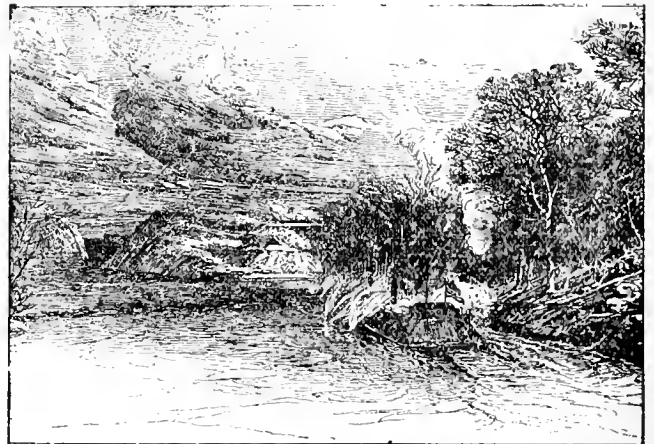
We set about reaching Plaquemine, on the right bank of the Mississippi, one hundred and eleven miles above New Orleans, a point which made the great seaport midway to the Passes, the same distance below. The Atchafalaya and Plaquemine Bayous must be traversed. Said the two commanders: "Here is Farragut to come up and Foote to come down the Mississippi." Said the gentle Shepperd: "We shall get up into the Yazoo ahead of them. Once in the Yazoo we'll blow our big bazoo."

A voyage of one hundred and fifty miles through this region must be pioneered by our steamers. With settlements and dikes and causeways of railroads, it would be hardly possible for us to-day to reperform this navigation. We sailed in at sundown, and now I can see the pine-knots blaze from the sheet-iron roofs of both pilot-houses. Lieut. Shepperd set the "St. Mary," with her wheel-houses and lighter build and draft, to lead. The Atchafalaya was so narrow that cypresses and live-oaks in many places bent their branches over the water till they interlocked handsomely. But the trained commanders shut their eyes to mere picturesqueness the better to observe the time for action. Now, in this threading the bayous, like Porter and Sherman up the Yazoo, who encountered resistance and who made military engineering reports, we had the rare fortune to fight no enemy. During all our traverses we never knew—that is, up to May 4—that New Orleans passed on May 1 under command of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. Many times—so tortuous, so doubled and twisted, snaking in and snaking out, was our watery way—it was hard to know which boat was leading. The "St. Mary" was a van-ner, that we knew; but right over there, not two hundred yards off, steers the "Mobile" away from us, with full three miles intervening. We had to look keenly at the binnacle lights to determine the true course we were running. Hickory, sycamore, oak, magnolia, cypress, and cottonwood twine the drooping vines to the surface of the stream, and to pass our side wheels we wielded the keenest axes and the stoutest arms continuously. We often skirted both banks with our wheel-houses, which made it easy to step down and out of our boat to the precarious foothold of the bayou. We had to stiffen

the spine of our smoke-stack, "substanchionate" our hurricane deck, brace the pilot-house, reset the paddles, replank our wheel-houses now and then. On the third day the "St. Mary" had have to rig up new braces for the prostrate smoke-stack, to keep it from going overboard. Now and then we "dentisted" decaying logs, snags from the mouth of the water. For some miles we were making a road of corduroy, and the "St. Mary" and her mate, "Mobile," actually tried their skating powers. For all this we expected that when that flood of waters subsided and the cruel war was over we would be remembered as heroes

In the days when we were pioneers, oh, fifty years ago!

With all the excitement and toil of day and night—watch and watch—we had felt the isolation of this gloomy region, shut off from the world and news. Without news this world, you know, is all a fleeting show. We hadn't heard of our surrendered city just at the time when our hearts were the sorest over her fate. We were drawing nigh to the business of war. As we drew nigh to the quaint, romantic village of Plaquemine we gladly noted the first smoke spiraling



from her peaceful chimneys, getting ready for the morning feast, and the clinkle, clankle, clinkle of the bells of cattle in the thickets cropping the dew-sprinkled herbage were musical—at least, till the charm of voices reached our ears—after our solitary pilgrimage, progressing through dense, dark, swampy regions. The "St. Mary" now let the "Mobile" precede her, and both ships seemed to straighten up and roll along, feeling already the propulsive power of the glorious king of floods. Quaint and picturesque, this waterside townlet captured our gaze. No telegrams at this point, so we boatmen did not tarry. Lieut. Cenas waved his gay cap and his features brightened. "Hurrah! we've beat the Yanks! We've axed and sawed and planed our way, traveling toward the "Arkansaw." I say, Frank, and gentle shepherd of my soul, we're De Sotos now. We've discovered the Mississippi, and we're ready for the enemy."

We were now rolling northward, and we exulted; yet we saw the lessening town-picture with regret. Its picturesqueness has not been forgotten through all these five and thirty years. I had never been so far north of my native New Orleans, and I sighed for home and kindred. But the sigh arose from the en-

trancing notes of the mocking-bird's "singing all the day." The majestic King of Floods rolled our ships like a sea. The boom of a crevasse just above Baton Rouge startled us as if Foote or Farragut had opened their cannonade upon us. The suction was tremendous, and many a stouter craft than ours has had to strain fearfully to escape from the vortex.

As a voyager on the Mississippi for the first time, I found much of interest. On each side were wide clearings, on which were mansions of many rich plantations, bordered by swamps covered with cypress-trees and lying lower than the river. The Mississippi, like the Nile, was now running upon a ridge, the ground sloping gently to these morasses.

The little obscure post village, Hickey's Landing—Port Hudson, as it is known to fame equal with Vicksburg—loomed off our starboard bow about nine o'clock, with the moon struggling behind cloud banks like a ship striving with wave and weather. I hardly knew the name Port Hudson as yet, the steamboat landing being the ruling word. There was something about the distant eminence and the bends of the mighty river on either shore that caught my fancy as I stood the watch. My commander joined me suddenly and addressed me rather gravely. Replying kindly to my questions and making clear in his happiest vein, Lieut. Cenas added: "I guess, Waterman, we'll have a chance in a few days or this summer to make things lively; and you may find something yet for our mutual friend, Gen. Twiggs, if the old gentleman is alive now over there in Georgia. So keep notes for your journal. I had to do it in my middy days, but it was over in Europe."

This landing commanded the mouth of Red River, where many thousand head of beef-cattle must be brought for our use, as well as for other forces toward the Atlantic. The distance we now had covered from Plaquemine (one hundred and eleven miles above New Orleans) to Port Hudson was one hundred and fifty-six miles, and we had yet to make one hundred and ninety-eight miles to strike the burg of Vick, below the mouth of the Yazoo.

Fort Adams is a civic namesake of a bright little landing-town. It has its historian romancer. The hero Lieut. Nolan, U. S. A., was tried by a court martial at Fort Adams in 1807, and heard by chance of the siege of Vicksburg. As Nolan has been around the world years behind the times, he wonders if this can be the little burg of Old Man Vick he used to know. The name of the novel is: "The Man without a Country." For six and fifty years he had been an exile, kept within a hundred miles of the coasts of the United States, and died at sea the day before the battle of Raymond, Miss., on the 11th of May, 1863.

With all our military glances, we didn't lose sight of our coal-bunkers; for was not Farragut hastening up the river after us and Foote heading down our way? It was 11 A.M. when we reached Natchez, the trees abloom and shaking off their shiny mantles. Here we learned details from the naval station at New Orleans of the military situation. Letters awaited us from home, with deep gloom, of course, reflected from every epistle. The city had passed under the control of Gen. B. F. Butler on the 1st of May. My mother wrote me of the fall of the city, virtually announced, "Farragut

has passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip!"—given by strokes of the church-bells. While all the bells did lay and cleric service for the city, the splendid-toned St. Patrick's was chosen for this event—twelve belis continuous. Standing near the foot of Julia Street, my mother witnessed the Federal fleet come to anchor off the city and saw the burning wreck of the ironclad "Mississippi" drift helpless and abandoned past the victorious ships. There was a distant view of the still blazing levee, with its cotton, rice, sugar, molasses, and coal still smoldering, despite the rain, and these rising columns of smoke cast a pall over the melancholy scene. "Natchez the Beautiful" wears the name given her by the most famous writer of the Mississippi River—Natchez-on-top-of-the-hill—himself a waterside character of Missouri. It is singular what a fancy for "Natchez" as a title the owners of steamboats have. Nine lives—nine individual boats equal a cat's life—have registered "Natchez." The United States Government was fascinated, too, as bad as a steamboat company. In 1832 the sloop-of-war "Natchez" lay in Charleston harbor. Then there floated a famous "Natchez" whose commander was a waterside character, Capt. Robert Waterman (kinsman of mine), who built her in New York City in 1836 to ply between that ambitious suburb of Natchez and the home station. "It is the farthest point to the north at which oranges ripen in the open air and endure the winter without shelter." But Natchez-under-the-hill is still small, straggling, and shabby, and the most celebrated river writer and pilot goes farther, and says: "Baton Rouge is not on a hill, but only on high ground."

My commander's cousin welcomed the quartette from the two ships anchored at the wharf—the two commanders and the junior midshipmen, Sparks and Waterman. The banquet was of France Frenchy, and hearty enjoyment was unbroken from 1 to 4 P.M. Baton Rouge had a foundry within her corporate limits busy running out cannon-balls. As coal is contraband of war as much as guns, horses, or gunpowder, and quite scarce, the enemy will capture this. If now any red-rag flaunting takes place in Baton Rouge, and the enemy seizes the coal in the foundry, he will be very apt to "confiscate" it, and then they will all pay a big sum for a small bit of foolishness. Just receive the officers who come ashore in Natchez as gentlemen on duty, and you will find that the currency of good society, pleasing ways, and kindly feeling, will be its own reward. Vicksburg and Natchez are merely trading towns as yet. You will find that fair dealing as to coal or other prime necessities will be paid for in gold. Now, my kind Aunt Euphrosyne, you read of King David's day in the Old Testament, when the great temple was building, how there was "the gold for things of gold." The reader sees in the light of the subsequent proceedings that flaunting a meaningless flag for four days in New Orleans led to the hanging of one man and the coming of Gen. Butler—King Stork, instead of Admiral Farragut, King Log.

(Concluded next month.)

Gen. William R. Hamby, of Austin, Tex.: "Accept congratulations on the excellent journal you are giving us. It is an honor to the South, and should be the pride of every ex-Confederate."

J. E. Fore now lives at Riley, Ala. He enlisted as a private in Company H, Forty-Second Alabama Infantry, May 16, 1862. He was captured in the battle at Corinth, Miss. He was in the siege of Vicksburg, and afterward was in the battle on Lookout Mountain, Tenn.; also in battles at Missionary Ridge and near Dalton, Ga. Attacked by smallpox at Dalton, he was not with the army again until at Marietta, but was in all the battles of his regiment from then until August 18, 1864. That night he and his brother, Thomas Fore, were wounded through the legs by the same ball, while facing each other, folding up their blankets, getting ready for battle, as the enemy had made a night at-



J. E. FORE,  
Forty-Second Alabama Infantry.

J. F. FORE.  
Forrest's Cavalry.

tack. When the pickets fired the two brothers rose to their feet, each seizing the blankets to fold them up. Mr. Fore writes: "My brother was at one end of the pallet and I was at the other, he with his back to the enemy. A ball struck him just below the knee and passed through the calf of my leg; so we both fell almost instantly. We were sent to Griffin to the hospital for treatment. My brother got a furlough and went home, and was on his crutches about eight months before he was able to use his legs. I was sent to Macon, Ga., and on October 22, 1864, my leg was amputated by Drs. Lipscomb, of Alabama, and Lee, of Virginia. When Sherman's army came through

Georgia I was sent to Cuthbert, where I remained till March 10, 1865. I then got a furlough home."

John F. Fore, Pine Apple, Ala., writes of Forrest:

I was mustered into service September 15, 1861, at Montgomery, Ala. Our company was soon ordered to Memphis, Tenn., and camped about four miles out of town with a squad of cavalry commanded by N. B. Forrest, who told us that he had orders to raise a regiment, and we joined it. He had us drilled every day for about a month, during which time several other companies joined. There were five companies each from Alabama and Tennessee, and known as Forrest's Cavalry; later it was "Forrest's Old Regiment."

Our four days' siege at Fort Donelson and the way Forrest brought us out when the fort was surrendered proved our merit as soldiers and his generalship.

During that campaign I was one of twenty-five men selected to go down on the north and east side of Cumberland River, under Capt. Bradshaw, as independent mounted rangers, to watch the movements of the Federals. On Saturday night, February 15, 1862, we reached the ferry on the opposite side of the river from Fort Donelson, and tried to get the ferryman to put us across the river into the fort, but he refused to do so; and it was lucky for us. About four o'clock Sunday morning a man came to our camp, awoke us, and said that Fort Donelson had surrendered, and that we must flee for safety. We mounted, and left for Nashville and farther south.

In the battle of Shiloh we did hard fighting. After that Maj. D. C. Kelley took about two hundred men and, leaving Corinth, went near the Tennessee River to find out about the enemy. When we found them he attacked them, although they were about eighteen thousand strong. In a short time part of the command was completely cut off. Coot Maxwell, F. M. McKenzie, and I were the last to leave the battle-ground. Maj. Kelley told us that we were cut off and to make our way out. He sprang off on his big sorrel horse, and we followed. We were shot at, but escaped unhurt. Maj. Kelley would fight with us when there was fighting to do, and then preach to us at leisure hours. He was a good and brave man.

We fell back from Corinth to Tupelo, where we reorganized and enlisted for four years or during the war. We were then ordered to Guntersville, Ala. During the summer the Federals came up on the opposite side of the Tennessee River and opened fire on Guntersville, across the river, with their artillery. I was ordered to take a posse of men out to a cross-roads south of town (now known as Wyeth City), to keep the enemy from coming into town on that side. The citizens had to leave town during the fight. A lady was brought through my lines who had been struck with a cannon-ball. It was a horrible sight. Our men got on an island in the river with their small guns and drove the enemy back and held the town.

Later on Gen. Bragg started on his march into Kentucky, and we were ordered to Chattanooga, where we were made his advance-guard. Making our way to the front, we drove the Federals into Nashville; then we withdrew, went up the Cumberland River, and forded it, keeping between the two armies until Gen. Bragg got ahead of the enemy, and then we became his



rear-guard. We had to keep a sharp lookout day and night and had much skirmishing and some heavy fighting. On one occasion we were crossing Green River at Mumfordsville and I was sent with a squad of men a half-mile down the river to guard a ford to keep the Federals from crossing and cutting off our forces at Mumfordsville. I held the ford until one regiment crossed the river and opened fire upon us. I was then cut off, if they had known it, but we got back without the loss of a man or a horse. On another occasion, a few miles south of Elizabethtown, Col. Wharton, who was at that time colonel of the Texas Rangers, gave me a posse of men, and told me to hold Red Mills until he released me; and if any Federal troops came down from Elizabethtown, to report to him at once. He took his regiment and fell in with Forrest's Cavalry and went back about a mile and attacked the Federal forces, and held them in check until Gen. Bragg moved on in the direction of Louisville; but when Col. Wharton fell back, instead of returning by the Elizabethtown road, he took the New Haven road, and left me to confront the whole Federal forces. I held my post until a blue streak of Federal soldiers, four deep and half a mile long, marched up to within about two hundred yards of me. Col. Wharton had not sent any orders to me, so I told my men that we would evacuate Red Mills and make our way across the country to New Haven, a distance of about ten miles. Before reaching that point we had added to our squad until there were about seventy-five. We made the trip without loss of men or any damage and joined our old command at New Haven. None of us were ever punished for disobeying Col. Wharton's orders in leaving Red Mills. I never saw him afterward.

When we had reached Bardstown, Col. Forrest, for his gallantry, received orders to go back to Murfreesboro, Tenn., and raise a brigade. We made one day's journey in that direction, passing through Springfield, at which place I spent the last night that I camped out during the war. Sunday, September 28, 1862, we reached Lebanon. On that day and at that place I received a wound in my foot, which caused my leg to be amputated. That was a few days before the battle of Perryville. After I received the wound Forrest stood over me and made a speech, saying that I was one of the first men that joined his regiment at Memphis, and had always been true to him and to our Southern cause; that he had seen me tried in many dangerous conflicts, and always found me at the front. Turning to some ladies who had gathered around me, he said to them: "I am going to call on you to volunteer. Who among you will take this gallant young soldier to your private home and take care of him till he gets well?" Three noble-hearted ladies responded at the same time, claiming me for their guest. Col. Forrest then turned to me, and asked me if I had any money. I told him that I had but very little; and he took from his pocket \$25 and gave it to me, saying: "I give you this for your gallantry. It will do to buy your tobacco till you get able to travel; then report to me, and I will give you a furlough home." Gen. N. B. Forrest was one of the greatest and bravest men in the Southern army. He was a tender-hearted man, though firm in all his commands. The ladies who volunteered to take me to their homes were Mrs. Judge Kavanaugh, Mrs. Hood, and Mrs. Hogue. Mrs. Kavanaugh being the

first to send conveyance for me, I went with her. I was placed under Dr. Shuck, who tried faithfully for about a month to save my foot, but failed. Then Drs. Braidy and Morris, of the Northern army, took charge of me and treated me kindly and successfully. On October 24, 1862, my leg was amputated. I remained with Mrs. Judge Kavanaugh till January 14, 1863; then reported to the Federal authorities, who sent me to St. Louis, Mo., and kept me till April. I was very well treated while in the Northern prison, and made friends everywhere I traveled. I was sent from St. Louis to City Point, Va., and exchanged about the 1st of May, 1863. Thus ended my war career.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR COMRADES AT REUNIONS.

Mr. W. R. Houghton, of Birmingham, writes a suggestion and the commendation of it that comrades at reunions wear on their hats or some other conspicuous place the number of their regiment. He states:

This would aid in recognizing comrades long parted. So many have drifted from their former homes that the name of the camp usually worn as badges furnishes little aid in locating men whose features have been altered by time.

This comrade puts on his letter: "Second Georgia."

Gen. C. A. Evans, Commander of the Georgia Division, commends this, and will ask its promulgation through Gen. Moorman, as well as this publication. The VETERAN for April, 1895, contained editorially:

Comrades, receive and act upon this suggestion before going to Houston: Call at a printing-office in your town or city and ask the printer to do you a favor. Tell him to give you two or three cards 2x3 or 2x4 inches, and to print your name, company, and regiment in the war on the top side, so it may be read distinctly above the hat-band, and keep it in your hat at Houston. A choice copy of the VETERAN will be sent to every printer who will do delegates this favor. It is unnecessary to add brigade, division, etc. Don't fail to do this, and you will be gratified with the result.

This appeal met with response by many, as has been seen at every U. C. V. reunion since then.

PATRIOTIC DEED OF ROGER CHEW.—Mrs. Virginia C. East, Charlestown, W. Va., writes that in June, 1861, it became known that the troops under Gen. J. E. Johnston, stationed at Winchester, Va., were in sore need of ammunition. Powder was abundant, caps were being rapidly manufactured, but lead was exceedingly scarce. This urgent need coming to the knowledge of Mr. Roger Chew, a farmer residing near Charlestown, he communicated with Gen. T. J. Jackson, who had just succeeded Gen. Johnston in command of the valley troops, and he sent a squad of soldiers and four wagons to dig and convey to camp one-fourth mile of lead piping, used to convey water to the house and grounds. That Sabbath day was a busy one. Finding the task beyond their powers, the laborers and wagons of the neighborhood were pressed into service. The precious metal was conveyed to camp and hurriedly molded. This same ammunition served a great purpose in turning the tide of battle at the first Manassas. It was used when Gen. T. J. Jackson was seen to stand as a "stone wall."

## FREAKS OF A BULLET—HISTORIC DATA.

David H. Moore, D.D., editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, Cincinnati, who was lieutenant-colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, writes:

*Dear Comrade Cunningham:* Recalling our last interview, in which our conversation was concerning a former not so pleasant acquaintance at the opposite ends of smoking guns on Rocky Face Ridge, I will give you briefly the story of the Rebel lead which, after having passed downward through the face of one of my soldiers, and bearing with it the marks of his teeth, brought up on my hip. The day before we had raced for the crest of the hill, my regiment, the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Ohio, with the First Wisconsin, I believe. Honors were easy, although we were on the summit long enough to get our breath before the stal-

column of fours; and in that formation four regiments of our brigade charged. We were not the first regiment. The Seventy-Ninth Illinois, the Sixty-Fourth Ohio, and the Third Kentucky preceded us. It was my first charge on a fortified position. Taking my place as lieutenant-colonel side by side with Col. Opdycke (afterward major-general), I went in at the head of my command. Remembering Lot's wife, I never looked back, but kept my eyes on the coveted position in front. I must have been dazed, for I suddenly became aware that there was no charging column between me and your works, and that a well-known and valiant officer fanned my face as he made tracks past me to the rear. Then I glanced over my shoulder, expecting to see my command at my back, and found that I was going it alone. That was a critical moment for the Confederacy, for I was minded to take those works alone; and yet a better thought led me to spare you the great humiliation.

Fortunately, at this juncture I seemed to see a blue-coat disappearing on my right oblique front over the side of the ridge, and, following the example, executed a right oblique in the same direction, and, leaping down out of the range of your muskets, I found myself in the midst of the troops who had preceded my regiment, together with not a few of my own men. Col. McIlvaine, of the Sixty-Fourth Ohio, was being borne to the rear, mortally wounded, shot through the abdomen; and, as the ranking officer on the ground, I was in command. We were only partially sheltered, and, pressing forward under cover of the rocks, we succeeded in preventing a countercharge by your troops; but the shoutings and banterings back and forth between the opposing forces were something amusing, had the situation not been so serious. Our men were suffering quite severely; and, as I was giving directions to those behind me, I felt the sharp sting of a ball on my hip, and, whirling to the front, caught in my arms the brave Corp. Calvin, of my regiment, whose face had been pierced diagonally by a ball, which ranged from below the brain on one side, and had torn through his face and come out through his jaw on the other side and struck me on the hip, bearing with it the indentations of his teeth. He was a noble soldier, and, cheering him as best I could, I sent a comrade to help him to the rear, never expecting that he could survive, but, to my great joy, he fully recovered, and now files with my wife a claim to the bullet, which he insists bears his stamp, although the nine points of law, possession, are in my favor. It was a hot place, reminding one of the darky refrain:

"Keep your eyes sot on the land of rest,  
For hell is hotter than a hornets' nest."

Inside of three minutes thereafter I was hit by fragments of balls in the breast and abdomen and had my right coat-sleeve torn away by a Minie shot. Fortunately for me, my belt, doubled back from the buckle, gave the fragment which struck me in the abdomen a glancing direction, so that it inflicted no damage beyond a flesh-wound. My regiment's total loss on the ridge was fifty-five.

That night, as I recollect, your men reconsidered your purpose to hold the ridge, only to fall back to another and stronger position, thus inaugurating that series of unparalleled struggles which has gone down in



DAVID H. MOORE, D.D.

wart Northwesterners made their appearance. Nor did we meet with serious resistance. A volley or two, which went high, was about all, until we reached the top; then we suffered more. My losses were five killed and nineteen wounded. But the next day, when we had located your works farther along the ridge's crest, we speedily learned that you did not propose to make us a present of the coveted position. All day long we were hotly skirmishing. I remember writing a letter to my wife under the protection of a tree which was all too narrow for my comfort. Some of the bark chipped off by your bullets I enclosed as a memento of the occasion. Your works were strong, and built where the ridge spread out fan-shaped, with the handle of the fan toward us, and constituting the only means of approach, barely wide enough for an advance in

history as the ninety days' battle. Your division was almost constantly opposed to us during the Atlanta campaign. So accustomed had we become to your style of fighting and to the vicious soprano of your Minnie balls and to the indescribable fury of your battle-shouts and charging-yells that it was lonesome when by chance we struck a stranger foe. [Dr. Moore refers to Cheatham's Division.—ED.]

#### CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG.

David E. Johnston, Bluefield, W. Va.:

In October last, after the lapse of thirty-five years, I visited the battle-field of Sharpsburg in company with Gen. Carman, of the Battle-Field Commission, and Sergt. White, of the Twenty-Fourth Virginia Infantry. Sergt. White and I went mainly to aid Gen. Carman in locating the positions occupied by the Seventh and Twenty-Fourth Virginia Regiments during the battle of the 17th of September, 1862.

The plan of that battle by Gen. McClellan was substantially similar to that adopted by Gen. Lee in the opening of the seven days' battles around Richmond. Lee crossed the Chickahominy beyond the Federal right, withholding his center, and as the Federals were driven down the Chickahominy threw forward his right; and so Gen. McClellan, reversing the order of things, crossed the Antietam beyond Lee's left, withholding his center, and, as he pushed back Lee's left, threw forward his left, under Gen. Burnside. Lee's plan, like human plans sometimes do, succeeded; while McClellan's failed.

Since my visit I have often thought of doing what every ex-Confederate should do: write something of the part he took and what he saw in the battles in which he was engaged, whereby much of the history of the war between the states might be preserved.

In no great battle of that war was the disparity of numbers more marked than in the battle of Sharpsburg, and in none other were there greater prodigies of valor performed by Confederate soldiers. The battle of Sharpsburg was not a necessity on the part of the Confederates, but rather a gratuity. Harper's Ferry had been surrendered to Gen. Jackson early on Monday morning, September 15, and the greater part of the Confederate army was south of the Potomac, while the remainder, immediately under Gen. Lee's personal direction, was concentrated at Sharpsburg, only about three miles from the Potomac River, and had ample time and ways to have crossed over at any time before the morning of the 17th and draw to closer concentration with that portion of the army under Gen. Jackson, as well as to have secured the assistance of several thousand men, who, on account of either sickness or of being barefooted, had been left at Leesburg on our way across the Potomac, but had been sent forward from there to Winchester. Aided by these and on Virginia soil, we should doubtless have gained a great victory instead of having a drawn battle.

But it is not my purpose to write a criticism on the battle, but more particularly to briefly discuss that portion of it on the extreme right wing of the Confederate army, and in which I was engaged.

As to the number engaged on each side, records differ quite materially. Gen. McClellan reported eighty-seven thousand one hundred and sixty-four engaged

on the Federal side, and Gen. Lee reported that he had less than forty thousand men engaged. Some Confederate writers have placed the numbers as three to one and some five to three, while on the Federal side it is not generally admitted that such disparity existed.

When it is remembered that Gen. Lee's army had fought the seven days' battles around Richmond and the second Manassas and Turner's Gap, in which it sustained heavy losses, it is not surprising that his battalions had been reduced to less than fifty per cent of what they numbered when the series of battles began around Richmond on May 31. At the second battle of Manassas the regiment to which I belonged, the Seventh Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, lost about thirty-three per cent of its number, together with its colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, and adjutant, and at the battles of Turner's Gap and Sharpsburg was commanded by Capt. Phil Ashby, of Culpeper County.

On the morning of the 14th of September (Sunday) our division, under Gen. Longstreet, was at Hagers-town, Md. About 11 A.M. the long roll was sounded, and we were soon in line and on the march to Turner's Gap, some fourteen miles distant, reaching there about 3 P.M. We marched to the right in the direction of Cox's Gap, and when about half-way up the mountain we turned immediately to the left and into the turnpike road at the gap and moved forward up the mountain to the left of the gap; and on reaching the top we found ourselves face to face with the enemy.

On our march from the gap up the mountain we were subjected to a severe shelling from a Federal battery on our right rear, and had one man killed by a shell. We must have reached the mountain-top about 4:30 P.M., and at once became hotly engaged with the enemy, the fight continuing until long after nightfall, when we withdrew to the turnpike and down to Boonsboro. My company (D) lost two killed, several wounded, and was reduced to thirteen muskets, and the regiment to one hundred and seventeen.

We continued our march through Boonsboro and Keedysville, crossing the Antietam and reaching Sharpsburg about 10 A.M. on Monday, the 15th. The brigades of Jenkins, G. T. Anderson, part of Toombs's, Garnett's, Drayton's, and ours (Kemper's) were deployed on the range of hills to the east and southeast of Sharpsburg, while Gen. Toombs, with two of the regiments of his brigade, the Second and Twentieth Georgia, and a battery of artillery, was sent to guard a bridge across the Antietam, which was in our front and near our right center. The afternoon of Monday and the whole of Tuesday were spent by the armies in preparation—the one for assault, the other for defense.

During all the day of Tuesday we were being shifted about from place to place, never getting far away from our starting-point, and during this marching and countermarching we were subjected to a most unmerciful shelling from the Federal batteries across the river.

Gen. J. G. Walker's Division, consisting of two brigades, was withdrawn from the right and sent to the left, and at an early hour on the morning of the 17th Gen. G. T. Anderson's Brigade was also sent to the left, leaving alone Gen. D. R. Jones's Division, composed of Jenkins', Garnett's, Drayton's, Kemper's, and Toombs' Brigades, to hold the right and keep back Burnside's corps of fifteen thousand men.

From—or, even before—daylight on the 17th until

high noon the battle on the left center and extreme left raged and swayed to and fro, with varying fortunes to the combatants. About noon, or a few minutes thereafter, it was reported that Gen. Burnside's troops were pressing heavily against Gen. Toombs's at the bridge, and the Twenty-Fourth Virginia Regiment, with ours (the Seventh, of Kemper's Brigade), was detached and sent some six hundred yards to the south and right of the brigade, the Twenty-Fourth Regiment halting in an open field some forty yards east of the Harper's Ferry road and just north of a narrow strip of corn which ran from the edge of that road in a southeastern direction and toward the forty-acre corn-field into which the left wing of Harland's Federal Brigade subsequently charged. Our regiment took position at the southeast edge of the narrow strip of corn referred to, and, so far as we knew, we constituted the extreme right of the Confederate army. No other Confederate troops were in sight to our right.

Burnside did not succeed in forcing the passage of the bridge until about 1 P.M., or a little later, and then only after he had found a crossing lower down, by which he was enabled to flank Gen. Toombs out of his position in front of the bridge.

Toombs retired slowly, fighting all the while, and taking advantage of the shape of the ground to cover his troops from the fire of the enemy's artillery.

It was past 3 P.M. when Gen. Burnside's skirmishers appeared in our front, and, meeting the fire of the skirmishers of our brigade, posted in part behind a rail fence at the base of the hill, they staggered, scattered, and fell back out of sight. In a few minutes Burnside's first line, composed, as it seems, of the brigades of Fairchild and Harland, appeared on our front some five hundred yards away, and our skirmishers opened a rapid fire, which threw more than one of the Federal regiments into some confusion, and their ranks became broken and uneven, but they continued to advance at a rapid pace. At this juncture our regiment, occupying an advanced position, was ordered to fall back some two hundred yards into the Harper's Ferry road, here finding a lodgment behind an old board fence and embankment and just south of the narrow strip of corn. The distance between the left of our regiment and the right of the Twenty-Fourth Virginia was about two hundred yards, and that between its left and the Seventeenth Virginia—the right regiment of Kemper's Brigade—was four or five hundred yards. The situation was grave indeed, and the outlook for a successful issue of the battle was most unpromising to us.

In all the battles of the war in which I was engaged—and they were numerous—never did I feel, not even at Gettysburg, so much solicitude for the safety of our army, for I knew that no help could be expected from our left, as our troops on that part of the field had been fought to exhaustion; and there we stood, our division covering nearly a mile of front and numbering not exceeding two thousand muskets, to engage with a force of fifteen thousand well-equipped and well-fed men; while we had but little to eat, were almost naked, and many were barefooted (myself among the number). However, with proud, defiant spirits, with our muskets and forty rounds of ammunition, we prepared for the desperate conflict. It was near 4 P.M. when portions of Gen. Rodman's Federal Division crowned the heights, meeting at some points severe resistance.

When the leading line of Fairchild's and Harland's Brigades had advanced up the heights in front of Drayton's Brigade of two Georgia and one South Carolina regiments and Kemper's First, Eleventh, and Seventeenth Virginia Regiments, they were advanced, and took position behind an old worm fence and opened fire on the advancing line of Federals at fifty or sixty yards with their remnants of three hundred and sixty muskets. The Seventeenth Virginia, commanded by Col. M. D. Corse, was on the right, and numbered but fifty-five men and officers, of which seven officers and twenty-four men were killed and wounded and ten captured. Their commander was wounded in the foot and captured. The Federal left overlapped them by more than a hundred yards.

The two left companies of the Eight Connecticut Regiment, of Harland's Brigade, ran over and captured McIntosh's South Carolina Battery, which had been thrown forward on the right of the Seventeenth Virginia without support; and, in fact, it was run over before it had time to fire a shot.

By the forward rush of portions of Fairchild's and Harland's Brigades the right of Kemper's and Drayton's Brigades was broken off and forced back across the Harper's Ferry road into the edge of Sharpsburg.

Having returned to the position formerly occupied by our regiment in the Harper's Ferry road, we had placed our guns through the board fence, drawn back the hammers, and stood with fingers on triggers, ready to fire as soon as the enemy emerged from the corn, the eastern edge of which his lines had about reached. While in this position Gen. Toombs, with his brigade at a double-quick, passed us, going to our left, and in less than five minutes after his brigade had gotten by Archer's Confederate Brigade moved obliquely across our front, striking the Federal line in flank and rear.

Just then we saw another and another Confederate brigade rise to their feet and advance in the same direction. Our batteries opened, Toombs's men poured a volley into Rodman's advancing column that had broken off Kemper's and Drayton's right, then there was a grand, a wild Confederate yell and charge along the whole line, and Archer's gallant Tennesseans and Alabamians and Branch's North Carolinians and Gregg's South Carolinians and Georgians opened a destructive fire on the flank and rear of Harland's Brigade, and Kemper's, Drayton's, Jenkins's, and Garnett's men returned to the charge, and Burnside's men fled in confusion toward the bank of the Antietam. The fight was over within thirty minutes.

In the headlong rush of the Confederates they retook McIntosh's Battery and recaptured Col. Corse.

On account of the destructive fire of the Federal batteries across the Antietam the Confederates halted about midway between the line occupied by them when the battle began and the Antietam. Gen. Branch, of North Carolina, was killed just as the charge ended.

After night we returned to our brigade and occupied that night and the whole of the next day the same ground we had occupied in the forenoon of the 17th, and gathered up our wounded and buried our dead, as well as such of the Federal dead as lay within our lines; also ministering to such of the enemy's wounded as we could reach, even risking our lives to accomplish this. In fact, while making an effort to care for the

Federal wounded in our front one of our regiment was shot dead by one of their sharpshooters.

In front of our brigade lay some thirty-five dead men of the Eighth Connecticut Regiment. The flag of the One Hundred and Third New York Regiment, of Fairchild's Brigade, was captured by Lieut. W. W. Athey, of the Seventeenth Virginia.

Lieut. Stone and Private Travis Burton, of my company, on the night of the battle, while looking up our wounded, captured a member of the Fourth Rhode Island Regiment, a mere boy. A very interesting story is connected with his capture, but I omit it now.

Now, as to question of numbers engaged, Gen. D. R. Jones reports that in his five brigades on the morning of the battle he had about twenty-four hundred men, too high, in my opinion, by four hundred. Gen. A. P. Hill, who had made a rapid march of seventeen miles that morning from Harper's Ferry, reaching the field about 2:30 P.M., reports that his three brigades engaged in the battle numbered two thousand, which would make about four thousand against Burnside's splendid corps of fifteen thousand men.

The losses in Kemper's, Drayton's, Toombs's, and part of Jenkins' Brigades was very heavy. The loss in Gen. A. P. Hill's three brigades is reported at three hundred and forty-six. Putting the loss of D. R. Jones's Division at five hundred, we have a total Confederate loss in the fight with Burnside's Corps of eight hundred and forty-six, while the loss in Burnside's Corps was twenty-two hundred and twenty-two.

### TELLING THE TRUTH TO CHILDREN.

Gen. Vincent Marmaduke, of Missouri, writes from his home at Sweet Springs an address upon the subject of history to Confederates, in which he states:

The honor and glory of this great struggle was with the South, and Southern soldiers ought, in justice to themselves and their dead comrades, to preserve the memory of it. While the North and Northern soldiers are inveighing against all manifestation of sectional feeling, they are erecting monuments to their successful leaders and telling the story very much to their credit and to our detriment.

The North had more than four soldiers to one in the South. Its armies were reinforced and assisted by six hundred ships of war, manned by thirty-five thousand sailors. It had unlimited credit, which meant an unlimited supply of money. It had factories to manufacture everything needed to arm and equip, to supply and maintain, its armies and fleets. It had railroads running in every direction for the transportation of its troops. It had intercourse with the whole world, and could draw recruits for its army and navy from it.

The South had none of these advantages, or had them only to a limited extent. But, notwithstanding all its advantages, it took the North four years to crush the South, and then it did it by a grinding process and without having gained a single decisive victory.

In a comment upon this the *Nashville American* says:

Evidently it is not the purpose of Gen. Marmaduke to engender sectional feeling by the publication of this address. All of that has been laid aside, and is gone

forever. But it is the duty of every enlightened Southern man to see that the truth—not biased and warped accounts—of the history of the civil war is transmitted to posterity. The nobleness, the chivalry, the self-denial, the bravery, and the tireless endurance of the Confederate soldier should be instilled into every Southern child. No history should be taught them which pictures their ancestors as traitors and rebels. They should understand the great principles which were contended for prior to the war, which were settled by the highest tribunal in the country, the Supreme Court, favorably to the South, which the North would not accept, appealing to a "higher law," and which were finally referred to the arbitrament of the sword. . . . Southern children ought to know of the imperishable grandeur of Gen. Lee, of the magnificence in battle of Stonewall Jackson and Albert Sydney Johnston, of the daring bravery of Forrest, of Morgan, and of Cheatham. The renown of the Confederate soldier is not told in splendid monuments; it rests in the hearts of the Southern people, and there it must be kept fresh and green forever. They want their children to receive facts. From facts no conclusions can be drawn derogatory to the courage of Southern soldiers or to the genius and military prowess of Southern generals.

### CORRECT HISTORY OF MISSOURI.

The Executive Committee of the Historical Society of the Ex-Confederate Association of Missouri met in Kansas City November 20. There were present Cols. Vincent Marmaduke, John S. Moore, John T. Crisp, Dr. Lester Hall, Albert O. Allen, and J. M. Allen.

It was resolved that the history to be written of Missouri should be impartial and correct concerning causes which led up to the civil war; that it should correctly represent all of the military organizations in the state, and deal alone with facts. The committee selected Col. John S. Moore as historian.

This history will include the personnel of the soldiers on both sides, as well as having much to do with the history of counties from which the citizens and their parents went to Missouri.

The committee adjourned to meet again December 30. The chairman, Col. Vincent Marmaduke, was directed to extend an invitation to the C. S. A. camps in Missouri and Daughters of the Confederacy to send delegates to said meeting; also to invite such other persons as he saw fit. All persons knowing of reminiscences of war-times in Missouri, or any one having scraps of history which would aid in the preparation of the book, should send them to Col. John S. Moore, Kansas City, Mo.

J. Colton Lynes, Adjutant and Secretary of Atlanta Camp No. 59, writes that at a meeting of the camp on November 15, 1897, the follow resolution, offered by Comrade Stratton, was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That it shall be the duty of our Adjutant to send a concise report of our annual memorial service, together with a list of our deceased comrades, to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at Nashville, for publication immediately after such service every year.

### PATRIOT AND STATESMAN COMBINED.

A member of Camp Jeff Davis No. 475, Birmingham, Ala., sends the following sketch of an honored member, which contains valuable historic data as well:

James M. Arnold entered the military service of the Confederate States as a private in the Columbus Riflemen, of Columbus, Miss., on May 1, 1861, which company afterward became Company K, Fourteenth Mississippi Infantry, commanded by Col. W. E. Baldwin. He was with his company in the battle of Fort Donelson, and there became a prisoner and was sent to Camp Douglas. He was exchanged with his regiment in 1862, which reorganized at Raymond, Miss., where he was made sergeant. He served with this company in the skirmishes and small fights in North Mississippi and in the defense of Jackson.

In January, 1864, the Sixth Mississippi Cavalry was organized, with Col. Isham Harrison commanding, at which time Arnold was elected second lieutenant of Company I; C. A. Johnson was captain. The regiment was attached to Mabry's Brigade, which was in service under Gen. Forrest during the skirmishes in and around Vicksburg, and was at the taking of the transports and gunboats on the Tennessee River, near Johnsonville. This campaign having disabled the horses of Mabry's Brigade, it was for a while left in garrison at Corinth, Miss. Later the brigade was in the lead of the charge at the battle of Harrisburg, Miss., one of the bloodiest of the war, where cavalry alone were engaged. The brigade was dismounted and marched in line of battle to within fifty steps of the Federal line, entrenched, where Mabry's horse was shot down and Col. Isham Harrison and Lieut.-Col. Nelms, of Arnold's Regiment, were killed, his captain slightly wounded, and over one-half of the privates were killed or wounded. The regiment was afterward united with two others, forming Stark's Mississippi Brigade, in Chalmers' Division, and was engaged in skirmishes with Gen. Wilson's command en route to Selma, Ala. The other brigade of Chalmers' Division (Armstrong's) met Wilson's command in the last battle of the war.

James Arnold surrendered with his command under Forrest at Livingston, Ala. He was never sick nor absent during the four years of the war, except while sitting as a member of the Mississippi Legislature. Being a member of that body, he was exempt from military service, but remained with his command all the while, except during the sessions of the Legislature. After the war he returned to Columbus, Miss., where he commenced the practise of law, and continued to practise until 1877, when he was appointed circuit judge of the district by Gov. Stone. He held that position for a number of years, and then was appointed one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, and was afterward made chief justice of that court, from which position he resigned, when he returned to the practise of law at Birmingham, Ala.

James A. Bell, Charleston, S. C.: "If Capt. Bowen, of Mississippi, Capt. Ward and Dr. Lipscomb (surgeon), of Virginia—all of the Confederate man-of-war 'Palmetto State'—are still alive, they will oblige Capt. James E. Aldert, ex-pilot of their vessel, by writing to him at Charleston."

### CONFEDERATE DEAD BURIED IN THE NORTH.

A most commendable movement has been inaugurated in Richmond, and its purposes are made known to the public over official signatures of R. E. Lee Camp of Veterans, the R. E. Lee Camp Sons of Veterans, and the Daughters of the Confederacy there in the following paper:

There lie in prison cemeteries throughout the North thirty thousand of our dead. With two exceptions—Camp Chase and Camp Douglas—no stone marks their resting-place. It is true they sleep well, "for all the world is native land to the brave." But soon even the localities will be forgotten. "Died in prison," these brave boys of ours, many of them far from the South, in their blue jeans and brown cotton clothes, shivering from the cold blasts of the North, even before the icy hand of death touched them. Who has reminded us of our duty to the memory of these dead heroes? A generous Federal officer bearing the scars and still suffering from the wounds won honorably in battle with these men. All honor to Col. William H. Knauss, of Columbus, O., who in May, 1897, sent out an appeal to United Confederate Veterans, asking that the graves of Confederate prisoners buried at Camp Chase should be remembered! This was done, but there are still thirty thousand who rest in unmarked graves. Had we forgotten our dead? No; but the cry of the needy wives and children of these dead have ever been at our door, and we could not reach beyond.

The time has now come when these graves must be marked. To accomplish this object it will be necessary to raise about \$4,000. We only ask for a simple shaft at these places, erected before the next annual meeting of the United Confederate Veterans in July, 1898. Whatever sum this committee has in hand by next spring will be divided equally between the following thirteen prison cemeteries: Alton, Ill.; Camp Butler, Riverton, Ill.; Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Elmira, N. Y.; Finn's Point Cemetery, N. J.; Johnson's Island, O.; Hart's Island, N. Y.; Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D. C.; Point Lookout, Md.; Rock Island, Ill.; Sandusky, O.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pea Patch Island, Del.

This fund is to be known as the "Monument Fund of Confederate Prisoners Buried in Northern Graves," and all contributions are to be sent to the Treasurer, Col. James T. Gray, Past Commander of R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, C. V., Richmond, Va., and nothing can be drawn from this fund except over his signature.

These dead heroes of ours from every Southern state appeal to their survivors throughout our land. Remember their sacrifices and suffering. All should feel it their privilege to contribute to this cause. Those who have relatives or friends still "wounded and missing" may join in these monuments, and feel that their loved ones will now be recognized. It is such a modest sum that is asked it ought to be readily gotten at once from our camps and Confederate organizations alone; but, to insure success, we cordially invite every one who is interested in the Confederate cause to contribute a mite toward the accomplishment of this noble object. All contributions will be duly acknowledged by the Treasurer.

## HEROES IN LAST CHARGE OF LEE'S ARMY.

R. T. Mockbee, Memphis, Tenn.:

I have read with much interest the "Last Charge of Lee's Army," in the November VETERAN, as I am always interested in the part taken by Tennesseans in the struggle for Southern independence, and especially of Archer's Brigade, the only representatives of the Volunteer State in the Army of Northern Virginia during the entire war. It was composed of Turney's First, Hatton's Seventh, and Forbes's Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry Regiments, with the Nineteenth Georgia Regiment until after the death of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, also the Fifth Alabama Battalion. When A. P. Hill was made lieutenant-general and the old division was assigned in part to Pender's Division, Archer's Brigade was attached to Gen. Harry Heth's Division; then the Thirteenth Alabama Regiment took the place of the Nineteenth Georgia Regiment, which was transferred to a Georgia Brigade. The Fifth Alabama Battalion was made provost-guard of Hill's Corps. On the death of Gen. Archer Col. William McComb, of the Fourteenth Tennessee, was promoted to brigadier-general, and Gen. Bushrod Johnson's old brigade was consolidated with Archer's at Petersburg, Va., in 1864.

Gen. McComb was a native of Pennsylvania, and about 1856 came to Montgomery County, Tenn. The writer remembers him as a handsome young man of more than ordinary intelligence, engaged in superintending the erection of a large flouring-mill in Montgomery County, at Price's Landing, on the Cumberland River. He remained in that section until the outbreak of the war, and enlisted as a private in Hewitt's company (L), of the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, composed of eleven companies. He was promoted to lieutenant soon afterward, and made adjutant of the regiment by Col. Forbes. At the reorganization at Yorktown, Va., in 1862, the writer, with other friends, put forward the name of William McComb for major of the regiment, and he was elected. At the battle of Cedar Run Lieut.-Col. George Harrell was mortally wounded, and died in the hospital at Charlottesville, Va. Maj. McComb then became lieutenant-colonel. In the second battle of Manassas Col. W. A. Forbes was killed, and Lieut.-Col. McComb became colonel.

During this time Col. McComb was repeatedly wounded in battle, sometimes seriously, but always returned to the regiment for duty as soon as able. As brigadier-general he was assigned to command of the consolidated brigades.

On the fateful morning of April 2, 1865, when the last charge of Lee's army was made in an effort to retake the works, which had been captured and were occupied by the Federals, I was present and participated with probably five or six hundred others left of the old brigade. If there were any who hesitated, I don't remember it. I am willing to accord to Capt. Harris all praise for true bravery, but I know he will say that Capt. Norris, of his own regiment (Seventh Tennessee), Capts. H. H. Averitt and Harry Bullock, of the Fourteenth Tennessee (the latter giving up his life in that charge, after going through the whole war unhurt), and scores of others were as brave men as ever lived. Capt. Harris knew those men would fight and go wherever he or Gen. McComb dare lead. Why,

J. Hick Johnson, major commanding the old Fourteenth, who always went into battle smiling, and his noble brother, Polk G. Johnson, acting as aid to Gen. McComb on that day, were there. The latter was one of the most conspicuous figures in that charge. The writer recalls him on that occasion with pride.

Soon came the order to close in to left along the breastworks, where we had been deployed ten paces apart all night, that being the strength of Lee's line, at that point, at least. From there we were ordered to move down the line at right angles to the works. Soon the enemy were encountered in force, and the charge was ordered. The Second Maryland Battalion did terrible execution, and the enemy fled back to their main supports, where they had first broken our lines. We followed until reaching Davis' Mississippi Brigade's winter quarters, where we were compelled to halt, on account of the overwhelming numbers that met us. It was there that we lost most of our men, and finally we were forced back toward Hatcher's Run, but contesting every inch of ground against a force double our number in front and overlapping both flanks, until at last the order was given for every man to "save himself." The writer and several others made their way to the south side of the railroad, and at a commissary depot found parties in charge of the stores distributing provisions to those who wished them. A large country ham attracted my attention, and soon found a resting-place on my bayonet. We made our way to the Appomattox River, at a point where there was a flouring-mill, and there found Gen. Heth, accompanied by "Billy" Green, a courier, trying to get across the swollen stream with a message from Gen. Lee to Gen. Gordon, in Petersburg. Green (who was a member of Company A, Fourteenth Tennessee, on detail as courier for Gen. Heth) noticed the old country ham on my bayonet, and, after a hurried consultation with the General, came back to the door, and said: "Bob, Gen. Heth hasn't had a bite of meat in two days. Won't you give him a piece of that ham?" I gave Gen. Heth half of the ham, and, going by his directions, met the army at Amelia Court-House.

F. A. Howell, Bowling Green, Miss., asks that some comrade will kindly correct any errors in the following list of companies composing the Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, giving names of companies, captains, and the counties from which they came:

Company A, Capt. Lowry, University Grays (made up of schoolboys from all over the state); Company B, Capt. —, Coahoma Rifles; Company C, Carroll Rifles, Capt. P. F. Liddell; Company D, Neosho Rifles, Capt. Franklin; Company E, Prairie Guards, Capt. Hairston; Company F, Noxubee Rifles, Capt. George Weir; Company G, Lamar Rifles (Lafayette County), Capt. Helm; Company H, Chickasaw Guards, Capt. Moore; Company I, Van Dorn Reserves (Monroe County), Capt. Reynolds; Company K, —.

Concerning the battle of Manassas, Comrade Howell writes: "Companies A and F, being right of the regiment, got on cars and reached Manassas in time to engage in the first battle. The other companies could not get on, and were left. I was of Company F."

## OUR EVACUATION OF FORT PILLOW.

Miss Kate Cumming, author of "Gleanings from Southland," sends copy of a letter from Edwin H. Sessel, which portrays some events of the war yet fresh in memory. Comrade Sessel was a native of Nova Scotia. He had not been long in the South, and was but eighteen years old. After the war he studied for the ministry in New York City, and was ordained deacon and priest in Trinity Church. He went West as a missionary, but, his health failing, he returned to New York, and died there.

ABBEVILLE, MISS., August 14, 1862.

*My Dear Cousin:* As you wish to hear the particulars of the evacuation of Fort Pillow, I will give them as near as I can remember. On the 28th of May last the order was issued for the infantry to move, which they did under trying circumstances, the rain pouring in torrents, and the mud awful. However, the infantry did move, leaving one artillery regiment to cover their retreat. The next afternoon the Yankee fleet made its appearance around the point, and was received by our double-shotted guns in a becoming manner, and it was driven back. That night the artillery regiment left, and we commenced the work of destroying our guns and property. First we set fire to the quartermaster's stores; next, the commissary, and then every "shanty" on the "hill." We blew up all the guns, except two which would not burst. It was a terrific sight—the rain pouring down, the thunder rolling midst the lightning flashes, while the Yankees were pouring a stream of fire, making the sight sublime, though terrible.

After the work of destruction the general, a portion of the staff and officers on horseback, the adjutant-general, myself, and a few others got on board the "Golden Age" at Fulton, and made double-quick time down-stream, the Yankees keeping uncomfortably close behind us. They were stopped at Memphis by our fleet, and we kept on to Vicksburg, where we had to undergo another stream of fire from the Yankees. We soon left there, and after three or four days of traveling arrived at Grenada, where we met our infantry.

We remained at Grenada about two weeks, when Mr. Yankee came to Tallahatchie River, and we were immediately ordered to repulse him, which we did after a severe conflict, in which we lost quite a number of men. Since then we have been skirmishing more or less all the time, sometimes marching to within ten miles of Bolivar, Tenn., where the enemy have most of their forces.

If anything should happen to me—and I have had very narrow escapes during impending battles—and it be possible, I will let you know; but God alone knows whether it will be possible, for I have seen many a poor fellow left behind in our retreats who will never be heard of again. God grant that this accursed war will soon cease! but I shall see it to the bitter end, come weal or woe.

One of the regimental bands is now playing "Home, Sweet Home," and it naturally makes me feel a little like being there; but these are no thoughts for a soldier in the face of an enemy. Still I can not keep from thinking of my home in far-away Nova Scotia, and

wonder if my father is thinking of me and if my sainted mother is looking down upon me. I feel that she is. Dear, departed mother!

John K. Alexander, Salinas City, Cal.:

In reading the September VETERAN I notice that a member of the Baltimore Chapter, U. D. C., writes concerning the capture of the "Caleb Cushing" by Lieut. Charles W. Read and his men, of the bark "Tacony," on the 26th of June, 1863, and mentions that "it would be interesting to learn something of the subsequent fate of Lieut. Read and his men, and to what state he belonged."

Lieut. Read and I attended school together when very small boys at Jackson, Miss., in the years 1853-54; therefore I am sure he belonged to the state of Mississippi. The last time I saw Read he departed from Jackson under appointment to the naval school at Annapolis, Md. We corresponded for years after that, but when the war intervened our correspondence ceased. However, I watched his career with pride, and at the close of the war, by inquiry, hunted him up. He became captain of a merchantman running from Mobile, Ala., to Liverpool, and, I think, died in that harness. At least, I have print of a telegram in my scrap-book, of which the following is a copy: "Meridian, Miss., January 26, 1896.—Capt. Charles W. Read, during the war a noted Confederate naval officer, is dead."

Charley was captured, as stated, at Portland, Me. (though I understood it was at Bangor), confined at some fort near Boston, and, as I learned, escaped after some months, and finally worked back into the Confederate lines. I can not vouch for the truth of this statement, but I do know that he was in command of the Rebel ram "West," on and in the Red River at the time of the surrender, and refused to surrender. He loaded his vessel with cotton and undertook to get out to sea, and succeeded in passing Vicksburg without being discovered until he had passed, and sent a boat ashore and cut the telegraph-line between Vicksburg and New Orleans; but too late, as the officials at the latter place had been notified of his coming, notwithstanding he came very near getting by, and when discovered showed fight, put on all the steam he had, and got by; but in the hurry and excitement ran into and stuck in the river-bank, and the vessel was captured, but not Read nor his men, as I was informed.

I give you this for what it is worth, and hope it may be the means of bringing to the light of day the heroism of Read, who was a brave man, a hero in the true sense of the word, whose memory ought to be ever green in the hearts of all true Confederates. Inquiry of Thomas or Joshua Green, bankers, of Jackson, Miss., or Holland Coffey (in Tennessee for years), and any of the old boys about Jackson would doubtless be of value as to the life and character of Read. William T. Ellis, of Fort Worth, knew him well, as we all attended school in Jackson together. Ellis volunteered in Virginia.

In Vol. II. of the "Union and Confederate Naval Records" there is much said of Lieut. Read.

In a letter to Lieut. John N. Maffitt, commanding, dated May 6, 1863, he proposed to "take a brig and a crew of twenty men, proceed to Hampton Roads, and



cut out a gunboat or steamer of the enemy." He wrote: "As I would be in possession of the brig's papers, and as the crew would not be large enough to excite suspicion, there can be no doubt of my passing Fortress Monroe successfully. Once in the Roads, I would be prepared to avail myself of any circumstance which might present for gaining the deck of an enemy's vessel. If it is found impossible to board a gunboat or merchant steamer, it will be possible to fire the shipping at Baltimore. If you think proper to accede to my proposal, I beg that you will allow me to take Mr. E. H. Brown and one of the firemen with me. Mr. Brown might be spared from this ship, as his health is bad; you could obtain another man at Pernambuco."

It is a coincidence worthy of record in the VETERAN that during his visit to the Tennessee Centennial Exposition—coming officially as a member of the History and Literature Committee—Gen. Dabney H. Maury met the Third United States Cavalry, with which he was connected before the great war commenced. It was then a regiment of mounted rifles. As major-general in the Confederate army this distinguished gentleman of noble ancestry had charge of the troops of Mississippi, Alabama, West Tennessee, and Louisiana. Gen. Maury was one of the first to learn of Forrest's innate power as a commander, and named him the "Thunderbolt of War." Gen. Maury bears well his three-quarters of a century. He resides in Richmond. The General is mentioned as the oldest surviving major-general of the Confederate army. Nashville was favored at the time of his visit with the presence of these other Virginians: Col. John D. H. Ross, of Lexington, of the Fifty-Second Virginia Infantry, Jackson's Corps; Dr. George Ross, of Richmond, associate medical director of Gen. A. P. Hill's Corps and surgeon in charge of the battalion of Virginia Military Institute cadets at the battle of New Market; and Gen. Charles J. Anderson, adjutant-general of Virginia. All are old Institute men.

In connection with the above, the farewell order of Gen. Maury to his troops is given:

Headquarters of Maury's Division, six miles east of Meridian, May 7, 1865.

*Soldiers:* Our last march is about ended. To-morrow we shall lay down the arms which for four years we have borne to defend our rights, to win our liberties. We know and the world knows and history will record that we have borne them with honor. We now surrender to the overwhelming power of the enemy, which has rendered further resistance by us hopeless and murderous to our own people and our own cause. We can never forget the noble comrades who have stood shoulder to shoulder to this moment, the noble dead who have been martyred, the noble Southern women who have been wronged and are unavenged, or the noble principles for which we have fought. Conscious that we have played our part like men confident of the righteousness of our cause, without regret for our action in the past, and without despair of the fu-

ture, let us to-morrow with the dignity of veterans who are the last to surrender perform the duty which has been assigned to us.

Signed: Dabney H. Maury, Major-General of the Confederate Army, and by D. W. Florrerree, A. O. G.

The copy of above was issued by Maj. H. C. Semple, commanding battalion.

#### REPLY TO CRITICISM OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

True to herself and the high character of her father, Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes, daughter of Jefferson Davis, is ever diligent to vindicate the noble life of her father. In reply to an unreasonable criticism of Mr. Davis, said to have been repeated by the late Judge Mills, of Wisconsin, Mrs. Hayes writes to the paper:

I was very much pained to find my father, the Hon. Jefferson Davis, so grossly misrepresented in the columns of your paper, and therefore I ask you to publish this denial of the statements said to have been made by the late Judge Joseph T. Mills.

Judge Mills may have known my father, though I never heard my father mention him, fully and charmingly as I have heard him tell of his life in Wisconsin; but this I do know: that Judge Mills is the one person I have ever known to accuse my father of financial sharpness, and I can only say he many times lost heavily through his belief in the honorable intentions of others.

I have been in Wisconsin many times, and found the people who had known and been associated with my father admired and respected him, which could not have been the case if he had been guilty of the "sharp practises" Judge Mills is said to have accused him of. I fail to see anything "amusing" in so dishonorable a story, and am at least glad, though Judge Mills condescended to repeat such an unfounded story, that he did not vouch for its accuracy. I notice he is also said to have repeated the often-told story that my father eloped with President Taylor's daughter, which is another evidence of how little he knew of the circumstances he professed to have had such an intimate knowledge of. My father certainly married Miss Taylor without the consent of her father, but he married her from her aunt's house, in the presence of members of her family, and afterward a warm and enduring friendship existed between President Taylor and him.

I may also add that my father was known to have been a power among the miners of Wisconsin, whom he assisted and protected in every practicable way, which makes the absurdity of this unfounded story of Judge Mills's even more apparent, and I regret that a Kentuckian, therefore a fellow statesman of my father, should have been the author of it.

H. H. Dickenson, of Lebanon, Va., inquires for Col. James Giles, Twenty-Ninth Virginia Infantry Regiment, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, A. N. V. When last heard from he was with a corps of surveyors in New Mexico. Any one who can supply this information will confer a favor on Mr. Dickenson. Comrade Dickenson reports action of his camp requesting that the Atlanta reunion be postponed until in October. Various communications have been received from comrades and camps of like purport, which would be printed but for the question having been already settled.

## BATTLE ON SIDE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

BY H. M. WOODSON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

In the January VETERAN of 1896 Comrade R. J. Dew expressed a desire to learn of the battle of Lookout Mountain from one who was in it. After waiting in vain for some one with an abler pen, I give a brief account of my experiences in that battle. No private soldier can tell positively more of a battle than what he saw. I was a private in Company E, Thirty-Fourth Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade. We had been stationed on the northwest slope of old Lookout for some two weeks doing picket-duty. Our line was down near the base of the mountain, nearly half a mile from camp, and it extended quite a distance to the west and north. Chattanooga Creek, a small stream, flowed between us and the Yankee pickets. We were on very friendly terms with each other, and exchange of canteens, tobacco, coffee, etc., occurred daily. It was understood along the picket-line that if either side received orders to advance they would give a signal, so the enemy could have time to get back to their breastworks.

A few days before the battle Brown's Tennessee Brigade came to reinforce us, and encamped just east of Walthall, on the slope under Point Lookout; and these two commands only comprised the force on Lookout Mountain. I do not know the numerical strength, but the regiments were tolerably full, having done no fighting since Chickamauga, and in that time had been recruited. I think the Thirty-Fourth Mississippi numbered nearly seven hundred.

The day before the battle our company (E) was on picket near where the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad crosses the creek. Everything was quiet, the pickets were in plain view, and neither thought of shooting without giving notice. That night about twelve o'clock the pickets were relieved, Company F taking our place. Picket posts were always relieved at night.

The next morning, November 24, about sunrise, we heard several musket-shots down on the picket-line, assuring us that "friendly" relations had ceased. In a few minutes a messenger came from the picket-line, calling for two companies from our regiment. By the time those two got to the front another messenger came, calling for the balance of the regiment. When we arrived at the foot of the mountain Lieut.-Col. McElwaine, who was in command of the pickets, deployed the entire regiment as skirmishers. Had we remained in that position, the "battle above the clouds" might have resulted very differently, because the line of pickets covered nearly all that part of the western base of the mountain, and could not have been successfully assailed by the enemy; and we could at least have skirmished with them until the remainder of the brigade could have formed and been ready for the fight. But fate, or Col. McElwaine, decreed otherwise. He must have given the command, "Rally on the right!" for in a few minutes the whole regiment was assembled near where the railroad crosses the creek and formed in column of companies. The western face of the mountain being thus left unguarded by pickets, the enemy had nothing to do but march up and find Walthall's Brigade lying around with their guns stacked and depending on the pickets to give notice of the en-

emy's approach. I was told that such was the condition of things in camp, but that Gen. Walthall got his men in line promptly and checked the enemy's advance and held them there all day and until late that night. In the mean time our regiment was at the foot of the mountain, cut off from the rest of the brigade. Col. McElwaine ordered us to fall back, which we did. We fell back slowly, as the mountain was very steep and rugged. In all my war experience I never passed through just such a bombardment. It seemed that every battery in the Federal army was pouring bombshells and solid shot into the side of that mountain. The shells burst, knocking off thousands of pieces of rock and scattering them hither and thither. The whole face of the mountain was lurid with bursting shells and seemed to belch smoke from every crevice, while the mountain itself seemed to howl and shriek as if a million demons had been aroused in its caverns.

Slowly climbing and struggling up through all that awful storm of iron and smoke, we at last reached our former camp, to find it literally covered with Federal troops between us and our brigade, which was in line of battle farther east. In a moment our flag was down, and the Thirty-Fourth Mississippi Regiment had surrendered. Our lieutenant, J. M. Glenn, Bud Lowe, and I happened to be together. The lieutenant said, "Boys, let's get out of this!" and in an instant we turned and, amid a perfect hail-storm of bullets, leaped down over a ledge of rocks which runs eastward almost parallel with the railroad, but some distance above it, and so made our escape. Two other members of Company E got away, making five who escaped, out of about eighty.

It was now well on in the afternoon. Gen. Walthall and Brown still held their positions on the mountain-side, and had effectually stopped the enemy's advance. The smoke of battle and the clouds had settled so thick on the mountain that it was almost like night. The position of the two opposing lines of battle remained pretty much unchanged until late in the night, when the Confederate troops were withdrawn, leaving the Yankees in possession of the mountain.

So ended the "battle above the clouds." I always will believe that if our pickets had been properly handled our two brigades (Walthall's and Brown's) would have held Lookout Mountain.

Next morning those of our regiment who had escaped got together, formed line, and counted off, when it was found that nineteen, out of about seven hundred, had declined to take the trip North as prisoners. Capt. Bowen, of Company D, I think, took command of this remnant, and we were moved over to Missionary Ridge and placed in Cheatham's Division.

A recent contributor to the Sam Davis Monument Fund is Capt. John Fisher, of Apalachicola, Fla., formerly of the U. S. Navy, a wearer of the blue. Capt. Knickmeyer, who forwarded the contribution, writes that it illustrates "the feelings and principles of a gentleman who is loved and admired by all ages of our citizens. He is familiarly known as 'Capt. Fisher,' of the tug 'Lottie,' with a heart in the right place. At our monthly meetings a more welcomed veteran never entered the Confederate camp of Tom Moore. He is always good-natured, but seems happiest when he receives the monthly issue of your valued journal."

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

**Official Orders Issued by George Moorman, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff.**

GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS, HISTORICAL EDITOR.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., August 28, 1897.*General Order No. 193:*

The following recommendation occurs in the splendid and exhaustive report of the Historical Committee, presented by its able chairman, Lieut.-Gen. S. D. Lee, at the Nashville reunion:

"While your committee adheres to the opinion previously expressed and reiterated in this report, that this association does not desire to appoint any one person to represent this organization as the sole exponent of its sentiments and opinions, but, on the contrary, wish to unite the individual efforts of many writers, believing that the field of history should be explored by many minds, yet your committee recognizes the importance of securing the services of some competent comrade to select historical data and many of the fast-fleeting incidents of the war, to arrange the same for the use of the future historian, and to give to them such publication as may be proper. We therefore recommend that your committee be empowered to appoint a historical editor, whose duty it shall be to collect reliable historical data and edit the same for publication, subject to the approval of your committee."

In conformity with the foregoing, and having been notified by Lieut.-Gen. S. D. Lee, chairman, of the selection by the committee of Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, Ga., the General Commanding hereby announces this distinguished soldier and civilian as the Historical Editor of the U. C. V.'s.

The duties of the Historical Editor are to receive from all sources whatever may be valuable as data for Confederate history, and to preserve the same, subject to the orders of the U. C. V. Association, for such use as may be made of the material in authenticating history or in the preparation of historical matter.

The data may consist of individual experiences, manuscripts, pamphlets, books, magazines, newspapers, pictures, photographs, etc., the expense of transmission to be borne by the party sending data.

The General Commanding appeals to all department, division, brigade, camp commanders and veterans everywhere to interest themselves in gathering together the scattered material of our Southern history and forward same to Gen. Clement A. Evans, Historical Editor, at Atlanta, Ga.

NEW MEMBER OF HISTORICAL COMMITTEE.

*General Order No. 195:*

Upon the recommendation of the Confederate Veteran Association of Washington City Camp No. 171, approved by Lieut.-Gen. S. D. Lee, the distinguished chairman of the Historical Committee and on Southern School History, created by General Orders No. 75, 118, and 147, current series, from these headquarters, Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of Camp No. 171, is hereby appointed a member of the Historical Committee and on Southern School History, vice W. Q. Lowd, of same camp, resigned.

REUNION AT ATLANTA.

*General Order No. 196:*

1. The General Commanding announces that under the resolution passed at the Nashville reunion and under the custom established by the association, leaving the date of the next annual meeting and reunion, which is to be held in Atlanta, Ga., to the General Commanding and the department commanders, the next reunion will be held at Atlanta, Ga., upon the following dates: July 20-23, 1898—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, respectively. Our host especially requested the dates of July 20-22, being anniversaries of the battles of Peach Tree Creek, Manassas, and Atlanta, respectively. The rapid growth of the association has caused such an accumulation of business, which demands urgent attention at the coming session, that it is absolutely necessary to give ample time to dispose of all the matters to be submitted to the delegates. Therefore four days' limit will be given for this session, instead of three, as heretofore.

2. With pride the General Commanding also announces that one thousand and seventy camps have now joined the association, and applications received at these headquarters for papers for one hundred and fifty more. He urges veterans everywhere to send to these headquarters for organization papers, form camps, and join this association, so as to assist in carrying out its benevolent and patriotic objects.

INCREASE OF U. C. V. CAMPS.

As complete a list of U. C. V. camps as it was possible to prepare was published in the VETERAN of July, 1897. This is additional:

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., December 11, 1897.*General Order No. 104:*

The General Commanding hereby announces the fellowship of the following-named camps in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, all registered in conformity with the dates in their respective charters, also their numbers, to-wit:

Standwaite Camp No. 1007, Berwyn, Ind. T.  
Adam Johnson Camp No. 1008, Uniontown, Ky.  
Cloud Camp No. 1009, Cloud Chief, Okla.  
Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1010, Stillwater, Okla.  
Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1011, Perry, Okla.  
Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1012, Chandler, Okla.  
Dawson Camp No. 1013, Greensboro, Ga.  
Benton County Camp No. 1014, Camden, Tenn.  
Arnold Elzey Camp No. 1015, Baltimore, Md.  
Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1016, Capleville, Tenn.  
Collierville Camp No. 1017, Collierville, Tenn.  
L. N. Savage Camp No. 1018, Smithville, Tenn.  
Boyd Hutchison Camp No. 1019, Springfield, Tenn.  
Woody B. Taylor Camp No. 1020, Lynchburg, Tenn.  
Wat Bryson Camp No. 1021, Hendersonville, N. C.  
William Ferry Camp No. 1022, Wytheville, Va.  
Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1023, Aspen, Colo.  
John R. Neal Camp No. 1024, Rockwood, Tenn.  
Isaac R. Trimble Camp No. 1025, Baltimore, Md.  
Murray Association Camp No. 1026, Baltimore, Md.  
Pat Cleburne Camp No. 1027, Harrisburg, Ark.  
Tatnall County Camp No. 1028, Glennville, Ga.  
Stonewall Jackson Camp No. 1029, River View, S. C.  
Sterling Price Camp No. 1030, Frisco, Cal.

John F. Hill Camp No. 1031.  
 John McIntosh Kell Camp No. 1032, Crescent, Ga.  
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1033, Newkirk, Okla.  
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1034, Oakland, Ind. T.  
 Perry County Camp No. 1035, Linden, Tenn.  
 James Adams Camp No. 1036, Austin, Ark.  
 Marble Falls Camp No. 1037, Marble Falls, Tex.  
 H. H. Harper Camp No. 1038, Latimer, S. C.  
 John H. Kelley Camp No. 1039, Melbourne, Ark.  
 Richard Robertson Camp No. 1040, Rapley, S. C.  
 Loring Camp No. 1041, Mannsville, Ind. T.  
 John S. Hoffman Camp No. 1042, Green Bank, W. Va.  
 Decatur County Camp No. 1043, Bainbridge, Ga.  
 John M. Stemmons Camp No. 1044, Greenfield, Mo.  
 Cleveland Camp No. 1045, Shelby, N. C.  
 James Breathed Camp No. 1046, Cumberland, Md.  
 Hankins Camp No. 1047, Lockesburg, Ark.  
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1048, Rayner, Tex.  
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1049, Carrollton, Ky.  
 Alex Stephens Camp No. 1050, Crawfordville, Ga.  
 R. S. Ewell Camp No. 1051, Addison, W. Va.  
 Beauregard Camp No. 1052, Hacker Valley, W. Va.  
 Cary Whitaker Camp No. 1053, Enfield, N. C.  
 Gholston Camp No. 1054, Planter, Ga.  
 R. E. Lee Camp No. 1055, Monroe, Ga.  
 Sam Davis Camp No. 1056, Rogers Prairie, Tex.  
 James W. Cooke Camp No. 1057, Beaufort, N. C.  
 Bratton Camp No. 1058, Crosbyville, S. C.  
 George W. Murphy Camp No. 1059, Sheridan, Ark.  
 R. G. Shaver Camp No. 1060, Salem, Ark.  
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1061, West Union, S. C.  
 Clement H. Stevens Camp No. 1062, Early Branch, S. C.  
 A. C. Haskell Camp No. 1063, Killian's, S. C.  
 Wade Hampton Camp No. 1064, McCormick, S. C.  
 A. J. Lythgoe Camp No. 1065, Level Land, S. C.  
 M. C. Butler Camp No. 1066, Davis Precinct, S. C.  
 W. T. Tatom Camp No. 1067, Mt. Carmel, S. C.  
 John W. Hearst Camp No. 1068, Troy, S. C.  
 Robert Boyd Camp No. 1069, Autreville, S. C.  
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1070, Cross Hill, S. C.

By order of

J. B. GORDON, *General Commanding.*

GEORGE MOORMAN, *Adjt.-Gen. and Chief of Staff.*

## UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

### Grand Division of Virginia.—A Correction.

BY MRS. JAMES MERCER GARNET.

In the list of divisions given in the December VETERAN the Grand Division of Virginia U. D. C. is recorded as "Second Virginia Division." This is not its title. As a "Grand Division" it agreed to join the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and *as such* it was admitted. The resolutions of the U. D. C. convention November 11, 1896, state: "That if so desired, the Grand Division in joining us preserve its organization intact, the U. D. C. recognizing two divisions in the state—the First Division and the Grand Division—so long as it is the desire of the majority of the chapters to remain apart."

The resolutions of the U. D. C. were accepted at the convention held in Baltimore in November, 1897, and it was agreed that the Grand Division "retains its right, based on the first chapter in the state, to continue to establish other chapters in the state for the U. D. C.,

which will pay tax thereto. The chapters will still be chartered by the Grand Division until such time as the two divisions in Virginia shall agree to be one and the same, when all the chapters in the state will be under one government."

Each chapter retains its number in the Grand Division, showing its date of *organization*, with the U. D. C. number added, showing the date of *entrance* into the U. D. C. Society. The Albemarle Chapter, for instance, will always be "No. 1" in Virginia, and not simply "No. 154" in the U. D. C. The numbers in all the *other* U. D. C. chapters show *when* they were organized, the most important point. This is a matter of history, as well as of pride, to each chapter, and those embraced in the Grand Division of Virginia would be losing their identity if using only the U. D. C. number, as this gives a wrong impression of the time of organization, and in a few years will be still more misleading. It was by accident that the Grand Division of Virginia, based on the first chapter in the state, was not also the first division, which it would have been except for waiting for several chapters which desired to be enrolled when the division was formed with twelve chapters.

At the time the Virginia Division was formed with three chapters there were six organized from the Albemarle, ready to form into a division. Three months later there were twelve, when Richmond and Lexington and others were organized, and the Grand Division was formed at the University of Virginia, February 12, 1896, the title being used in a collective sense only, just as that of the Grand Camp of Virginia, C. V., is used. In six months, by July 1, when the Richmond reunion was held, the Grand Division was doubled, showing twenty-four chapters on its roll.

Can one wonder, then, that, with such a record, the name should be dear to the chapters that are enrolled under its charter, or that they should object to having the date of their organization omitted, and the impression thus given that they were recently formed, instead of being among the first to bear the honored name of "Daughters of the Confederacy?"

## INQUIRY ABOUT WILLIAM HAWKINS.

Frank Beaumont, Box 67, Nashville, Tenn.:

William Hawkins, of Tennessee, a valiant soldier of the South in the great war and a poet of high rank in his day, has been almost forgotten by those who should have preserved his name and memory from oblivion. An effort is now being attempted to that effect, and to fulfil the plan the aid of the readers of the VETERAN is solicited. Some difference of statement in the data at hand induces inquiries as follows: Birthplace and date of birth? Early life—where and how spent? Where educated, and when? Of what regiment was he a member? Date of death, and circumstances? Are there any relatives now living?

Explicit answers are very desirable, and will be received gratefully.

G. P. Smith, Austin, Tex., who belonged to Company D, Twelfth Virginia Infantry, desires to hear from Capt. James E. Tyler and Lieuts. John Lawton and Zack Crawford, of his company, if they are still living. Comrade Smith was captured in October, 1864, and was in prison until June, 1865.

## LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

More humor is wanted for the VETERAN. At a recent meeting of the Cheatham Bivouac, Nashville, United States Senator Thomas B. Turley was one of the guests, and in a general discussion for the good of the order the guests, of course, were called upon. Senator Turley was the first speaker. Apparently he is not old enough to be a veteran, but he has a fine record as a private in the "One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Senior Tennessee." This regiment claimed to be the First Tennessee, and when the honor was given to Maney's Regiment the members of this gallant command sought the other extreme and went beyond it.

Senator Turley said that we remember the humor and the good times better than we do the privations through those four memorable years. In illustration, he stated that a man with gray beard called at his room in the hotel and asked if he was Tom Turley. He replied to the cordial visitor that he was, but in response to a hearty greeting he had to admit that he had no recollection of having seen him before. The name John Jones being given, he instantly recalled a night on the Hood advance into Tennessee when the army camped on hills surrounding a well-appointed farm. Some enterprising (?) soldiers on the opposite side of the farm were prompt to silence some fat hogs near the farm-house that "might be vicious." John Jones took in the situation promptly. He went to his captain and asked his uniform coat and sword, and by the time he had donned them a group of comrades had their guns, and in quick time they were on the way to that hog-pen. Nearing it, one of the number ran ahead, pretending to be a friend of the boys who were skinning the fat hogs, and in a husky whisper warned them: "Provost-guard!" The skinned hogs were taken to the opposite hill.

Dr. J. B. Cowan, well known, especially among the Tennessee veterans, and who was chief surgeon to Gen. N. B. Forrest, was also present, and, following Senator Turley, told of a trick he played on Forrest's chief engineer. The command, only a little before the surrender, camped for a night by the Tombigbee River. The General, for reason, wanted to know how much the water would rise during the night, and directed that the engineer attend to it. Next morning, when he inquired about the matter, the Doctor said: "At a stand."

"No!" ejaculated Forrest; "I saw a boulder last night that is now out of sight."

In vindication (?) of the engineer, reply was made that he drove a nail into a flatboat just at the edge of the water, and the water stood exactly as before. Of course this joke did not stand long. Proper information was given, and the surgeon had provided the engineer, who had faithfully discharged his duty, a little wine for the stomach's sake.

Dr. S. H. Stout, who was eminent as medical director of hospitals for the Western army, a man gifted in letters, and who has long known the wisdom of good cheer and exercised his excellent taste in making notes, furnishes the VETERAN many items. One of these he reports as follows:

"In Roswell, Ga., there is a colored men's debating society, of which my hostler is a zealous and attentive member. Since he has been in my employ he has

learned to read the New Testament, spelling half the words. Being in the service of the doctor, and able to read, he assumes that he possesses an amount of wisdom and learning beyond most of the fellows of the society. One morning, not long since, he came to me greatly rejoicing because of his advantages. Said he: 'I am glad I know how to read the Testament. Last night I turned down some of the boys bad. They insisted that there are only two Johns spoken of in the New Testament, but I proved to them that there are three. You see there's John the Baptist; that's one. There's St. John; that's two. And here [pointing to Rev. i. 9] is / John; that's three.'

"I have not found it in my heart to disabuse the poor fellow's mind, and he still proudly enjoys his triumph."



UNITED STATES SENATOR THOMAS B. TURLEY

Here is another from the Doctor's ante-bellum days: "When Ole Bull made his first appearance at New Orleans, among his audience was an elderly, old-fashioned planter, who had sold his cotton and been around town enjoying himself generally. His expectation of enjoyment had been wrought to the highest pitch. He had all his life been fond of "fiddle music," and had many a time taken a hand at a country breakdown. He had secured a seat in the middle of the parquet. Ole Bull, when the curtain rose, tripped upon the stage, made his bow, pulled off his white gloves, and, seizing his violin and bow, began, amid the most profound silence, an exercise upon one string. The old planter silently waited for the pleasing (to him) part of the performance. Ole Bull ceased; then came a clapping of hands and shouts of encore. The old planter looked astonished and no little disgusted.

When Bull made his second appearance he could contain himself no longer. Silence was restored, and the performance was about to be renewed, when a voice coming from the chair where the old planter was sitting was heard all over the theater, saying: 'Come, Old Horse! you've done showed us you kin play; now give us a toone.' Of course he brought down the house."

### CONFEDERATE HOME WANTED IN KENTUCKY.

Tom Hall writes from Louisville, January 12, 1898:

At the first meeting of Camp George B. Eastin held in 1898 one hundred and twenty-one grizzled old warriors, with many ladies, were present. One of the most important measures taken up was a home for disabled Confederate veterans, to be located in Kentucky, anywhere outside of Jefferson County, on the subject of which Capt. John W. Green offered this report:

"The committee appointed to investigate and report upon the practicability of establishing in the state of Kentucky a home for disabled survivors of the Confederate army respectfully submit the following:

"We recommend that all the camps of the Confederate Veteran Association in this state be asked to cooperate in an effort to establish a home somewhere in Kentucky, outside of Jefferson County, for the support of indigent survivors of the Confederate army and navy in our state. The home to be provided and furnished by private subscriptions and supported by state aid.

"At the request of this committee Col. Young has prepared and will submit to you a bill, the purpose of which is to pledge state aid to support this home.

"We recommend that this meeting request each camp of Confederate Veterans in the state to appoint a committee at once to confer at some early date, in this city, with a committee of five to be appointed by the George B. Eastin Camp, and take such steps as may be deemed best to get the Legislature of Kentucky to pass this bill, and put in practical shape this worthy undertaking.

After remarks by Messrs. J. W. Green, Bennett H. Young, John H. Leathers, T. T. Eaton, Thomas D. Osborne, George C. Norton, J. W. Bowles, and R. H. Thompson, on motion, the report was approved. A proposed bill relating to the home was read by Col. Bennett H. Young, and referred to a committee, to be revised and, if possible, improved upon in its details.

A special committee, comprised of Col. Bennett H. Young, John W. Green, John B. Pirtle, and George C. Norton, with President Leathers as chairman, was appointed to take such steps as were deemed best to put the association on a strong financial foundation.

A Committee on Arrangements for the national reunion of United Confederate Veterans at Atlanta in June was appointed as follows: Capt. John H. Weller, W. M. Marriner, W. J. Davis, R. H. Thompson, Norborne G. Gray, J. W. Bowles, and Thomas D. Osborne.

Mr. Joseph Pettus, of the Membership Committee, reported favorably, and the following new members were elected: David K. P. Stone, Company E, Eighth Tennessee Cavalry; Henry H. Smith, Company A, First Mississippi Cavalry; John Ulrich, marine, under Commander Montgomery.

The time for "remarks of the evening" having arrived, Rev. Dr. T. T. Eaton gave a humorous account of his fit of paralysis when sleeping in the rain at West Point, Miss. Then Maj. W. J. Davis described very impressively the death of Tommie Morgan in the at-

tack on Col. Hanson, at Lebanon. Col. J. W. Bowles related his college experience at Yale, when he formed the first Democratic club at that institution in 1854, and, continuing, told how ten years later he met Capt. Wheeler, of Connecticut, as a member of Col. Scott's Louisiana Cavalry. Rev. Dr. M. B. Chapman, of Fifth and Walnut Street Methodist Church, related his experience at the crater, at Petersburg, Va., and how he afterward crossed the Pacific Ocean to Japan, where, with Supt. Loomis, of the American Bible Society, he met one of the men he had faced and exchanged shots with at Petersburg. The closing address was made by Col. Bennett H. Young.

### FRAUDULENT PENSIONS.

Rev. Dr. David H. Moore, who commanded the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Ohio in the great war, writes, under the heading "Only the Wicked Flee When No Man Pursueth:"

The pension system is under fire. The annual appropriation is enormous. It is known that some pension agents have pushed through many unworthy claims and many fraudulent ones; so the pension list is no longer an honor list. Every meritorious pensioner is immensely concerned to have every fraud unearthed and punished. Pension Commissioner Evans believes that the publication of the full list of pensioners, showing why these are pensioned, and in what amounts, would clear the sky. Since a single newspaper offered, for a monopoly of the privilege of printing the entire list, to do it without cost to the government, and to present the government with fifteen hundred bound volumes, the Commissioner thinks the estimated cost of such publication by Congress, \$200,000, is too great. Hardly would a worthy pensioner object to the publication, while those who have something to fear could not be expected to be enthusiastic for the publication of their shame. Every good soldier is profoundly interested that the list be purged of every unworthy feature. The papers would reprint the list for their respective cities or counties, and thus this desirable end would be secured. The scrutiny of the people would cleanse it of frauds, and preserve it as the brightest roll in the schedule of appropriations.

Gen. H. V. Boynton, eminent for loyalty to his worthy comrades, as well as liberal in his praise to the gallantry of Confederates, states:

If the cost of Congress, the printing-office, the botanical garden (expressed in the item legislative), and the Agricultural Department be taken out, the pensions for next year will equal the total cost of the remaining government service—that is to say, the cost of pensions will, with the small exceptions noted, equal the entire salary-list of the government in Washington and throughout the country, the expenses of all the departments, including the whole judicial system, the cost of the army and navy, post-office deficiencies, public buildings, fortifications and ships, rivers and harbors, the Department of Labor, and the whole expense of the White House and its salaries. A long array of prominent items, such as those for the coast survey, the life-saving service, the lighthouse system, the Indian service, the general land-office, the Marine Hospital service, the National Soldiers' Homes, the customs service, might be added to still further emphasize the point under consideration.

## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, }  
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 397, Charleston, S. C.

### ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT C. NORFLEET, COMMANDER, }  
GARLAND E. WEBB, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 123, Winston, N. C.

### ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

T. LEIGH THOMPSON, COMMANDER, Lewisburg, Tenn.

### TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

W. C. SAUNDERS, COMMANDER, }  
J. H. BOWMAN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 151, Bolton, Tex.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organization of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

There are two other camps to report chartered since the appearance of the December VETERAN: No. 55, Joe Vaughn, Fayette, Mo.; No. 56, John Boyd, Lexington, Ky. It is very encouraging that the Sons have at last gained a foothold in Missouri. This is owing to the efforts of Col. S. B. Cunningham, of the Veteran camp. Many other camps should be organized in that large state, and have a division to report at the next reunion.

Special Order No. 10 has been issued, appointing Mr. R. C. Clark Commander of the Missouri Division, and he has been instructed to appoint his staff and proceed immediately with the organization of the division. His father, John B. Clark, was a member of Congress during ante-bellum days, and was brigadier-general at the beginning of the war. He was seriously wounded in 1861, and was then elected to the Confederate Congress. His brother, John B. Clark, Jr., enlisted as a private in the Confederate army, and was promoted through all grades to brigadier-general. His other brother gave his life to the cause. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Clark is richly entitled to membership, and by personal merit attains the honor conferred upon him.

Herewith is appended a list of the camps of each division, with some account of the work in the division:

### ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

#### Virginia Division.

R. S. B. Smith, Commander, Berryville, Va. No. 1, R. E. Lee, Richmond; No. 2, R. S. Chew, Fredericksburg; No. 3, A. S. Johnston, Roanoke; No. 6, State Sovereignty, Louisa C. H.; No. 8, J. E. B. Stuart, Berryville; No. 9, Pickett-Buchanan, Norfolk; No. 10, Turner-Ashby, Harrisburg; No. 11, Hampton, Hampton; No. 12, Shenandoah, Woodstock; No. 13, Pickett-Stuart, Nottoway; No. 14, John R. Cooke, West Point; No. 19, Kemper-Strother-Fry, Madison; No. 20, Page Valley, Page; No. 21, Clinton Hatcher, Leesburg.

While there has not been much activity shown in this division of late, we feel sure that hard work is being done to promote the cause for the success of which we are all striving, and we hope soon to have a large increase in the camps of this division.

#### Maryland Division.

It is certainly to be regretted that so far our organization has been unable to gain any foothold whatever in this state. The Department Commander, Mr. Nor-

fleet, and the writer have tried often to interest some of the sons of veterans in Baltimore, but without success. Will not the Veterans of this state come to our assistance and aid us in awakening their sons to an interest?

#### North Carolina Division.

Charles A. Bland, Commander, Charlotte. No. 5, George Davis, Wilmington; No. 15, Johnston-Pettigrew, Asheville; No. 17, Norfleet, Winston; No. 23, Stonewall Jackson, Charlotte.

A great deal of activity is being shown in this division in the organization of more camps, and efforts are now being made to arrange a successful meeting of all the camps, so that the work may be advanced. Waynesville and Salisbury will soon organize camps.

#### South Carolina Division.

M. L. Bonham, Commander, Anderson. No. 4, Moultrie, Charleston; No. 7, W. W. Humphreys, Anderson; No. 22, Maxey Gregg, Columbia; No. 24, Marion, Marion; No. 27, Wade Hampton, Mt. Pleasant; No. 31, Cadwallader Jones, Rock Hill; No. 35, John M. Kinard, Newberry; No. 36, O'Neal, Greenville; No. 38, B. H. Rutledge, McClellanville; No. 39, Clark Allen, Abbeville; No. 40, W. D. Simpson, Laurens; No. 41, James M. Perrin, Greenwood; No. 42, B. S. Jones, Clinton; No. 43, James L. Orr, Belton; No. 44, Barnard Bee, Pendleton; No. 45, Norton, Seneca; No. 47, Richard H. Anderson, Beaufort; No. 48, M. L. Bonham, Saluda; No. 51, Louis T. Wigfall, Batesburg; No. 53, Larkin A. Griffin, Ninety-Six.

This division is now the banner division of the organization, and the increase in the number of its camps is most creditable. Mr. Bonham is probably one of the most popular men in the state. As Adjutant-General he became acquainted in every city of the state, and thus he is able to do invaluable work for the division.

Besides the camps on the roll, there is another large camp in Charleston, Camp Henry Buist, which will apply for a charter when they have one hundred members on the roll. They now have ninety. There are also active camps at Wimsboro, Church, and Laurens, all of which will apply very shortly for charters. Camps are also being organized at Spartanburg and Darlington, and we hope soon to add them to the roll.

#### Kentucky Division.

R. C. P. Thomas, Commander, Bowling Green. No. 25, John H. Morgan, Richmond; No. 30, John H. Morgan, Bowling Green; No. 56, John Boyd, Lexington.

This division is growing rapidly, and much interest is being shown throughout the state in the organization. A camp is now being formed at Russellville, and we trust will soon be thoroughly organized.

#### West Virginia Division.

So far there has been but one camp organized in this state: No. 54, J. E. B. Stuart, Marlinton. This camp, however, is very active, and is taking steps now to organize others throughout the state. Movements are on foot at Charleston and Martinsburg, and we hope that the camps will soon be enrolled. The Commander of this state will be appointed as soon as the division is organized.

### ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

T. Leigh Thompson, Commander, Lewisburg, Tenn.

*Georgia Division.*

No. 18, Thomas Hardeman, Macon; No. 46, John B. Gordon, Atlanta.

This division is practically unorganized, the only really active camp being at Atlanta. The Commander of the Atlanta camp, Mr. W. W. Davies, is hard at work endeavoring to place other camps throughout the state. He has sent out one thousand circulars throughout the state, giving instructions about formation of camps, etc. There is also activity in Savannah, and a camp will evidently be organized there soon.

*Alabama Division.*

This division consists of but one camp, No. 16, John Pelham, Auburn; but the State Commander, Mr. P. H. Mell, has been most active in his efforts, and, notwithstanding the yellow fever restrictions, has organized camps at Tuscaloosa, Tuscumbia, Carrollton, Birmingham, Jackson, Greenville, Dadeville, Opelika, and Selma, and expects to have their applications for charters sent in very soon.

*Tennessee Division.*

No. 28, Joe Johnston, Nashville; No. 29, Maury, Columbia; No. 32, W. H. Jackson, Culleoka; No. 33, Stone's River, Murfreesboro; No. 34, William B. Brown, Gallatin; No. 37, James H. Lewis, Lewisburg; No. 52, Archibald Gracie, Bristol.

This division has not elected a Commander, but the old state association of Sons has been dissolved, and a meeting was called at Murfreesboro for January 13, when the state division would be formed and all the camps of the other association, about sixteen in number, would apply for charters to join the state division. We therefore hope in the next issue to give a good report of this meeting. Mr. Thompson is working hard for the formation of this division.

In Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida there are no camps of Sons, so far as the officers of our association have been able to ascertain, and so far no movements are being made to organize any. Won't the Veterans come to our assistance?

## TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

W. C. Saunders, Commander, Belton, Tex.

*Texas Division.*

R. K. Gaston, Commander, Dallas. No. 26, A. S. Johnston, Belton; No. 49, W. L. Cabell, Dallas; No. 50, John B. Hood, Galveston.

This division is growing rapidly, and the interest being taken in the cause is most encouraging. A large camp was organized in Austin on the 10th inst., and several others are in process of organization.

Camp W. L. Cabell No. 49, of Dallas, on December 29 gave a very handsome "charity ball" for the benefit of maimed and disabled veteran soldiers in the state of Texas. The invitations sent out to this ball are beautifully engraved and have the flag of the state and the Confederate flag in colors at the head of it.

*Missouri Division.*

R. C. Clark, Commander, Fayette. No. 55, Jo Vaughan, Fayette.

This is our newest division, but we expect it to be one of the strongest. Old Missouri sent noble men to the war, and her sons must be proud of their records.

## A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

The following beautiful tribute to the South and to the Confederate soldier was written by Miss Belle B. McClellan, of New York, in a private letter to a Union veteran friend in Nashville, and was not intended for publication. Miss McClellan is a cousin of the late Maj.-Gen. George B. McClellan, a brilliant and appreciative woman, who visited the Tennessee Centennial.

You ask me if I remember Lieut. — and Dr. —, of the Confederate Veterans? Yes; while life lasts and memory remains I shall never forget how they extended hands and their voluntary introduction as they stepped from the ranks of the veterans in gray, whom I saw on Maj. Thomas Day for the first time in my life. It thrilled my soul more than anything on earth has ever done, and I felt that those brave men have fought and won a greater battle in the silence and depths of their noble, manly lives than was ever fought or won on Southern battle-field with the awful roar of the cannon and the agony of the dying around them. When hostilities ceased seemed never to me the time that victory was won; it only began at Appomattox, a scene into the memory of which no true man ever enters without uncovered head, no true woman only on bended knee. God never created two more noble men than Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant. As the souls of the boys in gray and the boys in blue passed out from the light of our day, down through the valley beyond our sight into the shadow of the unseen, they went in unbroken ranks, side by side; and it seems to me that ever since, on Christmas night, their voices have joined the angel choir as they sing: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Since I came back from my first visit to the South the charm of the Southland has followed, and lingers with me. Had we known them, had they known us, the war could never have been. All the world shall see how, after the clouds were gone and the sun of peace rose clear, that no braver foes ever fought for a principle on different grounds, and that there are no nobler, grander, truer friends than the men in gray and the men in blue. Those who fought the hardest and bravest are those who can love the truest and deepest.

Tennessee is the only Southern state I know. My visit to it was my first meeting with Southern people. Your women are elegant and cultured; your men, gentlemen born. The ardent, generous hearts of Southern people are lavish with all the warm impulses of noble natures. I find myself saying: How could we of the North, in whose veins the blood runs colder and more slowly, do without our Southern men and women? They send out to us the warm rays of sunshine from their hearts, and they will receive a noble, loving response from us, which will never grow cold, but deepen and widen on through the ages.

As I call to mind how my heart and soul were stirred to their very depths on Maj. Thomas Day, and while I bow my head for the benediction of peace, I hear a Voice as it says once more, while the army in heaven, and on earth stands with arms at rest and with uncovered head—one part, the greater, in heaven; the other part, few in numbers, on earth—"I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."





THOMAS BENNETT HOLT.

Comrade Holt was born at Holt's Corner, Tenn., in 1835, and was reared on a farm. He and an older brother enlisted in Starnes's Fourth Tennessee Cavalry. While on furlough the brother was murdered by a man known to Thomas, who resolved upon vengeance. Afterward, however, getting a terrible wound in battle, he faced death, and learned that "vengeance is mine" from a higher Source.

After the war that criminal was on trial in a courtroom, and Comrade Holt was present as a witness. The prisoner quailed in his presence, and begged the sheriff to intercede with him. Holt replied: "Tell him he is safe. The time was when I would have shot him dead in his tracks, but God has made me a different man; all hatred has died out of my soul."

As Treasurer of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Mr. Holt had gone to Texas, and at Weatherford, on the morning of his arrival, November 17, he entered the room of the Northwest Texas Conference, when "he fell under a stroke of



THOMAS BENNETT HOLT.

apoplexy," but it is believed it was the result of a wound received while in the Confederate army.

Mr. Holt has been succeeded in office by Mr. G. W. Cain, who had been his assistant.

Col. John B. Carey, of Richmond, is of the Confederate dead. In the *VETERAN* of July, 1896, there is a sketch of him. In 1861 he established the Hampton Military Academy, and he was appointed by Gov.



COL. JOHN B. CAREY.

Letcher to the rank of major, and placed in charge of volunteers then organizing in Virginia. After gallant service in battle he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and assigned to the Thirty-Second Virginia Infantry. He was soon afterward made inspector-general under Magruder. When Magruder was sent West Col. Carey became paymaster for the hospitals about Richmond. His funeral was attended by many friends, the Confederate camps of Richmond taking prominent part in the services. The *Richmond Times* gives an interesting account of the service. Rev. Dr. Hoge, in a prayer, paid a touching tribute to the character of Col. Carey, and Capt. Frank Cunningham sang sweetly and pathetically, as he so well can, "Jesus Is There." Rev. Dr. Hall said it was the wish of the deceased that no eulogy be pronounced, but he added: "Your presence here is an oration in itself." The choir sang "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

In July of 1867 Dr. O. H. Spence, of Crystal Springs, Miss., laid down the burdens of a busy life and entered into his rest. A man of handsome presence and genial manners, he easily made friends and retained them. Dr. Spence served with honor as a Confederate soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia. He graduated with distinction at the Medical College of New Orleans in 1866, and for nearly thirty years was actively engaged in the practise of medicine. He was married in 1877 to Miss Amelia L. Ellis, who, with one son, survives

him. In 1890 Dr. Spence retired from practise, and removed to Crystal Springs, and became actively interested in the prosperity of his town. He was Vice-President of the Mutual Bank, and also identified with various benevolent associations. With love for home and family and humanity still strong within him, at the age of fifty-eight the silver cord was loosed and the bowl broken at the fountain. A lengthy tribute was adopted July 16 by the Mississippi Chautauqua Assembly, of which he was a member.

That fine old family journal, the *Virginia Free Press*, reports the death of Col. L. T. Moore, of Winchester, in his eighty-third year. The sudden summons came while walking the street in Winchester, which had been his home for fifty-three years. Comrade and Confère Gallaher, the editor, wrote: "Trained to civil pursuits and a member of the Winchester bar, when the war broke out he entered the Confederate army, and by successive promotions rose to command of one of the five splendid regiments of Virginians which composed the famous Stonewall Brigade. He was desperately wounded and made a cripple for life at the first battle of Manassas while leading his men, but would not remain inactive. As soon as he could remount a horse he reentered the service at the head of his regiment, and was always cool and courageous at the post of duty. As a citizen after the close of the war he discharged every duty, and goes to his grave highly respected by the people among whom he spent most of his life. We may be pardoned for relating an incident of the Confederate reunion and corner-stone laying in Richmond in 1896. Col. Moore, though then nearly eighty-two years of age and a cripple, and in spite of the heat of the July sun, joined the remnant of the Stonewall Brigade in procession, and afoot took the long march to the site of the proposed Davis monument. Much fatigued, he sat down upon the grass beside the editor of the *Free Press*, and some one present essayed to introduce him. He smilingly remarked: 'I don't need an introduction to Friend Gallaher; I know him. He saved my life at the first battle of Manassas.' This was a revelation to us. We had no recollection, nor have now, of rendering him such a service; but we then knew why, whenever we met, during all the years since July, 1861, his greeting and grasp of hand seemed more than cordial. Peace to his ashes!"

The same issue of the *Free Press* reports the death of Capt. William N. McDonald, at Berryville, Va. He was one of the twelve sons of Col. Angus McDonald. Among his brothers were Col. Marshall McDonald, United States Fish Commissioner under Cleveland; Col. Edward H. McDonald, of Rosser's Brigade; Craig McDonald, of Gen. Elzey's staff, and Maj. Angus W. McDonald. Capt. McDonald was born in Romney, graduated at the University of Virginia. In 1857 he was elected professor of belles letters in the University of Public Schools, Louisville, Ky.; later he was superintendent of the schools of Louisville. In April, 1861, he enlisted as private in Company G, Second Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, and was paroled at Appomattox, being captain of artillery and chief of ordnance of Mahone's Division. In conjunction with Prof. John S. Blackburn, of Alexandria, he wrote the first Southern school history of the United

States, which has passed through twenty editions, and still has a wide circulation. He was editor of the *Southern Bivouac* when it was most successful, and his other contributions to literature were numerous and valuable. As a soldier, a citizen, and a Christian gentleman he had not a superior in all our Southland.

Capt. John K. Anderson was born in Fredericksburg, Va., February 15, 1837. Prior to the civil war he was connected with the militia of his native town, and when his company went to Harper's Ferry, during the John Brown raid, he was color-bearer. He was the first officer in Fredericksburg to receive a military order in 1861, and left there April 22 to take charge of the steamer "George Page," which had been captured and taken to Aquia Creek from Alexandria. He was then third lieutenant of Company A, Thirtieth Virginia Regiment, was promoted through the intermediate offices, and made captain of his company January 1, 1863, in which capacity he served until the close of hostilities. He was wounded at Sharpsburg. Capt. Anderson died in the fall of 1892, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Mrs. James M. Duncan, Jr., of Yazoo City, Miss.,



MRS. JAMES M. DUNCAN, JR.

Corresponding Secretary of the National Order of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, elected in their late convention, is a daughter of "historic Vicksburg." She is the presiding officer of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., and bears the distinction of being the most youthful of all the State Presidents. Mrs. Duncan was born after the famous siege.

In the Baltimore convention Mississippi was conspicuous in her plea to the National Order for cooperation and assistance to purchase "Beauvoir," the home of the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis. In voicing the sentiment for her constituents, the *Baltimore Sun* said: "Mrs. Duncan made a brilliant and eloquent appeal for 'Beauvoir.'"

The following is the parole given a Federal prisoner: "I, the undersigned prisoner of war, David Laken, captured near Murfreesboro, Tenn., hereby give my parole of honor not to bear arms against the Confederate States or to perform any military or garrison duty whatever until regularly exchanged; and, further, that I will not divulge anything relative to the position or condition of any of the forces of the Confederate States. This 3d day of January, 1863. David Laken. Witness: C. W. Peden, Captain and Provost-Marshal."



### BEAUTIFUL DEVOTION TO CONFEDERATES.

Notice has gone forth of the beautiful service of a Southern-born woman at Madison, Wis., during all the intervening years since the war. F. W. Oakley, Clerk of the United States Courts for the Western District of Wisconsin, has written to Capt. J. B. O'Bryan, of Nashville, chairman of a committee appointed by Frank Cheatham Bivouac to inquire into the subject:

MADISON, WIS., January 3, 1898.

*Dear Sir:* Replying to your favor of December 27, I beg leave to say that the article referred to in the *Times-Herald* is not quite correct, and needs explanation. During the early part of 1862 quite a number of Confederates were captured at Island No. 10, and sent to this city and confined in Camp Randall. While here about one hundred and forty of them died, and were buried in a lot in Forest Hill Cemetery, where their graves remained uncared for for several years, when the work of improving and beautifying the ground was taken up by Mrs. Alice W. Waterman.

As you and your associates will doubtless be interested in Mrs. Waterman and her work, I will briefly give you an account of it. She was born at Baton Rouge, La., October 18, 1820, and, although having spent the greater part of her life in the North, had always a great affection for the Southland. Coming to make her home in Madison in 1868, she discovered this neglected spot where lay buried about one hundred and forty Confederate dead. She at once began the work of reclamation, and with her own hands and means worked untiringly all these years, until overtaken by illness two years since. Fortunately she succeeded in getting the lot in such good condition that for the present it needs but little care. She had placed about the lot a substantial stone coping, but had not the means to carry out her desire to place at the head of each grave a headstone of marble. However, the graves have been neatly marked with white painted boards, bearing the name, company, and regiment of each soldier. These boards have been renewed three times at her expense.

When Mrs. Waterman took up the labor of love she had quite an income, but, owing to unfortunate investments a number of years ago, lost her property. Hav-

ing no relatives, she came into my family to make her home in 1883, where she resided until her death, last September, when, at her own request and in the spot designated by her, we laid her to rest with her "boys," as she so fondly called them.

The movement came about in this manner: In conversation with Capt. Hugh Lewis, an old comrade of mine and a friend of Mrs. Waterman (at present door-keeper in the House of Representatives at Washington), we thought it advisable to bring the matter to the attention of some prominent Confederates in Washington, to ascertain if some provisions could not be made by the different states to which these soldiers belonged for the erection of a suitable monument to these Confederate dead, whereby their names and services may be preserved. Capt. Lewis consulted Mr. F. H. Mackey, Vice-Commander of the camp at Washington, at whose request he appeared before the camp, where he was cordially received, and presented the facts; and a committee was appointed to consider the matter and report at a subsequent meeting.

I understand that at that meeting Judge Mackey was appointed chairman of the Committee on Confederate Graves, etc., and that he has made a report to the camp there which was approved and adopted, and a resolution passed making it a standing committee, with instructions to report its progress from time to time.

What plan the committee has adopted I am unable to state, but as soon as I learn its nature will gladly communicate it to you.

The additions to the Sam Davis Monument Fund have increased in gratifying proportions recently, and the list is omitted for next number. If others still who desire to subscribe will do so in the next few weeks, it will be well. In this connection request is made for suggestive inscriptions to go on the monument. Let them be from twenty-five to fifty words.

Delay of articles for the "Last Roll" seems unavoidable. The death of Gen. L. S. Ross, of Texas, is among them.

The Washington City Camp has a report for the next VETERAN.

## UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN GEORGIA.

The Atlanta Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy send out a letter in which they solicit subscriptions and state: "During the ensuing year its interest for Atlantians will be unusually great. We will be alert for news of all kinds, and the VETERAN will be filled with items concerning Atlanta before, during, and since the war." The appeal is signed by Mrs. E. G. McCabe, Mrs. George Hillyer, Mrs. W. A. Hemphill, Mrs. William T. Newman, Mrs. Eugene Spalding, Mrs. E. C. Peters.



Atlanta, Ga., July 15 1898

Mr. S. A. Cunningham,  
Nashville Tenn.,  
Dear Sir:

I want to thank  
you for the pleasure that the  
"Confederate Veteran" gives me.

I think it is one of the most  
interesting publications in this  
Country. With best wishes for  
your success I am

Yours truly

W. A. Hemphill

This oak ornaments Crawford Street, in Thomasville, Ga. When the town was first settled the street was a pond, filled with pretty water-oaks. As time rolled on and Thomasville began to grow and was laid off into streets this pond was drained and the place filled up. This oak, being of an unusually pretty shape, like an umbrella, was left, and is now the pride of the town—a thing of beauty, and a joy to all who behold its enormous dimensions. The tree is said to be over seventy years old.

This great umbrella oak is one hundred feet in diameter.



# The Dipper or the Dropper?

There are cough medicines that are taken as freely as a drink of water from a dipper. They are cheap medicines. Quantity does not make up for quality. It's the quality that cures. There's one medicine that's dropped, not dipped—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. There's more power in drops of this remedy than in dippersful of cheap cough syrups and elixirs. It cures Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Colds, Coughs, and affections of the Throat and Lungs.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

is now HALF PRICE for the half-size bottles—50 cents.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and, by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, therefore requiring constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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Passengers to and from St. Louis and the East make close connections via Frisco Line at Poteo, via Iron Mountain or Cotton Belt Routes at Texarkana or via Cotton Belt Route at Shreveport. Through sleepers via Q. and C. Route from Cincinnati and Chattanooga make close connections in union depot at Shreveport. No transfers via this route.

Close connections in Central Depot at Houston with through trains for Austin, San Antonio, Eagle Pass, El Paso, Rockport, Corpus Christi, and all Southern and Western Texas and Mexico points.

Be sure to ask for tickets via Shreveport Route. For rates, schedules, and other information see nearest ticket agent, or write

R. D. YOAKUM,  
Gen. Pass. Agt.  
W. M. DOHERTY,  
T. P. A., Houston, Tex.

**SCENIC ROUTE EAST, THROUGH THE "LAND OF THE SKY."**

The Southern Railway, in connection with the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway and Pennsylvania Railroad, operates daily a through sleeping-car between Nashville and New York, via Chattanooga, Knoxville, and Asheville. This line is filled with the handsomest Pullman drawing-room buffet sleeping-cars, and the east-bound schedule is as follows: Leave Nashville 10:15 P.M., Chattanooga 4:20 A.M., Knoxville 8:25 A.M., Hot Springs 11:46 A.M., and arrives at Asheville at 1:15 P.M., Washington 6:42 A.M., New York 12:43 P.M. This sleeping-car passes by daylight through the beautiful and picturesque mountain scenery of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina, along the French Broad River.

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Nashville has a Tea Room in the Willcox Building, where elegant lunches are served at low prices, and where ladies can rest when tired from their shopping. It is proving a great success, and out of town ladies may find it a special convenience. The ladies in charge are most worthy.

**CHEAP RATES TO ARKANSAS AND TEXAS.**

On February 1 and 15, and March 1 and 15, 1898, the Cotton Belt Route will sell round-trip tickets from St. Louis, Cairo, and Memphis to all points in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, at one fare, plus \$2, for the round trip. Stop overs will be allowed on going trip within 15 days, and tickets will be good to return within 21 days from date of sale.

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Via the Queen and Crescent Route.

New line, through Pullman Palace Drawing-room sleepers daily from Cincinnati. Only 34 hours en route. No other line makes this fast time. Solid vestibuled train to Jacksonville. Direct connection from Louisville via the Southern Railway. Low rate winter Tourist tickets now on sale.

Mr. Walter O. Parmer advertises in this issue for entries to his annual horse sale which takes place at Cumberland Park from March 21 to 24. Entries, however, must be sent in not later than February 21. The demand for good horses—trotters, pacers, saddlers, matched teams, and for general purposes—has improved greatly within the past six or eight months, and the indications are that the sale will be one of the most successful he has yet held.

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If an old leaky tin, iron, or steel roof, paint it with Allen's Anti-Rust Japan. One coat is enough; no skill required; costs little; goes far, and lasts long. Stops leaks and prolongs the life of old roofs. Write for evidence and circulars. Agents wanted.

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237 North Summer Street,

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# Confederate Veteran.

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

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Advertising Rates: \$1.50 per inch one time, or \$15 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$35. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is below the former rate.

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

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

United Confederate Veterans,  
United Daughters of the Confederacy,  
Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

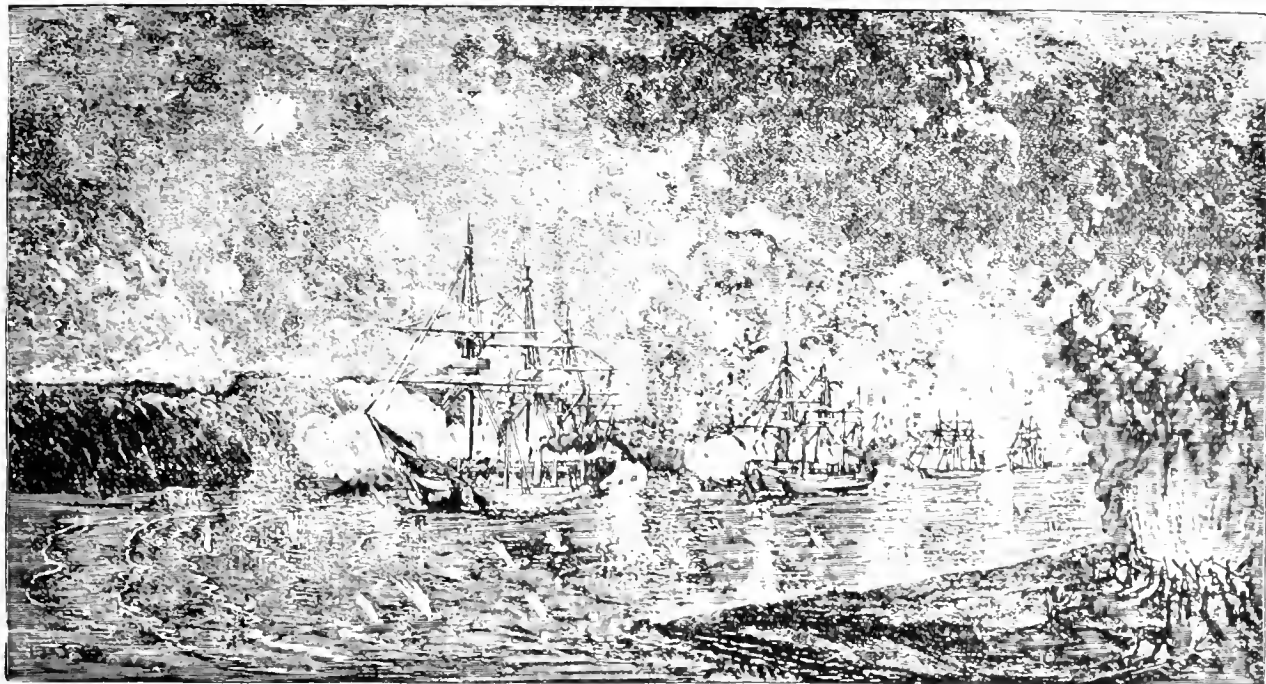
The VETERAN is approved and endorsed by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

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

PRIOR, \$1.00 PER YEAR, (VOL. VI.  
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.)

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1898

No. 2, ) A. CUNNINGHAM,  
          ) PROPRIETOR.



SCENE AT PORT HUDSON, LA., WHEN THE "HARTFORD" PASSED UP AND THE "MISSISSIPPI" WAS BURNED.

The following changes were reported recently by Adj.-Gen. George Moorman in camps of United Confederate Veterans:

Oklahoma Division: Change Col. B. F. Phillips, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff, Avoca, Okla., to Col. Taylor McRae, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Texas Division: Change Col. H. B. Stoddard, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff, Bryan, Tex., to Col. Marcus F. Mott, Galveston, Tex.

Northwest Texas Subdivision: Change Brevet Maj.-Gen. Robert Cobb, Commanding, Wichita Falls, to Brevet Maj.-Gen. H. O'Neal, Alpine, Tex.

No. 747, Franklin Buchanan Camp, Baltimore, Md.: Change Col. Winfield Peters as Adjutant to Capt William M. Pegram.

No. 171, Confederate Veterans' Association of the

District of Columbia, Washington, D. C.: Change Commander R. Byrd Lewis to Commander Robert I. Fleming.

No. 39, W. J. Hardee Camp, Birmingham, Ala.: Change Adjt. P. K. McMiller to Adjt. F. W. Lide.

No. 917, Frank Ragsdale Camp, Manchester, Tenn.: Change Adjt. S. L. Cook to Adjt. T. M. Emerson.

No. 1053, John McIntosh Kell Camp, Darien, Ga.: Change headquarters from Crescent to Darien, Ga.

No. 1034, John C. Breckinridge Camp, Oakland, Ind. T.: Change name of camp from Confederate Veterans to John C. Breckinridge; also add Adjt. R. C. Wiggs.

No. 1076, Valdosta Camp, Valdosta, Ga.: Change name of camp from Confederate Veterans to Valdosta; also add Adjt. J. A. Doshier.

### CONCERNING THE ATLANTA REUNION.

Many appeals have been made to the VETERAN to urge that the reunion at Atlanta be postponed until October, as that would be a more suitable time for it in every way. On writing to headquarters about it, the following reasons for the dates selected are regarded as the most generally satisfactory. Gen. Evans makes the following notes in this connection:

The time was chosen after very mature consideration and wide correspondence. It is the *most leisure* season of the year, as nearly all business, including farming, is suspended. All crops are through cultivation, wheat all cut, cotton-picking not begun, many people traveling, and railroad rates and hotel and boarding-house rates are at their cheapest. The time is especially called for by Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee, Florida, and South Carolina. It is not hot in Atlanta in July; the hot month is June. The city is well shaded; altitude one thousand and fifty feet.

Later, in August, all business begins. The farmer is busy with his corn, fodder, cotton, etc.; the merchants and clerks are laying in stocks and opening fall trade; railroads are preparing for fall business, and people are going home from travel.

The battle dates were only incidental. It chanced that the three battles—20th, 21st, and 22d of July—occurring at this season presented a reason. The South has never celebrated its Bull Run victory. Is it not well to call a little public attention to the fact that this battle actually occurred?

We want to satisfy all our comrades everywhere, and would be specially pleased to place the date where all would be gratified.

#### SPECIAL REUNION OF CONFEDERATE CHAPLAINS.

In conformity with a request from Gen. Clement A. Evans, Chaplain-General Rev. J. William Jones, U. C. V., issues a call for a reunion of chaplains at the general reunion in Atlanta next July. The chaplains' reunion is to occur on July 18, 19, and it is sincerely desired that as many as can reach Atlanta on Saturday, the 16th, so as to fill Atlanta pulpits on Sunday, the 17th. Dr. Jones requests the names and post-offices of all Confederate chaplains. His address is 1115 East Clay Street, Richmond, Va.

Comrade W. D. Stratton, of Atlanta, Ga., replies to a circular letter of Mrs. E. G. McCabe, chairman of a committee organized from the Atlanta Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy:

I am just in receipt of your circular soliciting subscriptions in the name of your noble order for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I have been a subscriber to the VETERAN for several years, and, as poor as I am, don't see how I could get along without it. God bless the good, patriotic Daughters of the Confederacy, your chapter in particular, in your efforts to extend the circulation of our beloved VETERAN! To me it is a stain and a reflection upon Southern patriotism that it is not in the home of every Southern family.

### CONCERNING MONUMENT TO OUR WOMEN.

Col. R. C. Wood writes from New Orleans:

At recent meetings in South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, and elsewhere the subject of erecting a monument to the women of the South was agitated, and the idea of uniting the U. C. V. camps to accomplish this important object was made specially prominent. The impression prevails that these meetings are the initial movement in the direction indicated. Such is not the case. In September, 1895, Dr. George H. Tichenor, a battle-scarred veteran, an earnest and liberal supporter of all Confederate memorial works, and Commander then, as now, of Camp No. 9, U. C. V., brought this matter, in a stirring address, to the attention of that body, and urged some action that would result in the erection of a beautiful and appropriate structure to commemorate the heroic virtues of the women of the war. He pointed out the imperative necessity of uniting in harmonious action every sympathizing element, in order to secure results commensurate with the magnitude and importance of the undertaking.

Comrade J. W. Carnahan, a veteran "tried and true," who had always been an earnest advocate of the action proposed, ably urged the performance of this high and holy duty.

Camp No. 9 responded promptly to Dr. Tichenor's earnest and eloquent effort. A committee was appointed to confer with like committees from other organizations and to devise and report upon some general plan of procedure. It soon became manifest that the time was not propitious for active operations. The South was in a depressed financial condition, many veterans were engaged in occupations that were then unremunerative, and most of them had exhausted their capacity to give by subscription to the Davis monument and other works of kindred character. Under these adverse conditions it was deemed inexpedient to enter into an immediate campaign of active solicitation. The delays incident to the obstructions above noted neither swerved the committee of Camp No. 9 from the performance of duty nor dampened the ardor of Dr. Tichenor in the mission that he had undertaken. At the convention of the Louisiana Division of the U. C. V., held in New Orleans, June, 1896, the action of Camp No. 9 was reported and unanimously endorsed. At the Richmond reunion, a few days later, a full report was submitted, which report, as will be noted by reference to the official proceedings, was favorably received, and referred to the appropriate committee. It will be seen that the movement to erect a memorial to the women of the South was formally inaugurated more than two years ago, and that it has received official recognition and approval. Comrade Tichenor indicated the means of accomplishing a general desire. He has devoted himself to this work, and will prosecute it with intelligent zeal and energy. To one like him success always comes in the end.

D. J. Wilson, of Lois, Tex., asks that Capt. J. E. Simmons will write up Company A, Thirty-Third Mississippi Regiment of Volunteers, and that some member of this regiment, in Featherston's Brigade, will tell what the brigade did in the war, that posterity may have a correct account of its part in the great struggle.

GENS. GRANT AND ORD.

Judge Robert L. Rodgers, Historian of the Atlanta (Ga.) Camp, U. C. V.:

In the Atlanta *Constitution* of December 8, 1897, Mrs. Elizabeth Belt gave an account of reconstruction and the readmission of Georgia into the Federal Union. She told how General Grant was affected by an appeal made by a Southern woman, and how he received it as "information in regard to affairs in Georgia," and sent a copy of her letter to the Reconstruction Committee. It contained the usual flavoring of Gen. Grant's "magnanimity" toward Southern soldiers and Southern people. This idea is magnified beyond its proper measure. Let us not detract one iota from Grant's generous acts. Let us remember that President Grant was the general-in-chief of a victorious army of largely superior numbers when he received the capitulation of Gen. Lee. It may be that there was sufficient leniency, but it may be also that Gen. Grant was not alone or superior in his generous terms of surrender. The event was not so sudden as to cause general belief that it was on "the impulse of the moment." There may have been influences be-



JUDGE ROBERT L. RODGERS.

hind him which he adroitly utilized to his own personal advantage. He had been in communication by truce with Gen. Lee at least two days and nights, contemplating the surrender. In that time he had evidently conferred with his subordinate generals concerning the coming event, and he was manifestly anxious to crush Lee and his army.

Grant was reticent as to his general methods, but his trend indicated his purpose to defeat his adversary by astounding him with unexpected hard blows. He did not fight on the idea of being generous, but to compel surrender. He obtained a reputation for great will force, with a generous, even magnanimous, disposition. His unceasing hatred of Halleck and other generals of the Union army simply shows the true personal character of the man. He was vindictive in

spirit, and at times subject to violent outbursts of a cruel temper. This was manifested about a week after the surrender of Gen. Lee. Lincoln had the night before been assassinated. Of course we all know that Gen. Lee and his soldiers had nothing at all to do with that horrible assassination. Gen. Grant knew it as well; yet he flew into a rage, and still desired to "crush the rebellion" by a strong blow upon his vanquished foe after the combat had closed and Lee and our soldiers of the South had gone on parole. The telegraphic order of Gen. Grant and the answer of Gen. Ord demonstrate all that is claimed herein. My attention was recently directed to this by Capt. "Tip" Harrison, a brave Confederate soldier under Gen. Lee. The telegrams tell the whole story:

"WASHINGTON CITY, April 15, 1865, 4 P.M.

Maj.-Gen. Ord, Richmond, Va.:

Arrest J. A. Campbell, Mayor Mayo, and the members of the old council of Richmond who have not yet taken the oath of allegiance, and put them in Libby Prison. Hold them guarded beyond the possibility of escape until further orders. Also arrest all paroled officers and surgeons until they can be sent beyond our lines, unless they take the oath of allegiance. The oath need not be received from any one who you have not good reason to believe will observe it, and from none who are excluded by the President's proclamation, without authority to do so. Extreme rigor will have to be observed while assassination remains the order of the day with the Rebels.

"U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*."

Gen. Ord's reply:

"RICHMOND, VA., April 15, 1865.

"Gen. U. S. Grant:

"Cipher despatch directing certain parties to be arrested is received. The two citizens I have seen. They are old, nearly helpless, and I think incapable of harm. Lee and staff are in town among the paroled prisoners. Should I arrest them under the circumstances, I think the rebellion here would be reopened. I will risk my life that the present paroles will be kept, and, if you will allow me to do so, trust the people here, who, I believe, are ignorant of the assassination, done, I think, by some insane Brutus with but few accomplices. Mr. Campbell and Hunter pressed me earnestly yesterday to send them to Washington to see the President. Would they have done so if guilty? Please answer.

"E. O. C. ORD, *Major-General*."

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1865, 8 P.M.

"Maj.-Gen. Ord, Richmond, Va.:

"On reflection, I will withdraw my despatch of this date directing the arrest of Campbell, Mayo, and others so far as it may be regarded as an order, and leave it in the light of a suggestion, to be executed only so far as you may judge the good of the service demands.

"U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*."

"RICHMOND, VA., April 15, 1865, 9:30 P.M.

Received, 10:20 P.M.

"Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant:

"Second telegram, leaving the subject of arrest in my hands is received.

"E. O. C. ORD, *Major-General*."

These papers are in the Official Records, Series I, Volume XLVI., part 3, pages 762, 763.

Is it not apparent that Gen. Grant was mad or frightened, and temporarily lost the equipoise with which he has been credited? The order was given on his own assumption of authority, as though he were the supreme commander or dictator. Was he mad or frightened? Was it magnanimous or malignant? One was calm in the midst of paroled prisoners, while the other was excited and petulant in the midst of victors fresh from the field, in their own capital. Which deserves the credit for generous spirit—he who would then and there risk his life on the parole of these people, or he who would arrest old men and paroled prisoners, without civil or military authority, and hold them in Libby Prison with “extreme rigor,” because “some insane Brutus” had become a mean assassin? Give honor to whom honor is due.

This bit of humor comes from Judge Rodgers:

When Gen. Lee made his great march into the enemy's territory, and was on the way to Gettysburg, of course it created consternation among many of the “Pennsylvania Dutch” who had remained at home, and were non-combatants, though perhaps they were in sympathy with the Union sentiment. A portion of the Confederate army had passed across a certain little stream. Some of the heavy artillery came on, and in the stream one of the heavy guns bogged up to the axle in the soft mud bottom. It took some time to get it out. While the men were struggling in the stream to help out the battery the teamsters were “cussin’” and kicking at the mules to pull it out, and the poor brutes were pulling with all their might and main. On the roadside was a fine field of waving wheat, owned by a fat Dutchman. It was his joy, his pride—that field of wheat. The Dutchman came to the ford to see the struggle at the gun. While the mules and men were tugging at the gun in the stream others came up on the road. Finding the crossing obstructed so, they soon began to tear down the fence and march across the field of grain by an oblique movement to a crossing at a ford higher up the creek. Of course that excited the Dutchman, and he became angry. Finding that he was unable by remonstrance to check the tide of invasion on his fine grain, he began to jump straight up and down and to exclaim in a loud voice: “Mine Gott! mine Gott in himmel! If dot is der vay dis var is ter pe carried on, I vants it shtopped righd now.”

R. H. Brooks, Raleigh, N. C.: “In Manly's North Carolina Battery there was a soldier, H. Jasper Robertson, from Murfreesboro, Tenn., who left college at Chapel Hill in 1861, joined the company as a private, and came out a lieutenant. A member of his old company would like to know if he is living. I corresponded with him into the seventies, but since then can get no news of him. A few months ago I wrote to the Mayor of Murfreesboro, but he could give me no information concerning him. Who can inform me of him? I went over the Gettysburg battle-field last week. I think every Confederate soldier that can raise the money ought to see it. Our battery was with McLaws' Division, Longstreet's Corps, in that battle.”

#### PRESENTIMENTS IN BATTLE REALIZED.

Comrade George H. Black, of La Fayette, Ala., in sending subscriptions to the VETERAN, encloses one for David H. Abernathy, and writes of that comrade's account of a presentiment and its results. Comrade Black, after a year in the Alabama infantry, was three years with John H. Morgan. Comrade Abernathy has an empty sleeve. He belonged to the Forty-Seventh Alabama Regiment, A. N. V., commanded by Col. M. J. Bulger, the venerable officer who has been prominent at our reunions and whose picture was in the VETERAN for July, 1897. His company was commanded by Capt. J. H. Vincent, the unfortunate ex-Treasurer of Alabama, a genial and generous-hearted man. After Abernathy had been in Virginia nearly three years, early in 1864 he received a furlough of forty days to come home and get married, should “the girl” he “left behind him” be found still true to her soldier boy. She was true, and they were promptly married. The furlough days sped away rapidly, and the faithful soldier returned to his command. Soon after he started back the presentiment came to him that in the next battle he would be shot in the left arm between his wrist and elbow.

Abernathy was soon promoted to orderly sergeant of his company, W. When he went to buy a pocket blank book to use in official duties he sought as thick a one as he could get to carry in his left breast-pocket, hoping it might prove some protection to his life at the fated moment. On the night before the battle of the Wilderness he, Andrew Wilson, and William Abernathy slept together on mother earth. The next morning, while rolling up their blankets, William Abernathy said: “Well, boys, hot work before us to-day! How do you feel about it?”

Andrew Wilson quickly replied: “I am going to be killed, and won't be long about it.”

David Abernathy said, putting his right hand on his left arm, “I guess I'll catch it right here,” and asked his nephew how he felt.

William replied: “Things look dark and cloudy before me. I can't see through, but I don't think I'll get hurt.”

David Abernathy says that he immediately fixed his book in his left breast-pocket, together with a large rag which he carried for rubbing his gun, in which he felt much pride, and awaited the clash of arms.

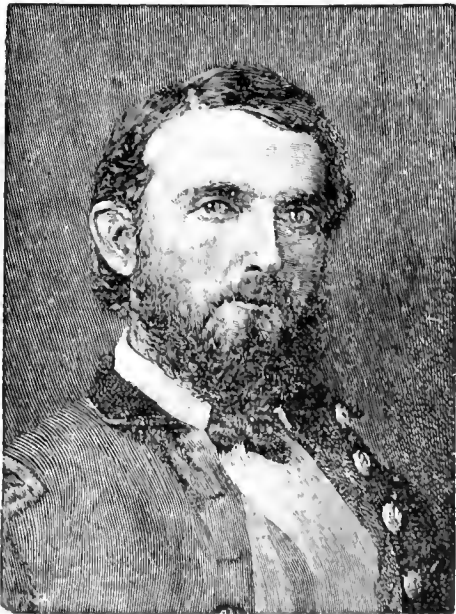
Soon after the battle began Andrew Wilson was killed, and later on, during some desultory fighting, Abernathy distinctly saw one of the enemy aim in his direction. He immediately brought his gun to shoulder to return the fire, but before he could get proper aim and pull the trigger he saw the smoke rise from the Yankee's gun and felt the bullet strike his arm between the wrist and elbow. It went through his arm, struck the book right over his heart, went partly through it, was deflected from its course, and tore through his arm again near the shoulder, where it was amputated. William Abernathy passed through the battle unharmed.

Sergt. Abernathy has kept all these years the book that saved his life.

## DABNEY MAURY ON STONEWALL JACKSON.

Gen. Dabney H. Maury, of Virginia, has given a sketch of Stonewall Jackson, in which he states:

No other man in history can be likened to him. He has oftener been compared with Oliver Cromwell than with any other great soldier. But Cromwell was a great statesman, of far-reaching wisdom; we would be inclined to pronounce Jackson a warrior, pure and simple. Four years of incarceration together at West Point and subsequent service together in the armies of the United States and Confederate States gave me as good opportunities of estimating the mind and nature of Stonewall Jackson as any man has ever enjoyed. I believe Jackson was as fond of me as he ever was of any man of our times. It was for his wife



GEN. T. J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON.

to awaken and nurture, and, since his death, to disclose to the world the deep tenderness of that wonderful character, a tenderness never before suspected. In the life and letters of her husband are revelations of affectionate gentleness unknown to any but her.

## JACKSON AT WEST POINT.

I entered the military academy at West Point in June, 1842. A week afterward a cadet sergeant passed, escorting a newly arrived cadet to his quarters. The personal appearance of the stranger was so remarkable as to attract the attention of several of us who were standing near and chatting together. Burkett Fry, A. P. Hill, and George Pickett made our group. The new cadet was clad in gray homespun, a wagoner's hat, and large, heavy brogans. Weather-stained saddle-bags were over his shoulders. His sturdy step, cold, bright gray eye, thin, firm lips, caused me to say, "That fellow looks as if he had come to stay," and on the return of the sergeant I asked him who that cadet was. He replied: "Cadet Jackson, of Virginia." Whereupon I at once ascended to his room to show him my interest in him, a fellow countryman in a strange land. He received my courteous

advances in a manner so chilling that it caused me to regret having made them, and I joined my companions with criticisms brief and emphatic as to his intellectual endowments.

Days and weeks went by with no change in the "snap shot" estimate then imparted. One evening, while Fry and Hill and I were lolling upon our camp bedding, the evening police were going on, and "Cadet Jackson, from Virginia," was upon duty about our tent, when I, desirous again to be affable and playful with our countryman, lifted the tent wall and addressed him with an air of authority and mock sternness, ordering him to be more attentive to his duty. His reply was a look so stern and angry as to let me know that he was doing that job. Whereupon I let that tent wall drop, and became intensely interested in my yellow-back novel. So soon as police was over I arose and girded my loins, saying that I had made Cadet Jackson, of Virginia, angry, and must at once humble myself and explain that I was not really in command of that police detail. I found him at the guard-tent, called him out, and said: "Mr. Jackson, I find that I made a mistake just now in speaking to you in a playful manner, not justified by our slight acquaintance. I regret that I did so."

He replied with his stony look: "That is perfectly satisfactory, sir." Whereupon I returned to my comrades, and informed them that in my opinion "Cadet Jackson, from Virginia, is a jackass," which verdict was unanimously concurred in; and thenceforward nobody in that tent "projected" with that cadet until our four years' course was ended and we were emancipated from the military prison of West Point, for we all liked and respected him.

After our encampment of two months was over we went into barracks, and were arranged in sections alphabetically, and thus it was McClellan and I sat side by side. "Mac" was a great help, and besides he was a little bred-and-born gentleman, only fifteen and a half years old.

"Old Jack," as we called him, hung about the bottom. At the first January examination all below him were cut off. He was foot, and probably would have been cut off also, but his teachers observed in him such a determined intention to succeed that they felt sure he would certainly improve; and he did.

Our rooms were small, each with two single bedsteads (iron), a bare, cold floor, and an anthracite grate. "Old Jack," a few minutes before taps, would pile his grate with coal, so as to have a bright, glowing fire when taps sounded and all other lights were out. Then he would lie prone upon the floor, when the light enabled him to study the lesson for the day, and very soon he began to rise in his class; and we all were glad of his success, for, cold and undemonstrative as he was, he was absolutely honest and kindly, intensely attentive to his own business; and, as it was, he came to be near the head of our class, the largest that had ever graduated there. We had, altogether, one hundred and sixty-four members—counting those turned back into it—and we graduated sixty after four weary, profitless years (to me).

On returning to Virginia from West Point the boys stopped at Brown's hotel, where "Old Jack" had his first and last frolic, to which in long years after his fame had filled the world he dimly alluded, when he

said he was too fond of liquor to trust himself to drink it; but poor Dominic's long-pent craving was never slaked any more until his enfeebled frame was laid to rest in a soldier's grave away off in the shadow of the Rockies.

From the moment that Jackson entered upon his duties in the army he evinced that terrible earnestness which was the characteristic of his conduct in battle or in work. During the battles in the valley he served as a lieutenant of Magruder's Battery and won many distinctions. Having entered the service as a second lieutenant, he was brevetted first lieutenant, captain, and major in one year's field service.

When John Brown made his attempt to arouse insurrection in Virginia Gov. Wise called out the troops of the state and ordered the corps of cadets to be held ready for immediate service. Gen. Smith, superintendent of the corps, promptly obeyed the orders. Maj. Jackson reported at the guard-room ready for the field. Gen. Smith, after giving attention to some matters requiring it, said: "Maj. Jackson, you will remain as you are till further orders." At that moment Maj. Jackson was seated upon a camp-stool in the guard-room with his saber across his knees. Next morning at reveille Gen. Smith repaired to the guard-room and found Jackson sitting on the camp-stool, and said: "Why, Major! why are you here?"

"Because you ordered me to remain here as I was last night, and I have done so."

Next year he went off to the great war between the states, and won fame at once. Rumors of a great victory came. His wife and friends were anxious for the news. It came by a courier, who spurred in hot haste to his home in Lexington. These were the words: "My subscription to the negro Sunday-school is due. It is fifty cents, which I send by the courier." Nothing more. At the first Manassas his fame was made when that noble soldier Barnard Bee cried out to his wavering men: "See where Jackson, with his Virginians, stands like a stone wall! Let us form behind them!" After the repulse at Malvern Hill Gen. Lee and other generals were discussing the situation, and what we were to do in the morning. Jackson was lying upon the ground, apparently slumbering, his cap lying over his face. He was aroused and asked his opinion of what was to be done in the morning. Removing his cap from his face, he said: "They won't be there in the morning." Nor were they.

One morning while marching with his staff he stopped at the door of a farmhouse. A gentle-looking woman was in the porch with a little child at her knee, of whom he requested a drink of water. She promptly handed him a stone jug of cool and fresh water, which he quaffed like a horse. One of his staff asked the good woman to "give me a drink of that water, please." She emptied the pitcher upon the ground, went into the house, and brought out a white pitcher, from which she gave the captain a drink.

"Why did you not give it from the other pitcher?" asked the officer.

"Oh!" she replied, "no man's lips shall ever again drink from that pitcher."

Again, while marching on to some new victory, he halted by a farmhouse, whence a young mother came out into the road with her young child in her arms, and said: "General, won't you bless my child?" He

took the little infant in his arms, and, reverently raising it, with uncovered head prayed for God's blessing upon it.

In the battle of Kernstown he was worsted by Gen. Shields (one of the noblest of the Federal commanders), because of the Confederates' ammunition being all exhausted. Gen. Dick Garnett withdrew his troops. Jackson arrested Garnett, one of the truest and highest gentlemen in our army, and held him in arrest until Garnett, by personal influence, procured a trial by court martial. Jackson was the principal witness for the prosecution. The court acquitted Garnett after hearing Jackson's testimony, and only permitted the defense to be spread upon the record on Garnett's demand that after such unusual and conspicuous severity it was his right. Poor Garnett fell in front of his brigade in the great charge at Gettysburg. He was mourned throughout our army, for a braver and gentler gentleman never died in battle.

#### HE FEARED NO MAN.

While a professor of the Virginia Military Institute Jackson arrested and caused a distinguished cadet to be dismissed for an infraction of the regulations. That cadet was distinguished as a scholar and soldier. He found himself, after four years of study and scholarly achievements, deprived of the diploma which was the object of his long endeavor. Without it his livelihood was imperiled. He was justly outraged by such harshness, and vowed he would castigate Jackson, and prepared himself to execute that purpose. He was a powerful and daring young man. The friends of both were deeply anxious. Jackson was urged to have him bound over to keep the peace. This would involve his oath that he was in bodily fear of his enemy. He replied: "I will not do it, for it would be false. I do not fear him; I fear no man." Then the superintendent of the academy had to take the oath as required by the law, and have the young man bound over to peace. When the war came on Jackson, upon his own promotion to a corps, had this young fellow made brigadier, and he became one of the most distinguished generals of the war, and is known to-day as one of the ablest men of our state.

Jackson was awkward and uncomfortable to look at upon a horse. In the riding-school at West Point we used to watch him with anxiety when his turn came to cut at the head or leap the bars. He had a rough hand with the bridle, an ungainly seat, and when he would cut at a head upon the ground he seemed in imminent danger of falling headlong from his horse.

About 1850 Jackson was a lieutenant of artillery stationed at Governor's Island, when he was invited to accept the chair of mathematics in the Virginia Military Institute. In those days the government would grant an officer leave of absence for one year to enable him to try such an office before resigning his commission. So he came up to West Point to see McClellan and myself and other comrades before retiring from the army. He was more cordial and affectionate than was usual with him, for he was never demonstrative in his manners, and he was in good spirits, because of his promotion and the compliment paid him.

He informed us, however, of a peculiar malady which troubled him, and complained that one arm and

one leg were heavier than the other, and would occasionally raise the arm straight up, as he said to let the blood run back into his body, and so relieve the excessive weight. I have heard that he often did this when marching, and, having become very religious, his men supposed he was praying. I never saw him any more, except at Manassas after the battle, when Gen. Johnston and other officers were congratulating him upon his fine conduct in the battle. These peculiarities have often been cited as evidences of the great genius he possessed.

I have always heard it said that he was an advocate for raising the black flag and showing no mercy to the enemy who were invading our country and destroying our homes; and it has been said that he urged Gen. Lee to assault the enemy in the town of Fredericksburg by night, after their defeat and while they were retreating over the river, and that Gen. Lee refused to do so because of the peril to the people of the town.

I have never heard of Jackson evincing any sympathy or gentleness or merciful regard for the wounded enemies he must have seen nor tender emotions of any sort. Therefore the delightful book lately published by his widow is a revelation and surprise. Nothing in all literature can equal the exquisite gentleness and sweetness this book gives us of the stern, stolid, impassible nature, who lavished such tenderness upon the object of his love. To her he unlocks a treasure of rich and pious and loving emotions, which his most intimate friends had never before suspected to exist.

#### FLAG-BEARERS OF THE FIFTH GEORGIA.

William K. Pilsbury, Dawson, Ga.:

At the battle of Coosawatchee, S. C., on the 6th of November, 1864, the Fifth Georgia Regiment lost five color-bearers and its flag. The fight began about noon, and the loss was heavy on both sides. The Fifth Georgia went into this fight supported by the Third Georgia Regiment of state militia. During this fight five bearers of the flag were shot down, and as one man was slain another leaped to take his place, and the flag never touched the ground until the fifth bearer was shot down. The last man that fell was so far in advance of his line that there was no one to take the flag. The retreat had been sounded, and the men were pushing to the rear, when the flag fell into the hands of the bluecoats.

The last man to bear this flag was Lieut. William G. Harp, who took it from the hands of Private Tip Barnes as he fell severely wounded. He moved forward so rapidly with the flag that, amid the roar of battle, he did not hear the command to halt and retreat, and was nearly half-way between the lines when he fell. Hence it was impossible to recover his remains or the flag.

At a reunion of the Fifth Georgia Regiment, at Macon, Ga., in August, 1884, Capt. L. C. Young returned the dear old battle-scarred flag, and accompanied it with a feeling speech full of pathos. Capt. Young is one of nature's noblemen, and has a close place within the hearts of the surviving members of the Fifth Georgia. This officer was a brave Federal soldier, and illustrated his devotion to his flag on many battle-fields.

At the battle of Murfreesboro the Fifth Georgia

Regiment lost three of its color-bearers, and the percentage of loss on the part of the regiment was large in the battle of Chickamauga. It went into that fight with three hundred men, and came out with one hundred.

#### TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

As will be seen by the following letter, Thursday, May 12, next, has been agreed upon by the Tennessee Chickamauga Park Commission and the National Park Commission for the dedication of our Tennessee monuments and markers erected on the battle-field of Chickamauga:

Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park Commission, Washington, D. C., January 15, 1898.

Maj. Charles W. Anderson, Chairman Committee, etc.:

*My Dear Major:* We have your letter of the 13th inst., and, after consultation with Gen. Boynton, take pleasure in notifying you that Thursday, May 12 next, is a satisfactory date as far as this commission is concerned for the dedication of the Tennessee monuments on the Chickamauga field.

FRANK G. SMITH, Major Second Artillery, Commissioner and Secretary.

In due time a program for the occasion will be arranged, and announced through the local press of the state. Application will also be made to all railroads running into Chattanooga for reduced rates, in order that comrades who participated in that great battle may once more visit the field. Many survivors of the battle are farmers, and the above date was asked for by the Tennessee Commission with a view to their special accommodation, as corn- and cotton-planting will be over by that time, and many will attend who at a later date could not leave their homes and crops.

#### SHARING GEN. LEE'S LUNCH.

Henry Hunter Smith writes from Atlanta interesting reminiscences of 1861-62, in the Virginia campaign. In referring to Lee on top of Valley Mountain, he states:

I never shall forget the rainy evening while on my return from Mingo Flats I passed his tent. I saw a fine head and a smiling countenance. I halted, dropped my old musket to a rest, and said to the man near me: "Are you dry? Have you anything to eat?"

"Yes," to both questions was replied, and "Come in, and help yourself" was added.

After enjoying some ham, light bread, and pickle, I said: "I feel good now, and will be going down the mountain. Will you kindly tell me who you are?"

"Lee is my name."

"What? Not Gen. Robert Lee, our commander?"

"Yes."

The South Georgia Camp No. 810, Waycross, Ga., at its annual election of officers chose J. L. Sweat, Commander; C. C. Grace, A. P. Perham, W. H. Seabring, and L. Johnson, Lieutenant Commanders; H. H. Sasnett, Adjutant; Drs. W. P. Clower and T. S. Paine, Surgeons; and Rev. J. A. McArthur, Chaplain.

## FEDERAL ACCOUNT OF THE MORGAN RAID.

Theodore F. Allen, who was a captain in the Seventh Ohio Cavalry and brevet colonel U. S. Volunteers in Wilson's Cavalry Corps, sends the following to the VETERAN from Cincinnati, 1898:

The rain was pouring in torrents as night fell over our camp at Somerset, Ky., July 1, 1863. We were hugging ourselves in congratulation over the fact that we had a good dry camp, and pulled our tent-flaps tight to keep out the storm as we settled down to a quiet rest, at peace with all the world for that night anyhow. We were light-hearted youngsters, and home was wherever nightfall overtook us or wherever our colonel decided to stop.

In a lull of the storm the quick gallop of a courier was heard. In an instant he reined up at the tent of our commander, Col. Israel Garrard, of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, to whom he handed an order, which read: "You will report for duty with your regiment within one hour from receipt of this order, your troops to be supplied with two days' rations and forty rounds of ammunition per man, one ambulance to accompany your regiment." This order had a businesslike look, and in less time than you can say "caterpillar" the regiment was astir.

Under the adjutant's order the chief bugler sounded "boots and saddles." As the notes of the bugle fell upon the camp the cavalymen thrust their heads out of their little "pup tents" and gave a cheer. This was followed by "officers' call" from the bugle, and the commander of each company, coming on a run, reported at the adjutant's tent. Orders were given for immediate preparation for the regiment to move, as indicated, and the medical officers made ready with ambulance and their "tools of trade." Within a few brief minutes we rode away in one of the heaviest downpours of rain we had ever experienced.

Reporting to the commander of our brigade, we were informed that Gen. John Morgan, with his division of Rebel raiders, was about to cross the Cumberland River on one of his periodical raids through Kentucky. Our regiment, twelve hundred strong, was recruited in Southern Ohio, in the counties bordering the river. A considerable portion of Gen. John Morgan's command was recruited from the counties of Northern Kentucky, also bordering on the Ohio River directly opposite our homes. Thus we were by no means strangers to each other, and had been practically neighbors.

Our rubber "ponchos" were drawn tight over our shoulders in the downpour of rain. By midnight we arrived at Fishing Creek, near Mill Springs, Ky., the scene of Gen. Thomas' victory and Zollicoffer's death. This mountain stream was sending down a torrent of water with heavy driftwood, against which no horse could stand, and was far beyond fording, and thus precluded our farther progress that night. We bivouacked as best we could till daylight, when, under great difficulty, we forded the raging torrent with the loss of only one horse, the rider being rescued by his comrades. Arriving at the Cumberland River above Burkesville, we found Morgan, with his division of cavalry, occupying the south bank of the river. For a day or two we had skirmishing—"give and take." The river was fordable in many places, and we did not

expect to hold Morgan on the south bank of the river if it was his desire to cross it. About July 4 we were called in from our picket duty to join in the pursuit of Morgan. It was the start of his famous raid which extended across the states of Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio. Gen. Morgan and his troopers were the beautiful raiders of the South. Morgan and his chief lieutenant, Gen. Basil Duke, were very skilled in misleading their pursuers, and previous to this time had been universally successful in their raids, inflicting much damage upon railway lines that were supplying our armies in the field, and had become overbold in their operations. As soon as Morgan took up his line of march northward from the Cumberland River our officers determined to follow him right in his own trail, if it led them even to the state of Maine, and not seek to head him off nor to be drawn aside by false maneuvers, although Morgan and Duke were exceedingly fertile in producing false impressions regarding their movements.

As Morgan crossed the state of Kentucky he intercepted small garrisons of Federal troops guarding important places. At Green River Morgan called upon Col. Moore, of a Michigan regiment, to surrender his force to save the effusion of blood, and that officer replied that his superior officer had stationed him at that point for the purpose of effusing blood, and it would begin right away if he desired it. Morgan accepted the challenge and made the attack, and one of his own brothers was killed. Morgan did not have time to continue the attack, and withdrew, continuing his march northward, with our pursuing force "pushing him along." We expected Morgan to turn east before striking the Ohio River, but in this we were mistaken, as, upon arriving at Brandenburg, some forty miles below Louisville, he seized passing steamboats and landed his force in Indiana. Following his trail, we reached Brandenburg, just in time to see his rear-guard disappear over the river-bank, going north into Indiana. His rear-guard stopped long enough to wave their hats at us and bid us good-by. The steamboats they had used in crossing were at that moment bursting into flames, and burned to the water's edge tied fast to the Indiana shore. Other steamboats were hurriedly obtained, and our pursuing force hastily transferred across the river, men and horses being tumbled aboard the boats in quick order and tumbled off on the other side. There were many laughable instances of men and horses falling into the river, but everything "went" in those days.

The appearance of "Morgan's men" on the north side of the Ohio River created consternation in Indiana and Ohio. The Governor of Indiana called out the state militia to the number of fifty thousand, and as Morgan's advance turned toward Ohio the Governor of the Buckeye state called out a like number of militia from his state.

At Corydon, Ind., the "Home Guards" gave the invaders a brisk little battle, and delayed their advance for a brief time. Gen. Hobson's pursuing column, of which the Seventh Ohio Cavalry was a part, arrived at Corydon within a few hours after Morgan's departure. The citizens of Indiana received us with the greatest enthusiasm, and from the time of our arrival at Corydon until the end of our march at Buffington Island, O., a distance a distance of about three hun-



dred miles, our line of march was between two lines of people occupying each side of the road—men, women, and children laden with good things for us to eat, the principal article being fried chicken. In truth, and literally, there were six hundred miles of fried chicken. It would seem that the telegraph had announced our coming in Morgan's rear, and at this announcement every man, woman, and child in Indiana and Ohio had begun to fry chicken for us (though I desire to say here that we did not belong to the negro troops) as the best thing they had to offer us. At first this article of diet was acceptable, but six hundred miles of fried chicken was more than we could stand. We begged the kind people to telegraph ahead and stop the awful slaughter of chickens for our benefit, and provide some hardtack and salt pork, or they would kill us with their kindness.

In our procession of three hundred miles between this double line of excited and patriotic citizens these tens of thousands of citizens greeted us with one song, and only one song, always the same—viz., "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" This we heard by day and by night, and it is related that after the raid was over our commander, Gen. Hobson, was taken sick with brain fever, was confined to his bed seriously ill, and in his delirium insisted upon singing "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" Although it has been nearly thirty-five years since these occurrences, I can yet hear them singing "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!"

In Morgan's dash across three states in fifteen days he swept a wide area absolutely clean of horses, giving his own command frequent remounts, but leaving us entirely without remount for the whole distance. In fact, Morgan's force had two horses for every man, while Hobson's had two men to each sadly worn horse. Morgan's force, when it started from the Cumberland River, was exceedingly well mounted, having some of the best blooded horses from Kentucky, horses capable of long and rapid marches. He set the "pegs" for us, and set them high every day. The longest march made by his command at one stretch was ninety miles in twenty hours, this being the jump he made from a point in Indiana west of Cincinnati to Williamsburg, O., on the east of Cincinnati.

Morgan's force did not exceed twenty-five hundred troopers when he invaded the states north of the Ohio River, possibly five hundred less. I think two thousand would be a fair figure to name for the number of troops he led into Indiana. Now two thousand horsemen make a big showing, and to the excited citizens, whose horses were being seized right and left, this number was easily magnified to ten thousand, and that was the number reported to us generally by the excited citizens when they stopped long enough from singing "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" though we knew the number hardly exceeded two thousand.

Our march of two hundred miles across the state of Ohio was in many ways painful, as our horses were failing rapidly. Twenty-two hours' marching out of each twenty-four was more than they could stand in their exhausted condition. Our ambulance had been dropped long ago, but our medical officers, mounted on the ambulance horses, were with us.

We were now at home in Southern Ohio, and many of our regiment passed their own door-steps, stopping only long enough to kiss the members of their fami-

lies and briefly listen to their song of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and partake of some more fried chicken. At Picketon, O., the "Home Guards" had delayed Morgan's advance, and we began to pick up some of his stragglers. It looked now as though we might within a few hours more overtake him and bring him to bay.

On the 18th of July our regiment, the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, with the Second Ohio Cavalry and the Eighth Michigan Cavalry, was pushed ahead of Hobson's column, and at daylight of July 19 struck Morgan's command in the valley of the Ohio River near Buffington Island, where they had been delayed by fog, waiting for daylight to cross over. At the moment of our arrival the forces under Gen. Judah had also arrived, coming up the valley of the Ohio, while we debouched from the river hills, and the gunboats were holding the fords of the river.

We were ordered to attack immediately, and, under Col. Garrard's directions, I rode back along the line of the regiment ordering the companies formed into columns of fours. Our numbers were few, and I remember Lieut. Sam B. Johnson, who commanded Company M of our regiment, told me that he had only one set of fours. Capt. William T. Burton, of Company B, had four or five sets of fours. Of our entire regiment, eight or nine hundred strong, when we started from the Cumberland River, we did not now show up over two hundred men, the remainder having been dismounted by reason of disabled horses and scattered along our trail for a distance of five hundred miles. When the guidons of these three regiments of Gen. Hobson's advance fluttered in the breeze of the Ohio Valley that July morning Gens. Morgan and Duke knew their "jig was up." We formed plainly in their sight, and with but slight resistance to the Federal attack Morgan's entire force fled in disorder. We pursued as rapidly as the condition of our poor horses would permit, and many of the enemy, seeing that further effort was useless, their supply of ammunition being nearly exhausted, surrendered.

After our pursuit at this point had ceased a flag of truce was brought to Col. Garrard by a Confederate officer, who stated that Col. Howard Smith, with a few other officers and men of Morgan's command, were in the woods near by, having been cut off from their command, and, knowing the uselessness of further effort, would surrender if an officer was sent to escort them. Adj. Allen and Lieut. McColgen, of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, were sent to receive them and escort them to our lines. On the way to receive these Confederates they were met already on the way, under escort of a sergeant of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry, whom they accidentally met in the woods. These prisoners were received by the writer of these lines, who was greatly surprised to learn that Gen. Basil Duke was in company with Col. Howard Smith. Gen. Duke bore himself with dignity, and I would not have known that I had him with the other prisoners if one of his own men had not accidentally disclosed his identity to me. One of the officers with Gen. Duke gave me a little Confederate flag about the size of your two hands. I accepted this little flag, and asked the officer his name. He replied: "Capt. Hines." I have the little flag yet, but have never seen Capt. Hines from that day to this.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound." This quotation suggests itself by reason of the fact that, under the varying fortunes of war, some months after the events written of in the foregoing, in a sharp cavalry engagement in East Tennessee, I found myself a prisoner of war in the hands of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, one of Morgan's regiments.

The prisoners captured by the Seventh Ohio Cavalry were turned over to the Federal officer in charge of prisoners at Cheshire, O., and with this our connection with the Morgan raid ended. Gen. Morgan himself was not captured for several days later, but the raid ended at Buffington Island, O., and the subsequent flight of Morgan with his detachment of a few hundred men did not avail him anything.

From the time of Morgan's landing on the Indiana side of the Ohio River until the surrender at Buffington Island, O., not less than one hundred thousand militia were called into the field to suppress him. The force of veterans under Gen. Hobson, who pursued Morgan from "start to finish," comprised about three thousand cavalry. Morgan gave us "a good run for our money." One can not but admire the dash, skill, and courage of Morgan and Duke which enabled them to lead their two thousand troopers on a raid of eight hundred miles, of which five hundred miles were in a hostile region, baffling for so long a time the efforts of more than one hundred thousand men to capture them.

Soon after the close of this raid our regiment formed a part of Gen. Burnside's army, which occupied East Tennessee. We had an active campaign here for over six months, and saw our cavalry horses perish from hunger, while our veteran cavalymen sustained life on a small portion of parched corn; and then, more than ever before, we cherished the memory of the six hundred miles of fried chicken we had on the Morgan raid.

This sketch is not in any way intended as a history of the Morgan raid, but is a memory of the part taken by the Seventh Ohio Cavalry in this striking incident of the war.

### THE STONE'S RIVER BATTLE-FIELD.

A committee comprised of Capt. C. A. Sheafe, D. D. Maney, and Jesse W. Sparks, of Murfreesboro, sends out the following circular letter:

About two years ago some twenty-five old soldiers, representatives of the Federal and Confederate armies in about equal proportions, residing at Murfreesboro, Tenn., organized the "Stone's River Battle-Field and National Park Association."

Their object was to interest the people of the United States, and particularly those who had been soldiers on either side in our great civil war, in promoting the purchase by the United States of the land upon which was fought the battle of Stone's River, and its conversion into a national military park.

With this view they obtained a charter from the state of Tennessee, procured options for its sale from the owners of the land where the battle was fought, have marked by well-painted sign-boards many interesting points thereon, and have procured the endorsement of the General Assembly of Tennessee, the Grand Army of the Republic at Buffalo, and the United Confederate Veterans at Richmond. All this they have done at

their own expense, without pay, and without any personal interest in the enterprise.

Upon the field of Stone's River occurred one of the great battles of our civil war. It ought to be owned and cared for by the government, which already owns and cares for the national cemetery situated in its center. It is of easy access, being penetrated by one of our great railways. Those who can mark with accuracy its historic spots are rapidly passing away. What is to be done should be done quickly.

We appeal to every post of the Grand Army of the Republic and Sons of Veterans of the United States and every camp of the United Confederate Veterans and United Sons of Confederate Veterans in the United States and kindred organizations for their assistance. We urge each post or camp of all organizations to endorse the enclosed petition, that as many members of each as approve the same sign it, and that the proper official of the post or camp promptly forward the petition, when so signed, to the Representative in Congress from this district, Hon. James D. Richardson, M.C., Washington, D. C.

The petition is "to the Senators and Representatives of the United States," and recites:

We further respectfully present the following considerations in favor of the proposed measure:

The battle of Stone's River was one of the greatest of the conflicts which occurred in the war between the states, in which were engaged more than eighty thousand men, and the losses on both sides in killed and wounded mark this battle as unsurpassed in the heroism and unyielding valor of the American soldier, whether from the North or the South.

A conflict so momentous and in which so many of the noblest citizens of both sections of our country—our loved and honored comrades, living and dead—took part, and proved amid the consuming fire of battle a devotion stronger than the love of life to the land of their birth or adoption, deserves a lasting memorial of their fame.

And we further represent that this battle-field is easily accessible to all parts of our country. It is within less than thirty miles of Nashville, and a great thoroughfare (the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Lou's railway) runs through its center, where is situated the beautiful national cemetery, in which repose the ashes of many of the brave men who made it immortal; and we submit that the preservation of this field would be a tribute to those whose blood crimsoned its soil and whose mortal remains lie entombed in its bosom. Preserved by the government as a national military park, this now neglected battle-ground would be annually visited by thousands of people to do homage to the heroic dead, to reinspire their patriotism, and to recall with profound emotions the thrilling history of a great conflict of arms.

Finally, we submit that the lessons of exalted patriotism to those who will come after us, and who will be charged with the preservation of our national union as the sheet-anchor of free institutions, can in no way be better taught than by setting apart the field which holds the graves of the dead heroes of Stone's River and by making beautiful the grounds consecrated by their valor, adorned and preserved as a national military park by the generosity of a grateful people.

Mr. Sparks is the Secretary of the association.

## NOTABLE NAVAL EVENTS OF THE WAR.

BY GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

After a generation I recall this banquet, and I still see through my misty spectacles the pretty tree-embowered mansion of my commander's kinsman. The magnolias, with their dense, rich foliage, adorn this "paradise of pilots"—that being the name from Natchez to New Orleans—wide, wide river, no bars nor snags to vex the progress of steamboats.

But the reader of the last decade—in the nineties of 1800—must view the ever-changing river (one hundred rivers in one volume), more sharply than when we sailed it, for banks are falling or caving in, islands become mainland—in fact, the river is shortening itself, and is now Uncle Sam's two-thousand-mile torchlight procession, from the land of Minnesota snow to the



GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

sunny clime of Natchez, with thirty-mile light-stations, and others yet to hear from.

As the "Mobile" and the "St. Mary" drew nigh Vicksburg, the domain of Gen. M. L. Smith, signals were thrown out as per code, and the authorities responded, having been apprised of the sailing of our expedition from Berwick Bay. The stately bluffs, kindred in fame to the great Rock of Gibraltar, arming at every bend and turn with all the resources of military engineering, was a sight never to be forgotten. The brigade of Gen. Smith manned the batteries, and with details from Maj.-Gen. Breckinridge's Division guarded the front and flank approaches. Withers' light artillery commanded all near approaches. We saw along the Yazoo the vigilant horsemen of Starke's cavalry performing their duty, and learned that they covered the shores of both rivers. Everything betokened the

coming year of battle for the domination of the great river, and our two armed ships were now "facts and figures" on this new line of the Confederacy. There was at this time the following armament in the river front batteries: Two ten-inch, one nine-inch, four eight-inch, five forty-two and two twenty-four pounder smoothbores, seven thirty-two, two twenty-four, one eighteen, and two twelve-pounder rifled guns—in all, twenty-six guns. We steamed up, passing this Gibraltar's front, three miles, against four-knot current, in three-quarters of an hour. The strategic value of the Yazoo was apparent, but it was some time before we realized the immense wealth of supplies from this valley. Until we cleared the fortifications beyond these immense bluffs we could not tell whether the Yazoo River could be safely reached. So the "Mobile" and "St. Mary" made their best run, and it seemed that they liked these new waters and rolled ahead with energy. Nine miles above Vicksburg we entered the Yazoo. This was our cruising-ground, where fine progress was being made on the ironclad "Arkansas." Having turned the bows of our ships toward Yazoo City, I had much enjoyment, all-out-doors. The hours of my watch night and day were fragrant, and they linger fondly yet. The bloom of Vicksburg's vicinage, with its balmy fragrance from below the fortifications and on up around up the Yazoo, had not yet faded, though war had frightened off the families and diverted the labor of gardeners. The rose and osage orange hedges stood their ground still, dividing grand estates. The grace of roses, the oaks, the myrtles, and the magnolias are still delightfully recalled. In later years Dame Nature brought out her floral treasures profusely, and many roses seemed to seek an abandoned gun in the obscurest angles of dismantled forts as a preferred spot to nestle, to show how mindful is this mother of us all to heal the wounds of strife.

The Yazoo Valley is two hundred miles long and sixty in width. It is singularly intersected by many bayous, and it drains many hills. From below the high grounds near Memphis the river is called Coldwater, then the Tallabatchie, and below the junction of the latter with the Yallahusha from the east its name is Yazoo. It is a large stream, three hundred yards wide, and always navigable for vessels of three feet for two hundred and fifty miles, from its mouth to Greenwood. Yazoo City is ninety miles from the Mississippi. Below this point the river makes several bends to the west, receiving various bayous which have already been running in a southerly course, the main one being called Big Sunflower. These bayous and rivers branch off at times into two or more currents, and unite farther down. The reader recollects, of course, that the Yazoo did not enter the Mississippi as now, eight miles above Vicksburg, but followed a blind lead, another bed known as Old River, diverging from the present channel six miles above the confluence. Familiarity with these waterways in their ramifications was of greatest value to commanders of battalions, as well as fleets, farther along in the civil war. There had existed before this period a very large bayou called Yazoo Pass, leading from the Mississippi opposite Helena, and Yazoo City had been reached through it; but the extension of levees across its mouth had closed this outlet. Within this cordate-shaped region, with its timber growths, were discovered great

herds of live stock, large quantities of cotton, and many well-filled granaries. Many steamers cruised over these waters, and we saw many river boats at their moorings which we had seen at New Orleans before the surrender. Valuable timber abounded, adapted for naval construction. The enemy was not slow in discovering the Yazoo Valley resources.

Telegrams reached us here that on the 7th of May seven war-ships had arrived off Baton Rouge, sent up by Admiral Farragut under the command of Capt. Craven, of the "Brooklyn." Baton Rouge was surrendered to Commander J. S. Palmer, of the "Iroquois," on the 8th of May. On the 12th the Federal fleet arrived off Natchez, and this hospitable and spirited city also surrendered to Commander Palmer.

We learned that the "Arkansas" had been towed to Greenwood, one hundred and sixty miles farther up the river, where we found her, incomplete, surrounded by refugee merchant steamers. We now went to patrolling the river its entire length of two hundred and fifty miles. On the 21st the "St. Mary" ran down to Vicksburg, Lieut. Shepperd going with us with important despatches for Gen. M. L. Smith, and tied up at the wharf. I had the satisfaction of visiting the city, whose majestic outline, with its battery-crowned heights, had attracted my admiration. Up to this time I had never boarded a man-of-war of the U. S. Navy, although a native of New Orleans, where such vessels had often touched before the war. But on the 22d inst. my desire was fully gratified when Commander S. P. Lee, representing Flag-Officer Farragut, made demand for the surrender of Vicksburg, which was, of course, refused. I looked at hulls and spars of the Federal fleet afar off. No demonstrations were made by the enemy after the refusal. Our vessel returned to the Yazoo, where we again patrolled this singular valley.

While plying patrol on the Yazoo we could hear the bombarding of Vicksburg. The Federal fleet, under Farragut, appeared off the city on the 26th of June, and the Mississippi Valley witnessed the giant struggle of two days, ending, of course, with the discomfiture of the enemy. But Farragut resolved to run by the fort early in the morning of the 28th. The "Hartford" (flag-ship) was accompanied by six vessels. The sixteen mortar vessels and transports remained below Vicksburg. The enemy formed a "coalition" with the flotilla commanded by Flag-Officer Davis and the Ellet fleet. Memphis had been captured, and the Federal Foote left the scene of his services in the Western waters, succeeded by Davis. This junction of the Farragut-Davis-Ellet aggregation around the mouth of the Yazoo did not escape the vigilant eyes of Gens. Smith and Van Dorn, and we were in constant wiring distance with them.

At the fall of Memphis (June 6) the "Livingston" and "Polk," gunboats, under command of Commodore R. F. Pinkney, with the ironclad ram "Van Dorn" (of the river defense fleet), migrated down the Mississippi, and came up the Yazoo River to Liverpool landing. Here, at the "raft," or obstructions, sixty-five miles from the mouth, where two forty-twos had been planted on a hill overlooking the raft, the gunboats found they could not pass through without breaking the obstructions, which, under the condition of things, was deemed imprudent. So they removed the arma-

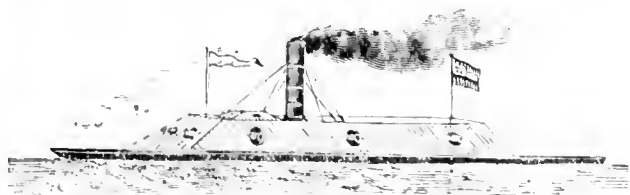
ments and stores across the raft for service on this side. The two eight-inch columbiads from the "Polk" were placed on shore in battery for defense. The enemy's fleet, Flag-Officer Davis commanding, started down from Memphis, arriving July 2 near Vicksburg. Word reached Yazoo City June 26 that boats from this fleet would menace the Mississippi and the river and streams to the north. The "St. Mary" was ordered to go down to the relief of Commodore Pinkney at full speed to the raft at Liverpool landing, some twenty-five miles. As we rounded the point on the 26th we saw volumes of smoke issuing from the hatches of the "Polk" and "Livingston," and at once our boats went to their aid, but arrived too late. These gunboats, all ablaze, lighted the scene, bringing into rugged prominence the wooded heights and winding waters of the Yazoo. These vessels had been set on fire carefully, so that they might not by any means fall into the enemy's hands. The nearness and magnitude of the hostile fleet in the two rivers and streams to the north were such as to justify this action of the Commodore. The steam rams from Ellet's fleet, the "Monarch" and the "Lancaster," on the 26th of June ascended the Yazoo, bent on capturing, if possible, our gunboats at the raft. But, seeing the three blazing vessels (for the "Van Dorn" soon caught fire from the "Polk" and "Livingston"), the enemy's rams "turned tail" sudden-like and broke for the cover of the armada, not staying long enough to fire a gun. Occupied as the boats of the "St. Mary" were in behalf of the gunboats ablaze, we did not catch sight of the Federal raiders of the river until they were about to round a point of the Yazoo. The crews of the gunboats had manned the battery of heavy guns while they lived aboardship.

This spectacle of our blazing gunboats and ram was appalling indeed, for the Confederacy was not at this juncture too numerously supplied with armed vessels. Fate was against us this day, when she let drift a burning gunboat against the ram "Van Dorn," and, setting her afire, caused her to fall quickly a prey to the flames. These excellent vessels, burned to the water's edge by reason of military necessity, left a feeling of sadness with their officers and the "St. Mary's" also. The "Van Dorn" was Commander Montgomery's flag-ship in the battle before Memphis, June 6, 1862, and out of the fleet of eight vessels alone succeeded in making good her escape. In the fight of Island No. 10, on the 7th of April previous, the "Polk" and "Livingston," as also the "McRae," "Jackson," "Calhoun," "Ivy," "Pontchartrain," and "Maurepas," were handled well. Flag-Officer George N. Hollins was in command. Here, in the same hour, these three vessels closed their day-books and entered Dame History's ledger in the same short extension of time and place.

Lieut. S. G. Stone, executive of the "Polk," while at the shore battery which the crew had manned, pointed to the two eight-inch columbiads. These, said he, were taken away by him from Fort Randolph, a few miles below Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi, where they had been abandoned, with a large number of heavy guns, shortly before the fall of Memphis. The "Polk," as well as the "Livingston," had been compelled to make quick time down the Yazoo River, their new scene of duties. They steamed down the Mississippi without their armaments; these had been placed in bat-

teries on shore at Randolph. But these twin columbiads, which he patted caressingly while talking with me, had twined themselves in his good graces, and so he carried them off.

Attention was now drawn to the yet incomplete "Arkansas," and the department sent out Lieut. Isaac N. Brown, C. S. N., with his quarter-century service in the old navy, to hasten the building and armoring of this ironclad ram. He arrived on the 26th of May, 1862, with the amplest powers from Secretary Mallory to finish the "Arkansas" "without regard to the expenditure of men or money." In two days he was at Greenwood, and it did not take long to reach the conclusion that the vessel must be removed. He set to work with vigor. A barge had brought out of the Mississippi a large amount of railroad iron for armoring, but had sunk in the Yazoo with its guns and machinery upon deck. There was but one blacksmith forge and only five carpenters at work at Greenwood. The timber out of which the future gun-carriages were built was yet growing in the woods. He raised in two days the sunken barge, laden with its railroad iron and some machinery, and the "Arkansas" was removed one hundred and sixty miles nearer the enemy to the future navy-yard at Yazoo City. Fourteen forges and two hundred carpenters were now employed, with night and day sections, for continuous work upon the ram. Railroad iron was wagoned



CONFEDERATE RAM "ARKANSAS."

from Vaughan's Station, on the Jackson railroad, twenty-five miles distant. Lieut. Brown started drilling-machines and contracted for the building of gun-carriages. The story of the rapid building and equipping of this ironclad is one of particular interest. To build and equip such a vessel alone would be a fine achievement, even if accomplished with ample machinery, materials, and men; but the work was performed with very few facilities and against heavy obstacles in six weeks. The "Arkansas" was one hundred and eighty feet long by thirty feet beam, with burden of from eight hundred to one thousand tons. The ends only of her casemate were inclined, the sides being perpendicular to the sides of the vessel. Railroad iron, dovetailed together, formed her armor, the rails running up and down upon the incline ends and horizontally along the sides. This iron thus arranged was nearly a solid mass about three inches thick, heavily backed with timber. In the casemate between the ports there was a further backing of compressed cotton bales braced. A light sheathing of wood covered the cotton within as a guard against fire. The wheel was within the shield. The top of the pilot-house, through which the pilot looked while steering, was two feet above the shield-deck, and was flat and covered with inch bar iron. The smoke-stack was of sheet iron. Her iron beak for ramming was below

water. Her two engines, built in Memphis, were new, and she had two propellers. Her boilers were in the hold below water-line, her speed was about nine knots in smooth water, and her draft was fourteen feet. The ten guns of the "Arkansas" were distributed: in the bow, two heavy eight-inch columbiads; in the stern, two six-inch rifles; and in broadside, two six-inch rifles, two thirty-two pounder smoothbores, and two nine-inch Dahlgren shell-guns.

The "Arkansas" was splendidly officered. Her commander, Isaac Newton Brown, as stated, was a veteran of the U. S. Navy, with twenty-seven years of varied service to his credit. First Lieutenant Henry K. Stevens, like his commander, was in the navy, though neither had gone through the naval academy. Lieut. John Grimball, of South Carolina, was a graduate, two years senior to Lieuts. Arthur D. Wharton, of Tennessee, and Charles W. Read, of Mississippi—each of whom had seen two years' duty after graduation. Lieut. Alphonse Barbot, of Louisiana, entered the Confederate navy from the old at once, while George W. Gift, a Tennessean, had resigned from service ten years before this time. Here were talent and varied experience, and the way the guns were handled shows how much this happy aggregation of superb fighting talent made victory its own. There were two heavy eight-inch columbiads at the bow with Lieuts. Grimball and Gift, each with a broadside gun; Wharton worked the starboard broadsides, and Barbot the port; Read had the two stern-chaser rifles.

I was now detached from the "St. Mary" and assigned to the receiving-ship "Star of the West," entering on duty as an instructor of gun crews. This large sea-going ship of the Pacific Mail Steamship Line, with her double walking-beam engine (1,172 tons), lay at anchor in the Yazoo, opposite the ram. This, my second vessel in the navy, had a notable history. It was early January, 1861, when she was sent from New York City with provisions and two hundred troops for the relief of Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor. She figured in the popular mind of the North almost as much as the later scene of hostilities, for she had been despatched from New York City, and was fired upon January 9, and forced to return. Many thousands recall the "Star of the West" at Fort Sumter as a remembrancer of opening hostilities; yet three months intervene between the baptism of fire of this relief-ship and the boom of April 12. The "Star of the West" was chartered on her return from Sumter to New York by the Federal Government for the purpose of withdrawing from Texas a large body of regular troops. But she was captured off Indianola April 17, 1861, and sent to New Orleans by Gen. Van Dorn, where she served a lawful time as receiving-ship. From day to day, after my duties with the training of gun crews, I watched the growth of the "Arkansas," and I saw many of her officers frequently. Among them I found Lieut. Alphonse Barbot, with his lively French manners, a kindly disposed "senior" of the service, from whom I received much professional knowledge. He had begun to "gray." His best years had been spent upon blue water.

The officials of the "Arkansas" were: Executive officer, Lieut. Henry K. Stevens; lieutenants, John Grimball, Arthur D. Wharton, Charles W. Read, Alphonse Barbot, and George W. Gift; surgeon, H. W.

M. Washington; assistant surgeon, Charles M. Morfit; assistant paymaster, Richard Taylor; first assistant engineer, George W. City; second assistant engineer, E. Covert; third assistant engineers, William H. Jackson, E. H. Brown, James T. Doland, John S. Dupuy, James S. Gettis; acting masters, Samuel Milliken, J. L. Phillips; midshipmen, Richard H. Bacot, Dabney M. Scales, Clarence W. Tyler; master's mate, J. A. Wilson; gunner, T. B. Travers; pilots, J. H. Shacklett, William Gilmore, James Brady, and John Hodges. Full complement of officers and men, two hundred.

The men who received instruction in handling guns—the duties of gun crews of seventeen—were “passed” along in sections as soon as they evinced suitable proficiency and placed aboard the “Arkansas.” Several times in my visits I noticed with much satisfaction the creditable performance of “the pupils” from the “Star of the West.” The gun crews were carefully trained by the veteran officers of the “Arkansas.”

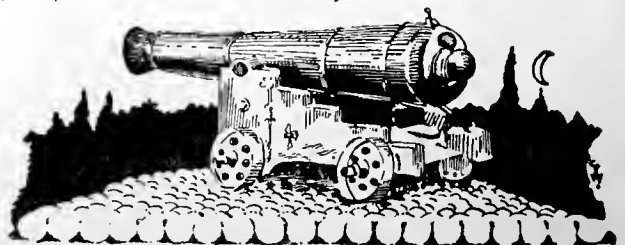
Six weeks' active business energy of one man brought the ironclad to her fighting level, able to encounter the Federal armada and try conclusions. The raft (or “obstructions”) at Liverpool landing had been laid firmly by our engineers, and it became essential in the coming combat to open a passage-way for the ram and to close the same after the ram steamed out. Lieuts. Grimbald, Read, and Gift made report that such opening could be made in a few hours. Then the greater matter arose: the number and position of the enemy's ships must be ascertained and laid down upon paper, and the general commanding must be apprised of the coming of the “Arkansas,” and plans of action must be interchanged for enhancing the powers of the ram by the concurrence of the land forces. Gen. Van Dorn wrote: “There are thirty-seven ships of the enemy, and more coming.” The ram “Arkansas” must run the gantlet of the Federal fleet and anchor under the guns at Vicksburg. A more daring feat than this had not been performed since Farragut ran past the yet unsilenced forts up to New Orleans. Here were nearly forty formidable war-vessels under Admirals Farragut and Davis grouped along the river from the mouth of the Yazoo, and past them all must this single ironclad make her way. July 15, 1862, the “Arkansas,” but six weeks in building, scattered three vessels just after breakfast, and then ran through the fleet of forty vessels, great and small, adding to the reputation of a “box of guns” that of a right smart pepper-box, and reached the landing under the guns of Vicksburg by nine o'clock.

The writer of this memoir was rowed from the “Star of the West” at the navy-yard to the “St. Mary” on the 10th of July, 1862. Commander Cenas had been honored with the escort duty. The “opening” in the raft across the Yazoo, through which both vessels passed, remained unclosed for the return of the escort ship, and anchorage was made at Haines Bluff near midnight of the 14th until 2 A.M. of the 15th. My commander had three academic comrades among the lieutenants of the “Arkansas.” The morale was superb. Well might Commander Brown and his executive feel sure of victory with such a fighting force right early in the morning.

I remember the bright, orderly, and engaging appearance of the “Arkansas” and her men when I left her to return to the “St. Mary,” just after the anchor

was raised. The men of the “Arkansas” were now all at their several stations; the guns were loaded, and ready to cast loose; the gun-tackles were in the grasp of willing seamen, ready to train; the primers were in the vents, while the locks were thrown back, and the gun-captains held the lanyards in hand. That little precaution, strewing the decks with sand, meant business. There lay the tourniquets and the bandages, with the tubs filled with fresh water and set between the guns. Down there in the berth-deck stood the surgeons with their keen instruments, the lint, anodynes, and the stimulants. Along the passageways stood rows of men, ready to pass up the powder, shell, and shot. All was quiet on the “Arkansas,” save the dull thump, thump, of the propellers.

Slowly steaming up through Old River—the sole figures in the morning landscape of the Yazoo, about six miles from the Mississippi—three ships of war, videtting or scouting, hove in sight. They were two ironclads—“Carondelet” (thirteen guns) in the center, “Queen of the West” to starboard, and the gunboat “Tyler” port. Each vessel had seen varied service in many waters already. These three Federal vessels were in quest of something, something they knew not what: the “Arkansas.” The alert “Arkansas” fixed a steady gaze upon the biggest foe, and moved against the “Carondelet,” and the bow guns of the latter blazed upon the little raider of the river at short range. We watched through our glasses from the “St. Mary” how the expected attack turned to a chase, for the Federal vessels now steered as direct for the fleet six to eight miles below as it was possible. The bow guns of the “Arkansas” blazed upon the “Carondelet” and raked her with terrific effect. We could see the speed of the pursued ship slackening rapidly. The guns and small-arm fire from “Queen” and “Tyler” had serious effect upon the “Arkansas,” and their design to ram and rake astern was met by the raiding ship steering toward them something like an enraged bull with shaking horns, when they resumed their supporting distance. Meantime the “Carondelet” was feeling the power of her antagonist. About half-past seven the “Arkansas” had closed in with this ship, striking her and driving her against the left bank of the river, where she lay among the willows at the mercy of her enemy. We saw that the greater draft of the “Arkansas” forbade a nearer engagement. The colors of the “Carondelet” had disappeared, although no white flag had been run up. The wheel-ropes of the battered ship had now been cut off, but as she swung around into the bank she was able to fire her stern and starboard guns into the “Arkansas.” We could distinguish damage done to her casemate and hull and that her engines had been disabled. The presence of Commander Brown was a token of the greater triumph yet to come. He had emerged from the shield to hail the “Carondelet,” with his life recklessly exposed to revolver or



rifle. But, to his surprise, no response came from this crippled ship, and he could not see or hear any token of a soul aboard.

The "Arkansas" now abandoned the "Carondelet" and made for the "Tyler," whose fire had been galling, but the fleet-footed Federal vessel succeeded in keeping ahead two hundred and fifty yards and firing her stern gun and occasionally pouring a broadside. The "Arkansas" dealt most vigorous blows from her batteries, both bow and broadside, and the "Tyler," as well as "Queen," kept on at full speed to reach the fleet for shelter. Having witnessed the crippling and grounding of the "Carondelet" and the chase of the "Queen" and the "Tyler," we found it was eight o'clock. Before returning up the Yazoo we received certain signals from the "Arkansas." But, so vivid had been our glimpses of this battle of giants, that we watched the Federal fleet in its evident consternation. Caught unawares, even with all notification, the huddled ships seemed hardly to know which way to turn. It looked like the terror inspired by an unscrupulous butting ram getting into a pasture among a lot of clumsy, tumbling calves and scattering them right and left. We saw the "Arkansas'" smoke-stack had been badly perforated, and with the difficulty in steam-making she made no attempt to ram the "Carondelet." She dealt the "Carondelet" a most terrific parting broadside as she passed within a few yards. We saw how skillfully Commander Brown had combined audacity and calculation, and added another achievement in the annals of our navy worthy to rank with the heroism of Huger, Warley, and Beverly Kennon in the defense of New Orleans.

[Concluded next month.]

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

Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, United Confederate Veterans, sends out his annual greeting from Dallas, Tex., February 1, 1898:

I greet you, my old comrades, at the close of another year, with a heart full of love and affection and with the hope that a kind Providence will continue to bless for many years the heroes who followed the flag of the "lost cause," the noble women who suffered so much during the war, the noble sons and fair daughters, as well as our noble association.

The Adjutant-General reports one thousand and seventy-eight camps, of which number the Trans-Mississippi Department has over four hundred, a continued increase. A number of our bravest and best comrades have died during the year. The dead—all honor to our noble women!—have been properly cared for and buried in proper grave-yards, and in many instances their names engraved on marble headstones.

Surviving Confederates who have grown old, and those incapacitated by wounds, have been properly cared for by the different states and territories in the Trans-Mississippi Department. They have comfortable homes, and are amply provided with good raiment, so they can spend their last days in quiet and peace as the honored guests of the great states of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory.

I therefore urge you, my old comrades, to continue the good work, and again I appeal to the noble sons

and fair daughters of the bravest men and the grandest women that ever lived in any country to organize camps and chapters, and be ready to take our places when we have all crossed over the river.

Apply at once to Gen. Moorman, Adjutant-General of the United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La., so that the Trans-Mississippi Department will send a greater delegation to the reunion to be held in Atlanta, Ga., July 20-23 than any other department. Let every camp be represented by as large a delegation as possible, and let them be fully authorized to represent their camps in all matters. Where a delegate can not attend, let the camps appoint proxies properly signed by the officers of the camp.

In applying for membership, send a roll of your camp, with your annual fee of ten (10) cents for each member, and \$2 for initiation fee, to Gen. Moorman, by April 1, 1898.

The Committee on Transportation will do all in their power to secure reduced rates on all railroads leading to Atlanta, Ga.

The noble women of the whole South, proud of the fact that they are the wives, daughters, and granddaughters of the brave men who wore the gray, have organized one of the grandest of associations, called the Daughters of the Confederacy, that has ever been known in our country. Their motto is: "Charity to the living, honor to the dead, and preservation of the truth of history." They have accomplished much good. Every Confederate home is their pride, the cemeteries are beautified through their exertions, memorial days are observed, and monuments honoring the private and the chieftain have been erected through their labors of love. To these noble Daughters of the Confederacy we extend a cordial invitation to attend our reunions, and wish them unbounded success in all their undertakings.

In every state and territory camps of Sons of Veterans are being organized by enthusiastic and patriotic young men who appreciate the valorous deeds of their fathers and glory in the record they made in the contest from 1861 to 1865.

The monument to our great chieftain, Jefferson Davis, is still in the hands of the proper committee. The corner-stone was laid in Richmond, Va., July 2, 1866, and I urge all camps throughout this department to continue to take up subscriptions for this noble purpose. The camps throughout the Trans-Mississippi Department are requested to aid all in their power toward erecting the great Battle Abbey, or memorial hall, in which relics of the civil war will be kept. The gallant old cavalryman, Charles Broadway Rouse, proud of the record made by the Southern soldier, and anxious to preserve the records of Confederate bravery, has contributed \$100,000 toward this building fund, and all comrades are urged to contribute, so that it may soon be built.

The *Times*, of West Texas, reports Camp Gano as having had a royal New-Year dinner, for which "Duffel's fattest Angoras" were supplied in abundance. The membership of the camp was increased from forty-two to fifty. Of the proceedings a lengthy poem entitled "From the Other Shore," with many beautiful figures by Mrs. Kittie Ellis Hill, was read by little Alice Maude Savage.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

### TWENTY THOUSAND SOUGHT.

The unprecedented growth of the VETERAN in the beginning of its sixth year caused a complete absorption of the extra copies, which were thought to be abundant. The misfortune induces request that all who have copies, and do not care to file them, can have two of any other numbers in the place of that, if they will kindly mail it to this office. Of this number there are seventeen thousand copies printed, and it will evidently be short of the demand.

Now a word to friends: Won't YOU take an interest in extending its subscription to TWENTY THOUSAND? That number would be listed in thirty days if friends would at once cooperate in commending it. How rapidly comrades are passing away! If the VETERAN possesses accredited merit, much comfort would be given many noble fellows who know not of it if you would only exert your influence as suggested. A subscription-blank may be expected, enclosed herein. Kindly return with it one or more names as subscribers, and deduct the cost of remitting. You can in this way contribute to a success which will honor the people of our Southland, who stood the greatest test that has ever come to any portion of America, and in addition exalt the nation, in which survivors and descendants have been a credit since that unprecedented ordeal.

Some misfortunes have delayed this issue and caused the use of articles which could better have waited than some that are held over. Noble deeds of the Daughters of the Confederacy in nearly all of the Southern states deserve record; they would fill a number of the VETERAN. Unhappily, nearly all of them are held over, and notes of deceased comrades, for several of whom engravings have been made, are also reserved.

The work of raising funds for Uncle Dan Emmett is moving on beautifully. Since the report was put in type Miss Estelle Coleman, of Vicksburg, Miss., has sent \$44.50 for Children of the Confederacy, with notes to appear hereafter.

Dr. John A. Wyeth, of 19 West Thirty-Fifth Street, New York City, formerly of Russell's Fourth Alabama Cavalry (Forrest's Brigade), who is writing a life of Gen. Forrest, desires to communicate at an early date with all survivors of the battle at Fort Donelson who escaped on foot across Lick Creek or along that stream after daylight on the morning of February 16, 1862. He does not include in this request any troops—either cavalry, artillery, or infantry—who rode out with or after Forrest. It is now a well-established

fact that the Federal lines did not completely invest Fort Donelson, and that a number of the infantry, when the surrender was determined upon, marched out of Dover and into the country without seeing a Union soldier. It is from these he desires very earnestly to hear.

As a guest of the Massachusetts Reform Club, Mr. Joseph Bryan, of Richmond, discussed living issues, in which he said that in 1860 Virginia had a population of one million white people and half as many more of negroes, nearly all of the latter being slaves. The business of the state was done by the whites. The population now is one million seven hundred thousand. It is larger than it was before the state was divided. Its local currency then was \$10,000,000, while now that issued by the national banks is \$1,900,000.

In behalf of the people of the South Mr. Bryan declared that their course in this silver business had been from motives far different from those which controlled the people of the West. The struggles of the Southern people had been like those of a man who was being suffocated. The South had no silver mines and no silver bullion to sell to the government. Its cry for free silver was to get a currency with which to do business.

It is very unpleasant to criticize in these pages any man who was entitled to be called a Confederate, but there is a duty to the public which must be met. One of the most aggravating characters is that of "Commander" Brain. A publisher has written recently in regard to him, in which he states:

I have found him to be a fraud. Some months ago he wrote to me in reference to getting a prospectus. He said he wanted to see it very much. Not knowing his record at that time, I sent the prospectus to him, and he has used it to serve his own purpose. He has gone among the people and represented that he was an agent for the book, and I learn that he has collected over \$30 in advance, which no person had a right to do. We have never received one cent of the money that he collected, and we can not trace him. After sending the outfit to him I happened to look through some back numbers of the VETERAN, and noticed an exposure of Mr. Brain; but it was then too late to get back the prospectus. If I knew where to locate him, I would endeavor to head him.

Brain got his name put on the Tennessee pension-roll, and drew the money for some time, until his demerits were shown. It is very bad policy to support men who make plea for Confederate sympathy, unless they *prove* themselves worthy. It is wise to investigate.

In sending \$5 for the Monument Fund H. L. Taylor, of Bentonia, Miss., writes: "The magnificent record as a Confederate soldier exemplified in the heroic and tragic death of Sam Davis should cause the bosom of every Confederate to swell with supreme pride and a determination to erect a monument that will commemorate for ages to come the heroic valor and unselfish devotion of this the hero of the war between the states."



TRIBUTES TO THE MERIT OF THIS PUBLICATION.

The VETERAN has started its sixth year with a bound. Its growth is about double the best of all former New-Year periods, and tributes to its merits are most generous. A review of these comments may be given in an early number. They come often from highest sources. One has been handed in by the venerable Dr. W. G. E. Cunningham, who is one of the most highly esteemed ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He entered the Holston Conference as a young man about fifty-five years ago, and has had an unbroken career of usefulness. After serving in various positions at home, he gave ten years to missionary work in



REV. W. G. E. CUNNINGHAM, D.D.

China. Since his return from that field he has been successively an influential pastor, an effective college professor, and for eighteen years the General Sunday-School Editor of his Church, with evidently the largest number of Southern readers that any man has ever addressed. Though very modest and retiring, he is a man of the finest information and a most charming companion. His preaching is so simple that even the little children understand it, and yet so full of thought that it catches and holds the attention of the most cultivated auditors. From his youth up his life has been absolutely stainless. He makes no loud pretensions to sanctity; but his daily contact is so full of humility, of gentleness, and of devotion to good works that no one

can fail to recognize him as a Christian of the highest type. Revered in his own family, honored by his Church, respected by all good men, he is spending a sweet and beautiful old age in full hope of a better home on the other side. This venerable man will hardly excuse the prominence here given him. His tribute was at first spoken as of the abundance of the heart, and when he wrote it he simply gave his initials as a signature. However, they would be recognized, perhaps, by a million people.

*My Dear Sir:* I have frequently thought, after reading a number of your valuable magazine, that I would write and tell you how much I admire it. I do not speak of its beautiful appearance as a work of mechanical art or as to its literary character, both of which are excellent, but as a treasury of facts and incidents connected with the civil war, especially with the heroic defense made by the Confederate armies against the overwhelming military power of the North. The future historian of our country, when he comes to study the bloody record of the years from 1861 to 1865, will be greatly indebted to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the material necessary to a fair and impartial judgment of many important events connected with that fearful struggle. You now have access to the original sources of information, the testimony of eye-witnesses—the men who helped to make the history—but they are passing away, and with them the opportunity for collecting reliable historical data. It is now or never. The South will value your work more and more as the years go by.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN ought to be in every home in the Southern States. It would help to educate the young people of the present generation in regard to the greatest war of modern times, the causes which led to it, and the manner in which it was conducted.

I wish you great success in your good work. I read every number of the VETERAN with much interest.

Yours respectfully,  
W. G. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Nashville, Tenn., January, 1898.

In renewing his subscription A. Y. Burrows, of Knoxville, Tenn., writes these encouraging words: "I have no idea of letting go your most excellent magazine. I feel that it should be in the home of every veteran and son of a veteran in the South. We need it; the youth of the South need to be educated through the medium of an honest, truthful history of the war, and from a Southern standpoint. My father followed Johnston, Bragg, Hardee, and others, and I feel it an honor to be called and to know that I am the son of a Confederate soldier. We of to-day can teach our children nothing nobler than that our fathers fought for their country and for principles as dear to the survivors now as in 1861, and in the grandest army ever known."

A collection of back numbers of the VETERAN has been secured for late subscribers through the kindness of friends furnishing missing copies, and, as we wish to make up still more of these volumes, those who have the following copies, in *good condition*, will be credited one month on subscription for each they can supply: 1894, January, March, April, May; 1895, April, May; 1896, January, May, October, November, December. Please do not send unless in *good condition*.

## CHIVALRY OF SOUTHERN PEOPLE.

Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke is reported by the *New York Times* as author of the following, illustrating the chivalrous sentiment of the Southern people:

When I was a child, early in 1861, my father took me with him on a trip to Charleston, S. C. The state authorities had already passed the "ordinance of secession," the citizens were wrought up to a high pitch, and Maj. Anderson had been shut up in Fort Sumter. I remember my experiences at that time vividly.

The Federal troops were almost destitute of provisions, and it was a question as to how long they could hold out at Fort Sumter. It was well understood in Charleston that any attempt on the part of the United States to reprovision the garrison would be resisted by force; but there stood Anderson with his handful of men, under the stars and stripes, facing starvation and surrender, possibly annihilation. I observed one day that a number of small boats were putting off from the docks and making for Fort Sumter, where lay the beleaguered Federal troops, and I learned that the women of Charleston had laden these boats with provisions of all sorts, from substantials to luxuries, and were actually sending them to the soldiers whom their brothers and fathers were trying to subdue by starvation or by shot and shell.

As the boats were pulling out I looked into them to see what kind of food the ladies were sending to the enemy, and I saw every delicacy that could be found in the market.

Shortly after the sending of these provisions to the beleaguered fort by the women of Charleston the men of that city, from their batteries on Morris Island, fired upon the "Star of the West," which was engaged upon a similar mission. Charleston would not have allowed the Federal major and his garrison to starve, but was determined not to permit the United States Government to provision the fort. The distinction was clear enough, and the presence of war itself could not hold in abeyance the obligations of hospitality.

I remember just as vividly another experience in the South. Shortly after the war I was in Virginia with my father, and he took me to see Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was then at Washington and Lee University. I don't think that I have ever seen a man whose personality impressed me more. Gen. Lee was one of the few men I have seen who seemed to me to bear upon his brow the unmistakable stamp of greatness. He was exceedingly courteous and kindly. It occurred to him that I, who was a boy at the time, might like a ride on his war-steed, and Traveler was brought out, and the General placed me in the saddle. So for a few moments I sat upon the horse that his companionship in march and in battle had made famous.

C. F. Waldron, who was a sergeant in the Twenty-Ninth Ohio Infantry, now at Welaka, Fla.: "At the battle of Antietam, September, 1862, I found in a piece of woods a Confederate soldier badly wounded in the lower part of the leg. He was struck early in the fight, and was lying under the roots of an upturned tree for protection. I think he was a sergeant and that he told me he belonged to a Georgia regiment. Near him, in a path, was a man who belonged to the Fifth Ohio Infantry, shot through the head and dead. If the Confederate is alive, I would like to hear from him."

## VIVID STORY OF A. S. JOHNSTON AT SHILOH.

J. A. Cochran, of Culleoka, Tenn., writes as follows about Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh:

While Gen. Johnston was at Bowling Green, Ky., I was ordered to report to him as sergeant of his couriers, and as such was with him until his death, at the battle of Shiloh. A little after two o'clock the General and I were alone at a point of observation. He turned his head, and said: "Sergeant, are none of my staff in sight?" Receiving a negative reply, he said: "Where are your couriers?"

I replied: "They are all gone."

"Well, we will ride down here," said the General, indicating the direction.

We rode, I suppose, three hundred yards parallel with our line of battle, when he turned square to the right and rode up to the line, passed through it, turned a little to the right, and said: "Boys, fix bayonets and follow your general."

We made a successful charge, but alas! The General was dressed in gray coat, old-time, black-corded pants, and a gray military cap, and had his sword buckled on. He rode a beautiful dappled-brown horse, a magnificent animal. In the charge a shell burst and tore a part of his left boot from his foot, while a piece of the same shell slightly wounded my horse. Soon afterward the General was struck with a Minie ball just below the right knee, cutting a half-circle in the top of his boot-leg, passing through and lodging under the skin on the inside of his leg. As we rode back we were met by the late Senator Isham G. Harris, who asked him if he was wounded, and he replied: "I fear mortally." Gov. Harris pointed to a ravine, and said: "Bring Dr. Yandell quick!" I did as ordered, but too late. He had bled to death in Gov. Harris' arms. The bullet was removed by Dr. Yandell and sent to his family in California, and I think that it is in the possession of Mrs. George J. Dennis or John Shirley Ward, Los Angeles, Cal.

Gov. Harris was a volunteer aid to Gen. Johnston, and was fearless in executing the orders given him.

The next day we carried the body of Gen. Johnston to Corinth, and from there to New Orleans, and then I reported to my regiment, Company F, First Tennessee Cavalry, and soon afterward I was elected first lieutenant, in which capacity I served the remainder of the war, and was surrendered at Charlotte by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

William Pendleton, Ocala, Fla.: "In the November VETERAN I read that one of the most interesting exhibits at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition was a pair of great iron rollers, mounted on the grounds near the History Building, which were described in handsome raised letters as follows: 'These wheels were made in England. Under the protection of the celebrated war-ship "Alabama" they ran the blockades; were a part of the famous Confederate powder-mills at Augusta, Ga., and made powder for the year 1861.' This is a great mistake. Those two rollers and twenty others, with their heavy bed-plates, were made in Richmond, Va., at the Tredigar Iron Works. I received them, put them all in position, and had charge as general superintendent, and made all the powder used by the Confederate army after 1861. All the machinery for the powder-mills was made in the South."

## SOMETHING MORE ABOUT GETTYSBURG.

A. T. Watts, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff to Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., Dallas, Tex.:

In the December VETERAN an extract from a letter of Col. J. H. Moore to Capt. F. S. Harris is given, which relates to the famous assault at Gettysburg on the 3d of July. I was an eye-witness to that assault, and so situated as to observe the entire movement and at the same time to be practically out of danger.

I was a private in Company A, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, and was then on the skirmish-line. About ten o'clock in the morning we learned that an artillery duel would occur in the afternoon, and were directed to prepare for it. Our position was in plain view of the Federal line on the heights and quite as near to that as our own line of battle. We excavated pits to protect ourselves against shot and shell.

A short time after noon our batteries opened upon the Federal position, and for more than an hour a fierce artillery duel ensued. We had a converging fire, and silenced all the Federal batteries along that part of the line. There was a plank fence running parallel with our skirmish-line and about forty yards in rear of it. About the time the Federal batteries were silenced we were ordered to knock the plank off the fence, so as to permit our assaulting columns to pass. This was accomplished, and we returned to our pits.

We supposed that Anderson's Division would be in the assault, and prepared to fall into line when the column reached our position; but we were ordered to remain on the line we then held. By this time the assaulting column was approaching, and as soon as it passed I mounted the pile of earth in front of my pit, and there remained until the assault had been made and our forces were on the retreat. My position was on the left—that is, about one regiment passed to my left. There was but very little artillery firing pending the assault and until our men were on the retreat, and, in fact, it was not then severe.

I saw the entire column ascend the heights. It seemed to preserve perfect order until just before it reached the Federal line. The position was such as enabled the Federals to pour a front and flank fire upon our extreme left, which caused confusion. Some of the men halted, and others pushed forward. The same condition seemed to exist on the extreme right, but on account of the distance, I can not speak positively. Except upon the extreme left and, perhaps, upon the right, the column maintained its alinement until it reached and forced back the Federal line. By that time the smoke had become so dense that I could only see the left of the column, which was being flanked and driven back. In a short time I saw our men, who had forced the Federal line, retreating down the hill. About that time the Federals moved a short distance down the hill, as if to follow up our retreating men. Gen. A. P. Hill came down to the skirmish-line and ordered us to stop the retreating men and make them form on the pits. Just before they reached the skirmish-line the batteries on Round Top opened an enfilading fire, and the men refused to rally, and continued to retreat. One or two well-directed shells from our batteries drove back the Federal column, after which everything remained quiet.

The divisions of Pickett and Heth went in together, remained together, and retreated together. It has always been a matter of surprise to me how Pickett's Division was accorded all the glory for that assault, when I knew that Heth's men had gone as far and remained as long as did Pickett's men.

No blame could be attached to the men on the extreme left. The center of the column encountered only a front fire, while those on the left encountered the front fire and also a terrific flank fire at close range by troops who were not being fired upon in return.

I then and still believe that if the assaulting column had been supported by McLaws's Division on the right and Anderson's Division on the left that we would have held the heights.

Col. Moore is correct in the statement that Heth's Division is entitled to coequal credit with Pickett's.

Comrade George Wise, of Alexandria, Va.:

I respectfully submit the following in answer to that part of Col. J. H. Moore's letter to Capt. F. S. Harris, as published in the December VETERAN, page 624. Virginians, as a rule, want only the truth as regards the history of the great war, and when inaccuracies are brought out in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the official journal of most of our camps and associations, it is for history's sake that they should be corrected. No disparagement of Heth's Division can be truthfully made by any one, as it was composed of as true, brave, and honest soldiers as were to be found in the Confederate armies. Official reports from eye-witnesses, at this late day, are about as correct descriptions of a battle, especially when those eye-witnesses are of high rank, as one can secure, and when all these eye-witnesses agree as to any one point it becomes indisputable. The following extracts from the "War Records" are submitted to prove what part of that line of valiant men charging the ramparts of the enemy at Gettysburg first gave way:

From Gen. Lee's report: "Owing to this fact (want of ammunition by our artillery), which was unknown to me when the assault took place, the enemy was enabled to throw a strong force of infantry against our left (Heth's Division, commanded by Gen. Pettigrew), 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 (Pickett's Division), after penetrating the enemy's lines, 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."

Gen. Longstreet: "The enemy's batteries soon opened upon our lines with canister, and the left seemed to stagger under it; but the advance was resumed, and with some degree of steadiness. Pickett's troops did not appear to be checked by the batteries, and only halted to deliver a fire when close under musket-range. Maj.-Gen. Anderson's Division was ordered forward to support and assist the wavering columns of Pettigrew and Trimble. Pickett's troops, after delivering fire, advanced to the charge, and, entering the enemy's lines, captured some of his batteries and gained his works. About the same moment the troops that had before hesitated broke their ranks and

fell back in great disorder, many more falling under the enemy's fire in returning than while they were attacking."

Maj. J. Jones, commanding Pettigrew's Brigade: "When within about two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards of the stone wall behind which the enemy was posted we met with a perfect hail-storm of lead from their small arms. The brigade dashed on, and many had reached the wall, when we received a deadly volley from the left. The whole line on the left had given way, and we were being rapidly flanked. With our thin ranks and in such a position, it would have been folly to stand and against such odds. We therefore fell back to our original position in rear of the batteries."

I will answer only one of Conrade Moore's assertions, and close this article, now getting rather lengthy. He says: "Every brigade in the division lost more in proportion than did Pickett's, and Pettigrew's Brigade lost more men, killed and wounded (not prisoners), than all of Pickett's combined."

There were three days' fighting at Gettysburg: the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July. In the first day's battle Heth's Division fought most bravely, and lost very heavily. Gen. Heth's report of this battle has the following: "The Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment lost in this action more than half its members in killed and wounded, among whom were Col. Rengwyn, killed, and Lieut.-Col. Lane, severely wounded." The Twenty-Sixth belonged to Pettigrew's Brigade. That brigade lost in the three days' battles (official) one hundred and ninety killed and nine hundred and fifteen wounded.

Pickett's Division (not brigade, as the Colonel has it) fought only on the third day, and lost (official) two hundred and twenty-four killed, eleven hundred and forty wounded, and fourteen hundred and ninety-nine missing. Many of the missing, as stated in the "War Records," were no doubt among the dead.

The data for this article is from the official records of the Union and Confederate armies.

H. J. Horner (of Field's, afterward Walker's, Brigade), Horner's, Va.:

I noticed in the September VETERAN what Col. Farinholt had to say in regard to Heth's Division giving way at Gettysburg, and am glad that Col. Moore has refuted that statement. I do not doubt Col. Farinholt's sincerity at all, but he is certainly mistaken. My recollection is exactly that of Col. Moore. A goodly number of us did individually give way, and we brought the lead with us. The behavior of my command was highly creditable up to the time that wounds compelled me to drop my gun; and though I lay some time where I fell, the fight drifted onward and away from me. I, for one, am not ashamed of Heth's Division at Gettysburg. We fought under Brockenborough, of the Fortieth Virginia, who at the time was acting brigade general.

M. Warner Hewes, of Baltimore, Md., makes this correction in his article, on page 613, in the December VETERAN: After the words "Gen. Stuart warned him against needlessly exposing himself, but soon Ashby turned," should be "but soon Stuart turned to me and said, 'Let's go and see the Maryland boys charge.'"

### GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON'S CANE-HEAD.

A. J. Hibbett, Rogana, Tenn.:

Yours of the 21st came to-day, asking me to give you the history of Gen. A. S. Johnston's cane-head, which I have in my possession. Here it is: When the war between the states began my sister, Mrs. J. R. Franklin, and her husband, now of Fort Worth, Tex., were living in California, where Gen. Johnston was stationed, in the service of the United States Government. His cane was broken in some way, and he gave the head—a piece of solid steel, highly polished, and the exact size and shape of the diagram I sent you in November—to a friend of his, a brother, I believe, who was an intimate friend of Mr. J. R. Franklin, who was a great admirer of Gen. Johnston, and procured the cane-head from this mutual friend to keep as a souvenir. Franklin came from California in company with Gen. Johnston in 1861, when the latter was on his way to Richmond to offer his services to the Southern cause.

Franklin brought the cane-head with him to my father's home in Sumner County, Tenn., where he came to meet his wife, who had come in advance by steamer; and while there he gave the cane-head to my brother, Dr. J. L. Hibbett, of the Twenty-Fourth Tennessee. He gave the head to me, and it has been in my possession ever since. Gen. Johnston was killed in the thickest of the fight, and the last sound he heard was the shout of victory from his soldiers at Shiloh.

### CONFEDERATES IN MARYLAND.

The Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the state of Maryland makes nominations and elects officers at a subsequent meeting for this year. Nominations were made November 16, 1897, and the election was held December 21. The officers elected are: President, Brig.-Gen. Bradley T. Johnson; Vice-Presidents, Capt. George W. Booth, Capt. George R. Gaither, Capt. William L. Ritter, Engineer Eugene M. Browne, Private R. M. Blundon, Lieut. H. M. Graves, Midshipman John T. Mason, R., Private D. Ridgely Howard, Private Hugh McWilliams, Private Frank T. Blake, Private George Eisenberg, Private James L. Aubrey; Recording Secretary, Capt. Augustine J. Smith; Assistant Recording Secretary, Private Joshua Thomas; Corresponding Secretary, Private John F. Hayden; Treasurer, Capt. F. M. Colston; Executive Committee, Private James R. Wheeler, Maj. W. Stuart Symington, Sergt. William H. Pope, Private August Simon, Private R. J. Stinson, Private Mark O. Shriver, Private D. L. Thomas; Chaplains, Rev. W. U. Murkland, D.D. (sergeant-major), Rev. William M. Dame (private), Rev. Benjamin F. Ball (sergeant), Rev. R. W. Cowardin, S. J. (sergeant); Sergeant-at-Arms, Sergt. George W. Schafer.

W. T. Hardison, Nashville, Tenn.: "My brother, M. E. Hardison, a member of Capt. Aydelott's Company, Forty-Eighth Tennessee Regiment Infantry, surrendered at Fort Donelson; was sick in the hospital at the time, and has never been heard from since. Information concerning him would be gladly received."

If the friends and relatives of Capt. J. J. Partin, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, would like to know of his fate, they can learn particulars by writing to W. H. Coffey, Palestine, Ark., who was a member of Company B, Fourth Tennessee Infantry.

A SOLDIER OF ROBERT E. LEE.

'Twas a bright summer morn and the beautiful sun  
Shone out in splendor so grand,  
And the sweet-scented violets were kissed by the dew,  
With a blessing by Heaven's kind hand.  
On a steep mountain-side was a lone mound of clay,  
O'er this grave stood a green willow-tree.  
By some unsteady hand was a board rudely carved:  
"Rest Ye, Soldier of Robert E. Lee."

To my eyes came sad tears as I gazed on that mound,  
And my heart with sorrow was filled,  
As my thought wandered back to the days long gone by,  
And dear voices once heard, but now stilled;  
Lying in this lone grave on the side of the hill  
Rests a hero from all sorrow free;  
But perhaps some poor mother awaits the return  
Of this soldier of Robert E. Lee.

Calmly sleeps this brave soldier on Virginia's dear shore,  
And sweet birds sadly chirp o'er his mound;  
But no sound of their music will e'er reach his ear,  
Till God's trumpet sweet music will sound.  
On the great judgment-day, when heaven's gates open wide,  
And God's children from earthly cares flee,  
A welcome will sound from the sweet pearly gates  
For a soldier of Robert E. Lee.

For a cause he has given his true noble life,  
For the sunny South's honor he died;  
And Virginia has claimed him—he now lies at rest  
In a grave on the green mountain-side.  
O dear martyred son in that grave on the hill,  
Virginia has oft wept for thee,  
As she wept when bereft of her two bravest sons,  
George Washington and Robert E. Lee.

CAREER OF "COLEMAN'S" SCOUTS.

Four of the few surviving members of the celebrated scouts organized by Capt. H. B. Shaw met in Nashville recently and made the following report:

We, the surviving fellow scouts, have met and from memory given to the VETERAN a list of all who belonged to Shaw's Scouts:

H. B. Shaw, captain, known as "Capt. Coleman," was killed by a steamboat explosion on the Mississippi River after the war.

John Davis, once wounded, had a severe case of typhoid fever, and was honorably discharged. Was killed in the same explosion with Shaw.

Alf H. Douglas, captured twice; escaped once, and was recaptured by Gen. Forrest. Stayed to the end.

Thomas M. Joplin, wounded twice, captured once, and was stolen from Nashville by Miss Anne Patterson, now Mrs. Anne Hill, of Nashville.

Bill T. Robinson, captured twice, escaped once. Was in prison at the end.

Everard Patterson, wounded three times, captured, and escaped from the penitentiary after having been court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. Paroled at Kingston, Ga.

Bill Roberts, captured once, escaped, and stayed to the end.

Billy Moore, captured twice, and escaped from the court martial while being tried at Pulaski. Came back and stayed to the end.

Joshua Brown, captured and sent to prison; never returned to us. Now lives in New York City.

Munford Street, captured once, wounded, and sent to prison. Never returned.

"Gup" Kibble, captured and never returned.

Tom Brown, captured, exchanged, and surrendered with Dick Taylor.

Alex Gregg, captured twice, wounded twice, and killed, but not in battle.

Sam Roberts, captured three times, escaped twice, court-martialed and sentenced to be shot; escaped from Clifton with a Yankee who was also sentenced to be shot. Dead.

Tom Hughes, badly wounded and discharged.

Dee Jobe, captured near Triune and murdered.

Dan Sneed, captured four times; escaped three times, twice in Indiana and once in Kentucky, by cutting holes in box-cars; was sent to prison the last time, where he stayed to the end of the war.

Sam Davis, captured and hanged at Pulaski

Jack Coffee, captured three times, escaped twice; finally captured and killed.

John Melver, wounded twice badly; returned to duty and stayed to the end. Dead.

Bob Owens, wounded once; stayed to the end. Dead.

John Drane, wounded once; stayed to the end. Dead.

Pillow Humphreys, captured, exchanged, and stayed to the end. Dead.

"Kage" Everett, wounded twice, captured twice, and died in prison.

Dick Dillard, captured, and killed because he would tell nothing.

James T. Patterson, captured, returned to duty, and was honorably discharged on account of bad health. Dead.

Newt Vaughn, wounded badly; stayed to the end. Dead.

E. Grant, killed on his first day's duty.

Hans Carter, captured twice, recaptured once, went to prison and stayed there all during the war.

Jim Carter, captured and sent to prison. Never knew what became of him.

Hick Kelley, killed third day after entering service.

Josh Luck, captured twice; tried for his life at Franklin, Tenn., was defended by Gen. W. G. Brien, who saved him before a court martial; went to prison, returned to duty, and was killed near Nolensville. After being shot off his horse he killed two men.

Tom Gwinn, captured twice, exchanged once, went to prison. Don't know what became of him.

Charley Lippingwell, captured, and never returned to us.

Oscar Davis, too young to be in regular service, but was of great service to the scouts. So was Billy Woodruff, a mere boy, who would go on any hazardous errand into the Yankee lines.

Houston English, the negro boy who stole the papers which hung Sam Davis, deserves our highest esteem for what he did for us in saving us from capture. He went back and forth from Pulaski to Mr. English's, where we were all known. He saved the boys time and again.

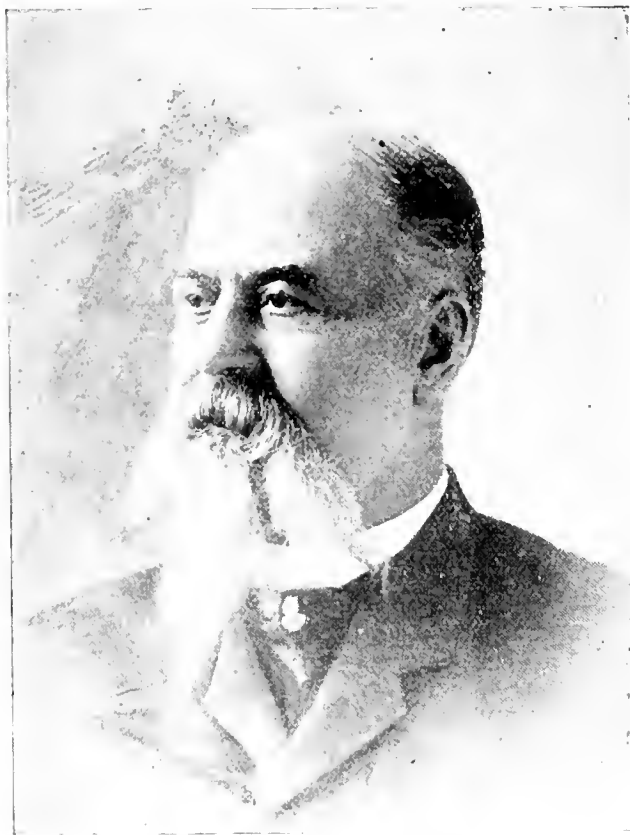
Mr. Cunningham, we, the undersigned, do highly appreciate your efforts to raise a monument to Sam Davis, and will do all we can to help it financially. We have tried to furnish you a complete list of Coleman's Scouts.

Signed: Alf H. Douglas, E. M. Patterson, William B. Robinson, Tom M. Joplin.

## NINETEENTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

Gen. N. H. Harris, of San Francisco, Cal., wrote to Gen. James Longstreet, February 12, 1864, as follows:

I had the honor of serving under you during the war between the Northern and Southern states. The Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment, Col. Christopher H. Mott, was a part of your old division, and I was a captain in that regiment, and became its colonel on the resignation of L. Q. C. Lamar. Afterward, when the troops were brigaded by states, the Nineteenth Mississippi formed part of Featherston's Brigade, Anderson's Division. Posey succeeded Featherston and I succeeded Posey in command of the brigade, and remained in command until Appomattox. Mahone commanding the division. I indulge in this prelude in order to re-



GEN. N. H. HARRIS.

call my command to your memory, for very many years have passed since the events I shall refer to occurred. The enclosed is a clipping from one of the daily papers of this city; and, if you are quoted correctly in the interview reported, you have done injustice to a command which on many occasions obeyed and followed you with great confidence.

April, 1865, Mahone's Division occupied the Chesterfield front between Swift Run and the James River, my command (Harris' Mississippi Brigade) holding the right of the line. About one o'clock on the morning of April 2 I received an order from Gen. Mahone to withdraw my command from the works, march without delay to Petersburg, cross at the upper pontoon bridge, and report to Gen. R. E. Lee. In obedience to

this order the command was at once withdrawn from the works, leaving only the line of pickets, and at quick time marched toward Petersburg. We arrived at Petersburg about sunrise, and crossed at the upper pontoon bridge, as directed. I met Gen. Lee a short distance from the bridge, mounted and accompanied by several members of his staff. I at once reported to him for orders. Turning to one of his staff, he inquired if Gen. Gordon's line was still intact; and, being answered in the affirmative, he ordered me to move with my command to the Boydton plank road and report to Gen. Wilcox, near the Newman House. My brigade had been in winter quarters near the Newman House during the preceding winter. I was perfectly familiar with the ground, and soon arrived at the indicated point, where I found Wilcox without an organized command. He had two or three members of his staff with him. The enemy, during the preceding night massed (Wright's and two divisions of Ord's Corps) before the front of Wilcox's Division, and at an early hour of the morning charged and broke through his extended and thin line, passed to the rear of our works in the direction of the Appomattox River, and at the time of my arrival were forming their lines to advance toward Petersburg—unmolested, except by the firing of two pieces of artillery in front and near the Newman House and a scattering fire from squads of men from Wilcox's disorganized command.

By Wilcox's direction, I moved west on the plank road about a quarter of a mile and formed line of battle across and perpendicular to that road, advancing a line of skirmishers well to the front. The enemy made a careful disposition for their advance, and moved forward in two lines of battle. My skirmish-line was soon forced back, and, realizing the futility of attempting to check the advancing lines of the enemy with my small force (about four hundred men) in such an exposed position, I fell back to the vicinity of the Newman House, where I again met Wilcox. On the Boydton plank road, about four hundred yards from the Newman House, in the direction of Petersburg, Battery Gregg was located. It was a detached, enclosed work, with gorge or postern in rear, and surrounded by a ditch. To the north, in the direction of the Appomattox River, and about six hundred yards from Battery Gregg, was a similar earthwork, called Battery Whitworth. These two works were constructed to meet the very emergency that had now arisen—*i. e.*, to protect the rear of the lines in the immediate front of Petersburg in the event our lines farther to the right were forced by the enemy. After a conference with Wilcox I fell back and occupied these two works, placing the Twelfth and Sixteenth Regiments in Battery Gregg, with Lieut.-Col. James H. Duncan, of the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment, in command, and the Nineteenth and Forty-Eighth Regiments in Battery Whitworth, taking personal command of that work. In Battery Gregg there was a section of the Washington Artillery, under command of Lieut. McElroy. In Battery Whitworth there were four rifled guns, but they were withdrawn after firing only a few rounds, in spite of my protest. At this time I received instructions from Gen. Lee to supply my command with plenty of ammunition, as he expected me to hold the two works until Longstreet arrived from the north side of the

James with a part of his corps. The enemy first assaulted Battery Gregg, and were repulsed with great loss. Again and again they charged the works, being as often driven back by the deadly, withering fire, until at last, by the momentum of numbers, they pushed into the ditch, then up onto the parapet, where for a few minutes, amid the hand-to-hand conflict that ensued, both the Federal and Confederate colors were seen. The struggle was too unequal, and the defenders, after a most determined and heroic struggle, were compelled to yield to the host that swept over the works. Gregg was assisted materially by a flank fire from Whitworth. Of this defense Swinton, in his "Army of the Potomac," page 603, says: "The attack was directed against Forts Gregg and Alexander [Whitworth], two strong enclosed works, the most salient and commanding south of Petersburg. The former of these redoubts was manned by Harris' Mississippi Brigade, numbering two hundred and fifty men, and this handful of skilled marksmen conducted the defense with such intrepidity that Gibbon's forces, surging repeatedly against it, were each time thrown back. At length, at 7 A.M., a renewed charge carried the work, but not till its two hundred and fifty defenders had been reduced to thirty; and it is calculated that each of these riflemen struck down at least two assailants, for Gibbon's loss was above five hundred men. . . . This increase of his force, slight though it was, together with the protracted resistance offered by Fort Gregg, enabled Lee to establish what of force remained to him in such wise as would best avail for the defense of the city." The two regiments defending Battery Gregg suffered severely, but the loss was not as great as Swinton states.

After the fall of Battery Gregg the enemy formed his attacking column to assault Battery Whitworth, and was moving upon that work when a staff officer of Gen. Lee came to me with orders to withdraw the remainder of my command at once from Battery Whitworth, as Longstreet had arrived with his troops. The order to evacuate Battery Whitworth was given to the commanders of the Nineteenth and Forty-Eighth Regiments, but as the enemy was close upon us and we were nearly enveloped and under a cross-fire, our withdrawal was made without much regard to order. The enemy pursued us but a short distance.

As we were retiring and crossing Town Run, Benning's Brigade made its advance near the Cox road. To what extent it became engaged with the enemy I do not know; I heard only the dropping fire of skirmishers in that direction. This I do know, however: my command had been fighting the enemy and holding him in check for more than two hours before Benning's Brigade arrived on the field.

In conclusion, I beg to state that it is not my purpose to impugn your motive, as I do not believe you were correctly reported, and I feel assured that you would not do intentional wrong to any command of that grand old army, to whose honor and renown you contributed so much; but for the truth of history and in justice to the gallant men who on that fateful day, by their heroic and determined struggle, held the foe at bay until the arrival of your troops I record these facts.

The engraving of Gen. Harris was made to go with a different sketch; but conference with him was necessary, and he is in Europe.

## DARK CHAPTER IN PRISON LIFE.

JUDGE D. C. THOMAS, LAMPASAS, TEX.

I was captured in North Mississippi by the Seventh Illinois Cavalry, October 22, 1863, together with an old friend named R. L. Robinson (and several other whom I did not know), who was at the time a paroled Vicksburg prisoner, but they refused to recognize his parole papers. Soon after my capture the command was ordered on a march. A sergeant named Porter rode up to me and assured me that I should not be mistreated, not even insulted, and told me to report any ill usage to him. He was a small, wiry man with keen, restless black eyes and an open, honest countenance, and Sir Walter Scott's lines flashed through my mind:

"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,  
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"

I requested that my friend Robinson and I be not separated. He ordered Robinson brought to where I was, called a corporal named Joe Dewey, and ordered him to remain with us and see that I was properly treated as a prisoner of war. The cold October rain gave me a pretext, and I put on my Mexican blanket and concealed my money as best I could. About midnight we reached a country church and took shelter for the night. Robinson and I were permitted to lie down in the pulpit, where we spent the night whispering our plans of escape to avoid the winter in a Northern prison. Before day a thief came to me and took my fine Mexican spurs off my boots. He thought me asleep, but I was far from it. The next morning Serg. Porter told me that he had heard that a thief had stolen my spurs, and that he had recovered my property, at the same time offering to return them, but I requested him to accept them as a present. He thanked me, and offered to pay me for them, but I refused the money. Long after this, while a prisoner at Fort Delaware, I learned by letter that my spurs had been recovered at Fort Pillow when Forrest captured the place. I suppose that Porter was killed there.

That evening we arrived at Collierville, a town of tents, as we had burned the place about a week before. Joe Dewey invited me to take supper at his table, apologizing for the "short meal," and said that he received some fine butter from home a few days before, and would have had some for supper "if you fellers had not smoked us out." After supper Dewey invited me to walk with him through the camp, and I gladly accepted. He said that if I would promise not to attempt to escape he would not take any arms with him. I made the promise for that walk, but told him candidly that when we returned my promise would be null and void, as I should certainly try to make my escape if an opportunity offered afterward. In our walk through the camp it was very dark, and I regretted having made the promise. At the sutler's tent he handed me a good cigar, the first I had seen since crossing the Mississippi. On our return I was incarcerated in a log pen which had been improvised for a guard-house. Soon after we lay down Joe disappeared, and a drunken brute in Federal uniform stumbled in and fell down on me. He cursed and abused me, saying that he recognized me, that I was a bushwhacker, and that I should have attention in the morning, as he would report me. This did not soothe me to a refreshing slumber, for the latter

part of his charge was true. The guards finally pulled him out of the pen and drove him off. Next morning I was taken to headquarters; but the commanding officer, after questioning me for a few minutes, ordered me taken back to the guard-house.

That evening all of the prisoners were placed on board the train and carried to Memphis. At the entrance of the Irving Block we were saluted with the cry of "fresh fish" by about one hundred unfortunates who had preceded us. We were searched and robbed. About dusk we were arranged in columns, and two filthy negroes, each with a tin bucket, came in. One handed each of us a cracker, and the other would gig up a small piece of fat meat with a sharp stick and push it off to us with his thumb. The ladies of Memphis would often drive by our prison door and wave their hands, their handkerchiefs, or throw flowers at us, but we were not permitted to speak to them. It was here that I first saw that noble Southern lady, Miss Mary Cherry. Through some influence she was permitted to speak to us and to send in for distribution such clothing as was most needed.

Ten or fifteen days later we were marched down to the Mississippi River and onto the boiler-deck of an old steamboat, and a strong guard was placed in the cabin. The old boat backed out, groaned, puffed, and in a few minutes we were going up the great Mississippi, away from home and friends, we knew not where, because *they* said we were in rebellion.

It was a glorious evening—clear, calm, and just cool enough to be pleasant. The sun was setting in splendor, but no one can imagine my feelings. My brain was racked trying to devise some means of escape. About dusk the cry was raised, "The yawl is gone!" and immediately a hundred Yankees were on hurricane-deck with guns in hand. I looked down the river, and could see the little boat floating, but no person was visible in it. After it was well out of gunshot a man raised up, grasped the paddles, and struck out for the Arkansas shore. We learned that our lucky comrade was a young man who had been married but a few days when he was captured, and was now landing near the residence of his young wife.

A few days later we arrived at Alton, Ill. We were marched into the inside of the outer wall of the old penitentiary building, and were taken up a stairway, one by one, thoroughly searched, and again systematically robbed. While waiting for my name to be called Dr. J. S. Riley came to a gate in a partition wall and looked through at me. I inquired of the sentinel stationed at the gate if I could speak to a friend. In a gruff voice he answered, "No!" but at the same time looked off in another direction, which encouraged me to take my chances. I stepped up to Dr. Riley, shook hands with him, and placed a five-dollar gold piece in his hand. He whispered to me to try to avoid the hospital, and, if possible, to avoid vaccination, saying that they were using poisonous virus.

My name was soon called, and I ascended the stairway, entered the search-room, and was ordered to take off my coat, boots, pants, etc., was well searched, my gray jacket thrown on the filthy floor and the buttons cut off, taking out a piece of cloth about the size of a twenty-five cent piece at each button. I was then ordered down another flight of stairs, and instructed to go to the hospital and be vaccinated. At the foot of

the stairway I discovered a narrow, dark alley at right angles, and, without knowing what the result would be, I sprang into the dark. After groping my way for perhaps a hundred feet, I saw light, and, stepping out, found myself among about twelve hundred fellow prisoners. So there I was, more than a thousand miles from home, surrounded by stone walls forty feet high, in a cold latitude with but little clothing or bedding, guarded by bitter enemies, with but little prospect of ever again seeing the land of Dixie. And for what? Because I had dared to defend my home and Southland when invaded by enemies.

The winter was unusually severe, even for this climate, and our supply of provisions, coal, and wood was very limited. I was soon prostrated with a severe fever, and when Dr. Riley visited me he pronounced it a distinct case of smallpox, and told me that it was his imperative duty to report it to the authorities, and that I would be sent to the smallpox island. Imagine my feelings. The Mississippi River was now frozen over, so that wagons loaded with green wood and drawn by six mules were constantly crossing on the ice. Soon after Dr. Riley pronounced mine a case of smallpox two men placed me on a litter and carried me to the river's edge, where I was rolled onto a sled and drawn over the ice to the island, where I was again placed on a litter, carried to a tent and rolled off onto the ground. I told Dr. Gray, a Confederate prisoner on detail service that I was a special friend of Dr. Riley, and requested that I be furnished with a bed. Dr. Gray inquired of a nurse if he could furnish me a place to lie down. The nurse replied that a man had just died, and that as soon as he was removed I could have his place. This smallpox island was in the Mississippi River, between the Missouri and Illinois shores, and the hospitals were cloth tents. After waiting for some time I was carried into the tent and tumbled off onto the dead man's bunk, the nurse remarking: "They have sent some more dead men over here for us to bury."

On the bunk were two pairs of blankets: one pair to lie on, and the other to cover with. A nurse approached, and asked how many blankets I had. I replied that I had three pairs, but that one pair was my private property that I had brought with me. With an oath he snatched my blankets, remarking that I was entitled to but two pairs of blankets, and should have no more. I was as weak as a child and had a burning fever, but my anathemas dumfounded him, and without a word he laid my blankets on another bunk, and left the tent. A convalescent prisoner named Lane was a witness to what had occurred, and when the nurse left the tent he brought my blankets and spread them over me, and said that a detail had been over that day from the prison and had washed and hung out to dry some blankets, and that as soon as it grew dark I should have another pair. He was true to his promise, and also took the socks off my feet, washed and dried them, and did all in his power to render me more comfortable. That night a nurse came round and placed on my bunk a tin cup filled with a white fluid, which he said was milk. There was also a hard lump of boiled corn-meal in the cup. This he called mush. Being thirsty, I drank the white fluid, but did not know how to manage the lump, as I had no spoon. My good friend Robinson, hearing through a returned convalescent of my condition, bribed a passing guard, and sent



me a spoon and an apple. That night a man called for a nurse to come with a light, saying that a man was on him in his bunk. When the nurse came the delirious man had gotten off the bunk and was sitting on the ground at the foot of it dead. All day and all night, day after day and night after night, the groans and prayers of the poor, suffering prisoners could be heard piteously begging for water or for some trivial attention from the cold-hearted nurses.

After some two weeks ten or fifteen of us were pronounced sufficiently recovered to return to prison, and each of us was furnished with a pair of old blue pants with a huge hole cut in the seat and an old army overcoat with the tail bobbed off in an unshapely manner. These garments, which they compelled us to wear, they called the "Jeff Davis uniform." The sun had shone out for several days, and the ice on the river was beginning to thaw. We were marched across the river, a distance of about a mile, sinking into the mush ice up to the top of our shoes at every step, and when we reached the city and were again incarcerated in the old penitentiary my feet were wet, half-frozen, and a ring of ice around each ankle. Why this trip did not kill us all is more than I can explain. A few days later I was stricken down with pneumonia, followed by flux, and, although that eminent physician and true friend of mine, Dr. Riley, gave me every attention, he despaired of saving my life, and my messmates were permitted, one by one, to visit me and to look on me, as they supposed, for the last time in life. I well knew that Dr. Riley had lost hope, and requested him to administer a powerful stimulant, which he did, to gratify what he supposed my last wish. The stimulant had the desired effect, and I was soon asleep. When I awoke Dr. Riley was standing by me with a smiling countenance. He inquired if I wished the stimulant repeated, and when I answered in the negative he told me to try to sleep and that I would soon be up again. Dr. Riley is still living, at Pilot Point, Vanzandt County, Tex.

When I was well enough to return to my mess I learned that a roll was being made up of those who had recovered from smallpox, and that they would be sent somewhere, but we could not learn where. At all events, they were to leave Alton; and, although I was very weak, I determined to try to have my name enrolled, and at least start away from that abominable old penitentiary. Dr. Riley tried to prevail on me to remain, and informed me that he had the promise of a position as medical director on the smallpox island; that if I would remain he would secure me a position as superintendent of gardening on the island, and that we two could certainly make our escape and go to Canada. The prospect was tempting, but I did not believe that I could live there until spring, and determined to leave, although I did not know where I was going or what would be my fate. The Doctor carried out his program, made his escape, and, under an assumed name, wrote to me from Canada. My name was enrolled, and on February 29, 1864, with the assistance of friends I boarded the train, and was soon whirling over the prairies of Illinois.

A day or two later we learned that our destination was Fort Delaware, and that it was simply a hell on earth, a statement which I afterward learned was literally true. We were crowded together in box-cars, with no accommodations, but little to eat, and poor fa-

cilities for warming, although the face of the earth was covered with snow and ice from Alton to Philadelphia. On March 5 we landed at Fort Delaware. We were again searched and robbed. Once in Hades, all prospect of escape or exchange vanished, and here I was destined to remain and suffer cold, starvation, insult, and injury until June following Gen. Lee's surrender. I had yet to deal with the unfeeling Scheoff, the general commanding; with the cold-hearted Capt. Ahl; the Dutch ignoramus, Lieut. Deitz; the unscrupulous Serg. Miller; the calm, calculating villain, Serg. O'Neal; with the kind, well-meaning, but fanatical, Billy Graham; and last, but not least, with that ape-faced, idiotic, cowardly scamp, "Old Hackout," who was himself a prisoner, it is said, in consequence of his dastardly cowardice at the battle of Manassas.

William M. Boggs, Esq., Charleroi, Pa.:

On July 2, 1863, I was taken prisoner by Wofford's Georgia Brigade, near the peach-orchard, at Gettysburg, during Longstreet's charge. While on my way to the Confederate rear, under guard, through a field in rear of Sherfy's brick house, well strewn with dead and wounded Confederates, and while our batteries were raking that territory, one of the wounded, a splendid young fellow, looked up at me and said: "Yank, for God's sake help me out of this!" Obtaining the assent of my guardian, I put my right arm under him, and, lifting him to his feet, almost carried him for probably a mile (under that fire it seemed fully ten miles) to a field hospital in a stone farm-house, and there deposited him. Before leaving each had learned that the other was the son of a widowed mother; and, as I was already a prisoner and he expected to be, we exchanged our mothers' addresses. The slip of paper on which his mother's address was written, with divers other goods and chattels, was taken from me by Imboden's men after we had crossed the Potomac, and I have never been able to recall his name. According to agreement, he wrote to my mother from Fort Delaware, and she promptly proceeded there, taking with her those tasty delicacies a dear, good mother knows how to furnish, and nursed him into convalescence. My mother dying suddenly took away that means of learning his name. I only know that he was a Georgian, and simply out of curiosity and the natural interest the incident created I would like to hear of it from him. I may add that I have abiding respect for a Confederate veteran—a real one—and I know that, if alive, he is a genuine specimen.

Rev. James F. Duncan, No. 1008 Hardy Street, Houston, Tex., desires to secure information of a brother. He writes: "My brother, W. A. Duncan, sergeant of Company A, Twenty-Second Alabama Regiment, was shot in the head on Sunday morning of the second day's battle at Chickamauga and taken to the hospital—I think about 'Dyersbridge,' on the Chickamauga Creek—and died on the Tuesday following, and was buried by a companion, Erastus Nelson, now dead. I am anxious to learn if the bodies of those who died at this field hospital were removed. I know some of the Confederate dead were reinterred at Marietta, Ga., but am unable to learn about my brother."

## CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS: A MEMORIAL.

BY MRS. DAISY HODGSON.

With laurel oft your brows have been entwined,  
In other days when victories you have gained,  
And got applause from all the world combined  
For feats of arms, with cruelty unstained.

Now that your days of warfare here are o'er,  
With cypress we do deck your resting-place,  
And with sweet strains our love in sadness pour  
To you our heroes, grandest of your race.  
New Orleans, La.

## MEMORIES OF VIRGINIA.

BY CHARLES PARKHILL.

## JAMES RIVER.

O river of story, fair dream of delight,  
As onward to ocean, mid scenes of my love,  
The tempest of war and its record of blight  
Is lost in thy rippling and the plaint of the dove.

From thy rise in the highlands to Chesapeake Bay  
Thy hurry of waters to the embrace of the sea  
Is heard in its fretting by night and by day,  
And the capital's rapids are music to me.

I love the soft breeze that steals from thy breast;  
It is laden with memories that perfume the past;  
It speaks of my mother, ever glorious and best,  
Whose bosom is now healed from war's deadly blast.

## THE STATE.

The sun is ever bright when Virginia is kissed;  
The sigh of the wind is an eloquence dear;  
Each rustle of grass is melody missed,  
And the moan of the pine is ever sweet to the ear.

The zephyr of spring, with its breath of the flowers,  
Intoxicates senses now wrapped in reflection.  
The fragrance of meadow, when blessed by the showers,  
Tells of thee, faithful mother, in fondest affection.

O may I never falter in devotion to thee,  
Or cease to remember the hand that bore me,  
As I hail *sic semper*, the acclaim of the free,  
The boast of thy people from mountain to sea!

## MUSINGS.

These things are all true of other lands, too,  
But they speak not the language that can not abate.  
Thy sons who forget thee are not of the true  
Who in love never thinks of his own native state.

The joy of musing on scenes of the past  
Is an insight most dear to those of the race  
Who in fond recollection are wont to recast  
Their tenderest emotions that time can't efface.  
Baltimore, Md.

## COURAGE—HOW MEN ARE COWARDS.

BY REV. J. B. HAWTHORNE, D.D.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans courage was synonymous with virtue. They looked upon a brave man as one possessing all the qualities which make the ideal character. In our own day courage is more admired and lauded than any other virtue. The man who has shown himself to be fearless in the presence of opposition and danger is everywhere the favorite and idol of the people. In a matrimonial contest, if the coveted prize be a truly womanly woman, such a man fears not the competition of one of doubtful courage. If he becomes a candidate for office, his friends keep constantly

before the public the facts of his history which illustrate knightly valor. There is no argument or eloquence that can match the magnetism of a battle-scarred face. The war-marked countenance of John B. Gordon has done more to enthrone him in the hearts of Georgians than all the beautiful words that have fallen from his lips. There is no slogan that kindles such enthusiasm among a people who are responsive to noble sentiment as the pregnant words of some brave soldier who stood in a fearful breach and beckoned his comrades to follow him to victory or death.

Another fact indicative of the profound regard which men cherish for this virtue is that no epithet is so offensive to them as coward. A man of exceptionally dull sensibility will hear himself denounced as deceitful, tricky, and dishonest without feeling much humiliation; but when some one confronts him before the multitude and brands him as a coward he feels degraded, and he will either wipe out the stigma by a brave and manly resentment of the insulting accusation or he will drop his head and ignominiously sneak out of sight.

If you are courageous, you have the groundwork upon which a noble character may be built; but if you begin life a coward, there is scarcely anything on which we can base a reasonable hope of your growth into an honorable manhood. One of the proverbial sayings of a distinguished lecturer on ethical questions is that "a rascal may be reformed, but there is no hope for a fool." My observation teaches me that the possibilities of a coward are even less than those of a fool. I would rather undertake to make an honest man out of a rascal or a wise man out of a fool than a heroic man out of a natural coward.

Nothing is more common in this world than counterfeit courage. In social, commercial, political, literary, scientific, and religious circles there are legions of people who admire bravery and think themselves brave, but an analysis of their conduct shows them to be cowards. There is no human quality that can be so easily counterfeited as courage. There is no virtue which men and women are so often tempted to counterfeit and none concerning which they can so readily deceive themselves and bamboozle a credulous public.

If I can help to distinguish the true from the false, so that men may be able to form a more correct estimate of themselves and to see more clearly where they may justly bestow admiration and honor, I shall have accomplished my purpose in this article. Candor compels me to say that I have never found a human being who in all his life and in every part of him was thoroughly and consistently courageous. Doubtless there are some persons who will be wounded by this assertion. They think themselves brave, and they are brave in some things; but, if they would permit me, I could show them some very strange and humiliating contradictions in their conduct and character. I could show them that on one side they are heroic and on another side almost pusillanimous.

I have a distinguished military friend who in all his eventful life has scarcely felt such an emotion as physical fear. I shall be very careful not to mention his name or the place of his residence. I will go to jail before I will gratify any curiosity that may be excited by my complimentary or uncomplimentary allusions to him. There is nothing in the history of war that surpasses the daring of some of this man's deeds. A

true description of his valorous conduct amid the smoke, thunder, and carnage of the great battles in which he was a conspicuous figure would be greeted among brave men anywhere with loud and long-continued applause. But intellectually my distinguished friend has scarcely more courage than a common idiot. He has no opinions of his own upon any subject. He investigates nothing but public opinion; he accepts as true whatever a majority of the people among whom he lives have declared to be true. If he were a Tennessean (I will not say that he is not a Tennessean), and a majority of the people of the state should decide that the man in the moon is the only proper object of religious worship, he would throw away his Bible and prayer-book and become a conspicuous devotee at the shrine of the Lunar god. If he were a Georgian, and a majority of the people of that old commonwealth should declare that monarchy is the best form of government for this country, he would furl his Democratic flag and become as blatant in his advocacy of royalty as any subject of the Russian czar. The mildest thing that my sense of truth and justice will permit me to say about my distinguished military friend is that he is an intellectual coward.

A few years ago I witnessed an extraordinary exhibition of social courage on the part of certain strong-minded women who had met in a national convention to assert their rights to be voters, political stump-speakers, lawyers, Congressmen, constables, policemen, circus acrobats, riders of bicycles, and imitators of every species of masculinity. Verily, it was no mean display of courage for these women thus to defy not only the Bible and the law of God written upon their own physical and mental constitution, but that irrepressible and incurable social sentiment to be found in every orthodox and conservative community which is utterly intolerant of all such unfeminine aspirations. After listening to those brave women for four long days, and my mind had recovered from the shocks it had received from their fierce denunciations of "the lords of creation," I reached the conclusion that if they had moral courage equal to their intellectual and social courage they would be a little more just and gentle in their treatment of their feeble-minded husbands. I suppose it has not escaped your observation that every strong-minded woman who has entered the matrimonial state has a feeble-minded husband.

It is not uncommon to find men who, though intellectually and morally brave, are almost destitute of physical courage. They would run from the tiniest mouse that ever nibbled at a crumb; they would sit up all night rather than sleep in a dark room; when the sky betokens the approach of a thunder-storm they seek refuge in a feather bed.

My many friends and comforters will not allow me to be unmindful of my own weaknesses. While giving me credit for some degree of physical courage and moral heroism, they say that my manhood utterly evaporates when confronted by a belligerent woman clad in the habiliments of her subjugated husband. I plead guilty to the indictment. It would be worse than hypocrisy to deny it. But let me say that such a feminine monstrosity is about the only thing on the earth or under the earth that does make my knees fail me. I could stand in the presence of such an embodied spirit of evil and truthfully say what Macbeth said to the

ghost: "Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, the armed rhinoceros, or the Hurcan tiger; take any shape but that, and my firm nerve shall never tremble; or be alive again, and dare me to the desert with thy sword. And, if trembling I inhibit thee, pronounce me the baby of a girl."

We may be reluctant to admit it, but it is nevertheless



REV. J. B. HAWTHORNE, D.D.

true that there is some weak place in every man's armor. There is some spot where temptation penetrates it and manly valor breaks down in cowardice. I am free to confess that my own weak spot is a mortal dread of the new woman.

The ideal man is one in whose character all kinds of courage exist and blend in harmonious proportions.

L. J. Johnson, Malinda, Ga., was shot through the ankle at Fisher's Hill, Va., on the 22d of February, 1864, and was taken to the field hospital by a boy soldier named Webster (?), Twelfth Virginia Infantry (?), who was carrying his major's horse to the rear, the major having been killed or captured. If he is living, Comrade Johnson would be glad to hear from him.

Copy of a furlough signed by a Confederate officer only:

Appomattox Court-House, Va., April 10, 1865.  
The bearer, Private J. C. Gillespie, of Company E, Seventh Regiment of Tennessee, a paroled prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home and there remain undisturbed. S. G. Shepard, Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Seventh Tennessee Regiment.

## HISTORY OF CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL WORK.

An address has been published by members of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Atlanta to all Memorial Associations of the South, requesting them to formulate a history of their organizations, all to be published in one volume as a tribute to the heroes of the Confederacy. The object of the move is the propagation of Southern history. The memorial associations have been organized ever since the war, and have done excellent work. They deem it wise to preserve a record of these acts. The resolution was offered by Mrs. Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta. The proposition was agreed to with enthusiastic unanimity, and a committee was appointed to correspond with memorial associations of all the Southern States in reference to the object.

The appeal expresses the belief that "no trust more sacred ever fell into the keeping of any people than that which was committed to Southern woman at the close of the bloody war in which so many brave and true men died for the land they loved and the cause in which they believed and for which they sacrificed all things save their honor. For more than a quarter of a century the ladies' memorial associations have lovingly and tenderly commemorated the patriotism and valor of our Confederate dead by strewing upon their graves the fairest flowers our Southern land produces. They have discharged this trust in the recall of their own bereavements and in sympathy with those who were mourning like themselves. But they also sought to declare by their annual tender observance of Memorial Day how greatly they prized the chivalric character of the noble Southern men who are sleeping the last sleep of the brave in the hero's grave. These impressive annual ceremonies have had an influence which has preserved and strengthened the truest and most exalted virtues in the lives of the generation that has arisen since the Confederate war, while they have contributed beyond calculation to the patriotic spirit of our countrymen everywhere. For these and other good reasons we think that a full record should be made of the noble work for perpetual preservation. Such history should not be permitted to remain unrecorded. Not that we would seek our personal glory, but because posterity should know the character of Southern womanhood and emulate it we would have the transactions of all memorial associations collected, compiled, and preserved. We feel that you will enter cordially into the spirit of this movement, and therefore, without hesitation, we lay before you the suggestion that you direct your Secretary or some equally competent person to write a full account of the original organization of your association, and also a historic account of the work it has done in observing Memorial Day, in caring for soldiers' graves, and in all other patriotic offices rendered in memory of our Confederate dead or in aid of the Confederate living. It is also respectfully suggested that the organization of memorial associations be preserved, because it is in itself a monument to the memory of our heroes and because its work is as sacredly tender as ever. Its peculiar and single work of caring for the last resting-places of brave soldiers is as imperatively needed as ever, and its long continuance in that duty only heightens the desire that it shall perpetually observe Memorial Day. After all these years of devotion and faithful service let us now gather

together the work of all our sister associations in one memorial volume as a tribute 'to the heroes from the heroines of the South.' Trusting that we shall have a general meeting of the ladies' memorial associations at the next reunion of United Confederate Veterans, in 1898, we respectfully and earnestly request, through the courteous press of our country, that you have prepared at once a succinct history of your own association, including roll of its members from the beginning until now, and forward a copy by mail to the address of the chairman, Mrs. Clement A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga."

## PLUCKY PALMETTO GIRL WALKED TO TEXAS.

The *State Gazette*, dated March 2, 1867, tells a story of the devotion of a young Southern wife who accompanied her husband on foot from South Carolina to the Lone Star State. Some months after the war a gentleman overtook a well-dressed, paroled Confederate soldier with a knapsack on his back, accompanied by a neat, pretty-looking girl eighteen years of age, with a bundle in her hand. The soldier stopped to ask some direction about the road. The gentleman learned that he was a Confederate returning home with his wife, and invited them home with him to dinner, as he lived near. The soldier, a fine-looking Texan, told his story. His home was on the Nueces River; he belonged to Johnston's army, and had gone through the varied fortunes of a soldier; had been once wounded and twice a prisoner at Camp Chase.

In one of his various wanderings he had met and fallen in love with the daughter of a widow in the northern part of South Carolina, whose husband had fallen at the battle of Manassas. The widow, from competence, had been reduced to want.

When the war closed our soldier went to the home of his intended mother-in-law, and for a month worked with all his might mending fences and putting the farm in the best order he could; when, thinking it time to see about his old mother in Southern Texas, of whom he had not heard a word in two years, he prepared to return home. It was hard to leave his sweetheart, not knowing when he could make money to come for her; but she settled the matter by saying she was going with him. So one morning they were married and started for Texas on foot without a cent of money. "But," said the bride, "we found people very kind; we have made friends all along the road. We were never turned off at night, we always got plenty to eat, and people would often make us little presents of money. We would frequently overtake a wagoner, who would give us a ride as far as he was going our way. When I get to my husband's home I shall have traveled over twenty-five hundred miles, and most of it on foot. I would not take anything in the world for my trip. Everybody has been so kind and good!"

The young husband looked into her bright young face and smiled as though he saw there the reason that every one was so kind.

"But were you not afraid to come so far with a wild Texan?" was asked.

"Oh, no!" was the smiling reply; "I always liked the Texans; they were such brave, good soldiers!"

After dinner the gentleman had his carriage brought round and carried them a day's journey homeward. They drove off the happiest couple I ever saw. May Heaven bless them!

## IN DETROIT WHEN LINCOLN WAS ASSASSINATED.

Prof. J. H. Brunner, Hiwassee College, Tennessee:

I chanced to be in Detroit in early April, 1865. The clamor of war was still in the air. Soldiers from battlefields and recruits preparing to go to the front encountered one another upon the streets and at the hotels of the city. Newsboys cried their papers and shouted items of thrilling rumors of battles fought and victories won. In a word, war was on every tongue.

One morning I went down from my room in the hotel before any other lodger had made his entrance into the office of the clerk, and was told there was sad news from Washington: that President Lincoln had been assassinated and Secretary Seward dangerously stabbed the night before. I was shocked by this intelligence, and at once thought of its effects upon the people of my dear native South. My immediate reply was: "I am sorry for this. It is a sad thing for the Southern people; they will fare worse under Johnson than they would have fared under Lincoln."

It will be remembered that Lee had surrendered Richmond and his renowned command, and that the Confederacy was in the throes of dissolution. A brave but prostrate people were at the mercy of their proud conquerors. The feeling of confidence in securing lenient treatment, which had been inspired by the peerless magnanimity of Grant in receiving the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, must now be dashed as a cup from the lips of the South, and she must be made to drink to the dregs a cup of bitterest humiliation and oppression. Such was my conviction. President Johnson I knew of old. He lived in my native county, a trustee of my alma mater college, the proclaimed foe of "Jeff Davis and his Confederacy," pledged to "make treason odious." Hence my regret at the change of Presidents at a time when the triumphant North was incensed by a base conspiracy to assassinate their idolized Lincoln and his cabinet.

It would be impossible to describe the excitement of that April morning. The morning papers fanned the flame. Extras were rapidly produced, giving additional details. Proclamations by the Mayor were scattered everywhere throughout the city, closing places of business, calling an assemblage at the City Hall, changing the place of meeting to Campus Martius, where parades of a military nature had often been seen. Hither at the appointed hour came the thronging populace, thousands upon thousands, of all ages and conditions. At one side gathered the negroes in solemn array, with sorrow depicted on every face. Near them Capt. Day and I took our stand to view the scene. Upon a speakers' stand, higher than I had ever seen before, the orators climbed by a ladder and took their places. Then a lush fell upon the acres of citizens assembled there.

It devolved upon the fiery United States Senator "Zach" Chandler to explain the object of the meeting. This he did after the model set by Antony over the murdered Cæsar of old. Most minutely he portrayed the scenes at Ford's Theater the night before and those of the last hours of Lincoln. Then he told of the bloody stabs Seward had received. Never before had I witnessed an assembly so wrought up to fury. It was then Chandler proclaimed that the South was in this conspiracy, and, for one, he was for retaliation, let slip the dogs of war and raise the merciless war-cry of the

Roman legions marching against Carthage: "*Tac vic-tis!*"—woe to the vanquished.

The people were exasperated, swayed as a forest in a storm. My companion, a loyal Northern man, seeing my Southern home-made clothes and the fury all around, said: "It is not safe to stand here." But as I had protecting papers from high Federal officials I concluded to see the outcome of the meeting.

A Prof. Duff was called for. I was told he was a son of the popular Presbyterian pastor and a leader among the people. To him the people gave ready heed. He began by saying he could not agree with Senator Chandler's view that the people of the South were in the Booth conspiracy, because there never was a people so base as to become a nation of assassins; a few might thus conspire, but not the many. As a people the South had had nothing to do with this sad affair. There was a better model than the "*tac vic-tis*" of the heathen Romans; it is the Christian motto, "Love your enemies." "In this case are they not our brethren?" With such words he soothed the turbulent populace. The scene reminded me of the scriptural account of the storm-lashed Galilee and the Saviour's words: "Peace, be still; and there was a great calm."

## PATRIOTIC KENTUCKY MOTHER.

Rev. George Savage, agent for the American Bible Society throughout Tennessee and Kentucky, tells an interesting story, in which he is said to have "baptized the Confederacy." It was away back in 1862 that he was at Millersburg, Ky., holding a meeting, and a mother applied to him to baptize her four children. When ready for the solemn rite he said:

"Name this child."

Said she: "John Cabell Breckinridge."

I baptized him. Then, referring to the next one, I said: "Name this child."

She replied: "Simon Bolivar Buckner."

The same thing was repeated for the third boy, when she responded: "Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard."

There was a rustle in the audience. Biting my lip and looking as solemn as possible, I knocked on the altar-rail and spoke to the people, reminding them that this was a very solemn service, and that all levity was inappropriate. Then, turning to the woman and referring to the baby girl that she held in her arms, I said as before, "Name this child," when she sang out, "Annie E. Lee."

This was too much for the audience. They stamped their feet, clapped their hands, and broke forth into laughter. Finally, to cap the climax, one brother, Myers, who stuttered badly, jumped up and called out: "B-b-brother S-s-savage, you h-h-have b-b-baptized the C-c-confederacy, and we are all l-l-loyal."

That closed the service and the meeting too.

Camp Tom Moore No. 556, U. C. V., Apalachicola, Fla., at their monthly meeting held January 3, 1898, elected the following officers to serve the ensuing year: Robert Knickmeyer, Commander; J. T. Witherspoon, P. Lovett, and F. G. Wilhelm, Lieutenant Commanders; A. J. Murat, Adjutant; William Neel, Quartermaster; W. J. Donahue, Sergeant-Major.

## COMPANY A, FIRST MARYLAND CAVALRY.

Capt. Frank A. Bond tells of the Gettysburg campaign, a chapter of thrilling events during the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania:

In June, 1863, Company A, First Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., was as fine a body of mounted men as was in the Confederate army, which is equivalent to saying that they were as good as any the world has ever seen. There were one hundred men for duty, perfectly equipped, splendidly mounted, well drilled, with perfect discipline, and an unbounded confidence in their officers and themselves. The average age of the men was twenty-one years, and there was an unusual amount of intelligence pervading the whole.

Frank A. Bond, of Anne Arundel, was captain. Thomas Griffith, of Montgomery; J. A. V. Pue, of Howard; and Edward Beatty, of Baltimore City, were lieutenants. The last-named had been severely wounded at Greenland Gap, where Companies A and C had stormed the blockhouse and lost five of the seven officers who went in with them. Nearly all the command were veterans who had seen two years' active service and who had recently returned from a month's campaign in West Virginia, where we had overcome every obstacle, both of flood and field, and, although outnumbering each of the other companies of our battalion, had been the only one not to lose a man killed; neither had we any captured or permanently disabled.

Lieut.-Gen. Ewell had selected our company to be attached to his headquarters for special service on important occasions. We were sent with his corps of Gen. Lee's army upon the advance across Maryland into Pennsylvania, known in history as the Gettysburg campaign. We joined Gen. Ewell the day of the battle of Winchester, when the Federal general, Milroy, was routed. This was the first occasion that the Second Regiment of Maryland Infantry, commanded by Col. James R. Herbert, was under fire, and they were materially assisted by the mounted men of Company A, who formed upon their right and advanced with them, under a heavy artillery fire, and drove in the enemy's infantry behind their batteries and breastworks.

For two days after the defeat of Milroy the company, in squads, was actively engaged in pursuing and harassing the enemy, who were retreating in great disorder. Lieut. Pue, with six men, charged upon a body of infantry numbering nearly one hundred, who surrendered to him, but before he could disarm them a desultory firing began, and he was compelled to withdraw and allow them to proceed. After this experience we opened fire from ambush on similar bodies, and compelled them to stack their arms before they discovered the weakness of the attacking party. A great many instances of personal daring was shown during this pursuit, and over five hundred prisoners of all arms were captured. Our company was the only cavalry with Ewell's Corps at this time. From this time on to Carlisle we were in the advance, and as town after town was occupied our duty was to guard the valuable stores abandoned by the enemy and to keep them safely until turned over to our commissaries.

June 28 and 29 found us camped around Carlisle, and during this time I was sent several miles out into the country on a scout, and, coming to quite a village about noon, I determined to stop for dinner. All the men of

the town had fled from the Rebels, and the women remaining were very hostile. I took ten men with me, among the number being Laurie Dickerson, Bob Keene, John Gill, John Heighe, Fielder Slingluff, and Josh Riggs, and demanded admittance at the largest house in the town, sending the remainder in squads of six and eight to other houses. After some delay we were reluctantly allowed to enter, and with very bad grace the good lady set about getting us something to eat. We did our very best to put her at ease, and in a short time we sat down to a comfortable meal. Soon afterward she opened a door leading down into the basement and called out, "You girls may as well come up here, for I do not believe these men will hurt you!" and with much trepidation and crowding, one after the other, at least a dozen girls came into the room and stood up close to the wall around us. We were objects of great curiosity to them, and it goes without saying that the boys made themselves agreeable. The remark, "Well, I declare! if they ain't just like our men!" actually occurred there.

I was called upon while there to furnish a non-commissioned officer and four men to carry a despatch to Gen. Early, who was supposed to be at York, some forty miles distant through an enemy's country. Corp. Arthur W. Bond, with Artis, Whaland, Tolby, and Zepp, were detailed for duty. The undertaking was extremely hazardous, but luck and pluck carried them safely through, and they accomplished their mission, escaping capture only by a hair's breadth, and joined the company just as the fight began at Gettysburg.

On June 30 the entire army, except ourselves, set out to march to Heidlersburg, some twelve miles distant. My orders were to remain in Carlisle until two hours after the last of the troops had left, then to release one thousand prisoners who were under guard in the market-house, and to overtake the army and report. These prisoners were one-hundred-day men, and after relieving them of their arms and shoes they were released without parole. The situation became very interesting when they realized that there were but one hundred cavalrymen to hold them in check. I remember I thought of Cortez in the City of Mexico with Montezuma as his prisoner, and felt that I was in a worse fix. Why I should have been left with these orders I never appreciated. For a time it seemed that a collision was inevitable, but I announced that if we were attacked I should retaliate to the utmost. Their old men counseled peace, and we departed in peace, although I am convinced that it was only the perfect coolness and discipline of the company which prevented a bloody fight. During the afternoon we reached the headquarters at Heidlersburg, where Gen. Ewell sent for and informed me that a body of cavalry had run in his pickets upon the Gettysburg road, and directed that I go out as far as that point, if possible, and, under any circumstances, to attack with vigor whatever opposition I might encounter, force them back, and learn if infantry or artillery were in our front. This was "a big contract" for one company of cavalry that had already done a full day's work, and years afterward a staff officer who was present when I received my instructions told me he felt sure that I was going to certain destruction. No such idea disturbed any member of the command, however, and we marched about eight miles, to within full sight of Gettysburg, without en-

countering opposition, on the very ground Ewell's Corps fought over the next day. I left Sergt. Hammond Dorsey and ten men as a picket, and returned to Gen. Ewell, reporting no enemy near. During the night Dorsey picked up three members of a battery of Pennsylvania artillery, who, having been refused leave to go to their homes, had taken a horse each and slipped away, thinking they could return before daylight without being missed. They were brave fellows, and were distressed at the idea of being regarded as deserters. These men were immediately taken to Gen. Ewell, and furnished the first information of the whereabouts of Meade's army. The next morning, July 1, was intensely hot and close. Our corps moved in the direction of Gettysburg, and I was sent with the full company to escort Col. Johnson, of South Carolina, who had despatches for Gen. Hill, who was on our right, about ten miles away; but what might be between us no one knew. Col. Johnson set off at about three-quarter speed, and the company held their own pretty well for a couple of miles; but, as he never drew rein, when we struck Hill's pickets I alone was with him, and I was exceedingly glad to bid him good-by.

Soon after returning and reassembling my men I heard heavy firing in the direction of Gettysburg, and determined to go directly toward it rather than back to Heidlersburg and follow the route of our corps. We advanced with great caution, and found that we were in the rear of the extreme Federal left, Buford's Cavalry confronting them. Our situation was extremely perilous, but before we were fairly discovered the Federals were put to flight, and we advanced toward our infantry line of battle. By going alone, very slowly and bareheaded, I succeeded in reaching our lines without being fired upon, but it was a very unpleasant business. I shall not attempt to describe the battle, which I saw very fully.

I was provost-marshal of Gettysburg for three days, and my company was sheltered by its walls. Knowing of the cavalry engagement on our left during the afternoon of the third day, and being anxious for some excitement—everybody else seeming to be having a great deal of entertainment except ourselves—I quietly drew out the company and made my way toward the scene, and had nearly reached there, passing under a heavy artillery fire for a considerable distance, when I was overtaken by one of Gen. Ewell's staff with peremptory orders to return immediately; and the way that old gentleman pitched into me when I got back was a caution! He had lost a leg, taken a wife, and joined the Church the previous year, and didn't swear then, but he was sufficiently emphatic without it.

On July 4 there was a pouring rain all day, and the army was quiet on the lines of battle. No one knew what had happened, but certainly no one thought we were defeated. Just at dark Gen. Ewell summoned me, and directed that at 10 p.m. I should stretch my company across the front of his entire corps and remain there until broad daylight, when I was to make a careful observation in the direction of the enemy's position, and then follow the army, which, to my great surprise, he told me was going to return to Virginia.

We had a most uncomfortable night. It was pitch dark and the rain falling in torrents, and parts of the field were thickly strewn with the enemy's dead of the first day's battle, by this time very offensive. When day

broke Gettysburg was visible about a mile in our front, but all was quiet and no enemy was in sight. I overtook the army and reported to Gen. Ewell about noon, and was then directed to pass on to the extreme front and assist in escorting and protecting the wagon-train, which was expected to reach the Potomac at Williamsport during the afternoon of the next day, July 6.

It will be observed that this company was now to entirely upon its own responsibility, and could loiter by the wayside if so disposed. How it discharged the trust remains to be seen, and I have felt it my duty not to let its heroic conduct pass into oblivion, and for this reason I have written this account. That night we camped upon the top of the mountain, possibly twenty miles from Hagerstown, and in truth we were "spoiling for a fight." By sunrise next morning we were on the march, and about noon reached the head of the column—miles upon miles of wagons—which had halted on the outskirts of Hagerstown. I had no authority to give orders; but as there appeared to be no enemy near, and a considerable body of our cavalry was in the town, I determined to get some food for men and horses, and for this purpose directed the men to break ranks for an hour, and then to reassemble at the same place, unless sooner called by the bugle, which I considered very improbable. I rode off, and was in a fair way to get a "square" meal, when I was informed that the enemy in force was approaching the town upon the opposite side to that by which we had entered. As the information seemed reliable, I abandoned my dinner and hastened back to the rendezvous, and the bugle-call soon rallied forty-six of my one hundred and nine men. With this handful I rode through town in column of fours, and halted immediately in the rear of the Tenth Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. J. Lucius Davis, an old army officer. This regiment was the advance-guard of the army, and the head of its column was just at the edge of the town, and no other troops were between us and the wagons. I had been accompanied from Gettysburg by Lieut. George W. Booth, the adjutant of our regiment, who was not sufficiently recovered from a wound received two months before for duty, but who was by my side during the entire affair. K. G. Harper Carroll, a brother of ex-Gov. John Lee Carroll, chanced to be in town as a civilian, and, although he had only a pocket-pistol, he gallantly joined us, and later on, when it appeared to him that we were running away, his appeal to me not to retreat was earnest and piteous. Leaving my small party, I passed to the front, and saw a long column of Federal cavalry approaching by the turnpike and about a mile away.

It was very soon apparent that the enemy intended to charge, and I suggested to Col. Davis that he meet them with a countercharge, it being a well-established fact that no body of mounted men in position can repel an impetuous assault; but he gave no orders at all, and, upon viewing his regiment, I saw that indescribable tremor pervading them which convinced me they would not stand. I hastened back to my little command, and in the few moments I had for reflection did not consider it was a physical possibility to keep my position in the street if the large body of troops in my front should retreat precipitately, and resolved, therefore, to wheel about by fours, turn down the first side street the length of my column, then wheel to the front

again, and, if our advance should be driven back, to dash out between them and the Yankees, and to endeavor to check them and save the wagons, or, at least, to make the best fight I could. The wheel about by fours was made, but before we reached a side street the regiment in front had been routed, and was fleeing in the wildest panic. Every one knows the contagion of such a rout, but, to the honor of our Maryland troops, be it said that each and every one of those forty-six men moved as a part of a machine, and the column was as solid as if on parade. The enemy was immediately upon the heels of the flying Confederates, and as soon as our rear (soon to become the front) was uncovered, my order was "*Fours right about charge!*" It was a tremendous struggle for the sections of fours to force their way around, crowded and pressed as they were by largely superior numbers that filled the street from house to house, and swirled around us as a mountain torrent around a rock. The sections farthest from the enemy were much longer making the wheel than those who were first released from the pressure, and as each man dashed at full speed at the enemy the moment he could face them the charge was made nearly in single file.

Immediately the enemy perceived there was a body of troops who did not intend to run, they checked their pursuit and halted in a confused mass in the street, except one, a sergeant on a bob-tailed horse, who came slap into us, and I shot him down. Sergt. Hammond Dorsey was the first man who dashed into the enemy's ranks and began to hew right and left. George Lechluder followed him closely, and almost immediately the enemy broke and ran, and were pursued to their main body by the entire company. Their loss was about twenty men killed and wounded. Five of them fell under Sergt. Dorsey's sword, and the last of them was a bugler, by this time in full flight. As he leaned over his horse's neck the bugle of brass, as thick as a man's arm, protected his head, and repeated blows were necessary to disable him. I examined this bugle later on, and it was cut nearly through in numerous places as clean as a carrot might be chopped with an ax.

Sergt. Dorsey, boiling with wrath, informed me that but for the bugle he would have gotten two or three more. The enemy made no countercharge, and our wagon-train was saved. Our only loss was one man, Henry Stone, wounded by having a thumb shot off. Our men used their sabers entirely.

It is believed that the Federals were led by Maj. Ulric Dalghren, son of Admiral Dalghren, and that he had four companies, or about two hundred men. Anyhow, he lost a leg at this time. He afterward got a cork one, was promoted to colonel, and was killed the following year in a bold attempt to burn Richmond.

It is a remarkable coincidence that when Dalghren, nearly a year later, made his attack upon Richmond he was again met by the same men who had defeated him in the streets of Hagerstown. The First Maryland Cavalry, ably led by Gen. Bradley Johnson and Col. Ridgely Brown, were the first troops to throw themselves in his way, and they never left him until his command was routed. He was subsequently killed.

We were flushed with victory, and retired to our side of the town, where we were soon joined by reinforcements, and two pieces of artillery were added to my command. The enemy dismounted their sharpshoot-

ers and skirmished on the left of the town, and we dismounted a few men to meet them, and drove them back. In doing this Soper Childs and his brother, Buck Childs, displayed conspicuous bravery. About 4 P.M. there appeared upon our left front a body of mounted men I could not account for, but after what I considered careful investigation I opened fire upon them with the artillery, and I think I never saw shells better placed, but was horrified to find, a few minutes later, that it was the staff and escort of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. It was a miracle that no lives were lost.

I withdrew from the field and went into Hagerstown to find the dinner that I had been hurried away from several hours before. I was at the hospitable home of Dr. Harvey, waiting for supper, when a staff officer of Gen. Stuart appeared, and, presenting the General's compliments, requested that Capt. Bond would join him at the front, as he needed his assistance badly. This was irresistible, and I hurried to the company, and at a trot went out the Williamsport pike about three miles. I left the company in the road, and went on alone with an orderly (Lechluder), and found Gen. Stuart. He had about two hundred dismounted cavalry on the right of the pike in a hollow, and was endeavoring to induce them to charge a battery on a hill several hundred yards in advance, which, by the way, they did not appear to be anxious to do. He said: "Bond, I want to see you; but first help me here. We want to drive that battery off. Do you take one end of this line, and I will take the other." By a good deal of galloping up and down in front and by voice and action we induced the men to advance, at first slowly, and then at a run, and the Yankees limbered up and galloped away.

By this time it was dark, and, as we now occupied the same ground just abandoned by the enemy, our batteries were dropping shells right among us that had been going over our heads when we were in the hollow. I rode back to stop our firing, but did not go as far to the right as I should, and continued in the line of fire. A shell exploded immediately in front of me. One piece cut off the collar of my overcoat, which was rolled and strapped across the front of my saddle, and another piece passed between Lechluder and myself as we rode touching knees, slightly wounding him and very severely wounding me by carrying away five inches of the fibula near the knee-joint. I rode on and stopped the firing, and then, by a special providence, was accosted by Dr. Eliason, who applied a tourniquet that saved me from bleeding to death. I was carried on the shoulders of four of my men back to Dr. Harvey's house and placed in bed. Here I remained until November, passing as near death's door as possible, and was then taken on a stretcher by rail via Harrisburg to Fort McHenry, and from there, in February, to Point Lookout. In May I was exchanged and sent to Richmond on the parole steamer "New York." I was met at City Point by Gen. Bradley Johnson and a few other "wild" Rebels, and the contrast between the "tame" ones who had been in prison for a year was great. I consider the most exhilarating sight I ever witnessed was when I once again saw Confederate soldiers with arms in their hands, and it was the happiest day of my life.

[The reader will admit that the three pages given to an account of this company contain valuable history.]



## CELEBRATING LEE'S BIRTHDAY.

The 19th of January has long been and increases as a day of note among Confederates, and this year the anniversary of the birth of the South's dearest hero has been more universally celebrated than ever before. From Washington to San Antonio come accounts of the celebrations. It is impossible to give here more than a mere mention of some of the different entertainments. The entire South breathes forth her love and admiration for this patriot soldier and Christian:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

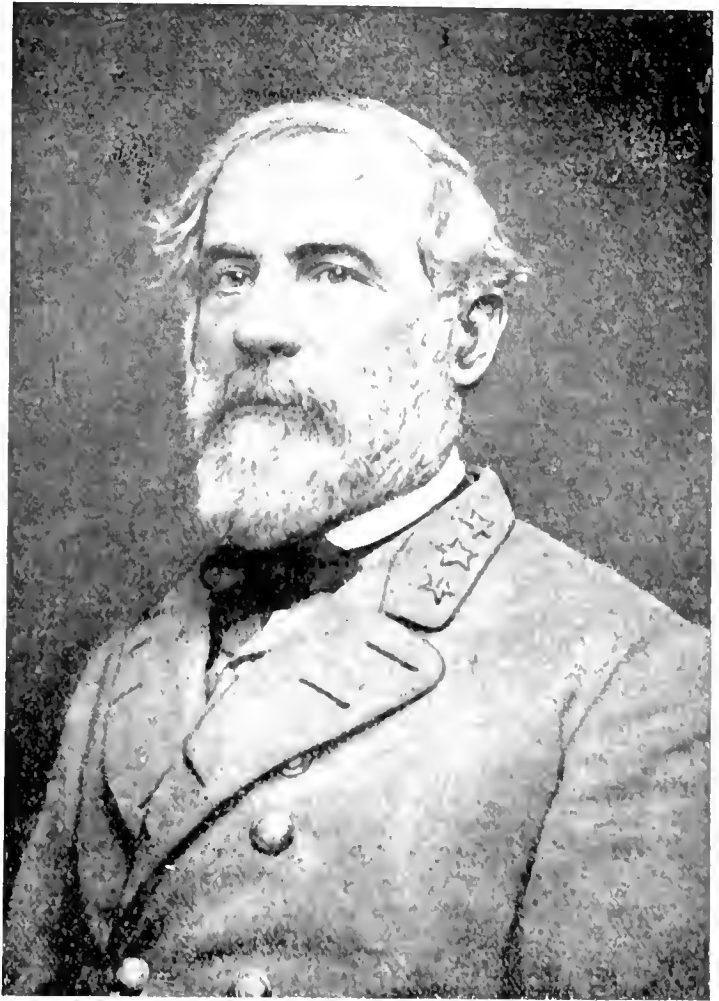
There was a large assemblage at Confederate Veterans' Hall in Washington, D. C., January 19, to celebrate the ninetieth anniversary of Gen. R. E. Lee's birth. The assemblage embraced representatives from all conditions of life: dignified ministers, judges of courts, Senators, Representatives, and civilians of every degree. The hall was beautifully decorated with national and Confederate flags, and magnificent pictures of Lee and Washington were festooned with garlands of green. On the sides were pictures of Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson, and other noted generals and officers.

The meeting was called to order by President R. I. Fleming, who, in a felicitous speech, announced the significance of the occasion; and after a prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Randolph McKim, Secretary Charles C. Ivey read the original Order No. 9, in the handwriting of Gen. Lee, announcing the surrender and terms of peace at Appomattox. Judge Franklin H. Mackey read a short original poem to the memory of the dead comrades. Interesting addresses were made by Private John Allen, of Mississippi; Hon. Peter J. Otey, Congressman from Virginia; ex-Gov. Sims, of Mississippi; Senator Cockrell, of Missouri; Justice Shepard, of the District Court of Appeals; Senator Eppa Hunton, of Virginia; and Gen. M. C. Butler, formerly of South Carolina.

After the guests and members had feasted, singing was indulged in for an hour or so, Capt. Frank Cunningham, of Richmond, entertaining the company with patriotic songs. Comrade Weber's band furnished instrumental music, rendering such tunes as "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," etc., honored by tumultuous applause. The association never had a more successful and enjoyable occasion.

SAVANNAH, GA.

The Savannah Daughters of the Confederacy celebrated Lee's birthday by giving an entertainment to the Veterans at Chatham Artillery Hall, which was beautifully decorated with flowers and green, the pictures of our beloved Lee and other generals being twined with laurel wreaths. There was a large attendance of Veterans, wives, daughters, and friends, and the occasion was highly enjoyed. An abundant supper was provided, followed by appropriate music and addresses. Judge Talligaut made an able address, paying



beautiful tribute to the women for their love and devotion to the cause of the South, and quoted with fine effect Bartow's words: "I go to illustrate Georgia." He said that not only Bartow but Georgians generally illustrated their state nobly during the war, and urged that they continue to illustrate it by being true to the principles of those who have done so in the past. Maj. G. M. Ryals expressed the thanks of the Veterans, and the entertainment closed with three cheers for the ladies, given with a will by the Veterans.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

The celebration of Gen. R. E. Lee's birthday in Little Rock was under the management of the Memorial Chapter, U. D. C., Mrs. J. R. Miller presiding. The Senate-chamber of the state-house was filled with an enthusiastic audience to pay tribute to the most beloved of all the South's great heroes. Dr. Newton Bragg, one of the most eloquent orators of the state, delivered an able address on the life and character of Gen. Lee. Refreshments were served and music of the Confederacy rendered. Contributions were received for the monument fund, which is now in the neighborhood of \$2,000. The Daughters are ambitious to erect a monument worthy the memory of the heroic dead of Arkansas.

The most interesting feature of the occasion was the

presentation of a beautiful silk flag by Judge W. C. Ratcliffe, in behalf of the U. C. V. Association of Arkansas, to the Little Rock Chapter, U. D. C. Rev. John Gass, rector of Christ Church, accepted the flag for the chapter in a speech which thrilled his hearers.

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WINCHESTER, KY.

The court-house was crowded with a representative audience in the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee by Virginia Hanson Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. The court-room was draped in the colors, a large portrait of Gen. Lee forming the central figure over the rostrum. The exercises were opened with prayer by Elder W. S. Keene. Rev. J. J. Chisholm followed with appropriate and feeling introductory remarks. Capt. Lee Hathaway, as master of ceremonies, introduced the speakers in a graceful and fitting manner. Mrs. Annie Swift Pendleton and Miss Mary Haggard each rendered faultlessly beautiful and appropriate recitations. Hon. J. Soule Smith, of Lexington, the gifted and eloquent lawyer, writer, poet, wit, and orator, who followed Lee through the war of the rebellion to the final and pathetic scene at Appomattox, in his richest vein paid a glowing and fitting tribute to the life and works of him in honor of whose memory the assembly present had gathered. The exercises were interspersed with splendid music by Saxton's Orchestra.

This was the second celebration of Gen. Lee's birthday anniversary held in Winchester, and much of the credit for its complete success is due to the President of the chapter, Mrs. Jennie Catherwood Bean, who was untiring in her zeal and for many days devoted her time and energies to the arrangement of the details.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

The anniversary of the birthday of Gen. R. E. Lee was celebrated in Baltimore by a banquet at the Carrollton Hotel under the auspices of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, to which a number of distinguished guests were invited. Among them were Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky.; Gen. Dabney H. Maury, of Virginia; Gen. J. H. Berry, of Arkansas; and Col. W. A. Jones, of Virginia. At the head of the table these specially invited guests and officers of the society were seated, and there were two long tables for the other "Johnny Rebs." The side table, at which the ladies were seated, proved immensely popular to a number of the veterans, who vied with each other for the honor of entertaining their fair visitors.

The slumbering enthusiasm of the old veterans was awakened by the efforts of two of the ladies: Miss Magdalen H. Burger, who recited in thrilling style "Gen. Lee at the Battle of the Wilderness," and Miss Lelia Ball, who sang the "Bonnie Blue Flag," all the Confederates joining in the chorus.

Col. Bennett H. Young's speech in response to the toast, "The Cavalry," was one of the features of the occasion, he paying a glowing tribute to the services of the cavalymen of the Confederacy. He told of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's raid on Chambersburg, Pa.: of Forrest's pursuit of Streight, and Gen. Morgan's raid into Ohio. This address may be given in full later.

Gen. Maury responded to "Our Infantry," telling

how glad he was to meet his Maryland brethren on Gen. Lee's birthday and signifying his appreciation of the part the Maryland infantry had played in the story of the Confederacy. Mr. George Savage, of Baltimore, introduced as a "man who stood at the guns," responded to "Our Artillery," telling many interesting anecdotes of Gen. Lee. Congressman W. A. Jones, of Virginia, responded to the toast to "Our Navy," and in his remarks made many amusing allusions to the pension-list, and expressed the hope that a movement would soon be put on foot to get the muster-rolls of every Confederate regiment, in order that the names of the men of the Southern army may be handed down to posterity. The toast to "Our Dead" was responded to by Gen. Berry, of Arkansas, whose theme was the devotion of the women of the South to the cause for which the men fought.

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The day was celebrated at the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Pikesville in an enthusiastic manner. While the sumptuous dinner was being despatched many of the men told stories about their great commander and discussed the famous battles in which they had fought. The dinner was given under direction of Mrs. Robert Barry, member of the Board of Governors for January.

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SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

No armed foe ever penetrated the interior of Texas, and its people in the days of 1861-65 went unoppressed and unscathed in their homes. San Antonio is a border city of a border state. Previous to the war it was the headquarters of the old United States Army, and it is now, and has been since the war, the site of the largest military post in the Union. Its citizenship is of every nationality, and its commercial interests are interwoven more with the cities of Mexico and of the North than with those of the Southern states. Its celebration of Lee's birthday is, therefore, worthy of note, for it shows that time is doing its sure work of increasing the fame of a great and good man.

A year ago, under discouragements which would have frightened any less resolute beings than true Southern women, the Daughters of the Confederacy undertook to arouse, concentrate, and give expression to the old Confederate sentiment. The result was a celebration in honor of Lee; and, although it was not notable in point of the numbers engaged in it, it served to awaken and revive interest in the memories of the war and make possible the largely attended and enthusiastic exercises which marked the celebration of this year. The complete success of the entertainment was largely due to the efforts of Mrs. A. W. Houston, the President of the chapter. She was ably seconded by Miss Beauregard (a niece of Gen. Beauregard), Mrs. James, Mrs. Bee, and, indeed, by every member of the large chapter. The exercises were simple, but appropriate and inspiring. Miss Sallie Maverick sang the "Bonnie Blue Flag" with sweetness and spirit, and Miss Lenore Paschal recited "Somebody's Darling" with a pathos that drew tears. A flag drill by twenty-four young ladies, under the command of Miss Edith Newton, was pretty and unique. Altogether, the celebration was one long to be remembered, and did much to help along the noble purpose of the Daughters to erect a monument in honor of Gen. Lee.



UNCLE DAN EMMETT IN HIS CABIN HOME NEAR MELVERN, N. C.

**HELPING UNCLE DAN EMMETT.**

The appeal published last month in behalf of Daniel Decatur Emmett met with cordial approval so far as known. Very promptly the following contributions were sent in: Daughters of the Confederacy, Auburn, Ala., \$5; A. F. McKissick, Auburn, Ala., \$1; Professor W. O. Connor, Cave Springs, Ga., \$1; F. W. Merrin, Plant City, Fla., \$1; collected by J. A. Hartman and Dr. H. W. Manson, Rockwall, Tex., \$5; Sol Jones, Paris, Tenn., \$1; John W. Earhardt, for members of Excelsior Fire Company, Newberry, S. C., \$1.30; collected by Capt. George B. Lake, Edgefield, S. C., \$3.20. Total, \$18.50. On receipt of this amount a check for \$20 was remitted to the venerable author.

Since the foregoing remittances have been received from Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Ark., \$3.20; Miss Lizzie Reagin, Moscow, S. C., 50 cents; J. R. Youree, for U. C. V. Camp, Prairie Grove, Ark., \$3.50; Dr. R. L. Brodie, Charleston, S. C., \$1; Mrs. Jane Gibson, Treasurer U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., \$5; U. D. C. of Alabama appropriated \$25.

The Lucy Minor Otey Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, Lynchburg, and other chapters and individuals are taking this up. Do let us rally to the rescue of "Uncle Dan" and make him feel that when he honored "Dixie Land" with the animated notes of a "Walk Round" he paid a tribute to the most hospitable class of people in existence. Young people can get up amateur entertainments, have a good time, and secure a few dollars for him without sacrifice.

On the next pages may be seen a photo-engraving of the original "Dixie," the only complete reproduction

in existence. So valuable are the plates that these prints are from copies, the first being preserved, as is the plate of autograph letter about it. The original sheet has been lost by the author. How fitting this record for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN!

*Ant. Vernon, O. Feb 7/98.*

*~~Col. J. A. Cunningham.~~*

*excuse this  
my  
Ed. C.*

*Dear Sir,*

*Yours of the 5<sup>th</sup> con-  
taining \$20.00 and address-  
ed to me was rec'd in due  
time and I am really at a  
loss how to thank you for  
the same. I am well and  
hope this short note will  
find you the same.*

*Your obligated friend.  
Daniel D. Emmett.*

# Dixie's Land.

1859

"Yick Round," Composed by Daniel D. Emmett.  
for Bryant's Minstrels.

*Allegro*

I wish I was in the land of cotton, Old times made an  
sandy bottom. Look a-way, look a-way, Dixie Land, In  
Dixie land where I was born in, Early on one frosty mornin, Look a-way, look  
a-way, Dixie Land, Don't wish I was in Dixie, Hooray, Hooray,  
in Dixie's land, We'll take our stand, To lib or die in Dixie, In  
Dixie, a-way, a-way, a-way down south in Dixie, a-way, a-way, a-way down south in Dixie.

## Dance

Old missus marry will de Weaber,  
William was a gay deceaber;  
When he put his arm around'er,  
He look as fierci as a forty pound'er.  
Chorus - Hooray! Hooray! &c

His face was sharp like a butchers cleaver,  
 But dat did not seem to great er;  
 Will run away missus took a decline, o'  
 Her face was de color of bacon & hinc. o'  
Chorus. Hooray! hooray! se

While missus libbed she libbed in clover,  
 When she died she died all over;  
 You could she act such a foolish part, o'  
 In marry a man to break her heart, o'  
Chorus. Hooray! hooray! se

Buck wheat eakes an stony batter,  
 Makes you fat in a little fatter;  
 Here's a health to de next old missus,  
 In all de quils dat wants to kiss us.  
Chorus Hooray! hooray! se

Now if you want to drive way sorrow,  
 Come an hear dis song to-morrow;  
 Den hoe it down an scratch yer grapple,  
 To Dixies Land I'm bound to trabble  
Chorus. Hooray! hooray! se

N. B. The 'Unison Chorus' comes in at the end of every other line, as in the 1st verse.

## INCREASE IN U. C. V. CAMPS.

Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant-General, reports:

No. 1071, Stonewall, Salisbury, Mo.; C. H. Woodson, F. M. Clements; No. 1072, Gen. Clanton, Brewton, Ala., N. R. Leigh, J. M. Davison; No. 1073, Battle Ground, Regnant, Ga., Chess Flanders, J. B. Howard; No. 1074, Ponchatoula, La., —, John M. DeSaussure; No. 1075, R. M. Gano, Ross, Tex., —, S. L. Makeig; No. 1076, Confederate Veterans, Valdosta, Ga., S. T. Kingsbery, —; No. 1077, Confederate Veterans, Taneyville, Mo., W. G. Connor, —; No. 1078, Charles W. McArthur, Alamo, Ga., A. C. McClellan, M. D. Hughes; No. 1079, Pat Lyon, Ball Ground, Ga., P. H. Lyon, D. B. Lyon.

In General Order No. 198 the general commanding, by Adjt.-Gen. Moorman, notes the death of several prominent Confederates. Fine tribute is paid Col. T. C. Standifer, of whom a sketch has herein appeared.

Concerning Gen. Ross the paper states:

The lengthened shadows of 1897 have barely disappeared before the dawn of 1898 when the mournful news is wired that the silent reaper has gathered another member of the Commanding General's staff into his harvest, a great Confederate soldier of the West; that "taps" has again sounded for one of the most conspicuous actors in the drama of 1861-65; that the light of the earth has forever faded from the eyes of one who was a beloved leader in the civil and military history of the Lone Star State; that the death angel has taken by the hand and led away one who was a hero in peace as well as in war; that at College Station, Tex., on the 3d inst., the great heart of Gen. and ex-Gov. L. S. Ross ceased to beat, and as the curtain fell it closed the earthly career of one of the most renowned Texans, one of the greatest and purest citizens of the republic, and a most chivalrous soldier.

A born soldier, a boy captain at nineteen years of age, and while yet a mere college lad, he rode into battle with his company by the side of Van Dorn and the trained officers of the United States army against the Comanches, and forever broke the power of that warlike race. As a fearless fighter and rescuer of captive maidens he won immortal fame in the Indian wars, for which daring feats he has been knighted by his countrymen with the badge of chivalry.

In fighting his way up from private to general in the Confederate army he won imperishable renown. A great Governor, a distinguished college President, an honest, pure man—he has performed his part well. Illustrious in war, equally illustrious in peace—a protégé of Houston, reared in the shadow of the Alamo, Goliad, and San Jacinto—he was a hero in a land of heroes, and easily won the proud distinction of *primus inter pares*.

Clad as she is to-day in the habiliments of woe, and bowed in sorrow and grief, Texas does not mourn alone for her "favorite son," for at this moment, in palatial residences and in humble homes, in her sister states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and wherever his bright blade flashed and the deeds of the brave are sung, his name is reverently and tenderly spoken and the story of the great Texan is told, and sorrow is deep and profound for the death

of the "Little Texas Cavalryman," whose plume was ever seen dancing upon the crest of battle and whose courage and nobility won the undying love of his friends and the unstinted admiration of his foes.

## CONFEDERATE REUNION ASSOCIATION.

Executive officers in charge of reunion arrangements for Atlanta are: Gen. Clement A. Evans, President; Hon. W. A. Hemphill, Vice-President; John O. Waddell, Secretary.

Vice-Presidents are from various locations in Georgia, and represent districts: Maj. G. M. Ryals, Savannah; Col. John Triplett, Thomasville; Hon. Phil Cook, Leesburg; Capt. J. W. Murphy, Columbus; Hon. W. A. Hemphill, Atlanta; Col. C. M. Wiley, Macon; Col. J. S. Cleghorn, Summerville; Hon. W. F. Jenkins, Eatonton; Hon. W. P. Price, Dahlonega; Hon. M. I. Branch, Berzelia; Hon. H. G. Turaer, Quitman.

Reception Committee appointed by the Georgia Legislature: From the Senate—Hons. C. G. Gray, Fort Valley; H. W. Hopkins, Thomasville; C. H. Mann, English Eddy. From the House—Hons. T. B. Felder, Atlanta; J. S. Boynton, Griffin; J. M. Pace, Covington; W. E. Faust, Anon; G. G. Ford, Att.

Chairmen of subcommittees, Anthony Murphy, Finance; C. A. Collier, Transportation; J. A. Miller, Carriages, Horses, etc.; H. H. Cabaniss, Music; Clark Howell, Publicity; Joseph Jacobs, Decorations; W. L. Calhoun, Rules; W. H. Harrison, Badges; W. J. Kendrick, Military; J. C. Hendricks, Halls; Amos Fox, Commissary (Commissary-General Georgia Division, U. C. V.); F. P. Rice, Quarters; Joseph Thompson, Hotels and Boarding-Houses.

Executive Committee, for the reception and entertainment of the veterans: W. A. Hemphill, Chairman; C. A. Collier, J. W. English, W. L. Calhoun, T. B. Neal, Livingston Mims, F. P. Rice, E. P. Chamberlin, Hoke Smith, J. G. Woodward, R. F. Maddox, E. C. Peters, J. A. Miller, E. P. Howell, Joseph Hirsch, W. D. Ellis, Forest Adair, Clark Howell, W. W. Davies, H. H. Cabaniss, J. D. Turner, R. D. Spaulding, G. B. Adair, J. Carroll Payne, W. W. Draper, B. F. Walker, Anthony Murphy, Martin Amorous, R. J. Lowry, T. B. Felder, E. L. Connally, J. C. Hendrix, C. I. Branan, W. F. Slaton, Amos Fox, Joel Hurt, George W. Harrison, J. T. Glenn, B. F. Abbott, C. S. Arnall, William M. Crumley, J. M. Slaton, R. M. Clayton, Willis Ragan, J. K. Ottley, S. W. Wilkes, D. N. McCullough, Dr. W. P. Burt, Fulton Colville, C. S. Northern, T. A. Hammond, Jr., J. L. Mayson, W. J. Kendrick, J. W. Nelms, C. F. Rice, W. H. Patterson, Clarence Knowles, W. J. Northern, J. W. English, Jr., Eugene Black, J. C. Whitner, Aaron Haas, H. L. Wilson, J. S. Dozier, E. P. Black, A. C. Bruce, Albert Howell, A. S. Holbrook, W. H. Brotherton, Paul Romare, Joseph Jacobs, Gen. Evans (ex officio), T. R. R. Cobb, W. H. Harrison, Porter King, A. J. West, B. M. Blackburn, Albert Steiner, J. H. Shadden.

Headquarters are in Room 112 Kimball House, open now for all comrades who may be in Atlanta.

Miss Alice Haskins, of Pheba, Miss., is anxious to know where she could procure copies of "Six Months in the Confederate States," by Col. Freeman, of the British army, and "Cities and Camps of the Confederate States," by Capt. Ross, of the Austrian army.

## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1866, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, / Box 397, Charleston, S. C.  
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, /

### ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT C. NORFLEET, COMMANDER, / Box 127, Winston, N. C.  
GARLAND E. WEBB, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, /

### ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

T. LEIGH THOMPSON, COMMANDER, Lewisburg, Tenn.

### TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

W. C. SAUNDERS, COMMANDER, / Box 151, Bellton, Tex.  
J. H. BOWMAN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, /

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organization of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

We are glad to report to the organization the chartering of four camps since the last issue. They are as follows: No. 57, Camp A. F. Boggess, Decatur, Tenn.; No. 58, Camp James McCutchen, Kingstree, S. C.; No. 59, Camp Charles Broadway Rouss, Austin, Tex.; No. 60, Camp McDowell, Phoenix, S. C. This makes the total membership of the organization sixty camps, and we believe that the one hundred mark will soon be reached. These sixty camps are distributed as follows, in order of numbers: South Carolina Division, 22; Virginia Division, 14; Tennessee Division, 8; North Carolina Division, 4; Texas Division, 4; Kentucky Division, 3; Georgia Division, 2; West Virginia Division, 1; Missouri Division, 1; Alabama Division, 1.

The camp at Austin, Tex., has chosen the name of Charles Broadway Rouss. This is certainly a good name for an organization which proposes to do charitable work, for we know how good Mr. Rouss has been to the cause for which he fought. This camp is very active and enthusiastic, and numbers fifty members, with a prospect of increasing its size very materially in the near future.

Two of our divisions have organized in the past month. On January 13 the Sons of Veterans of Tennessee met at Murfreesboro, dissolved the old organization, and formed a Tennessee Division. Mr. Jesse W. Sparks, the Judge-Advocate-General on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, was elected its Commander. The constitution adopted divides the state into three brigades. The First Brigade is Middle Tennessee, and its Commander is Mr. Leland Humie, of Nashville; the Second Brigade is West Tennessee, and the Third Brigade is East Tennessee. The Commanders of these last two brigades are not yet elected. However, they will be promptly organized, and will go to work to enlist all the camps of the old state organization. Much credit for the success of this meeting is due to Mr. T. Leigh Thompson, Commander of the department, who is working hard to make his department rival that of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The Kentucky Division has now been thoroughly organized by Mr. R. C. P. Thomas, its Commander. The following is the staff: G. E. Snell, Adjutant-General, Bowling Green; William H. Lucas, Quartermaster-General, Lexington; Dr. M. McDowell, Surgeon-General, Cynthia; W. W. Longmoor, Jr., Inspector-General, Frankfort; S. Young, Commissary-General,

Louisville; Rev. C. H. Jones, Chaplain-General, Louisville; H. S. McCutchen, Judge-Advocate-General, Russellville. Mr. Thomas has written urgent letters to each member, impressing the importance of concentrated action on their part to enable him to build up the division by the forming of new camps. There are now in process of formation some four or five camps which will, it is expected, be chartered very soon.

Mr. P. H. Mell, commanding the Alabama Division, has issued a circular, which he has distributed throughout the state, calling upon the camps to join the United Organization, so that the division can be well represented at the reunion in Atlanta. There is a large number of camps in that state, but only one of them has received a charter from the United Sons.

We are at last able to report that Florida has awakened to the fact that her sons are not doing their duty in perpetuating the records of her noble soldiers. Jacksonville has instituted the first steps. Through a committee of the R. F. Lee Camp, U. C. V., an urgent appeal has been sent through all the newspapers to the sons of the state, calling upon them to take up the work which they, the veterans, are rapidly leaving. Jacksonville expects to organize a camp within a few days, and the Commander-in-Chief will appoint a State Commander from that camp, who will at once take up the work and thoroughly organize this division.

It is pleasing indeed to see the different states gradually falling into line in this noble work. Last month we reported the interest aroused in Missouri; this month it is Florida; and next month we hope to have either Mississippi or Louisiana enlisted for the preservation of the records of those who wore the gray.

We trust that the Veterans in these two states will aid the officers of our organization in getting a foothold, and earnestly ask that names and addresses of interested young men will be forwarded, so that through correspondence they can be helped to form camps.

Members of Camp No. 46, of Atlanta, Ga., are making strenuous efforts to organize camps throughout that state, and also to make the reunion of the Sons next July a great success. Mr. W. W. Davies, its Commander, has sent out to every son in Georgia circulars, giving instructions as to how to form a camp, also sending a constitution to aid them in adopting their own, and other necessary information. The result of this has been to arouse the entire state, and camps have already been formed at Gainesville, Athens, and Waveross, while others are being formed, and will soon be chartered. Mr. Davies certainly deserves high commendation for his enthusiastic work, and he is sure to meet with great success. It is important for the camps to remember that they can not be represented at the reunion at Atlanta nor take part in it unless they are members of the United Organization, and charters should therefore be applied for immediately to the headquarters. This camp is named for Gen. John B. Gordon.

Sergt. Robert J. Baxter, a member of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, McKenzie, Tenn., died at his residence there on January 9. He was born February 26, 1840, and enlisted in Company G, Twenty-Second Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., in June, 1861; paroled May 10, 1865.

### THAT TWO-HUNDRED-DOLLAR PRIZE.

It must have surprised some readers that the January VETERAN did not contain an account of the fortunate solicitor in securing the \$200 offered for the largest number of new subscribers by January 1. A complication arose in connection with "blocks" of subscriptions to individuals. The VETERAN had ruled that any number might be counted to one person on the payment of \$1 for each, and upon this ruling \$201 was remitted by a contestant who had secured seventy odd names, and ordered the remainder to be sent in blocks. The matter was submitted to a committee of disinterested persons, who were several weeks in determining it. In the meanwhile, because of the eminent merit of the two leading contestants, \$100 was sent to each. (The person securing the smaller number of names would doubtless have secured three times as many but for detention and seclusion for weeks because of a violent and contagious illness.) The committee finally



MISS RUTH OWEN.

decided in favor of Miss Ruth Owen, of Evansville, Ind., who shared the efficient aid of her father, Comrade F. A. Owen. He has been an unceasing and diligent advocate of the VETERAN for years. Upon that decision being made, the additional \$100 was remitted to Mr. Owen for his lovely, patriotic daughter Ruth, which amount was returned by him, with an extraordinary reply:

The idea was suggested during the canvass by finding so many old comrades who expressed their desire for the VETERAN and their great anxiety for Ruth to secure the prize. They seemed truly to regret that they were not able to spare the dollar. I do not write this for publication, as I have never sought notoriety. However, I would enjoy a kind word editorially, if you think my efforts worthy and that by so doing you could stimulate many to a greater exertion for our

official organ, which, if read carefully in the spirit in which it is written, will make us better and grander men. With best wishes and a God bless you for your work's sake.

In a former letter Comrade Owen wrote:

The Confederate soldiers are scarce in the country that I travel in, and it makes my heart ache to find some who can not spare the one dollar. I know they would gladly pay for it if they were able; they are getting old, and will soon be unable to work. I have the heart to take care of them all, and wish I could.



FRANK AMPLIAS OWEN.

Frank Amplias Owen enlisted as a private in Company A, Eighth Kentucky Infantry, at the age of sixteen. He was wounded and captured at the battle of Fort Donelson and imprisoned at Camp Morton, from where he and Thomas Carlisle escaped during a heavy rain and thunder storm. Walking through the country to Evansville, Ind., he embarked on the steamer "Storm," bound for Green River, arriving at his home in Hopkins County in eight days after leaving Indianapolis. Soon thereafter Col. Adam R. Johnson and Lieut.-Col. Robert M. Martin went into that section to raise a cavalry regiment. He enlisted with them, and was elected second lieutenant of Company A of that regiment, the Tenth Kentucky. He commanded the remnant of that old regiment as the rear-guard of Gen. John H. Morgan's command from Cheshire to the surrender, near Zanesville, O. He was imprisoned at Camp Chase three weeks, removed to Johnson's Island, O., and was paroled for exchange; but the exchange was stopped, and he was there until the war closed. He was released on parole June 22, 1865, and arrived home on the 26th. Comrade Owen has made Evansville, Ind., his home most of the time since. His occupation is that of traveling salesman, and he is Commander of U. C. V. Camp A. R. Johnson No. 481.



The other contestant, Mrs. Lulu B. Epperson, is as faithful a Daughter of the Confederacy as was ever charmed by the thrill of "Dixie," and it was she who, in the *VETERAN* for March, 1897, protested against the argument by a Chicago woman that it is "time to call off 'Dixie.'" The additional mention is made that she is the eldest daughter of W. R. Bringham, of whom account was given, together with that of his brother Robert, who surrendered his noble life in the battle of Franklin, having entered it on crutches with a furlough in his pocket. He was wounded at Peachtree Creek in July previous.

This more extended notice of Mrs. Epperson is given



MRS. LULU BRINGHURST EPPERSON.

because of the good fortune of her assistance on the *VETERAN*, which begins next month. She will have special charge of reunion arrangements for the *VETERAN* at Atlanta, and the pleasing announcement is made that far better facilities exist for efficient aid to this than to any preceding reunion. The *VETERAN* has already arranged to make a showing in that connection which will be the pride of every Confederate. While this is true, certain cooperative obligations rest with the Confederates and public-spirited people of the Gate City to the South, and that they will conform is not doubted.

Mrs. Carrie Phelan Beale, President of the "Cradle of the Confederacy," Chapter No. 94, United Daughters, presented a gavel at the Baltimore meeting "inlaid with memories of our cherished martyr President," from the heart of a "Beauvoir" oak, which was secured and presented to Mrs. Beale by the widow of Gen. Joseph R. Davis, residing at Biloxi, Miss. The Montgomery daily *Advertiser* of January 11, 1898, copies at length from the *VETERAN* for December the early history of the memorial Association, in which the father of Mrs. Beale, Judge John D. Phelan, was an active participant.

"Dixie," whose writings may hereafter be expected in many issues of the *VETERAN*, writes:

A charming little Southern woman, in an article about Ella Wheeler Wilcox and her writings, says: "She writes poetry that rimes at both ends, with sense in the middle."

Whatever criticisms may be made upon the writings of the fair poetess, these facts can not be questioned. Although many of her poems portray a thorough knowledge of the world and worldliness, in just as many instances the "milk of human kindness" is shown. Her charity and forbearance with the errors of her fellow creatures is beautifully demonstrated in her recent book, "An Erring Woman's Love." The pictures drawn are thrilling, saddening, yet triumphant in the thought that "God looketh into the hearts of men," and forgives the truly penitent, although, from the standpoint of this world, despair is pictured as an erring woman who has been awakened from the drowsiness of her life of shame, and understands the meaning *note* of womanhood and chastity, and that

"There is no loneliness  
That can so sadden and oppress  
As when beside the burned out fire  
Of sated passion and desire  
The wakening spirit in a glance  
Beholds its lost inheritance."

O for more women who will boldly denounce this double-standard life! In the eyes of the world "custom makes law," but in the judgment of the Almighty a man is just as responsible for his deeds as a woman, and from her fellow creatures a woman has just as much right to expect consideration and some chance to reclaim herself from degradation as a man. A summing of this poem and its influences is admirably condensed in a short one previously written by Mrs. Wilcox, entitled "Worth While," beginning:

It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows by like a song,  
But the man worth while is the one who will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.

MOST VALUABLE OF ALL HISTORIES.

The *VETERAN* has secured very liberal propositions for the entire stocks of our best histories on terms whereby friends can secure them free by a little diligence in extending its patronage. Of these are:

"The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis.

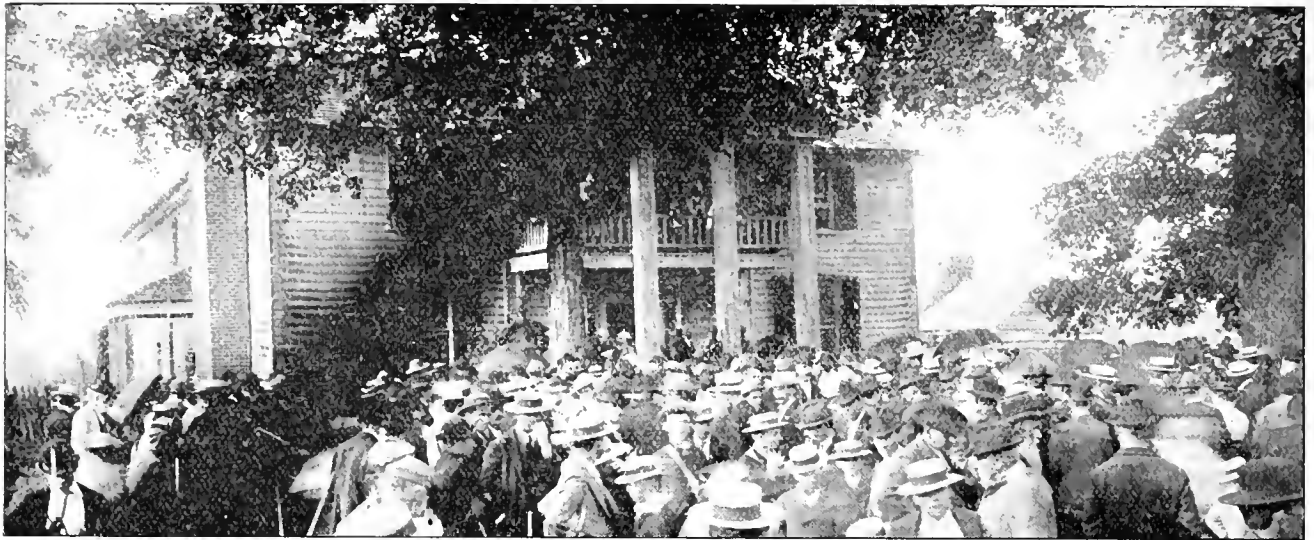
"Johnston's Narrative," a history of his own operations specially, by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

"Life of Albert Sidney Johnston," by his son, William Preston Johnston.

"Reminiscences, Anecdotes, etc., of Gen. R. E. Lee," by Dr. J. William Jones.

Fitzhugh Lee's "Life of Robert E. Lee."

The above and other very valuable Confederate histories are becoming very scarce, and it would be wise and well to secure copies soon. Write for particulars to CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



GATHERING OF PATRIOTS FOR A MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE SAM DAVIS HOME.

**SAM DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.**

Subscriptions to the Sam Davis monument fund aggregate \$2,208.56. There has been published prior to this issue the names to \$1,948.61 and the \$259.95 re-

mainder is given herewith. Of the sums collected, \$1,500 is invested in United States 4 per cent government bonds. It is desired to purchase another bond as soon as enough of the subscribed amounts is paid in

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## AN OLD CONFED WHO MORGAN LED.

Only an old Confed, sir, only an old Confed,  
 Who fought for the South, sir, with the band that Morgan led;  
 Who fought for home and honor, sir, on many a bloody field,  
 And only laid down his arms, sir, when the fate of the South  
 was sealed.  
 Who fought for the right as he saw it, and fought with might  
 and main,  
 'Neath scorching heat of summer's sun and winter's sleet and  
 rain.  
 Yes, I've suffered, sir, from hunger on many a midnight ride,  
 But he could boast who suffered most while riding at Mor-  
 gan's side.

Ah, a gallant band was Morgan's, each man as true as steel,  
 Men who fought like tigers, and their leader well might feel  
 As Morgan felt—that, backed by his heroes grand,  
 He could drive a host of Yankees from his native Southern  
 land.  
 But we got licked (thanks for the dime)—perhaps it's for the  
 best,  
 And many of Morgan's raiders have long since gone to rest—  
 Only a few years, Colonel, and when the last old vet is dead,  
 There'll be no tear on the silent bier of a broken-down Confed  
 —Tracy Kingman Rockwood

It is usually discouraging to attempt reports of the Lee anniversary, as there are so many celebrations comprising reports, together with addresses, which deserve place in the VETERAN. These celebrations do good, and should be kept up to honor the unexcelled career of the most completely rounded character of soldier, statesman, and Christian—the grandest man—in history. The celebration at San Antonio, a city so far west, shows the extent of this day's observance.

The Virginia students of Johns Hopkins University celebrated the day by organizing a Virginia Association. This is intended primarily to bring the students of the Old Dominion into closer touch, and there is a possibility of its lines being extended in the way of promoting educational facilities of the mother state.

Official U. C. V. Order No. 10 calls attention to the fact that at the reunion held in Richmond, Va., July 3, 1896, a cordial endorsement was made of the proposition to establish a military park at and near Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania C. H. The battles fought on these fields in the years 1862-64 were among the fiercest and bloodiest in history, and the purpose of the National Battle-Field Park Commission is to induce Congress to mark the sites where they occurred, and thus enable the survivors of each side and their descendants to erect suitable and enduring memorials where Americans met Americans in fiercest conflict. The purposes of this commission are similar to those which led to the establishment of military parks at Gettysburg, Shiloh, and Chickamauga. The general commanding therefore suggests that the officers and individual members of the United Confederate Veterans petition the Senators and Members of Congress of their respective states to assist in carrying out the patriotic objects of the National Park Commission. The importance of this great work will be at once recognized, as well as the necessity for prompt action before the survivors of the heroic struggle have passed away.

## AN APPEAL TO ADVERTISERS.

In one of the unsuccessful efforts to secure a share of advertising this letter was sent to advertisers:

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN merits the attention of advertisers. Although its circulation is not so large as that of leading magazines in cities of over one million inhabitants, and while circulation is the main thing to advertisers—with possibly less than deserved discrimination—the VETERAN occupies all the territory of the Southern states. It is more ardently supported than has ever been a class periodical. Investigation will prove this. Then its subscription patronage is regular, rather than in precarious sales of news agents.

With candor as to its comparative circulation—and contracts are conditional on its proof—the totals are referred to with pride. No magazine in the South has ever been more prosperous upon its subscription revenue. The owner of the VETERAN has ever been concentrated upon its merits and increasing its circulation; hence the sparse advertising.

To reach those who took part in the great war and secure their patronage the best possible channel is the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the highest order of historical journal ever issued by an American printing-press. Kindly consider, or send to your agents.

Then a guide to circulation was enclosed, showing the states and the number at the post-offices where there are four and more.

Would you like to use an inch as a trial for any kind of acceptable notice at the low price of \$1? The regular price is \$1.50 an inch.

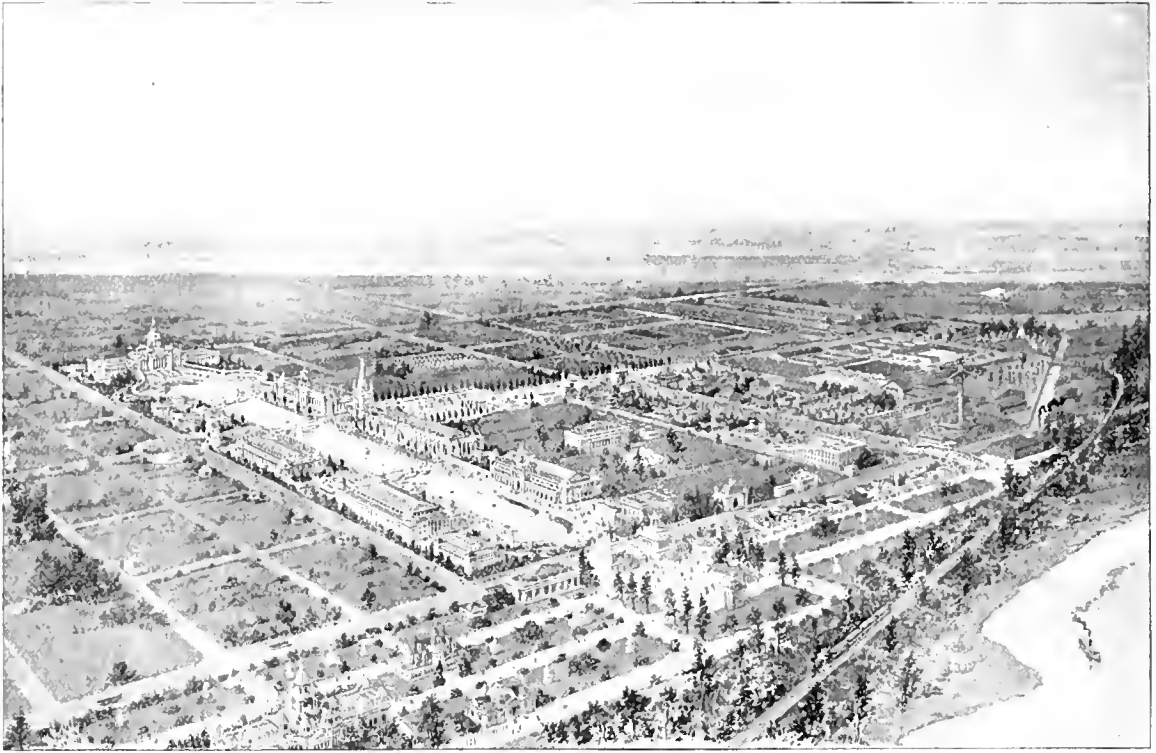
It is a pleasure to be able to offer the following valuable Southern books to VETERAN subscribers, and this will be about the best opportunity they will have to secure one or more simply by a little exertion in a good cause. Those who prefer to buy outright will be entitled to a year's subscription to the VETERAN with order for any binding at price specified:

"The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis, will be furnished in four bindings, as follows: Cloth, \$10; Sheep, \$12; Half Morocco, \$14; Full Morocco, \$20. Fifteen yearly subscriptions to the VETERAN will secure this book in cloth binding; eighteen, the sheep; twenty, the half Morocco; and thirty will secure the full Morocco.

"Johnston's Narrative," a history of his own operations specially, by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Illustrated with steel plates and maps. Sheep, \$5; Half Morocco, \$7. Ten subscribers will secure this book in sheep binding; twelve subscribers, half Morocco.

"Life of Albert Sidney Johnston," by his son, Col. William Preston Johnston, with maps, a fine portrait on steel, and illustrations. Cloth, \$5. Will be sent as premium for ten yearly subscriptions.

"Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," by Dr. J. William Jones. Illustrated with steel and wood engravings. Sheep, \$5; Half Morocco, \$7. Given as premium for ten yearly subscriptions.



COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF THE OMAHA EXPOSITION AND GROUNDS.

On June 1, 1898, the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition is to be opened at Omaha, Neb. It will close November 1. The work of construction is being vigorously performed in all departments. The harmony of design attained through artistic grouping of the buildings is most pronounced. Plans have been arranged on an elaborate scale of architecture for all the principal buildings. The main buildings are ranged along either side of the basin. At the west end stands the Government Building, flanked by imposing colonnades, which converge toward the west. The Arch of States is one of the most noticeable in the group of structures, decorated with a frieze composed of the arms of the Trans-Mississippi states, the whole being surmounted by sculpture figures. The canal, or basin, is spanned occasionally by picturesque bridges,

built with little arches to permit the passage of gondolas and various small boats. Its two ends terminate respectively at the Government Building on the west and at the viaduct on the east. Vine-shaded promenades of columns, treated in the Pompeian manner, extend between all the buildings, and provide visitors with nearly a mile of continuous shade all around the basin. All the buildings, gateways, colonnades, bridges, etc., forming this main group are parts of a composition, each having its own share in the architectural effects to be produced. The designs keep free from the influence of other expositions. The buildings will be given the tint of old marble, the staff work being colored to produce this effect. The site is upon a broad plateau within the city limits, on the north side. The Grounds are easily accessible from all points.

A circular letter from the Weekly Constitution states that it "goes to more homes than any newspaper published on the face of the earth;" that "as an exponent of Southern opinion and purveyor of Southern news it has no equal on the continent," and "that the Constitution's special features are such as are not found in any other paper in America." An arrangement has been made whereby the Weekly Constitution and the



**Confederate Veteran** can both be had for \$1.50 a year. This combination is opportune, as the Constitution will contain a great deal more about reunion matters than can be expected in the VETERAN. Let thousands send \$1.50 for both. This is considered the best combination with the VETERAN that has ever been made, and the sooner accepted the better. Address VETERAN.

**\$100 REWARD, \$100.**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

**"SONGS AND STORIES FROM TENNESSEE"**

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE. 247 pages. Illuminated cover. Price, \$1.25.

These "Songs and Stories from Tennessee" will strike a tender chord in the hearts of the patriotic sons and daughters of the old Volunteer State. After waiting for a greater one to do what he felt should be done, Mr. Moore, not a native Tennessean, but a resident for some years, has expressed to the world his love and admiration for the middle basin of our state—"the dimple of the universe." Many an exile from her borders will appreciate the tender paths of the old negro's lament:

Oh, I'm longin', jes' er longin' fer er sight ob Tennessee,  
Fur de cabin in de valley 'neath de shady ellum-tree,  
Fur de purple on de hill-top, an' de green upon de plain,  
An' dat hazy, lazy sweetness jes' ter fill my bones er gain.  
Do de colts all cum a pacin' lak dey use ter cum fer me?  
Do de fie'-lark sing as sweetly frum de shugar-maple tree?  
Will de chilluns cum ter meet me, an' my wife dat's dead an' gone?  
Will she sing jes' lak she use ter in de cotton an' de cohn?  
O chilluns, I'm cummin', fur de ole man's almos' free,  
An' I'm longin', jes' er longin' fur er sight ob Tennessee.

The book has at once taken a prominent place in Southern literature. Of "Ole Mistis," one of the stories, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says, "It is one of the very best short stories in the English language;" while the Chicago *Tribune* says, "Moore has done for the middle basin of Tennessee what Craddock did for the mountains." "Ole Mistis" brought a sob from the heart of the world," writes the celebrated Southern authoress, Octave Thanet, "but 'Thoroughbred' is especially fine." "Thoroughbred" was published in the VETERAN some time ago, as was also the poem "Sam Davis," of which Prof. Merrill, Professor of Elocution at Vanderbilt University, who is now using it in his repertoire, says "it is the best poem ever written on the young hero-scout."

This book has been so well received that the first edition is nearly exhausted, and the publishers are making arrangements for a second edition. Published by John C. Bauer, Chicago, Ill. Hunter & Welburn and T. H. Hard & Co., are Nashville (Tenn.) agents.

**HOUSTON EAST AND WEST TEXAS RY. AND HOUSTON AND SHREVEPORT R. R.**

Operate Finest Vestibuled Pullman Observation Sleeping-Cars daily between Kansas City and Galveston via the K. C., P. and G. R. R. to Shreveport, H. E. and W. T. Ry. to Houston, and G. C. and S. F. Ry. to Galveston. Dining-Car Service via this line between Shreveport and Kansas City. Meals on the cafe plan—pay for what you get, and at reasonable prices.

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R. D. YOKUM,  
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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed his hands by a just and honorable formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 230 Plover's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

**NASHVILLE'S TEA ROOM.**

Nashville has a Tea Room in the Wilcox Building, where elegant lunches are served at low prices, and where ladies can rest when tired from their shopping. It is proving a great success, and out-of-town ladies may find it a special convenience. The ladies in charge are most worthy.

**A Woman Florist.**



**5**  
EVERBLOOMING ROSES  
Red, White, Pink, Yellow and Blue  
**FOR 10 Cts**

ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER.  
Send 10 cents for the above Five colors of Roses. I want to show you samples of the Roses I grow, hence this offer. My great Magazine "How to Grow Flowers" three months FREE with every order.

**THE STAR EIGHT EVER BLOOMING ROSES FOR 25 CENTS.**

Star of Gold, deep golden yellow. Snowflake, pure snow white, always in bloom. Brilliant, the best pink rose, lovely buds. Crimson Bicolor, rich velvety crimson in large clusters. Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, delicate shell pink, very fragrant. Empress of China, ever blooming pink rose, either bush or climber. Clothilde Souquet, the great golden or pot rose. Four Oaks Krugers, copper yellow and shades of crimson.

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**10 LOVELY TEA ROSES 25c. THE GIANT ROSE COLLECTION.**

The Roses we send are on their own roots, and will bloom freely this Summer, either in pots or planted in yard. They are hardy ever-bloomers. We guarantee them to reach you in good condition.

- Summer Queen, deep Rich Pink.
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- Baby Gold, shades of Red and Fawn.
- Carb. Hermes, Everybody's Favorite.
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- Haman Cochet, Salmon and Flesh in Clusters.
- White Pearl of the Gardens, Wax, White.
- Valle de Chamounix, Tawny, Shades of Gold.

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- 8 Roses, all sorts, Hardy, Tea Climbers, etc. . . . . 25c.
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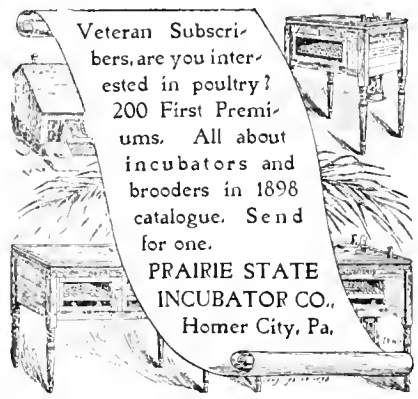
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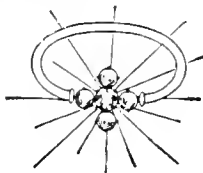
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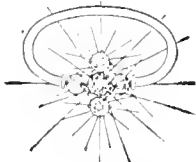
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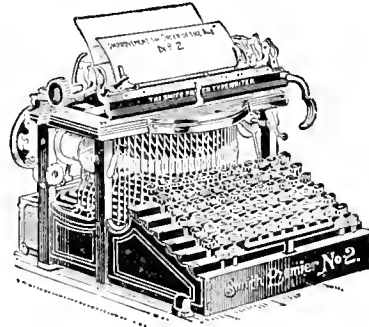
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Advertising Rates: \$1.50 per inch one time, or \$15 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$25. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is below the former rate.

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

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" war will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 151,992; '96, 161,332.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1898

No. 3, S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
 PROPRIETOR.



SCENE ON PEACHTREE STREET, ATLANTA, GA.

The building with the long columns was Sherman's headquarters on capturing the city, and is of the few not burned at that time. The cupola on building beyond is on the Governor's mansion. This view practically begins one of the handsomest residence avenues in America.

**ATLANTA REUNION ARRANGEMENTS.**

In a "greeting to Georgians," the VETERAN has sent out advance specimens of print and engravings to be used in reunion number, with the following:

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN greets comrades and their friends in Atlanta and Georgia with open and extended columns, to be used freely and without stint in advancing their aspirations to supply the richest entertainment ever given to survivors of the Confederate army.

Its physical life throbs from printing-presses which do not belong any more to Tennessee than to Georgia and to every other Southern state. The VETERAN is the spirit of the Southern people who espoused the cause of independence in the sixties, regardless of rank or location. Its unparalleled success is attributable to these facts and to their acceptance by all the people and their united cooperation in its maintenance.

The VETERAN has yielded the strongest possible aid to the management of all reunions for United Confederate Veterans, and now it announces improved facilities for the coming assembly in Atlanta, which will enable it, with a fair share of cooperation, to present the most remarkable city on Southern soil in brightest colors to the thousands who will gather in its gateways during the most notable anniversary in its history.

This cooperation is sought by one who served in its defense from Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain back to Atlanta, to Jonesboro, and to Lovejoy, and who identified his life in its most sacred sense with Georgia. He has ever been a special advocate of the Empire State of the South, which has given to the country an amazing record of eminent men and women. While Atlanta and Georgia have not excelled other cities and states in their cooperation to strengthen the VETERAN, in proportion as it has stood for them, the opportunity is now at hand for them to do so. The Atlanta Daughters of the Confederacy—Heaven bless them ever!—have shown their appreciation of its unstinted liberality in their behalf, and will assuredly continue to do so.

In these pages there is revived something of the most eminent man of his years that America has produced, of whom a biographical sketch appears in a small book containing the more famous of his speeches.

**HENRY W. GRADY.**

Henry Woodfin Grady was born in Athens, Ga., May 17, 1851; and died in Atlanta, Ga., December 23, 1889.

No written memorial can indicate the strong hold he had upon the Southern people nor portray that peerless personality which gave him his marvelous power among men. He had a matchless grace of soul that made him an unfailing winner of hearts. His translucent mind pulsated with the light of truth and beautified all thought. He grew flowers in the garden

of his heart and sweetened the world with the perfume of his spirit. His endowments were so superior and his purposes so unselfish that he seemed to combine all the best elements of genius and live under the influence of divine inspiration.

As writer and speaker he was phenomenally gifted. In writing on politics or on the industrial development of the South, or anything else to which he was moved by an inspiring sense of patriotism or conviction of duty, he was logical, aggressive, and unanswerable. When building an air-castle over the frame-work of his fancy or when sounding the depth of human feeling by an appeal for charity's sake, his command of language was as boundless as the realm of thought, his ideas as beautiful as pictures in the sky, and his pathos as deep as the well of tears. As an orator he literally mastered his audience, regardless of their character,



HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

chaining them to his thought, and carrying them captive to conviction. He moved upon their souls as the Divine Spirit upon the waters, either lashing them into storms of enthusiasm or stilling them into the restful quiet of sympathy. He was unlike all other men; he was a veritable magician. He could invest the most trifling thing with proportions of importance not at all its own. From earliest childhood he possessed that indefinable quality which compels hero-worship.

The swift race he ran and the lofty heights he attained harmonized well with God's munificent endowment of him. In every field that he labored his achievements were so wonderful that an account of his career sounds more like the extravagance of eulogy than a record of truth.

He was educated at the University of Georgia, graduating from that institution in 1868. He was a boy of bounding spirit, and by an inexplicable power over his

associates became an unchallenged leader in all things with which he concerned himself. He had no fondness for any department of learning except belles-lettres. He was an omnivorous reader. That great novelist, Dickens, was his favorite author. In college he was universally popular. He had a real genius for putting himself *en rapport* with all sorts of men. His sympathy was quick-flowing; any sight or story of suffering would touch his heart and bring tears.

After graduating at Athens, he completed his education at the University of Virginia. Before he attained his majority he married Miss Julia King, of Athens. She was his first sweetheart, and kept that hallowed place always. He was tender and indulgent to his family and generously hospitable to his friends. The best side of him was always turned toward his hearthstone. His home was his castle, and in it his friends were always made happy by the benediction of his welcome.

Soon after marriage he moved to Rome, Ga., and became joint owner and editorial manager of the *Rome Commercial*, which paper was soon enveloped in bankruptcy, costing Mr. Grady thousands of dollars. Soon after that he moved to Atlanta, and became connected with the *Atlanta Herald*. That paper was a revelation to Georgia journalism. He put into it more push and enterprise than had ever been known in that section. He sacrificed everything to daily triumph, regardless of consequences. In this venture Mr. Grady sank all that he had left after the Rome wreck and involved himself considerably in debt. At twenty-three years of age he had failed in his only two pronounced ambitions. While those failures seemed cruel setbacks then, they may be counted now as helpful discipline to him. They served to stir his spirit the deeper and fill him with nobler resolve. Bravely he trampled misfortune under his feet and climbed to the high place of honor and usefulness for which he was destined.

A few months after his last misfortune he was tendered and gladly accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*. After a while he secured an interest in that paper, which fact, it may be said, fixed his noble destiny. It emancipated his genius from the bondage of poverty, quickened his sensitive spirit with a new consciousness of power for good, and inspired him to untiring service in the widest fields of usefulness. Atlanta was his home altar, and there he poured out the best libations of his heart. That thriving city to-day has no municipal advantage, no public improvement, no educational institution, no industrial enterprise, which does not either owe its beginning to his readiness of suggestion or its mature development to his sustaining influence.

In politics he was an undeniable leader, and yet never held office. High places were pressed for his acceptance times without number, but he always resolutely put them away, as office had no charm for him.

It mattered not how far he traveled from home, he made himself quickly known by the power of his impressive individuality or by some splendid exhibition of his genius.

Two speeches of Mr. Grady—one made at a banquet of the New England Society, in New York City, and the other at a state fair in Dallas, Tex.—achieved for him a reputation which spanned the continent; while the most magnificent effort of eloquence which

he ever made was the soul-stirring speech delivered in Boston on the "Race Problem," just ten days before he died.

The political sagacity of Alexander H. Stephens, the consummate genius of Robert Toombs, and the impassioned eloquence of Benjamin H. Hill were his.

#### PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

On the 21st of December, 1886, Mr. Grady, in response to an urgent invitation, delivered an address at the banquet of the New England Club, New York:

"There was a South of slavery and secession; that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom; that South, thank God! is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866—true then, and truer now—I shall make my text for to-night.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:* Let me express to you



COL. W. A. HEMPHILL,  
Founder of the "Atlanta Constitution."

my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly; for I feel that if, when I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if in that sentence I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart. Permitted, through your kindness, to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality, and honors the sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on

the top step, fell, with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded, into the basement, and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: "John, did you break the pitcher?"

"No, I didn't," said John; "but I'll be dinged if I don't."

So, while those who call me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—then turning the page—"one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher-wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at



HON. EVAN P. HOWELL

Associate of Mr. Grady as Managing Editor, Atlanta Constitution.

this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith to-night, I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers: the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on the continent in its early days, and that he was "up and able to be about." I have read your books carefully, and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me an important one for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium if for nothing else.

Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on the Continent; that Cavalier John Smith gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own

name around ever since; and that while Miles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parents' consent, and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight, and that the Almighty has vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being as full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books, I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done, with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and good traditions of both, happily, still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution; and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God.

My friends, Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of the colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slowly perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace, of this republic: Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat, and not in victory; in pathos, and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home? Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox, in April, 1865. Think of him as—ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion—he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in si-

lence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia's hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow, and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system (feudal in its magnificence) swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence: the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the key-note when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I'm going to work." Of the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife, and raise a crop; and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I'll whip 'em again." I want to say to Gen. Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school-house on the hilltop, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your ironmasters in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the \$400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from twenty-four to six per cent., and are floating four per cent bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners; and have smoothed the path to southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and

hung out the latch-string to you and yours. We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did before the war. We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprang from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee as he manufactures relics of the battle-field in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive-oil out of his cotton-seed, against any down-caster that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of



MR. CLARK HOWELL,  
Successor to his father on the *Atlanta Constitution*.

peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel in the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political illustration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity toward solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence, depends upon our work-

ing out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man can not prevail; while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the cornerstone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

Had Mr. Toombs said—which he did not say—that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, he would have been foolish; for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers (not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay) sold their slaves to our fathers (not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it). The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro; the rest must be left to the conscience and common sense. It must be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept our faith with you. In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met Gen. Sherman last as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with af-

fluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless. The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace—and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age. The South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured, and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the states was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy; and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in his almighty hand, that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is as sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blow of those who died hopeless but undaunted in defeat—sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms, speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American states and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts,

which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago, amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that, in my judgment,

"Those opened eyes,  
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,  
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way."

#### AT THE BOSTON BANQUET.

In his speech at the annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association, in December, 1889 (the last he made), Mr. Grady said:

*Mr. President:* Bidden by your invitation to a discussion of the race problem, forbidden by occasion to make a political speech, I appreciate in trying to reconcile orders with propriety the predicament of the little maid who, bidden to learn to swim, was yet adjured: "Now, go, my darling, hang your clothes on a hickory limb, and don't go near the water."

The stoutest apostle of the Church, they say, is the missionary, and the missionary, wherever he unfurls his flag, will never find himself in deeper need ofunction and address than I, bidden to-night to plant the standard of a Southern Democrat in Boston's banquet-hall and discuss the problem of the races in the home of Phillips and of Sumner. But, Mr. President, if a purpose to speak in perfect frankness and sincerity, if earnest understanding of the vast interests involved, if a consecrating sense of what further disaster may follow further misunderstanding and estrangement—if these may be counted to steady undisciplined speech and to strengthen an untried arm, then, sir, I find the courage to proceed.

Happy am I that this mission has brought my feet at last to press New England's historic soil and my eyes to the knowledge of her beauty and her thrift. Here, within touch of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill—where Webster thundered and Longfellow sang, Emerson thought and Channing preached—here in the cradle of American letters, and almost of American liberty, I hasten to make the obeisance that every American owes New England when first he stands uncovered in her mighty presence. Strange apparition! This stern and unique figure, carved from the ocean

and the wilderness, its majesty kindling and growing amid the storms of winters and of wars, until at last the gloom was broken, its beauty disclosed in the sunshine, and the heroic workers rested at its base, while startled kings and emperors gazed and marveled that from the rude touch of this handful, cast on a bleak and unknown shore, should have come the embodied genius of human government and the perfected model of human liberty. God bless the memory of those immortal workers and prosper the fortunes of their living sons and perpetuate the inspirations of their handiwork!

Two years ago, sir, I spoke some words in New York that caught the attention of the North. As I stand here to reiterate, as I have done everywhere, every word I then uttered, to declare that the sentiments I then avowed were universally approved in the South, I realize that the confidence begotten by that speech is largely responsible for my presence here to-night. I should dishonor myself if I betrayed that confidence by uttering one insincere word or by withholding one essential element of the truth. Apropos of this last, let me confess, Mr. President, before the praise of New England has died on my lips, that I believed the best product of her present life is the procession of seventeen thousand Vermont Democrats that for twenty-two years, undiminished by death, unrenewed by birth or conversion, have marched over their rugged hills, cast their Democratic ballots, and gone back home to pray for their unregenerate neighbors, and awake to read the record of twenty-five thousand Republican majority. May the God of the helpless and the heroic help them, and may their sturdy tribe increase!

Far to the South, Mr. President, separated from this section by a line once defined in irrepressible difference, once traced in fratricidal blood, and now, thank God! but a vanishing shadow, lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There is centered all that can please or prosper humankind. A perfect climate, above a fertile soil, yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clover steals the fragrance of the wind and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains. There are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures; forests, vast and primeval, and rivers that, tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. Of the three essential items of all industries—cotton, iron, and wood—that region has easy control. In cotton, a fixed monopoly; in iron, proven supremacy; in timber, the reserve supply of the republic. From this assured and permanent advantage, against which artificial conditions can not much longer prevail, has grown an amazing system of industries. Not maintained by human contrivance of tariff or capital, afar off from the fullest and cheapest source of supply, but resting in divine assurance, within touch of field and mine and forest; not set amid costly farms from which competition has driven the farmer in despair, but amid cheap and sunny lands, rich with agriculture, to which neither season nor soil has set a limit—this system of industries is mounting to a splendor that shall dazzle and illumine the world.

That, sir, is the picture and the promise of my home—a land better and fairer than I have told you, and yet

but fit setting, in its material excellence, for the loyal and gentle quality of its citizenship. . . . The strange fact remains that in 1880 the South had fewer Northern-born citizens than she had in 1870; fewer in 1870 than in 1860. Why is this? Why is it, sir, though the sectional line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have crossed it over to the South than when it was crimson with the best blood of the republic, or even when the slaveholder stood guard every inch of its way.

Mr. Grady's able argument may be given hereafter.

#### THE SOUTH AND HER PROBLEMS.

In an address at Dallas, Tex., October 26, 1887, Mr. Grady illustrated the persistence he would have exercised for the industrial development of the South by the story of a Confederate soldier who lay desperately wounded on the battle-field:

The South needs her sons to-day more than when she summoned them to the forum to maintain her political supremacy, more than when the bugle called them to the field to defend issues put to the arbitrament of the sword. Her old body is instinct with appeal, calling on us to come and give her fuller independence than she has ever sought in field or forum. It is ours to show that as she prospered with slaves she shall prosper still more with freemen; ours to see that from the lists she entered in poverty she shall emerge in prosperity; ours to carry the transcending traditions of the old South, from which none of us can in honor or in reverence depart, unstained and unbroken into the new. Shall we fail? Shall the blood of the old South, the best strain that ever uplifted human endeavor, that ran like water at duty's call, and never stained where it touched—shall this blood, that pours into our veins through a century luminous with achievement, for the first time falter and be driven back from irresolute heat, when the old South, that left us a better heritage in manliness and courage than in broad and rich acres, calls us to settle problems?

A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought field. The roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there sorely smitten but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars. Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter-bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved, and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die. With pleading eyes through the darkness this poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak, as the lantern drew near. At last the light flashed in his face and the surgeon kindly bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went from one part of the field to another. As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives till sundown to-morrow he will get well;" and again left him—not to death, but with hope. All night long those words fell into his heart as the dew fell from the stars upon his lips—"if he but lives till sundown to-morrow, he will get well." He turned his weary head to the east, and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east

trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it, inch by inch, as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace, with the roses climbing to its door and the trees whispering to its windows, and dozing in the sunshine the orchard, and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest. "If I live till sundown, I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane, I will open the battered gate, and the mocking-bird shall call to me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farmhouse and put her hand shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home. "If I live till sundown, I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his load of sorrow and old age. "If I but live till sundown, I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart."

And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees and tangled their little hands into his heart-strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass. "If I live till sundown, they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths and their little fingers shall run once more over my face."

And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered those children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home. "If I live till sundown, I will see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her knees and weep away all memory of this desolate night."

And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on the ebbing life and held on the stanch until the sun went down and the stars came out and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came, and he was taken from death to life.

The world is a battle-field strewn with the wrecks of governments and institutions, of theories and of faiths, that have gone down in the ravage of years. On this field lies the South, sown with her problems. On this field swing the lanterns of God. Amid the carnage walks the Great Physician; over the South he bends. "If ye but live until to-morrow's sundown, ye shall endure, my countrymen." Let us for her sake turn our faces to the east and watch as the soldier watched for the coming sun. Let us stanch her wounds and hold steadfast. . . . Let every man here pledge himself in this high and ardent hour, as I pledge myself and the boy that shall follow me—every



man himself and his son, hand to hand and heart to heart—that in death and earnest loyalty, in patient painstaking and care, he shall watch her interest, advance her fortune, defend her fame, and guard her honor as long as life shall last. Every man in the sound of my voice, under the deeper consecration he offers to the Union, will consecrate himself to the South, having no ambition but to be first at her feet and last at her service; no hope but, after a long life of devotion, to sink to sleep in her bosom as a little child sleeps at his mother's breast and rests untroubled in the light of her smile.

### MRS. SUSAN PRESTON HEPBURN.

SKETCH BY MAJ. J. STODDARD JOHNSTON.

Among the many noble women in the South whose names are dear to the Confederate veteran none is held in more affectionate remembrance than Mrs. Susan Preston Hepburn. It was not her privilege to be an active participant in the actual scenes of war, as her residence was within the Federal lines; but, having in the Confederate service a brother and many relatives and friends, her sympathy in the cause was ardent and her efforts to relieve the suffering of the Confederate soldiers in the local hospitals and Northern prisons were active and efficient. Without ostentation she joined quietly with other noble women of similar feeling in the work of visiting the sick, burying the dead, and marking their graves, and in sending relief under the Federal regulations to the prisoners at Camp Chase, Camp Douglas, and Johnson's Island, who were beyond the ministrations of their friends within the Southern lines. The relief sent by the noble women of Kentucky was not limited to the soldiers of that state, but embraced the unfortunate prisoners of the whole South. Clothing, food, and delicacies for the sick, books, magazines, and everything which could contribute to their bodily, mental, or spiritual comfort were raised by organizations covering the whole state, and sent continuously during the war to relieve the wants of the suffering. And thus, while the women of the South were ministering to the wants of the soldiers in the field, the women of Kentucky were alleviating the necessities of their imprisoned fathers, husbands, and sons.

When the war was over, and the necessity for such exertions was no longer required, Mrs. Hepburn continued her good work in a field where relief was quite as essential. Many helpless orphans were to be cared for and the infirm, maimed, and needy veterans to be looked after. One of her first works in this direction was to aid in the establishment of a Masonic widows' and orphans' home, the first of the kind in the United States, to the successful foundation of which she contributed by her unremitting labors more, perhaps, than any other individual. This great charity, while not limited by any sectional line, was instrumental in relieving many of those left dependent by the war. But concurrently with this work she, in conjunction with other good women, formed associations for the relief of surviving Confederates and was active in promoting the permanent organization of the Confederate Association of Louisville, through which the necessities of the sick and dependent veterans have been provided for. In her labors she was untiring. Her influ-

ence over the Confederate veterans able to contribute by their means or personal exertions was such that they responded with alacrity to her every suggestion, while the Southern women recognized in her a worthy leader, under whom they labored with equal alacrity. Possessed of a superior faculty for organization and the gift of a conciliating diplomacy, she united elements too often rendered ineffective by dissension and jealousy into a harmonious cooperation. Thus, by inaugurating fêtes, excursions, lectures, and by direct application to those able to contribute, she provided



MRS. SUSAN PRESTON HEPBURN

means to meet all the necessities and relieve all requiring help who would apply or could be found by vigilant search, until it can be said that no one ever saw an ex-Confederate begging his bread in her vicinity.

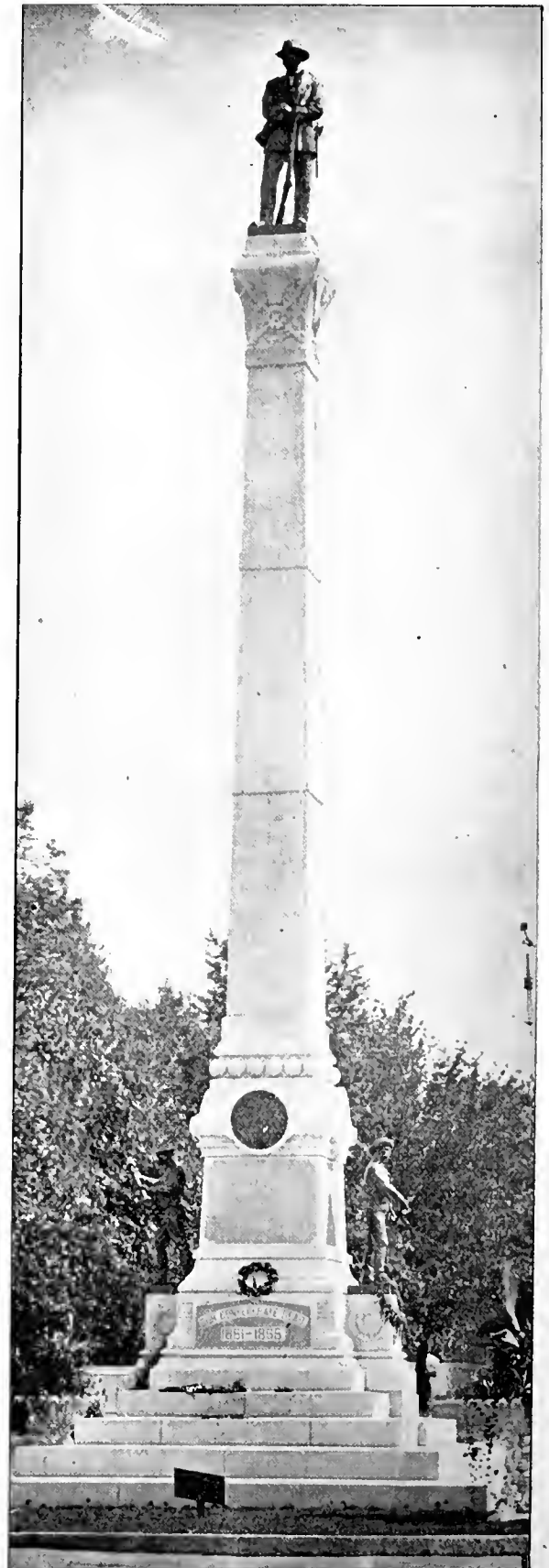
The great work by which Mrs. Hepburn's good name will be perpetuated, and that which engaged her ardent efforts during the last decade of her life, is the handsome Confederate monument which was conceived by her and erected chiefly through her exertions. For this purpose she organized the Woman's Confederate Monument Association, and was made its President. It is doubtful if a movement for this purpose could have been successful if projected by the Confederate soldiers themselves, as from the relation of Kentucky to the war it might have engendered feelings which would have endangered its success. But the devotion of this good woman was so pure, the spirit of her conception was so noble, and her devotion so elevated that she not only enlisted the earnest cooperation of the Confederates, but elicited

the fullest sympathy and hearty good will of the Federal soldiers themselves. A noble granite shaft of sixty feet or more in height occupies a circle on one of the handsomest streets of Louisville, surmounted by a life-size Confederate private in bronze and flanked on either side by a bronze cavalrman and artilleryman—all of the most artistic execution. It bears the simple inscription "Confederate Dead" on one side, and on the opposite side one to the effect that it was erected by the Confederate women of Kentucky. It was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies July 30, 1895. The successful execution of this work crowned the labors of Mrs. Hepburn's life. She had raised the money, \$12,000, to pay for it before it was erected, lacking a small sum, which was raised afterward. Her last efforts were directed toward securing a fund for its proper enclosure, and in this she had succeeded a short time before her death.

The infirmities of age and ill health were no barriers to her efforts, but her extraordinary will seemed to sustain her and prolong her life until her aim was completed. Then, rejoicing in the consummation of her labors, she calmly passed from earth. But the monument will not be complete until it bears an appropriate tablet with her name, making it, in fact, to future generations, as it is to the present, a lasting testimonial to her own memory.

Mrs. Susan P. Hepburn was born near Louisville, Ky., July 17, 1819; and died in that city October 5, 1897. She was the daughter and youngest child of Maj. William Preston and Caroline Hancock, his wife, both of Botetourt County, Va., who early settled in Kentucky. Her only brother was Maj.-Gen. William Preston, of the Confederate army, prominent in civil life as a member of the state constitutional convention of 1849, Representative and Senator, Member of Congress, and Minister to Spain under President Buchanan's administration. He was a lieutenant-colonel in the Mexican war, and won distinction in the Confederate war on many fields, but particularly in the battles of Murfreesboro and Chickamauga.

The eldest of Mrs. Hepburn's four sisters was the first wife of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. In 1841 she married Howard Christy, of St. Louis, who died in 1853; and in 1860 she married Hiatt P. Hepburn, a distinguished lawyer of San Francisco. In 1864 she was again widowed, and for the remainder of her life devoted herself to good works. As a young woman, possessed of a superior mind and cultured education, she was conspicuous for her intellectual attainments, her great beauty, and her lovely character. Having had before age had encroached on her vigor her full share of sorrow, she seemed to find relief in taking up the burdens of others. Not blessed with children of her own, she became a mother to the motherless, and never turned a deaf ear to a suffering cry. When the resources of a once ample fortune restricted her own bounties she inspired others by an unselfish devotion to charity, and became alms-gatherer in its cause and the faithful trustee of the contributions of others, as well as of herself. Her life was sunshine to the afflicted and an inspiration to the many able and willing to do good and yet needing a leader and exemplar, and in her death her memory is embalmed in the gratitude of many whom she succored and in the love and admiration of all who knew her.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, LOUISVILLE, KY.



Comrades J. L. Lemonds, A. H. Lankford, James S. Aden, and C. F. Potts, of Paris, Tenn., send a tribute to Felix Grundy Trousdale, whom they all knew from boyhood. Extracts are as follows:

On November 5, 1897, Felix G. Trousdale, an ex-Confederate soldier and a deputy sheriff of Henry County, Tenn., came to a sudden and unexpected death at his home, four miles north of Paris. He had been from home that day on official business, and returned about 7:30 P.M. He ate his supper, talked cheerfully about some farm work, and took his usual smoke in his room. He afterward went to the back porch for water, thence to the front porch, when a shot was heard, which took his life. It was supposed that he had shot at a dog or some other animal in the yard, but members of the family, going out, found him lying dead, a bullet having entered the back part of his head.

He was an affectionate husband and father and a



DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE FELIX G. TROUSDALE.

popular neighbor. He had been deputy sheriff continuously for ten or twelve years, and was fearless in the discharge of his duties.

Comrade Trousdale was the youngest son of Dr. James and Susan Whitehead Trousdale; was born in Henry County, Tenn., near Buchanan, in September, 1844. His father, a native of Sumner County, Tenn., was, at the age of twenty, in the war of 1812. His mother was born in 1801, was a native of Virginia, and was a woman of much energy, with strong traits of character. Comrade Trousdale enlisted in the Confederate army in the fall of 1861 as a member of the Forty-Sixth Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Col. John M. Clark. His older brothers, James M. (a first lieutenant) and Alexander, had gone out with the Fifth Tennessee in the May preceding. The father, Dr. Trousdale, though old, went with them to Union City, where he did hospital service in the treatment of measles and other diseases of early camp-life.

At the surrender of Island No. 10 Felix G., with others, escaped by means of a raft, and, wading, made his way to the army at Port Hudson, La. He was afterward transferred to the Fifth Tennessee, to be with his brothers. He served through the war, being in many battles, including the Dalton-Atlanta campaign. At "Dead Angle" he received a wound that was thought to be fatal, and from the effects of which he never recovered. He lay in the hospital at Atlanta eight or nine months. After the surrender, when he had gained sufficient strength to travel, he was brought to Nashville by a Mr. Whiteman, a paper-manufacturer, who furnished him the means to reach home, and whose kindness he always gratefully remembered. As age came on he was subject to spells of cramping, but his hidden wound appealed only to the sympathy of those who knew of its seriousness.

After he had regained sufficient strength he began the struggles of life at the age of twenty-one, with the many disadvantages entailed by war. In 1868 he was married to Miss Emmie, a daughter of Capt. William S. Blakemore, a most estimable woman, who survives him, together with three industrious, self-reliant sons and five amiable and intelligent daughters. One of the sons, A. B. Trousdale, is our Circuit Court Clerk.

The funeral service was conducted by Elder James S. Aden, a Confederate comrade, and he was buried in Old Bethel church-yard by his father and mother and near his childhood home.

James R. Neeley, postmaster at Franklin, Tenn., died early in January. He entered the Confederate army a boy, and lost a leg at Perryville, Ky. After the war he served sixteen years as Circuit Court Clerk, and was in that office in April, 1894, when President Cleveland appointed him postmaster, which position he held until his death. These responsible positions so long maintained attest his merit as a citizen. At a meeting of the McEwen Bivouac fitting tribute was paid to his memory. M. P. G. Winstead, in speaking upon the resolutions offered, said: "Our friendship began in the time of war. I knew him under circumstances which tried the souls of men—in camp, on the march, in battle, and in prison. Side by side we fell in battle; side by side we lay in the same corner of the fence, covered with the same blanket, and were fed from the

same cup. Together we marched down the aisle, knelt at the same altar, were baptized and received into the Methodist Church. If to-day I could meet the soldier who disabled us for life, I would take him by the hand and tell him he was a brave man."

Maj. Francis Miller was born in Düsseldorf, Prussia, April 23, 1822, and was educated at Coblenz. He came to America in 1839, joined the United States army, and served three years in Florida during the Seminole war; was mustered out of service at Charleston in 1842. He went to Virginia the same year, and the following year was married to Miss Mary A. Stoneman. He entered the Confederate army early in 1861, and served as a private for a while; was made commissary-sergeant, and served as commissary officer of his regiment, though not commissioned. He was elected captain of Company E, Forty-Fifth Virginia Regiment, in May, 1862, made a good officer, and was frequently in command of the regiment; was promoted to the rank of major, though after the war was called "Capt." Miller. He had command of the regiment during Early's retreat out of the valley, but was captured just after the Fisher's Hill affair and sent to Fort Delaware, Md., where he remained in prison about three months.

After the war he engaged in farming in Surry County, N. C. He lived an upright life, was a prominent member of the M. E. Church, South, and was generally a delegate to the Annual Conferences. He was for



MAJ. FRANCIS MILLER.

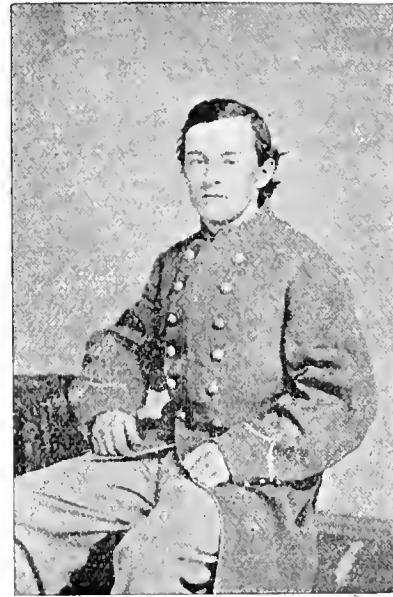
several years chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, and during that time there was not a bar-room in Surry County. Maj. Miller was fond of travel. He visited his native country (Germany) in 1870,

and again in 1895; attended the reunion at Richmond in 1896 and at Nashville in 1897. He was intensely Southern, and was among the first to join Surry County Camp, U. C. V.. He was a subscriber to the VETERAN, and dearly loved the same. He contributed to the Sam Davis monument. He died November 23, 1897, and was buried at Zion M. E. Church, members of his camp acting as his pall-bearers.

#### Heroic Volunteers—J. P. W. Brown.

J. R. H. contributes to the VETERAN a sketch to be used in connection with an excellent engraving of Comrade John Brown, whose untimely death in December, 1896, caused universal sorrow in the ranks of Cheatham Bivouac and to many friends throughout the South.

John Preston Watts Brown was born in this city, May 16, 1845. He was, therefore, in 1861 but sixteen



JOHN PRESTON WATTS BROWN.

years of age, and truly one of the very youngest of the many youthful defenders of the "lost cause." Born to the heritage of that lofty, untrammelled spirit which easy and cultivated environment engenders, this brave boy quickly caught the enthusiasm that pervaded the very atmosphere, and early requested to be allowed to join the ranks of the volunteers. This request was, of course, denied; but the needs of our country became more and more urgent, and before

many months had passed Comrade Brown was fated to enter the army, but in a more exciting and romantic way than even his impetuous and reckless spirit would have asked. In later years Mr. Brown wrote an account of his hazardous adventures, a brief résumé of which will be of interest here.

After the fall of Fort Donelson and the occupation of Nashville by the Federals, John Brown, with his friend and companion, John Kirkman, resolved to escape from the city and join the Confederate army. Their plans were made, but, with the incaution of youth, were not well guarded, and just on the eve of their departure they found themselves arrested and imprisoned in the state penitentiary. Here they remained for a month, but, through the intercession of friends, were released on paroles on the plea that they were too young to be held as prisoners of war.

At this point all would have gone well but for the hot-headed recklessness of the two boys, who, upon the news of an order for the exchange of all prisoners,

according to a treaty between Presidents Davis and Lincoln, rushed back into the hands of the provost-marshal, thinking to join the army at last in this way. But again they were doomed to disappointment, for the treaty only included prisoners of war, and they were, by the terms of their paroles, civil prisoners; and, more than this, their paroles were forfeited. The military governor of the state, Andrew Johnson, turned a deaf ear to further intercession on the plea of youth, and their only other chance, the oath of allegiance, was, of course, out of the question.

After a few months of imprisonment, which, in spite of prejudice, they were forced to admit was not severe, the necessities of a fellow prisoner, John Goodrich—who had been caught just outside of the city in Federal uniform, with a suit of gray concealed under his saddle, and was, therefore, to be hanged as a spy in three weeks' time—urged these boys to an attempt to escape. In the room in which they were confined was a door which opened on some steps leading into the yard inside the high prison-walls, and this door and a large jack-knife some one had contrived to smuggle to John Brown furnished the only chance of life and liberty. With their comrade's life at stake, they worked diligently and cautiously at night, covering their progress from sight during the daytime by piling their beds in that corner of the room; and after five nights' work they had cut a hole large enough for a man to squeeze through. Then they waited for a rainy night, which, fortunately came very soon. At the last moment the other prisoners in the room learned in some way that there was hope of escape, and, naturally, wished to be included; and, in the end, while the guards sought shelter from the storm, nineteen men besides the three conspirators left that room, and at last found themselves safe on the outside of the walls, barefooted and in the driving rain, but undetected.

As previously agreed, they then proceeded cautiously to the home of Dr. Hudson, not far from the prison, and there learned of the position of the chain pickets and other dangers to be encountered. The line of pickets was just in the rear of the Hudson place. The fires were about fifty yards apart, and their only chance of escape now was to crawl on their knees in corn-field mud across the line of light made by the fires. They managed to go through the line, and then arose and ran for all they were worth until out of hearing. When satisfied of their safety they held a council, and the little company disbanded, going in several directions. Brown joined Dibrell's Cavalry; Kirkman lost his life before the war was over; Goodrich's fate is not known.

With such pluck and determination, it is no wonder Southern boys proved so hard to whip and passed so bravely through the long, unequal struggle and also through the almost as fierce days of reconstruction.

Austin Peay died at his home near Bell, Ky., February 16, after long suffering from Bright's disease. He was about fifty-four years of age, and was one of the most valuable citizens of Western Kentucky. He made a gallant Confederate soldier, and participated in many of the most important battles of the war. He was a man of strictest integrity, of noble sentiment, and a firm friend to those in distress. In his death the VETERAN lost a staunch supporter and advocate.

MAJ. MICHAEL LOOSCAN.

A native of Caher, County Mayo, Ireland, Michael Looscan was lulled to sleep in his infancy by Celtic songs. He witnessed much of the famine of 1848, but was spared the consequent suffering by his provident father. The family came to America in 1855, when he was fifteen years old. Two years later the youth was in Mobile, a press-boy on the *Mercury*. He went to Texas in 1858, forty years ago, and taught school at Longview. Upon the suggestion of Judge M. H. Bonner, of Longview, young Looscan entered his office and began the study of law. From there he enlisted in the Confederate army, and was soon made adju-



MAJ. MICHAEL LOOSCAN.

tant-general on the staff of Gen. John R. Baylor, and was subsequently assigned as inspector-general on the staff of Gen. S. B. Maxey. Loyal to the memories of sacred days, Maj. Looscan was active in organizing the Dick Dowling Camp at Houston, Tex. The wonderful achievement of Capt. Dick Dowling, with forty odd Irishmen, at Sabine Pass has been recorded in the VETERAN. After the war Maj. Looscan practised law successfully. In 1881 he married Miss Briscoe. He enlisted in the public welfare of his state with earnest zeal, and was quite a power with the people. He was a member of the Board of Managers of the Texas Confederate Home, located at Austin. He died in Houston several months ago, and Dick Dowling Camp passed suitable resolutions in his honor.

The P. C. Woods Camp No. 609, at San Marcos, Tex., mourns the death of their Commander, for whom the camp was named. The committee, E. P. Raynolds, chairman, says:

For half a century his splendid judgment as a physician and his benign influence as a citizen impressed all who had the good fortune of his acquaintance. During the long years in which he was unquestionably our first citizen his influence was for good. As an arbiter for his neighbors his conclusions were always just and generous.

From resolutions by the camp the following is taken:

In the death of Col. P. C. Woods the town loses its first citizen; the Church, a pillar; humanity, an exponent; the poor, a friend; his profession, an ornament; and the camp, its most venerated and distinguished member. In his spotless life he has been an exemplar of all that is noble and good in man; and, dying, has shown that death had no terrors he feared to face. In P. C. Woods we had an example of manhood in its highest development—brave as the bravest, tender as the tenderest. No words of praise can add to the esteem in which our dead friend is held, and the closest scrutiny of his life-work would reveal no unmanly deed, no act that might invoke the charity of forgetfulness. In this hour of their sorrow we extend to the bereaved family and friends our tenderest sympathy, feeling that completest condolence will come to them in the knowledge that he has reached the Christian's goal. Life's journey ended, he sleeps well. The members of this camp will wear mourning for thirty days, and a report of the proceedings of this memorial meeting will be furnished the family, our local newspapers, and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of Nashville.

Maj. John Beverly Stannard died at Berryville, Va., on January 25. He was born in Fredericksburg, Va., in September, 1820, the only son of Caroline Chew and Col. John B. Stannard, of the U. S. army. He graduated at William and Mary College, and entered the law-office of his uncle, Judge Robert Stannard, of the Virginia Court of Appeals, but later entered the profession of engineering. He was major of engineers in the Confederate army, engaged on the fortifications around Richmond, and served throughout the war. After the war he married Miss Susie McDonald, a daughter of Col. Angus McDonald, of Winchester. In 1890 he removed to Berryville.

J. C. Hillsman, of Ledbetter, Tex., reports the death of Mike Dickson, an old comrade, at Lexington, Tex., and writes that he left with his nephew, J. W. Dickson, a small red-back, gilt-edge Bible, on the fly-leaf of which is written: "John Aber, Allegheny County, Pa. Captured June 30, 1862, in the enemy's camp." Mr. Dickson will take pleasure in returning the Bible to any member of Mr. Aber's family.

Turner Halliburton, who served in the Eleventh Tennessee Regiment, died at his home in Clarksville, Tenn., after a long illness, aged fifty-seven years, and was interred in the Confederate plot at Greenwood Cemetery. He was a member of Forbes's Bivouac.

## BATTLE ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

J. Earl Preston, Navasota, Tex.:

Comrade Woodson, of Memphis, is not altogether correct in his account in the January VETERAN of the "battle above the clouds." It is true that Walthall's Brigade was stationed around the point of the mountain looking northwest and doing picket duty about 10 A.M. The Federal batteries in the valley between the mountain and Chattanooga opened fire on the mountain and Missionary Ridge, and kept it up until dark. It was believed that this bombardment was a feint to cover "Grant's retreat" from Chattanooga, as many troops were seen crossing the river on pontoons and going west, but in this view the Confederates were misled, as the movement of Federal troops west of the Tennessee River was for the purpose of making an attack on the mountain at daylight November 23. It was Sherman's Corps that crossed the river, moved down it, and recrossed to the rear of Raccoon Mountain, some eight miles below Lookout Mountain. They attacked Walthall's Brigade at daylight November 23. That gallant brigade held back Sherman's whole corps until about 8 A.M., when many of them came through our brigade (Gen. John C. Moore's), which was about five hundred yards in rear of Walthall's Brigade, around the point of the mountain on the east side, instead of Brown's Brigade, as Comrade Woodson says.

It was almost 8 A.M. when Moore's Brigade was ordered forward, engaged the enemy, and held them where Walthall's Brigade left them until about 3 P.M., when, becoming much exhausted, we were relieved by Clayton's Brigade, who took the place of Moore's Brigade and held the enemy at bay until some time after night. Then Clayton was relieved by Pettus' Brigade, and the fight continued until about midnight, when firing ceased. About 2 A.M. November 24 an order was received from Gen. Bragg to evacuate, and thus ended the fight on Lookout Mountain. My recollection is that there were only four brigades of Confederates on the mountains—to wit, Walthall's, Moore's, Clayton's, and Pettus'—except a battery of field-pieces on the top of the mountain. This was A. T. Stewart's Division, but Gen. Jackson, of Georgia, was in command.

At sunrise we reached the base of Missionary Ridge, and were halted to partake of an elaborate breakfast of corn bread and raw, fat bacon. The bread was three days old and the bacon of uncertain age.

The soldiers, rank and file, in the great war made history for the world the like of which has never been equaled, and the VETERAN is giving it truthfully. Grant's, Stephens', and Davis' learned works are largely devoted to accounts of their own acts and others in the great political movements preceding the war and their subsequent acts and the results. The VETERAN should be in the hands of every boy and girl in the South, that they may learn of the heroism of their ancestors and the cause for which they fought.

Comrade Woodson will pardon me for calling his attention to his error. Gen. Moore is still living, so Gen. Cabell informs me; and if he takes the VETERAN, he will no doubt see this article and sustain my report. There was no officer in the Confederate service who did more gallant fighting than Gen. John C. Moore. His soldiers and officers all loved him, and when he left us for other fields of duty strong resolutions were passed expressing their love and confidence.

## PATRIOTISM OF CONFEDERATES.

At the opera-house in Jeffersonville, Ind., recently, Maj. D. W. Sanders, of Louisville, by special invitation of the ladies of the G. A. R. Relief Corps and Mayor Whitesides, spoke before an enthusiastic and overflowing audience for the benefit of the charity fund of the corps, the subject being "Grant and His Campaigns." The great characters of that epoch, from Lincoln to Lee, were vividly, reverently, and eloquently sketched. Concluding his masterful address, Maj. Sanders spoke touchingly as follows:

And I desire to say to-night, as a Confederate soldier, that in the history of all wars, where people organized armies, established a provisional government, and attempted to overthrow the constituted authorities, never before in the history of the world were such terms granted to the unsuccessful soldier as Grant at Appomattox and Sherman at Greensboro gave to the Confederates. It was an epoch in civilization. Unlike Havelock in the Indian war, the Sepoy rebellion of 1857, who shot the unsuccessful leaders from the mouths of his cannon, we were invited back upon our paroles to assume all the duties and obligations of citizenship. And a curious fact it is that after thirty-three years of peace with our country, great and prosperous, more magnificent in her commercial activities and industrial developments, and grander in all that makes a people worthy of the age and civilization in which they live, you will find that the Confederate soldiers, through the magnanimity by which their paroles were granted them by these two great military men, have presided upon the supreme bench of the United States, they are Senators and members of Congress of the United States, they are Ambassadors and Ministers to foreign countries, honored and trusted. And you have to-day an example that nowhere else under the sun could occur except among people such as these states have produced: that the only political, diplomatic point requiring courage, intellect, tact, integrity, and exceptional patriotism that you have had in thirty-three years of peace is now filled by a major-general of the Confederate army, who fought against Sheridan and Grant, and who stands to-day as the representative of the Government of the United States, with the entire confidence and approbation of the American people, in the complicated situation at Havana.

It shows that, while once we bore the emblem of suspicion, subsequent events have developed the characteristics of as true devotion, of as absolute reliability for all trusts and authorities imposed by the Government of the United States in the breast of the Confederate soldier as are to be found anywhere in this great land.

Permit me to say, in conclusion, that, while Gen. Lee is an ex-Confederate soldier, yet, if this country, with its great conservatism, its absolute caution, should determine that the pending difficulties with Spain can find solution only in a declaration of war against that power, then, in that event, the administration will be enthusiastically and heroically supported by the soldier population of the South to maintain our flag wherever it may be carried, and to give life and bright manhood in defense of our government. If a resort to arms be called, the old Confederate soldiers in the South, with their armies all vanished and their flags forever furled

and the dust of civil war laid forever, will all rally to the support of the flag of our common country, and no better or truer man will be found to lead under the colors of the United States than Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

## GEN. BRADLEY T. JOHNSON ON THE "MAINE" DISASTER.

Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland and Virginia, who, as a special correspondent of the *New York Journal*, spent some time in Cuba, is quoted as follows:

I have no opinion as to the "Maine" explosion. Men always think what they want to think. Therefore there is a general tendency to charge the Spaniards with the terrible catastrophe. But we don't know.

I am prouder than I ever was in my life of the American people. In the midst of events that would have thrown France into revolution, that would have lighted the fires of jingoism all over Great Britain and Germany, the great, magnanimous, self-contained American people are holding their breath and gritting their teeth until they know. But, as one of them, I don't want to see this government go off in a pet or a fury—a pet of temper over De Lome or a fury of excitement over the blowing up of the "Maine." The real motive of action lies deeper than these incidents. The Americans owned \$50,000,000 worth of property in Cuba. They had a great trade there. Their property has been destroyed and their trade dissipated. They went to Cuba under the pledge of this government that their flag should cover them. They have been murdered, starved, burned out, and thousands are now reduced to poverty. O for an hour of Andrew Jackson! Then the independence of the Republic of Cuba would be acknowledged; then a treaty of alliance would be made with it, and an American fleet and an American army in thirty days would wipe Spain off the map of North America. France did all this for us in 1778; we ought to do it now for Cuba, and let stocks go. But don't make a quarrel about a foolish letter or a catastrophe for which the Spanish Government may or may not be responsible. Let us base our action on the broad ground of justice, of right, of humanity, and of duty to the American flag and the American citizen.

C. C. Cole, Huntsville, Tex., was a member of Company B, Caldwell's First Kentucky Cavalry, and, having lost his discharge, wishes his comrades to help him establish his identity as a member of that company. This company was raised in Rocky Hill, Barren County, Ky., and Mr. Cole served with it until disabled and discharged by the regimental surgeon. He thinks almost any member of the company will remember the "boy Cole," or Columbus Cole, and the information sought will be a great favor to him.

At the reorganization of A. S. Johnston Camp No. 115, Meridian, Tex., Capt. T. C. Alexander was elected Commander, and Maj. H. M. Dillard was reelected Adjutant. This camp has a memorial hall of its own, where meetings are held, and to which all veterans in the county have free access.

W. T. Butt (Company C, Forty-Fifth Alabama Regiment), Augusta, Ga., wishes to learn of Mrs. A. L. Marquess, who lived in Sparta, Tenn., during the war. She had a son on the staff of Gen. J. E. Johnston.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

### TWENTY THOUSAND COPIES!

It must be attained. The need of the VETERAN is so great in so many homes and among so many comrades who have no home that it is determined to print editions of *twenty thousand copies* after the April number. The May number will be largely devoted to the "Old North State," and many extra copies are ordered by comrades in its area. After that the great reunion at Atlanta will have diligent attention; so that the twenty thousand mark will begin, to continue, with an increase by July if possible. Anyhow, twenty thousand copies are guaranteed for May, June, and July issues.

The report of the Pension Board for Confederates in Tennessee shows that there are five hundred and forty-three beneficiaries listed, and that one hundred and twenty-three of the number have died. The state appropriates \$60,000 a year to the maimed citizens who established good records as soldiers, who fought her battles upon the call of her Governor in the sixties. The report contains the names of the veterans, the counties in which they reside, and the amount paid to each, ranging from \$100 to \$300 a year.

Mrs. Hallie A. Rounsaville, of Rome, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Georgia, has undertaken to save the Confederate Soldiers' Home for Georgia, near Atlanta. She seeks one thousand men who will subscribe \$10 each. This is a highly commendable action.

The May VETERAN is expected to be devoted especially to the interests of North Carolina, and to be ready for distribution at Charlotte on the 20th. Let all comrades and others who have a word of worthy tribute to the "Tar Heels" in the great war send it in promptly.

Maj. Charles W. Anderson, chairman of the Chickamauga Park Commission, is making diligent effort to secure a large attendance at Chickamauga Park on "Tennessee Confederate Day," May 12, when the monuments of the Volunteer State will be dedicated.

James M. Kelley was born in Lake County, O., moved to Monticello, Mo., and there joined the Confederate army. He has never been heard of since by family or friends. If any comrade can give information as to his fate, it will be gratefully appreciated. Send to the VETERAN.

### THE LATE MISS WILLARD AND THE SOUTH.

The Nashville (Tenn.) *American* contained an article recently concerning the late Miss Frances E. Willard and the South, reproducing a letter written by Miss Willard fifteen years ago. It is copied here not only to show the appreciative disposition of Miss Willard, but as proof that the editor of the VETERAN has ever been diligent in behalf of the cause that is dearer to the Southern people than any other theme.

In the winter of 1883 Miss Willard delivered an address in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, at the conclusion of which Mr. Beecher sprang to the platform from a seat in the auditorium, and said it was the "finest speech ever made in Plymouth Church." He stated that there was not a dissenting voice to anything she said. There was, however, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, who now edits the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, wrote for the press an account, in which he stated that "the extraordinary discourse was marred in its beauty only by an assertion of the opinion that there were those in the South who regretted that slaves were freed," and, with partizan emphasis, that "the dominant party had succeeded in the late elections in states that had voted in favor of prohibition." He added that these statements were the more regretted because of the sincere devotion to Miss Willard in the South.

In reply to Mr. Cunningham's article, Miss Willard wrote, January 19, 1883, en route in Georgia:

"*Kind Friend:* . . . Thanks for your cordial notice of my address in Plymouth Church, only permit this demurrer: I can not think you quite understood me if you thought I spoke one unpleasant word of the South, to which I don't know how to be a more loyal friend than I have been ever since my first trip, in 1880, even unto this third and last one. As to saying that 'the dominant party in Iowa took up the prohibition question,' is it not true? I even avoided naming the party, for I am favorable to neither of the old, but am committed to the new, non-sectional, antisaloon party, whatever its name may be. And as to the further statement that in the olden time many good men took their text, 'Cursed be Canaan: a servant of servants shall he be,' and preached the providential origin and character of African slavery, it can not be denied. I merely used the illustration to show that, by parity of reasoning, good men now quote the Bible as the friend of moderate drinking, but will not, later on, when our cause is the success it is certain to become. Sometimes I begin a lecture thus: 'Less than a century ago the President of Yale College sent out to Africa a hogshead of New England rum, upon condition that a slave should be returned to him as its equivalent. No such thing as that could happen now,' etc. Surely such an allusion can wound no friend of either North or South. Believe me, kind editor, I have done no despite to the warm and generous welcome accorded me in your beloved Southern land, nor will I, be assured. Yours for the temperance party, where the best men of both sections will ere long march, side by side."

Monroe Coneby, Second Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., now residing at 1121 Rufer Avenue, Louisville, Ky., inquires for T. J. Loyal, who belonged to a Virginia battery.



A Confederate of Georgia, and Wiley Wills, of Tennessee, had an impressive experience the night of the battle of Franklin. The Georgian writes of the event, stating that he was sent as a courier to Maj. Prestman, chief engineer, and that Wiley Wills, a courier, was on a like errand from his commander. The two were together near Spring Hill, when they encountered a group of a dozen men or so. The one in front gave a military salute, and asked for the news of the battle. Reply was made that it was "sadly disastrous," and the cavalcade was about moving on when — states "a thing occurred which excites my wonder even now. A paroxysm of patriotic courage took possession of me, and I demanded that they halt and tell me who they were before going farther. There were twelve to fourteen of them against two. The elderly gentleman raised his hat, commended our soldierly vigilance, and said: 'I am Gen. J. E. Johnston.'"

Both couriers thought they recognized Gen. Johnston, and — asserts that he knew one of the staff personally; but they are certainly mistaken as to Gen. Johnston. He would not have gone into that section of country at the time.

W. L. Morrison, Hamilton, Tex.:

I was much interested in the Arkansas letter concerning Buck Brown's battalion and the experiences of families of Southerners in Northwest Arkansas and Southwest Missouri during those terrible years. As occasionally the news would come to us in the army by "underground telegraph" of our old fathers being murdered, our mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts being robbed and insulted, our homes pillaged and often burned—and that, too, by those who were formerly our friends and neighbors—you can imagine our mental agonies and how hard it was for us to keep from leaving the regular army and going back inside the Federal lines to still hunt for those miserable miscreants who, calling themselves "home guards," were only a pack of cowardly murderers and thieves. I am glad to say they were held in as much contempt by the brave regular Federal soldiery as they were intensely hated by Confederates. If people generally understood the true state of things in that unhappy country at that time, there would not be so much condemnation of the desperate warfare of Quantrell, Bill Anderson, Todd, Holtzelaw, and others; for, if men ever had cause to be intensely desperate and return evil for evil, we of Western and Southwestern Missouri and Northwestern Arkansas had it.

But the history of the civil (terribly *uncivil*) war in that section will never be written. It never could be, except with a pen dipped in the blood crushed from the heart of some noble, devoted Southern woman who, having learned of her husband's death on some far-off battle-field and his burial in an unmarked grave, has been compelled to witness the butchery of her old white-haired father, and then to see her home committed to the flames, and she and her little ones left to freeze or starve in a country where it was almost a crime for some kind Union man to befriend them.

This is no fancy picture. Many such cases occurred. I do not allude to these things to rekindle the passions engendered at that time, but that the people of the South may the better appreciate the sacrifices made for them by the noble patriots of that section.

One of the most noted Confederates entered on the "last roll" recently is Moses P. Handy, of Maryland. His ancestors were prominent in the history of the state, and his family has furnished many of the most distinguished lawyers of Maryland. His father, Rev. Isaac Handy, was a prominent Presbyterian clergyman. While under age he entered the Confederate service, and served with gallantry during the closing months of the war. He was employed by the *New York Tribune* as special correspondent during the ten years' war in Cuba, and won distinction by his report of the "Virginia" massacre. Later he became managing editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, and subsequently editor of the *Philadelphia Daily News*. He was commissioned from Virginia to the Centennial Exposition in 1876, commissioner to the Vienna Exposition, and was chief of the Bureau of Publicity and Promotion of the World's Columbian Exposition. In 1895 he became editor of the *Chicago Times-Herald*.

W. H. Reynolds, Commander of Camp Hardee, Woodlawn, Ala., reports the death of a member, Jesse B. Nave, on the 20th of December, from pneumonia. Comrade Nave was a private in the Fourth Alabama Regiment, and lost his right arm in one of the Virginia battles. He was a brave, true soldier and a faithful member of his camp. Comrade Reynolds writes that his camp has passed a bright year, and had a good many additions. During the month of December they distributed \$66.64 in charity and relief. Once each month the members attend some church in a body.

P. A. Green, Adjutant of Camp No. 268, U. C. V., Seale, Ala.: "During this year our camp has lost two of its most valuable members: B. R. Henry, first sergeant Company I, Thirty-Fourth Alabama Regiment, and J. C. Williamson, first sergeant R. H. Bellamy's Battalion, Waddell's Artillery. Both of these were faithful, efficient Confederate soldiers and good citizens. Thus the survivors of those gallant commands are passing 'over the river.' I note with sadness the death of Miss Lucinda B. Helm, sister of Gen. Ben Hardin Helm, to whom I am indebted for kindness rendered as I was returning home from Johnson's Island, O., through Kentucky."

George Ady, General Agent of the Union Pacific System, Denver, Colo., who served in the Second Iowa Cavalry, in the old Grierson Brigade, writes that he takes a great deal of interest in accounts of the operations of Gen. Forrest's command, and would like to hear of Capt. — Allen, of the Second Arkansas Cavalry. Mr. Ady was under obligations to Allen when a prisoner, and has always hoped to meet him.

Alden McLellan, 727 Common Street, New Orleans, La., wishes to know where he can procure the book entitled "Mountain Campaigns of Georgia," and will appreciate the desired information.

## SERVICE BY KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

Col. R. M. Martin, of the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, under Gen. Morgan, writes from Louisville, Ky., and sends a reminiscence filled with valuable historic data. Capt. Allbright, referred to, lives at Columbus, O., and is active for our cause there:

In June, 1862, Adam R. Johnson and I entered our native state, Kentucky, authorized to recruit a command and operate within the enemy's lines, by which method they would be forced to employ much larger forces to protect their lines of communication. Our first halt was in Henderson County. There Adj. Owen, who had just escaped prison, joined us. War on the border was inaugurated that night by our attack on the Federal post at Henderson. They had one company of about sixty men. There were three of us. The fight commenced about ten at night, and lasted till 2 A.M. By August we had done much hard fighting, notwithstanding our forces were yet in detachments. However, we had captured in the mean time arms and ammunition sufficient to justify us in calling our forces together for a more compact organization. We rendezvoused at Nebo, Hopkins County, and in a few hours an organization of the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry was completed. Col. Adam R. Johnson assumed command, I was lieutenant-colonel, W. G. Owen major. Col. Starling was then in command of about two hundred men at Hopkinsville, and, as they were the handiest, our column was headed for them within two hours after organization. As was a custom with me, I was soon miles on the road, with one picked man, to personally look the situation over before the attack. I spent a couple of hours in the city. We left our horses a convenient distance outside, pickets having been flanked. After a midnight lunch with a friend I set out to join Johnson. At sunrise we had met the enemy, and "they were ours."

This plum was so easy that we at once sought other and larger ones. Clarksville, Tenn., was near by, where there were very large accumulations of army supplies, estimated in value at a half-million dollars. The railroad could not move the stuff as fast as it came up the river. A few minutes' private conversation put us in possession of such facts as we desired as to the strength of the enemy occupying Clarksville and the general situation. Johnson was a man of but few words, hence our column was soon in motion by a side road to Clarksville. With my man I was again after facts in detail, which I could only obtain by riding into the city next day in broad daylight. We attracted attention of a few citizens, but not the soldiers. After riding within a few feet of the piece of artillery, I made for the Russellville pike to meet Col. Johnson, which I did some three miles out. He was at the head of his column, coming at half-speed. I turned to his side and reported, as we rode at an increased gait, that Col. Mason, in command of the post, had one piece of artillery and his Seventy-First Ohio Regiment of Infantry. By this time we had come near Mason's fortified position, which was very formidable. It was in a large brick college building, with windows and doors blocked with baled hay. The building occupied an eminence and was enclosed by a cedar-pale fence twelve feet high. Port-holes were cut and rifle-pits

thrown up on the inside, the artillery covering the main entrance.

As the street diverged, Johnson ordered me to hold the post in check where they were, and if they came out to charge them in column. In the twinkling of an eye he had cut off two companies and was dashing into the city to take charge of and destroy all the great barge-loads and any levee-crowded stores which were en route to the front. Without checking the column, I did not stop till uncomfortably close to the enemy; and, without exposing the rear end of my line, I cut off one company under Maj. Owen, sending him to my right flank, there to make best show of strength he could. In the mean time not a shot had been fired except a few scattering ones by Johnson's men in the city to clinch our bluff. I sent in a flag, demanding a surrender. Col. Mason sent for me, and I rode inside his position, where he stood. Formal salutes were passed between us. He seemed to cavil and to show fight. At this junction an immense Rebel yell came from the north side, which up to that time had been quiet. Mason asked what command that was, and I told him it was Col. Woodward coming in by the Hopkinsville pike. He turned to one of his staff and ordered him to place his men in line and stack arms, at the same time handing me his sword, which I returned to him. We were not long in taking charge of the arms and reversing the muzzle of the artillery, the first we had captured. Johnson, upon receiving my message saying not to burn anything, that the post had surrendered, was so astonished that he came himself to verify it. (See "Military History of Ohio," page 158.)

With the view of organizing a brigade, Col. Johnson instructed Col. Woodward to complete his regiment, and he left me in command, while he returned to Hopkins County to assist Col. Fowler in organizing his regiment, which, like Woodward's, was well under way. Shortly afterward they were both killed while leading their men on the field.

I must not forget to mention a most delightful compliment paid us by the ladies of Clarksville just as Col. Johnson was taking leave of us. He sat on his handsome roan mare telling us good-by, when a great throng of citizens approached, and a lady unfurled the handsomest silk flag I ever saw. She gave in brief its history. It was made for a Tennessee regiment which was captured at Fort Donelson, and was, by common consent, promised to whoever rescued Clarksville from Federal rule. Col. Johnson's reply was equal to the occasion, and he rode off feeling quite happy.

We remained in Clarksville a few days in full enjoyment of all the good things that could come to a soldier's life. Having considerable accessions to our forces, we perfected our organization. W. B. Allbright, of Clarksville, was of the accessions. Though young in years, he was old in service, having participated in the battles of Forts Henry and Donelson as an artilleryman, serving in the water battery against the gunboats.

Having information concerning the strength of the post at Fort Donelson, I concluded to try my luck on her again, having been whipped there six months before. I sent for Allbright, and ordered him to take charge of the gun and to organize a squad of the best men that he could find in the command for that serv-

ice. After a hard, all-night march we drew up within a few miles of Fort Donelson. I had sent a strong scouting party ahead, who captured the pickets, and reported no indications that our presence was known. Then it was I made a fatal mistake by sending for Col. Woodward, who had had more experience than I. When he rode up I told him I would waive rank, and asked him to take command and make the fight. We were badly whipped, losing some valuable men. Col. Woodward, leading the charge, had his horse killed under him within a few feet of the fort. He had reversed my whole plan of attack. Our piece of artillery, however, did its full share by rapid firing of blank cartridges (all we had) from a fine position.

After the defeat at Fort Donelson we took the river road back to Clarksville. We went into camp about midnight some ten miles from Fort Donelson, at the old Cumberland ironworks. At daybreak next morning our pickets were driven in by the Fifth Iowa Cavalry Regiment, stationed at Fort Henry. The valley at that point was quite narrow, and at a glance I saw we had a fine position. The ironworks, having been burned, left a stone foundation just the height for breastworks. They were quickly occupied, and our horses were scoured in the background. I dropped a couple of companies along under the river-bank. I had ordered Allbright to occupy a position well down the road in the direction of the approaching enemy. They appeared most formidable as they came at half-speed in platoons of eight up the level, smooth cinder road, their horses' feet roaring like distant thunder. They had to turn at a sharp right angle when within a few hundred yards of us, then to cross a bridge in full view and range of our six-pound piece of artillery, which was rammed to the muzzle with Minie balls. Having stopped a moment at the cannon to give final instruction to Allbright, I passed on to the bridge to invite them on; but there was no special need of that, for here they came. The gun was in the middle of the road with a sweep of five hundred or six hundred feet to the bridge. I fell back to the cannon. Knowing that but one shot could be made, I told Capt. Allbright to send his men and caisson to one side, as they would be crushed by the horses if exposed, and to save his fire until he could see the whites of their eyes, to which he replied that he would do his duty. Falling back to Capt. Fisher's company, supporting the artillery, I turned to see if the duty was well done. The column was very close when the gun was fired. Lieut. Summers, with drawn sword, was leading, and about half the column had crossed the bridge. The rear of their column, seeing the fate of their head, checked, and in a panic stampeded badly. They were admirably mounted and equipped, and it seemed a pity to down such fine fellows. What followed is best told by Capt. Allbright, who said:

"As they approached, going north before crossing the bridge, the scene was magnificent. It is vivid with me still. When they crossed the bridge, entering the fine stretch of road looking directly into the mouth of my gun, they did not falter, but spurred their horses to greater speed. They came as an avalanche to sweep everything before it. The few hundred feet were soon covered. At a glance I saw that I would get but one shot, and ordered my squad to flee for safety. Having no friction matches, I had to use the torch from a small

fire near by kindled for that purpose. There I stood waving my firebrand to keep it alive, and at the same time keeping an eye on my gun and the enemy. It seemed an age for them to cover that short distance leading up from the bridge. I was eager to have it over. I confess that I felt something more than eagerness when they came abreast in columns of eights, their sabers flashing in the light of the sun, which was then just rising. I could not but feel a hesitancy in firing on such men. In these few seconds the head of the column had almost reached me. I gave my firebrand a whirl in the air to make sure of its being a 'go,' and lowered it to the powder. They were so close that the smoke and dust enveloped the entire front of their column; in fact, the whole moving mass was enveloped in a heavy charcoal dust that filled the air until it became



CAPT. W. B. ALLBRIGHT.

as 'dark as Egypt.' I had no time for anything. A jam and crash of men and horses were all around me; the road seemed to be piled full of them. Kind providence and a big beech-tree were my salvation this time sure. Men and horses were all about me, so close I could feel them move about. The charging column was only checked, and imagine my surprise, when the smoke cleared away, not to find the road filled with the dead. Upon looking about for my cannon it was many feet away, having been thrown from its trunnions. The carriage was lying upside down. All this was done by the momentum of their heavy horses and their speed when the gun was fired. At the close of the fight Col. Martin congratulated me on the part I had so well executed. It was all done with a little 'Fourth-of-July' gun, but promoted me to the rank of captain."

## SAD STORY OF THE WAR.

John L. Collins, Coffeetown, Miss.:

I relate a sad incident of the war which came under my immediate observation, and it was one of the most grievous that I witnessed during all the bitter trials of that four years' crusade.

In a skirmish fight with the Federals at Decatur, Ala., as Hood's army was advancing into Tennessee after the fall of Atlanta, Adj. Sykes, of the Forty-Third Mississippi Regiment, Adams' Brigade of Mississippians, was mortally wounded, and, strange to say, was carried to the old homestead of his youth for medical treatment. The old plantation near the battle-ground had long years before the war been the property of his father. At the place of his birth Adj. Sykes received the last acts of kindness that human hands could bestow, and died in the same room in which he was born. Lieut.-Col. Columbus Sykes, of the same regiment, was the Adjutant's brother, and was permitted to carry the remains to Aberdeen, Miss., for interment, while the Confederates moved on toward Tusculumbia, where they turned northward for Tennessee. The result of that expedition to the Confederates need not be told. No other in the war equaled it in hardship and privation.

After the death of our lamented commander, Gen. Adams, at Franklin, ex-Gov. Lowry (now living at Jackson, Miss.) by seniority became commander of the brigade. Late one afternoon, somewhere in the hills of Itawamba County, Miss. (the writer thinks), a day's march from Tupelo, while slowly moving in retreat after a hard day's march, the head of our brigade (Col. Lowry and staff) was met by Lieut. Sykes, returning from the sad mission to bury his brother. Col. Lowry invited him to go into camp with himself and staff.

Col. Lowry established brigade headquarters, and Col. Sykes took occasion to select for himself and mess a place close by; and when his regiment came up Capt. Perry and his brother-in-law, a Mr. Owen, and their servant joined Col. Sykes. Fires were soon started, and a Confederate soldier's repast promptly despatched, not long after which a deathlike silence reigned supreme in our camp.

It will be remembered that the winter of 1864-65 was very severe, from which the ground had grown very rotten, just such a season as old dead trees take occasion to fall. The writer and his mess had stretched their blankets on a dry knoll near the trunk of an old dead white oak tree about four feet in diameter, Col. Sykes locating about thirty feet distant and immediately between Col. Lowry's mess and ours. It was a dark, drizzly night, which apparently added to the stillness of the hour. Under these conditions down came this old oak. It fell squarely across the bodies of Col. Sykes, Capt. Perry, and Sergt. Owen. The two latter evidently never knew what struck them. Their servant lay at the feet of the three, and escaped injury. Col. Sykes was not killed outright, and his moanings soon aroused the whole camp. By Herculean strength of the many that monster oak was raised so as to release the bodies of the three. Capt. Perry and Sergt. Owen were laid out in the silent embrace of death. Col. Sykes was entirely conscious of all the surroundings. I shall never forget the piteous lamentations of this noble-hearted man and brave soldier. He said that he would not mind it if he had fallen like

his brother. We did everything we could to relieve our unfortunate comrade of the intense agony he was undergoing. He gave prompt testimony of gratitude to his last breath; there was a tender look and kind "Thank you." Never shall I forget the scene. Several hundred of as brave soldiers as Mississippi ever gave to the "lost cause" stood around with bowed heads and weeping hearts at the sad fate of Col. Sykes. I was kneeling and holding a pillow in the palms of my hands when my attention was drawn to the notable expression of contented calmness on the Colonel's face which just prior to death supplanted that which writhing agony had produced. From it came the farewell token of lips ready now to be closed forever by death: "Tell my dear wife and children I loved them to the last." He pronounced these words in a clear, distinct tone of voice, after which not a muscle quivered.

At early daylight we placed the bodies of our ill-fated comrades in an ambulance, and Dr. W. G. Sykes (then a member of Gen. Featherston's staff), with an escort, proceeded to Aberdeen, where they were buried in the family grave-yard. Our command, under its bitter trial, solemnly moved in retreat toward Tupelo.



ADJ. GEN. E. T. SYKES.

In connection with the above, mention is made that doubtless more members of the Sykes family served on duty as staff officers. At request of the VETERAN, Col. E. T. Sykes, adjutant-general and chief of staff to Gen. Stephen D. Lee, U. C. V., has given a sketch of all these for use in a subsequent number.

## EARLY EXPERIENCES IN CAMP.

J. B. Polley writes from Floresville, Tex.:

Originally it was not my intention to publish all the letters written by me during the war to Charming Nellie, but the reception by your readers of the first two or three encouraged me to publish all of them in the order of their dates, and thus make a continuous narrative. Unfortunately, however, the two first written were inaccessible, and I was forced to begin with that written after the retreat from Yorktown. These are now forwarded—that is, such excerpts from them as are impersonal and likely to revive pleasant memories in the minds of my Confederate comrades.

To me the scenes and incidents recalled are saddened by the thought that of the members of my mess at Dumfries, Va., I am now the only survivor. The Veteran died at my house last June. No braver, truer Confederate soldier ever bore a gun, no better man and citizen ever died. Confederates lowered his coffin into the grave and heaped the dirt over it. Haywood Brahan—a soldier and a gentleman *sans peur et sans reproche*, my friend at college, in camp, and in the years that whitened both our heads—died last fall, and I stood sorrowing over the grave in which his body was laid. Floyd's head was cut off by a cannon-ball at Gettysburg; Sneed, wounded at second Manassas, died in Mississippi twenty years ago; and Dansby's body lies hid in an unknown and unmarked grave. Peace to their ashes! rest to their souls!

Winter Quarters of Fourth Texas, Near Dumfries, Va., January 3, 1862.

*Charming Nellie:* Your cordial and flattering acknowledgment of our introduction at long range is both gratifying and encouraging. It is not only evidence of the deep interest the ladies of the South take in our glorious cause, but it also proves that the humblest Confederate soldier is not friendless, and thus furnishes him with additional incentives to meet the inevitable trials and dangers of war with uncomplaining fortitude and courage. While not vain enough to appropriate the compliment of your letters entirely to myself, I shall try to deserve them as well because the correspondence will be a great pleasure to me, and for the reason that by showing myself worthy I may, I trust, count on having a friend "at court." In that capacity you may prove yourself of immense service and earn my warmest gratitude. While it may be true that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," I fear the statement applies only to the absent organ, not to the deserted.

All things considered, our winter quarters are quite comfortable. They may lack symmetrical proportions, furniture, and now and then doors and roofs, but we have expended so much muscular energy upon them and have taxed our combined architectural abilities so enormously that we are not only proud of them, but glad to be relieved from further strain of mind. The responsibility for the cabin which shelters my mess was impartially and judiciously distributed among its members. To the Veteran, Mr. William Morris, whose service in the Mexican war entitles him to that distinction, was entrusted the planning and general supervision; to Floyd, Sneed, and Dansby, the cutting and hauling of the timbers and the riving of the clap-

boards for the roof; and to Brahan and your humble servant, the digging of a level foundation on the side of the hill. Then, when the frame was built, the pickets set in place, and the roof finished, there was a reapportionment. The Veteran volunteered to build the stick chimney, and I to make and carry the mud (mortar); Sneed and Floyd took charge of the interior furnishing and decorating, and Brahan and Dansby daubed up all the cracks. The product of our joint labors is a most elegant structure; but, unfortunately for the Veteran and Dansby, the former made such a miscalculation of the space required for six men that, to punish him for his carelessness, he and Dansby have, by unanimous vote of the four for whom there is room, been condemned to sleep in a tent. It is hard on Dansby, I admit, but he has no business to have a bedfellow so poor at figures.

The weather has been terribly cold and rainy for the last three weeks. I have suffered from it perhaps more than anybody else in the company; for, to please Brahan's fastidious taste as to soldierly appearance and to keep even with him, I weakly yielded before we left Richmond to his suggestion that we should buy caps, and then foolishly gave the splendid hat I brought from Texas to a dorky. The top of the cap tilts to the front at an angle of forty-five degrees, and thus carries water over a visor just big enough to catch hold of with the thumb and forefinger down on the point of my nose, and the back of it follows the slope of the occiput, and conveys every drop of rain or flake of snow that falls down my spinal column. Brahan, orderly sergeant; I, a humble private. He stays in camp; while I stand guard, do fatigue duty, and otherwise expose myself. And thus, you see, although I have kept even with him so far as presenting a soldierly appearance goes, he does not near keep even with me in the way of discomfort.

Barring guard and fatigue duty and the deprivation of female society, our time passes very pleasantly visiting friends in other companies and regiments and playing checkers, chess, and cards. Whist and euchre are the games most indulged in, but poker has many devotees, and is the favorite with a couple of messes of our company which occupy cabins on opposite sides of the company street and at the lower end of it. Each gives a peculiar but well-recognized notice of its readiness for a game. When the supper dishes are washed and put away Dick S— steps outside, and cries in his deep bass voice, "Char-e-o-a-! char-e-o-a-! char-e-o-a-!" in exact imitation of the vendors of that commodity in the large cities. Following him, or perhaps preceding him, the musical tenor of Walter B— is heard singing the first stanza of an old song known as "Old Mother Flannagan," and ten minutes after either call the dining-table of the mess from which it proceeds is surrounded by as many players as can find room to sit and the cash to venture. No great amount of money is ever won or lost, for our amateur gamblers have not yet acquired the nerve of professionals, and never go beyond "cent ante."

The dailies of Richmond reach us every evening, and from them we learn much that otherwise would remain concealed from us. The great cry and hope is for recognition of the Southern Confederacy by France and England. Every item, argument, and expression on that subject is listened to with an avidity

that gives the lie to the loud-mouthed declarations of our fire-eaters that they are thirsting for Yankee gore, and would be ashamed to go home without a smell of the powder of battle. It may convict one of cowardice, but nevertheless I frankly confess that I would be glad to get home without a single taste or memento of conflict. I am strictly bucolic in temperament, you see; not in the least warlike. Satisfied that

"The chance of war is equal,  
And the slayer oft is slain,"

and, warned by that truth, I have no desire to experience

"The stern joy which warriors feel,  
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Still, I propose to take my chances with my comrades, and, if there be fighting, do my duty to my country as conscientiously as my legs will permit.

It is really amusing to note the eagerness of some men to hear news. One old fellow of Company F has a habit of listening open-mouthed to what is being told, and then placing a hand to his left ear and saying, "Please tell that over again, will you?" and the boys find great fun in manufacturing sensational news and playing upon his curiosity and credulity. The professor of Latin for Company F calls him a quidnunc, but whether as a term of reproach or compliment is beyond my ken.

You were kind to wish we had a "merry, merry Christmas." Every mess had its egg-nog or a first-class substitute for it the first thing in the morning and something better than common for dinner, while after supper, the Veteran says, the whole company became "tangle-footed." But he must be mistaken; the fellow that is drunkest always claims to be the soberest man in the party. Anyhow, he and I were at Capt. Cunningham's quarters until midnight, and when we left them I found no difficulty in reaching my own. The Veteran attributes the circumstance wholly to the fact that I went down-hill, but I scorn the base imputation. The next day headaches were both epidemic and contagious, and I admit that I caught one.

You must pardon the dulness and egotism of this letter. Only the most trivial incidents occur in these days of waiting and watching. Had you acquaintances in the regiment, I might entertain you by relating some of their ups and downs. Deprived of that foundation for gossip, one has to be more egotistic than is in good taste. Sentiment would be dangerous, I fear, in this stage of our acquaintance, even were it not interdicted by loyalty to "our mutual friend." If the war continues, though—which I hope and pray it may not—I will likely find many incidents to relate that will be entertaining to as ardent a Rebel as yourself.

In accordance with the wish of a South Carolina subscriber, request is made that some one contribute something about de Gardean's Battery, of New Orleans. Some member of it may be able to furnish an interesting article as to its service.

Dr. George Hammond, formerly assistant surgeon of the Eighth Georgia Infantry Regiment, is of the Confederate dead. Although serving with Georgia troops, he was a Marylander, and one of those who early in the struggle gave their service to the South.

## STORY OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

BY HENRY HOWE COOK.

(Fourth and Last Part.)

Since I began to write this story I have been asked why the six hundred were put under fire on Morris Island off Charleston and why we were starved in such a cruel manner. In this last part I will, perhaps, be able to give some of the reasons assigned for this cruel treatment. I will also in this part of my story substantiate many things that I have heretofore stated by the testimony of others.

On the 13th of June, 1864, Maj.-Gen. Sam Jones—commanding the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, with headquarters at Charleston—addressed a letter to Maj.-Gen. J. G. Foster, commanding United States forces on the coast of South Carolina, of which the following is a copy:

"General: Five generals and forty-five field officers of the United States army, all of them prisoners of war, have been sent to this city for safe-keeping. They have been turned over to Brig-Gen. Ripley, commanding the First Military District of this department, who will see that they are provided with commodious quarters in a part of the city occupied by non-combatants, the majority of whom are women and children. It is proper that I should inform you that it is a part of the city which has been for many months exposed day and night to the fire of your guns."

Gen. Foster wrote to Gen. Halleck, on receipt of this letter, enclosing a copy of it, which resulted in an order sending six hundred Confederate officers, who were prisoners of war at Fort Delaware, to be placed under fire on Morris Island. I think it was on the 20th of August, 1864, that the six hundred Confederate officers were selected and placed aboard the ship "Crescent" at Fort Delaware, and it was sent under the warship "Eutaw" as a convoy. About four o'clock on the morning of the third day out we were ordered on deck to assist in getting the ship afloat. She was aground near Cape Romain, off the South Carolina coast.

I have heretofore given a detailed statement of what took place up to the time we were landed on Morris Island, and I have also stated rather fully of how we were treated upon Morris Island. Our daily meals there were as follows: In the morning we were given two moldy crackers and two ounces of boiled pickled meat. About four o'clock in the afternoon we were given two moldy crackers and a gill of bean soup. This was our daily ration. Col. W. W. Goldsboro, who wrote an article on this subject several years ago, makes this statement: ". . . When he brought around the first of our two daily meals, which consisted of two moldy crackers, two ounces of salt meat, and a gill of bean soup." This statement of Col. Goldsboro perhaps needs some explanation. I think my account is correct. The gill of bean soup and two moldy crackers were given at four o'clock in the afternoon. Two moldy crackers and two ounces of pickle meat were given in the morning about seven or eight o'clock.

I have previously made a full statement of how we were fed at Fort Pulaski, but my statement, as I now remember, is not strictly correct. For more than forty days at Fort Pulaski we received as a daily meal

one pint, or about ten ounces, of corn-meal and one pickle. The corn-meal was near three years old. We could not eat the pickle at all. Hence the rotten corn-meal was the whole ration. In my previous statement, in addition to this, I put in one-fourth pound of bread. This is not correct. I got the one-fourth pound of bread mixed up with the mode of feeding at a previous time.

Col. Fulkerson, of the Sixty-Third Regiment, gives a very correct account of this matter in his written statement, which I here quote:

"Fort Pulaski formed a portion of Gen. Gilmore's department, but was under the immediate command of Col. Brown, of New York, and was garrisoned by his regiment of infantry, which had seen service in the field. Col. Brown was not only an accomplished and humane officer, but was a kind and courteous gentleman. Soon after our arrival he visited the fort and made a personal inspection of our quarters, and told us that he intended to make that prison the best one in the United States; that some of his regiment had been prisoners in the South, and were treated with kindness, and that others, including himself, might be captured, and in that event he would hope to receive the consideration at the hands of the Confederates that he intended to show us. He ordered full army rations to be issued, made requisition on the department quartermaster for blankets for the prisoners, and not only permitted but urged the prisoners to write to their friends in the North for money and clothing, the latter especially. Col. Brown's kindness was highly appreciated, and the prisoners became cheerful and contented, or as well contented as prisoners of war could well be. But to our great disappointment and to the regret of Col. Brown himself, we were allowed to enjoy his hospitality and kindness but a short time. Some escaped prisoners from the Confederate prison at Andersonville came through the lines into Gen. Gilmore's department and reported to him that for more than a month before they escaped the prisoners at Andersonville had nothing issued to them but corn-meal and sorghum, which had caused much suffering and sickness among the prisoners. The unfortunate six hundred having been selected and sent to Gen. Gilmore for retaliatory purposes, an order was issued to place them upon like rations, and the privilege of receiving money, clothing, or provisions from Northern sympathizers was withdrawn. After this sweeping order was put in force we understood that the blankets ordered by Col. Brown and quantities of clothing and other articles for the prisoners were received at the fort, but were never delivered; and we were compelled to pass the winter in the damp and cold brick-floored and brick-lined casemates, with no bedclothing except the private blankets before mentioned, and without clothing except the scanty supply brought with us. Col. Brown explained the situation to us, and expressed regret that the order was peremptory, and that he was powerless and without authority to modify it. The allowance of corn-meal was ten ounces to the man per day; and, as sorghum could not be obtained within the Federal lines, it was suggested in some quarters that army pickle be substituted. This suggestion was adopted, so that our rations consisted of ten ounces of corn-meal, with acid, blood-thinning pickle. The effect of the pickle was to thin the blood, so its use was quickly abandoned by the prisoners. Still it was is-

sued to us day by day in kegs, which were not opened. The corn-meal was furnished us in barrels, delivered in the casemates. The barrel-heads showed the place and date of manufacture of the meal, and were marked thus, 'Corn-meal, kiln-dried, 1861, from — Mills,' etc. Thus the meal upon which we were forced to subsist was four years old, kiln-dried, and full of worms. To understand the insufficiency of ten ounces of wormy meal to sustain life and health it is only necessary to state that the regular army ration issued to soldiers consists of one and a quarter pounds of meal or one pound of flour, three-fourths of a pound of bacon or one and a quarter pounds of fresh beef, with coffee and vegetables. As might have been expected, and doubtless was intended, great suffering among the prisoners ensued. One of the effects of insufficient and unhealthy food was scurvy, with which large numbers became diseased and many died; and I am satisfied that quite a number died from actual starvation. The prisoners cooked their own bread, and for this purpose tin pans of the size of an ordinary pie-pan were furnished and a cooking-stove to every alternate casemate. Each casemate furnished a detail of cooks. I remember, on one occasion, an inspecting physician from some other post in the department was brought into the prison by some of the officers of the fort, and, observing the pans of bread upon the stove, remarked to the officers accompanying him, 'Why, is it possible that you feed your prisoners on pies?' evidently mistaking our wormy corn-cakes for pies. One day a prisoner picked from his ration a dozen or more of the larger-sized worms, and was in the act of throwing them through a port-hole into the moat when he was stopped by a passing friend, who remarked: 'My friend, if you take the worms out of your meal you will starve, as the meal without the worms has no nutriment in it.' He immediately raked the worms back into the meal. The fort was garrisoned from the beginning of the war by different detachments of troops. The prisoners' quarters were separated from the casemates occupied by the soldiers of the garrison by a kind of gate made of heavy iron bars. The soldiers of the garrison had a great number of cats; indeed, every soldier seemed to have his pet. The cats had free access to our quarters through the iron grating, and, being gentle and friendly disposed, they were given a warm reception by the prisoners. Not a great while after we were put on retaliation rations some enterprising or half-starved prisoners conceived the happy idea of testing cat flesh as an article of food. The experiment proved a success, and thereafter the cats rapidly disappeared. The cats were generally captured, killed, and dressed during the night. The soldiers were at a loss to know what had become of their pets, but they soon discovered the skins floating in the moat, and this led to the discovery that the prisoners were killing them for food."

We are sure there is not a darker page in the history of the war than the treatment of the six hundred prisoners at Morris Island and at Fort Pulaski. It is the darkest blot upon the civilization of the American people. It will be the duty of the future historian to ascertain all of the facts and to place the responsibility where it properly belongs. Who was responsible for the murder of so many of the unfortunate six hundred?

The question of prison life has not been thoroughly investigated nor understood by the people of the Uni-

ted States. I fully believe that a full investigation of this matter would show that the Confederate Government did all that could possibly be done for the well-being of Federal soldiers in the hands of Confederates; but I believe that the truth, when fully known, will reveal the fact that the Federal Government was criminally negligent in her treatment of Confederate soldiers, and in many respects were guilty of wilful, intentional cruelty. Out of 270,000 Federal prisoners in Confederate hands, 22,000 died; while out of the 220,000 Confederate prisoners in Federal hands, over 26,000 died. The ratio is this: More than twelve per cent of the Confederates in Federal hands died, and less than nine per cent of the Federals in Confederate hands died. These figures tell the whole story, or, at least, a sufficiency of the story to prove the assertions which I have heretofore made. It is evident that Federal soldiers in Confederate hands were better treated than Confederate prisoners in Federal hands; and this, too, in the face of the fact that the Confederates had neither clothing, provisions, nor medicines in sufficient quantities to supply even her armies in the field. Who was responsible for the bad treatment of prisoners and for the loss of over forty-eight thousand Americans in prison?

On July 24, 1863, Alexander H. Stephens, armed with full power to treat upon this subject, and with power to make any kind of an arrangement with reference to the exchange of prisoners for the better treatment of prisoners, requested to be permitted to go to Washington City on this subject. His request was refused. \*Gideon Well, Secretary of the Navy, wrote that the request of Mr. Stephens was inadmissible.

On July 24, 1864, Robert Ould, Confederate agent of exchange, requested that all prisoners on each side should be attended by a proper number of their own surgeons, and that these surgeons should receive and distribute all contributions that might be sent to the prisoners and make all necessary reports, not only of their own acts, but of any matters relating to the welfare of prisoners. This request was not noticed.

The Federal Government broke the cartel for the exchange of prisoners, refused to receive and hear Alexander H. Stephens, and refused to reply to the note of Robert Ould.

In August, 1864, the Confederate Government made two more propositions. This time the Federal prisoners also made earnest appeal to their government. The last proposition made by the Confederate Government was made some time in August, 1864, which was to the effect that the Federal Government might send and get all of her sick and wounded prisoners without paying anything for them in exchange. This the Federal Government paid no attention to until about the 12th or 13th of December, 1864, when she sent ships to Charleston and Savannah, and did receive some of her sick and wounded, and some few sick and wounded Confederates were about this time exchanged. Now bear in mind that the most cruel and inhuman treatment at Pulaski was in January and February, 1865.

How will the historian ever be able to justify or excuse the treatment received by the six hundred? I speak of this in sorrow, and not in anger, for we are all American citizens, and are all proud of our civilization; but will not the future historian be compelled to record the fact that we were not as civilized as we

pretended to be? Will he not also be compelled to record the fact that the Southern people were guilty of no intentional, wanton cruel acts of barbarity?

I do not wish to make invidious comparisons, but I do believe that when all of the facts are known the verdict will be that the South conducted the war with more chivalry, with more humanity, and with more Christian forbearance and zeal than was displayed by our Northern brethren—that is, in fine, that we were a more civilized and Christianized people than were our Northern brethren.

#### ABOUT CAPTURED CANNON.

Robert W. Robertson, New Orleans:

Last summer one of my sons called my attention to a communication from Charleston in the *VETERAN* for May, 1897, in which information was sought concerning the fate of four twelve-pound brass Napoleons captured in the battle of Atlanta on July 22, 1864.

I was away from home a good deal then, and so the matter was lost sight of until recently, when I was reminded of it again by reading over some back numbers of the *VETERAN*. I am convinced that the writer of the inquiry, Gen. C. I. Walker, Commander of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., has fallen into an error as to the name of the battery to which the guns in question were assigned, spelling it "Garrity's," instead of "Girardey's" Battery. Under this supposition I can throw some light upon the history of these guns, and possibly some of the other survivors of Girardey's Battery may be able to carry the account farther. While the fighting around Atlanta was actively going on I left my home in Augusta, Ga., with a company of reserves composed of old men and boys under eighteen years of age, being myself just past my sixteenth birthday. We were sent to the forts and batteries below Savannah to relieve the regular and volunteer troops there, and did garrison duty up to and during the siege of Savannah by the Federals in the batteries at Wilmington Island, Turner's Point, and Thunderbolt.

In the fall of 1864 I was sent home to Augusta on sick furlough of thirty days' duration, and at the expiration of my leave, being cut off from my command, was attached to a battery of light artillery then being organized in Augusta for the purpose of utilizing such men as could not reach their proper commands and certain captured guns taken in the fighting around Atlanta. Failing in the attempt to procure men and guns enough for a battalion, as was first intended, four brass twelve-pound Napoleons and two Blake steel rifled guns were thrown into a single battery, manned with one hundred and twenty-five men, and commanded by Capt. Camile Girardey, of New Orleans, who was at his brother's home in Augusta on sick furlough. During the organization of this battery the men were placed with regard to their former service, the commissioned and non-commissioned officers all being selected from the artillery and the drivers from the cavalry branches of the service.

Under the name of Girardey's Battery this command was immediately ordered to Pocatigo, S. C., by way of Charleston, arriving at its destination while a hot fight was in progress around Fort Coosawhatchie, the next station toward Savannah on the Charleston and Savannah railroad. Being officered by men of expe-



rience in that line of service, the men had been well drilled during the organization of the battery, consequently there was a rapid unloading and limbering up of the battery, and one hour after the arrival of the train at Pocatigo the guns were being pushed through the swamp corduroy road leading to the scene of action and going into Fort Coosawhatchie in a gallop under fire with the loss of several horses.

At this time the attack of the Federal gunboats was directed against the Confederate line of defense between Coosawhatchie and Pocatigo, with the hope of cutting off the retreat from Savannah, and infantry was landed for the purpose of capturing the Confederate position, which was a very strong one, under the command of Gen. P. M. B. Young. Girardey's Battery, as it was named from its organization, was here divided up into three sections, each section being placed under the command of a lieutenant at some point where the lines needed strengthening. The writer was attached to the section having the two rifled guns, and was stationed at a point on the public road between Coosawhatchie and Dawson's Bluff, where we fought gunboats and a battery of thirty-two pounders erected by the Federals near the gunboats, which were on the Coosawhatchie River, about a mile below the railroad bridge. We were there on Christmas day and later, the fact being fully impressed on my boyish mind by the fact that our only Christmas dinner was hickory-nuts, gathered in haste between the gun-fires from under trees which had been well shaken by the bursting shells. Two of the brass Napoleons were stationed in the fort at Pocatigo and two were held in the long grove of live-oaks which formed the avenue leading up to the front door of the mansion of the Heyward plantation.

Girardey's Battery remained here until after the retreating troops from Savannah had passed, many of the men composing the battery being claimed by their respective commands as they passed by. The writer was among these, and there joined his command, which then formed a portion of Gen. Johnston's rearguard, and continued with his old company (then known as the Fifth Georgia Reserves, Company G) until just before the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., at which time, under a reorganization, he was allowed to join Company A of the Fifth Georgia Volunteers, which contained a number of his friends and relatives. As the writer has since that time lived twice the length of the life he had then attained, he may be pardoned slight inaccuracies, but it is his recollection that Girardey's Battery went back to Augusta to disband after the surrender of Charleston. As he was at that time, however, in the "foot cavalry" and plowing through the swamps of the two Carolinas, his evidence is not reliable as to the final disposition of these guns.

In this battery was a Lieut. McDonald, from Savannah; two cavalymen from near Savannah, named respectively Blitz and Morgan (drivers in the battery); a sergeant named Al Connell, from Mt. Zion, Ga., who was an old school friend of the writer's, and afterward went West; and three North Carolina men of the same name as the writer (Robertson)—father and two sons. Blitz and Morgan—being old veteran cavalymen, full of fun and frolic, and taking especial pleasure in guying other cavalymen, all of whose weak points were familiar to them, and who did not expect such

searching gags from the drivers of artillery—were an unending source of amusement to the boys connected with the battery, and so impressed their names and personalities upon the writer, who would dearly like to know what became of them.

[Gen. Walker's inquiry is on page 207 of VETERAN for May, 1897. James Garrity's Battery was from Alabama, C. E. Girardey's Battery was from Louisiana, while that of Isadore P. Girardey was from Georgia.—ED. VETERAN.]

#### EFFORTS TO ESCAPE FROM CAMP CHASE.

Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, has had much of interesting correspondence because of his noble service in caring for Confederate graves at Camp Chase. He sends a letter from W. H. Richardson, of Austin, Tex. Extracts are copied from the letter:

Now, to tell an unvarnished tale, the story as it was written in hunger and suffering, might bring to the surface bitter memories, and be considered unseemly and out of place. Therefore I will only deal in a general way. After thirty-three years, my memory is as fresh as if it was yesterday. Arriving at Camp Chase early in August, 1864, we found an order curtailing rations to the lowest minimum possible to sustain life. Therefore, a constant want of the necessary healthy food to sustain life fast filled those graves—with the weak first, those who contracted disease next, while the strong men, inured to hardship and rations, wore on. During this time the sutler was not allowed to sell anything, not even pepper. You can imagine the rest.

No wonder, then, any scheme to escape was readily entered into. Our mess, composed of officers only, mostly border men, organized for the purpose of escaping. There were twenty-four of us in a room twenty-four feet square. The barrack shanty was built on posts two and one-half to three feet off the ground. In one end was a pine plank, one contract blanket, one suit of clothes. Cold and hungry, we dug and worked for eight long months, only to be disappointed again and again. Silent, scant tunnels, grand charging combinations, all failed.

I will give you an account of one of the many efforts which failed, through spies or "weak-kneed" brothers. Nine of us formed a secret organization, pledged to one another by all we held sacred, to get away. The wall of No. 1, on the side next to Columbus, was moved farther out, making more room, and a new sink, about 8x16 feet, eight feet deep, was dug. We conceived the idea of getting into it as soon as opened for use and tunneling out, as we had only about twenty feet to go. I volunteered to take up the planks and let down a detail to dig. Mine was the post of honor. Immediately in front was a street lamp; on the wall, a sentinel; a trusty, five feet away. I worked long and hard. The planks were double-nailed and the tools were not numerous. The faintest shadow hid the form of the Confederate soldier from the aim of the sentinel, only too willing to fire; but the boldness of the thing was its strong point. No one suspected; not even the "spy" saw the dark line of that desperate, hungry soldier, working for life and liberty. The first night the planks were raised, and the work progressed rapidly; two or three shifts were pressed

rapidly, and the work stopped for another night. The ground was not frozen solid enough where the new sewer led off, and when the tunnel struck it it caved in, and daylight revealed the plot.

Then a howl went up. Under the very feet of the sentinel, in the light of a street lamp, a bold, daring attempt to escape was planned. The excitement in the Federal camp was great. It was ration day—rations were issued every two days. Instead of rations, an order was posted, which read: "Until the men concerned in the attempt to escape come forward or are brought forward, no more rations will be issued."

"Razorbacks," or weak-kneed Confederates, were ready to sell us for a mess of pottage. But little we cared. We, the "picked nine," were known only to ourselves, and were not giving a circus. That we would be betrayed, and probably shot, bothered us but little. We found that hungry men soon lose human feeling. Col. Hawkins, preacher and soldier, volunteered to go before the commandant, and eloquently presented the case, saying that "old men, innocent hundreds were being punished for the attempt of others." So rations were issued, and that job ended.

Colonel, thirty odd years is a long time. You and I are through fighting, and after these long years are past we can look back on the scenes of long ago without bitterness. We can appreciate true manhood as we find it and can commend a noble act or condemn the reverse. We prisoners of war at Camp Chase were captured on the battle-field, fighting as best we knew how the battles of our section. We struck no dishonorable blows; we treated prisoners as true soldiers. Then for a great government—strong in all that made an army, blessed as Ohio was with the rich fruits of earth—to pen such men up and starve them till the silent testimonials within that tottering wall—out of all proportion to the number confined—tell the tale is a sad record. When the vast throng of spirits mustered under the white banner of peace on that far-off shore shall shout praises before the throne of peace, great will be the reward of the man whom God raised up to honor the resting-place of those who died in those prison-walls.

Colonel, in our Texas home is a hearty welcome; a Virginia wife and a lot of Texas children will welcome you. Our rations are yours, and this old cavalryman of J. E. B. Stuart will swap yarns with you till the bugle calls us home.

Excuse this scrawl; I write as I fought; at will. May the God of battles and the white-winged Messenger of Peace keep you always!

P. S.—The chief of our mess was Col. Abner, brother-in-law to Brownlow, of Tennessee. Col. Hawkins, author of several poems, among others the "Bonnie White Flag"—now misplaced—was from Tennessee. The writer, a Marylander, served under Stuart in Virginia, and came to Texas in 1866. The January VETERAN has a correct plot of Camp Chase on the cover.

Mr. Richardson, in a letter to the VETERAN, says:

Your December number, with its Camp Chase article, reminds this subscriber of the horrors of that institution from August, 1864, to March, 1865. "Retaliation for Andersonville" was the excuse for the refinement of cruelty practised by the authorities of that

prison pen. We had one suit of clothes, one contract army blanket, were housed in box-board shanties three feet from the ground, with rations calculated to keep life with hunger gnawing at all hours. Not a cent was allowed to be spent for food from the sutler, nor was any one on the outside allowed to send in an ounce of any kind of food. Such was Camp Chase for eight months.

The resting-place of these martyrs (who, like all their kind, sacrificed their lives that a great principle might live) lay neglected till a noble and gallant soldier of the Federal army, rising above the animal that battles for blood and standing far to the front of his comrades and their comrades, raises the "bonnie white flag" and challenges the admiration and support of all true soldiers and men under whatever flag.

Gallant Col. Knauss! May his home life and comradeship be one continued day of happiness till he too is mustered under the one great flag beyond the river! Such men live that manhood may be perpetuated.

To you, comrade, is due the gratitude of every Confederate soldier for the work you have done and are doing. May you get the support you desire!

Col. J. P. Douglas, Commander of Camp A. S. Johnston No. 48, Tyler, Tex., makes the following important suggestions:

I desire to call the attention of all Confederate camps to the importance of collecting material for the military history of their several jurisdictions without further delay. This camp is engaged in securing full muster-rolls of all the military organizations formed in Smith County, Tex., during the war period. When these rolls are complete the history of each company will be sketched and these rolls and records put in proper shape to be filed in the archives of the Confederate memorial building. This work should be undertaken at once by every camp in the South. The archives will become of great value as time passes.

The men who can furnish this data are growing old. We have allowed thirty years to slip by with but little work of this kind. A few more years and the opportunity will be lost. What can be accomplished now with but little effort would be an impossibility ten years hence. The Commanders of camps can inaugurate this work, and very soon we shall have a mass of material the most valuable for preservation in our Battle Abbey or memorial building.

A Baltimore Daughter of the Confederacy writes that the poem beginning

Come, leave the noisy Longstreet,  
Come to the fields with me,

the authorship of which was requested in the VETERAN, was written by the late Innes Randolph, of Virginia, but for many years prior to his death a resident of Baltimore. He also wrote that capital poem beginning, "Oh, I'm a good old Rebel!" This Baltimore Daughter wrote the communication regarding the capture of the "Caleb Cushing" in Portland (Me.) Harbor, which has attracted much attention. In this VETERAN, page 32, tribute is paid to Lieut. C. W. Read, the hero of that daring exploit.

## CONCERNING THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE.

Tribute to Maj. Claybrooke by Dr. W. J. McMurray:

Maj. Frederick Claybrooke was a son of Col. John S. and Mary Perkins Claybrooke; was born September 21, 1837, in Williamson County, Tenn.; was educated at Hardeman Academy, in that county, under Ebenezer Crocker, and at the military academy at Nashville, and in Virginia. In a county with eighteen hundred voters twenty-two hundred volunteers went into the Confederate army. On May 27, 1861, Fred Claybrooke joined a company known as the Webb Guards, with William Rucker as captain, and he (Claybrooke) was chosen second lieutenant. The company was D, of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, commanded by that noble Roman, Col. Joel A. Battle, who was wounded at the battle of Shiloh April 7, 1862, and captured. In the reorganization of the regiment, in May following, the gallant Thomas Benton Smith, only twenty-two years old, was elected colonel. The Twentieth Regiment was assigned to Zollicoffer's Brigade, and was the first Confederate infantry to enter Kentucky through Cumberland Gap. Its first engagement was at Barboursville, Ky., when victory crowned its banner.

In three engagements Fred Claybrooke was a subordinate officer in his company, but at the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky., January 19, 1862, Lieut. Claybrooke commanded it, and in that famous regiment no company was more gallantly led than was Company D by its handsome young lieutenant. Succeeding that battle came a long, hard retreat, in dead of winter, through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky and East Tennessee down the valley of the Cumberland, recalling Napoleon's retreat from Warsaw. For ten days the command was without rations, except corn.

Lieut. Claybrooke's faithfulness to every duty was ever conspicuous, even among his Confederates comrades. In that memorable battle of Shiloh, on Sunday of April, 1862, the Twentieth Tennessee suffered heavily. Out of three hundred and fifty men, it lost in killed and wounded one hundred and fifty-eight. Its commander, Col. Battle, was wounded. After that battle the regiment camped at Corinth, Miss., until May, when it was reorganized, and Fred Claybrooke was deservedly elected captain of his company. Soon after the reorganization Lieut.-Col. Jack Gooch resigned on account of a gunshot wound in the shoulder, inflicted at Fishing Creek, when Maj. Frank M. Lavender was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and Claybrooke was made major of the regiment.

The writer saw Maj. Claybrooke, while on those long marches in Mississippi, get off his horse, mount two broken-down Confederate soldiers thereon, take the musket of another soldier, and strike out through the sand half-leg deep.

Maj. Claybrooke was with his command at the first siege of Vicksburg, in 1862, and a little later participated in the battle of Baton Rouge, La., after which we were ordered to Knoxville, Tenn., thence to Murfreesboro. While stationed there the Twentieth Regiment was ordered to an advanced post on the Nashville pike, near La Vergne, and remained there until a few days before that great battle of Murfreesboro, which began December 31, 1862. The Twentieth Regiment was in Gen. John C. Breckinridge's Division, Preston's

Brigade, and was held in reserve on our extreme right along the bank of Stone's River. About 2:30 our brigade was ordered across the river to charge a battery supported by a mass of Federal infantry just across the railroad cut from where the Federal cemetery is now located. The brigade formed some six hundred yards south of the Federals, but in full view across an open field. The enemy held their artillery fire until we started forward. There was a picket fence standing right in the way of the Twentieth Regiment, in which we tore a hole, going through by the right flank, and formed on the other side under a terrific fire, both of cannon and small arms. We moved as if driven by a whirlwind, sweeping down by the



MAJ. FREDERICK CLAYBROOKE.

Cowan house, and passed across the turnpike, leaving the railroad cut to our left. Just here the Twentieth Regiment became separated from the other four regiments of the brigade—viz., Sixtieth North Carolina, First, Third, and Fourth Florida—they having obliqued to the left, and were some four hundred yards from us in a cedar glade. We were halted in a cotton-field within about two hundred yards of the enemy's line, and ordered to lie down. The Yankees turned loose their artillery and infantry, and we were ordered to fall back, which we did as far as the Cowan house. In the mean time the enemy had sent some eight hundred men across the east end of the cotton-field, taking position by the river-bluff behind a fence. About

this time our colonel, Thomas Benton Smith, was wounded, his brother, John Smith, our gallant color-bearer, was killed; and here Maj. Claybrooke performed as gallant an act as did Lennes at the bridge of Lodi—viz., when his colonel had been wounded and his color-bearer killed he took a color-guard, Isaac Hyde, up behind him while under that fire and rode up and down our line, rallied the line and charged the eight hundred Federals on the bluff of the river with less than three hundred and fifty men, killing, wounding, and capturing more men than he had, and drove them back under fire of their guns. Maj. Claybrooke led the Twentieth Regiment in that bloody charge of Breckinridge's Division on Friday evening, and the extraordinary success of this movement was due to his sagacity and courage January 2, 1863, when four thousand six hundred men assaulted the entire left wing of Rosecrans' army. In this charge the color-bearer and five of the six color-guards went down, and the color-staff was twice shot in two. The survivor of this color-guard, Frank Battle, wrapped the colors around him and was seen forty paces in front of our line when it seemed impossible for a corn-stalk to stand.

It is a coincidence that the regiment entered the fight, having recruited, with the same number as at the battle of Shiloh, three hundred and fifty strong, and lost one hundred and forty-six as against one hundred and fifty-eight at the former place. In a large degree to Maj. Fred Claybrooke is due the credit of these successes.

After the battle of Murfreesboro we fell back to Tullahoma and went into winter quarters, and while there the wife of Gen. Breckinridge made a stand of colors out of her wedding dress and requested the General to present it to the most gallant regiment in his division. A day was set and the review took place, and when it was over the colors were presented to the Twentieth Tennessee, a compliment that every member of that regiment believed we deserved.

Some two months afterward the regiment was sent to guard Hoover's Gap, about eight miles from Tullahoma, and was located about two miles from the Gap on the Manchester pike. June 24, 1863, came in as lovely as we could wish, but afterward rain set in and continued on through the day and night. About 10 A.M. the long roll began to beat and couriers were seen dashing in every direction. The enemy had surprised our cavalry at the Gap and had forced their way through. The gallant Bate was on the ground—we were now in his brigade—and he hastily formed the Twentieth Regiment and Caswell's battalion of sharpshooters, about four hundred men, and double-quickened to the Gap. When we got within a half-mile of the Gap we met the enemy's skirmishers, which we drove back quickly to their main force. By this time our line was advancing and it was getting hot. The Federal artillery was playing on our battery in our rear, so that our line of battle was between the two fires. Our skirmish-line was hotly engaged. Under these conditions Maj. Claybrook rode up to his old company, and was preparing to dismount when a shell from the enemy's line burst near him, and he fell mortally wounded. On that fatal day he rode up to his old company and told them he would ever stand by them, and two of them were killed by the same shell. He was taken to

a farmhouse near by, where he died that night, June 24, 1863—as noble a spirit, as true a patriot, as brave a soldier, as warm-hearted a man as was ever clad in a suit of Confederate gray.

In this engagement we fought about five to one, and history will some day record that if Gen. Bate, with his four hundred, had not held in check the great odds, the two wings of Bragg's army at Shelbyville and Tullahoma would have been cut in two. The regiment lost forty-five men out of three hundred, including the almost mortally wounding of our competent and brave adjutant, James W. Thomas, who was afterward a State Treasurer of Tennessee.

How better can a soldier die  
Than fighting fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temple of his God?

This sketch is written not from hearsay, but of what I saw.

### IN THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

A Daughter of the Confederacy sends to the VETERAN a copy of these beautiful lines, thinking that as they "so perfectly express the feelings of every Southerner visiting the new Congressional Library they will be appreciated in the columns of the VETERAN." The composer is Rev. W. H. Woods, pastor of Franklin Square Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, Md.:

He trod the Hall of Captains; o'er him high  
Were shining names; the Macedonian bold,  
Rome's mightiest, mightier he of Carthage old,  
And later lights new risen in War's wild sky  
Dazzled upon him. Long with wistful eye  
The soldier sought a name nowhere enrolled  
On those bright walls; but after, in the cold  
Capitol wandering, came by chance anigh  
A western window—there Potomac lay  
Rimmed with Virginian hills, and in the sun  
Far off a pillared mansion; then the gray,  
Worn warrior straight uncovered, and his one  
Unwounded arm was lifted the old way  
For his lost Captain—Lee of "Arlington."

J. J. Roberts, of Coleman, Tex., is very anxious to learn something of his father's people. At the beginning of the war his father, James Coleman, was a surveyor in Northeast Arkansas and Southeast Missouri, and he and his outfit were captured in Arkansas by the Federals. By some means Mr. Roberts got away and went into West Tennessee, and there joined Forrest's Cavalry, and was killed at Harrisburg. His son was born in 1864, some time after his father's death. The mother dying when the child was quite small, he was reared by a man named A. S. Lyles, whom he left when fifteen years old and went to Texas. He has never been able to learn anything of his father or people. Information will be appreciated.

R. C. Gore, Gurdon, Ark., seeks the war record of his father, T. B. Gore, who went out with the First Mississippi Infantry. Mr. Gore writes: "I can not say definitely what command he was with subsequently, but in one of his letters to his sister, dated July 10, 1861, he advises her to direct all letters to Mott's Regiment, care of Capt. McConie—as well as can be made out from the faded writing." No doubt T. B. Gore will be remembered by some comrade.

## PATRIOTISM IN A TENNESSEE COUNTY.

Judge C. W. Tyler, Clarksville, Tenn.:

A land that could forget its own sons who once took up arms and sacrificed their lives in response to its call is a land whose people must be intrinsically base; and if the cause was lost for which these sons contended, the failure to cherish their memories becomes doubly dishonorable, for then their good name, having no favoring government to uphold it, must rest alone in the keeping of the men who shared their convictions and suffered defeat with them. Upon these it devolves as a sacred duty to defend the "lost cause" against traitors, to uphold the motives of their fallen comrades, and to transmit to posterity, as worthy of emulation, the story of their virtue, their courage, and their sacrifices.

In no county in Tennessee in the early days of 1861 was the war spirit higher than in the border county of Montgomery. Married men and single, old men and boys, hastened to enlist after the fall of Sumter, and offered their services to the Governor. The number of volunteers, more than two thousand, exceeded the entire white population subject to military duty. It is doubtful if this can be said of any other county in the state or in the South.

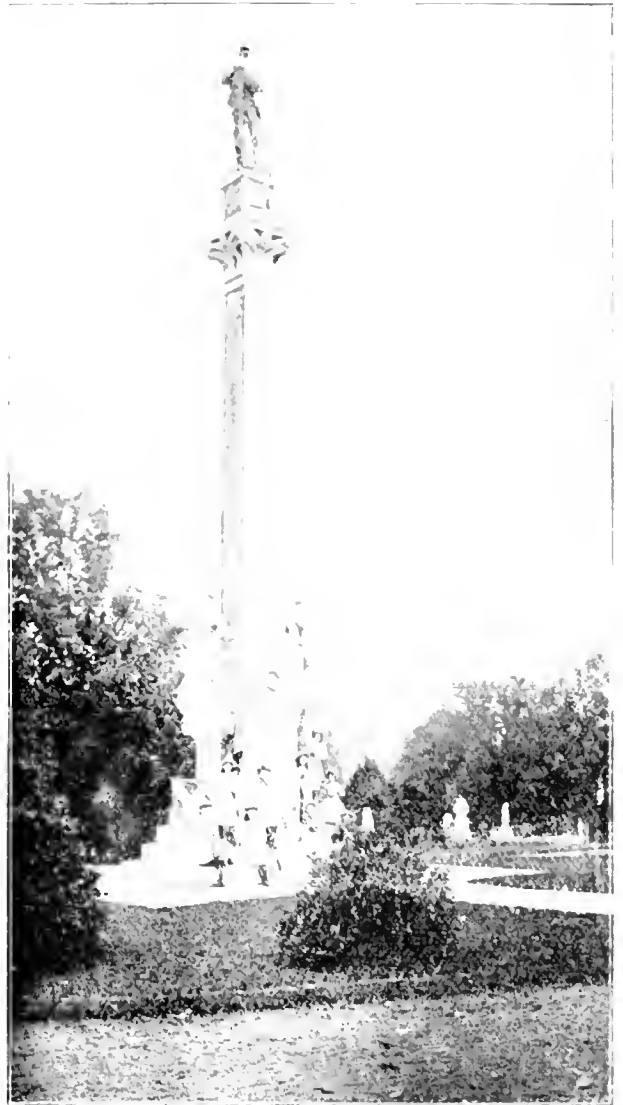
As the county responded nobly to the call of the South for aid, so she suffered heavily in the contest that followed. The regiments that were made up in whole or in part within its limits were the Fourteenth, the Forty-Ninth, the Fiftieth, and the Tenth Tennessee Infantry. The Tenth Tennessee and the Second Kentucky Cavalry were also recruited in the county. Of the Fourteenth Tennessee, Col. W. A. Forbes, Lieut. Col. George Barrel, Maj. Morris, and Adjts. Bell and Thompson were all killed in battle. Of the Tenth Infantry, Col. Heiman died of hardships endured in a Northern prison; Lieut.-Col. McGavock, Maj. Grace, Adj. Kelsey, and the chaplain, Rev. Father Bliemel, were all killed in battle. Of the Fiftieth, Col. C. A. Sugg, Lieut.-Col. Beaumont, Maj. Robertson, Adj. Robertson, and Adj. Fletcher Beaumont were all killed in battle. Lieut.-Col. Alfred Robb, of the Forty-Ninth, fell early in the war at Fort Donelson, within thirty miles of his home. Col. Woodward, of the Second Kentucky Cavalry, and Col. Trezevant, of the Tenth Cavalry, were also killed in battle.

With these regimental officers and their brigade commander, Gen. Robert Hatton, fell a host of subordinate officers and of brave and true men. Many of these were husbands, gray-haired fathers, and beardless boys. The loss among the boys was fearful. The senior class of Stewart College, Clarksville, in the spring of 1861, was composed of thirty-two youths. Of these, twenty-nine volunteered in the Confederate army. Sixteen of the number were killed in battle, seven died in hospital from disease or wounds, and six returned home in 1865.

The Fourteenth Tennessee remained in Virginia during the entire war. Its ranks were dreadfully thinned. Its battle-flag was riddled with bullets and captured at Gettysburg after the color-bearer had been shot down. It is now among the archives at Washington. The regiment went out eleven hundred strong in 1861; it returned a mere skeleton in 1865.

Of the other regiments the figures show appalling losses.

Gen. W. A. Quarles, of Clarksville, led his brigade into action on July 28, 1864, near Atlanta, with nine hundred and thirteen men. The official report next day showed four hundred and ninety-six of these killed and wounded. The Forty-Ninth Tennessee was in this brigade. Capt. Thomas H. Smith, of Clarksville, went into the fight seventh in rank in this regiment. When the fight ended all above him had been killed or wounded, and he was in command of the regiment.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Gen. Quarles had two horses shot under him while leading his men into action, and was himself afterward desperately wounded. His young aide-de-camp, Polk G. Johnson, had his horse shot under him and was also wounded in the engagement, and here the gallant Col. W. F. Young had his right arm torn off by a shot.

At Chickamauga the Fiftieth Tennessee was nearly annihilated. A letter written by Col. C. A. Sugg, October 10, 1863, says: "We were in it three hours. One hundred and eighty-six men went into the fight; only fifty-four came out. Col. Beaumont and Maj. Robertson were killed, Maj. Combs seriously wounded, Capt.

Williams killed, Lieuts. Hays and Whitley killed, Lieut. White will probably die, Capts. Pease and Sexton were wounded, Lieut. Holmes Wilson seriously wounded, Lieut. Wheaton wounded, and a host of men." At Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863, the next general engagement, the writer of the above (the noble Col. Suggs) was himself borne mortally wounded from the field.

The Tenth Tennessee Infantry in the same battle suffered as severely. It carried into action at Chickamauga three hundred and twenty-eight men; of these, two hundred and twenty-four were killed and wounded.



CAPT. F. P. GRACEY.

Only two of the regiment were captured, and both of these were lying wounded on the field.

Company E, of the Tenth Cavalry, from Montgomery County, went into action at Chickamauga with twenty men. Thirteen of these were killed and wounded, leaving only seven for duty at the end of the day. The gallant young Col. Trezevant had been killed at Thompson's Station, Tenn., a short while before.

Woodward's Kentucky Cavalry, which comprised a good many Tennesseans, went through the entire war, and lost heavily. Col. Woodward himself was killed. Lieut. Joe Staton, Charley Lurton, and many other gallant Montgomery County boys lost their lives in this command.

Cobb's Kentucky Battery (afterward Gracey's) was originally Company F, of the Third Kentucky Infantry. Its first captain was H. B. Lyon, who was afterward made colonel of the Eighth Kentucky and then brigadier-general. Capt. Cobb commanded until after the death of Maj. Graves, at Chickamauga, when Capt. F. P. Gracey took command of the battery. This battery was conspicuous at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Jackson, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, and Jonesboro. The men of this command managed the Bayou heavy battery at Vicksburg and the gunboats captured by Forrest on the Tennessee River. A detachment from this battery filled the places of the dead on the gunboat "Arkansas Ram" in

her memorable engagement with the entire Federal fleet in sight of Vicksburg.

When the war closed, bringing disaster to the cause for which these brave men contended, the solemn duty remained to erect a monument to their memory to transmit to posterity the fact that they braved dangers, hardships, and suffered and died at their country's behest; that their cause was our cause, and their heroism, courage, and sacrifices a rich legacy to our children.

There was one duty, however, which took precedence even over this obligation: it was to provide for the destitute widows and children of those who had fallen. Bravely our people undertook this work. The battered survivors of the conflict were in many instances maimed for life and shattered in health. No pensions awaited them. They took up the battle of life when they came home, and, with the aid of the noble women who had learned much in the hard school of adversity, they waged unceasing war against poverty. The tax-books of the county tell a cruel tale of the pecuniary losses which the prolonged conflict inflicted on our people. In 1860 the assessed value of all property in the county was \$10,720,795; in 1866 this had sunk to \$3,389,716.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the women of Clarksville and the surrounding country, as soon as the smoke of battle had lifted, set themselves to work to establish a home for the destitute widows and children of the men who had lost their lives in the war. A society was formed, with the late Mrs. G. A. Henry, President; Mrs. E. B. Haskins, Mrs. A. G. Munford, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. Finley, Mrs. Hornberger, and Mrs. A. D. Sears as officials.

By untiring exertion the sum of \$25,000 was raised



POLK G. JOHNSON.

by these noble women, and a beautiful home and farm purchased near Clarksville. Here the little orphans and widows of dead Confederate soldiers were sheltered for years. The institution was supported altogether from voluntary contributions. Dr. D. F. Wright, surgeon of the Fourteenth Tennessee, gave

his medical services without charge. Many of the merchants donated supplies of various kinds. Mr. George Hillman headed the list the first year with a subscription of \$500, to be taken in goods from his store. Farmers brought their products, and willingly helped to maintain the families of those who had fallen in the war. As years passed and the children grew up homes in private families or positions in business houses were procured for them, and many of them are now useful men and women in the community.

#### CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CLARKSVILLE.

When the purpose was accomplished for which this institution was founded, the promoters of the enterprise planned to sell the property and build a Confederate monument at Clarksville. This was the original purpose. Unfortunately, however, this latter idea was not expressed in the charter of the association. The subscribers to the fund had become scattered far and near; many of them were dead, and it was impossible to obtain the expression of their wish that their donations should eventually go to the erection of a Confederate monument. A bill was filed in chancery, asking



MRS. L. W. CLARK, PRESIDENT MONUMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

that the proceeds be appropriated to the erection of such a monument; but the courts had no power to grant this request, and the money was turned into the treasury of the state.

Forbes Bivouac, an association of Confederate veterans, was organized. Polk G. Johnson was elected first President of the association, and with characteristic energy and zeal he devoted himself to the task of obtaining funds sufficient for the erection of a creditable Confederate monument at Clarksville. Public interest was soon aroused in the enterprise. The ladies, foremost in every good work, organized a Ladies' Monumental Association, of which Mrs. L. W. Clark was chosen President. This association rendered valuable aid in bringing the plan to successful execution. The little children became enthused, and, by the sale of war-songs, swelled the contributions intended to perpetuate the memory of the heroic dead. The young men of Clarksville had raised a sum for the purpose of forming a hook and ladder company. This, by unanimous consent, they turned into the treasury of

the bivouac, preferring to see it applied to the noble purpose in which the whole community was now deeply interested.

The Monumental Association proper was organized in 1889, and Capt. Frank P. Gracey was elected President. His interest in the work was such that he headed the subscription-list with a contribution of \$500 and a further offer to raise this sum to ten per cent of the



LITTLE EMMIE, DAUGHTER OF JUDGE TYLER.

total amount needed, whatever that might be. The other members of the committee were: D. N. Kennedy, M. H. Clark, Rev. A. D. Sears, Polk G. Johnson, C. H. Smith, C. H. Bailey, J. J. Crusman, C. G. Smith, W. M. Daniel, L. Bloch, W. S. Poindexter, B. W. Macrae, C. W. Tyler. D. N. Kennedy was chosen Vice-President and W. S. Poindexter Treasurer of the association. Six of the members of this committee (Rev. A. D. Sears, Polk G. Johnson, Thomas H. Smith, W. S. Poindexter, C. G. Smith, and Leopold Bloch) passed from earth before their work was completed, and one other, Capt. Frank P. Gracey, has died since the monument was erected.

On November 30, 1891, a special committee was appointed, known as the Design Committee, with authority to select a plan and conclude a contract for the monument. The following gentlemen composed this committee: C. W. Tyler, C. H. Bailey, B. W. Macrae, W. M. Pettus, J. J. Crusman, M. H. Clark, D. N. Kennedy. Competitive bids were advertised for, and on April 11, 1892, the committee met to inspect the various designs submitted. Twelve different firms com-

peted for the award, and sixteen designs were submitted. After a thorough examination the committee awarded the contract at a stipulated price of \$7,500. This, however, did not include the cost of ornamenting the beautiful spot known as Confederate Circle, where the monument stands.

The monument is made of granite taken from the quarry at Barre, Vt. It is forty-eight feet three inches in height and thirteen by nine feet at the base. The crowning figure is that is a Confederate infantry soldier. This is a bronze statue eight feet in height. One of the figures below is that of a cavalryman; the other, that of an artilleryman. Each of these is of granite, six feet six inches in height. These three figures were all modeled from photographs of Confederate soldiers who had enlisted in Montgomery County. On the front panel is the inscription: "In honor of the heroes who fell while fighting for us in the army of the Confederate States, 1861-65." On the reverse panel is the inscription: "Though adverse fortune denied final victory to their undaunted courage, history preserves their fame made glorious forever. Confederate Memorial." The engraving in this article is from a photograph of the monument taken on Memorial Day, with little girls grouped about the base.

On Wednesday, October 25, 1893, the monument was unveiled, and the people of Montgomery and surrounding counties met to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of the heroic men who had lived, suffered, and died for conscience sake nearly a generation before. Little Hope Gracey, granddaughter of Capt. Frank P. Gracey, was selected to draw the cord that exposed the shaft to the view of the thousands present. The work which had enlisted the affection and energies of our good men and women for years was at last accomplished. To have passed away and left no enduring monument to the memory of our noble dead would have been a lasting stigma upon us. As for the brave men whose heroism we have sought to commemorate, no act of ours could add luster to their imperishable renown, nor can the breath of slander ever detract from it. They fought the good fight, and theirs are among the names that posterity will not willingly let die.

#### MAJ. JOHN LUCIEN BROWN.

Maj. Brown was born March 29, 1800, in Clark County, Ga., of Virginia parentage; and died near Nashville January 9, 1884. On January 20, 1824, he married Miss Jane Weakley, of Nashville, Tenn., who died in 1845. When the war with Mexico occurred he enlisted promptly, and was appointed to an office in the Subsistence Department. He knew personally and was intimate with Gens. Worth, Butler, and Lane; and, although a commissary, he participated in several engagements on the battle-field.

When peace was restored with Mexico he returned to Nashville, and afterward married Mrs. Mary Hatley, of Gallatin, Tenn.

Although over sixty years of age when the war between the states began, he was among the first to espouse the Southern cause, and was assigned to the Commissary Department, with rank of lieutenant-colonel. When Tennessee seceded he was transferred to the Confederate States army, and again assigned to the Commissary Department, with rank of major.

Maj. Brown was with Gen. Zollicoffer until his death at Mill Springs, and was then assigned to the command of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, serving as chief of subsistence until the fall of 1863, when Gen. William B. Bate was given the command of the Breckinridge Division; and, being his warm and intimate friend, he remained with the division until the close of the war. As before, while commissary participating in many battles, at Shiloh, at Stone's River, and in other battles he was a participant. At Baton Rouge, La., he led a charge, and drove from the field a Federal battery that had done much damage to our troops. His valor called forth commendation from his commanding general. On the other hand, his action on the field called forth from the authorities at Richmond an order that officers of the Commissary Department should not engage in battles. This was well; for,



MAJ. JOHN LUCIEN BROWN.

while the boys were fighting, it was also necessary that arrangements be made to appease their hunger.

Maj. Brown was a very brave and chivalrous soldier and had the esteem of soldiers and officers of the army. He was intimate with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, whom he considered one of the greatest generals of the war. A man of noble heart and generous impulses, a friend to all, without any ulterior designs—how could he be otherwise than highly esteemed and immensely popular?

On January 10, 1884, we laid him away in Mt. Olivet to sleep and rest until the Commander of the universe shall call the dead from all the battle-fields and the cemeteries of earth to come forth unto life again. Till then farewell, noble, true, and brave old soldier!

The only survivor of the Major's children is Miss Sallie Brown, of Nashville.



Dr. Frank R. Ross, son of the late Gov. L. S. Ross, of Texas, wrote to Maj. T. P. Weakley, of Nashville, who was a schoolmate of his father:

. . . Father was very devoted to his schoolmates from Florence, Ala., and great was his love for his soldiers. So often he has spoken affectionately of his associates and the happy days he spent at Florence. He was anxious to attend the reunion at Nashville last summer, but his duties here demanded his attention. Bessie, his daughter, went, and met many of his friends there, and upon her return brought innumerable messages of love and affection, and I remember how happy he was to receive them.

He was a good and kind father, and gratified every desire of his children; and, indeed, throughout his whole life he was happiest when giving happiness to others. A movement has been started to erect a monument to his memory, and it seems to have awakened an interest throughout the whole state; every one seems to favor it. It is indeed a consolation to us to know of the esteem and affection borne him everywhere.

Gov. Ross left a wife and six children, the youngest sixteen years old. Lawrence S. Ross, married, is a merchant in Martin, Tex.; Florine is the wife of H. H. Harrington, professor of chemistry in the state college; Harvey, married, lives on the farm, near Waco; while the author of the above, single, is a physician, and has recently practised in Houston; Bessie is a young lady, and Nev is a cadet in the college. The family will reside in Waco.

#### PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

Charles T. Loehr, Richmond, Va., Secretary of the Old First Virginia Association:

I notice, in alluding to Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, the figures of losses are continued as published by the "Records of the Rebellion." This is wrong. I wrote and enclosed you a slip from an address of Capt. E. P. Reeve on this subject. The First Virginia Infantry, of which I was a member, is recorded as having lost one killed and twenty-three wounded; whereas, any history of the old First gives the names of twenty-seven killed and ninety-five wounded and missing; and so on with the rest of the regiments. The division lost over four-fifths in the charge. Of the nearly four thousand who entered it, only some four to five hundred came together after the charge, and many of these were wounded. Only two out of fifteen colors were brought back. The spot where Armistead fell is marked as the "high-water mark of the rebellion;" and if any other men besides those of Pickett reached there, let them give their names. It will be the "Pickett's charge at Gettysburg" as long as history lasts.

John Hancock, private in the Thirty-First Mississippi Regiment, died at Water Valley, Miss., on December 23, 1897, in his sixty-sixth year. He was dreadfully wounded in the Atlanta campaign, and ever afterward suffered from it, the wound never healing.

Capt. T. B. Cannefat died recently at his home in Springfield, Mo. He was severely wounded at Piedmont, Mo., during the war, and never fully recovered. Some ten years since he was struck by lightning.

#### ENCAMPMENT ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

Annual Encampment Arkansas Division, U. C. V.

As General Order No. 1, Series No. 2, Col. V. Y. Cook, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff for Gen. R. G. Shaver, issues the following:

The second Tuesday in April having been fixed by the State Encampment, Arkansas Division, U. C. V., as the day of the annual meeting, notice is hereby given that said encampment will convene at the state-house in the city of Little Rock on April 12, 1898, at 12 M. The camps, in accrediting delegates to the encampment, will be governed by the provisions of the constitution and by-laws of the association.

To the end that the membership and strength of the association in the state may be ascertained and officially declared, and that the encampment may be informed of the facts and data necessary to an intelligent and satisfactory determination of the representation to which each camp is entitled, it is ordered that a full and complete roster and muster-roll of each camp in full affiliation and connection with the state encampment be prepared, duly authenticated by the commanding officer and Adjutant of the same, and sent to the Adjutant-General by April 1, 1898.

The failure to comply with the requirements of this order will be recognized in the Adjutant-General's report as an indication that such derelict camp has either disbanded or suffered its charter to lapse.

PRICES OF CONFEDERATE STATES POSTAGE-STAMPS.—Theo K. Thompson, Galveston, Tex., as a subscriber to the VETERAN, calls the attention of his comrades and their families to the value of many of the postage-stamps issued in the South during the war. A well-known, reputable stamp and coin catalogue published in New York quotes the following values of some of these stamps: Stamps of Knoxville are worth, each, \$100; Baton Rouge, \$65 to \$100; Charleston, \$12 to \$25; Columbia, \$15 to \$25; Macon, Ga., \$35 to \$250; Nashville, \$18 to \$150; Spartanburg, \$250 to \$350; Rheaton, Tenn., \$200. Comrade Thompson is not a collector or purchaser of stamps, but writes this solely with the desire that any one owning Confederate stamps may ascertain and obtain full value for them.

H. I. Darden, orderly sergeant of Darnell's Regiment of Infantry, was taken prisoner at Arkansas Post, and his sister, Mrs. T. C. Douglass, of King's River, Cal., is very anxious to find where his remains were buried, as she wishes to have the spot marked and taken care of. She thought he was a prisoner at Camp Chase, but did not find his name in the list as published in the January VETERAN. Mrs. Douglass states "infantry," but the only Col. Darnell of the U. S. Government Record commanded the Eighteenth Texas Cavalry.

The recently elected officers of Lamar-Fontaine Chapter, U. D. C., Alvin, Tex., are: President, Mrs. E. Grey Cobb; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Regina B. Lacy, Mrs. Emma Durant, Mrs. Kate C. Edwards; Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Fontaine; Treasurer, Mrs. M. A. Edwards; Historian, Mrs. L. Ford Ronau.

## DEFERRED ARTICLES.

Both explanations and apologies are in order. The accumulation of papers for publication in the VETERAN has increased more rapidly than ever, and many important articles for this number must wait. Obituaries of fallen comrades are of these. Will friends be careful to condense such notices closely? Some rule must be adopted to make these notices very brief. Faithfulness to duty and sacrifices made by veterans are higher considerations for space in these pages than rank or the pecuniary prosperity that may have attended comrades since the war. Variations from this rule will be occasionally made, but by accident or ignorance, rather than choice. Preference, however, should be given those who do what they can to sustain the publication.

The gravest omissions are about Daughters of the Confederacy, who are doing more already in helpful ways than the camps. Let all who have reports of their work send them in promptly. The May number is to be devoted largely to North Carolina. Let the "tarheels" note this, and be diligent to supply data for it.

An absorbing issue to all patriots, the threatened war with Spain, is not ignored. Confederates will do their part in a crisis. Something on this line in our next.

## ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

The competition for prizes offered by the VETERAN to those who would secure the four largest lists of subscriptions from January 1 to March 1 enlisted some spirited workers and has put the VETERAN into the hands of some who did not know it and who have already shown their appreciation. The awards were as follows: First prize (\$50), Miss Mattie Davis, Thomasville, Ga.—131 subscriptions. Second prize (\$30), Miss Ruth Owen, Evansville, Ind.—115 subscriptions. Third prize (\$15), J. M. Liggett, Nashville, Tenn.—20 subscriptions; Fourth prize (\$10), Miss Richard Sned, Athens, Ala.—17 subscriptions.

Miss Ruth Owen, it will be remembered, secured the \$200 in January, the largest reward ever given by the VETERAN; and her patriotic father returned half the amount to be applied to sending the VETERAN to comrades who are not able to pay for it.

## ADDITIONS TO THE DAN EMMETT FUND.

Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Ark., \$3; Miss Lizzie Regin, Moscow, S. C., 50 cents; J. R. Youree, for U. C. V. Camp, Prairie Grove, Ark., \$3.50; Dr. R. L. Brodie, Charleston, S. C., \$1; Mrs. Jane Gibson, Treasurer U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., \$5; Miss Estelle Coleman, for children of the schools of Vicksburg, Miss., \$44.50; Mrs. H. C. Ellis, Hartsville, Tenn., \$2; A. Kane, for Mrs. Kane's school, Vicksburg, Miss., \$3; J. B. Seawell and Mr. Haffey, Atlanta, Ga., \$2; W. E. Norvell, Nashville, Tenn., \$1; Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Tenn., \$10; J. C. Hardy, Superintendent, for children of public schools of

Jackson, Miss., \$14.25; William P. Rogers Chapter, U. D. C., Victoria, Tex., \$5; F. O. Daniel, Santa Ana, Cal., \$1; James E. Duvall and Minnie L. Duvall, Belfast Mills, Va., \$2; Sidney Lanier Chapter, U. D. C., Macon, Ga., \$2; Miss Sue M. Monroe, Wellington, Va., as contribution and collection, 76 cents; A. C. Oxford, Birmingham, Ala., \$1. Total, \$101.51.

There has been contributed through the VETERAN for D. D. Emmett \$120.01, and, in addition to that, some contributions have been sent direct. Only a few of these have been reported to the VETERAN—namely, \$25 by the Alabama State Division, U. D. C., in convention at Birmingham, and \$5 by the Winnie Davis Chapter at Meridian, Miss.

## UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Hallie Alexander Rounsaville, Rome, Ga., chairman of the Badge Committee appointed at Baltimore, furnishes the following paper:

In answer to many inquiries from those desirous of purchasing badges as to what action has been, or probably will be, taken by the Badge Committee of the U. D. C., it seems best to give through our official organ such information as we now possess upon the subject.



During the convention of the U. D. C. held in Baltimore, November 10-13, 1897, the question of a change of badge for the national organization arose. The principal argument in favor of such change was that a firm in Nashville was selling badges of our design without authority

from our officials for so doing, and, as a consequence, these badges could be bought by any person, from any section, whether a member of our organization or not.

After much discussion a resolution was passed authorizing the President to appoint a Badge Committee, consisting of representatives from every division, and every charter chapter where no division existed, this committee being empowered to consider and decide upon the advisability of retaining our original badge and further protecting it, or the adoption of a new badge; being instructed, in the latter case, to contract only with Southern dealers, located in the South, and to require the best protection possible, either by copyright or patent, for the design adopted.

The President of the U. D. C. appointed upon this committee the Presidents of the various state organizations, in this way giving every division and charter chapter an opportunity to express its wishes through its presiding officer. Immediately after the close of the convention all members of this committee, present in person or by proxy, met in the convention hall to decide upon a plan of work. A vote was taken to ascertain as nearly as possible their views and those of their division members on the question of a change of badge. A majority favored retaining the present badge and taking steps to secure its protection, some were in doubt as to the desires of their chapters, while a few favored a change. All were requested to ascertain the wishes of their respective divisions and communicate the results to the chairman at the earliest date possible,

being assured that if a change was desired by a majority of the committee each division would be given an opportunity to submit a design for consideration by the whole committee before a choice was made. The proxies for absent Presidents of state organizations were instructed to communicate to them these facts, and request them to advise the committee chairman of their attitude on this question.

So far, the majority of those heard from favor retaining the original badge. A few of these would personally prefer some other design, but feel that a change would be unjust to the many members who have already purchased badges. Others argue that a change would suggest instability on the part of the Daughters; also that if another design should be adopted for our badge it would necessitate a change of die for our official papers and the furnishing of the two hundred and five charters and about five thousand certificates of membership which have already been issued with the impress of the present badge upon them—all of which would entail an expense equal to the per capita tax of several years. An effort is now being made to secure more thorough protection for our present official badge. If this effort is successful, the badge will probably be retained by the committee.

In the mean time, however, every chapter which has not yet done so is requested to express to their division President their views upon this subject, that the final decision may be, as nearly as possible, satisfactory to all and expressive of the wishes of the great majority of individual members.

Georgia, I believe, stands ready to acquiesce in whatever the committee may decide is best, and I think every division will be actuated by the same motives and reach the same conclusion, realizing that, while it is exceedingly important that the design of our badge should be, as nearly as possible, satisfactory to each individual, it is infinitely more important that that badge, when worn, shall indicate that the wearer is a member of a united body of women too thoroughly imbued with a sense of the high purpose for which they were organized to allow any merely personal preference, even in so important a matter as that of the badge, to create the smallest discord in their ranks.

As every state is represented on the committee by its President, and, therefore, every state has a voice in the decision to be arrived at, it is earnestly hoped that this question may be soon settled finally and satisfactorily.

The VETERAN must reply to the statement above that the Nashville firm (the B. H. Stief Jewelry Co.) refused to supply badges until learning that they were in the miscellaneous market; and even now, in selling, requires proof that it is for a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and, as proof, an official order is required.

Capt. J. W. Irwin, of Savannah, Tenn., reports that on March 15 the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp of Confederate Veterans was organized at Shiloh Springs, on the famous battle-ground, with John S. Atkins as Major. Judge John M. Taylor, of Lexington, has been invited to deliver an address to the camp at their next meeting, April 6, the anniversary of the battle. There will be a gathering of veterans of both armies there and in that vicinity on that day.

### CONFEDERATE BAZAAR, BALTIMORE.

The Confederate Relief Bazaar will be opened at the Fifth Regiment Armory on Easter Monday, April 11, and last until April 20. It will be under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Confederate Society of the Army and Navy in the state of Maryland, and is for the relief of Confederate veterans, their mothers, and their widows. Sick or destitute soldiers of the Confederacy, through the state, receive a regular pension from the Society of the Army and Navy, but to the Daughters of the Confederacy falls the more delicate task of relieving distress in the homes. Many a Southern gentlewoman, delicately reared, but with whom fortune has dealt harshly, has been compelled to appeal to this society, and often for the necessities of life. Inability to provide for all of these needs has compelled the societies to adopt some plan of replenishing their treasuries. A bazaar held in 1885 having been very successful, it was decided to repeat the effort. Donations to any of these tables will be gladly received.

With the exception of the Jefferson Davis, the R. E. Lee, the Stonewall Jackson, the Admiral Buchanan, and Murray Association tables, the tables will be named after the Confederate States. Maryland is to be represented by the Maryland Line Relic Room, the Murray Association, and the Maryland state tables, with the annex of Eastern Shore and Western Maryland. Mrs. Robert C. Barry is chairman of this committee. The design over the table will be "Maryland, My Maryland," in colored lights, over the central arch, and "Eastern Shore" and "Western Maryland" in similar design on either side.

The Maryland Line Relic Room is being planned under charge of Miss Blunt, Mrs. W. Bowly Wilson, and Mrs. J. T. Mason. Relics from all parts of the South will be shown there. An interesting feature will be a display of colonial relics which belonged to distinguished ancestors of men who served the lost cause. A journal will be published daily from the Relic Room, with bazaar news, historical articles, original poems, and contributions from well-known persons.

The Murray Association table will be in charge of Mrs. Frank Markoe, Mrs. W. T. Thelin, and Mrs. W. P. Zollinger. It is to be a country store, replete with every article imaginable. This is one of the largest working committees of the bazaar.

The Virginia table will occupy a large space at the entrance of the bazaar. A colonial portico will be represented, and fair Daughters of the Confederacy will pour tea from old colonial silver, and will serve it from Thomas Jefferson's table, on which the Declaration of Independence was signed. This will be an art table, and the committee is composed of the whole Virginia contingent in Baltimore.

"Think of that when you smoke tobacco" will be the motto of the North Carolina table, under charge of Mrs. Painter, a niece of Gen. D. H. Hill, and tobacco is to form its staple commodity. Donations of the finest tobacco in the Old South state have been promised.

South Carolina will be represented by a tree of genuine palmetto, sent on for the occasion, with Southern moss and yellow jasmine. This will be a fancy table, and a large and influential committee are at work, under Mrs. Edgar M. Lazarus and Mrs. Francis T. Miles.

Mrs. W. T. Brantley is chairman of the Georgia table, which will be decorated by a design of unique charac-

ter. Lemonade, cake, etc., will be sold. Mrs. Brantley has a large committee consisting of about forty Georgia women.

Florida, the land of flowers, will be transplanted to the armory by a large bower in the middle of the room, filled by contributions from private greenhouses and many plants sent on from Southern states. It will be in charge of Mrs. R. C. Barry.

An art table, under the chairmanship of Miss Cannon, will represent the state which has the honor of having been the home of Jefferson Davis: Mississippi.

"Louisiana" is the name given to the lunch-room. It will be in charge of Mrs. Ernest N. Morison and a large committee.

The Lone Star state, under Mrs. G. F. French, will have a large ice-cream booth and many attractions in the shape of confections of various kinds.

Mrs. Gustavus Brown, as chairman for Arkansas, is to have a harlequin table, a delightful mélange, and a veritable "Arkansas Traveler," on an old-time fiddle, will give forth strains recalling the old days before we "hung up the fiddle and the bow."

Kentucky, Mrs. Waller Bullock, chairman, will be near the Old Dominion table, and, with its old-fashioned log cabin, forms a delightful contrast. The Daniel Boone hunter's lodge is represented, with its quaint old shot-bags and pouches and guns of a past generation. Curiosities from the Mammoth Cave and skins fresh from the trapper's hands will vie with the delicious ice-cream and cake in attracting the throngs.

The Alabama table is under charge of Mrs. M. Gillet Gill. Tea will be dispensed out of charming souvenir-cups decorated with Confederate flags by young ladies in Japanese costume.

The Missouri table will be in charge of Mrs. O. B. Jones, and is a fancy table.

#### DAVIS, LEE, JACKSON.

The Jefferson Davis table will be in charge of Mrs. Henry C. Kennard. A large committee, composed of ladies from all the different states, will work with her.

The Robert E. Lee table will be in charge of Mrs. Neilson Poe, who has a large committee, and urgently solicits contributions of any kind. Fancy articles will be sold.

Stonewall Jackson's table will be in charge of Mrs. J. H. Tegmeyer, and is a confectionery-booth, with an annex of West Virginia attached. A gypsy tent is connected with this table, where a professor of palmistry will read the fate of youths and maidens.

Admiral Buchanan, a gallant son of Maryland, the pride of the Confederate navy, has a table named in his honor and under the charge of his daughter, Mrs. Felix R. Sullivan, and possibly the largest committee in the bazaar.

#### OFFICERS OF THE DAUGHTERS.

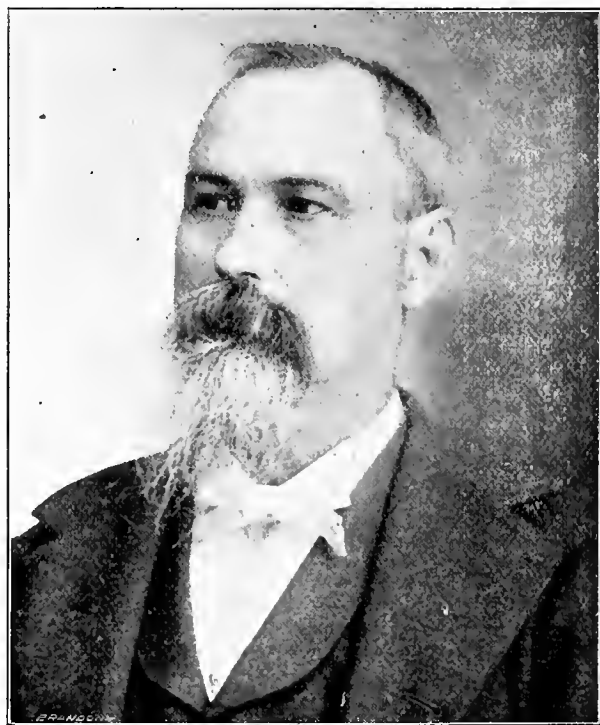
The officers of the Daughters of the Confederacy are: Mrs. D. G. Wright, President; Mrs. Charles Marshall, Mrs. John P. Poe, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. F. M. Colston, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Hugh H. Lee, Recording Secretary; Mrs. E. S. Beall, Treasurer; Miss Dora Hoffman, Registrar; Mrs. F. T. Miles, Mrs. J. F. Dammann, Mrs. William Reed, Mrs. T. B. Gresham, Mrs. B. J. Taylor, Managers.

#### A VIRGINIA TEXAN—FRANK T. ROCHE.

BY Z. T. FILMORE, AUSTIN, TEX.

Frank T. Roche was born in Hampton, Va., September 16, 1843, and was educated at the Hampton Military Academy. At the commencement of the war he enlisted in the Wythe Rifles (W. B. Willis, captain), which company became part of the battalion commanded by William L. Goggin, and afterward of the Thirty-Second Virginia Regiment.

This command participated in the battle of Big Bethel, the first engagement of the war in Virginia. It served at Gloucester Point and Yorktown, rendering effective service in holding back McClellan's hosts. It retreated from Yorktown to Richmond, and participated in the battle of Williamsburg and those around Richmond. It was then in the Maryland campaign, at Second Manassas, South Mountain, Harper's Ferry (where eleven thousand Federals and large stores were captured), Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg.



FRANK T. ROCHE.

At Sharpsburg the company formed part of Semmes's Brigade, and was the center of McLaws' advance to stem the tide of disaster occasioned by the pressing back of Stonewall Jackson by the Federal masses. The retreat was checked, and the Federals were pushed back faster than they came. McLaws saved Jackson from being crushed and Lee from defeat at Sharpsburg, but his men paid a fearful penalty for their valor.

At the rout of Pickett's Division at Five Forks—where it was attacked by the whole of Sheridan's Cavalry and three corps of infantry, giving way only when overwhelmed by numbers—Corse's Brigade, in which were the Fifteenth and Thirty-Second Virginia, alone stood firm and preserved its organization.

At Appomattox the Thirty-Second Virginia sur-

rendered about forty officers and privates, all that were left of the once magnificent command. They had fought to the verge of annihilation, and now not more than a dozen of those old heroes remain to tell the story of their superb valor and generous services to their country. Comrade Roche was with his command everywhere, never missing a march, a skirmish, or a battle, until in September, 1864, when he was wounded in the right leg by the fragment of a shell. It was amputated a few inches below the knee. While in the trenches, in 1864-65, he was made sergeant-major of his regiment, and served as adjutant. He was captured in Richmond when that city fell.

At the end of the conflict young Roche, then a mere boy, returned to his home on crutches, possessing nothing but his gray uniform. He taught school several years, and afterward accepted the position of city editor on the *Norfolk Journal*. In 1877 he came to Texas and located in Travis County, and reported legislative proceedings for the *Houston Telegraph* and the *Galveston News*. In the same year he entered the state Land Office, where he was a clerk for twelve years, and for four years he was clerk with the state Land Board. Having occupied several of the principal desks, he is perhaps the best-equipped man in his state on all matters pertaining to the public domain and routine work of the state Land Office. He was recommended by Gov. Richard Coke for the position of United States Revenue Collector, but, as he entertained ardent free silver views, President Cleveland selected another.

Comrade Roche was fourth Commander of John B. Hood Camp of Confederate Veterans. He was a director of the Confederate Home, under private and also under state control, and it was largely due to his efforts that the state took charge of the institution. He lives at Georgetown, Tex.

W. T. Butt, Augusta, Ga., who was of Company C, Forty-Fifth Alabama Regiment: "In the *VETERAN* for January, 1897, Capt. J. L. Power, Secretary of State for Mississippi, gives a list of commands of the Army of Tennessee in 1865. In it he makes a mistake by giving the Forty-Fifth Alabama Regiment to Shelley's Brigade. The Fourth Alabama and the Forty-Fifth Mississippi Regiments were 'twin brothers' in Lowrey's Brigade. He leaves that gallant old regiment, the Forty-Fifth Mississippi, out entirely. I know that regiment was always on hand when any fighting was going on."

Charles P. Pickens, Dota, Ark.: "In the *VETERAN* of 1897 I find inquiry of a soldier's grave situated near Pulaski, Tenn., on the old farm of D. T. Reynolds. It is that of my father, Israel McReady Pickens, a Confederate soldier under Hood, who was killed on December 24, 1864. His regiment was skirmishing in the rear when he was wounded. The grave-stone was placed there by a distant relative, whose name, I think, was Williams. I think my father was a colonel. I was a small boy then. Would like to correspond with any of his old comrades, so as to learn all I can of his record and position in the army."

S. J. Boggs, member of Camp Henry Gray No. 551, U. C. V., Timothea, La., died on the 6th of December, 1897. He served in Company B, Twenty-Eighth Louisiana Infantry.

James R. Binford writes from Duck Hill, Miss.:

D. A. Wilkins died at his home, in Duck Hill, Miss., October 5, 1897, from brain congestion. He was a lieutenant in the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, David H. Cummings, colonel. The writer served in Zollicoffer's Brigade with him, and we were together on the memorable battle-field of Fishing Creek, where the



D. A. WILKINS.

brave Gen. Zollicoffer was killed, and in which the Fifteenth Mississippi and Nineteenth and Twentieth Tennessee bore the brunt of the battle.

Comrade Wilkins was born near Athens, Tenn., July 30, 1837. After the war he, like many others, was not permitted by the Union men to live at his old home, so he moved to Texas. Subsequently he went to Mississippi, and located at Duck Hill in 1868. He accumulated

handsome property, married, and became the father of four children, two of whom survive him.

Mississippi had no truer or better citizen than "Dock" Wilkins. He measured the full standard of manhood; was progressive, and ever ready to aid in the progress of his town or section, and his death is a loss to the state. He was buried by Barkdale Camp, U. C. V., of which he was an active member, and a large number of comrades and friends stood by when his mortal remains were consigned to their last resting-place. Well might any state be proud of such a son!

George C. Kinzer, of Madison Run, Va., desires to hear from Cook, of Hadley's Mills, N. C.; N. R. Douglass, Orr's First South Carolina; W. H. Green, Company C, Sixth Alabama Regiment; Frank Collins, Cook, Butler, and Rogers, of Battle's Alabama Brigade; Sergt. Martin, of Tennessee; and Neuner, of Mississippi, one of Gen. Heth's scouts, and "what he did with my pet kitten."

Jim Pearce Camp, at Princeton, Ky., was reorganized some months since, and those members living in Lyon County joined the Lyon County Camp, at Eddyville. Gen. Lyon was elected Commander of this camp, and George McElroy was so honored by Jim Pearce Camp. Adj. T. J. Johnson, of the latter camp, thinks forty or fifty will attend the Atlanta reunion.

Ace Walker inquires about J. F. Walker, a private of Company K, Fourth Regiment of Arkansas Infantry. He was last heard from at the battle of Murfreesboro, where he was seriously wounded. He volunteered to make what was called the "Cedar Brake charge," and there received his wound.

## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, }  
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 397, Charleston, S. C.

### ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT C. NORFLEET, COMMANDER, }  
GARLAND E. WEBB, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 129, Winston, N. C.

### ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

T. LEIGH THOMPSON, COMMANDER, Lewis-burg, Tenn.

### TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

W. C. SAUNDERS, COMMANDER, }  
J. H. BOWMAN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 151, Belton, Tex.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organization of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

The work this month has been characterized by the organization of five divisions—viz., Florida, Arkansas, Georgia, New Mexico, and Indian Territory. Upon the proper recommendation, a Commander has been appointed for each division. These officers have been commissioned and instructed to proceed with the work of building up their respective divisions, and we hope soon to report the successful prosecution of their work.

On February 11 Mr. D. U. Fletcher, of Jacksonville, was appointed to command the Division of Florida. He has taken hold of the work with much enthusiasm, and already the young men of his state have been aroused to a great deal of interest. The greatest activity is being shown in the Division of Georgia, to the command of which Mr. W. W. Davies, of Atlanta, was appointed on February 16. Mr. Davies is doing a great work, and it will very soon rival the others. All of Georgia is enthusiastic on the subject; some fifteen or twenty camps are now in process of formation, and will soon apply for charters.

Mr. W. C. Saunders, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, is determined that this large territory shall be thoroughly aroused by the time of the reunion in July. To this end he is devoting his attention to the organization of the various divisions, and upon his recommendation the following appointments have been made: February 24, Mr. D. H. Cantrell, of Little Rock, to command the Arkansas Division; March 2, Mr. N. E. Bailey, of Deming, to command the New Mexico Division; March 3, Mr. W. B. Rutherford, of McAlester, to command the Indian Territory Division. With these divisions well organized, the work of establishing camps in the various cities will be rapidly pushed.

Six camps have been chartered since last report to the VETERAN, as follows: John A. Broadus No. 61, Louisville, Ky.; Christopher C. Pegues No. 62, Selma, Ala.; Sul Ross No. 63, Alvin, Tex.; Fitzhugh Lee No. 64, Waycross, Ga.; R. B. Baxter No. 65, Sparta, Ga.; Bulldog Pelham No. 66, Louisville, Ga. Thus it will be seen that great interest is being shown in the work and activity in all the divisions is being increased.

The South Carolina Division will hold its third annual reunion in the city of Charleston on April 27 next. This division now leads the Federation in point of number of camps and thorough organization. It has held three annual reunions, at each of which all of its

camps were represented by delegates and sponsors. The entire state is deeply interested, and there are now some ten or more camps being formed, so as to join the federation and take part in the division reunion in April. We expect that by that time this division will be twice its present size.

The R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, of Richmond, Va., has gone systematically to work to obtain the names of all Confederate soldiers who enlisted from Virginia. The committee to whom the work is entrusted is doing faithful service, as is shown by the fact that several thousand names have already been copied for the archives of the camp. As soon as the committee finishes copying those in hand the files of newspapers will be consulted and brought into service. The importance of such work can hardly be overestimated. These rolls will be the source of reliable statistics for all years to come. In addition to the copy to be placed with the camp, a duplicate will be deposited in the archives of the "Confederate Museum." Besides this work, the camp has fully paid for the cottage erected last fall at the Soldiers' Home at a cost of \$2,500. A notice of the dedication was published in this department. One of the members is compiling a sketch of border warfare from original and authentic sources.

We cordially commend to the attention of all camps the value of the work undertaken by Camp R. E. Lee for the collection and preservation of the rolls of Confederate soldiers who enlisted from the different states. Not only would the camps have a definite object in view, toward which to direct their energies, but would, of course, greatly increase the membership and interest in the camp, and at the same time be doing a great work for coming generations. The Sons must collect within the next few years true accounts and histories of the South, if they ever propose to do so. Many of these valuable accounts and names of soldiers are preserved only in the memories of the comrades who are now alive. Unless the Sons secure them soon, they will be forever lost.

Roland Gooch, lieutenant of Company C, Forty-Second Tennessee, Nevada, Tex.: "In the December VETERAN I notice that George I. C. McWhirter, of Newberry, S. C., in writing of Gen. Walthall's having commanded the rear-guard on Hood's retreat from Nashville, fails to mention that Quarles's Brigade was of those composing it. This brigade was composed of the Forty-Second, Forty-Eighth, Forty-Ninth, Fifty-Third, and Fifty-Fifth Tennessee and the First Alabama, and was commanded by Gen. George D. Johnson, of Alabama, on the retreat. It was the last brigade of infantry that crossed the Tennessee River on our way from Nashville. I write this in order to do justice to as noble a set of men as there was in any brigade of the Confederate army. The First Alabama was commanded on the retreat by Lieut. C. M. McRae, and I was detached from my regiment and placed with him in charge of the left five companies of this regiment, and remained most of the time until the consolidation at Smithfield, N. C."

W. H. Eason, of Wall Hill, Miss., inquires for H. C. Edrington, who lived at Milliken's Bend, La., and was at school at Florence, Ala., when the war began.

## A MOVING STORY OF PRIVATION.

In our old marching days the privations we endured seemed to stimulate the imagination, and the story of our sufferings lost nothing of pathos as the sufferer told it. We had a deep sense of our sacrifices, and often used them to stir the soul of pity in some good woman, so as to add to our rough and scanty rations. Very seldom was a prosperous farmhouse visited by a soldier who had eaten anything in *three days*, and the look of gaunt, hollow-eyed hunger he could assume would melt the heart of a graven image, and has brought forth many a good dinner from the unsophisticated, who had not learned to distrust the pitiful plea.

One case comes to mind where the tale was so touching that it moved even the soldier himself to tears over his own sad case—at least that was what some of the boys who saw it all reported afterward in the regiment.

After a hard day's march, we went into our camp a little before sundown, and three days' rations of corn bread and bacon were issued to us and stowed away in our haversacks. Near our camp there flowed a beautiful stream, and on its banks were fine farms that seemed to have an abundance of things good to eat. The instinct and the appetite of the men at once told them that it was a good place to replenish rations, and so a number of them, with or without permission, started out to forage, not waiting to lay aside or empty their haversacks.

Pretty soon they came to a farmhouse in which the family were just sitting down to supper. They sent in one of their number to see what could be gotten. This one was very skilful in gaining the good will of any one that sympathized with the "poor soldier." As he walked into the dining-room he saw a great dish of broiled ham, plates of hot biscuits, pitchers of milk, jars of honey, and he also detected the fragrance of "sure-enough" coffee. There were dainties to make his mouth water.

He found the family to consist of a mother, evidently a woman of refinement, and three or four children, while there were plenty of servants. At once he put on his best manner, for he was a gentleman "to the manner born," and in a moment he was invited to supper. He proceeded to make himself agreeable, for he was a delightful converser, and he found that the family were intensely Southern, the father being with Lee, in Virginia. As the farm was rather out of the line of the armies, it had not been visited before by hungry soldiers, and they were glad to see a Confederate. After an extraordinary meal—for our boy was long and "hollow to his heels"—he told the lady that this was his first meal in three days, and asked if she would have three dozen biscuits made for him, with a slice of broiled ham in each. He wanted them for himself and his two messmates, and would pay well for them. She, good and guileless woman, told him that she would gladly do what she could for a Southern soldier, and would not think of taking pay—which was well, as he had "forgotten" his purse. The cook was ordered to prepare the biscuits and ham.

Meanwhile he laid himself out to entertain the lady with the story of our privations. With touching pathos he described the pangs of hunger, and emphasized his own sufferings in contrast with the abundance he had left at home. He painted the weary march and the long and lonely vigil of the sentinel, almost ex-

hausted by his lack of food. So moving was the story that the lady wept and the children sobbed in sympathy. At last the soldier himself was so carried by the pity of it that he shed tears freely over the mournful memory.

Right in the midst of the sad scene the cook came in, bringing the great dish of ham and biscuits, and set it down before the sorrowing soldier. He at once began to take care of it, and, picking up his haversack from his side, he took out pone after pone of corn bread, and then a big "hunk" of bacon, laying them on the table, while their place in his haversack was taken by the more toothsome viands. All the while he went on with the tale of his sufferings.

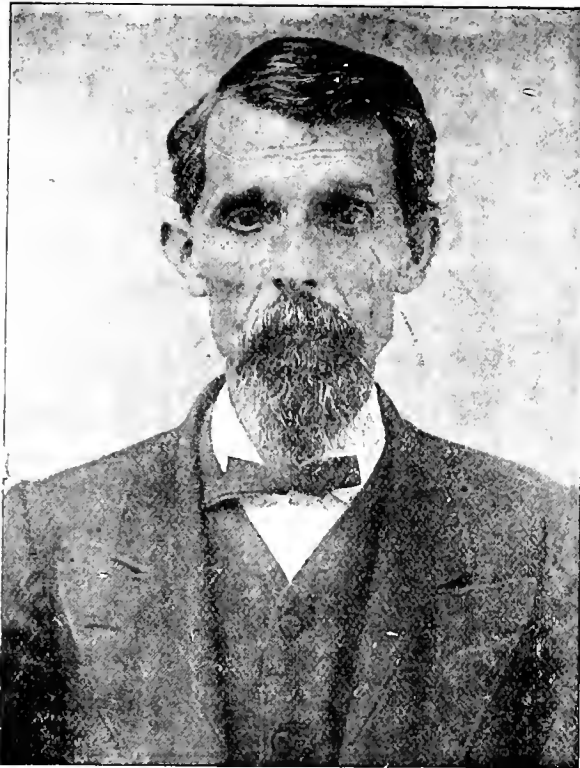
Directly he noticed that the sobbing had ceased and there was a strange stillness with his weeping auditors. Looking up, he saw the lady gazing at him with an expression of wonder and amusement, while the tears still glistened on her cheeks, and it flashed on him that he had forgotten to empty his haversack before he came in, had forgotten in his anguish of spirit how this fat haversack would discredit his story. His imagination was so vivid that it neglected the facts entirely, and he really believed his own story. He had simply allowed the embellishments to hide the facts, until the facts asserted themselves.

Of course there was no explanation possible. The soldier was too fine an artist to offer one. The lady, fortunately, was gifted with humor, and saw the comedy of the situation. As he waited for her reproaches she broke into the merriest laugh, in which he could only join, a self-revealed fraud. She said he was welcome to the rations, for she had not enjoyed so good a cry in a long time; it was such a relief to her. But she begged that in the future he should not give way to his grief, but try to bear up under his sufferings, and no doubt, when he was again nearly starved, a kind Providence would come to his relief, as in this case. Then she bundled up his bacon and corn bread for him to take with him, for she knew such an appetite would need all it could get.

The hero of this story was an excellent soldier—brave, faithful, kind. Since the war I have reason to believe he has chastened his imagination. He is now a member of the Church, a fine business man, and has been a member of the Legislature. References: Rev. J. H. McNeilly and C. H. Bailey, both of Tennessee.

At the annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of South Carolina, in Abbeville, December 1, 1897, the following officials were chosen: Mrs. William C. McGowan, Abbeville, S. C., President; Mrs. H. B. Buist, Mrs. C. R. Holmes, Mrs. James Evans, Mrs. L. A. Vandiver, Vice-Presidents. Mrs. Thomas Taylor was reelected Secretary, and Mrs. S. A. Durham was reelected Treasurer.

W. H. ("Buck") Porch reports some unintentional omissions from the list of "Coleman" Scouts, commanded by Capt. H. B. Shaw, as published in the February VETERAN. They are R. F. Cotton, George Hughes, and John Schute, besides his own name. He took an active part in nearly all the duties connected with that organization, and he was with Sam Davis the night before he was captured.



THOMAS ANTHONY HEAD.

### HISTORY SIXTEENTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

Thomas Anthony Head, author of this history, is a native of Van Buren County, Tenn. He was born in 1838, and was educated at Burritt College. Enlisting in Company I, Sixteenth Tennessee Regiment, in May, 1861, he was present for duty until captured at Kennewick Mountain, in June, 1864, and was kept at Camp Douglas until the close of the war. After the war Comrade Head engaged in teaching in Southern Illinois for ten years, returning South in 1875, where he continued teaching until 1893.

In 1883-84 he wrote the history of his regiment. The book contains four hundred and eighty-eight pages,

A circular letter from the Weekly Constitution states that it "goes to more homes than any newspaper published on the face of the earth;" that "as an exponent of Southern opinion and purveyor of Southern news it has no equal on the continent," and "that the Constitution's special features are such as are not found in any other paper in America." An arrangement has been made whereby the Weekly Constitution and the

**Confederate Veteran** can both be had for \$1.50 a year. This combination is opportune, as the Constitution will contain a great deal more about reunion matters than can be expected in the VETERAN. Let thousands send \$1.50 for both. This is considered the best combination with the VETERAN that has ever been made, and the sooner accepted the better. Address VETERAN.



MAJ. H. H. DILLARD.

with illustrations, and is a history of the Western army. It is supplied with the VETERAN for a year at \$1.50.

Comrade Head is devoted to his old major, H. H. Dillard, of Cookeville, Tenn. Maj. Dillard entered the army as captain in the Sixteenth Tennessee Infantry, John H. Savage, colonel. As soon as his company was organized he repaired to Camp Trousdale. They went through the Cheat Mountain campaign, and then on the coast of South Carolina. When the army was reorganized he resigned the captaincy of his company, but continued in the service in other capacities. At the battle of Chickamauga he was assigned to duty as major of that regiment, and served in that capacity through this battle with a gallantry that endeared him to the soldiers of his command and to all who knew him. At the close of the war Maj. Dillard resumed the practise of law at Cookeville, and is a leading attorney of the mountain district.





# REUNION UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, ATLANTA, GA.

## ROUTE VIA NASHVILLE, OVER NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA, AND ST. LOUIS RY.

Leaving any point in the West, Arkansas, Texas, and the Southwest, the veterans attending the Atlanta reunion will find the route via Memphis (Nashville,

the Union army from complete disaster. Rosecrans was removed after this battle, and Gen. Grant placed in command. The troops under Hooker and Sherman were added to Grant's command, and the battle of Lookout Mountain, or the "battle above the clouds," was fought November 24, 1863. The next day the battle of Missionary Ridge was fought, after which Bragg retreated into Georgia.

The United States Government has established the Chickamauga National Park on the battle-field. It is the most comprehensive military object-lesson in the world, and will well repay a visit.

THE LINE OF THE WESTERN AND ATLANTIC RAILWAY (N. C. & St. L. Railway, Lessee) was made famous by the campaign in which the aggressiveness of Sherman was met by the skill and strategy of Joseph E. Johnston. This road passes through battle-grounds almost the entire distance from Chattanooga to Atlanta—first, Missionary Ridge; then, in succession, Chickamauga, Graysville, Ringgold, Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face, Mill Creek, Dalton, Dug Gap, Resaca, Adairsville, Altoona, Big Shanty, Brush Mountain, Kennesaw Mountain, Smyrna, and Peach Tree Creek. A volume would be required to give the details of the battles fought on the line of the

NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA, AND ST. LOUIS RAILWAY and the Western and Atlantic railroad. The fields of glory which lie on these lines will stir the blood and



TERMINAL STATION, TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL

The exhibit in this building is continued, it has been enlarged with Confederate relics, and will be kept open all summer.

Chattanooga, and St. Louis railway) and Nashville the best and most historic; in fact, is the true "war route."

During the civil war Nashville formed an important base of operations for the Federal army after the fall of Fort Donelson, which event occurred February 16, 1862. The city fell into the hands of the Federal forces March 8, 1862. After the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, Gen. Hood, of the Confederate forces, moved on to the city of Nashville, and posted his army on the beautiful range of hills south of the city, where he was attacked by Maj.-Gen. George A. Thomas December 15, 1864. The lines and redoubts of the old fortifications are still very distinct.

Continuing the journey, two miles before Murfreesboro is reached the road passes through the battle-field of Stone's River, called the battle of Murfreesboro by the Confederates, where one of the most desperate battles of the war was fought during three days, between Rosecrans, commanding the Federals, and Bragg, commanding the Confederates. The battle was begun December 31, 1862, and lasted until the afternoon of January 2, 1863.

At Chickamauga, only a few miles south of Chattanooga, was fought, September 19, 20, 1863, one of the bloodiest battles of the war. It also was fought by Gen. Rosecrans, commanding the Federals, and Gen. Bragg, commanding the Confederates. The retreat of the Federal forces from the battle-field of Chickamauga was covered by Gen. Thomas, saving



animate the soul and awaken the patriotism of American citizens through many centuries to come.

On account of its historic associations, first-class train service, low rates, and quick time, the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis railway and Western and Atlantic railroad have been chosen as the official route to Atlanta by many of the bivouacs throughout the South and West.

The following officials of the line will take pleasure in answering questions, whether asked personally or by letter. Write, or see them, and they will arrange your trip in speed, comfort, and safety.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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## A Memorial Volume.

BY J. WILLIAM JONES, D.D.

This is a "Southern Book on a Southern Man by a Southern Author for the Southern People."

Dr. Jones is author of "Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of Lee," "Christ in Camp," "Army Northern Virginia Memorial Volume," etc., and formerly Secretary Southern Historical Society.

A publisher's notice states that it is published by authority of Mrs. Davis. Also that it is a most accurate and complete narrative of the life and the work of this remarkable man, to whose genius the world pays homage. It contains a sketch of Mr. Davis' life, as written by himself. In this work the soldiers and statesmen of the world give their estimates of the man and the cause he championed. It is a powerful inspiration to the growing generation to build characters on the foundation of principle.

No one was more intimate with the great leader or enjoyed his confidence to so great an extent as Dr. Jones, and hence no one could be so well qualified as he to write, from the standpoint of the man, the life of Mr. Davis.

The author says in the preface that the "aim of this work is to give, in a single volume, not only a history of the life and times of the great Confederate leader, but to gather and preserve choice selections from the world's splendid tribute to his memory, and thus be a prized souvenir in the homes of the people who loved him, and not unacceptable to others who are willing to know more of the man who played so conspicuous a part in American history."

The volume contains 672 large pages printed from new plates on fine calendered paper, weighs three pounds, and is illustrated by Mr. W. L. Sheppard, a popular artist.

This valuable work by Dr. Jones is a subscription book, and the price, \$2.75, has been reduced to \$2.25. It will be sent post-paid, with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$2.50, or free for five yearly new subscriptions to the VETERAN until an edition recently purchased is exhausted.

## QUEEN &amp; CRESCENT ROUTE.

Handsome historical lithograph, colored bird's-eye view of Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, Walden's Ridge, and portions of the Chickamauga field as seen from the summit of Lookout Mountain. Highest style of lithographer's art. On fine paper, plate, 10x24. Mailed for 10 cents in stamps. W. C. Rinearson, Gen. Pass., Agt. Q. and C. Route, Cincinnati, O.

## DANIEL W. VOORHEES.

The Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, Ind., has recently issued a work by the late Senator Daniel W. Voorhees entitled "Forty Years of Oratory," which contains his best and most famous speeches and public addresses, all of his lectures, and a sketch of his life. It is in two large volumes and contains fifty full-page illustrations.

This book should be popular throughout the South when it is remembered that he was an eloquent advocate in behalf of Southern rights after the war, and denounced in unmeasured terms the means used to degrade our people. The Richmond (Va.) Times said of him: "Mr. Voorhees was known during the war as a war Democrat, but he had no part in it, and when the conflict of arms was over his heart went out to all of the South with the tenderest and kindest sympathy. In Congress and upon the hustings he lifted up his voice in noble and powerful protest against the mad policy of sectional hatred that the Republicans set on foot against us, and he never omitted an opportunity to appeal to the country for justice and considerate treatment to the South. He had a warm place in the affections of our people, and he will be sincerely mourned all over the Southern land. The South has lost in him a devoted friend, and the country has lost an upright and pure statesman, who never sullied his private or public life with one single action of a doubtful character."

Others have written:

"His death is deplored by the Southern people especially, for he had earned their gratitude as no other Northern statesman ever did. He was always their friend in the hours of their need. He succeeded in the Senate that radical of radicals, Oliver P. Morton, who held hot irons to the body of the prostrate South, and until he left the Senate the South had in him at all times and in all weathers a fearless and eloquent champion and defender at court.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

"Voorhees was the friend of the South in the dark days when we most needed friends. It will be a still darker day for this section when our people cease to hold the now fallen 'Sycamore of the Wabash' in grateful remembrance."—Chattanooga (Tenn.) News.

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branches of Congress opposed harsh measures against the South. No man was more active in efforts to break down the barrier of sectionalism and to restore fraternal feelings. His death is a great loss to the whole country, and will be sincerely mourned in every state."—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

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## ESTIMATE COTTON CROP FOR 1897-98.

Contest Began March 1, will End September 1, 1898.

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## MOST EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!

Here it is. Read it all very carefully.

**First Award:** To the subscriber or subscribers naming the exact number or nearest to the exact number of bales in the cotton crop of 1897-98 we will give, if the estimate is received

During March, 1898..... \$2,500  
 If During April, 1898..... 2,000  
 If During May or June, 1898..... 1,500  
 If During July or August, 1898..... 1,000

**Second Award:** To the subscribers naming the first next nearest we will give, if the estimate is received

During March, 1898..... \$1,500  
 If During April, 1898..... 1,250  
 If During May or June, 1898..... 1,000  
 If During July or August, 1898..... 750

**Third Award:** To the subscribers naming the second next nearest we will give, if the estimate is received

During March, 1898..... \$1,000  
 If During April, 1898..... 750  
 If During May or June, 1898..... 500  
 If During July or August, 1898..... 250

So that the First Three Prizes Amount to \$5,000 in Cash.

**NOTE SPECIALLY.** If the EXACT figures are not given during this contest, the money will be paid to the NEAREST TO THE EXACT FIGURES. Somebody will get the money; it does not revert to the Constitution. In all three of the cases submitted, should more than one correct or equally correct estimate be filed in the contest, the amount of the prizes so earned will be divided equally among the correct answers. The prizes are offered in cash. There is no "missing word" in this; it is brain versus brain, figures versus figures. On such a problem it might be well to make figures.

## THE CONTEST CLOSSES SEPTEMBER 1, 1898.

The estimate is to be made upon the total United States cotton crop for 1897, the crop that has already been gathered. It is not the crop to be planted this spring, because the figure thereon will not be obtainable until September 1, 1899, but it is for the crop already in and marketed, official figures of which will be announced in September. The last ten crops are elements for you to compute from and will aid you in the estimate. The figures given by Latham, Alexander & Co., of New York, are regarded as official, and their latest edition of "Cotton Movement and Fluctuations" is as follows:

Season.	Acres Planted.	Bales in Crop.	Season.	Acres Planted.	Bales in Crop.
1887-88.....	18,961,897.....	7,046,833	1892-93.....	18,067,921.....	6,700,365
1888-89.....	19,362,073.....	6,938,290	1893-94.....	19,684,000.....	7,549,817
1889-90.....	20,171,896.....	7,311,322	1894-95.....	21,474,000.....	9,901,251
1890-91.....	20,809,053.....	8,452,597	1895-96.....	18,882,000.....	7,157,346
1891-92.....	20,714,937.....	9,036,379	1896-97.....	22,341,000.....	8,757,964

Their figures will be used in deciding this contest. Their estimate of the acreage for the crop of 1897 is 23,320,000 acres. (See top of next column.)

## CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

**FIRST.**—If the prizes offered under the first proposition are awarded upon EXACT estimate upon the number of bales, the prizes offered under the second proposition will go to the nearest estimate; but if the first prizes are given for the NEAREST estimate, no one having named correctly the exact figures, then the second prizes would come in for the second nearest estimate and the third prizes for the third nearest estimate.

**SECOND.**—If some one should submit a correct estimate in one division of the time shown and some one should send a correct estimate in some later division, this first estimate would take rank only among the second prizes, because the first had been previously awarded to some one who named the amount correctly in the former period.

**THIRD.**—Every estimate must be accompanied by a year's subscription to the weekly Constitution as well as the VETERAN or renewal. If sent through the VETERAN before August, the estimate of the cotton crop will be forwarded. It must be sent in the envelope with the subscription. You can not subscribe now and send your estimate afterward. The estimate must come with the subscription, or not at all. Should a party send more than one estimate, he or she will be entitled to a share of the prize-fund under which it may secure a prize for each correct estimate sent. Persons may enter the contest as many times as they send subscriptions, and under the rules the same person may receive a prize with each of the three propositions.

**FOURTH.**—In making your answer, just state simply "I estimate the number of bales of cotton will be .....". Make your figures very plain. If you want to make estimates later, or if you want to repeat the estimates you have made, send other subscriptions. Don't forget every subscription for yourself or your friends will entitle you to an estimate.

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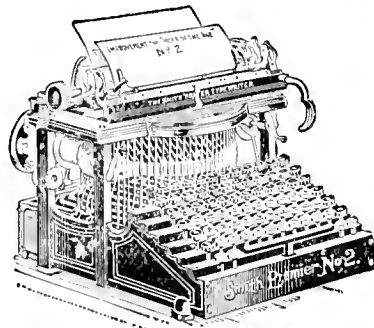
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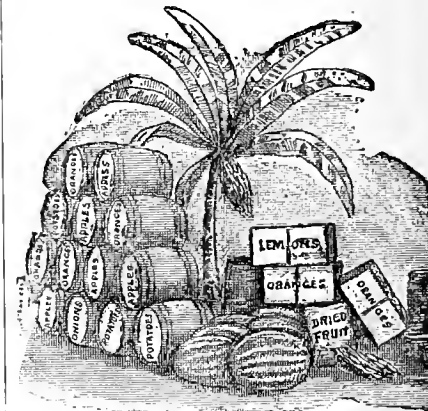
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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LOFTIN

Enlisted in September, 1861, in Company D, Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment, at the age of fifteen years. He went from the battle of Fort Donelson with his regiment to the battle of Chickamauga, where he lost his leg. Was paroled with Starnes' Cavalry at Washington, Ga., May 5, 1865. He was Register of Williamson County from 1870 to 1878; moved to Nashville in 1879, and has been an honorable citizen of this community since. Comrade Loftin is a candidate for Register of Davidson County at the August election, subject to action of the Democratic primaries.

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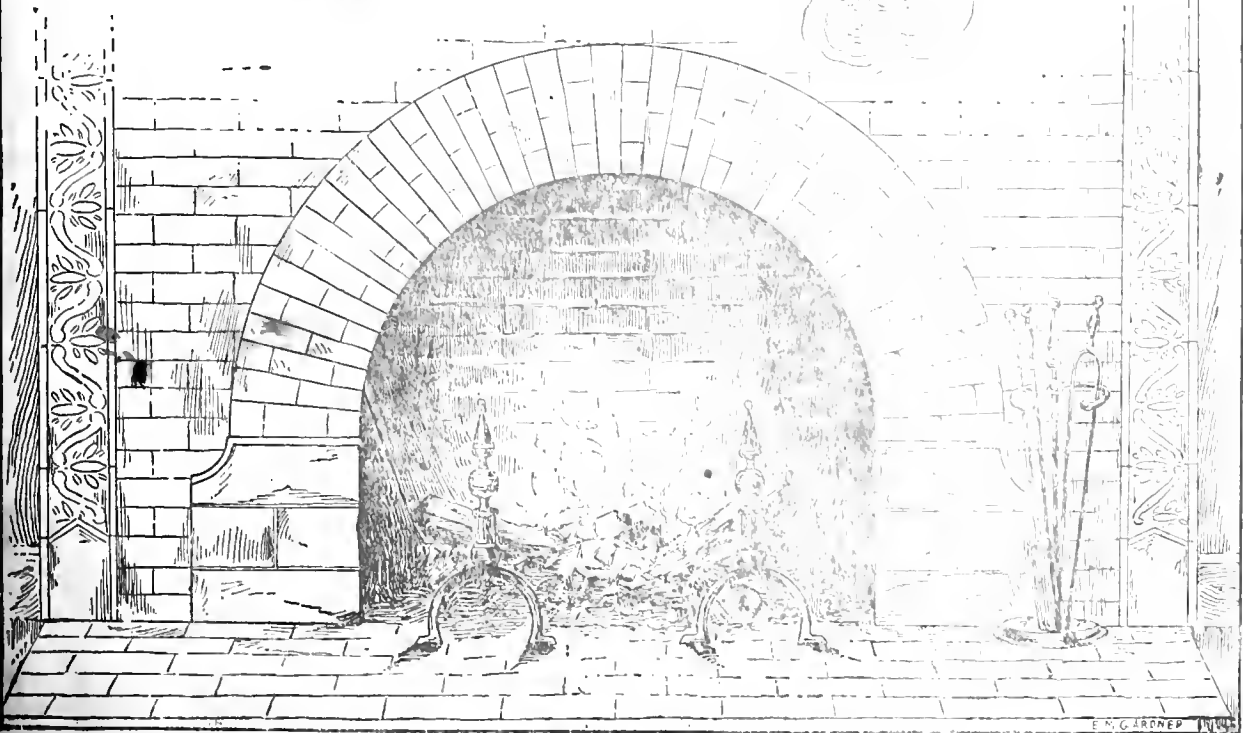
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# Confederate Veteran.



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# Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertising Rates: \$1.50 per inch one time, or \$15 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$25. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is below the former rate.

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

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

United Confederate Veterans,  
United Daughters of the Confederacy,  
Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

The VETERAN is approved and endorsed by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

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

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1898.

No. 4. } W. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.



GEORGIA CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

The superb structure illustrated above was erected eight years ago, near the city of Atlanta, through the enterprise of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy. To their great surprise, after the building was completed, the Legislature of Georgia refused to maintain it, and so it has been closed this long while. A debt of nearly \$5,000 had accumulated against the property, and the trustees considered its sale, when

Mrs. Hallie A. Rounsaville, of Rome, President of the Georgia Daughters conceived the idea of buying and maintaining it. She and a delegation of representative Daughters were on hand to assume the indebtedness and open the home, when, at the sale, double the indebtedness was offered. Comrades who had it in charge decided to withdraw the property from sale. It cost \$35,000, and is in excellent condition.

## SERIOUS WORDS WITH VETERANS.

That "they are dropping out of ranks very rapidly," and similar remarks, have become quite common in a general way for a year or so past; and, while strictly true, survivors have become accustomed to it, and we conclude that a considerable portion will live to advanced age, and that "I" will be of that number.

While it is well to take that view of the matter and to continue valiant soldiers as manly men in the execution of life's exacting duties, we may make ourselves quite ridiculous in gushing about what we would do as soldiers in the impending war. The martial spirit is good; the demonstration of our comrades, which is absolutely sincere, will be a lesson of value to the general sentiment of patriotism, and it verifies the truth, oft declared, that motives of Southern men in the "civil" war were for the good of the government established by the founders of this republic. But the talk about the men who fought for the Confederacy, or for the Union, away back in the sixties becoming soldiers again is ridiculous. Regardless of the issues involved, human nature's limit is too far spent for survivors of either side to be of much value as soldiers. Exceptions to the rule there are, but they are not numerous.

True, there are among the officers men who have had easier times and who have been successful all through the intervening years, whereby they have more vigor of both body and mind than the average soldier or subordinate officer, and it is gratifying that they tender their services to the President in all sincerity, but they too may be content to remain aside. Younger men have the mental ability and are versed in the improved tactics so thoroughly that as commanders of armies the veteran officers would soon be superseded. Remember Gen. Scott, of the U. S. army, 1861. No, no; the active life of soldiers or officers who participated in battles over the third of a century ago makes them inefficient now. Take them as a body, and they would hardly be able to care for each other. They would break down on the march, while humiliation would take the place of fancied pride in their former leaders at seeing young blood rush to the front. A country weekly edited by a veteran gives a ludicrous, but philosophical, view of this subject. In it is the following: "There are a very few of them under sixty years of age; old, spavined, decrepit fellows who would be a burden instead of a help to any army. The intentions may be all right, but the dear old boys have fought their last battle. Martial music may arouse their proud spirits, but weak nature can not undergo the turmoil of field and camp. Their age has passed into 'the lean and slippered pantaloons,' and the best thing they can do now for themselves and their country is to stay at home and quietly await the tattoo, 'Lights out,' which will surely come soon without Spanish aid."

Of the few exceptions to this rule the service of our eminent and gallant Confederate comrade, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who detracts not from the family name honored through many generations and representing in one member the most perfect character belonging to the human race, would evidently be of great value. Of course, against invasion of their homes, those even on crutches would rally. Johnny knows his gun.

The Veteran would not be misunderstood. It represents as patriotic and chivalrous people as live on the earth. While the editor is active as a schoolboy in a general sense, he is past fifty-four, and knows he could not endure the hardships of camp-life, and would not consider his services of value as a soldier. His only son, however, already in the government service, proposes to do whatever his superior officer advises, expressing inclination to go to the front.

In this connection it seems that home recognition—recognition of the South's patriotic integrity through all the years of the past—is in order. Let us now be honest with ourselves. For the third of a century we have in vain sought recognition for patriotism by the northern section of the Union. We have declared it and lived it, and our comrades by scores of thousands have gone down to death demonstrating its truth, and all in vain. Our tattered old banners have been held as trophies, and when Mr. Cleveland, as President, indicated the respectful thing of returning those sacred flags to their states, the howl was so great that *his* independence quailed and the project of their return was abandoned. Only two years ago the chosen Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic refused to have a reunion in New York with Confederates, because it was suggested that the latter wear gray clothes. Such is the predominating sentiment of victors in the war that ended a third of a century ago. Such is the odium that a large element of Northern people have deliberately subjected the South to all these years. Happily, all the Union soldiers are not that way, and the VETERAN has labored without ceasing to ally on our side all who regard the South in its true light. There is not an instance of praise to a Union soldier in the Veteran in which that was not its chief reason. The North owes the South such recognition. The Southern people have so declared all these years, and personal honor is above patriotism. Their honor will shine forever.

The duty of Confederate veterans is clear. They should, as they will, be as helpful to the government as practicable in every way. There is no discount on the average Confederate until he is dead. The highest obligation now resting upon the remnant of survivors is to so act that the patriotism which inspired them will imbue their children to extended generations, and that whatever may happen, their sacrifices in the Confederate army shall not be ignored or underestimated. They should rally to a standard like this publication and help to extend truthful record as long as they live. They should be diligent about it, too, for they can have no successors. The startling fact is here stated that nearly half of those who have contributed to the columns of the VETERAN in the five years past have gone to their rewards.

## GRAVES OF CONFEDERATES NORTH.

The following paper has been addressed to the Governors and the Legislatures of the Southern states:

ATLANTA, GA., March 30, 1898.

We have the honor of constituting a commission appointed by the Governor of Georgia, in compliance with a joint resolution of the Legislature, approved by him, to communicate with the Legislature of each of the Southern states upon a subject of important and pathetic interest.

The attention of the Governor and the Legislature was recently called by the Daughters of the Confederacy residing in Georgia specifically to "the fact that there are in the Northern states thirty thousand unmarked graves of Confederate soldiers, who gave their lives obediently to their states in defense of a cause they believed to be just and right." Sympathizing with the sentiment expressed by these tender and true Southern women, that "it is the bounden duty of the Southern people to see that the graves of these heroes shall each be suitably marked and properly cared for," the Georgia Legislature authorized and the Governor appointed this commission to invoke the cooperation of all Southern states in an appropriate designation of these graves of brave men by the names of those who fill them, cut in durable headstones.

The records of many national cemeteries and of far more numerous private burial-grounds give memorable and terrible evidence of the loss of life in the four years of firm resistance made by the South to the armies of invasion. In the official report of the Quartermaster-General's office, July 1, 1866, appears a list of national cemeteries, containing a total of 335,810 interments, of which 9,300 are Confederates. The United States Government is caring for these cemeteries by large appropriations, supplemented by contributions from many sources. So far as has been ascertained, the graves of our Confederate dead within the boundaries of the Southern states have been cared for chiefly by the ministrations of our loving Southern women, who have also from time to time made appeals in behalf of those graves situated outside the Southern states, which their faithful services thus far have been unable to reach.

The commission has the information that Southern Confederate soldiers are buried in large numbers in the following cemeteries in the Northern states—to wit, Alton, Ill.; Camp Butler, Ill.; Camp Norton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Elmira, N. Y.; Finn's Point, N. J.; Johnson's Island, Ohio; Hart's Island, N. Y.; Sandusky, Ohio; Philadelphia, Pa.; Peapatch Island, Del.; Fort Delaware; Madison, Wis.; also in the cemeteries of Chicago, Pittsburg, and Loudon. Without counting those buried in Washington and on various battle-fields and in scattered burial-grounds, it appears that twenty-five thousand brave men are reposing near the prisons in Northern states, where they were kept in confinement until they died.

It is gratifying to us to be able to say to you that all these graves have not been totally neglected. By the efforts of one noble Southern woman the burial-place of one hundred and thirty-nine Confederate soldiers at Madison, Wis., has been protected, and now awaits our assistance in having their graves suitably marked.

Our ex-Confederate survivors residing in Chicago and New York City have affectionately protected the remains of their comrades who sleep in the custody of those great cities. A patriotic Federal soldier, Mr. Knauss, has taken fraternal and praiseworthy action in regard to our dead in Ohio. So elsewhere enough has been done to now show us where the Southern states may cooperate in a more complete preservation of the burial-places of men who obeyed the call of the state, and by that obedience lost their lives.

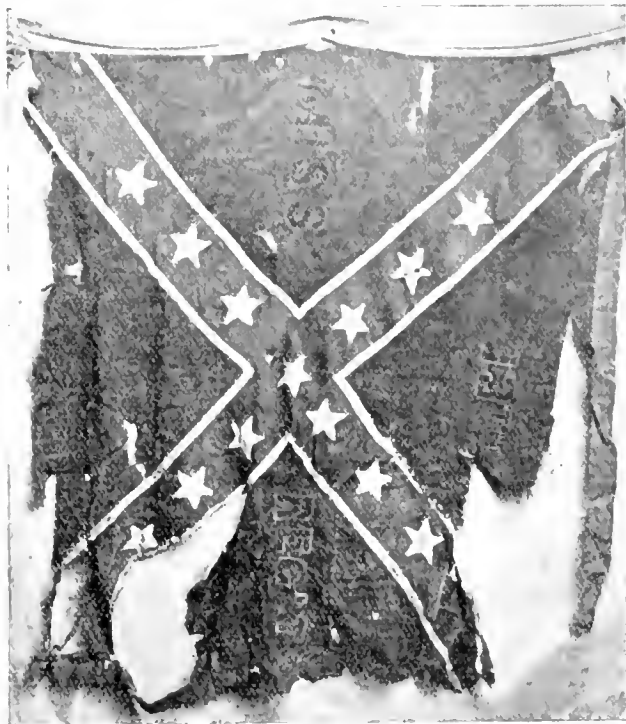
In presenting this communication through the Governor to the Legislature we do not deem it necessary to enter into further details, and would not presume to suggest any measures beyond the appointment of a commission, without expense, to have charge of this important matter, and such appropriation as may be necessary to properly mark the graves in Northern states of those devoted young men who died for their states, far away from home, and who were buried where they died.

The commissioners for Georgia, who send out the above, are: Gen. Clement A. Evans, Atlanta; Capt. F. Edgeworth Eve, Augusta; Capt. Robert E. Park, Macon; Mr. M. Newman, Sandersville; A. M. Foute, Cartersville; William K. Pilsbury, Dawson.

If the Legislatures of all the Southern states will appoint like commissions and agree upon equal assessments for the unknown dead and for sums to put uniform headstones to the known, the result will have a fine effect. The VETERAN commends that comrades in all the South use their influence to this end.

## RESTORE OUR BATTLE-STAINED BANNERS.

Won't Congress please give to the states the Confederate flags that are kept at Washington as trophies?



It would do much good, and in no sense harm. The

following is a list of those captured by Union troops and now stowed away in boxes in an attic of the War Department, compiled by Mr. Ben La Bree, from the records:

Flag of Twelfth Virginia Volunteers, near Beverly Ford, June, 1863, by Gen. Kilpatrick, U. S. A.

Flag captured May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va., by Seventy-Seventh New York Volunteers, Gen. A. P. Howe's Division, by Corp. Michael Lamey.

Flag of Company F, Tenth Virginia Volunteers, at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863, by Sixty-Eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Flag of First Tennessee Battalion, captured at Chickahominy June 27, 1862, by Serg. John Marks, Company D, Thirteenth New York Volunteers.

Flag of Yalabusha Rifles, captured at battle of the Cumberland, January 19, 1862, by Corp. Albert Esson, Company G, Second Minnesota Volunteers.

Flag of Seventh Virginia Infantry, captured by Eighty-Second New York Volunteers.

Flag of First Virginia Infantry, captured by Eighty-Second New York Volunteers.

Flag of Second Mississippi, captured, with entire regiment, by Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers.

Flag of Seventh North Carolina Infantry, at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, by J. B. Malberry, Company F, First Delaware Volunteers, Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Army Corps.

Stars and bars of Eighteenth Virginia Infantry, captured by Lieut. C. E. Hunt, Fifty-Ninth New York Volunteers.

Flag of Fifty-Third Virginia Infantry.

Flag of Thirtieth Arkansas Infantry — blue flag, white cross.

Flag of Eighteenth Alabama Regiment, by Lieut. S. F. Joslyn, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, Gen. Osterhaus's Division, Fifteenth Army Corps, battle of Mission Ridge, November 25, 1863.

Flag of Thirty-Eighth Alabama Infantry, at Mission Ridge, November 25, 1863, by Second Regiment Ohio Volunteers, Col. A. G. McCook.

Flag of the Fortieth Virginia Infantry, by the First Michigan Cavalry, at Falling Waters, Md., July 14, 1863.

Flag of Texas Brigade, at Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862, by Private Webster Eaton, First New York Artillery.

Flag of Texas Brigade, at Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862, by Ninth Pennsylvania Reserves.

Flag of First Georgia Regiment, from Gen. Garnett's Confederate forces, at the battle of Cheat River, July 13, 1861, by Capt. Blake, Ninth Indiana Regiment—silk flag of Wilson's Invincibles.

Flag of Hood's Texas Brigade, by Samuel Johnson, Ninth Pennsylvania Reserves.

Flag of Sixteenth Georgia Volunteers, by Ninth Army Corps, from Confederate Gen. Longstreet's forces, at taking of Fort Saunders, Tenn., November 18, 1863.

Flag of Twenty-Eighth North Carolina, near Malvern Hill, Va., July 28, 1864, by Private S. L. Malleck, Ninth New York Cavalry.

Flag of Twenty-Seventh South Carolina Regiment, by Private F. C. Anderson, Eighteenth Massachusetts.

Battalion flag of Twenty-Fourth North Carolina, August 21, 1864, by Private J. A. Reed, Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Flag of Thirty-Second Virginia Cavalry, by Edward Hampford, Second United States Cavalry, near Woodstock, Va., October 9, 1864.

Flag of Eighteenth Georgia Infantry, by Private Ulrich Crocker, Sixth Michigan Cavalry.

Virginia state flag, September 19, 1864, near Winchester, by Private George Reynolds, Ninth New York Cavalry.

Colors of the Forty-Fourth Georgia Infantry, in the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, by Chief Bugler S. N. Wills, Sixth New York Volunteers.

North Carolina state colors, captured by Private James Sweeney, First Vermont Cavalry, October 19, 1864.

Flag of Sixth Alabama, by B. T. Davis, Twenty-Second Massachusetts Veterans.

Flag of Thirty-Sixth Virginia Volunteers, September 19, 1864, Winchester, by Private McEnroe, Sixth New York Cavalry.

Flag of Nineteenth Georgia Regiment, December 13, 1862, by Private Jacob Cart, Second Pennsylvania Reserves.

Flag of Fifth Alabama, by One Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

Flag of Twelfth Louisiana Infantry, July 20, 1864, at battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga., by One Hundred and Fifth Illinois Volunteers.

Flag of Sixth Kentucky Volunteers, by Company G, Tenth Michigan Volunteers, battle of Jonesboro, Ga., September 1, 1864, with Color-Serg. Lee.

Flag of First Mississippi, at Peachtree Creek battle, by Private Dennis Buckley, Twenty-Sixth New York Volunteers, July 20, 1864—flag of cavalry command, Seventieth Division, Mississippi.

Flag of Thirty-Eighth Alabama Volunteers, at battle of Resaca, May 15, 1864, by Capt. Fox, Twenty-Seventh Indiana Volunteers.

National standard, battle of Resaca, May 14, 1864, by Army of the Cumberland.

Flag of Sixteenth Alabama, by A. Greenahault, One Hundred and Fourth Ohio Volunteers.

#### A PRIVATE'S ACCOUNT OF GETTYSBURG.

J. R. McPherson, Gap Mills, W. Va.:

I was a private in Company C, Twenty-Eighth Virginia Infantry, Garnett's Brigade (formerly Pickett's), Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps. On the morning of July 3, 1863, third day of the battle, we were put in position in rear of our batteries at the edge of some woods. The batteries were about one hundred yards in front of our line, on the crest of a little hill. An artillery duel opened a short time after noon, and continued an hour or more, and was terrific beyond description. Three hundred guns or more were engaged, but not a musket, except an occasional sharpshooter, was heard during that awful fusillade. After the cannon ceased all seemed as still as death for a time, during which Gens. Lee, Longstreet, and Pickett held a consultation. It is said that Longstreet pleaded with

Gen. Lee not to have Pickett's Division make that assault, as it would be a sacrifice of his men. Gen. Lee had great confidence in Pickett and his men, as they never had been repulsed. From our batteries to the enemy's works—say one thousand yards—it was open fields, with a few fences in the way.

In making the charge Gen. Pickett rode in front of his men and gave the command: "Forward!" Every man responded. When we reached the little hill where our batteries were we could see what we had to encounter, but on we went, until within about three hundred yards of the Federal line. Then a galling fire of musketry was poured into our ranks, but we gave them as good as they sent.

Near this point I received a severe wound in my right arm. On the boys went and into the enemy's works, from which they had fled. My captain, M. P. Spessard, encountered three Yankees at the works, who had hid there. One of them wrung the sword from Spessard's hand and ordered him to surrender, but, instead, he ran the Yankees from the works with stones, and then made good his escape, leaving his only son mortally wounded. Capt. Spessard was promoted for his gallantry. The Federals had limbered up their artillery, and were retreating from the field; but when they found that we had no reinforcement they rallied, and, with the aid of a fresh corps, captured a number of Pickett's men in the works, while the remainder suffered great loss in retreating, the Federals using grape and canister on us. When I returned to the edge of the woods, in rear of our cannon, there I saw a line of infantry in commotion. The officers were trying to advance them. I understood they were of Heth's Division. We had no support on that part of the line.

Our loss was heavy. My company went into the charge with about forty men, and next morning only five answered roll-call. Gens. Garnett and Armistead were killed and Gen. Kemper left for dead on the field. Col. Allen, of the Twenty-Eighth Virginia, and Lieut.-Col. Ellis, of the Eighteenth Virginia, were among the dead. Col. C. S. Peyton brought the remnant of Garnett's Brigade from the field. Gen. Withers' Brigade, of Pickett's Division, was not engaged, having been detached a few days before the battle.

### THE DECLINE OF SPAIN.

Two hundred and fifty years ago Spain reveled in the clover of imperial opulence. Her splendid possessions belted almost the entire globe. In addition to the greater portion of the western hemisphere, she also owned the Netherlands and other scattered fragments of the earth's crust. Great Britain was no match for her in territorial prestige.

But what has become of the superb empire which once belonged to this Cræsus of the nations? One by one her colonies have spurned her yoke until now but three remain to her—viz., Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Ere another decade has elapsed each of these may be enrolled among the separate and independent nations of the earth. Cuba is already on the border-line of freedom, and Porto Rico and the Philippines are just behind her.

Spain lost her first imperial colony when the Nether-

lands broke loose from her in 1648. While the sacrifice of this comparatively unimportant stronghold was not great in itself considered, it marked the entering wedge of her colonial downfall. Since that time she has met with numberless disasters, and fate has been unalterably against her. In succession Mexico, Chili, Argentina, Colombia, Brazil, Ecuador, the Central American republics, Bolivia, Peru, and the various other strongholds of the western hemisphere over which the flag of Spain once waved have each succeeded in establishing their independence.

What made these colonies revolt? Despotism. Spain's treatment of her colonies has always borne the marks of tyranny and selfishness. In dealing with them she has never once betrayed the least semblance of parental love. She has only sought to make them tributary to her coffers.

### "STONEWALL" IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

A Boston paper of 1873 is credited as follows:

We were traveling out of the Shenandoah Valley, and maneuvering very successfully to draw Stonewall Jackson along in our rear. Not a man of us but swore that the Rebel general should not get to Massachusetts before we did, that the foul invader should not set foot on the frontier of our native state without finding us sternly confronting him in the interior; and it was only necessary to gaze once into each soldier's face to see that the hated enemy could not capture us without stepping over the boundary-lines and violating the territory of Maine. I wished several times during the recent races that I had the gray mare I rode through that campaign here to enter for some of the purses. The bursts of speed which that faithful creature showed on several occasions would pass belief, if you did not know just how near the detested foe got to us at times. It may not be that I won any spurs in the Shenandoah, but I had a pair to start in with, and I used them well coming out. No; I am confident that none of us won any spurs down there, though we played straight poker for most everything else, and I lost my blankets once to a captain, who subsequently had no need for them.

J. F. Pendleton, Ryan, Ind. T.: "Will some comrade about Vicksburg inform me if Dr. Edwards or any of his family, who lived near St. Albans, are still living? In company with Serg. J. T. Riley, I spent some pleasant hours at the Doctor's while camped near his home. I saw them last when I was a prisoner passing his home, after Grant invested Vicksburg. They were giving water to the prisoners, and Miss Laura, her sister, and Miss Hogan bade us good-bye. I often think of their kindness."

J. M. Carrington, of Cleveland, Ohio, a member of Company E, Tenth Michigan Infantry, writes that on April 10, 1863, his company had a "little fracas" at Antioch, Tenn., with (it was supposed) the Eighth Texas, more commonly known as Terry's Rangers. During this affair Mr. Carrington's sword and pistol were taken away from him by a lieutenant and a private. He would like very much to recover these articles, and would appreciate any information of them.

## THE GRADY HOSPITAL.

The Grady Hospital, Atlanta, Ga., is a credit to the state, and suitably honors the memory of the gifted son of the South whose name it bears.

In a report of the annual election of the ladies' auxiliary to the hospital recently held, the *Atlanta Constitution* states:

A large and enthusiastic membership was present, and the election was one meeting with universal approval. Mrs. Robert J. Lowry was reelected President of the auxiliary by a unanimous vote, and accepted the honor by appropriate expressions of appreciation. She has been at the head of the organization for three years, and, through her faithful work and the inspiration she has been to the members, the auxiliary has been of the greatest assistance to the hospital. They have built the children's ward and seen its operation a success, and will continue to work in the interest and development of the hospital in every respect. Mrs. Nellie Peters Black, Mrs. E. L. Connally, and Mrs. Schlesinger were elected Vice-Presidents; Mrs. Robert Clayton, Secretary; and Mrs. Sallie Brown, Treasurer. Mrs. Lowry appointed Mrs. A. B. McD. Wilson chairman of the Executive Board.

## POLLEY TO NELLIE—HUMOROUS INCIDENTS.

CAMP, NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA., April 5, 1862.

*Charming Nellie:* Your long delay in answering my letter written at Dumfries last January deserves punishment, and I can imagine none more severe than to compel you to read a lengthier communication.

January and February passed with but two little breaks in the dull monotony of camp-life. One was the desperate but successful resistance made on the Occoquan, quite near the enemy's lines, by a party of Texas scouts to the attack of a regiment of Federals. There were only nine of the Texans, and, although the house in which they sought refuge was surrounded, they held the assailants at bay for several hours, and after killing and wounding quite a number frightened the survivors away by a stratagem which ought not to have deceived a schoolboy.

I shiver at the mere remembrance of the other incident. Company F was sent on a two days' tour of picket and fatigue duty to Cockpit Point, on the Potomac, where an effort was being made to establish a masked battery to play upon our shipping on the river. Brahan has become acquainted with my inborn and



THE GRADY HOSPITAL.

cultivated aversion to handling pick, shovel, and spade—in fact, doing any kind of manual labor—and I shall always believe he arranged with Capt. Cunningham the deceptive scheme to call for volunteers from the company for the picket duty that was to be done. Anyhow, such a call was made as soon as we reached the Point, and, glad of an opportunity to escape hard labor, and beguiled to my undoing by a seemingly friendly wink from Brahan, I was one of the first to step to the front in response. For the first six hours I had no reason to regret my rashness. After three months' camp-life it was positively a recreation to sit and inhale the salt atmosphere of the tide-water, listen to its music, as, stirred by gentle breezes, it broke in little waves upon the shore, gaze up, down, and across the broad Potomac, and enjoy the life apparent everywhere. Then, suddenly and most calamitously, a stray norther came sweeping down from the Arctic regions, the hitherto bright sun hid himself behind threatening clouds, and rain, sleet, and snow, in turn, began to beat upon my face and drip unceasingly down the front and rear of my cap. Under these distressing circumstances I awoke to the error of my ways, the foolishness of my choice, and as cheerfully as King Richard would have bartered his kingdom for a horse I would have given a horse for a man to take my place and let me sneak back to the huge fires which my comrades—who, on account of the rain, had been relieved from their task—had built, and were enjoying in a sheltered place hundreds of yards from the river-bank. Convinced that the Yankees would never choose such weather for an attack, I found solace in the fancy that the pickets would also be relieved, but that straw of comfort was too fragile to lean upon.



When dreary night had wrapped its impenetrable mantle over all things mundane the captain came trudging through the snow to my post, and, with a disgustingly obvious pretense of compassion, informed me that until daylight the safety of the Confederate army would be entrusted wholly to the vigilance of Charley Brown, Herman Gabbert, and myself; and that, as it would be very inconvenient for an officer to tramp from the fire to the post every two hours to relieve us in regular military style, we were expected to sleep near enough to the post to wake each other.

"Bu-bu-but, Gaptain," chattered Gabbert, who is a Dutchman, and was then on post, "how—how—how vill ve know ven der zwei hours ish oop?"

"Oh, you can guess at them, I reckon!" responded the officer, who turned on his heel and made what he thought was a bee-line for camp.

Neither of the shivering monuments of man's inhumanity to man whom he left behind felt in the least inclined to apprise him that he was proceeding in the wrong direction, and he had not gone fifty yards when he stumbled over a hidden log and fell headlong into a muddy branch. Rising to his feet, he sputtered entreatingly: "Say, boys! which way is the camp from here!"

"Oh, you can guess at it, I reckon!" I answered instantly, repeating his own words of a minute before.

But Gabbert, more tender-hearted, shouted: "Go up mit der grick, Gaptain, und yer fin's her purty quick, by tam!"

Then we arranged a program. A bed was made down, to be occupied by the two not on duty, while the third kept watch for an hour, as nearly as he could calculate the time—Brown to wake me, I to wake Gabbert, and Gabbert, in his turn, to wake Brown. Fair and equitable as the plan appeared, there was too much guesswork in it to be wholly satisfactory, and that was the longest, coldest, and most wretched night I ever lived through. Each of us went on duty thirteen times before daylight; but if there was any miscalculation it was by Gabbert, for Brown and I were positive we made a liberal estimate on each hour we were on post. The Dutchman, however, declared stoutly: "Mine Gott in Himmel! boot by tam! I schust stand oop effer time more as von hour und a half!"

About the 1st of March a rumor went flying broadcast through the camp that some grand movement of the army was in contemplation, but "old Joe" deemed it wholly unnecessary to inform us that it was to be a retreat until the morning of the 8th and of our departure for this place.

There is a member of my company whom I shall dub Jack, lest, by revealing his identity, the tale I relate should cling to him longer and closer than did that of his overcoat. Looking more to his own comfort and sense of the fitness of things than to uniformity of dress and the consequent soldierly appearance for which my friend Brahan is such a stickler, Jack disdainfully rejected the munificent offer of the Confederate States Government to furnish him a gray and strictly military overcoat for \$5 on a credit, and expended \$25 in the purchase of one of a quality and fashion to commend itself to the most fastidious aristocrat. The first night out from Dumfries the weather was so intensely cold that he decided not to remove any of his garments,

and so, wrapping himself in a couple of blankets, he laid down very close to a huge log fire, where, lulled by the genial warmth, he soon fell soundly asleep, and began to snore at his liveliest and merriest gait. About midnight Bob Murray's acutely sensitive olfactory nerves were offended by the scent of burning cloth. He had only to look once to discover that the fire had burned lower and lower, Jack had edged his back nearer and nearer to it, and that at last a stray coal had lighted a flame that was playing sad havoc with his blanket and coat. Aroused by Bob's shouts, Jack did some rapid hustling around, but alas! too late to preserve the anatomy, the pristine symmetrical *tout ensemble*, of the cherished garment, and prevent its transformation from an elegant frock into a nondescript, altogether too open at the back to be comfortable, and with two pointed tails hanging in front, instead of in the rear—in short, in two sections, whose only bond of union was the velvet collar. Next morning the crest-fallen owner sought to repair the damage by sewing the burned edges together, but that heroic remedy, while reducing the tails to one, and that pointing in the right direction, rendered it impossible to button up the front, and kept him so busy during the day answering questions that when night came he was too hoarse to talk.

A few days ago Gen. Sickles, not content with the fame won in his quarrel with Barton Key, decided to

Seek the bauble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth,

and with this laudable object marched his brigade of negroes in the direction of Fredericksburg. Barker, of Company G, Fourth Texas, one of the first Confederates to discover the movement, came near paying dearly for the information. While on a scout in the vicinity of Dumfries he caught sight of a couple of darkies in blue uniform, armed and equipped for battle. Never a slave-owner, but always wishing to be, he decided then and there to make use of his opportunities and capture and confiscate both of the likely fellows, and immediately began a stealthy approach; but, like the milkmaid with her basket of eggs—vide Webster's "Elementary Spelling-Book," last page—who counted her chickens before they were hatched, Barker counted his "niggers" before they were caught; for, when he got within fifty feet of them, and stepping from behind a tree, called on them to surrender, they instantly dropped their guns, and took to their heels. Afraid to shoot, lest he should depreciate the value of the chattels, Barker set off in chase, and, stimulated by thought of the prize at stake, gave his whole mind to the race to such purpose that he was reaching out his hand to grasp the collar of one fellow, when pursuer and pursued entered open ground, upon which, fifty yards distant, was Sickles' guard detail, and two hundred yards beyond that the camp of his brigade. Taking in the situation at a glance, Barker came to an abrupt halt, while the officer of the guard shouted, "Turn out the guard! turn out the guard!" as loudly as he could. The darkies were too badly frightened by the appearance of a Rebel in hot chase of their comrades to obey orders, and Barker took advantage of the general confusion to regain his breath. Then, just as order began to resolve itself out of chaos, he saluted, in exact imita-

tion of an officer of the day, and, saying politely, "Never mind the guard, sir," turned on his heel, and vanished from sight.

Gen. Hood (our colonel has been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, you see) no sooner heard that Sickles was on the war-path than he determined to gratify the gentleman's bellicose appetite, and at the same time win honors for himself and brigade. The regiments of the brigade—that is, the First, Fourth, and Fifth Texas, the Eighteenth Georgia, and Hampton's Legion—manifested a spirit and zeal largely due, I fear, to the report circulated by some mischievous fellow that all prisoners taken were to be held as the private property of the captors; and on the march toward Dumfries there was not a single laggard—in fact, so rapid was the advance that we reached the ground where Parker discovered the darkies at 2 P.M. But alas! greatly to our regret, the doughty Sickles and his "nigger" compatriots were *non est inventus*. Whether frightened by Barker's impetuous charge and cool retreat, or terror-stricken when notified of the approach of the Texas brigade, they had ingloriously fallen back to a point nearer the Potomac and reinforcements than, reckless and anxious to confiscate contrabands as we were, we dared to go. Properly supported by other troops, we could easily have marched ten miles farther in pursuit of laurels and camp servants, and not a man have fallen lame; but, wholly unsupported, and without hope of either glory or plunder, men and officers alike instantly became footsore and weary; and, to add to our woes, snow began to fall.

#### FORTY-FIRST MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.—A LOST SWORD.

Rev. Dr. W. C. Hearn, who was lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-First Mississippi Infantry, and compelled to resign because of ill health, writes from Talladega, Ala.:

I have seen little concerning the service of the regiment mentioned above, and yet a more gallant command did not enter the field in defense of the South. It was raised and organized by the lamented Gen. W. F. Tucker, who was brutally assassinated at his home after the war.

I ask space to mention one engagement only, in which there was shown a courage worthy of a place in history. It was at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862. As we crossed the creek, because of a precipitous bank, I was compelled to dismount and go forward on foot with the command. Reaching the top of the creek-bank, we found ourselves on a piece of table-land of a few acres, where we were held under a most disastrous fire from the enemy, behind a fence on the hill, for perhaps thirty minutes, during which time Gen. John C. Brown, commanding the brigade, fell from his horse with a shot through the thigh, and was soon followed by Col. W. F. Tucker, with a shot through the right arm, from which he fainted, and was carried by his adjutant off the field. The only way out of the difficulty was up that hill and over the fence, which, after a brief consultation with the officer commanding an Arkansas regiment on my left, was done in a run and very quickly, losing, however, very heavily in the charge.

We found the enemy in an open field beyond and in full force, stubbornly contending for every inch of ground, but falling back slowly and in good order.

The afternoon was spent in traveling about a mile. A battery of four guns on the opposite side of that corn field proved a serious obstacle in our progress; but the noble men of the Forty-First went in to win, and they did. We entered the battle with about four hundred and seventy-five effective men, and roll-call after the fight showed our casualties to be one hundred and sixty-one. Those heroes bowed their heads and wept when that roll was called. Lieut.-Col. Roy, of Gen. Hardee's staff, in telling the story of that charge, said: "I sat in my saddle and saw the charge made at Perryville, Ky., by the Forty-First Mississippi Regiment. They were outnumbered at least two to one, and the enemy behind a fence on top of the hill; but those heroes never faltered for one minute. They moved steadily, but rapidly, up the hill and over the fence into the open field. Col. Tucker fell before the charge was made, but the lieutenant-colonel remained in command, unhurt."

Leaving my sword (which I never saw afterward) strapped to my saddle when I was compelled to dismount, I found myself in battle without arms. There were many swords on the field, and I picked up a fine blade. I afterward had a scabbard made, and carried it to the end of my service. There was a little blood on the hilt and the regulation "U. S." on the guard, but I could find no name or mark by which it could be identified. If, however, any one who lost a sword at Perryville should see this, and will drop me a card, I will gladly send it and a Dixie scabbard, with my compliments.

#### VISIT WITH MRS. DAVIS.

Miss Frances S. Bell, daughter of Hon. Casper W. Bell, of Salisbury, Mo., who has served in Congress, and was also an officer in the Confederate army, writes of a visit to Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, and in her girlish way gives a vivid description of a torn dress, etc. Introductory to the article, an extract is made from a letter of Senator Vest, of Missouri, stating that "she is a young lady of the highest character, refined and accomplished."

The red-letter day of the writer's life is the one on which she received a missive written by one of the grandest and noblest of women, Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, who stated in this note that at four o'clock the same day, at the Marlborough Hotel, New York, she would "be glad to receive the daughter of an old acquaintance." At the appointed hour, arrayed in a brand-new dress (the newness was its only recommendation), the writer, accompanied by a friend, went to the Marlborough. On entering the hotel passage the brand-new dress caught on and had a hole torn in it by a piece of projecting lumber that the workmen were using in repairing the building. Suddenly sunshine turned to shadow. To make a first appearance before the distinguished lady in such a plight seemed out of the question, but finally it was decided to make the best of the accident and be announced to the hostess at once. The writer was greatly frustrated by the occurrence, and was bemoaning her fate when the elevator stopped.

A lady stood at the landing, whose cordial smile was

so reassuring that all embarrassment and thoughts of torn clothes were forgotten. Mrs. Davis—for it was she, though obliged to walk with a cane—had come to the elevator to meet and conduct her visitors to her private apartments. This gracious act worked like a charm. All flutterings and frowns were dispelled, and by the time the drawing-room was reached an onlooker would have thought it was a meeting of old friends.

Attention being called to the torn dress, Mrs. Davis expressed much regret at the accident, and mentioned that she was an expert darning, and if agreeable would mend the torn place. After selecting suitable material from her work-basket, she drew near and began what the writer's superstition would never have permitted any human being except Mrs. Davis to do: mending the dress while she (the writer) was wearing it. Just think! a dress mended by Mrs. Davis! Something to make every Southern girl envious. As the needle, directed by the skilled fingers, was weaving in and out many threads of admiration and love were being woven around a visitor's heart that will last while she lives.

Mrs. Davis is an admirable conversationalist, being conversant with a variety of subjects, but never does she appear to greater advantage and seem more lovable than when engaged in the womanly occupation of sewing. However, more wonderful than her conversational powers is the surprisingly short time it takes her to find out the subjects of which other people can talk. The most taciturn person will say something to Mrs. Davis. She talked of many things—mentioned little incidents that had occurred in her travels, and gave interesting descriptions of several great paintings. She has a fine sense of humor, and tells a funny story charmingly.

That particular portion of the dress has been cut out, and is kept by its possessor as a work of art, as well as a remembrance of the lady who is pointed out to every Southern girl as a model of all the gracious qualities that should belong to a true woman, be her station great or humble. "*Noblesse oblige*" must surely be Mrs. Davis's life motto.

### LOSSES OF LIFE IN WARS.

The civil war cost 303,000 lives. Of this number 98,089 were slain in battle, the vast army which succumbed to disease was no less than 184,331; while the remaining 20,000 or so died of wounds received.

At the battle of Waterloo 51,000 men were killed or disabled. There were 145,000 soldiers in that great struggle, and it is estimated that one man was either killed or disabled for every four hundred shots fired, counting both the artillery and rifle-shots.

In the Crimean war 95,615 lives were sacrificed; and at Borodino, when the French and Russians fought, 78,000 men were left dead on the battle-field. There were 250,000 troops in combat in that engagement. Of the 95,615 men who perished in the Crimea, 80,000 were Turks and Russians.

Since the birth of Christ 4,000,000,000 men have been slain in battle.

At Cana, where the Romans suffered the worst defeat in their history, it is said that 52,000 of their soldiers were slain. The Roman army in this battle consisted of 146,000 men, the picked brawn and sinew of the empire.

In the Franco-Prussian war 77,000 Frenchmen were killed. The Germans fired 30,000,000 rifle-shots and 363,000 artillery discharges.

In none of the battles mentioned was dynamite used. Only recently has the use of dynamite in land warfare been considered safe for the army using it. Men who have studied the mortality statistics of the past shudder at the thought of what may be in store in the wars that are to come. Civilized nations shrink from the dynamite idea in warfare. The fearful explosive has been used in Cuba, but only by the insurgents.

### CONCERNING THE BATTLE AT BENTONVILLE.

J. A. Holman, Company F, Texas Rangers, writes from Comanche, Tex.:

Mention is made by comrades of a very critical moment in the situation of Johnston's little army at Bentonville, March 21, 1865. I will give an account of what I saw, and I feel confident that many of Terry's Rangers now living will bear me out in the main statements. In the January (1895) VETERAN, page 20, Comrade B. L. Ridley quote from his journal, "kept at the time:" "Cummings' Brigade charged the enemy in front; Eighth Texas Cavalry struck the two divisions of the Seventeenth Army Corps in flank and routed them." In the February number of the same year, page 37, Capt. Guild calls Comrade Ridley to "taw," and states: "About three o'clock on the evening in question Gen. Mower's Division of the Federal army advanced so far and unexpectedly on our left rear as to threaten the bridge. Everything was in great confusion. Gen. Hardee came rushing down the road, and the first troops he came across were a part of the Texas brigade (Eighth Texas and Fourth Tennessee Regiments), commanded by Col. Baxter Smith. He at once ordered Col. Smith to charge, which he did in gallant style with these two regiments, throwing Mower's Division into confusion and driving them back."

Now, to mend matters, in the February (1897) number, page 68, Comrade Fuller, doubtless speaking of the same event, states: "The Yankees, about six thousand strong, poured through the gap between the left of Wheeler's Cavalry and the river. These six thousand valiant veterans were hurled back not by an equal number, but by one hundred and eighty men and officers, a fragment of Cummings' old Brigade and a South Carolina battery."

The creek, across which was the bridge, runs north and south (?), and our line of battle in the morning faced southeast, with the Rangers on the extreme left. The troops on that part of the line during the day had repulsed several assaults of the enemy in an effort to turn our left, which necessitated the continual shifting of lines farther north and in the direction of the road leading to the bridge and running parallel with the creek. In repelling these assaults the Texas brigade lost heavily, including the entire field and staff officers of the Eight Texas, which left Capt. "Dock" Matthews—a smooth-faced boy, as gallant as ever drew sword under the Confederate flag—in command of the regiment. In the confusion Gen. Hardee came up in great haste, and, after apparently a few words with Capt. Matthews, the regiment filed left, and moved rapidly north. It came into the road before mentioned

just as a body of demoralized cavalry had passed on toward the bridge. We understood these to be South Carolinians. The regiment was right-faced into line, the charge was sounded, and down they went through the heavy pines and thick underbrush, and soon ran over the enemy's skirmish-line, killing and capturing about all in their front, and on to a double line of infantry, who poured a volley into them at only a few paces' distance. After the third charge, they retreated some distance up the hill, when a body of Confederate infantry came to their support. This may have been Cummings' Brigade, but it was understood at the time to have been Cheatham's Division.

The regiment was estimated at about two hundred men when it went into action, and among the losses in killed was the sixteen-year-old son of Gen. Hardee, who had joined the Rangers a few days before, the father not knowing but what his son was at Chapel Hill in school until after his death.

If any other portion of the Texas Brigade was in this charge, but few if any of us knew it. At all events, it is certain that the Rangers were personally complimented by Gen. Hardee, and the gallant charge was the general talk among the infantry for several days after.

No, comrades; we did not strike these fellows in the flank, but square to the front.

In a concluding sentence Comrade Holman says: "Boys, subscribe for the VETERAN."

#### BULLET IN A TESTAMENT.

J. W. Allen, first sergeant of Company H, Nineteenth Louisiana Volunteers, now of Mansfield, La., has a Testament with a history. He writes:

This little Testament was presented to me in November, 1861, at Camp Moore, La., by my captain, J. H. Sutherland. My company, called the Creoles, belonged to Gen. R. L. Gibson's Brigade, and had but one man taken prisoner during the war. I participated in every battle and skirmish in which the regiment was engaged, from the great battle of Shiloh to that at Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864.

In the battle of Chickamauga; September 20, 1863, the first charge in the morning was repulsed. Being a little in advance of the line, I did not know when the order was given to retreat, and on looking around I saw the brigade two or three hundred yards away in full retreat, I only left to hold the line or follow suit, and I followed suit in a turkey trot for twenty or thirty yards, when the music of so much lead caused me to take a tree, but not to climb it, as the boys in blue were looking at me from their line of battle. After resting a few moments I decided to make my escape, even at the risk of my life. On leaving the tree it seemed that they fired a peck of balls at me, only one striking my knapsack on my back, passing through my blunderbuss twenty or thirty times, through two company books, clothing, and entered my Testament, breaking through the back and mashing itself nearly flat. It is in the book now, just where it struck thirty-four years ago. My compliments to the boys in blue, whose aim was so bad. I would not care to sell this Testament now, were it not for my needy circumstances.

#### DAUGHTERS IN SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

Notes from report of Historian, Miss M. L. Porter:

On December 10, 1897, in spite of the wintry weather, love of a cause that will live in memory forever induced thirty-two ladies to assemble and organize a chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.



Not a large town is Summerville, S. C., but many of its women have known the horrors of war and helped to alleviate its sufferings, and now prove themselves ready to do all in their power to brighten the last days of those who fought so nobly and to keep in memory the deeds of dead and living heroes.

The name chosen for the chapter, that of Gen. C. Irvine Walker, is an inspiration in itself. It stands for as brave and upright a soldier as ever fought.

The officers elected are as follows: President, Mrs. C. Irvine Walker; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. J. Pendarvis and Miss Mary Brownfield; Recording Secretary, Miss H. E. Quackenbush; Corresponding Secretary, Miss C. L. Dickenson; Treasurer, Mrs. J. J. Wescoat; Historian, Miss M. L. Porter.

From the first the chapter has increased in numbers and enthusiasm, and now there are sixty-six members, all eager to help on the good work.

On the evening of the anniversary of Lee's birthday a memorial meeting was held under their auspices, when veterans, with their families, from far and near attended and listened to the praises of the great chieftain. Many children were present, and listened eagerly, perhaps a little surprised at the enthusiasm of the "grown-up" folks, and joined heartily in the hurrahs.

The chapter hopes to form a junior chapter soon. Interesting talks on the events and leaders of the war will cause these young people to rightly appreciate the history made by their own fathers and uncles. Moreover, greater love and reverence will be given the heroes who died and those who still hold their place in the ranks of the veterans.

A unique gavel was presented to the chapter. The wood came from the platform of the mortar that fired the first shot on Fort Sumter, and was presented to the donor by one who stood near it at the time. This was when the fort was under control of the U. S. army. Beautifully polished, the mallet represents a mortar and the handle a sponge staff.

## CONVENTION ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Mrs. Carry Phelan Beale, Montgomery, Ala.:

The second annual convention of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., convened in Birmingham February 18, the date to commemorate the inauguration of President Davis. The attendance was large, and much interest was manifested.

On the first day a beautiful address of welcome was made by Mrs. J. A. Montgomery, of the Pelham Chapter, of Birmingham, and was responded to by Mrs. Chappel Cory, of the Cradle of the Confederacy Chapter, of Montgomery, who, in connection with her response, presented a gavel from her chapter, made of historic wood. Miss Sallie Jones, of Camden, President of the division, accepted it with a most touching and beautiful speech.

It was decided that each of the various chapters in the state should establish a per capita tax and send to Mobile for aid of the monument to be built there to Admiral Semmes; also to aid in the same way the erection of a monument to the Confederate dead in Athens, Ala. The vote was unanimous to send \$25 to Daniel D. Emmett, the author of "Dixie."

The second day was taken up with discussion of plans for establishing a soldiers' home, relic hall, and library in Montgomery, Ala. The work of the division is to purchase the Jefferson Davis mansion, known as the first "White House" of the Confederacy. All the chapters agreed to go to work and raise the necessary funds as soon as possible. A temporary home, however, is to be rented and put in order in a few months, to be kept up by the Alabama Daughters, until the Jefferson Davis house can be secured for the purpose. Memorial rooms were asked for by many ladies.

The division has doubled the number of chapters since its organization a year ago. It now has thirteen.

An interesting letter was read from Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, of Dallas, Tex., President of the U. D. C. She sent a message of love, and urged the memorial associations to merge into the Daughters of the Confederacy. The convention adjourned to meet in Selma, Ala., February 18, 1899.

The most touching feature of the second day was the address of the old veteran, Col. D. M. Taliferro. He was seventy-two the day he made the address.

Other reports of the Daughters are held over.

At the annual election of officers of Camp McMullan, Chipley, Fla., the following were elected for the year 1898: S. M. Robertson, Commander; Alex Carmichael, William Jeffries, Lieutenant-Commanders; J. L. Vickers, Quartermaster; R. B. Bellamy, Adjutant. All of the officers, except Adj. Bellamy, are one-armed. Comrade Roberston is enthusiastic for the VETERAN, "the grandest publication in the United States."

In the October VETERAN a mistake was made in mentioning that a reunion of Confederate veterans was held in August previous at Schner, Tenn. It should have been Henderson, Tenn.

## INQUIRIES ABOUT MANY CONFEDERATES.

Mr. J. J. Haynie, not old enough to be a soldier, gives reminiscences of war times:

In a careful reading of the VETERAN, from first number to date, I have failed to see any mention of the First Mississippi and Twenty-Fourth Alabama Regiments of Infantry and the First and Sixth Mississippi Regiments of Cavalry.

In the First Mississippi Infantry there was a company from Macon, the Noxubee Rifles, and in that company were William Deering and Dan Featherstone. This regiment belonged to the Virginia army, and was in all the important battles around Richmond. Company were William Deering and Dan Featherstone were missing.

In the Twenty-Fourth Alabama Regiment there was a company from Mobile, the Gulf City Guards, commanded by Alphonse Hurtel, and in it there was a squad of Mississippians, from Shuqualak. The last I saw of any of them, except A. L. Haynie, my brother, who went through the war and died afterward in Texas, was when they passed up the Mobile and Ohio railroad on a freight train on their way from Fort Morgan, Ala., to Iuka, where they were ordered to reenforce the army around Shiloh. When this regiment was on the way to Iuka, a stop of fifteen minutes was made, when a multitude of men, women, and children—white people and servants—assembled with baskets of good things for the soldiers. In the crowd there was a handsome belle of eighteen summers, Miss Julia Howlett; and one of the soldiers, Lieut. W. E. Lloyd, of the Gulf City Guards, in his bright, new uniform was a handsome officer. All of his attention was paid to Miss Howlett. At length the engineer blew the whistle, a signal for the soldiers, a thousand or more in number, who were on the ground in the crowd. A rush was made for the train; but it was noticed that Lieut. Lloyd lingered, as if utterly unmindful of the signal. As the long train moved off, Lieut. Lloyd and Miss Howlett stood in loving conversation; and when the last car neared him he grasped the beautiful girl in his arms and showered kisses upon her cheeks, midst a drowning chorus of soldier voices, and then reached the train (running at a rate of ten miles an hour). For a mile the track runs straight, and the waving of hats, glitter from the pretty uniforms, Confederate yells, and the sweet notes of "Bonnie Blue Flag" from the band could be seen and heard the distance. It developed afterward that Lieut. Lloyd and Miss Howlett were already engaged.

The last I saw of the Sixth Mississippi Cavalry, Col. Isham Harrison's, was when they were retreating from Harrisburg, where they met with heavy losses. The whole command was singing "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" with much feeling. About every third man was left dead or wounded on the battle-field.

The First Regiment, Mississippi Cavalry, was Col. Pinson's. Many of this command were from and near Shuqualak Station. Capt. Beasley, of the Shuqualak contingent, was killed in the first battle. Of this command I remember Lieut. S. B. Day, Privates James McMullin, Henry Haynes, William Beck, Si Jenkins, John Hudson, Bee, Ford, and Mark Greer. But where are they now?

## GENS. FITZHUGH LEE AND WADE HAMPTON.

In a banquet-hall at Chicago, the night previous to the dedication of the Confederate monument there, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee responded to the toast "Shall Not the South Grasp the Hand of Fellowship?" He said:

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:* The country seems to be safe to-night. I find myself surrounded on every side by the flag of the United States. I had a similar experience about thirty years ago [laughter] at the little village of Appomattox, and I remember sleeping that night, after I had received my parole, between two major-generals of the United States army. [Continued laughter.] I had not felt so safe for many of the preceding days; both my flanks were well protected. [Continued laughter and applause.] History, in a measure, repeats itself. To-night the Mayor of what he terms the greatest city in the world sits here quietly, serenely smoking his cigar, between two rebellious Rebel generals of cavalry, Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee; and he is not afraid. [Great laughter and applause.] I can respond to the toast with great pleasure, because I feel that, as we are both Americans, we are citizens of this great country, and it is our duty to promote its glory, its grandeur, and its growth.

## BOTH HAD THEIR CAUSE.

Each side had a cause to fight for; and, if you want to have true fellowship in the country, we must give you credit for fighting in behalf of a great cause gallantly and nobly and heroically, and you must give us credit for fighting for the faith that was in us. You fought, and maintained this great country as an undivided republic. It was a great republic; it was a great cause. We were brought up somewhat differently. We were brought up in the theory that our states could speak through the action of a convention which was its highest representative body; we were brought up in the belief that when this great Union was formed, when the constitution said nothing about the secession of a state, that when the state spoke through its convention and determined to leave the Union, the action of the state was binding upon its citizens. And you could not get men out from their huts and their cottages, and stand them in long rows and pour shot and shell upon them, as you fellows who wore the blue did, unless they were fighting for the faith that was in them.

Thirty years have elapsed since the sound—the dead echo, as it has been termed—of the last gun of the last battle was heard. No more do camp-fires blaze through the land; no more do you hear the strains of martial music; no more are our men pitted against your men. We know that you had as brave soldiers as the Spartans who fought in the past at Thermopylæ; you should know that we of the South had as brave a body of troops as the Old Guard of Napoleon when it was called upon to go to the front an hour before the field of Waterloo was won by Wellington. [Applause.] Both sides had brave men. I saw your men, as one example, at the battle of Fredericksburg, where the lightning was scorching the ground beneath their feet in front of Marye's Hill; and you saw our men leaving their lines at the battle of Gettysburg and moving to the heights crowned with fire—moving as calmly, as boldly, and as heroically as ever men marched in line of battle. Give us credit upon the one side, and we will

give you credit upon the other; and, together, we will make this great republic what our forefathers intended it should be: the glory of America and the blessing of the world. [Loud applause.]

Our men upon each side are rapidly passing away. The sound of the taps upon the eternal shores is already being heard by some of them almost every day, and many seasons will not pass before the veterans upon either side will have furled their battle-flags forever. Mr. Lincoln has gone, Mr. Davis is dead; the swords of Grant and Lee have returned to their scabbards; the tents of Sherman and Joe Johnston are pitched upon the eternal camping-ground; the swords of Sherman and Stewart will not longer flash in the forefront of battle, while many of the men that followed them are now but a handful of dust, and soon fame will shout with her trumpet voice: "Dead! dead upon the field of glory!"

And so, my friends, our duty now is to believe that by united action we can indeed make this a great country. Englishmen, whose past battles are recorded upon the pages of history as evidence of their valor and endurance, are proud of their country, whose morning drum-beat follows the sun, and whose martial strains are heard in unbroken and continuous lines all over the world. And so we in America, we too, can be proud of our country; we too, upon either side, as I say, can build it up and make it a great and undivided republic. But we can't do it by abusing each other; we can't do it by firing at each other in times of peace; we can't do it by criticizing each other's action on a memorial occasion. I know we are always glad to see your great demonstrations in honor of the courage of your soldiers, and you should think that when we come together for the purpose of honoring the valor of our soldiers, for the purpose of paying respect to the memory of our dead, there is nothing inconsistent in that with all the duties which we owe to a great and united country. [Applause.]

And now we can fervently pray with you that as the veil of futurity is raised you will see visible a great republic representing power and commanding more respect than ever the armies of Cæsar and Augustus won for the imperial eagle, and you can unite with us in praying that state shall not lift up its hand against state any more, neither shall they know war again; but that the reign of peace, unity, and fraternity shall be as lasting as the home of the stars and as everlasting as the foundation of the everlasting hills. [Applause.]

## GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

Gen. Wade Hampton was next introduced. He said: I came here with a grateful heart to thank the people of Chicago for doing what I think is the most honorable thing that has ever been done by any people in the history of America. [Applause.] Narrow-minded and bigoted men may abuse you and us who come here from the South at your invitation, your invitation to do honor not to Confederate soldiers, not to victors in a great civil strife, but to dead Confederates, men who represented the bravery and courage and devotion to duty—the very highest type of American manhood. You have called us here to join you in doing honor to these men, and we have come here to take the hand of good-fellowship and comradeship you have offered us.

## FORREST'S CAVALRY VETERANS.

At a meeting of the survivors of Forrest's Cavalry held in the Fogg School-Building, at Nashville, Tenn., June 24, 1897, the report of the Committee on Constitution and Permanent Organization was adopted, and is as follows:

*Article 1.* The objects of this association are to bring together annually the soldiers who may at any time have served under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Forrest for good fellowship, the collection of accurate historical data, and the creation of a memorial worthy of our great commander.

*Article 2.* Membership in this association shall in no wise be inconsistent with membership in any local camp or bivouac of Confederate Veterans.

*Article 3.* All veterans of Forrest's Cavalry shall be entitled to membership on the payment of \$1 per annum dues. When individual members can not attend the annual reunion, any twenty veterans may unite in sending one delegate to represent them in all business coming before the annual meeting, said delegate being entitled to cast twenty votes.

*Article 4.* The officers shall be a Commander, with the rank of major-general, with three Brigadier-Generals, and an Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, with the rank of colonel—to be elected annually. These officers, with one manager to be chosen by the survivors of each brigade and battery (who were at any time under Forrest's command), shall constitute an Executive Committee to transact all business *ad interim*, subject to the approval of the annual reunion.

*Article 5.* The surviving members of Gen. Forrest's staff will form the staff of the Commanding-General, in the positions and with the rank held at the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., during their natural lives.

An election was held to fill the offices indicated in the constitution, which resulted as follows: Major-General, H. B. Lyon; Brigadier-Generals, D. C. Kelley, R. M. McCullough (another Brigadier-General to be elected by the Executive Committee); Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, with the rank of colonel, George L. Cowan.

The association adjourned to meet one year hence at Atlanta, Ga., at the time of the Confederate reunion. It is requested and urged by the General commanding that all survivors of Gen. Forrest's command meet at Atlanta and join the association. If those who can not attend will send their address, name of company and regiment, with \$1, to George L. Cowan, Franklin, Tenn., they will be enrolled as members.

H. B. LYON, Major-General Commanding;  
GEORGE L. COWAN, Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General.

Edgar E. Sell, 2011 Mervine Street, Philadelphia, writes to the Secretary of Frank Cheatham Bivouac:

During the year 1864, while camping at Madison and Baldwin, Fla., it was my privilege to meet two young ladies named Margaret and Olivia D. Reaves (or Reeves), whose home was in Tennessee, and I think

a short distance out of Nashville, and from which they were driven, clad only in their nightclothes and the house and outbuildings fired by the Federals pursuing Gen. Morgan. Two brothers of these young ladies were of Morgan's men. Their father, an old man, was in hiding in the swamps with the horses and other farm stock. The intense and well-known loyalty of the entire family to their beloved South brought to these young women intense suffering and exposure on a cold, raw night; but they were afterward kindly cared for and protected by a humane, warm-hearted Federal officer, at great personal risk. His generous conduct is worthy of record in Confederate history. Many years have passed since then, and I have but little hope of finding the family; and yet from the close and pleasing associations with the daughters at that time I would like to gain some tidings of them, if, perchance, they be still on "this side of the river."

F. J. Woods, captain of Company G, Twenty-Seventh Tennessee Regiment, now of Bell's, Tenn.: "In 1864 Capt. Alphonso Hurtell, of Mobile, Ala., and I were on post duty in Atlanta, the latter commanding the barracks and I having charge of the troops in the city. Capt. Hurtell informed me one day that the guards had arrested and brought to him a lady with an infant, and she had escaped and left the baby. We concluded it was best to advertise for a mother, and soon a lady living near the barracks took the infant away. In a few days another lady drove up and asked for the baby, and, being told how it was, by long persuasion and the assistance of Capt. Hurtell, the baby was delivered to her. After that the famous battle of July 22 took place, in which I was wounded, and lost sight of Capt. Hurtell and the good woman who adopted the baby. Who can now inform me of them?"

A little fellow, who is a great admirer of "Old Jack," regrets that his parents did not name him Stonewall. He is just beginning to read, and everything about that hero is eagerly devoured. He is fond of war stories, and especially those of his favorite hero. I had told him how Jackson became famous as "Stonewall," and at a gathering I asked him to tell the ladies how it was that old Stonewall got his name. He promptly said: "Stonewall was in battle, and just knocking down Yankees every time they came to him. Mr. Bee was on one side of him, and hollered to his men to 'Look at old Stonewall standing like a rock fence!'"

T. J. Young, Adjutant, Austin, Ark.: "A camp was organized here on July 10 with eighty-five members, and was named Camp James Adams, in honor of the venerable Capt. Adams, who served through the war with distinction as captain of Company I, Twenty-Fifth Arkansas Regiment. This camp has joined the U. C. V., and is numbered 1036."

C. C. McCorkle, of Van Alstyne, Tex., a member of Company E, First Missouri Cavalry, Cockrill's Brigade, is very anxious to hear from any of his old comrades. He has been in Texas since 1870, and has not seen a member of his company. He was paroled at Jackson, Miss., May 12, 1865.

## LOUISVILLE WANTS THE REUNION NEXT YEAR.

At the annual meeting of Camp George B. Eastin No. 803, Louisville, Ky., held on Tuesday evening, April 12, the attendance was the largest and most enthusiastic the camp has ever enjoyed. Rev. H. D. Moore delivered the opening prayer. The special occasion of the evening was the initiative movement to secure to Louisville the grand encampment of the United Confederate Veterans for 1899, and a great deal of interest was manifested, because everybody was eager to have the opportunity to do something to assist in making a royal time for the war-scarred heroes of the grand old South. Judge Richards, in an address, suggested ascertaining the cost of entertaining, etc., before an invitation was extended to that grand body to come to Louisville, but the majority vote ruled him "out of order," and his suggestion was side-tracked.

At this juncture the VETERAN'S correspondent arose and presented a petition signed by over three hundred of the oldest and largest firms in Louisville, urging the members of the camp to use their best efforts to secure the grand reunion; also a paper signed by the managers of every newspaper in the city, tendering their columns for that purpose. This settled the question, and in a twinkling the camp voted for extending the invitation by acclamation. This was greeted with wild applause, and now it is an assured fact that if our fellow Veterans in the South will urge their camps to vote for Louisville when they go to Atlanta, we will get it; and for such a compliment Louisville will give the good old soldiers the best time they ever had in 1889. The cannon will then roar across Mason and Dixon's line, but under conditions of sweet peace.

One of the blessings of Louisville is its wide, level, straight streets, any and all of which can accommodate the largest and grandest parade that could be conceived; so this feature will be appreciated by all who attended Richmond and Nashville or who may attend the Atlanta reunion, and our people will be sure to keep pace with either of those cities on entertainment. Vote for Louisville, and see if they don't.

During the evening an unknown member of Camp Cheatham, Nashville, arose, and gave the camp a good talk about how that city managed the '97 reunion, letting out many good pointers. He failed to state his name, but gave old Camp Cheatham a "real good puff," much to the joy of all who heard him.

Capt. George C. Norton presented a statement obtained through correspondence with Nashville Veterans, that was highly applauded. Commander Ben Howe, of the local camp Sons of Veterans, tendered the aid of his organization to the cause of the '99 reunion. Col. Bennett H. Young spoke glowingly in favor of the movement, as did many other members.

The next feature of the evening was the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, John H. Leathers; Vice-President, John W. Green; Corresponding Secretary, T. D. Osborne; Financial Secretary (new office), William M. Marriner; Treasurer, Sam Murrell; and the old Executive Board. It was an all-round reelection by acclamation, but one at a time.

Mrs. Katharine E. Hirst, of Louisville, sent word that if the camp would secure the grand encampment in 1899 she will furnish a grand banquet to the grizzly guests. This was received with prolonged applause.

Treasurer Murrell's report showed receipts during the year \$448.53; disbursements, \$315.05; balance on hand, \$133.48.

A short address was made by the Rev. Dr. M. B. Chapman, who was especially applauded in declaring that the man most honored in America to-day was the nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

## HISTORICAL COMMITTEE, U. C. V.

Gen. George Moorman issues General Orders No. 201, stating that the General commanding, having been notified by Lieut.-Gen. S. D. Lee, Chairman of the Historical Committee and on Southern School History, that the committee had filled the existing vacancies, announces the following as members of the Historical Committee—to wit, D. C. Richardson, of R. E. Lee Camp, of Richmond, Va., vice J. N. Stubbs, resigned; C. Charles Hume, of Magruder Camp, Galveston, Tex., vice Col. H. L. Bentley, resigned; Col. John J. Hornor, of Samuel Corley Camp, Helena, Ark., vice Col. W. P. Campbell, deceased.

## NEW CAMPS CHARTERED.

General Orders No. 202, dated New Orleans, April 2, 1898, state that the General commanding announces the fellowship of the following-named camps in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, all registered in conformity with the dates in their respective charters, also their numbers—to wit:

Stonewall Camp No. 1071, Salisbury, Mo.  
 Gen. Clanton Camp No. 1072, Brewton, Ala.  
 Battle-Ground Camp No. 1073, Regnant, Ga.  
 Ponchatoula Camp No. 1072, Ponchatoula, La.  
 R. M. Gano Camp No. 1075, Ross, Tex.  
 Valdosta Camp No. 1076, Valdosta, Ga.  
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1077, Taneyville, Mo.  
 Charles W. McArthur Camp No. 1078, Alamo, Ga.  
 Pat Lyon Camp No. 1079, Ball Ground, Ga.  
 Charles Wickliffe Camp No. 1080, Wickliffe, Ky.  
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1081, Freed, W. Va.  
 Edward T. Bookter Camp No. 1082, Pleasant P. O., S. C.  
 Screven County Camp No. 1083, Sylvania, Ga.  
 John White Camp No. 1084, Warrenton, N. C.  
 William M. McIntosh Camp No. 1085, Elberton, Ga.  
 M. T. Owen Camp No. 1086, Lebanon, S. C.  
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1087, Warrenton, Ga.  
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1088, Canton, Ga.  
 Sam Davis Camp No. 1089, Milford, Tex.  
 George T. Ward Camp No. 1090, Williston, Fla.  
 William Barksdale Camp No. 1091, Paul's Valley, I. T.  
 Wier Boyd Camp No. 1092, Dawsonville, Ga.  
 Hammond Camp No. 1093, Hammond, La.  
 The Confederate Soldiers' Association Camp No. 1094, Augusta, Ga.  
 Col. W. T. Black Camp No. 1095, Ellaville, Ga.  
 Reynolds Camp No. 1096, Reynolds, Ga.  
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1097, Athens, Tenn.  
 Senoia Camp No. 1098, Senoia, Ga.  
 Tallahatchie County Camp No. 1099, Charleston, Miss.  
 Albert Sidney Johnston Camp No. 1100, Shiloh, Tenn.  
 Gordon County Camp No. 1101, Calhoun, Ga.  
 Washington Artillery Camp No. 1102, Charleston, S. C.



## CONFEDERATE DEAD AT ATHENS, ALA.

In the cemetery at Athens, Ala., there are buried forty Confederate soldiers, all of whom died in battle in or near Athens. Recently the ladies have had them moved from the various portions of the cemetery and buried in contiguous lots, and now they wish to place marble headstones over them and to encompass the lots with a stone coping. Friends of some of these dead soldiers would no doubt like to contribute to such a worthy cause, hence we give below a list of their names, and commands to which they belonged, earnestly requesting that their friends and comrades in arms will aid in the undertaking:

Alabama: J. W. Glover, killed in 1862; T. M. Holliday; T. Sparks, Company A, Fifth Cavalry; Silas Beedford, Moreland Battalion, Roddy's command.

Arkansas: Maj. John Price; — Jones, killed July 7, 1862.

Louisiana: Charles Castleman, cavalry; M. Tassin, First Cavalry; C. H. Tarpley, cavalry, killed May 1, 1862.

Tennessee: William Radish, Elijah Rams, Second Cavalry; R. B. Fullerton, Second Regiment, killed September 2, 1864; C. W. Crissman, Fourth —; G. W. Buyles, Seventh Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry; J. W. Douthich, — Veal, Forrest's Cavalry; Lieut. F. Eckford, George J. Clay (died October 12, 1864), James Bledsoe (died October 24, 1864), A. Shelby, Twelfth, Hardin's Cavalry; G. Reed, Z. T. Gay (Company A, killed September, 1864), T. M. Pincon (Company E), T. A. Gardner (Company H), G. W. Osborne (Company F, killed September 28, 1864), Twentieth Tennessee Regiment; J. Clark, Twenty-First Regiment; T. J. Tyler, Vicksburg; J. D. Grubbs, J. R. —, John P. Kilpatrick, Lieut. Reddick, R. E. D—, and eight unknown.

These ladies are exerting themselves to the utmost to secure amount necessary to make the improvements, and will appreciate any contribution for that purpose. A number of relics were found in the graves when the bodies were removed, such as buttons, a buckle, a silver spur, etc., which they wish to dispose of for the benefit of this fund. It is hoped that many will respond to this appeal. Address Miss Richard Snead or Mrs. Maclin Hobbs, Athens, Ala.

Comrade W. O. Connor, of Cave Spring, Ga., has had made a handsome painting in oil of the different flags of the Confederacy, and, as a matter of history, desires to inscribe under each the date of its adoption. For two or more years he has been trying in every direction that would suggest itself to get the exact date of the adoption of the first flag, the stars and bars, but so far without success. Any one who can give him this information will please write to him, so that the matter may be placed on record under the painting which will be exhibited in Atlanta at the coming reunion, and he will also see that it is placed on record in the archives at Richmond. Comrade Connor has found that this flag was adopted some time in February, 1861, probably the 17th or 18th, but wants the exact date.

## LIST OF ENGAGEMENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA

Fort Hatteras, August 28, 29, 1861; Elizabeth City (or Cobb's Point), February 10, 1862; Camden (also called South Mills), April 19, 1862; Plymouth, April 17-20, 1864; ram "Albemarle," May 5, 1864; destruction of ram "Albemarle," October 28, 1864; Roanoke Island, February 8, 1862; Hamilton, July 9, 1862; Potter's Cavalry raid to Tar River and Rocky Mount, July 18-21, 1863; Greenville, December 30, 1863; near Washington, May 31, 1862; Washington, September 6, 1862; Washington and Rodman's Point, March 30-April 4, 1863; Foster's expedition to Goldsboro, December 12-18, 1862; Kingston, December 14, 1862; New Berne, March 14, 1862; Pollocksville, April 14, 1862; near New Berne, May 22, 1862; Bachelor's Creek, Newport Barracks, and New Berne, February 1-3, 1864; Bachelor's Creek, May 26, 1864; Fort Macon, April 25, 1862; Wilmington, Fort Anderson, and Town Creek, February 18-22, 1865; Sugar Loaf Battery, Federal Point, February 11, 1865; Fort Fisher, November 25, 1864, and January 13-15, 1865; explosion of magazine, January 16, 1865; Clinton, May 19, 1862; Wilcox Bridge, March 8-10, 1865; Averysboro, March 16, 1865; Bentonville, March 10-21, 1865; Young's Cross Roads, July 26, 1862; Quallatown, February 5, 1864; Durham Station, surrender of Johnston, April 26, 1865.

Comrades will please report omissions or errors in the above, so a correct list may appear next month.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Camp No. 159, U. C. V., held its annual election recently. Col. L. P. Thomas, the retiring Commander, in his address appealed to comrades to stand shoulder to shoulder for the success of the great reunion. Thanks were expressed by a rising vote to the Daughters of the Confederacy in their efforts in behalf of the Georgia Confederate Home. An extraordinary combination of incidents have occurred in connection with this home enterprise, which were expected from official source, but are not ready for this issue. The new officers of the camp are: Commander, A. J. Wise; Lieutenant Commanders, W. D. Ellis, Dr. Durham, C. S. Arnall, J. T. Stocks; Adjutant, J. C. Lynes; Quartermaster, C. L. D'Alvigny; Commissary, S. H. Landrum; Surgeon, Dr. K. S. Divine; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Arch Avary; Chaplain, Rev. T. P. Cleveland; Treasurer, R. M. Clayton; Historian, R. L. Rodgers. Executive Committee: A. J. West, W. H. Calhoun, T. B. Neal, F. T. Ryan, J. H. Shadden, F. M. Meyers, C. W. Motes. Relief Committee: Harry Krouse, Ed Cox, J. C. Carlisle, S. B. Scott, J. M. Payne. Visiting Committee: P. M. Graves, W. H. White, J. A. Caldwell, J. C. Rodgers, Ben Floyd.

M. M. Sherrill, of Company K, Twenty-Fifth Regiment, Pine Bluff, Tenn., corrects an error in an article which appeared in the July VETERAN, entitled "Services of W. G. Smith." In that it is said that the Eighty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment was consolidated with the Twenty-Fifth after the battle of Murfreesboro. Comrade Sherrill says those regiments were never consolidated, but, after the battle of Chickamauga, the Twenty-Fifth and Forty-Fourth Regiments were consolidated, and went to Virginia under Gen. Longstreet, and were surrendered at Appomattox.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

### THE OLD NORTH STATE.

Special attention is again called to the May VETERAN, to be ready for distribution at the North Carolina reunion in Charlotte, May 20, Mecklenburg Day. It is designed to devote that number to the wonderful history of that people in war and in peace. Please write at once of every Confederate monument in North Carolina, a brief sketch, and send picture of the monument, where practicable. Send also immediately any data desirable for that number.

See elsewhere list of battles in North Carolina, and, if defective, correct it.

Advertising in the twenty thousand edition, \$1.50 per inch; \$40 per page.

For the reunion of the South Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans, the commanding General, C. G. Walker, by his Adjutant-General, Col. J. G. Holmes, requests that delegates arrive at Charleston not later than the evening of April 26, as morning trains will not be in time. The hall only being large enough for the delegates and alternates, it is proposed to have a gathering in the afternoon at the citadel. The Bureau of Information will be at 210 King Street. Headquarters for sponsors and maids of honor will be at the Mills House, Meeting and Queen Streets.

### ALL HONOR TO SUCH MEN.

The *Press-Post*, Columbus, Ohio, reports action of G. A. R. Post No. 1, of that city, on April 18, as having adopted the following:

*Resolved:* 1. That this Post joins in extending a cordial invitation to the ex-Confederate soldiers and their friends to visit our city June 4, 1898, to take part in the memorial services in remembrance of their honored dead, whose graves are at Camp Chase Cemetery.

2. That we will do all we can to make the occasion one worthy a generous and patriotic citizenship, that a new impetus may be given to that sentiment which seems to make our country one in love, hope, interest, and destiny.

3. That, in the name of our honored dead, on whatever side their lives were given; in the name of our fathers' devotion and sacrifice in the holy cause, freedom; in the name of our common humanity, and that sacred tie of love that shall make us one in promoting the interests of our common country and the oppressed of other lands—we will welcome them among us.

### FITZ LEE WITH "THE BOYS" IN RICHMOND.

On the night of April 18 the R. E. Lee Camp of Richmond celebrated its fifteenth anniversary in their splendid quarters. Commander Laughton opened the meeting, and Chaplain Smith led the prayer. The minutes of the first meeting of the camp (April 18, 1883) were read, and were quite edifying.

Maj. Norman Randolph talked of the history of the camp, from which more than eleven hundred camps have sprung. Thirty-eight men organized the camp, and in all the camps one hundred thousand veterans have been enrolled.

Capt. Curtis, who was of the C. S. Navy, emphasized the fact that the first torpedo was made by a Confederate soldier, Capt. Hunter Davidson.

At the conclusion of a rich recital, "The Last Old Gray," by Polk Miller, Maj. Randolph entered the hall with Consul-Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. "It was as if pandemonium had loosened its fastenings. Every old veteran rose to his feet and yelled himself hoarse; and when yells had lost their virtue, Gen. Lee was taken into arms bodily, and for twenty minutes a wild scene reigned, which included every mode of enthusiasm."

This was followed by Polk Miller with his string band. An enthusiast called out: "Go on, Mr. Miller! If the Spaniards heard you, there'd be no war."

Gen. Lee asked Capt. Cunningham, during one of the intermissions, if he was going to war, and if he would sing "Star-Spangled Banner." Capt. Cunningham replied that he was going to the war, but he would carry a Confederate flag in his pocket. He then sang the "Star-Spangled Banner." Polk Miller and his band followed with "Bonnie Blue Flag." Gen. Lee and all the boys joined in both choruses.

Polk Miller asked Gen. Lee: "General, they say all coons look alike to me. How do the Cubans look?"

"They look alike to me," laughingly responded Gen. Lee, while the hearers roared.

Mr. Poindexter then sang, "All Coons Look Alike to Me," the audience applauding vociferously.

Commander Laughton pleasantly called upon Gen. Lee to speak, and to give expression to "guarded" remarks. Gen. Lee smilingly complied. After the cheer had subsided Gen. Lee shouted: "Turn out the guard. I'm going to make some guarded remarks." He then went on to express the comfort he felt when among Confederate soldiers, and stated that he was reminded of the progress the camp had made in its fifteen years. It struck him as funny that these boys should be singing the "Star-Spangled Banner," when they had, in 1861, fought so hard against it. "There never was a band that fought against that flag harder than you boys," he said, "and here you are singing 'Star-Spangled Banner.'" The thought made him feel good, and the tear born of the throbbing of his grandly patriotic heart threatened to spill over. It seemed strange to him that Capt. Cunningham should be singing "Star-Spangled Banner," but he didn't wonder at his not getting the pitch the first time. After paying fine tribute to the "Star-Spangled Banner" and his pride in it while at Havana, he referred to our great war here in the sixties, and said: "We fought for a cause we knew to be right, and we made a magnificent record. I have never read of such a fight as we made."

## BITTER MEMORIES AGAINST GEN. MILES.

A correspondent, who was a witness, writes:

When President Davis, with his wife, entertained a niece and two lady friends who were allowed to visit him at Fortress Monroe, on the 4th of July, 1866, an incident occurred showing the petty spite of Gen. Miles, now commander of the United States army. We sat with open doors in the outer room of the casemate, having dined, and on the mat outside lay dozing in the midsummer sun President Davis' pet, a poor, ugly, homeless dog that had followed him day after day in his walks on the ramparts, and, having been noticed and kindly treated, had attached himself to the illustrious prisoner, and was now looked upon as his special property. Our hero talked with that matchless charm and power for which he was so distinguished, while we marveled at his calmness, his apparent spiritual and intellectual superiority to his surroundings. History, literature, poetry — all were touched upon. Only the present was ignored, and no word was said of what was, of course, uppermost in our thoughts: the South and her cruel fate, and the unhappy case of her chosen chief.

Then a step was heard advancing. It was Gen. Miles in all his pomp and glory, sword by his side, and with a haughty, ill-mannered air and swagger and face that never turned aside to give the slightest token of recognition to President Davis or the least sign of courtesy to the ladies with him; but as he reached the door-mat this mighty conqueror and tyrant paused a moment, and, without vouchsafing us a glance, he deliberately kicked the dog with his heavy boot, and sent him howling across the grounds. Then he moved on. We ladies exchanged looks that spoke volumes, but Mr. Davis continued his conversation with unruffled countenance and demeanor.

The Richmond *Times* states, concerning Gen. Miles:

To read Mrs. Davis' book and see the mass of evidence there collected is enough to make one's blood boil with indignation. She says, on page 643: "Men may be forgiven who, actuated by prejudice, exhibit bitterness in the first hours of their triumph; but what excuse can be offered for one who in cold blood deliberately organizes tortures to be inflicted and superintends for over a year their application to the quivering form of an emaciated, exhausted, helpless prisoner, who, the whole South proudly remembers, though reduced to death's door, unto the end neither recanted his faith, fawned upon his persecutor, nor pleaded for mercy."

Again, on page 700, she copies from "Men and Memories of Half a Century," by Hon. Hugh McCulloch, the Secretary of the Treasury in President Johnson's cabinet, in which Mr. McCulloch says: "My interview with Mr. Davis was very pleasant. There have been few men more gifted than Mr. Davis, and few whose opportunities for intellectual culture have been better improved. I had not known him personally, but I knew what his standing was among the able men of the country, and expected to meet in him an accomplished gentleman. . . . I was his first visitor, and he seemed to be pleased with the opportunity which it gave to him for a free talk. He was indisposed to say much about himself, and it was only by direct questions that I learned the facts in regard to the barbarous treatment to which he had referred. 'I

was,' he said, 'when brought to the fortress, not only strictly confined to a casemate, which was little better than a dungeon, but I was heavily ironed. As I had been a submissive prisoner and was in a strong fortress, I thought that chains were unnecessary and that I ought not to be subjected to them. I resisted being shackled, but resistance was vain; I was thrown violently upon the floor and heavily fettered. This was not all: the casemate in which I was confined was kept constantly and brilliantly lighted, and I was never relieved of the presence of a couple of soldiers. My eyes were weak and sensitive, and I suffered keenly from the light; and you may judge how my sufferings were aggravated by not being permitted for months to have one moment to myself.'"

Again, in her book, page 767, Mrs. Davis says: "One day Gen. Miles came to the prison and said something not recalled with sufficient clearness for repetition, but of such an insulting character that Mr. Davis sprang at the bars and said, as Gen. Miles recoiled: 'But for these, you should answer to me now.'"

The late Gen. William Stark Rosecrans, who died on a ranch in California, was born in Ohio in September, 1819. He started business life as a clerk in a store. In 1837 he secured appointment to the West Point Military Academy, and graduated in 1842. When the great war began he was a private citizen, but soon volunteered, and entered the Union service as colonel of the Twenty-Third Ohio Regiment. He was successful for some time, securing high promotion. He succeeded Gen. McClellan in command of the Department of Ohio, and held important commands at Murfreesboro and Chattanooga. In 1864 he was assigned to the Department of the Missouri.

R. M. Nash, Logansport, La.: "In the *VETERAN* for November, page 559, I note that Col. William L. Thompson, of Houston, Tex., gives the honor of the capture of Florence, Ala., to Capt. S. A. Hayden, and says that Gen. Gibson told him that he selected Capt. Hayden out of all the officers of his command to cross the river at Florence, and that he did his duty bravely and successfully. Now I would not detract anything from Capt. Hayden's fame, for he deserves it. He and I have been in many close places together, for I was one of his scouts, and always went with him when on a scouting expedition. But the facts about the capture of Florence are these: Col. R. H. Lindsay, of the Sixteenth Louisiana, with four boats containing about seventeen men to the boat, crossed the river and captured the town. I know this, for I was the first man that jumped ashore, and was the right guide of the skirmish-line, and received all my orders from Col. Lindsay; and to him certainly belongs the honor."

Mrs. M. J. Knox, Columbia, Tex., asks for information of her father, A. M. Boyd, a member of Capt. John Allen's company, Davis' Battalion, Clark's Brigade, Arkansas troops, who was lost on the retreat from Kansas while bearing a despatch to Gen. Price. He was about forty years old at the time, and a cripple in his left leg, limping when he walked. Indirectly they have heard that he was taken to St. Louis, and died there.

MRS. E. K. NEWSOM.

The Florence Nightingale of the Southern Army.

Professor J. Fraise Richard, Washington, D. C., a Union veteran, writes:

For more than two years I have been a careful and interested reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and have, as a Northern man and ex-Union soldier, been deeply concerned to see all the incidents and events of the great war carefully and impartially presented. I am free to confess that no paper or magazine is a more welcome visitor to my table than the VETERAN. I appreciate and endorse the earnest appeals made in behalf of its extension and enlarged usefulness. I sincerely wish it could be extensively read throughout our Northern states.

In all that this valuable periodical has contained I have seen no record of the philanthropic and angelic



MRS. E. K. NEWSOM.

ministrations of a most useful class of beings: the army nurses. Perhaps this is not strange. Commanding officers, in their official reports, were concerned in narrating the movements in battle that resulted in the defeat of the enemy, and hence had little time for and less knowledge of the sacrifices and endurance of those who cared for the maimed and suffering soldiers. But the ministrations of these angels of mercy were none the less meritorious.

To the honor of one of these I desire to contribute, in recalling the deeds and sacrifices of Mrs. Ella K. Newsom, the handsome, wealthy, and accomplished young widow who at the outbreak of the war placed upon the altar of the Confederacy her wealth, her time, and all her consecrated womanly powers.

Mrs. Newsom is the daughter of Rev. T. S. N. King (deceased), a Baptist minister of prominence in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas. She is a native of Brandon, Miss., but in her childhood her parents re-

moved to the wilds of Arkansas, where, amid the adversities of pioneer life, she was thoroughly trained in horsemanship, and became fully qualified for the ordeals through which she passed in the service of the Confederacy. She became acquainted with Dr. Frank Newsom, an educated and accomplished physician of her section, who had removed from Tennessee. This acquaintanceship culminated in matrimony. Within two years he died, leaving her a young widow at the opening of the war with ample fortune. Her only relief from her loss of companionship was in consecration to labor in the busy scenes and thrilling events of the time. She concluded to devote all to the cause of her beloved Southland, utterly oblivious to personal comfort, and hence entered the hospital service.

Mrs. Newsom's experiences were identified mainly with the Army of Tennessee, in the hospitals of Bowling Green, Nashville, Memphis, Chattanooga, Corinth, Marietta, Atlanta, and other points. When the war began she was residing at Winchester, Tenn., supervising the education of her younger sisters. These sisters returning to the parental roof in Arkansas, she collected suitable hospital supplies, and, taking a number of her own servants, went to Memphis, where her career began.

In various capacities Mrs. Newsom labored until December, 1861, when, taking her own servants and a car-load of supplies, at her own expense, she repaired to Bowling Green, Ky., to alleviate the almost inexpressible sufferings of the Confederate sick. The scenes of destitution at that place beggar description. Want of organization, lack of suitable buildings, scarcity of supplies, and exceeding cold weather produced untold suffering. With tireless energy she consecrated her efforts to this distressing condition, often laboring from four o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at night.

It is impossible to chronicle here her devotion and sacrifices to the soldiers as they moved to Nashville, to Corinth, to Chattanooga, to Atlanta, and other points. In all these movements, even to the capture of President Davis, she remained devoted to the cause she had espoused. Letters, seen by the writer, from Gen. Hardee and other prominent officers speak fully of the value of her services. One prominent officer averred that her presence in the army was, like that of Queen Louise, of Prussia, equal to that of an army corps.

Before me lie two letters, from which I quote a paragraph or two. The first was written from Murfreesboro, Tenn., by Gen. Joseph B. Palmer. He says: "I was in command of a regiment at Bowling Green, Ky., and witnessed her appearance there as the friend of the Confederate soldier, and saw her readiness to devote her handsome estate, together with all the energies of her splendid mind, heart, and the labor of her own hands, to do all that was possible to aid her struggling land, and to provide for the sick, disabled, and suffering members of all grades in the Southern army. Later during the war she became chief matron of the Hospital Department in that part of the army commanded by Gens. Bragg, Johnston, and others, and so remained until the close of our memorable and heroic Confederate struggle. To this hospital service she gave order and system, value and efficiency, much above and beyond any similar effort in that direction ever before made anywhere or by any one. This may, indeed, be

said with emphasis, when the limited means at her command and the general embarrassments of the well-remembered situation are all properly considered."

Ex-Gov. Albert S. Marks, in a letter written at Nashville, October 29, 1885, called her the "Florence Nightingale of the Confederate Army," and says: "When the Confederate soldiers needed her she was by their side, and her sacrifices for them is one of the memorable events of the war."

I need not say here that Mrs. Newsom was well known to the leading officers of the Western army. That fact is patent to all. In the two portraits here-with presented they will recognize two significant pictures: one the ministering angel of 1861-65; the other, the lady in the year 1898, with impaired vision and hearing, but possessed of all the graces and accomplishments which only time and the severe experiences and conflicts of real life can bestow upon people. The

cerest appreciation and gratitude voice forth their real and full significance—yea, could all these multiform witnesses of humane and almost godlike ministrations on the battle-field, on the march, in the hospital, in the camp, everywhere, join their testimonies in one mighty chorus of gratitude—they would proclaim, in notes quite divine, the untiring, the unselfish, the incessant, and the inexpressible services of the army nurse; and most prominent among these would stand the name of our subject, Mrs. Ella K. Newsom, the 'Florence Nightingale of the South.'"

C. H. Lee, Jr., Falmouth, Ky.: "At the Nashville reunion, last June, it was claimed that Gen. M. J. Bulger, of Jackson's Gap, Ala., who honored the reunion with his presence, was the oldest living Confederate soldier, being ninety-one years old; but Gen. Bulger will have to yield the palm, of age at least, to a resident of this (Pendleton) county. His name is Henry Lonaker, and he is a little over one hundred years old. He enlisted at Williamstown, Ky., in September, 1862, when Gen. E. Kirby Smith was in this section threatening Cincinnati, O. Mr. Lonaker became a member of Company G, Fifth Cavalry (D. Howard Smith, colonel), and served until the close of the war. He was called 'old man Lonaker' then. When Gen. Morgan started on his Ohio raid this comrade was left with the wagon-train, because the officers thought he was too old to stand the trip. He now resides with a son, who is over seventy years of age, and is a remarkably well-preserved old man, being still able to do some work about the farm. His wife, who was over ninety, died but a few months ago. He is almost totally deaf, and seldom leaves home."

The following is from an old Confederate paper:

"To take Manassas Junction  
The Yankees thought was fun,  
But greatly were mistaken,  
For they took the Run."

The *Strawberry Specialist*, Kittrell, N. C.: "By long odds the most interesting publication treating of the war from either side is the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn. It is fair, dispassionate, and without bitterness, and no one interested in the great war epoch should be without it. It is a veritable well of war information, from which every man can draw according to his ability and his taste."

H. S. Dorchester, City Hall, Providence, R. I., desires to learn of his uncle, Walter Dorchester, who enlisted in the New Orleans Home Guards at the beginning of the war. It is understood that his company went to Virginia promptly and participated in the first battles. The family will appreciate any information as to his fate.

G. W. Dudley, Iuka, Miss.: "In preparing a history of the battle of Corinth, I am hindered by want of information as to the part taken by Phifer's Texas Brigade. I have been unable to find any official reports, nor do I know of any living survivor. I would like to have the address of any member of the Sixth or Ninth Texas (dism. cav.) or Third Arkansas, of Phifer's Brigade, under Price."



second picture represents Mrs. Ella K. Trader, widow of Col. W. H. Trader, a Confederate officer, whom she married in 1867, and who died in 1885, leaving her to struggle with life's buffetings and disappointments as best she could. Through the aid of friends she secured a clerical position under the U. S. Government, and is now an employee in the Pension Office.

I close this article with a paragraph taken from a tribute I published in the *American Tribune*, of Indianapolis, in the winter of 1895:

"Could the stately pines and the redolent magnolias of the sunny Southland reveal the many sacrifices made by the maimed and dying beneath their refreshing foliage; could the twinkling stars that looked down with silent grief upon the heroic scenes witnessed upon numerous battle-fields unfold their heart-breaking records; could the hospital tents and hurried ambulances give up the secrets of intense suffering and unutterable woe which they only possess; could the briny tears of joy and satisfaction that chased one another down the cheeks of some darling boy, lately given up to war by a devoted and affectionate mother—express the message of gratitude experienced on account of loving and timely ministrations in suffering; could the ominous look, the suppressed whisper, the affectionate farewell messages of the dying, and the untold evidences of sim-

## OHIO VETERANS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

The Stonewall Jackson Camp at Charleston, W. Va., gave an entertainment in West Virginia last month, at which they had for guests Union veterans from Ohio. They were welcomed by Gov. George W. Atkinson, who spoke words of praise for that great state. Some, he said, were born great, and some were born in Ohio.

"On our arrival at Charleston," says a guest, "a committee of Confederate and Union veterans received us and escorted us in carriages to the Hotel Peyton. After having about an hour to ourselves, there was a general reception in the parlors of the hotel, participated in by all the better element of the city; and there was about an hour spent in general good-fellowship, passing introductions, pleasant compliments, etc.

"About eight o'clock, the committee of Confederate Veterans took possession of Col. Knauss, Judge Pugh, and those who accompanied them from Ohio, and escorted them to the fine large banquet-hall of the hotel, where there was an hour or two spent in partaking of refreshments, which, for quality, quantity, and variety, could not be excelled.

"Col. Green, toast-master, commenced his duties at about 10:30 P.M.; and speech-making continued long and interesting, until 3 o'clock. Like all other good things, this had to come to an end. Sunday morning the guests were specially invited to the Kanawha Presbyterian Church, where they heard an excellent sermon from the pastor, Dr. David Winters.

"After dinner they were escorted about the city and public buildings, state-house, etc. The evening was spent at the hotel, with many of the Confederate Veterans and friends. We left Charleston at six o'clock, A.M., Monday, feeling that we had never met a more pleasant, generous people."

In this connection, a note from Col. Knauss, dated March 16, '98, is recalled, in which he states: "You see I am not letting our cemetery interest lag. Through the influence of Senator Foraker, the department at Washington has ordered the quartermaster of the barracks at this point to have estimates made for the cost of fixing up the stone wall, and the quartermaster has promised me that, if he can get the orders, he will have it done before June 4."

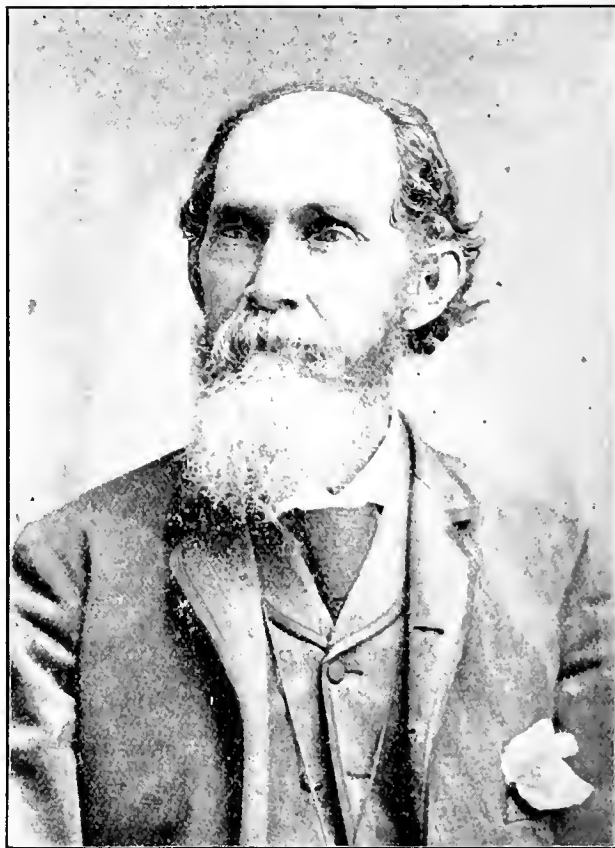
## OF A NOTED MILITARY FAMILY.

One of the most interesting articles of record is that of Col. George Wythe Baylor in the December **VETERAN** concerning Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh. Since then some interesting data concerning Col. Baylor and his family have been procured. If Col. Tom Ochiltree could take them and "fresco the dome of truth," the narrative would be all the more interesting.

Col. Baylor is of a military family. A brother of his grandfather, Col. George Baylor, was senior aid to Gen. Washington, and gave his fortune and his life to the cause of American liberty; while his grandfather, at the age of seventeen, carried the colors of a squadron of horse at Germantown, and was crippled for life there. Our Comrade Baylor was born at a government fort—Fort Gibson, Ind. Ter.—while his father was a member of the Seventh U. S. Infantry. When a lad of thirteen he landed in Texas, and went to school at the Baylor University, in Independence. Since then he has lived in various parts of Texas.

He was captain of a scouting company, and tried to get at the Fort Sill Comanches, "who were robbing and murdering almost daily our defenseless frontiersmen and their families," until just before he enlisted, March 17, 1861, and was chosen first lieutenant in Capt. Hamner's company (John S. Ford, colonel), with his brother, John R. Baylor, lieutenant-colonel (afterward a brigadier-general), and Edward Waller, major of the Second Texas Cavalry.

It is a coincidence that their first fight was against the regiment formerly commanded by their father, the Seventh U. S. Infantry. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston



COL. GEORGE WYTHE BAYLOR.

reached Mesilla about this time, and selected Lieut. G. W. Baylor for a position on his staff. He joined the General on the way from Columbus, Ky., to Bowling Green, and was appointed senior aid.

Col. Baylor reports a painful recollection of riding from Nashville to Richmond, in Bedford County, the night that Fort Donelson fell.

After Gen. Johnston's death Col. Baylor accepted a position on Gen. Beauregard's staff. President Davis soon after promoted him to lieutenant-colonel, and authorized him to organize a battalion, and subsequently a regiment.

Col. Baylor went to Louisiana when Gen. Green was defeated at Camp Bisland, and was ordered to the front as senior colonel in Gen. J. P. Major's Brigade, and, upon the latter's promotion at Mansfield he was put in command of Lane's Brigade, Gen. Walter P. Lane having been wounded in that battle. The brigade was called Baylor's Brigade, against Col. Baylor's protest,

as Gen. Lane was in the same company with Baylor's brother, Walker, at San Jacinto, and he said it seemed a poor way to reward so gallant a soldier as Gen. Lane by changing the name of his brigade as soon as he was wounded. The brigade consisted of Baylor's, Crump's, Miller's, and Madison's Regiments, and Col. Baylor commanded it until some time after the unfortunate fight at Yellow Bayou.

On returning to Texas his regiment was dismantled, greatly to the disgust of himself and men, as they were among the oldest of the cavalry commands. Changes here led to the unfortunate difficulty between him and Gen. John A. Wharton, in which the latter was killed. Col. Baylor was recommended for brigadier-general by Gens. Kirby Smith, Magruder, John G. Walker, and others, and started to Richmond, but returned after reaching Shreveport, where he met Gen. Wharton.

In a personal letter, soon after Judge Wharton's sketch of Gen. Wharton appeared in the *VETERAN*, Col. Baylor stated: "Judge Wharton's article leaves the impression that a friend had taken Gen. Wharton's life. We should have been friends, as our families were related by marriage, Maj. E. C. Wharton, of New Orleans, being my nephew; and my wife's family, the Sydnors, of Galveston, were intimate friends of his wife and mother. But the difficulty was one of those sudden, unfortunate things that seem determined by fate. I will only say that he came into Gen. Magruder's private room after we had had a difficulty on the street, and struck me in the face and called me a liar. He ought to have known I would resent it at once, for he had seen me in battle. The whole thing has been a lifelong sorrow to me. In justice to my children I intend to give an account of the unfortunate difficulty. Gen. Joseph Harrison, the only person present, was deaf, and heard nothing."

#### WORK OF A VETERAN.

The Commander of U. C. V. Camp, Washington City, Col. Fleming, has had a career of extraordinary interest. He was born in Goochland County, Va., January 15, 1842; was the son of John Malcolm Fleming, of Aberdeen, a descendant of Sir Malcolm Fleming, of the historic families of renown in Scotland, and a relative of Col. William Fleming, the hero of the battle of Point Pleasants, fought in September, 1774. It is said that all of the Flemings in the United States sprang from that ancestry. That name is well known and distinguished in the rolls of the Revolutionary war, and in civil service it is distinguished as well.

Col. Fleming's mother was of the old Robertson family of Virginia, eminent in history.

He enlisted in the Richmond Fayette Artillery April 25, 1861. This gallant old battery, which was so renowned during the war, was organized in the city of Richmond, Va., May 29, 1824, and, in compliment to the Marquis de La Fayette, who was then on a visit to the city of Richmond, was named after him. Gen. La Fayette presented the company with two brass six-pounders, brought by him to this country during the Revolutionary war. Enlisting as a private, Comrade Fleming was promoted to corporal, sergeant, sergeant-major on the battle-field at Suffolk, Va., and again promoted to lieutenant on the battle-field of Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864, for gallant and meritorious con-

duct, and in August, 1864, was detailed to command Bogg's Battalion of four companies of artillery. Upon the death of Gen. Gracie, of Alabama, commanding the brigade to which Bogg's Battalion was attached, he returned to his old battery (Fayette Artillery), and served to the close of the war.

Comrade C. C. Ivey, Secretary of the camp in Washington, who furnished all the data for this article, enumerated the thirty battles Col. Fleming was in, from April 19, 1861, to April 9, 1865. The report of these battles concluded as follows: "He commanded a section of artillery in General Walker's Division, Gordon's Corps, composing the rear-guard of Gen. Lee's army during the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox Court-House. He was selected by Gen. Lee to command 'Forlorn Hope' and to bring up the rear of the army after the battle of Sailor's Creek, Va., and to retard the progress of Gen. Grant's advance, in order that Gen. Lee might have time to cross his army over the 'High Bridge.' This duty was performed in the most conscientious and gallant manner, to the entire satisfaction of Gen. Lee. His battery, being cut off by Gen. Sherman's troops from the main army, forced its way through to Lynchburg, Va., where the guns were



COL. ROBERT E. FLEMING.

spiked and the carriages and caissons destroyed. The battery disbanded after the surrender of Gen. Lee."

Returning home, he surrendered at Richmond, Va., April 18, 1865, and was paroled.

E. H. Chamberlayne, in his "History of the Fayette Artillery," states: "His many noble, grand exploits are well known to his superior officers, as well as to the brave men of his battery. One of his brilliant acts performed during the war was the capture of Lieut.-Col. T. F. Fellows (Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers), his adjutant, and orderly, while riding at the head of an improvised picket. This capture was made by Lieut. Fleming single-handed, he being some distance in advance. Gen. Pickett presented Lieut.

Fleming with Col. Fellows' horse, its equipage, and his pistol and sword."

In the attack on Suffolk, Va., in 1863, a company of infantry, deployed as skirmishers, fell back in disorder, when Col. Armistead, commanding the regiment, Pickett's Division, ordered Serg. Fleming, who was mounted and riding near him, to rally and reform them, and lead them forward to the attack, which he did in a most gallant manner, under fire of both infantry and artillery, leading the company within easy range of the fort. For this act he was complimented, in orders issued by Col. Armistead, who afterward commanded the brigade and was killed in Gen. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

At the close of the war Col. Fleming commenced business in Richmond, Va., as an architect and builder, and at one time was assistant engineer of the city.

Early in 1867 he located in Washington, D. C., where he started a new era in building, and in a few years rose to the front rank in his profession. In 1870 he entered the District National Guard as paymaster, and was afterward elected captain of Company D, First Regiment, then promoted to lieutenant-colonel, afterward colonel, and for over three years was the senior officer commanding the First Brigade, N. G. D. C.

In 1872 he was elected a member of the Legislature for the then territorial form of government of the District of Columbia; was also elected delegate to the Cincinnati convention, which nominated Horace Greeley for President of the United States.

At the dedication of the Luther Memorial Church, Fourteenth and N Streets, N. W., February 12, 1875, he purchased and dedicated a memorial pew to the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

In May, 1886, at a banquet in Washington, he entertained the R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, C. V., of Richmond, Va., one hundred and twenty-five strong, together with a number of prominent business men and officials, as his invited guests. They were returning from the reunion at Baltimore, Md. On that occasion he made an appointment with President Cleveland, and introduced each member of the camp to him at the White House. This was the first body of Confederate Veterans to march up Pennsylvania Avenue, as an organization, after the close of the war.

He assisted Lee Camp in organizing, and solicited donations and subscriptions to its fair, held at Richmond, Va., for the purchase of a soldiers' home. He gave them the first donation; and afterward, on visiting the home and finding the accommodations insufficient for the old soldiers, he generously donated a sufficient amount to remodel and to build an additional story to the main building, which now bears his name. Upon the completion of this building, Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, in the formal acceptance of the keys of the same, thanked Col. Fleming in behalf of the inmates of Lee Camp, Va., and the Southern people, and stated that, "while it had been an honored custom to strew flowers on the graves of our dead, here was a living soldier who had made a magnificent gift to his living comrades, which would never be forgotten."

Gen. John R. Cooke, First Vice-President of the Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, wrote to Col. Fleming: "It will be our care to keep in remembrance your generous act, and, as one means to this end, so long as the house you have added to and embellished shall continue

to shelter a single one of our old comrades your name will be kept displayed on its front. We all rejoice that you have been blessed with the means to give."

He was also presented with the golden badge of honor by Lee Camp, of which he is a member, for soldierly and knightly qualities.

On October 27, 1886, Col. Fleming was married at Washington, D. C., to Miss Bell Vedder, daughter of Col. Nicholas Vedder, U. S. Army, who was Gen. Sherman's chief paymaster. They have two children: India Bell and Robert Vedder Fleming.

Col. Fleming has become eminent as an architect in the national capital. He is an active member of high degree in Freemasonry, Odd-Fellowship, and Knights of Pythias. In his active and useful life his comrades take pride, but especially and above all else for his manly zeal to do them and their dead comrades honor, of which they are most worthy. Since his connection with the U. C. V. Camp in Washington City much has been accomplished, whereas before that there was manifest timidity that threatened loss of much to the great organization.

#### CONFEDERATES KILLED NEAR WASHINGTON CITY.

In the brief engagement that occurred in July of 1864 before the fortifications of Washington, when Gen. Early attempted the capture of the national capital, seventeen Confederate soldiers were killed, and buried in trenches where they fell. Nearly ten years afterward these bodies were removed from their shallow graves, into which dogs had dug their way, and given Christian burial near Silver Spring. The day was cold, but bright and clear, and the solemn services of the dead were performed by Bishop Pinckney, assisted by Dr. Buck, of Rock Creek Church; Dr. Elliott, of Ascension Church, Washington; Dr. Anvill, of Grace Church, where the services were performed; and Dr. Williams, of Christ Church, Georgetown.

The following-named gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: Col. Robert I. Fleming, of the District of Columbia; Gen. P. M. B. Young and P. I. Cook, of Georgia; H. W. Garnett, Dr. Young, Dr. Boyle, W. Harmon, J. W. Drew, Col. L. Q. C. Lamar, William Stone, George T. Howard, and Col. A. Herbert.

After the ceremonies were ended, Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, who had been selected as the orator of the occasion, delivered the address, and Bishop Pinckney read a poem. The Bishop sang in sweet numbers the lofty virtues of the Confederate leaders—now no more—while Dr. Garnett strove to prove that the South was not only conscientious in its resistance to coercion, but, looked at from a constitutional point at the time of the struggle, was in the right.

On November 14, 1896, nearly twenty-two years after the burial of these seventeen Confederate dead, a monument erected over them by the Confederate camps of Washington, D. C., and Rockville, Md., was unveiled, with solemn and inspiring ceremonies, under the auspices of the two camps.

W. A. Montgomery writes that the camp at Edwards, Miss., lost five members during the yellow fever epidemic there—namely, R. H. Noblin, C. H. Noblin, Capt. S. J. Birdsong, John L. Slocomb, Robert Farr.



## SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. Lizzie Pollard, President of the above-named Association, writes from Fayetteville, Ark.:



FAYETTEVILLE (ARK.) MONUMENT.

The Southern Memorial Association requests you to publish in the VETERAN the names of soldiers buried in the Confederate Cemetery at this place. We made careful effort, in the "gathering of our sacred dead," to

preserve every clue by which, in future, friends might be able to locate the graves of their loved ones.

This cemetery, of about three acres, is beautifully located, just east of our little city, surrounded by a substantial stone wall, and holds within its depths the ashes of eight or nine hundred Confederate soldiers. The faithful and unremitting labor of the Southern Memorial Association, of Washington County, Ark., has achieved this result. It was organized June 10, 1872, with the purpose to collect the Confederate dead scattered over this and adjoining counties into a suitable place and care for their graves. We have our dead here from the battle-fields of Pea Ridge, Prairie Grove, from hospitals, from skirmish-ground, from road-side and fence-corner—just where they laid their burdens down.

Buried here are the remains of Gen. W. Y. Slack, of Missouri, and a few other commissioned officers. The others are the "rank and file"—the men who bore not title to the battle front. The fortunes of war left for our care men from Missouri, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and the Indian Territory. We have brought them together, devoting a section in our cemetery to each state, and we have given them alike our care, our tears, and our flowers. On the 10th of June, 1897, the twenty-fifth anniversary of our organization, we unveiled a handsome granite monument, dedicated to the memory of the heroes we had given burial. The monument is beautiful in design and perfect in execution. It bears this inscription: "These were men whom power could not corrupt, whom death could not terrify, whom defeat could not dishonor."

All this has cost us many thousand dollars. Much of this money, most of it, is the fruit of actual labor; all of it the offspring of steady and fixed purpose, of faithful and unwavering energy, of true and unfaltering love for the memory of the heroes of the "Lost Cause." We have annually called together friends and comrades and paid fitting tribute to our dead. This custom we will endeavor to leave as a sacred heritage to our children, to teach them that these were men who, "true to the instincts of their birth, faithful to the teachings of their fathers, died in the performance of their duty." We make this tribute in loving reverence to true courage and heroism—a tribute to the valor of men who knew how to fight, who knew how to die for principle. June 10, 1898, will be the twenty-sixth anniversary of our organization. We would be glad to know if there is another organization of the kind in the South that antedates us. We are duly incorporated, and hold our property in our own right.

## TEXAS DIVISION.

J. H. D.— (died November 4, 1861), T. Whitset, E. M. Hobbs, G. F. Stevens (Moses' Cavalry), Crockett Addans, — Barton, Thomas Burton, — Gage, — Hurd, B. Neuman, Lieut. J. C. McCoy, John W. Gordon, — Wadkins, Richard S. Dean, Starville, — Collins (comrade of R. S. Dean), — Alexander (Henderson County), — McAvoy, — Isom, Capt. Honey.

## ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Lieut. Pawley, Mack Keefe's Company; — Pullman, Stand Watie's Regiment; — Moulder, Fort Smith; Thomas Perkins, Washington County; —

Prewitt; William Harrison; Alex Campbell, Cane Hill; — Barnett, Clear Creek; Thomas Turner; Dock Lewis, Cove Creek; William Rude, Elm Springs; George Edwards, Tuck Smith's company; — Williams; — Pope, Benton County; J. T. T——, Hempstead County; Humphrey Enyart, Washington County; Lewis C. Snider, Hill's Regiment; Jeremiah Narrrod, Hill's Regiment; J. F. Copeland, Sevier County; T. J. Reynolds; W. H. Walker, Washington County; Benjamin Butler, Van Buren County; James A. Patten; Jackson Greenwood, Lawrence County; Hiram Thornsburg, Brook's Regiment; Lewis Robbins, Washington County; William White, Longview, Ashley County; William Benjamin Ragsdale, Fayetteville; James Blake, Benton County; R. C. Hutchenson; — Black; John Sharp, Cane Hill.

#### MISSOURI DIVISION.

Lieut. Bliss, engineering corps; J. M. —; N. A. Richardson; Rube Yates; Capt. Jack Cooper, Ch. 9, M. V.; Grundy Hawkins; M. Parsons, Company G, Thompson's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade; Thomas Pane; W. Allen; Lieut. Pane; — McGee; — Wilson, Marshallcrest Fan; William Butler; Albert Summers; Isaac Martin, Price's command; N. O. Martin; J. Wiston, Missouri State Guards; A. N. Hull; Sam Polk; J. W. Dunaway; P. H. Clark, Roser's Regiment; James Robbet, Macon County; H. J. Thorp, State Guard; J. J. Stephens; — Bridges; R. F. Porter, Campbell's Company; R. J. Vaughan, Frost's Regiment; T. H. Miller; William Jobe, California, Mo.; Capt. D. Martin, Shelby's Brigade; Charles A. Parker, Henry County, Mo.; R. E. Lansford, Campbell's company; B. F. Lansford, Campbell's company; Dallas C. Payne; William Barton, Platt County; — Wilson; Joseph Snoddy, Howard County; Andrew Green Smith, Pleasant Hill; Bales Shumate, J. Nowland, Jesse Brakefield, William Balance, Allen Barnett, John A. Clark, Charley Clark, William Barnett, Willis Northcut; Lieut. Burgett, Clark's Battery; James L. Owen, John H. Ball, W. A. Smith, J. W. Wells, Brucie Ball, Frank A. Taylor, Dock Downing, R. Bibb, A. Conroy, Joseph Wells, William Wells, H. C. Young, Silas C. Howard, Warren Moore, R. C. Beanlan, George B. Warner, Elijah Stenton, James Gash, Henry Luckett, James Barnes, John Blackstone; Abjah James, Platt County.

#### BURIED ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, O., sends the following list of Confederate dead buried in the Confederate Cemetery at Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, O.:

Col. J. E. Cruggs, Eighty-Fifth Virginia; Capt. C. M. Tuggle, Thirty-Fifth Georgia Infantry; Capt. A. E. Upchurch, Fifty-Fifth North Carolina Infantry; Second Lieut. J. P. Peden, Hamilton's Battery; Lieut.-Col. Joel Barnett, Ninth Battalion Louisiana Cavalry; Lieut. W. J. Hudson, Second North Carolina Infantry; Capt. D. C. Webb, First Alabama Cavalry; Lieut. J. W. Nullins, First Mississippi Infantry; Lieut. W. E. Hansin, First Georgia Infantry; Capt. H. D. Stevenson, Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry; Lieut. R. D. Copass, Sixth Tennessee Infantry; J. D. Cassaway; C. B. Jackson, guerrilla, Va.; Lieut. J. F. Huffstettler, First Battalion Arkansas Infantry; Lieut. L. B. Williams, Six-

ty-Third North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. W. P. Hardin, Fifth North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. J. M. Dotson, Tenth Tennessee Cavalry; D. D. Kellar, Second Tennessee Cavalry; S. G. Jetter, Thirty-First Alabama Infantry; Capt. C. W. Gillespie, Sixty-Sixth North Carolina Cavalry; B. Anderson, Mo. S. C.; W. W. (M. W.) Veasey, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry; Capt. J. W. Gregory, Ninth Virginia Infantry; Peter Cole, Sixtieth Virginia Infantry; William (or W. J.) Johnson, Poindexter's Missouri Cavalry; E. L. Moore; Daniel (or John) Herrin, Poindexter's Missouri Cavalry; Lieut. J. W. Collier, Tenth Kentucky Infantry; Capt. John M. Kean, Twelfth Louisiana Battalion of Artillery; S. W. McWhirter, captain Third Mississippi Infantry; John Dow, Pulaski, O.; R. (or J. B.) Hodges, Memphis, Tenn.; Lieut. E. Gibson, Eleventh Arkansas Infantry; D. Christian, One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Virginia; T. Raisins (or Rains), Forty-Sixth Virginia; Col. Samuel Fox; J. Asbury (or Ashby), Kentucky; J. (or M.) Reeves, First Georgia Cavalry; J. A. McBride, lieutenant (?) Sixtieth Tennessee Infantry; First Lieut. S. R. Graham, Third Texas Cavalry; Capt. S. W. Henry, Nineteenth Tennessee Cavalry; Lieut. E. M. Orr, Sixty-Second North Carolina Infantry; Capt. Mark Bacon, Sixtieth Tennessee Infantry; Capt. J. B. Hardy, Fifteenth Arkansas; Hugh Cabbie (or Gabble), Fifth Kentucky; Lieut. J. B. Cash (or Gash), Sixty-Second North Carolina Infantry; Capt. J. W. Johnson, Green's R. Mo. S. G.'s; Capt. J. N. D. King, Ninth Georgia Infantry; M. R. Handy, Hopkins County, Ky.; E. Morrison, Eighth Alabama Infantry; Col. Charles H. Matlock, Fourth Mississippi; M. W. Davis, Thirty-Fifth Mississippi Infantry; Lieut. W. N. Swift, Thirty-Fourth Georgia Infantry; Lieut. A. Kelly, Tenth Arkansas Infantry; J. D. Canaway, Sixteenth Virginia Cavalry; Capt. J. Middlebrooks, Fortieth Georgia Infantry; Capt. J. B. Hazzard, Twenty-Fourth Alabama Infantry; Capt. J. P. Vauu, Bell's Regiment Arkansas Infantry; Lieut. D. H. McKay, Forty-Sixth Alabama Infantry; Capt. James R. Jackson, Thirty-Eighth Alabama Infantry; Lieut. H. B. Dawson, Seventeenth Georgia Infantry; Lieut. D. D. Johnson, Forty-Eighth Tennessee Infantry; Capt. J. B. Hardy, Fifth Arkansas Infantry; Lieut. W. T. Skidmore, Fourth Alabama Infantry; Capt. M. D. Armfield, Eleventh North Carolina Infantry; Capt. E. (or G.) W. Lewis, Ninth Battalion Louisiana Cavalry; Lieut. J. N. Williams, Sixth Mississippi Infantry; Lieut. J. T. Ligon, Fifty-Third Virginia Infantry; Lieut. F. G. W. Coleman, Seventh Mississippi Artillery; Lieut. J. E. Threadgill, Twelfth Arkansas Infantry; Capt. J. G. Shuler, Fifth Florida Infantry; Lieut. B. J. Blount, Fifty-Fifth North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. J. D. Arrington, Thirty-Second North Carolina Infantry; Joseph (or James) Lowshe, Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry; John (or James) C. Holt, Sixty-First Tennessee; Samuel Chormley, Blount County, Tenn.; Lieut. J. W. Moore, Twenty-Fifth Alabama Infantry; Second Lieut. D. L. Scott, Third Missouri Cavalry; Lieut. William Peal, Eleventh Mississippi; Lieut. J. T. Land, Twenty-Fourth Georgia Infantry; Capt. N. T. Barnes, Tenth Confederate Cavalry; Lieut. John F. McElroy, Twenty-Fourth Georgia Infantry; Lieut. J. Q. High, First Arkansas Battalion of Infantry; Lieut. J. C. (or J. P.) Long, Sixty-Second North Carolina In-

fantry; Lieut. R. C. (or B. J.) Harp, Twenty-Fifth Tennessee; Lieut. W. S. Norwood, Sixth South Carolina Infantry; Second Lieut. R. C. K. Weeks, Fourth Florida Infantry; Capt. S. P. Sullins, First Alabama Infantry; Capt. P. J. Rabenan, Fifth Alabama (or Louisiana) Infantry; R. H. Sisk, citizen; Capt. F. F. Cooper, Fifty-Second Georgia Infantry; Adj. W. E. Watson, First Tennessee Infantry; Albert F. (or A. J.) Frazier, Fifteenth Mississippi (or Second Kentucky); Lieut. W. E. Killem, Forty-Fifth Virginia Infantry; F. T. (or F.) Coppege, Tennessee Infantry; J. L. Dungan (or Duncan), Twenty-Second Virginia; Second Lieut. S. T. Moore, King's Regiment Alabama Infantry; John J. Gobeau (or Gobo), lieutenant Tenth Mississippi Infantry; Lieut. W. A. Stephens, Forty-Sixth Alabama Infantry; Capt. T. J. Loris (or Lewis), Third Virginia Infantry; Lieut. John W. Hill, Ninth (or Nineteenth) Virginia Infantry; Col. James B. Campbell, Twenty-Seventh Mississippi Infantry; Lieut. John Welch, Fortieth Virginia Infantry; Capt. S. V. (or J. E.) Hamilton, Second Choctaw Cavalry; Lieut. G. W. (or E. W.) Swink, Eighth Virginia Infantry; Capt. A. B. Archibald, Eighth Confederate Cavalry; Lieut. J. Dean, citizen of Tennessee; Lieut. C. B. (or C. E.) Nash, Thirtieth Mississippi Infantry; Lieut. Francis Baya, Second Florida Infantry; Lieut. F. (or T. J.) Alexander, Fourth Alabama Battalion; Capt. M. C. Peel, Eighth Arkansas Infantry; First Lieutenant R. C. Love, First Mississippi Artillery; Capt. P. Nichols (or Nicholas), Eleventh Battalion of North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. R. P. Rolling (or Bowling), Sixth Georgia Cavalry; Lieut. J. B. Wood, Tenth C. S. Cavalry; Lieut. B. F. Lock, Fourth Arkansas; Lieut. P. W. Lane, Twenty-Third Arkansas Infantry; Capt. Joshua Bisell (or Mizell), Eighth Florida Infantry; Lieut. S. H. Pankey, Forty-Ninth Alabama Infantry; Surgeon John J. Nickell, Second Kentucky Mounted Rifles; Capt. James E. Webb, Eighth Arkansas; Lieut. Willis Randall, Fifty-Second North Carolina Infantry; Second Lieut. W. E. Phillips, Fourth Alabama Cavalry; Lieut. E. B. Holt, Lexington, N. C.; Capt. W. J. Porter, Sixty-First Alabama Infantry; Lieut. Peter Mackin (or Mankin), Sixteenth Mississippi Infantry; First Lieut. J. M. Henken, Twelfth South Carolina Infantry; Maj. J. A. Lash, Fourth Florida Infantry; Lieut. John F. Brigham, Fourteenth Tennessee; Capt. W. W. Wynn (or W. H. Winn), Sixty-Fourth Virginia Infantry; Lieut. H. Wilkinson, Ninth Virginia Infantry; Capt. W. L. Helton (or Hilton), Twenty-Third North Carolina Infantry; Capt. J. W. Day, Fifty-Fifth Georgia Infantry; Lieut. (or Capt.) B. B. Starnes, Ninth Alabama Cavalry; Lieut. E. N. Puckett, Twelfth Arkansas Infantry; Lieut. J. W. Jacques, Twenty-Fourth Tennessee; Second Lieut. J. W. McRae, Sixty-Seventh Georgia; Lieut. W. P. Norton, Twenty-Second North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. Henderson H. Cresswell, Freeman's Regiment; J. Coulter, citizen of Tennessee; Lieut. Thomas Ruffin, Fourth North Carolina Cavalry; Lieut. C. B. Morris, Ninth Alabama Infantry; Third Lieut. J. Miller, Williams' Arkansas Cavalry; Second Lieut. Robert Gamble, Ninth Alabama Infantry; Lieut. P. J. Noland, English's Mississippi Battalion; Capt. J. M. Hill, Dobbins' Arkansas Cavalry; M. C. Reidy (or Reading), Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry; Lieut. W. H. Michael, Fifty-Ninth Virginia Infantry; Second Lieut.

A. G. Pitt, Twentieth Tennessee Infantry; Adj. J. L. Hood, Fifty-Ninth Virginia Infantry; and forty-nine Confederate soldiers' graves marked "Unknown."

#### ROLL OF THE CAMP CHASE DEAD.

W. H. Lastinger writes from Waco, Tex., that among the dead Confederate prisoners buried at Camp Chase, Ohio, published in the January VETERAN, is "W. H. Leatinger," Twenty-Ninth Georgia Regiment, of which he was a member. Knowing nothing of the name "Leatinger," Mr. Lastinger supposes it was intended for himself. He is glad to report that he is "still on the top side of terra firma, and in the enjoyment of good health. Mr. Lastinger continues: "Until I read the January VETERAN I knew not where lay G. W. Bonds, William Hodge, R. McKinney, John T. Sirmons, Elihu H. Tygart, and William Anderson, orderly sergeant—all members, as was I, of Company G, and, as appears from the honor-roll, buried at Camp Chase. The invocations of thousands of Confederates will go up to Almighty God in behalf of Col. Knauss, who has done so much to preserve the memory of our departed comrades. The name of John T. Sirmons recalls to memory the fact that during the campaign of 1864, and before his capture in front of Atlanta, he marched and fought for weeks without pants, except the waistband and pockets. In all probability he was captured in that condition."

Mr. Lastinger, referring to typographical errors, states that "S. S." Smith was evidently "Levi T." Smith, a member of Company G.

The comrade makes this remarkable statement: "I can call the roll of Company G by heart, having committed it to memory from hearing it called so often by Serg. Anderson; and I remember the face of every member of the company, which numbered one hundred and twelve when the campaign opened at Dalton, in 1864. Our number was greatly reduced when we reached Jonesboro, August 31. In that battle there were only thirty to enter, and we lost ten of them. David T. Carroll, Henry Stokes, and J. M. J. McCranie were killed, and H. H. Knight, M. D. Knight, James DeLoach, John W. Peoples, and Aaron Moore were wounded. Two of these, Peoples and M. D. Knight, have died since the war."

A. J. Reynolds (Company A, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry), Welaka, Fla.: "In the *Utica Globe* of August, 1867, I saw an article about Capt. Jake Bennett saving his sergeant in a raid on a wagon-train on the Murfreesboro and Lebanon turnpike while we were camped at the forks of the pike, near Liberty, Tenn. As I was the sergeant that Capt. Bennett saved, this article brings him back fresh to my memory, and, not having heard from him in twenty-five years, I write to ask if any old soldier knows his whereabouts or ending."

H. L. Parker died at Bryan, Tex., in October, 1867. He was born November 26, 1833. In the great war he served as a member of Company C, Nineteenth Arkansas Regiment, and was with it when it surrendered as part of Churchill's Brigade, at Arkansas Post. After being exchanged he was with the Army of Tennessee, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division Corps. Mr. Parker married a niece of Gen. Ben McCullough.

## AFLOAT—AFIELD.

## Notable Events of the Civil War.

BY GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

Reaching the navy-yard at Yazoo City late on the 15th, we found a telegram from Commodore Lynch ordering a large number of officers with men to report for duty at Jackson. We made the trip via Vaughan's Station, arriving and reporting to the senior officer in person. I was sent on the 18th from Jackson with a detachment of recruits for the "Arkansas," at Vicksburg. This trip brought me officially aboard that victorious ironclad, now truly the queen of the Mississippi, and the trip was a joyous one for a subaltern. I



reached her on the 19th, four days after her achievement. There is still a happy recollection of the young and the old lieutenants of the "Arkansas," and even now I see them all "just as young as they used to be." Lieut. Barbot genially walked me below to the famous deck and detailed his comrades' work while giving his experience. The deck at this time was thronged with patriotic visitors, all anxious to see and hear about the famous boat. The dents by the ports of the (old-time) larboard broadside battery were proudly verified by the Lieutenant. I saw several visitors actually looking upon this veteran as a very plain-appearing gentleman, but not up to their ideal of a dashing naval hero. He made no covert criticism of his brother officers' deeds while praising them, and he felt that, being enrolled in the book of fame, with date of July 15, 1862, he stood in no need of manufactured laurels. Before my de-

parture I had the pleasure of shaking the hand and congratulating the executive officer, Henry K. Stevens, and as I turned on up the hill I saw him in active consultation with his officers, all on the alert.

I reported at Jackson the acceptance of the detachment making up the full complement of the "Arkansas." Of course we must remain at Jackson until the departure of the "Arkansas" for Baton Rouge, 4th of August, being held in readiness by the commodore, subject to the call of Gen. Breckinridge, against that city, and I then returned to Yazoo City, and within three days was aboard the "St. Mary" patrolling the river. Lieut. Shepperd's "Mobile" was placed on the stocks for ironcladding. We made Greenwood, one hundred and sixty miles north, at the junction of the Tallahatchie and Yallahusha. A fort was shortly to be located at this junction, to bear the name of Gen. Pemberton, a compliment justly won.

Our Confederate right was a series of batteries or forts twenty-three miles from the Mississippi on the Yazoo, at the first bluff, called Haines Bluff; our left, the fortified city of Vicksburg, and our line connecting these was nearly fourteen miles in extent, and was a natural fortification, strengthened by a year's labor of thousands of negroes, directed by the finest engineering talent of the Confederacy.

On the 12th of December the Federal flag-ship "Benton" left the main fleet in the Mississippi, taking with her the heavy "Cairo," the "Pittsburg," and the light-draft "Signal" and "Marmora." The last two had just returned from a reconnaissance, reporting the presence of both torpedoes and obstructions in the Yazoo. They now returned to the scene of these obstructions, supported by the ram "Queen of the West," and followed by the heavier vessels. The "Marmora" now moved slowly ahead, and the "Cairo" followed, to the objective point, which proved to be torpedoes. The "Cairo" was struck by two explosions—one under her bow, the other under her stern. So fierce was the first explosion that her guns were lifted from the deck. Commander Selfridge now drove the "Cairo" into the bank and secured her by hawsers, to prevent her slipping off into deep water; but she filled, and in twelve minutes sank in six fathoms, with only her chimney-tops visible. This "Cairo" now becomes the "Lost Pleiad" of the seven original sisters, the first lost of the seven—"Cairo," "Carondelet," "Cincinnati," "Louisville," "Mound City," "Pittsburg," "St. Louis." These, led by the "Benton," constituted the great squadron of the West. During this "business in the deep waters" the batteries blazed from the bluffs, Haines being the chief crowned height, and the "St. Mary" joined with her shot and shell the musketry from the rifle-pits. The fierce fire made it extremely hazardous for boating-parties to venture out into the stream. While the heroic city on the Mississippi was the Gibraltar of the Confederacy, we regarded Haines Bluff, aloft with its great guns and alow with its rifle-pits, as Gib. No. 2.

The lighter Federal boats now showed signs of demoralization, their upper works having suffered severely. The "Baron DeKalb" came out to their protection, and was compelled for some two hours to remain across current. She stood the fire from the heights, over thirty direct shots striking her. This was my first active engagement, and I remember well.

the curling clouds above the tree-tops of this heavily timbered region. While having our share of the cannonading, our chief attention was fastened on the "raft." This obstruction of the river consisted of fine cypress logs, lashed by large chains, with anchors at the shores, with more than thirty anchors resting upon the bed of the Yazoo. The cloud of smoke canopied our enemy and ourselves. How it deepened, darkening the heavens! and the fierce batteries from deck and bluff blazoned this scene with stinging flashes of sheet-lightning.

The rains made the roads quagmires for the enemy's troops and batteries, and his retreat gave the "St. Mary" a return to her patrolling. When we reached the navy-yard Lieut. Shepperd had taken charge of the heavy guns at the new fort, Pemberton, displaying energy and efficiency in manning them, as well as in felling the trees in the waters above the fort, in order to prevent the descent of boats; and he blocked the roads leading into Pemberton with abatis of the best-approved construction. At this point the Tallahatchie sweeps sharp to the east, and then returns, forming a horseshoe bend of some thirteen miles in length, while the neck of this peninsula is not more than a quarter of a mile wide where the Yallahusha enters—or, more exactly speaking, at the head of the Yazoo. Pemberton was built of earth and cotton. A deep slough was in front, while the right flank was barricaded by a raft similar to that at Haines Bluff. Here I renewed acquaintance with the famous steamer "Star of the West," on her ocean-built hull, and I went to see the last of her when she was sunk at this fort, ending her varied career from salt water to this quiet shade of peaceful fresh water. On the right flank of the fort and above the raft in the Tallahatchie the "Star" had a satellite, the "John Walsh," these vessels reposing close together. The famous Mississippi steamer, the "Pargoud," was sunk on the left flank, in the Yazoo proper, near Beck's Ferry. At this point I lost sight of Lieut. Shepperd. He went to the Potomac from the Yazoo, and bore a distinguished part in the closing months of the war on James River.

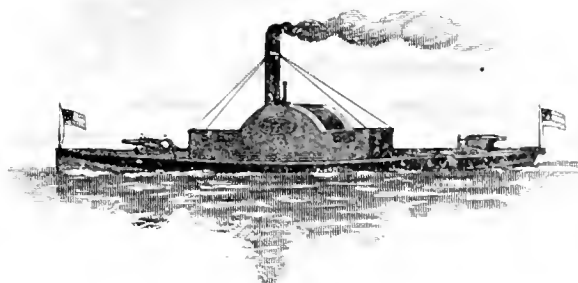
Capt. Shepperd, on a chance raid in his "Fredericksburg" against the Federal "Onondaga," on the James River, tickled Gen. Grant's left flank and menaced his base of supplies; for the Federal commander was now swinging to the south of Richmond, early in 1865. In his wrath he caused a retirement of Capt. Parker, of the "Onondaga." It is singular that this Capt. Parker "resumed" his naval service, and that his brother was at this time superintendent of the Confederate States Naval School, aboard the "Patrick Henry," at Drury's Bluff.

The "St. Mary" had a closer engagement with the Federal fleet at the time of Gen. Sherman's last attempt to carry the Bluffs, which ended on the 29th of December. Our forces had early notice or advices as to the Federal movement, and we discerned on the shores in well-chosen ranges where large bodies of Confederate troops were without tents or shelter, and for some time without even fires built, which were avoided to prevent the vigilant enemy gaining idea of their plans of movement. Heavy rain and freezing were endured nobly and uncomplainingly, and the men were rewarded with victory. Here on the Yazoo was revived the spirit of Valley Forge, of Revolutionary fame. You remember

how the sentinels, under the watchful eye of Washington, made their rounds in the winter, crimsoning the snow from their bleeding feet, but stood steadfast to the end. In what respect, save the incident of snow, does this spirit of 1862 differ from that of 1776? I noted with a great deal of state pride, which was natural, that Haines Bluff was justly regarded by the Federal forces as a perfect Gibraltar, and that Maj. George Purvis, in command, was a Louisianian, and had the Twenty-Second Louisiana Infantry in active service, under Col. Edward Higgins.

The "Benton" (lieutenant-commander, Gwin) appeared December 27, and, with several gunboats, again attacked the batteries of Haines Bluff. Over three hundred and fifty feet in length, this huge vessel was a bulwark for her minor consorts; but she was rather unwieldy, being liable to fly up head or broadside to the wind, and for this reason she was made fast to the opposite shore. She was finely worked. Her commander, aboard the "Tyler" at the battle of Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh), had thrown his eight-inch shells all night, crashing the branches of the woods which sheltered the Confederate forces, and, with the aid of the "Lexington," making one every fifteen minutes until daybreak. The guns of the "St. Mary" had an excellent vessel to train on, and, in conjunction with the shore batteries and musketry, we made her suffer in return for her commander's fierce work up the Tennessee River in the spring of 1862. The "St. Mary" took more pleasure in contention with this splendid vessel than with the gunboats and the torpedo-searchers, leaving them to the attention of the sharpshooters. Much of the time in the narrow bend of the Yazoo the consorts of the "Benton" could not very well throw shells without the risk of doing damage to her.

The "Benton" was handled well, despite the combined energies of our forces ashore, and much of this success was due to the active, fearless supervision of Commander Gwin. While many plunging shots



THE "ST. MARY."

passed through her decks, her bow casemates were actually shot-proof. But the exposure of the commander proved fatal. He stood outside the pilot-house or casemate, deeming that to be his post of duty. A fifty-pound rifle-shell tore away the muscles of his right arm and breast, but he lived two days. Acting lieutenant, George P. Lord, who came on deck at the disabling of his chief, was himself severely wounded. My commander had seen the latter officer during his term at the academy, and was much taken with his cleverness on this sudden succession to responsible duty.

This attack upon the Yazoo defenses of Vicksburg was repulsed, and the Federal fleet and troops withdrew. While Lieut. Cenas served in conjunction with our troops, he was lively interested in the way Gen. Smith ruled that all the regiments that served through these days of the Sherman-Porter demonstrations were alike entitled to bear upon their banners the blazon "Vicksburg," whether their victory was at Chickasaw Bayou or at Haines Bluff; it was all in defense of the heroic city. Said he: "It was Vicksburg that was being defended, a city already distinguished, and the name of which will always be a proud one and universally known." Gen. Pemberton ordered the blazonry accordingly, and directed Gen. Stephen D. Lee, whose brigade captured the four stands of colors on the 29th of December, to designate a staff-officer to carry it to Richmond; and Maj. Donald C. Stith was chosen.

The pluck of the little "St. Mary" at the wings and in the center of the Confederate line of battle was warmly regarded by several old-time friends of Lieut. Cenas, her commander. These gentlemen, both afloat and in the army, many times before the war sang with him, "The Army and Navy Forever!" and a number of them ordered from a jewelry firm of Yazoo City a superb silver shield bearing the blazon "Vicksburg" in gold letters, with scrollwork, for he had acted well his part in the defense of the heroic city. I recall an expression in his response to the donors: "That's what I came up here to do: my level best."

The withdrawal of the Federal invaders was indeed precipitate. The Yazoo was now able to flow unvexed toward the sea. Gen. Sherman's army, "terrible with banners," was, indeed, a "rather numerous" traveler to the "Arkansas," and that to a pretty lively tune; while the grand naval squadron of the West was no less forward in backing down and out of the river. Details of their joint expedition into the state of Arkansas came to us from our scouts, who were active and vigilant, and up to a few years ago I had preserved a large number of signals and messages which we succeeded in taking down on the fly, deciphering them direct from the hill-tops and other stations.

Returning to the upper Yazoo region, the "St. Mary" found her way into new waters, "side issues" of this rich river. Many a dark night we found ourselves cutting across "points," but with our bearings lost. Beating around in the darkness, we were often hailed by families from the second-story windows of their dwellings amid this dreary, oceanlike waste of waters. Our "St. Mary" steamed through this overflowed region under war's shadow, it is true, but when she ran into a colony of crows she struck a heavier shadow, that shade humorously called "mitigated mourning." Worse than their inky cloaks were their sharp, metallic voices. Often were we startled at the wood-top cawing of the crows "throughout the gloomy day."

This Yazoo River had, in 1851, a narrow escape from immortality in song. In the year 1 of compromise, Stephen C. Foster composed, at Pittsburg, "The Old Folks at Home." While composing this national melody he asked his brother to give him a name of a river, just two syllables, to fit into the verses. The brother said: "Yazoo." "Yazoo won't do," replied Stephen.

Then the brothers ran their fingers down the map, and in a moment of inspiration Stephen cried: "Swanee River, down there in Florida—just the thing!"

At the navy-yard I bade farewell to the "St. Mary," parting from my first commander when my resignation had been accepted at Richmond. Lieut. Cenas went subsequently to the gunboat "Gaines," at Mobile, and I started for Port Hudson, with the view of joining Fenner's Louisiana Battery, stationed there. Later, in the year 1863, on returning to the navy, I found, on reaching this gunboat, that Lieut. Cenas had been ordered to duty on the seaboard.

Mention was made aboard the "St. Mary," in May, 1862, of the first striking view of this Hickey's Landing post-office, or Port Hudson—these points a mile apart—as well as of Lieut. Cenas' suggestion that this country hereaway, either shore, from Red River down, must of necessity become battle-grounds somewhere, somehow. Red River, forty-five miles above, flows through a rich cattle country, and here I was reminded to look about me closely for material for that journal promised to Gen. T——, who had made me his vouchee. Brig.-Gen. W. N. R. Beall was in command of Port Hudson when the works were built, employing a vast number of slaves on both batteries along the bluffs and the land defenses. Maj.-Gen. Franklin K. Gardner had now been in command of Port Hudson since December, with twenty-seven thousand men. Gen. Beall held the left, Brig.-Gen. S. B. Maxey's Brigade the center, and Brig.-Gen. John Gregg the right, extending from the river. Gen. Maxey's Brigade was composed of the Fourth and Thirtieth Louisiana, Forty-Second, Forty-Sixth, Forty-Eighth, Forty-Ninth, and Fifty-Third Tennessee, and the Texas battalion of sharpshooters, Fenner's Louisiana and Roberts' Mississippi Batteries. Shortly after this the Tenth Arkansas and Watson's Louisiana Battery were assigned to the brigade.

The parapets of Port Hudson were indeed commanding, at sixty feet above the river and numbering eighteen siege-guns; average thickness of these parapets was twenty feet; the ditch below them was all of fifteen feet depth. I started in one afternoon at Ross Landing to make a kind of survey of the land defenses, this being a mile below town, hoping to come out at Thompson's Creek, half a mile north of town. The bold profile of these parapets was the mark of continual admiration, from the enclosed bastion-work near the river to that at the southeast salient of the line. I kept on to the north, parallel with the river, and passed the work near by the forks of the Bayou Sara and Baton Rouge roads. From the south battery on the river there stretched a line of fortifications, semicircular in form, ten miles north to its junction with Thompson's Creek and the adjacent swamp, which formed a natural defense above. Against approach of the enemy from the southeast the line of defense was very strong. It consisted of several lines of entrenchments and rifle-pits, with abatis of heavy trees, so felled that approach from almost any angle was well-nigh impossible. I looked from the northeast range of the rifle-pits, and a long line of earthworks could be seen, and I admired the glittering wave of the bayonets in the hands of our men occupying them. That was a play of silver gleam of our sharpshooters' rifles, and many times I felt that the gold of resolution and gallant endurance animated our infantry. The deep ditch which protected this line of defense was a fine bit of fortification for its solidity.

It was twelve feet wide. Enfilading breastworks commanding all approaches were located at short range.

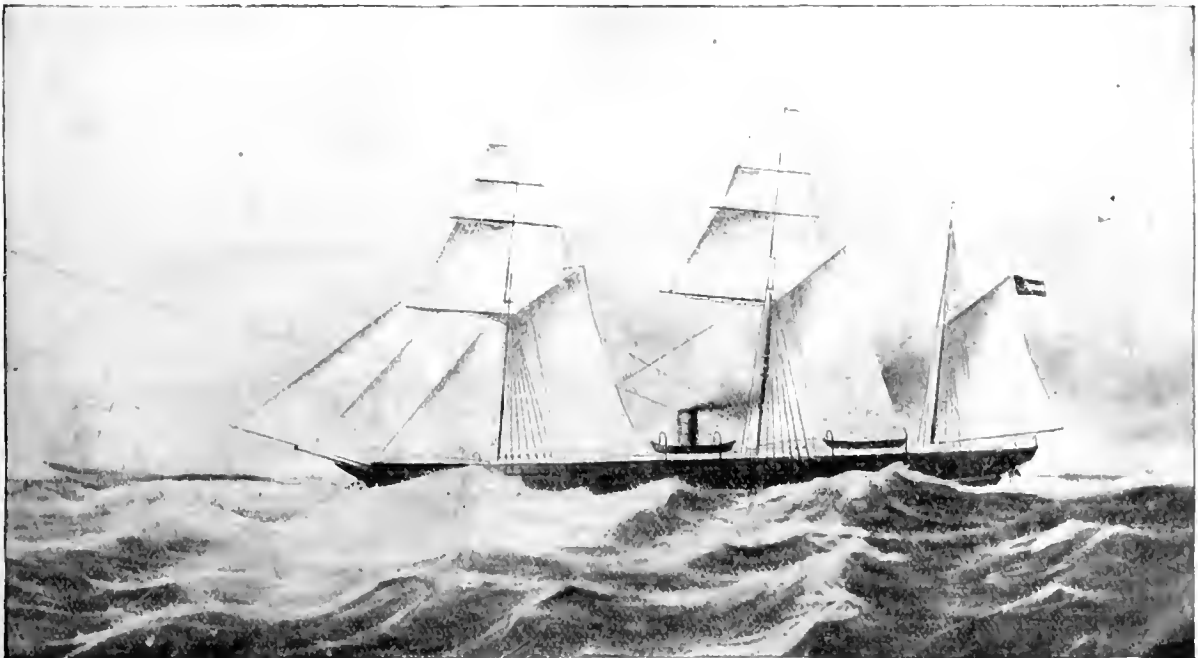
At this point I came across several cannoneers—Shute, Palfrey, Renand, Rogers—who also had been looking at the lay of the grounds, and they accompanied me to their battery, the Fenner, north of the magazine and two hundred yards to the rear of the breastworks. The cannoneers had recruited from members of Dreux's Louisiana Battalion, who had served one year along the Potomac. Capt. Fenner organized the battery at Jackson, Miss., in May, 1862. The guns of the Fenner were two twelve-pound howitzers, two six-pounder smoothbores, and two six-pounder brass rifled pieces. Here were many schoolmates and other townsmen whom I had not seen since 1861, and we had a time "swapping verities." I joined the battery on their picket duty the next night at Troth's Landing, below the fortifications around the "Graveyard," to watch the enemy's gunboats, which were expected up from Baton Rouge. Surely a year or two of war had matured us by this time, yet history must record that we found among the tablet tombs (level marble memorial slabs) a place to play a game of marbles, with due precaution, of course, and thus while away a great deal of the tedium of this service. Our beloved home circles would have been edified at this juncture, in the spring of 1863, to see flash-lights taken of our diversions after dark. Fortunately for the dignity of military history, no kodak nor flash-light tyrannized over these hillsides then. We would not have coincided with the dreams of the folks at home, who fondly pictured us pacing the lonely beat of the sentinel at the very hour we were leap-frogging or seven-upping or playing the schoolboy games at marbles.

The humor of this night venture was seen just after unlimbering, when there succeeded foot-races to preempt or homestead a flat tablet for a bedstead during

picket service. This cold stone was warmer than the damp Mother Earth—pretty much like that drawing for the great American magazine by the Virginia crayonist. This crayonist of Virginia makes a striking picture of a true incident at Fairfax Court-House "endurin' the war." In the court-house vestibule lay a long, planed pine box, holding the remains of an officer of the army, shipped for burial at home. As the crayonist, himself a colonel, casts an anxious eye on this substitute for a couch the sentinel warns him that "that box holds a colonel, sir." "So I told the sentinel that we would not disturb each other;" and so the two colonels repose all night. "Death and His Brother, Sleep," tells the story of these brethren in arms.

Of course none of these light-footed, light-hearted artillerymen, much less the writer and his comrade of the night, Cannoneer John K. Renaud, dreamed at this juncture that every yard of this line of defenses would be dyed with blood before the end came in midsummer. Still less did anybody anticipate that a national cemetery would be established both here and at Vicksburg where the great river between these Gibraltars was now a *mare clausum*, a closed sea or Mediterranean. Louisiana has four such cemeteries: Chalmete, Alexandria, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson. At Port Hudson repose 592 known and 3,239 unknown Federal dead. The four contain the remarkable number of 10,576 known and 10,285 unknown. Vicksburg has 3,935 known and 12,721 unknown Federal dead.

Federal maps number the Port Hudson batteries on the bluffs from the town south one on to seven down, but our boys, after the fashion of players, numbered the batteries after their favorite game, "seven-up." The line of land defenses was nearly four miles, and its bold profile, with eighteen heavy guns and thirty pieces of light artillery, tested the endurance as well as the *elan* of the Federal forces until the fall of the town.



Confederate States Cruiser Alabama (or "290")

IN CHASE

## GEN. MORGAN'S TELEGRAPH-OPERATOR.

In a letter from Monroe, La., March 14, 1898, George A. Ellsworth, the noted telegraph-operator, sends "another little item of unwritten history of the great war:"

After Gen. John H. Morgan had succeeded in crossing the Cumberland River, near Burkesville, Ky., July 2, 1863, on our way through Indiana and Ohio, Capt. Ralph Sheldon, with a detail of twenty-five or thirty men, was ordered to flank Columbia, Ky., and reach the Lebanon branch of the Louisville and Nashville railroad as soon as possible, and destroy bridges, trestles, and culverts on that line. I was ordered by Gen. Morgan to accompany Capt. Sheldon and find out what I could by the enemy's wires. We went to within three or four miles of Lebanon and commenced destroying bridges, etc., in the direction of Lebanon Junction, and made a clean sweep of all the structures for four or five miles. We destroyed the telegraph too, as we had no use for that end of the line, expecting to get all our information from the Lebanon Junction direction. This was begun about 4 A.M. July 4. At eight o'clock we had our work pretty well completed. I attached my pocket telegraph instrument, and found the current of electricity flowing freely from the direction of Lebanon Junction. The morning passenger was overdue at this road-crossing, which we learned from a Mr. Jackson, who resided near by.

I ventured to call up Lebanon Junction, signing the signal for Lebanon. The signals of these offices I had learned the year before. I asked the cause of the delay to the passenger-train, the one we were laying for, as we wanted to destroy the rolling-stock or motive power in particular, and cripple their means of transportation. Imagine my surprise when the operator at Lebanon Junction ejaculated: "Why, you sent a message around by Danville, Lexington, and Louisville this morning, saying a party of Rebels came to within three miles of Lebanon and destroyed the railroad and telegraph, and not to let trains come. And now you ask where they are!"

I thought my little scheme had miscarried, but I happened to be equal to the occasion, and quickly replied: "Well, that was the report brought in by some drunken section men, who were probably on a Fourth-of-July spree; and, failing to get your office, a message was sent around by Lexington. But you realize that the line is all right." I assured him that there was no foundation to the report, and told him to let the train come ahead. But he was suspicious, and said that if I would get a message to that effect from Mr. Knox, the agent there, they would let the train proceed. Luckily he said Mr. Knox, for I wouldn't have known the agent's name from a crow.

The required message, over Mr. Knox's signature, was quickly manufactured, of course, and I flashed it over the wire; and, to divert him from other questions that I would be unable to answer, I commenced on him, and invited him to come down on the train, as we were going to have a big Fourth-of-July jubilee that day and a grand ball at night. He "bit;" said he would come, and added: "I must hurry; the train is about to go." Well, he came, and he was one of the first prisoners that I captured. His name was Atwater.

A. J. Puckett writes from Hector, Ala.:

There were three of us—sons of Frederick Pickett, formerly of Duplin County, N. C., who moved to Alabama during the winter of 1832-33. Our grandfather, William Pickett, was in the Revolutionary war. His daughter, Mrs. William Farrior by second marriage, is yet living, in Kenansville, N. C.

We all enlisted in the Confederate army. James F., the eldest, was in Capt. Powell's company, Third Alabama Infantry. While stationed at Norfolk, Va., he was promoted to third lieutenant of Company I, First Alabama Cavalry. He died July 3, 1895.

We were all in the same company. Hugh F., the youngest, was first sergeant. He was an elder in the Primitive Baptist Church, and died of typhoid pneumonia at Okolona, Miss., May 17, 1862, soon after the first battle of Corinth.

I was wounded at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, imprisoned at Louisville and Cairo, and exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., December, 1862. I then joined the Sixth Alabama Cavalry, and was again captured at Bluff Springs, Fla., March 25, 1865; was imprisoned on Ship Island under negro guards, and paroled at Vicksburg May 6, 1865.

It seems like a long, long time since 1861-65. We old Rebels (?) — bless the word! — have had a rough, tough time since then. I am, if anything, stronger in the principles for which we fought than ever, having thought and read a good deal. There is nothing I am prouder of than the glorious record made by the immortal six hundred thousand, while I believe the thoroughbred Southerners are the best fighters on earth.

Perhaps we will have a history after a while—a plain statement of facts as to the causes of the war, numbers on each side, the record made by each side, the civilized or uncivilized mode of carrying it on, including treatment of prisoners and citizens by each.

My old army servant, Jim, now blind, is yet with me. He has not only proved a faithful servant, but a true friend. When I was wounded he went on the battlefield to bring me off, and came near being killed. A shell, with the "string" (fuse) still burning, fell by his horse's feet. He said he "didn't stay there long." In speaking of the fighting, he said: "Our men stood still and shot, they moved forward and shot. It was just like a shower of rain moving." He brought my horse, pistol, etc., home, and delivered them to my family. I have never known Jim to tell a lie or to be dishonest.

Rachel, my old cook from Virginia, is now dead. "Mama," as the children called her, had a poor opinion of freedom; she had a poor estimate of the negroes themselves. When I told her that she was free she commenced crying, and asked if I wanted to get rid of her. Afterward the old nurse came to see me again, lamenting her hard lot, and said that she "used to have a backer," but had "no confidence in these new-issue negroes."

Dr. John W. Hockman, Davis, W. Va.: "I would like to know the whereabouts of Benjamin Stavely and James Brack, who belonged to Gen. Loring's command, and were of the first troops that came through the valley of the Shenandoah. They camped around our home between Edinburg and Woodstock, Va., in 1861. Brack was taken sick and brought to our house in the care of Stavely."





Group of Florida girls with the "Stars and Bars" Otis Tarver's flag—Washington's Birthday.

#### FORTY-FIFTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

J. S. Carothers, Shannon, Miss.:

I thank Comrade W. T. Butt, of the Fourth Alabama, for his kindly vindication of my old regiment (Forty-Fifth Mississippi) in the March VETERAN. I can not see how Col. T. L. Power, who is mainly very accurate, could have made the mistake of omitting this command from the roster of Mississippi troops in the Army of Tennessee, or that it be left out as a constituent of Lowrey's Brigade.

It was the second command in age in the formation of the brigade, and was first commanded by Brig.-Gen. S. A. M. Wood, of Alabama, and afterward by M. P. Lowrey, of Mississippi. It was a part of the grand division organized at Bowling Green, Ky., in the winter of 1861-62, by Gen. Hardee. It was in the clash of arms at Shiloh, Perryville, and until he was promoted to lieutenant-general, being succeeded by Maj.-Gen. S. B. Buckner, and then by Maj.-Gen. P. R. Cleburne, until his brave life went out near the Federal breastworks at Franklin, in November, 1864.

In the early part of 1861, when volunteering was at high tide and the state government was unprepared and unable to arm and equip the troops as fast as tendered, Gov. Pettus ordered the commands to rendezvous at Jackson, to drill and become inured to camp-life until arms could be procured and equipage prepared, before turning them into the Confederate service. In response to this call seven companies were assembled at the capital. Company A, Capt. Duncan, was enlisted in Hinds County; Company B, Capt. Henry W. Martin, Itawamba County; Company C, Capt. E. F. Nunn, Noxubee County; Company D, Capt. Hammett, Choctaw County; Company E, Capt. McNair, Amite County; Company F, Capt. Wolf, Tippah County; Company G, Capt. William Houston, Pontotoc County.

Because aspiring men had obtained permission to raise commands for their special colonelcy, the project of recruiting three more companies to the seven, to make a regiment, was frustrated. These companies grew impatient of the delay, and the daily routine of camp duties grew monotonous as they read of exhibitions of glorious courage of their brothers in arms at the front. Each company was camped to itself, but they were in contiguous camps, as a convenience for medical aid, for the distribution of commissary and quartermaster supplies, and the division of camp duties, such as patrolling and guarding.

Those were grand old days, boys, before we met the wrinkled front of war. But the marplot came. A spirit of jealousy and unjust rivalry as to organization and the leadership of the composite command entered and developed a species of electioneering, moving, and checkmating among the aspirants that is refreshing to recall. At this juncture A. B. Hardecastle, a private of the famous U. S. Second Dragoons and one of the escort that came with Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston across the plains from California, entered as a formidable competitor for the honors, and his prestige as a soldier and by his preferment with authorities at Richmond and with Gen. Johnston, he was installed as major over companies A, B, and C, the other companies having been ordered to New Orleans. The commands, being constituted and christened the Third Mississippi Battalion of Infantry, as an exigency, were ordered to Bowling Green, Ky., landing there in December. The other four companies, having shipped to New Orleans, were without a commander, save the assumption of Senior Capt. Wolf, who, from his age and experience as a soldier in the war with Mexico, was accepted pro tem, as leader. After a short separation the troops at New Orleans were ordered to rejoin us at Bowling Green, which they did a few days before its evacuation and the retrograde movement of the army prior to the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, in February, 1862. Soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland will remember that movement, how they marched in the sleet and snow and how chivalrously they bore the disastrous news of the capitulation of Fort Donelson and the defeat of our troops at Fishing Creek, having no distrust of our general or the ultimate triumph of our cause. Ah, comrades! those were times that tried men's souls—with defeat, loss of territory, with the homes of our brothers in arms, and all our movements back, yielding, yielding, a tramp, tramp, narrowing our confines daily.

Our battalion then was identified as the Second Battalion, Second Brigade, First Division, and as an integral command was listed in our state's quota as the Third Mississippi Battalion of Infantry. Our encampment was three miles east of Corinth, on the M. and C. railroad, where we became a member of Woods's Brigade; and at the battle of Shiloh, by special request, were detailed for picket duty, for the assaulting line of Gen. Hardee's Division on Saturday night, and opened fire and maintained the fight against odds for one hour and fifteen minutes on Sunday morning before our advancing column came to our support and relief (see report of that engagement by Gen. Hardee), when they fell into their niche in the line, moving on in the fray. The list of the dead and wounded attest their devotion to courage and patriotism in this battle.

We did not rest or remain idle long after our return from Shiloh, for our major, always on the *qui vive* for duty at the post of honor and danger, by request was sent on outpost service beyond Farmington, on the Pittsburg road, remaining out there for several weeks, during which time we had several skirmishes with the Federal advance. It was while we were on this duty there was added to us two Alabama companies, made up from detachments, absentees, convalescents, and recruits of the Twenty-Seventh Alabama Regiment, which was captured at Fort Donelson; and an order, seemingly to pacify insubordination, was issued to hold an election at once for field and staff officers, and form a regiment. This election resulted in the choice of Hardcastle as colonel; Richard Charlton, of Raymond, Miss., lieutenant-colonel; and E. F. Nunn, of Shuqualak, as major. Our regiment was numbered as the Thirty-Third Mississippi, but finding that another command was entitled to and held that number (but not until we had been in the Munfordville capture, September 17), our number was raised in its "juniority" to the Thirty-Eighth Mississippi; then, after our participation in the battle of Perryville, October 8, we received our crowning pledge as the Forty-Fifth Mississippi. The Alabama companies remained with us until after their regiment was exchanged, when they returned to it, and our command of seven companies retained the regimental organization.

It has always been strange to me that our numbers were continually changing until just before the battle of Murfreesboro, when our legacy became fixed, and we were then to inscribe our flags as the Forty-Fifth Mississippi Regiment of Volunteer Infantry.

To be ignored in a report by a state official is painful indeed to a command whose courage was never questioned, but had manifested itself by sacrifices in every pass at arms where the Army of Tennessee marshaled and many minor engagements or desultory fightings, where courage paled only before numbers; and, had the war terminated differently, our old battle-flag, the "silver-moon" banner, with inscription on it of battles in which the troops were engaged, would have been vindicating testimony of her zeal and bravery. Let the blood of her field, staff, and officers of the line, with her manly men, which stained every battle-field from Shiloh through Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia to the finale at Bentonville, attest her devotion and sacrifices to the "Lost Cause."

It would be invidious to speak of the regiment in an isolated way, but suffice it the Forty-Fifth Mississippi was a real reality, a contingent of Lowrey's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, from start to finish, and in the brigade was associated with the Sixteenth, Thirty-Third, and Forty-Fifth Alabama and the Thirty-Second, Fifth, and Eighth Mississippi; and this fact alone would justify the assertion that they had plenty of war training and experience, as it was the pride of their generals to ever seek and be found in the whirlpool of battle. Her reputation was molded in the character of her superb commanders, and whatever of renown the associate troops won she aided in its achievement.

Now, I feel constrained, from a long and favorable acquaintance and friendship with Col. Power, to defend him of intentional injury and wrong, and must believe the mistake adverted to by Comrade Butt was an accident, and not design.

### PROVIDENCE OR LEGS SAVED HIM.

Often during the days that "tried men's souls" we found ourselves in places that tried also our legs, for we had to run, and run fast. On one such occasion, in 1863, we were so closely beset by the enemy that we were ordered to get out the best way we could, and for a little while it was every man for himself; but we managed to get back to our lines with very little loss.

After it was all over the boys talked a great deal of the exciting episode, and of course each one had his story of how narrowly he escaped. One of our regiment was noted for his long legs, and he made good use of them that day. A few days afterward he was writing home about it. He wrote well, and he had been brought up by a good Presbyterian mother, with a strong belief in divine providence, and his faith expressed itself in his letter. He read his letter over to a number of his comrades who were his neighbors at home. After a very graphic description of our dangerous position and our rapid retreat and our final escape, he closed with words to this effect: "I am bound to feel that it was the providence of God alone that saved us."

One of the boys in the company—a magnificent soldier, but not given to the religious view of things—was much moved by the vivid description of the scene, but at the closing sentence he entered his protest: "Providence? Providence of God, did you say, saved you? Not a bit of it! it was those long legs of yours that saved you. I'd trust such a pair of legs any time, rather than Providence, to get me out of a scrape."

### ASHBY'S TENNESSEE CAVALRY BRIGADE.

The second reunion of this brigade will be held during the sessions of the U. C. V. Association at Atlanta. This brigade was composed of Wheeler's First, Ashby's Second, and McKenzie's Fifth Tennessee Regiments and Akin's Ninth Tennessee Battalion. Survivors can obtain information as to the reunion from any member of the Executive Committee—to wit, John L. Jones, Columbia, Tenn.; Joseph T. McTeer, Knoxville, Tenn.; W. G. Allen, Dayton, Tenn.; or JAMES P. COFFIN, *Chairman*, Batesville, Ark.

J. M. Hudson, M. E. Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., wishes to obtain any information possible concerning Andrew M. Hudson, who was a member of Capt. Gracey's company, and reported as killed in the battle of Murfreesboro. It has never been learned whether he was buried on the field where he fell or his remains carried elsewhere. Any information in regard to it will be appreciated.

Capt. Thomas M. Angel, a charter member of Charles L. Robinson Camp No. 947, U. C. V., of Franklin, N. C., died on January 12, after a lingering illness. He commanded Company H, Sixteenth Regiment of North Carolina Infantry, from Macon County, under commission of May 14, 1861. He was never married.

S. H. Purdon, member of Camp Townsend, Calvert, Tex., died some time since, and was buried with military honors. He was from Mississippi, and served under Forrest.

General Order No. 27 of Mecklenburg Camp No. 382, U. C. V., Charlotte, N. C., calls for a reunion of the United Confederate Veterans of North Carolina, to be held at Charlotte May 20, that day being the one hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and the day for the unveiling of the monument which has been erected to commemorate the memory of the heroes who placed their names to the immortal document. It is meet that the survivors of the lost cause should join in doing honor to Mecklenburg's dead heroes.

#### LOUISIANIANS IN THE VIRGINIA ARMY.

The Army of Tennessee organization of Confederate Veterans had its annual banquet in New Orleans recently. Report of that occasion has not been furnished the VETERAN, but the *Times-Democrat*, on the Sunday morning following, contained an address by Capt. B. T. Walshe, President of the Army of Northern Virginia Association, in which he responded for that body as follows:

"I speak more particularly now of the infantry of that army, but to those named should be added such splendid soldiers as Col. J. B. Walton and Col. B. F. Eshleman, the first and last commanders of the famous battalion, the Washington Artillery, and of which the first four companies served in Virginia; and Capt. Louis E. D'Aquin and Capt. Charles W. Thompson, both of the Louisiana Guard Artillery, the first named killed while commanding his battery at Fredericksburg, and the latter also killed while in command at the second Winchester. These and many others have already joined the silent majority, excepting only four: Nicholls, York, Penn, and Eshleman.

"Mr. President, I will not attempt to speak of the glories of that wonderful army, the Army of Northern Virginia. That record is part of the history of the Confederate States, giving luster and prominence to the soldiers of the South; and as I can not add to the fame of our comrades and of ourselves as part of that army, still, sir, I may, I think, properly mention as far as I can recall the names of those gallant spirits who died doing their duty as soldiers. Necessarily brief, I will confine my remarks to the infantry, and to those gallant men only who were either instantly killed or mortally wounded while commanding Louisiana regiments or battalions of infantry serving in Virginia. . . .

"The recital of these memories of the past must bring to us all, as it certainly does to me, the warm friendships and affectionate regard we soldiers had for each other in those days of camp-life, marching, and battle.

"The Louisiana commands serving in Virginia were as follows: The First, Second, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth—in all ten regiments of infantry—the First, or Dreux's; the Second, or Wheat's Louisiana Tigers; the Fourth, or McEnery's; the First and Second Louisiana Zouaves; the Washington, or St. Paul's Foot Rifles; in all six battalions of infantry, the first four companies of the Washington Artillery, the Louisiana Guard Artillery, the Donaldsonville Artillery, and the Madison Artillery (Madison Tips), in all seven companies of light artillery.

"These commands lost in battle the following field-officers, killed or mortally wounded while in command: First Louisiana Regiment, Lieut. Col. Michael Nolan, killed at Gettysburg; the Second Regiment, Col. Isaiah T. Norwood, mortally wounded at Malvern Hill, and Col. John M. Williams, killed at the third Winchester; the Fifth Regiment, Lieut.-Col. Bruce Menger, killed at Spottsylvania Court-House; the Sixth Regiment, Maj. Arthur McArthur, killed at the first Winchester; Col. Isaac G. Seymour, killed at Gaines's Mill; Col. Henry B. Strong, killed at Sharpsburg, and Col. William Monaghan, killed near Shepardstown, and to these, I think, I can properly add Col. Joseph Hanlon, last colonel of the regiment, who was shot through the body at the first Winchester, never fully recovered, and died shortly after the close of the war; the Seventh Regiment, Lieut.-Col. Charles DeChoiseul, killed at Port Republic, and Major Aaron Davis, killed the day before at Cross Keys; the Eighth Regiment, Col. Trevanin Lewis, killed at Gettysburg, and Col. German A. Lester, killed at Cold Harbor; the Ninth Regiment, Maj. H. L. Williams, mortally wounded at Gettysburg; the Tenth Regiment, Col. W. H. Spencer, killed at second Manassas, Col. John M. Leggett, mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, and Major Thomas N. Powell, killed in front of Petersburg; the Fifteenth Regiment, Lieut.-Col. R. A. Wilkerson, killed at the second Manassas; the First Battalion, Lieut.-Col. Charles E. Dreux, the first Louisiana officer to fall in the war, killed in a skirmish on the Curtis Farm, near Newport News, July 5, 1861; the Second Battalion, Maj. Robert C. Wheat, killed at Gaines's Mill; and the Louisiana Zouave Battalion, Lieut. Col. Gaston Coppins, killed at Sharpsburg.

"And so it came to be regarded that the Army of Northern Virginia was invincible. At the last they were overwhelmed and overpowered by the vast armies recruited from every clime and commanded by that great soldier, Gen. U. S. Grant, who had his immense army supplied and equipped as no army has ever been in modern times."

The First Brigade, Florida U. C. V., met at De Funiak on the 12th of March for the purpose of electing a Commander to fill the vacancy made by the death of Gen. Chipley. The meeting was called to order by Commander George Reese, Camp Ward No. 10, with C. V. Thompson as Secretary. D. M. McKimmon delivered a speech suitable to the occasion, after which nominations were called for; and, on motion, Comrade George Reese was elected Commander of the brigade. This is not his first service in that capacity, as he served the brigade some years ago, and gave universal satisfaction. He had resigned on account of conflict of duties. The brigade is to meet at De Funiak every year, during the Chautauqua session, the day to be fixed by the Commander. On motion, the VETERAN was adopted as the official organ of the brigade.

Flournoy Rivers, Esq., refers such inquirers as C. C. Cole, Huntsville, Tex. (see March VETERAN, page 111), to the Bureau of Records, Col. F. C. Ainsworth, War Department, Washington. The records of Confederate organizations at Washington are very imperfect. However, Mr. Rivers' suggestion is good.

The following inscription is on the Confederate Artillery Monument in Chickamauga Military Park, near Chattanooga:

In Commemoration of the Heroism of Her Sons, Tennessee Erects this Monument. September 19-20, 1863.



REVERSE SIDE.

Huggins' (Freeman,) Capt. A. L. Huggins. Dibrell's Brigade, Armstrong's Division, Forrest's Cavalry.

Morton's Battery, Capt. John W. Morton, Jr. Dibrell's Brigade, Armstrong's Division, Forrest's Cavalry.

Huwald's Battery, Capt. Gustave A. Huwald. Davidson's Brigade, Pegram's Division, Forrest's Cavalry.

White's Battery, Capt. B. F. White, Jr. Harrison's Brigade, Wharton's Division, Wheeler's Cavalry.

RIGHT SIDE.

Scott's Battery, Lieut. John H. Marsh, Lieut. A. T. Watson, Capt. W. L. Scott. Smith's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps.

Carnes's Battery, Capt. W. W. Carnes. Wright's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps.

LEFT SIDE.

Mebane's Battery, Capt. John W. Mebane. Stonewall's Brigade, Buckner's Division, Polk's Corps.

Baxter's Battery, Capt. Edmund D. Baxter. Reserve Corps of Artillery, Buckner's Corps.

The dedication of the four monuments erected by Tennessee will be of much interest, unless it be overshadowed by military operations of the United States against Spain.

E. W. Lyen (lieutenant of Company H, Second Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command), Harrodsburg, Ky.: "The night following the battle of Perryville (October 8, 1862) eight or ten Confederate soldiers were buried in the cemetery here. The interments were under the supervision of a Confederate colonel. If he is still living, I would like to hear from him, or from any one who could give me the names of these soldiers. We contemplate placing a monument on the lot, and would like to inscribe their names thereon. Capt. Gabe Alexander, of Morgan's command, was killed in August, 1863, between the little town of New Hope and the Rolling Fork Church, in Nelson County, Ky. He had about fifteen men with him, and was trying to get South. They encountered a large body of Federals on the road, and Capt. Alexander was the only Confederate killed. If there is any one living who was with this gallant soldier at his untimely death, I would like very much to hear from him."

At the regular meeting of Marion County Camp No. 56, Ocala, Fla., on April 2, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. L. Ditto, Commander; J. H. Livingston, Adjutant; Dr. T. D. Crawford, Treasurer; and the veteran Dr. John Gordon Law, Chaplain. Commander Ditto writes: "Comrade H. C. Hemming, of Gainesville, Tex., is a member of our camp, and kindly remembered it lately in a very substantial way, and invited the whole camp to meet him at Jacksonville about the 12th of May to witness the unveiling of the Confederate monument in St. James Square, erected to the memory of our honored chiefs."

Mrs. M. E. Lemon, 3404 Caroline Street, St. Louis, Mo., is very anxious to locate a very dear friend of war-times, A. M. J. Handley, second lieutenant of Company B, Tenth Regiment, Missouri Volunteer Infantry. He was wounded at the battle of Helena, Ark., and captured. After his wound had sufficiently healed he was sent to a Northern prison, during which time he corresponded with Mrs. Lemon, and was afterward exchanged. From this date she lost track of him, and does not know whether he is alive or not.

#### PICTURES OF HENRY GRADY.

The VETERAN has secured a very handsome photo-engraved plate of Henry W. Grady, and will send prints on fine white lithograph sheets to subscribers renewing who will send a new name or names with remittances. The pictures will be sent in tube—one to the friend sending renewal and one to each new subscriber. This is a magnificent picture, and you can help the VETERAN by giving attention. This favor will be extended subscribers who have paid in advance without remittance, except for the new name or names.

Gen. A. J. Vaughan, of Memphis, Tenn., has published a personal record of the Thirteenth Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., and mailed a complimentary copy to each camp in Tennessee. Some have not been acknowledged, and others have been returned "unclaimed." Gen. Vaughan wishes to know of any camp that has not received a copy; and, if desired, he will mail one. This book will be a valuable addition to the library of any camp-room.

THE LAST ROLL.

Some Comrades Who Have Finished the Fight.

Chaplain R. H. Phelps was born in Parkersburg, W. Va., July 11, 1844. He enlisted in the Confederate service at the beginning of the war, serving with the Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded near Lynchburg June 17, 1864, losing his right leg. An incident which occurred there deserves to be retold in this connection. Maj. C. Milstead, of Portsmouth, O., a Union veteran, in an address to the United Confederate veterans at the Birmingham reunion, said:

My object in coming six hundred miles south from my Northern home is twofold. I am probably the only representative in this vast audience who marched and fought with the Northern army under the leadership of Grant, Sherman, and Meade, Sheridan and Hancock. I am here to commingle with the brave survivors of your army, who marched and fought under Lee, Jackson, Gordon, Longstreet, Albert Sidney and Joseph E. Johnston, with as honest conviction and as pure motive as were my own. The primary cause, however, of my coming here is to meet one of the bravest survivors of the Southern army, a man who to-day is fighting life's battle on one limb—the other he gave as a sacrifice to the cause he loved. I allude to Capt. R. H. Phelps, of Lagrange, Tex., whom I found on the field,



CAPT. R. H. PHELPS.

amid the carnage of war, suffering the pangs of death from two wounds received in the battle of Lynchburg, Va., on June 17, 1864. Our good chaplain, Joseph Little, who, long years ago, crossed the dark river, and to-day is bivouacked on fame's eternal camping-ground, and I kept Capt. Phelps at our headquarters, and did all we could during the long hours of an eventful night to alleviate his suffering. We cut his boots from his feet and kept his frightful wound bathed in cold water all through the night. We were lying close up to your line—so close, indeed, that we could not build fires without having them extinguished by lead from your guns. The next morning we fell back into a woods to reform our lines, and we carried Capt. Phelps to our field-hospital. We returned to the fight. That afternoon our army was forced to retreat toward the Kanawha Valley, and our Confederate friend was left behind.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since we, in the dismal woods in front of Lynchburg, delivered Capt. Phelps into the hands of our hospital attendants, and this is the first time we have had the pleasure of meeting since then. Every 17th of June since 1864 to 1891 I have never failed to think of this incident, and would

wonder whether my friend Phelps survived his wounds and was living. In June, 1891, I sent a detailed account to the Wheeling (W. Va.) Register, and Serg. Joseph E. McMohen, one of Capt. Phelps's comrades, seeing it, wrote me at once, giving me the Captain's address. We have been corresponding with each other regularly since 1891, and will continue to do so as long as we both live."

Capt. Phelps located at Lagrange, Tex., in 1870, engaging in the practise of law. In 1876 he was chosen prosecuting attorney of Fayette County, and as such broke up organized crime in the county. In 1877 he married Miss Nettie P. Shaw, a daughter of a veteran of the republic of Texas, who with two daughters, Mary and Nettie, and a son, John Bailey, survive him.

In 1884 Capt. Phelps was a Cleveland elector for the Tenth District of Texas. In 1886 he was elected Major-General of the Texas Division of United Confederate Veterans. He was a lawyer of eminence, a true Christian gentleman, loved by all the people of Fayette County, and was honored by all Texas. His death occurred March 24, 1898. His last request was that he be buried in his Confederate gray suit, with his badge.

James H. White, superintendent of the Confederate Soldiers' Home for Tennessee, died at the Home February 18, 1898. Comrade White was in his fifty-eighth



JAMES H. WHITE.

year. He was born near Franklin, Tenn., in which vicinity he had always lived, except during the war and after being called to take charge of the Confederate Home in another county.

He served in the Twentieth Tennessee Infantry, Battle's Regiment, until severely wounded at Peachtree Creek. He was paroled from a hospital at Cuthbert, Ga., after Lee surrendered. He was Secretary of the veteran organization of his regiment, and was faithful unto death.

Comrade White was one of the most steadfast friends the VETERAN ever had. His reports of new subscribers were pleasantly frequent and quite regular. He was a devout Christian, a Knight of Honor, a member of the A. O. U. W. and of the Masonic Fraternity. He was a charter member of McEwen Bivouac and Starnes's Camp Confederate Veterans. In a memorial tribute the bivouac gave a sketch of his career, in which they thus account for his promotion to second in command of his company for gallantry and unwavering courage: "He endured hardships without murmuring, and confronted peril without fear."

From his last report to the VETERAN, as Secretary of his regimental association, the following are extracts. They have not been published heretofore:

"The twenty-first annual reunion of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, Rutledge's Battery, was held at Concord Church, in Davidson County, on the usual date in September, 1897. There were present of companies as follows: Company A, 1; Company B, 26; Company C, 8; Company D, 4; Company E, 10; Company H, 3; Company I, 6; Company K, 1. Total, 59. Also the surgeons and five honorary members.

"At the twentieth reunion, held at Smyrna, in 1896, the regiment and battery gladly accepted the invitation of friends in the vicinity of Cane Ridge to hold our twenty-first annual reunion there. There were perhaps twelve or fifteen hundred present, who spent the early hours in hand-shaking and exchanging congratulations. Gen. Bate spoke, after which dinner was served, and all agreed that it was indeed the best reunion of all. After dinner the regiment retired to a convenient place, and was called to order by John Battle, our President, with J. H. White, Secretary. The minutes of the twentieth reunion, at Smyrna, and our participation in the grand parade on U. C. V. day in Nashville were read and approved, and the Secretary was requested to furnish the VETERAN a copy for publication. The committee on the monument to Gen. Battle made a verbal report. Comrade R. A. Jordan was unanimously elected chairman of this committee.

"The following were elected to honorary membership: Samuel Claybrook, Gen. W. B. Bate, James Wise, Freeman's Battery; Capt. J. G. Arnold, Twenty-Third Tennessee; and R. G. Clark, son of Comrade Dr. Clark, of Paragon Mills.

"The following were reported as having died since the last reunion: Henderson H. Hyde, Capt. P. G. Smithson, Company D; Ed Watson, William Barnes, John A. Bland, Company C; Samuel Jamison, Company E; Dick Carey, Company I.

"Gen. Smith, Dr. McMurray, and E. L. Jordan were appointed to draft resolutions and place them in the hands of the Secretary, in regard to the life, patriotism, and death of Maj. Fred Claybrooke. [See March VETERAN, p. 123.—ED.]

"Comrade Tim Johnson was elected President by unanimous vote. The next reunion will be held at Dr. Clark's place, near Nashville, September 16, 1898.

The Ex-Confederate Association of Chicago,

through a committee composed of Rev. J. D. Pickett, R. H. Stewart, and Samuel Sullivan, reports the death of Capt. William B. Phipps, a faithful comrade and official of the camp. He was a gallant officer in the Confederate army, and a reliable man in all relations of life.

R. E. Lee Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy and Sul Ross Camp of Sons of C. V. have recently been organized in Houston, Tex., and are now in splendid working order. To Commander C. C. Beavens, of Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., is due credit for these organizations, he having worked diligently for that object since his election as Commander.

W. H. McCunne writes from Chicago:

Charles Moore Scruggs was born near Nashville, Tenn., April 26, 1843. He enlisted early in the Confederate army, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, as a private in Company G, Seventeenth Tennessee Infantry, and continued until the close of the war. For several years after the war he filled the position of railroad station agent at Wartrace, Tenn. In November, 1875, Comrade Scruggs was married to Miss M. E. Davis, of Little Rock, Ark. They removed to Texas in 1879, living at Dallas, near Arlington, at Fort Worth, and near Enless, Tarrant County, hoping for improved health; but it continued to decline, and an attack of *la grippe*, in January, 1897, resulted in his death in June. He was an upright man, and an honored citizen of his community. He leaves a wife and six children.

Rev. R. H. Stuart died at his home in Pulaski, Va., on the morning of January 1, having been afflicted with heart-disease for many years. He entered Randolph-Macon College, at Boydton, at the age of seventeen, and remained until 1861, when he enlisted for the Confederacy, joining the division commanded by Gen. George E. Pickett. He was wounded in three different battles, and severely in the grand charge of Pickett's Division up the heights of Gettysburg. He had been a minister of the Baptist Church for eighteen years, and had done much valiant Christian work.

R. J. Baldrige died near Walnut Springs, Tex., in November, 1897. He was reared in Rutherford County, Tenn., and enlisted in Company C, Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., at the age of nineteen. He participated in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Chickamauga, and Murfreesboro, where he was wounded, and was also in many other battles. He was captured at Chickamauga, sent to Camp Chase, confined in prison twenty-two months, and was on his way to Richmond to be exchanged when the war closed. Comrade Baldrige was a Christian gentleman.

Maj. W. J. Sykes, of Tennessee, died at the home of his son, J. P. Sykes, in Memphis, the first of the month. He was a remarkable man. In advocacy of the development of the South he was very strong. During the war his record for gallantry, earning promotion to the rank of major, furnished a noble heritage for his family.

Comrade John Finchum died at Decherd, Tenn., March 21, aged sixty-two years. He enlisted under Capt. Rambaugh, Sixteenth Tennessee Cavalry. His first captain was killed in East Tennessee, and the company was then under Capt. Tom Williams.

The deaths occurring in Camp Sumter No. 332, Livingston, Ala., during 1897 were: J. J. Trott, Tenth Missouri Battalion of Artillery, on January 3; and Zach Tureman, of the Fifth Alabama, on August 1.

Samuel Henry Lockett, native of Mecklenburg County, Va., entered the military academy at West Point in June, 1854, from Alabama. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, who was also a cadet at the time, in a sketch of him pays high tribute to his standard of right and wrong. He won scholarly distinction, and was made second lieutenant in the corps of engineers. He was also elected assistant professor in the college. In October, 1860, he reported to Capt. W. H. C. Whiting (afterward a major-general in the Confederate service) as assistant in engineering work for the Eighth Lighthouse District, which extended from Charleston to Fernandina, Fla.

When Alabama seceded Second Lieut. Lockett re-



COL. S. H. LOCKETT.

signed from the United States service and entered that of the Confederate States. He was with Gen. Bragg, and constructed the defenses of Corinth, Miss., and succeeded Gen. J. F. Gilmer as chief engineer of the army, upon the staff of Gen. A. S. Johnston, and then with Gen. Beauregard until the battle of Shiloh ended.

During the worst of the conflict a regiment that had lost all of its field-officers was retreating in disorder, when, by direction of Gen. Beauregard, Lieut. Lockett rallied and led them into another attack. He was promoted to the rank of major for efficiency and gallantry. After this he constructed the defenses of Vicksburg and of the adjacent country. He was promoted to lieutenant-colonel of engineers, and, again, to colonel. After being exchanged as one of the Vicksburg prisoners, he was placed upon the staff of Gen. J. E. Johnston, and earned a lasting reputation as a military engineer of the highest order. He surrendered with the troops of Gen. Dick Taylor, in May, 1865.

In 1867 Col. Lockett was elected professor of mechanics and engineering in the University of Louisiana. In June, 1875, he was appointed colonel of engineers in the Egyptian army, upon the commendation of Gen. W. T. Sherman, then commander of the United

States army. Two years later he resigned that position with much honor in what he had achieved to accept the professorship of engineering and mechanics in the University of Tennessee. He was called from this service by Col. C. P. Stone to aid in constructing the pedestal of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty.

In 1888 Col. Lockett went to Chili, where he secured a railroad contract for the North and South American Contract Company of \$20,000,000.

Col. Lockett married Miss Cornelia Clark, of West Point, and five of their six children survive him. He died in October, 1891.

#### GEN. EDWARD L. THOMAS.

Edward L. Thomas was born in Clark County, Ga., and was a direct descendant of the famous Thomas and Lloyd families of Maryland. He graduated at Emory College, Georgia, in 1846, and early in 1847 enlisted as a private in the cavalry service for the Mexican war. For conspicuous bravery he was made lieutenant, and served with much gallantry until the close of that war. In a brave and daring charge of one battle (Huamantla) he captured Iturbide, son of the ex-Emperor and member of Santa Anna's staff. The Legislature of Georgia in 1848 passed resolutions commending his gallantry. After the close of the Mexican war he returned to Georgia, married, and went to planting; but when the war between the states began his patriotic zeal led him at once to the front. President Davis appointed him colonel, with authority to organize a regiment in Georgia (the Thirty-Fifth Georgia Infantry), which was "marched into service" at the battle of Seven Pines. In this battle Brig.-Gen. Pettigrew was shot from his horse, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. Thomas. The regiment went into this battle with old, remodeled flint-lock guns, but came out bearing the best arms of their enemies.

After that battle the regiments were brigaded by states, and Col. Thomas was assigned to the brigade commanded by Gen. J. R. Anderson; and when, during the battles around Richmond, Gen. Anderson was transferred to control and manage the Tredegar Iron-Works, he succeeded to command of the brigade.

Gen. Thomas was in nearly all the battles around Richmond. His command opened the battle of Mechanicsville, and was the only one to cross the famous pond in front of the enemy's works, and it held its position with unsurpassed courage until Stonewall Jackson came up. He was slightly wounded in this battle. He commanded his brigade in A. P. Hill's Division and Corps, A. N. V., the remainder of the war.

After the war he lived a quiet, retired life on his plantation in Georgia until in 1885, when he was appointed by President Cleveland to an office in the Land Department, and again, during Cleveland's last administration, as Indian Agent for the Sac and Fox Agency, Oklahoma, which he resigned under McKinley.

Gen. Thomas was Major-General of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., from 1895 to 1897, and the D. H. Hammond Camp No. 177, Oklahoma City, met and passed suitable resolutions on his death, which occurred at South McAlester, Ind. T., March 8. He was a member of Jeff Lee Camp No. 68, of the latter place, by which he was buried.

Benjamin Franklin Smith was born August 27, 1831 at Hillsboro, Tenn.; and at his death one of the noblest Confederates and one of the best of citizens crossed over the river. Capt. Smith was before and after the war a railroad man. He entered the employ of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad in 1854, and con-



CAPT. B. F. SMITH.

tinued until the outbreak of the war, in 1861. He then enlisted in Company F (J. S. Butler, captain) First Tennessee Regiment, and was engaged in all the battles and skirmishes of his command to the battle of Franklin, where he was severely wounded. His record in this respect is remarkable. Early after the close of the war he returned to the employ of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, and, with the exception of a brief residence in the state of Kansas, he continued in that service until his death, February 9, 1898. Comrade Smith's uniform courtesy and kindness in the exacting positions he filled merited richly for him the universal esteem in which he was held.

In reply to an inquiry in the March VETERAN, M. W. Stamper, of Stamper, Miss., writes: "A James M. Kelley, who joined the Confederate army in Missouri, and, I think, has told me that he was born in Ohio, lived in our county several years; was at one time surveyor of the county. I saw him last spring. He is a Baptist preacher, and his address now is Sebastopol, Scott County, Miss."

J. F. Spearman, of Yale, Miss., writes that, to the best of his recollection, one James Kelley died at his father's house during the war, and was buried on the place.

L. R. Spencer, a member of Company C, Barksdale's Fifteenth Mississippi Infantry, died at Del Rio, Tex., October 22. A comrade writes: "He loved the cause of the South and all old veterans and their people."

F. O'Brien, of Berwick, La., announces the death of Victor Penisson on September 30, 1897. Comrade Penisson was a member of Fuller's Heavy Artillery.

The Holly Springs (Miss.) Reporter: "Another noble soul has gone to recruit the array of Southern heroes on the other shore. Entering the Confederate army at the first call of his native state, Clifton Dancy rose, grade by grade, from the ranks to the position of lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-Fourth, one of the best regiments that bore aloft the stars and bars of Mississippi, the regiment whose banner was consecrated by the sacrificial blood of the immortal Sam Benton." Col. Dancy was popular in the broadest sense, while in his immediate family there was ardent devotion.

Dr. Fielding Travis Powell was born April 12, 1828, near McMinnville, Tenn. He was educated at Irving College, Tenn., and while there the productions of his pen first attracted attention. He studied and practised law until during 1858, when he began the practise of medicine, a throat trouble so affecting him as to make law practise injurious. During the war he was assigned to active service as surgeon on the battle-fields of Chickamauga, North Georgia, and Tennessee. A short sketch by him, entitled "A Touching Incident at the Battle of Chickamauga," in his personal experience, was extensively quoted. His pen was versatile. For different dailies and periodicals he wrote many patriotic war hymns, war editorials, and sketches. After the war he contributed to many journals of Georgia, and to some in Tennessee. Dr. Powell was the first



President of the Georgia Eclectic Medical Society, and was continued in that office for nine years. In 1857 he married Martha A. J. Powell (a distant relative), a daughter of Dr. Chapman Powell, an eminent physician and citizen of Atlanta, Ga. He died in Atlanta February 18, 1898. His widow and four children survive him—three sons and one daughter, Miss Ella M. Powell.



The sketch of Mrs. Mary Amarantha Snowden, of Charleston, which appeared in the *VETERAN* for October, 1897 (pp. 532, 533), made a profound impression. Its rereading will be the more interesting now that she has fallen asleep. The *Charleston News and Courier* begins a sketch of her career under the heading: "A brief record of a life which was spent in services to the city and the state, which will never be forgotten; a noble woman whose memory will always be cherished in the hearts of the people among whom she worked."

In this sketch the *News and Courier* says:

There is a beatitude of the faithful dead, uttered from the heaven to which they have passed, as truly as there is a beatitude of the saintly living, spoken upon that earth through which they strive. If the Son of God



THE LATE MRS. SNOWDEN.

utters his blessing upon the one from the holy mount, the Spirit of God proclaims the blessedness of the other from the very skies where it is made real. He says of them: "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." And this is the beautiful and impressive epitaph which has written itself in every thought with the first tidings that Mrs. Mary Amarantha Snowden has ceased from among the living. Rest from labor, and that labor always and ungrudgingly for others, could not conceivably come to her but with the cessation of life itself. For many years past infirmity of health, advancing age, and many trials conspired to make effort hard, and the necessity of respite seemed imperative, but the strong spirit overcame them all, so that up to the very last of life the great interests and tasks to which she consecrated her life received unceasing attention, supervision, and unwearying effort. . . .

But "the cause," though lost, was none the less dear. At Magnolia, the city of the dead, lie the remains of over eight hundred volunteers who fell in defense of the city. With several friends she, in 1866, formed a me-

morial association, and from the funds raised by this body have been erected eight hundred marble headstones, with the name, rank, and state engraved thereon, and a statue in bronze of a Confederate soldier surmounts the granite column standing in the center of the enclosure. But in honoring the dead the living were not to be forgotten, and in 1867 she bent her energies toward preparing a home for the mothers, widows, and daughters of Confederate soldiers. This institution, the only one of its kind in the Southern states, was founded in 1867. One dollar from a widow in Baltimore was the first donation. Widows and mothers of Confederate soldiers are here allowed a home and daughters are educated for a merely nominal sum, or as their means allow. Hundreds of the impoverished daughters of South Carolina have been educated at this institution, and many a widow and mother has found there a "home and a resting-place." Seventy thousand dollars has been raised for its support since its inception. When the design was barely digested, and its novelty had made the public doubtful of its ultimate success, Mrs. Snowden never hesitated a moment, but, with her sister, mortgaged their own residence for payment of the first year's rent on the building. But friends came forward, subscriptions to the good work increased, and the rent was paid. The building is now owned by the association, and the nucleus of a handsome endowment fund is in the banks.

#### IN HONOR OF LUCINDA HORNE.

To the Confederate Veterans of Edgefield and Saluda Counties, S. C., belongs the honor of being the first organization to raise a monument commemorative of the heroism and noble deeds of a woman during our dark days of war. Capt. G. B. Lake, the hero of the Crater, has the honor of first proposing the patriotic act, and he was the moving spirit in its final culmination. At a meeting of Abner Perrin Camp, Confederate Veterans, some years ago, Capt. Lake proposed that a fund be raised and applied to placing a shaft over the grave of "Aunt Lucinda Horne." There was a generous response. One old veteran, noble-hearted and brave old Sheriff Ouzts, said he was willing to give his all, as he believed if it had not been for the tender nursing of this good woman he would not have been with his comrades to-day.

Subsequently this fund was augmented, the monument purchased and erected, and in July, 1897, in the picturesque church-yard of Chestnut Hill Church, where rests in silent peace this heroine of the "Lost Cause," it was unveiled. A large number old soldiers and citizens repaired to the church, where an organization was perfected, and, after appropriate religious services, a procession was formed and marched to the grave, and, amidst bowed heads and sympathetic and watchful eyes, the monument was unveiled.

There was no orator of the day or set speech, but feeling addresses were made by Capts. Allen and Lake and Comrades Ouzts, Wright, Sample, and Amaker.

Much has been said and written of Aunt Lucinda Horne, but not enough, for truly she was one of the famous women of the South. At the very commencement of the war she, with husband and son, volunteered and went to the front, enduring all the hardships of a soldier's life.

## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

*Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.*

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, )  
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, ) Box 397, Charleston, S. C.

### ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT C. NORFLEET, COMMANDER, )  
GARLAND E. WEBB, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, ) Box 123, Winston, N. C.

### ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

T. LEIGH THOMPSON, COMMANDER, Lewi-  
burg, Tenn.

### TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

W. C. SAUNDERS, COMMANDER, )  
J. H. BOWMAN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, ) Box 151, Belton, Tex.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organization of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

We are glad to report a large increase in the number of camps since the last issue, nine having been chartered. They are as follows:

- No. 67. Camp Sul Ross, Houston, Tex.
- No. 68. Camp Oliver E. Edwards, Spartanburg, S. C.
- No. 69. Camp J. Z. George, Yazoo City, Miss.
- No. 70. Camp William Shippe, Hendersonville, N. C.
- No. 71. Camp Pickens, Pickens, S. C.
- No. 72. Camp Stone Fort, Manchester, Tenn.
- No. 73. Camp Olin M. Dantzler, Orangeburg, S. C.
- No. 74. Camp W. E. James, Darlington, S. C.
- No. 75. Camp Henry Buist, Charleston, S. C.

Besides these, camps are being organized at Elloree, Bennettsville, Florence, Edgefield, and Chester, in the South Carolina Division, and camps have been organized at Franklin, Ky., Crawfordville, Ga., and Jacksonville, Fla., and will apply for charters soon. At Vicksburg and Crystal Springs, Miss., and Ocala, Fla., camps are also being formed. In Mangum, Okla., one will be formed on the first Saturday in May, through the efforts of Col. J. O. Casler, Adjutant Veteran Division. The Veteran Camp of Tracy City, Tenn., has also written for instructions as to the necessary steps for the formation of a camp in that city. Commandant of the Veteran Camp at Chipley, Fla., requests information and papers for Sons there, and they propose to organize a camp. Others throughout that section are expected to organize this month. Thus it will be seen that the Veterans are taking an active interest in aiding the Sons to form camps. They will take part in the Atlanta reunion, and we hope to report in the next issue a large increase in the number of new camps.

Camp Henry Buist No. 75, of Charleston, S. C., organized last June, has a membership of ninety. This gives Charleston the proud record of being the only city in the South having two camps of Sons, while steps have been taken to organize a third, Sons of the Washington Artillery Regiment, which will be chartered soon. Camp Moultrie No. 4, of this city, is the largest camp in the federation, numbering two hundred and twenty-five members. The South Carolina Division now has twenty-seven camps, and it is expected that some ten or more will be added by April 27, when its third annual reunion will be held in Charleston.

Much interest is being aroused in Mississippi, and it

is especially pleasing to report the chartering of the camp at Yazoo City. Texas now has six camps, and a reunion will be held on the 21st of this month at Dallas, the result of which, we hope, will be to largely increase the number of camps in the state. As soon as the camp at Franklin, Ky., is chartered that division will have five camps, and can elect its own officers.

We are very anxious to hear of new camps in the Virginia Division, and wish that the comrades of that state would bestir themselves in the matter. The number now in that state should be doubled by the time of the reunion in Atlanta.

Vernon, Tex., proposes to form a joint organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy and Sons of Veterans, and obtain charters from the United Daughters and from our federation. It will be virtually two organizations merged into one, and we look forward with interest to the result. The headquarters of the United Sons has received a letter from Mrs. Ferrell asking for information as to the forming of a camp of Sons, and mentioning the proposed joint association.

A circular letter has been issued from the headquarters of the Sons with reference to the Southern school-book problem, enclosing to all camps for their attention a letter received from Mr. William C. Chase, of Richmond, who has interested himself for some time in this work and has begun the formation of a Southern School-Book Association, on business principles, for publishing text-books written by Southern authors.

It is useless for chapters of Daughters and camps of Sons to be formed and to endeavor to perpetuate these records while in the schoolroom their children are being taught false history and receiving their education from school-books which ignore or misrepresent the South. The circular letter sets forth the facts fully.

A good many of the camps are anxious for some definite practical object toward which they can work, so that interest will be kept up in their meetings and they may accomplish some visible good. This School-Book Association certainly opens the way for a noble work on the part of the camps. If they take hold of the movement and arouse interest in and for it in their cities and sections, and endeavor to have the school boards adopt Southern text-books, our federation will certainly have done a noble work in behalf of the South and its heroes.

We earnestly ask the help of every Veteran Camp in the work of increasing the strength of this federation of Sons by lending their influence and aid to the organization of camps in their cities and sections. We should have several hundred camps of Sons; and, if the Veterans will but lend their aid now, it can easily be done. Full and prompt information, with all necessary papers, can be had by addressing the headquarters, at Charleston, S. C. We can not find language strong enough in which to urge and beg the help of the Veterans in this work. The object of the federation appeals directly to them, in that it proposes to create and perpetuate a record for every member of the U. C. V. and of their comrades who have preceded them into eternity, to erect monuments to the brave dead, and to mark every grave where rests a soldier who wore the gray. Surely it is but right that the Veterans should give their influence and aid to forming these camps.

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THE "SLOCUM SYSTEM" THE MOST MARVELOUS  
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The entire system is fully explained in a new pamphlet brimful of testimonials, which will be sent, with three free bottles of this remarkable system of treatment, to any and all readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN who will send their name and full address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, The Slocum Building, New York City, and who will agree to use them for the relief of those who suffer.

Three Free Bottles of This Wonderful Treatment  
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THOSE WHO USE  
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by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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**QUADRENNIAL GENERAL CONFERENCE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, BALTIMORE, MD., MAY 4-28, 1898.**

On account of the Quadrennial General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, at Baltimore, Md., May 4-28, 1898, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points on its line to Baltimore and return at greatly reduced rates. Tickets will be sold May 2, 3, and 4, with final limit May 31, 1898.

The schedule accommodations via the Southern Railway are most excellent, and parties contemplating attending this meeting and desiring rates, sleeping-car reservations, etc., should communicate at once with nearest agent of the Southern Railway.

Charles Kennedy, of No. 1200 North Spruce Street, Nashville, Tenn., has recently made some medallions of the Sam Davis bust, and has succeeded better than others who have tried to copy this. Mr. Kennedy has them in composition at \$1, and plaster of Paris at \$1.50, and at either price expressage will be prepaid.

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BY J. WILLIAM JONES, D.D.

This is a "Southern Book on a Southern Man by a Southern Author for the Southern People."

Dr. Jones is author of "Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of Lee," "Christ in Camp," "Army Northern Virginia Memorial Volume," etc., and formerly Secretary Southern Historical Society.

The author says in the preface that the "aim of this work is to give, in a single volume, not only a history of the life and times of the great Confederate leader, but to gather and preserve choice selections from the world's splendid tribute to his memory, and thus be a prized souvenir in the homes of the people who loved him, and not unacceptable to others who are willing to know more of the man who played so conspicuous a part in American history."

The volume contains 672 large pages printed from new plates on fine calendered paper, weighs three pounds, and is illustrated by Mr. W. L. Sheppard, a popular artist.

This valuable work by Dr. Jones is a subscription book, and the price, \$2.75, has been reduced to \$2.25. It will be sent post-paid, with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$2.50, or free for five yearly new subscriptions to the VETERAN until an edition recently purchased is exhausted.

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**SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION, NORFOLK, VA., MAY 5-12. REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.**

On account of the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention at Norfolk, Va., May 5-12, 1898, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points on its lines to Norfolk and return at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold May 2 to 6 inclusive, limited to return fifteen days from date of sale, but if deposited with agent of terminal lines at Norfolk on or before May 16, the return limit will be extended fifteen additional days.

The schedule via this route is excellent, and parties contemplating attending the Southern Baptist Convention should communicate with the nearest agent of the Southern Railway.

**WAR RELICS WANTED.**

Manuscripts, war relics, etc. State price. Address Prof. W. R. Smith, Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.

Confederate Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Confederate Veterans who expect to attend Reunion at Atlanta or Charlotte should secure information as to rates, schedules, and accommodations offered by the Atlantic Coast Line before selecting their route.

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**Confederate Veteran** can both be had for \$1.50 a year. This combination is opportune, as the Constitution will contain a great deal more about reunion matters than can be expected in the VETERAN. Let thousands send \$1.50 for both. This is considered the best combination with the VETERAN that has ever been made, and the sooner accepted the better. Address VETERAN.

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To Whom it May Concern:-

We have printed the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the past year. The editions are as follows:

1897 - April, 15,100; May, 15,100; June, 20,000; July, 17,000; August, 16,000; September, 16,000; October, 16,200; November, 16,200; December, 17,000.

1898 - January, 16,000; February, 17,000; March, 18,000.

Average circulation, 16,633.

*Barbee Smith Agents*

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Grow fat as if stall-fed or fattened on oats.  
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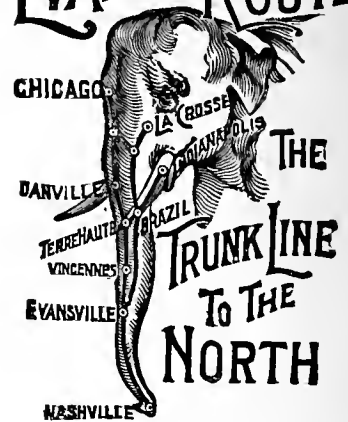
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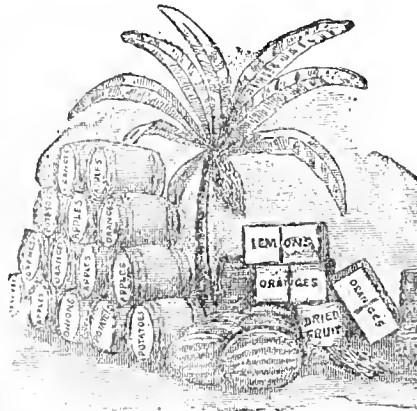
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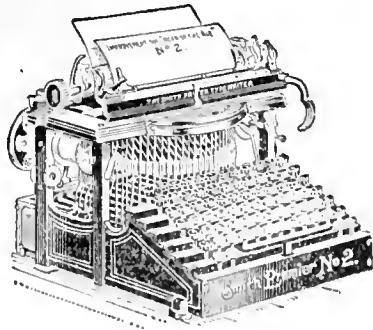
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Handsome historical lithograph, colored bird's-eye view of Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, Walden's Ridge, and portions of the Chickamauga field as seen from the summit of Lookout Mountain. Highest style of lithographer's art. On fine paper, plate, 10x24. Mailed for 10 cents in stamps. W. C. Rinearson, Gen. Pass. Agt. Q. and C. Route, Cincinnati, O.



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## A White Negro!

would be quite a curiosity, but not as much so as the **Afro-American Encyclopaedia**, which contains over 100 articles, covering every topic of interest to the race. The unanimous verdict of over 50,000 colored readers is that it is beyond all comparison the best work the negro has produced. Every colored family wants a copy. Agents are having a harvest of sales, and are getting the largest commission ever offered. Exclusive territory. Write for terms.  
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# REUNION UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, ATLANTA, GA.

## ROUTE VIA NASHVILLE, OVER NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA, AND ST. LOUIS RY.

Leaving any point in the West, Arkansas, Texas, and the Southwest, the veterans attending the Atlanta reunion will find the route via Memphis (Nashville,



TERMINAL STATION, TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

The exhibit in this building is continued; it has been enlarged with Confederate relics, and will be kept open all summer.

Chattanooga, and St. Louis railway) and Nashville the best and most historic; in fact, is the true "war route."

THE LINE OF THE WESTERN AND ATLANTIC RAILWAY (N. C., & St. L. Railway, Lessee) was made famous by the campaign in which the aggressiveness of Sherman was met by the skill and strategy of Joseph E. Johnston. This road passes through battle-grounds almost the entire distance from Chattanooga to Atlanta—first, Missionary Ridge; then, in succession, Chickamauga, Graysville, Ringgold, Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face, Mill Creek, Dalton, Dug Gap, Resaca, Adairsville, Altoona, Big Shanty, Brush Mountain, Kennesaw Mountain, Smyrna, and Peach Tree Creek. A volume would be required to give the details of the battles fought on the line of the

NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA, AND ST. LOUIS RAILWAY and the Western and Atlantic railroad.

The following officials of the line will take pleasure in answering questions, whether asked personally or by letter. Write, or see them, and they will arrange your trip in speed, comfort, and safety.

R. C. COWARDIN, W. P. A., Dallas, Tex.

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W. L. DANLEY, G. P. and T. A., Nashville, Tenn.



CHARLOTTE REUNION.

North Carolina doesn't expect a reunion of United Confederate Veterans, but the Mecklenburg celebration at Charlotte May 20, 1898, will interest the whole nation. Examine the above map and get tickets by the Seaboard Air Line. For particulars address T. J. ANDERSON, Portsmouth, Va., or F. B. TEACHOUT, Nashville, Tenn.

S. D. Robbins (Forrest's Cavalry), Vicksburg, Miss.:

Is it true that at the beginning of the war, and while the Confederate capital was yet at Montgomery, Ala., an agent of the Enfield Arms Company, of Enfield, England, had an interview with President Davis in the presence of Gen. Beauregard, Gen. Robert Toombs, and others, and that this agent offered to sell to the Southern Confederacy any number of stands of arms and take in payment therefor cotton, to be delivered to the said agent at any of the ports of the Confederacy? This statement is said to have had the endorsement of Gen. Beauregard, Gen. Toombs, and others. Is it true?

Mr. Davis says in his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," that he did not have arms sufficient wherewith to arm the volunteers as they offered their services, and he does not mention the above alleged offer of arms. Let some one who knows contribute the facts in regard to this alleged offer of arms.

It has also been charged that about this same time two young men, named Frazier and Trenholm, both of whom were then living in Liverpool, or Manchester, England, bought of the British East India Company an option on eleven large new ships, then just completed and ready for sea, and that they offered to sell those ships to the Confederacy. In his book Mr. Davis mentions the fact that he sent Capt. Semmes to the North to purchase ships, but he does not say anything of this offer from the East India Company.

The VETERAN does not believe in either of the above offers. Certainly large pay would have been made for arms if they could have been bought with cotton.

# Confederate Veteran.



VISIT TO ZEB VANCE'S COUNTRY HOME BY HIS OLD COMPANY TWENTY YEARS AFTER THE WAR.

The visit was expected; a sentinel was posted by a tent on the road of whom demand was made for "unconditional surrender, permitting retention of side arms, but no commissaries."

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Joseph Thompson, Proprietor; George W. Scoville, Manager.

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Yours very truly,

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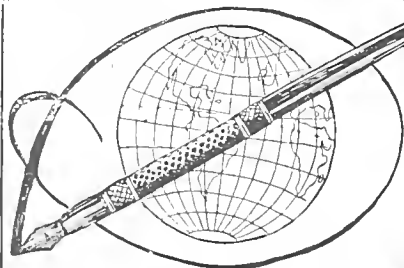
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*This splendid Pen, makers' price \$4, will be sent free with eight new subscriptions to the*

**Confederate Veteran.**

*Or the person sending \$4 for the pen to the Veteran can have a year's subscription for it free of charge. The Editor of the Veteran has used one of these pens since the publication was founded. Properly treated, it is always in order.*

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## WHITE SMOKE

A noted mechanical expert said recently: "I didn't know the QUEEN & CRESCENT used hard coal on their engines." Hesaw only white smoke, for the road uses all modern appliances for avoiding the nuisance of smoke, dust and cinders. The

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# Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 151,992; '96, 161,332.

Advertising Rates: \$1.50 per inch one time, or \$15 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$35. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is below the former rate.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

United Confederate Veterans,  
United Daughters of the Confederacy,  
Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

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

The VETERAN is approved and endorsed by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

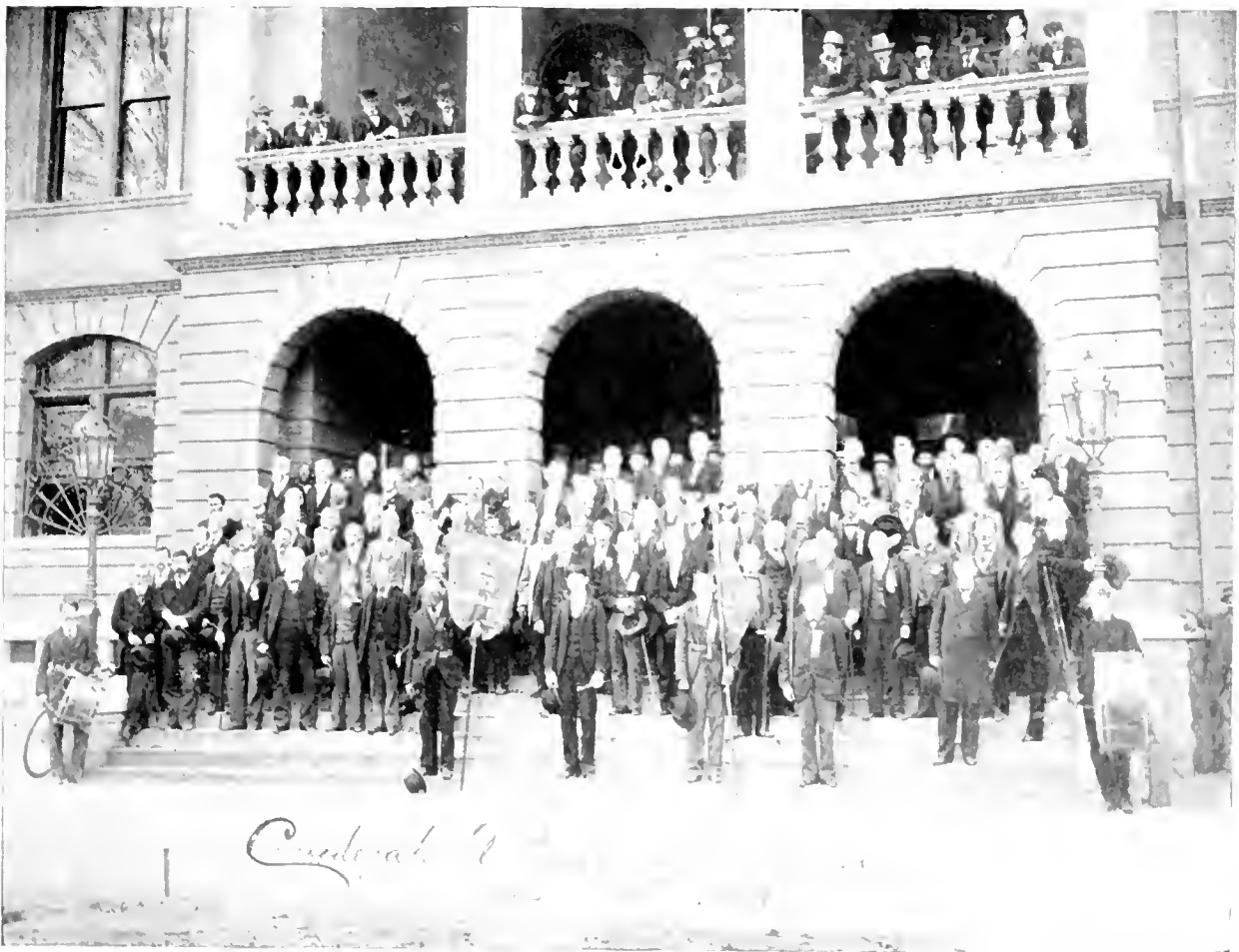
Though men deserve, they may not win success.  
The brave will honor the brave vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. (VOL. VI.  
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.)

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1898.

No. 5, } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
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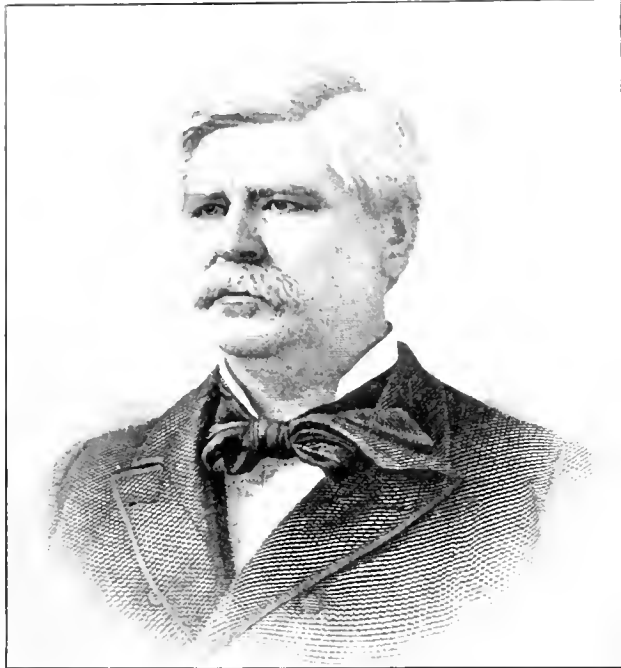


MECKLENBURG CAMP, CHARLOTTE, N. C., UNDER WHOSE AUSPICES THE MONUMENT IS TO BE UNVEILED MAY 20, 1898.

Commanders and Adjutants receiving extra copies of this issue will please use to best advantage. Agents are wanted everywhere, and preference is given them. The VETERAN should be well patronized by every Camp. Exchanges will do the VETERAN a special favor by reviewing this number. It deserves preservation.

## ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE.

One of the most conspicuous characters connected with the Southern movement for state rights and independence was ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE. A brief résumé of his remarkable deeds will beget in every loyal Southern heart sentiments of pride and of gratitude.



In the memorial volume published in his honor as United States Senator this summary is given by Mr. Ransom, his fellow Senator.

Zebulon B. Vance, of Charlotte, was born in Buncombe County, N. C., May 13, 1830; was educated at Washington College, Tennessee, and at the University of North Carolina; studied law; was admitted to the bar in January, 1852, and was elected County Attorney for Buncombe County the same year; was a member of the State House of Commons in 1854; was a Representative from North Carolina in the Thirty-Fifth and Thirty-Sixth Congresses; entered the Confederate army as captain in May, 1861, and was made colonel in August, 1861; was elected Governor of North Carolina in August, 1862, and reelected in August, 1864; was elected to the United States Senate in November, 1870, but was refused admission, and resigned in January, 1872; was elected Governor of North Carolina for the third time in 1876, and in January, 1878, was elected to the United States Senate; was reelected in 1885, was again reelected in 1891, and died at his residence in Washington April 14, 1894.

Extracts are here copied from Mr. Ransom's tribute:

His paternal and maternal ancestors both were Revolutionary patriots. The Vance homestead was a large frame building of the "olden time," with broad stone chimneys, indicative of comfort and hospitality.

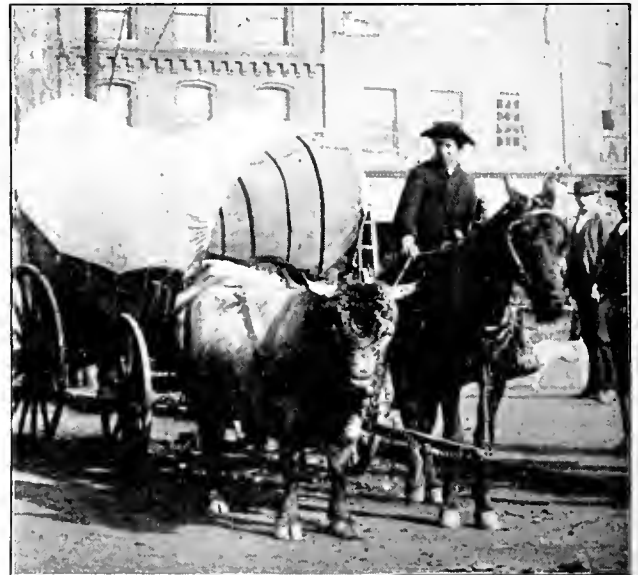
I know but little of his boyhood; but if the Senate will pardon me, I will speak of an incident that illustrates his character. In the canvass of 1872 I was with Gov. Vance in the mountain counties of our state. Passing from Asheville over the mountain to Burnsville, we

made a short stop at the home of Nehemiah Blackstock, not far from Ivy Creek. Squire Blackstock was nearly eighty years of age, and his good wife was but little younger. He had been the surveyor of Buncombe County for more than forty years. I shall never forget the meeting of Gov. Vance and that venerable couple. They fell on each other's necks, they embraced, and wept. They had not met for years before. The conversation was short — not a half-hour long — and consisted mainly of reminiscences. Vance, when a boy, had lived with the old people, and attended a country school close by. Mrs. Blackstock, beaming with joy, asked him if he remembered the scenes of his school-boy days, and vividly depicted his wild, wayward mischief, his frolics, his pranks, his plays with the girls, his wrongs to the boys, his visits to the orchards, his raids upon the watermelons, his practical jokes, his offenses to the teacher, and many similar aberrations.

Old Mr. Blackstock, with a benignant smile, said: "Well, you may say what you will about Zeb; he was a mighty bad boy, and hard to control, but he had one redeeming quality that made up for all his faults: Zeb would tell the truth. When you missed your eggs that you wanted so much for the preacher, and were so mad that they were all gone, and all the boys denied everything about them, Zeb came up like a man, and told that he took them, but he would not tell who helped him eat them. He would always tell the truth."

Three acts of his administration are justly entitled to be ranked as historic:

1. The organization of a fleet of vessels to sail from Wilmington, N. C., to Europe with cargoes of cotton,



MOUNTAIN TEAM IN ASHIEVILLE.

and return with supplies for the soldiers and essential necessities for the people.

2. In 1864 and 1865, when the resources of the South were absolutely exhausted; when our noble armies were reduced and hemmed in on every side, ragged, hungry, and almost without ammunition; when starvation and famine confronted every threshold in the South, and a morsel of bread was the daily subsistence of a family—in that dark and dreadful hour Gov. Vance

first appealed to the government at Richmond; and, finding it perfectly helpless to give any relief, summoned his council of state, and, by almost superhuman efforts, prevailed upon the destitute people of North Carolina to divide their last meal and their pitiful clothing with the suffering Union prisoners at Salisbury. Humanity, chivalry, piety, I invoke from you a purer, better, holier example of Christian charity in war!

3. During his administration as Governor in North Carolina, although war was flagrant, though camps covered the fields, though soldiers were conscripted by thousands, though cold-hearted men of ample means refused supplies to soldiers with bleeding feet, though the whole militia was armed, though thousands of deserters, refugees from duty, were arrested, though the War Department daily called for more men, though every art and artifice and device was practised to keep the soldiers from the field, though spies and traitors were detected and seized, though traders in contraband of war were constantly caught *flagrante delicto* and captured, though in all countries in time of war civil authority has been compelled to submit to military necessity and power—yet in North Carolina, during the war, the writ of *habeas corpus*, the great writ of liberty, was never for one moment suspended. Immortal history, worthy of Mecklenburg and the 20th of May, 1775!

In 1876 Gov. Vance was for the third time elected Governor of the state, and his administration was the beginning of a new era for North Carolina.

In 1878 he was elected to the Senate, and until he



MISS STELLA M. THOMSON, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

died remained a member of this body, having been four times elected a Senator. His record in the Senate is part of the nation's history. From the beginning he was an active, earnest debater, a constant, faithful worker, a dutiful, devoted Senator, aspiring and laboring for the welfare and honor of the whole country.

His heart every moment was in North Carolina. His devotion to the state and people was unbounded; his solicitude for her welfare, his deep anxiety in all that concerned her, and his readiness to make every sacrifice in her behalf was daily manifested in all his words and actions. Senator Vance was an uncommon



MISS MARTHA W. PHILLIPS, TARBORO, N. C.

orator. He spoke with great power. His style was brief, clear, and strong. His statements were accurate and definite, his arguments compact and forcible, his illustrations unsurpassed in their fitness. His wit and humor were the ever-waiting and ready handmaids to his reasoning, and always subordinated to the higher purpose of his speech. They were torch-bearers, ever bringing fresh light. He always instructed, always interested, always entertained, and never wearied or fatigued an audience, and knew when to conclude.

He rarely, if ever, spoke without bringing down applause. His wit was as inexhaustible as it was exquisite. His humor was overflowing, fresh, sparkling like bubbling drops of wine in a goblet; but he husbanded these rare resources of speech with admirable skill, and never displayed them for ostentation. They were weapons of offense and defense, and were always kept sharp and bright and ready for use. He was master of irony and sarcasm, but there was no malice, no hatred, in his swift and true arrows.

He believed what he said. He knew it was true; he felt its force himself; his heart was in his words; he was ready to put place, honor, life itself, upon the issue. This was the secret of his popularity, fame, and success as a speaker.

He did not skirmish; he marched into the battle, charged the center of the lines, and never failed to draw the blood of the enemy. Sometimes he was supreme in manner, in words, in thought, in pathos. He possessed the thunderbolts, but, like Jove, he never

trifled with them; he only invoked them when gigantic perils confronted his cause. In 1876, upon his third nomination for Governor, speaking to an immense audience in the State-House Square at Raleigh, he held up both hands in the light of the sun, and with solemn invocation to Almighty God declared that they were white and stainless, that not one cent of corrupt money had ever touched their palms. The effect was electric. The statement was conviction and conclusion; the argument was unanswerable; it was great nature's action; it was eloquence; it was truth.

No man among the living or the dead has ever so possessed and held the hearts of North Carolina's people. In their confidence, their affection, their devotion, and their gratitude he stood unapproachable, without a peer. When he spoke to them they listened to him with faith, with admiration, with rapture, and exultant joy. His name was ever upon their lips; his pictures were in almost every household. Their children by hundreds bore his beloved name, and his words of wit and wisdom were repeated by every tongue.

He loved the Bible as he loved no other book. All of his reverence was for his God. He lived a patriot and a philanthropist, and he died a Christian. This is the sum of duty and honor. He has gone. His massive and majestic form; his full, flowing white locks; his playful, twinkling eye; his calm, homelike face; his indescribable voice, have left us forever, but he still lives in our hearts.



VANCE MONUMENT, ASHEVILLE, UNVEILED MAY 10, 1898.

In his oration at the dedication of the Vance monument, Asheville, Gov. R. L. Taylor, of Tennessee, said:  
 . . . Never again will his people be entranced by

his eloquence, nor the enraptured multitudes listen to the music of his voice. Never again will solemn Senators turn away from their dignity to delight in the glow of his genial spirit. The warmth of joy has departed from his lips; the star that once shed glory upon the old North state has set forever. A coffin, a winding-sheet, six feet by two of Mother Earth, a monument, and precious memories are all that is left of the



MISS FANNIE BURWELL, CHARLOTTE,  
 Sponsor for Mecklenburg Camp.

orator and actor, the humanitarian, the statesman and patriot. . . . It would be presumptuous folly in me to parade in your presence to-day the noble traits of his character and the thrilling events of his life, which have enriched the history of his state and made his name immortal. They are thoroughly known to you all.

When I was a barefooted boy romping among the hills of Tennessee the news of his fame and the tidings of his marvelous campaigns used to come floating over the mountains. The boys heard his yarns, and rolled on the floor with merriment; the old ladies sat at the fireside and cackled at his anecdotes, and the sturdy old farmers listened to his stories in the fields, and stopped their plows to laugh.

No power ever checked the triumphal march of the youthful mountaineer to the glorious destiny which awaited him. No political foe ever withstood his wit and humor and logic and his matchless eloquence. They were his passports to the Legislature and to Congress while yet a youth in his twenties, and as he grew older his powers developed. His popularity was unparalleled, his influence was invincible. Through all his long and brilliant career his love for humanity never waned and his devotion to his country never cooled—always ready with a charming story to tell, always quick at repartee. And yet his logic was as convincing



as the sword of Stonewall Jackson at Manassas or as the guns of Dewey at Manila. He was as honest as Davis, humorous as Lincoln, eloquent as Daniels, as true to the hopes that perished at Appomattox as Gordon and Forrest, and afterward as loyal to the Union as Wheeler and Lee, who now wear the blue.

Senator Vance was a splendid thinker and a statesman of rare ability, but he always looked on the bright side of things, and no music was half so sweet to him as the songs and laughter of the merry throngs of country folks who gathered about him on every occasion with shouts and halleluiahs to while away the happy hours. And thus his busy life was spent in adding to the sum of human happiness. . . . I would rather trust my life and liberty in the hands of a laughing fool than in the hands of a frowning tyrant. Nations do not suffer when their rulers sincerely smile and govern with love and mercy; but God pity the land whose ruler frowns and rules with an iron rod, and God pity the ruler himself, for the harvest of his frowns is death!

The life of Washington eclipses the glory of Cæsar, and the beautiful reign of Victoria outshines the romantic record of Napoleon's rise and fall.

Laughter and love and hope and happiness are the companions of pleasure, the patrons and allies of civilization, the handmaids of religion, the evangels of God.

Senator Vance lived and loved and laughed and labored for his people and for humanity. He planted the flowers of mirth and joy in the hearts of others, and labored on until the winter of age whitened his head with the snow that never melts. But there was no snow upon his heart; it was always summer there.



**AN INTERESTING AND HISTORIC COSTUME.**

This bonnet was imported in 1864 through the blockade, and cost, untrimmed, \$45. The trimming is of silk, a "before-the-war" dress, dyed, the lining being of the white silk lining one of the flowing sleeves.

The scarf is also of goods imported from England, a gray flannel, figured with small Confederate flags in

colors, and is a piece of a dress proudly worn by a young lady of Wilmington in 1864.

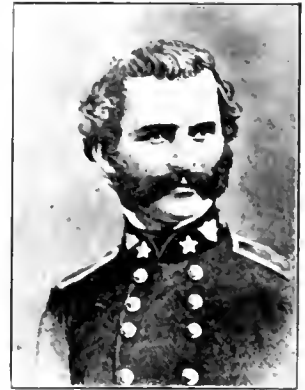
The fan is home-made, of goose-feathers, and was used by a war-times bride.

The little girl wearing them is Elise Emerson, nine years old, whose grandfather, Lieut.-Col. Murdoch Parsley, entered the Confederate service in May, 1861, at the age of twenty years, and fought all through the war, giving up his life at Sailor's Creek, Va., three days before Lee's surrender.

The special representative of the VETERAN, "L. B. E." who has been in that state the past several weeks, reports the most patriotic and hospitable spirit imaginable in every section, and she has made many valuable notes, some of which are held over to the June issue. Some sketches of valiant heroes are ready, but withheld for pictures; while some engravings are made for Confederates without the supply of sketches.

When this special number for North Carolina was determined upon, correspondence was had with Col.

H. A. Brown (now of Columbia, Tenn.), who rose from the ranks to command of the First North Carolina Regiment, soliciting his aid, and he at once sent a treasure, complimentary, in the roster of North Carolina troops in the Confederate army. This roster is comprised in four volumes, aggregating two thousand five hundred and twenty-three pages. This great work



GEN. GABRIEL J. RAINES.

was compiled by Maj. John W. Moore, was published by the state, and is after the order of the "War Records" published by the national government. All honor to the state that so records the names of all its soldier heroes! Col. Brown is half-brother to Gen. James B. Gordon, of whom a sketch is given in this number.

Robert A. Smyth, President United Sons of Confederate Veterans, has a fine report for the Sons' department held over for the June number, and much else of great value to this special number it is seen at the last must be held over to next month.

In the advertising sheet of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the new edition of Dr. I. William Jones's memorial volume of President Davis is announced as a book written "as by Mr. Davis." Mr. Davis died before Dr. Jones's book was written, and neither Mr. Davis nor I furnished a word of its contents, except that I gave Dr. Jones the resolutions in Mr. Davis' honor, hoping by their being collected in book form they might be preserved. This correction is due my husband and myself.

V. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

Rev. Dr. Rahn, of Jacksonville, Fla., in renewing his subscription, kindly calls attention to apparent "partiality for the Lees" in connection with the editorial, "Serious Words with Veterans," in the April number. The comrade is so considerate and so sincere that response is made herein, in the hope that thousands will appreciate the reference and the explanation. This is not to retract about the Lees, but to illustrate how easy it is to misjudge even the spirit of the VETERAN. It repeats the conviction that R. E. Lee was the most perfect character of the human race.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was named in that article because of his great prominence and deserved honor in connection with the Spanish question, and Gen. Wheeler was not mentioned because so many other worthy Confederates have expected record here of what they are doing to confirm their declarations through all these years as patriots to the common country and loyalty to the flag which has inherited such sacred associations.

The omission to mention Gen. Wheeler was regretted at the time, because of ardent admiration of his career in Congress, as well



GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

as in the Confederate saddle. No man of the South has been more steadfast and active in his devotion to our sacred memories, and no man more diligent in repelling misrepresentation by "the other side." All honor to Maj.-Gen. Jos. Wheeler!

In this connection is recorded the name of Mrs. S. J. Smith, a sister of Gen. Wheeler, very much his senior, whose last years were spent in Brooklyn, but whose sympathies for the afflicted South were as intense through all the years of reconstruction as were those of any human being. Another sister went to her heavenly reward from a Northern clime, equally devoted to the sacred cause of the Southern people.

While the VETERAN deplored the issues that broke the peace of the nations, it was gratified to see that Gen. Wheeler was of the first volunteers to buckle on armor again for his country, and it honored President McKinley in appointing him to so high a place, as it does for many other less prominent appointments.

Let comrades and all others understand that the

management of the VETERAN endeavors to be impartial, except on these lines: it favors its patrons who act from unselfish motives; then it favors, above all others, the poor private soldier who was faithful to the end; while it honors without alloy the memory of every man who gave his life in defense of his home and "Dixie."

A partiality to which the VETERAN admits guilt is toward illiterate comrades who never wrote for any other publication, and whose orthography is very bad; but when it is possible to put their recollections in print, it is done. They remember better than their learned comrades. Complaint is sometimes made of partiality toward the soldiers of one section over those of another. This was answered by a comrade who recently said: "It is your own fault; for, if your locality is neglected, you should write it up and send it to the VETERAN."

To publish the VETERAN as it is done is a Herculean task, and it has many defects in the ways admitted, but let the black ink be indelible that the best possible is done all the time. And just here a word about the duty of subscribers: All can see that Northern advertisers have never shown liberality to the VETERAN, although their patronage has been sought with diligence and at much expense; and hence its business depends largely, almost exclusively, upon subscriptions. The mail-list, giving date of expiration, has been maintained at an expense of thousands of dollars, so that every one can see at a glance just what is due, or whether paid in advance; and if each one should do that, help would be incalculable. *Will you look now to this matter?* If behind, and you can't remit at once, write and say when you think you will be able to do so. The VETERAN is sent in the confidence that every reader will try to pay for it, and it is credited to the poorest human being who will ask it. The expenses are large all the time, so please do not neglect to do your part in helping forward its noble purposes. Upon *you* depends not only its success, but its existence.

The effort to pay deserved tribute to North Carolina has been unsparing in every respect. Repeated data



GEN. A. M. SCALES.

of most remarkable events has been eliminated as nearly as practicable. Some articles of minor importance are being used in place of better that came too late; hence what is lacking in the May issue will be made up in the June, in the same number of copies, twenty thousand. The June issue is, therefore, specially commended

to all who are interested in the extraordinary record.

THE OLD NORTH STATE.

Two or three facts in connection with American history have induced the effort to present North Carolina in a special issue of the VETERAN; but, worthy as may be the attempt, the publication is so small and the accessible resources are so defective that this attempt is hardly a beginning of the extraordinary record.

Joshua W. Caldwell wrote a paper, which appeared in the VETERAN for February, 1894, upon Anglo-Saxon supremacy in the South. He quoted from the census of 1890 concerning Americans, in which he showed that for every 100,000 native-born Americans there were 17,330 of foreign birth. New York state, with a population of 4,400,000, had 1,600,000 foreigners—about 35 per cent. of the whole. In Illinois the percentage of foreigners was over 28; in Michigan, 35; in Wisconsin, 44.4; in Minnesota, 56; in Montana, 48.4; and in North Dakota, 80.4.

When we turn to the Southern States the contrast is impressive. The white population of Tennessee is 1,336,000, and of this number 20,029 are foreign born; that is to say, for each 100,000 native-born whites there are 1,500 foreign born. North Carolina is the most American of all the states, having a native-born white population of 1,055,000, and foreign born of 3,702, or for each 100,000 native born 370 foreign born. In the other Southern states there are: In Alabama, 833 native to 15 foreign; Arkansas, 818 native to 14 foreign; Florida, 225 native to 22 foreign; Georgia, 978 native to 12 foreign; Kentucky, 1,600 native to 59 foreign; Mississippi, 545 native to 8 foreign; Louisiana, 558 native to 49 foreign; South Carolina, 462 native to 6 foreign; Texas, 1,700 native to 152 foreign; Virginia, 1,000 native to 18 foreign; West Virginia, 730 native to 18 foreign.

The total foreign-born white population in all of the South is about 380,000, while Massachusetts alone has



STATE CAPITOL, RALEIGH, N. C.

a foreign-born population of 657,000; New Jersey, 329,000, or nearly as many as the whole South; New York, nearly 1,600,000, or four times as many as the South; Pennsylvania, 845,000; Ohio, 459,000, or more than the entire South; Illinois, 842,000; Michigan and Wisconsin, each over 500,000; and California, 366,000. Then, if we omit Kentucky, Louisiana, and Texas, the little state of Connecticut has 60,000 more foreigners than all the remainder of the South; and wee

Rhode Island, as large as an average county, has within 14,000 as many foreigners as the entire South, omitting the three states named.

It is a positive relief to turn to the South, and feel that there are still some Americans left. The small percentage of foreign-born voters in the Southern States is as follows: Tennessee, 3 per cent.; Kentucky,



CONFEDERATE GENERALS' HEADQUARTERS, WILMINGTON, N. C.  
An ancient residence of the De Rosset family.

7; Alabama, 2.5; Mississippi, 2; Louisiana, 10; Texas, 14; Arkansas, 3; Virginia, 3; West Virginia, 5; NORTH CAROLINA, 0.61; South Carolina, 2; Florida, 11; Georgia, 2.

Census reports of 1860, 1870, 1880, and 1890 show that, except in Kentucky and Louisiana, with the large cities of Louisville and New Orleans, and along the Mexican border of Texas, there has been no increase in foreign population.

The white people of the South are, in the main, descendants of a race known in the world's history as exemplars and champions of personal purity, personal independence, and political liberty. They are, moreover, almost exclusively descendants of the Americans of 1775.

Now, with this remarkable lineage, much has depended upon actions of North Carolinians to maintain ancestral record. By their noble inheritance, the highest duty of all Americans was put upon the "tar-heels." How well they maintained it may be seen.

In a review of the official war records the New York Times, before it got into the hands of a Southerner, a reliable journal containing "all the news that's fit to print," contained the following remarkable statement:

The heroic valor of the North Carolina troops excites the highest admiration; and Pennsylvania, which lost more in killed and wounded, in proportion to the number of its troops, than any other Northern state, can well send greeting to North Carolina, whose soldiers at Gettysburg did the hardest fighting on the other side. The Official War Record is the book of revelations as to both sides of the civil war. On the

Confederate side, North Carolina lost more soldiers killed than any other Southern State. The following was the total loss in killed and mortally wounded of several of the Southern States: North Carolina, 14,522; Virginia, 5,328; South Carolina, 9,187; Georgia, 5,553; Mississippi, 5,807; Louisiana, 9,714. North Carolina heads the list in the number that died of wounds, and 20,602 of her sons died of disease. North Carolina's military population in 1861 was 115,369, but she furnished 125,000 to the Confederate cause. The percentage of lost, killed, and wounded was greater in the Confederate armies than in the Union armies. At Gettysburg, the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina, of Pettigrew's Brigade, went into action with over eight hundred, and lost five hundred and fifty-eight in killed and wounded. That same regiment had only two hundred and sixteen men left for duty when it went into Longstreet's assault on the third day, and on the following day but eighty were left. On the first day, Captain Tuttle's company went into action with three officers and eighty-four men. All of the officers and eighty-three of the men were killed or wounded. On the same day, Company C, of the Eleventh North Carolina, lost two officers and thirty-four out of thirty-eight men, killed or wounded. Captain Bird, of this

F, Twenty-Sixth Regiment, went into action at Gettysburg with eighty-eight men and three commissioned officers—the captain and two lieutenants—making in all, ninety-one officers and men. Every man of the rank and file was either killed or wounded. Thirty-one, more than one-third of the number, were killed outright, or died from wounds. There were in the company three sets of twins, of whom five were killed or mortally wounded. There were sixteen men of the



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CHARLOTTE,  
By the Grove where Reunion is to Be Held.



MISS LILY HOKE,  
Daughter of Gen. R. F. Hoke.

company, and the four remaining men then went into what is called "Pickett's Charge." The flag-bearer was shot, and Capt. Bird brought out the flag himself. This was the severest regimental loss during the war.

In a letter to the VETERAN Capt. Tuttle—now a minister of the gospel in Texas—writes that his company,

same family connection, by the name of Coffey. Again, at the battle of Bristol Station, the company went into the engagement with thirty-four men and officers, of whom in a few brief moments thirty-two were killed or wounded. Six or seven were left dead in that dreadful carnage. He mentions a romance connected with the company. In 1862 a young woman, in man's attire, joined its ranks, received the bounty of \$50, donned the gray uniform, buckled on the regulation accouterments, and with gun in hand, drilled and did the duties of a veteran soldier for some time. Finally, to the great merriment of the whole army, she made herself known. Then, after having returned the bounty money, and replacing the suit of Dixie gray with a woman's gown, she went back in happy mood and with an enlarged acquaintance, to her mountain home. It will be remembered that the first commander of this famous regiment was Zebulon B. Vance.

Mrs. S. M. Wilson, of San Saba, Tex., illustrates the extent that North Carolina served in the army by mentioning that seven of her eight brothers were Confederate soldiers, and that she was twice married, and that both of her husbands were captains in the army.

NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS IN CONFEDERATE SERVICE.

Commander-in-Chief: Gov. John W. Ellis, of Rowan County, January 1, 1859, to June 7, 1861.

Aides-de-Camp: Col. Edward C. Jordan, of Person; Col. James R. Love, Jr., of Jackson; Col. Thomas H. Holmes, of Sampson; Col. J. N. Jordan, of Craven.

Adjutant-General: Col. John F. Hoke, of Lincoln.

Commander-in-Chief: Gov. Henry T. Clark, of Edgecombe County, June 7, 1861, to September 8, 1862.

Aides-de-Camp: Col. Daniel M. Barringer, of Wake; Lieut.-Col. Spier Whitaker, of Halifax.

Adjutant-General: James G. Martin, of Pasquotank.

Staff Captains: Augustus M. Lewis, Paymaster; John Deveraux, Moses A. Bledsoe, Abraham Myers. Assistant Quartermasters: A. Gordon, William B. Gulick, John C. Winder, Assistant Adjutant-Generals: James Sloan, Assistant Commissary: Alexander W. Lawrence, W. W. Pierce, Assistant Ordnance Department; Thomas D. Hogg, Charles W. Garrett, Commissaries.

Surgeon-General: Chas. E. Johnson, of Wake.

Commander-in-Chief: Gov. Zebulon B. Vance, of Buncombe County, September 8, 1862, to April 26, 1865.

Aides-de-Camp: Col. David A. Barnes, of Northampton; Col. George Little, of Wake; Lieut.-Col. John L. Morehead, of Guilford.

Adjutant-Generals: R. C. Gatlin, of Lenoir; Daniel G. Fowle, of Wake.

CONFEDERATE OFFICERS IN THE FIELD.

Lieutenant-Generals: Thophilus H. Holmes, of Cumberland; Daniel H. Hill, of Mecklenburg.

Bryan Grimes, of Pitt; M. W. Ransom, of Northampton.

Brigadier-Generals: Gabriel J. Raines, Junius Daniel, James H. Lane, Robert B. Nance, Lawrence S. Baker, James G. Martin, Alfred Iverson, John R. Cooke, William W. Kirkland, James B. Gordon, Thos. L. Clingman, Alfred M. Scales, L. O'B. Branch, Geo. B. Anderson, Robert D. Johnston, J. J. Pettigrew, W.



CAPT. JAS. FRY.

Noted in Blockade Running and for His Interest in Cuba.

P. Roberts, A. D. Godwin, W. R. Cox, Rufus Barringer, Collet Leaventhorpe.

Staff-Officers: Maj. James H. Foote, Maj. William A. Graham, Assistant Adjutant-Generals; Lieut. John B. Neathery, Majs. John Deveraux, James Sloan, Henry A. Dowd, Lieut. Thomas White, Quartermasters; Maj. Wm. B. Gulick, Paymaster; Maj. Thos. D. Hogg, Commissary; Lieut. Josiah Collins, Ordnance Officer.

Surgeon-General: Edward Warren, of Chowan.

Surgeons: Peter E. Hines, Medical Director North Carolina; E. Burke Haywood, James F. McRee, Wyatt M. Brown, S. S. Satchwell, J. W. Hall, Henry T. Macon, Thos. R. Micks, Benjamin F. Fessenden, William C. Warren, J. G. Broadnax, William T. Sutton, W. A. Holt, Otis F. Manson, Eugene Grissom, Daniel P. Summey.

Assistant Surgeons: J. C. Walker, Francis M. Henderson, Harvey L. Hines, James M. Abernathy, J. W. Jones, W. A. B. Norcom, W. H. Hall, W. A. Duggan, L. W. Robinson, A. E. Wright, William Little, Francis Gilliam.



MARY A. JONES. FRANCIS B. HOKR.

ELLEN D. HINDALE. ADELAIDE B. SNOW.

[Young ladies selected to ride in the procession when Jefferson Davis' body was received at Raleigh, N. C.]

Major-Generals: Robert Ransom, of Warren; Gadmus M. Wilcox, of Greene; W. H. C. Whiting, of New Hanover; William D. Pender, of Edgecombe; Stephen D. Ramseur, of Lincoln; Robert F. Hoke, of Lincoln;

On the 1st of January, 1861, the Legislature of North Carolina, in regular session, passed, by a large majority in each House, an act declaring that in its opinion the condition of the country was so perilous "that the sovereign people of the state should assemble in convention to affect an honorable adjustment of the difficulties, whereby the Federal Union is endangered, or otherwise to determine what action will best preserve the honor and promote the interests of North Carolina."

At the same time that the delegates were to be elected, the act required that the sense of the people should be taken whether there should be any convention or not. The election was held on the 28th of February, 1861, and upon the question of convention or no convention the official count showed a majority of 194 votes against the convention, there being 45,509 votes for convention and 45,603 votes against convention. The vote of Davie County, which was not received in time to be counted, would have increased the majority against convention some 200 votes.

Changes were daily taking place, however, and the



MISS JENNIE MITCHEL RANKIN, SALISBURY, N. C.

people were rapidly coming to believe that in united action by the South lay the only hope for the future.

In April, President Lincoln, after the capture of Fort Sumter, required of Gov. Ellis North Carolina's

proportion of an army of seventy-five thousand men, to be used in the coercion of the seceded states. This demand Gov. Ellis promptly refused; and he at once convened the Legislature in special session, declaring



MISS NESFIELD COTCHET, WILMINGTON, N. C.

in his proclamation that the time for action had come, and he recommended that twenty thousand volunteers be called for by the General Assembly to sustain North Carolina in her course.

A state convention was called by the Legislature on the 1st of May, and met on the 20th of May, 1861, in the hall of the House of Commons. On this anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration the ordinance of secession was passed, and North Carolina made haste to become one of the "Confederate States of America."

Many good people had hoped and prayed that the troubles between the North and the South would be peaceably arranged; but all hope of such result was now abandoned, and the whole state responded to the appeal to prepare for the war. From every county men pressed forward by thousands to enlist. Gov. Ellis was hopelessly diseased; but with great vigor he discharged the onerous duties of his station until his death, on June 9, 1861. He was succeeded by Col. Henry T. Clark, who was Speaker of the Senate.

Col. John F. Hoke was succeeded as adjutant-general by James G. Martin, late a major in the army of the United States. The forts, Johnston, Macon, and Caswell, were seized, as was also the Federal arsenal at Fayetteville; and in this way fifty-seven thousand stands of small firearms and a considerable store of cannons and ammunition were secured.

The people of North Carolina exhibited their patriotism, courage, and endurance under most trying circumstances. In the first revolution North Carolina had contributed twenty-two thousand nine hundred and ten men to the defense of the united colonies; in this second upheaval more than a hundred thousand crowded to the fray and grew famous on more than a hundred fields.

For more than a month before the memorable 20th of May, 1861, troops were volunteering and being received by Gov. Ellis from many portions of the state. The first ten companies were embodied in a regiment, of which Maj. Daniel H. Hill was elected colonel by the commissioned officers. They were at once sent to Yorktown, in Virginia.

## DEFEATS ON THE NORTH CAROLINA COAST.

On June 9, Gen. B. F. Butler, commanding the United States forces at Fortress Monroe, Va., sent a column of troops up the peninsula to ascertain the possibility of reaching Richmond, soon after, it became the capital of the Confederate government. Early the next morning the Federal advances became confused in the darkness, and two of their regiments fired on each other. At Big Bethel, on the next day, the regiment of Col. Hill supported a battery of the "Richmond Howitzers." There were also present two infantry and three cavalry companies belonging to Virginia. This force was assailed by the Federal army, but the attack was repelled and the assailants retired in disorder to Old Point Comfort. Only one Confederate soldier was killed in the action, and that was Private Henry Wyatt, of Edgecombe County. He belonged to Capt. J. L. Bridger's company, and was the first Southern soldier slain in the Confederate army. North Carolina, therefore, gave the first martyr to the South, and her troops participated in resisting the first Federal invasion of Southern soil.

Fortifications were necessary at Hatteras for the defense of the many broad waters covering so large a portion of the eastern counties of North Carolina. A small sand work, known as Fort Hatteras, with an outlying flank defense called Battery Clark, was the only reliance for the protection of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds. Before these weak defenses a large Federal fleet appeared on August 27, 1861, and, by means of its superior armament, lay securely beyond the range of the guns mounted in Fort Hatteras while pouring in a tremendous discharge of shot and shell. The Federals effected a landing on the beach, and Col. W. F. Martin, on the 29th of August, 1861, surrendered the fort. In two days' operations the whole tier of eastern counties was thus laid bare to the incursions of Federal troops and cruisers. There was great alarm and sorrow for the captured garrison, but the spirit of resistance was undaunted, and volunteering continued.

By the fortune of war in the Revolution, as again in 1812, the state was nearly always left with a small proportion of her own troops to defend the home of their birth; so also when the spring opened in 1862, though fully forty thousand men of the state were under arms, they were to be found in Virginia and South Carolina, except a small force left at Wilmington and Roanoke Island.

This condition of affairs did not result, however, from any indifference on the part of the general government to North Carolina, but because the main strategic points were in other states.

## ROANOKE ISLAND.

Roanoke Island was the only hope of defense for Albemarle Sound and the many rivers flowing therein. To defend it Gen. Henry A. Wise was sent with a small force to be added to the Eighth and Thirty-First Regiments of North Carolina Volunteers. On February 7, 1862, when Gen. Burnside, with a great fleet and fifteen thousand Federal troops, sailed up Croatan Sound and began the attack, Gen. Wise was sick, and Col. Henry M. Shaw, of the Eighth North Carolina Regiment, was in command. He made a gallant but unavailing defense. The Federals landed and moved up the island in the rear of the forts, which had been constructed to prevent the passage of vessels to the west of the defenses. The only recourse left was to abandon the lower batteries and concentrate the troops at a point near the center of Roanoke Island.

It was hoped that the morasses indenting both shores and leaving a narrow isthmus, would enable the small Confederate force to defend that position, but the large force of the enemy enabled him to turn both flanks, and nothing was left Col. Shaw and his command but to surrender, so they fell back to the northern end of the island and laid down their arms.

The battle had been bravely fought for two days, and the two thousand Confederates and their gallant leader, now captives, had inflicted heavy loss upon their assailants. The place was untenable against superior na-



HISTORIC MANSION ON EAST BANK OF CAPE FEAR RIVER, BUILT BY FIRST GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA, EDWARD B. DUDLEY, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF MR. JAMES SPRUNT, OF WILMINGTON.

val appliances, and quite men enough had been sacrificed in view of the impossibility of preventing its isolation by Federal fleets.

Another defeat was near New Berne. On March 14, 1862, Gen. Burnside, with the army and fleet so lately the victors at Roanoke, moved to attack the forts which had been constructed just below the junction of Neuse and Trent Rivers. Gen. L. O'B. Branch was in command of the Confederates. They had never been under fire, and consisted of the Seventh, Twenty-Sixth, Twenty-Seventh, Thirty-Third, and Thirty-Fifth North Carolina Regiments, a portion of the Nineteenth Cavalry, with Brem's and Latham's light batteries, and a small force of militia. They were stretched along a line from Fort Thompson, on Neuse River, across the railroad to an impassable swamp, which afforded abundant protection to the right flank.

The battle began at seven o'clock in the morning and continued until noon. The Federal attacks were repeatedly repelled until, by the giving way of the militia in the center, the Confederate lines were broken and a general retreat ensued. Gen. Branch lost two hundred



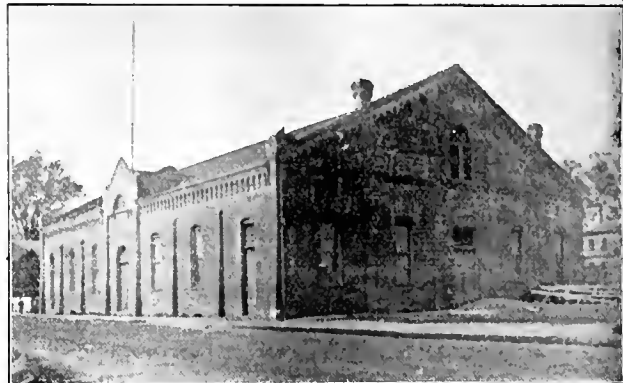
ARMORY OF WILMINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

prisoners and seventy men killed and wounded, and beside these all his guns and stores. He was beaten in his first battle, when perhaps naught but defeat was expected, but he soon won fine reputation as a brave soldier and a skilful officer. Victory is not always possible to the best generalship. He met in a few days at Kinston reinforcements that would have enabled him to hold his ground at New Berne.

The fall of New Berne sealed the fate of the Confederate forces at Fort Macon. Col. M. I. White, with five companies of the Tenth Regiment (Artillery) endured the Federal bombardment until the work was in danger of being blown up, when he surrendered the fort, on April 26, 1862. These disasters at home were indeed calculated to dishearten, but the effect upon the people at large was to increase the numbers of those who were still volunteering by thousands to defend North Carolina and the Confederate States.

The Fifth, Sixth, and Twenty-First Regiments of North Carolina troops were engaged on the 18th and 21st of July, 1861, in the great victory at Manassas.

Col. Charles F. Fisher was especially valuable in the aid he rendered in making the timely approach of reinforcements, but, after gallantly capturing the cele-

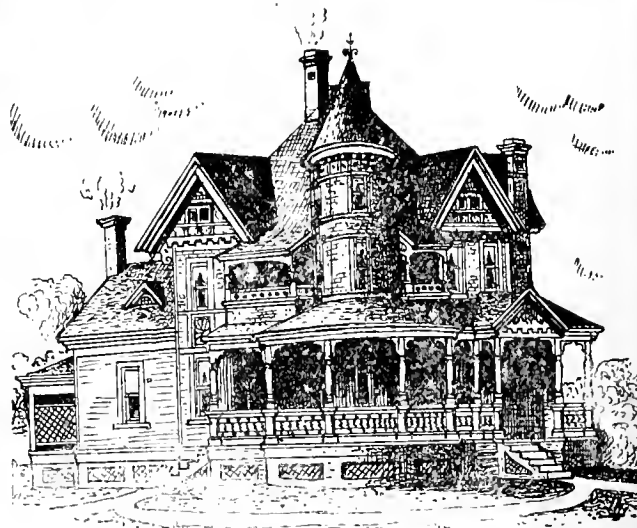


ARMORY OF FAYETTEVILLE LIGHT INFANTRY.

brated Rickett's Battery, Col. Fisher was himself slain in the battle. He fell at the head of his regiment, beyond the battery, while in pursuit of the enemy, between the two great armies struggling on the soil of the Old Dominion. In this conflict the charge of the Fifth North Carolina Regiment, under Col. Duncan K. MacRae, excited the admiration, and its terrible losses the sympathy, of both friend and foe.

In the bloody and glorious campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, where Gen. T. J. Jackson became immortal, before the coming of midsummer the gallantry of the Twenty-First Regiment at Winchester, like that of the Fourth at Seven Pines, was as conspicuous as it was bloody. In this latter battle, where so many other men of the state were slain, the Fourth Regiment, under Col. George B. Anderson, lost four hundred and sixty-two men out of five hundred and twenty.

In the last days of June nearly all of the North Carolina regiments and many other Southern troops were



PRIVATE RESIDENCE AT RALEIGH.

concentrated around Richmond under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee, in place of Gen. Johnston, who had been wounded at Seven Pines. In the week of



battle which ended in the overthrow of the great investing army of Gen. McClellan they lost thousands of their bravest and best. Ninety-two regiments constituted the divisions of Jackson, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and A. P. Hill. These were the forces that drove the Federals to their ships, and *forty-six* (half of all) of these regiments belonged to North Carolina, and it may be safely asserted that more than half the men actively engaged and disabled during the week were citizens of North Carolina.

Amid the exultation that filled the hearts of the people of North Carolina for the victories around Richmond there was grief in many families for heroes fallen in the discharge of duty. Cols. M. S. Stokes, Gaston Meares, R. P. Campbell, and Charles C. Lee, together with a great host of their compatriots, were gone, to return no more. It then seemed that the superior numbers and resources of the United States forces were powerless before the fiery onsets of the Confederates.

In the month of August, 1862, Zebulon B. Vance, of Buncombe County, then colonel of the Twenty-Sixth Regiment, was chosen Governor of North Carolina, over William Johnston, of Charlotte, who had been of late Commissary-General of the state.

The Maryland campaign, which occurred in the fall of 1862, was an event of general interest. In the battles fought in that memorable campaign the North Carolina regiments won great reputation, but a terrible loss of life. Gen. Branch was killed and Gen. Anderson received wounds at Sharpsburg of which he soon

small bodies of Confederates, but no fighting occurred except in Plymouth, which town was taken and held for a few hours by Col. Martin, with the Seventeenth Regiment, and then abandoned because of the Federal gunboats.

On Blackwater River, just below Franklin, in Vir-



MISS TERIBA GRIER, CHARLOTTE, N. C.,  
Maid of Honor.

ginia, there was a gallant conflict of a few cavalymen under Lieut. Thomas Ruffin, of the Fourth Cavalry, and a Federal double-ender. The crew were all driven from deck, and the ship lay at the mercy of the assailants until her consorts came up the stream from below and shelled the victors from their prey.

KINSTON.

On December 13, 1862, the South Carolina brigade of Gen. Evans, then stationed at Kinston, North Carolina, were surprised to see a few mounted Federal soldiers make an attack upon the positions then held by them. The Federals were driven back and pursued in the direction of New Berne. Suddenly the South Carolinians found themselves confronted by more than twenty thousand foes. In the speedy retreat that ensued Gen. Evans was unable to burn the bridge across the river, and effected his escape with some loss. He was the next day reinforced, and awaited the Federal approach under Gen. Foster on the Goldsboro road. But the Federals were seeking to intervene between that place and the one occupied by Gen. Evans. All of the morning of December 16, 1862, the masses of the Union troops were seeking to cross Neuse River at White Hall, but they were bravely met there by Gen. Beverly H. Robinson, who with the Eleventh, Thirty-First, Fifty-Ninth, and Sixty-Third Regiments and Battery B, Third North Carolina Battalion, withstood all their attacks and inflicted some loss upon the baffled invaders. The contest lasted for eight hours, during which Gen. Foster persisted in his efforts to drive off the Confederates, so that pontoons could be laid for a bridge across the stream in place of the one burned the night before. Failing to cross Neuse River at White Hall, Foster marched in the evening for Golds-



MISS CONVÈRE SPRINGS JONES, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

died, and left grief in many hearts for his untimely end. Col. C. C. Tew also fell in the same great battle. The particulars of his death were never known.

In North Carolina there had been comparative quiet through the spring and summer months. The Federal garrisons at Plymouth and New Berne were watched by

boro, and, having reached the bridge of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, burned it, in spite of the gallant efforts of Gen. Clingman and his brigade to prevent. Foster retired precipitately, the burned bridge being his only trophy from an expedition which was most threatening at its inception.

A period of inactivity succeeded the raid by Gen



MISS JOSIE CRAIGE, SALISBURY, N. C.

Foster which was only broken by the unsuccessful attack on the town of Wilmington, N. C. Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, who had made reputation as a division commander in the Army of Northern Virginia, was sent to assume charge of the Department of the Cape Fear, with headquarters in Wilmington. This city had been fearfully ravaged by yellow fever in the fall of 1862, and had now become all-important to the Confederacy as a port. Other Southern seaports were almost totally closed by blockade, and only at the Cape Fear was there left a hope of access.

#### CHANCELLORSVILLE.

On May 2, 3, 1863, the battle of Chancellorsville was fought. No battle of any age conferred greater honor upon the victors, save in the irreparable loss of Stonewall Jackson. North Carolina was never more gloriously vindicated than on this famous field. Ex-Gov. Graham, who was then in Richmond, said a few days afterward in the Confederate States Senate that "half the men killed and wounded at Chancellorsville belonged to North Carolina regiments."

After Gettysburg Gen. Lee was forced to return

with his defeated army to Virginia. On that last dread day of the battle, July 3, 1863, thirty thousand of the bravest and best, who had so long made the army of Northern Virginia unconquerable, were lost to our cause forever. Among the North Carolinians, Gens. Pender and Pettigrew, Cols. Burgwyn, Marshall, and Isaac E. Avery, were slain, and a host of subalterns likewise perished.

During the month of June, 1863, Col. Spear's cavalry raid in Hertford and Northampton Counties, N. C., was driven back by Gen. M. W. Ransom, and beyond this there were no movements of a hostile character in the state limits during the year.

#### PLYMOUTH.

The recapture of Plymouth, N. C., on April 20, 1864, was one of the most brilliant and successful affairs of the war. The youthful and gallant Brig.-Gen. R. F. Hoke was sent by Gen. Lee in command of a division, with which he surrounded the strong fortifications and took them by assault, capturing more than three thousand prisoners. The help of the ironclad "Albemarle" was very efficacious on this occasion, and her combat at the mouth of Roanoke River a few days later was one of the most stubborn naval engagements on record. Single-handed, Capt. Cook fought and defeated a strong fleet of double-enders and drove them, routed, from the scene. This expedition of Gen. Hoke secured his promotion.



MISS SADIE W. BARUCH, CHARLOTTE, N. C.,

Maid of Honor.

In that terrible campaign of 1864, in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and minor combats, which was not ended even when Gen. Grant began the siege of Pittsburg, the North Caro-

lina regiments were fearfully reduced. Gens. Ramseur, Daniel, and Godwin, together with Cols. Andrews, Garrett, Brabble, Wood, Spear, Blacknall, C. M. Avery, Jones, Barbun, and Moore were of those who sealed their faith with their life-blood.

#### REAMS STATION.

No battle of the war was more brilliant in its particulars and results than that of Reams Station, fought on August 24, 1864. So stern was Hancock's resistance that two bloody assaults had been repelled when the privates of Cooke's, MacRae's, and Lane's North Carolina brigades begged to be led to the attack in which their comrades had failed. Their officers complied, and with 1,750 muskets in the charge they took the works and captured 2,100 prisoners and thirteen pieces of artillery. The North Carolina cavalry regiments were also greatly applauded by Gen. Hampton for services in this battle.

#### WILMINGTON AND FORT FISHER.

The importance of Wilmington to the waning fortunes of the Confederacy was the greater because of the closing of other seaports by blockade. Gen. Whiting was an able and experienced engineer, and his main defense, Fort Fisher, on New Inlet, was pronounced by Gen. Beauregard as almost impregnable. Forts Caswell and Holmes, at the mouth of Cape Fear River, and the numerous works fringing both banks of the stream from Wilmington to the ocean, had apparently rendered hostile approach from that direction a thing almost impossible to any naval expedition.

On Christmas day, 1864, Gen. Butler, who had been at the capture of Fort Hatteras in 1861, came with an army supported by a great fleet commanded by Admiral D. D. Porter. This vast armada, carrying six hundred of the heaviest cannon modern science had then constructed, opened fire upon Fort Fisher.

The fort was reinforced by a few companies from other portions of Gen. Whiting's command, and later the division of Gen. Hoke arrived from Petersburg and took position in the entrenched camp at Sugar Loaf, four miles distant up the river. Gen. Braxton Bragg had been for some time in command of the department, and was present on this occasion.

All that Christmas Sabbath day a fiery storm of shot and shell was rained upon the fort, which answered slowly and deliberately from its different batteries. In the midst of the bombardment Gen. Butler landed his army on the peninsula above the land face of the work, but upon inspection of its strength he grew hopeless of his undertaking, and on the night of December 26, 1864, having reembarked, the fleet returned to Beaufort.

There was much joy and relief in this evident Federal confirmation of the reported impregnability of the great work, and congratulations occurred among the Confederates by the defeat of the costly undertaking of the invaders. Gen. Bragg withdrew Hoke's Division and all the force at Sugar Loaf except Adams Light battery and the cavalry, with the intention of attacking the garrison of New Berne.

He was signally interrupted in this undertaking when, on the night of January 12, 1865, Col. William Lamb telegraphed from Fort Fisher that the fleet had returned and the troops were disembarking for a renewal of the attack. Gen. Bragg hurried Hoke's and all

other available commands back to the rescue, but found the Federal army in complete possession of the ground between the fort and entrenched camp, and too strongly posted to be assailed.

The great fleet opened fire upon the land face, and, having dismounted all but one of the twenty-two heavy guns defending that flank, on the evening of the 15th Gen. Terry, by signal, changed the fire of the fleet to the sea face batteries. The three Federal brigades that had worked their way close up sprang forward in a charge that resulted in the capture of seven traverses and four hundred prisoners. The assailants lost their three commanders and five hundred men. It was a fatal blow. The Federals could not be dislodged, and after brave and unavailing combat within the works, Fort Fisher was taken, and its garrison, numbering two thousand men, became prisoners. Gen. Whiting and Col. Lamb were both badly wounded, and the former soon died of his injuries.

With the fall of Fort Fisher the fate of Wilmington was sealed. With the Federal troops in such a posi-



CAPT. J. L. MAFFITT,

One of the Famous Blockade Runners.

tion the port was most effectively closed. The last connection of the beleaguered Confederacy with the outer world was thus broken, and North Carolina with beating heart listened to the approaching footsteps of countless invaders. Gen. Lee, who had been made general-in-chief of all the Southern armies, selected Joseph E. Johnston to command in North Carolina.

Gen. Bragg's forces, having retired from Wilmington, met the corps of Maj.-Gen. Schofield in an unsuccessful engagement at Kinston March 8, 1865, and retired upon Goldsboro. This command, with the troops lately in Charleston and Savannah, the remnant of the Army of Tennessee and Hampton's Division from Virginia, soon made an army of 25,000 men, under the command of Gen. Johnston.

Against him came the larger combined armies of Gens. Sherman and Schofield, the corps of Gen. Terry. In addition to these overwhelming forces another column approached from the west under Gen. Stoneman.

## INCIDENTS IN BLOCKADE-RUNNING.

Signal-Officer Daniel Shepherd Stevenson has written for the archives of the Daughters of the Confederacy at Wilmington, N. C., a sketch, from which the following is taken:

In the soft, mild days of October, 1864, while we lingered at our cottage by the sea, on Confederate Point, I witnessed the most exciting and most interesting scene of my life. It was during dark nights that blockade-runners always made their trips, and the bar was shelled whenever one was expected. The "Little Hattie," a blockade-runner, on which my nephew, D. S. Stevenson, was signal-officer, was expected, and the bar was vigorously shelled each night to keep the blockading fleet at a safe distance.

Capt. Lebbly, a dashing young South Carolinian, commander of the "Little Hattie," had ordered the fires banked just at the dawning of the day, as they neared Cape Lookout, intending to wait until the next night, when he would run down the coast and come in through New Inlet at Fort Fisher; but before the order could be carried into effect he saw, by the movement on the Yankee fleet stationed off Cape Lookout, that his vessel had been discovered. Immediately he rescinded the command, and, turning to Lieut. Clancey, first mate, and to Dan, said: "They see us, and I am afraid we shall be captured, but we will give them a lively race for it." Then, turning to one of the men, he said: "Tell the engineer to crowd on the steam, have the fireman to feed the furnace with Nassau bacon, and we will make this run in broad daylight." The Captain then directed Clancey to run up the "fox and chicken" (the private flag of the "Little Hattie"), throw out the stars and bars, and fling to the breeze every inch of bunting on board, saying: "If we must die, we will die game."

The fires on the Yankee fleet had been banked before the "Little Hattie" was sighted, and it took some time to clear out the furnaces and raise steam. Thus the "Little Hattie" had some start of her enemies, and well she responded to her extra steam. Young Stevenson said that to his anxious mind it seemed that at every pulsation of her great iron heart her tough oak-

en sinews would quiver as though instinct with life, and she seemed to leap out of the water. Eight blockading steamers joined in the chase, and kept up a murderous shower of shot and shell.

The foregoing my nephew told me; what follows I witnessed. About nine o'clock on that lovely October morning, when all nature smiled so kindly upon our war-desolated land, a courier rode up to our front door and shouted: "There is a blockade-runner coming this way, and she looks like the 'Little Hattie.'" The "Little Hattie" had two smoke-stacks.

I sprang to my feet, took some powerful field-glasses belonging to Maj. James M. Stevenson, stepped out on the roof of the porch facing the ocean, and looked. Sure enough, it was the "Little Hattie," and, to my horror, I saw a figure on the paddle-box whom I knew to be Dan, with flag in hand, signaling to the fort. The agonizing suspense of his mother could find vent only in prayer, and at a window looking toward the sea she knelt and supplicated the Throne of Mercy for her boy and his companions in danger. The shrill screeching of shot and shell was agonizing.

Onward dashed the frail little craft, with eight United States steamers following close in her wake, pouring a relentless iron hail after her. When she came near the fort the thirteen ships stationed off the mouth of the Cape Fear River joined in the fray, but He who "marks the sparrow's fall" covered her with his hand, and not one of the death-bearing messengers touched the little boat. The guns of the fort were manned, and shot and shell, grape and canister, both hot and cold, belched forth from the iron throats of Parrot, Columbiad, Whitworth, and mortar. This was done to prevent the fleet from forming on the bar and intercepting the entrance of the "Little Hattie."

For nearly an hour I stood on the roof watching the exciting race, and when the "Little Hattie" came near enough to discern features I recognized Capt. Lebbly, with his trumpet; Lieut. Clancey, with his spy-glass; and Dan, still standing on the paddle-box with his flag, which, having served its purpose for the time, rested idly in his hand. Thus, at ten o'clock that cloudless October day, there was accomplished the most miraculous feat: a successful run of the blockade by daylight.

I give another incident in the blockading career of Signal-Officer Stevenson as received from him:

On the night of December 24, 1864, the same fatal year, the whole attacking fleet was lying before the fort, when the "Little Hattie" came on her return trip. As they saw the congregated lights on the one side and the one lone light on the other, Capt. Lebbly remarked that they had made the wrong inlet, and would have to come in on the high tide between Smithville and Bald Head, as they had passed Fort Fisher. "No, Captain," said young Stevenson; "we have not passed Fort Fisher. The many lights you call Smithville is the Yankee fleet, and the one light you call Bald Head is Fort Fisher Mound light." The captain and Lieut. Clancey laughed at him and pushed on; but he proved to be right. Fortunately, the night was very dark, and so many vessels were grouped together that one more was not noticed by the enemy. Before the officers of the "Little Hattie" were aware of it, they were in the midst of the fleet which bore Butler's expedition against the fort.



RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

Consternation seized them. Escape seemed impossible. But they had a trusty and fully competent pilot on board, Capt. Bob Grissom, who took his stand at the wheel-house; and Dan, at the word of command, mounted the paddle-box with his lantern, and signaled to the fort to let up the shelling until they could get in. J. C. Stevenson, his brother, who was also a signal-operator, and on duty that night, reported that the "Little Hattie" was at the bar, and asked that the shelling be stopped to let her in. A test question was flashed to the boy on board, which, of course, he answered cor-



HILTON PARK, ON THE CAPE FEAR RIVER.

rectly, and the shelling ceased. In and out the little craft wound among the vessels of the Yankee fleet, so close at times that young Stevenson, as he stood on the paddle-box, could hear the officers as they gave commands, and see the men executing them; but again they were shielded "in the hollow of His hand," and again made an almost miraculous escape. The next morning, December 25, as the fleet was shelling the fort, the "Little Hattie" steamed up to Wilmington, and Dan walked in and gave us his perilous experience of the night before.

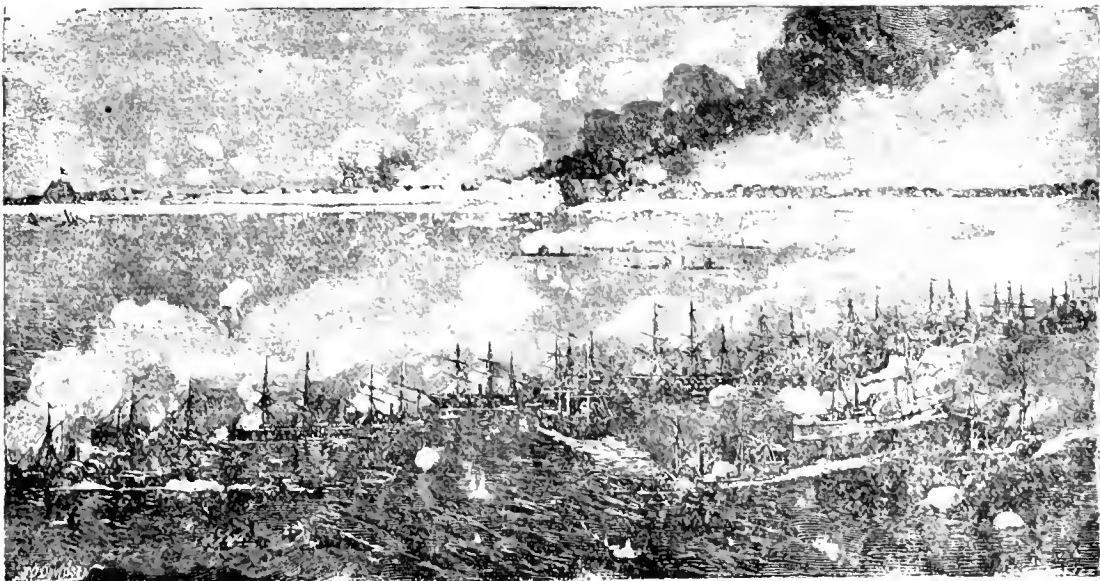
All know that the first expedition against Fort Fisher was unsuccessful, and when the siege was raised the "Little Hattie" left this port, never to return.

How well I remember the last time I saw Capt. Leiby! I had been down the street, and had met and walked a few yards with him, bidding him good-by, for he was to sail in a few hours. I crossed the street, and he called to me, and when I turned he stood with hat in hand, making one of his most courtly bows, and said: "You and your sister must not forget the 'Little Hattie' at night and morning." We never did, until we knew that the dainty little craft and her perilous trips were ended.

#### LAST DAYS OF THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Extracts from lecture delivered by Senator Vance in Baltimore in 1885:

Gen. Sherman arrived in Fayetteville on the 10th of January, 1865. His forces burned the arsenal, one of the finest in the United States. This he might have properly done, but he also burned five private residences near by; he burned the principal printing-office, that of the old Fayetteville *Observer*; he burned the old Bank of North Carolina, eleven large warehouses, five cotton-mills, and quite a number of private dwellings in other parts of the town, and in the suburbs almost a clean sweep was made. In one locality nine houses were burned. Universally houses were gutted before they were burned, and after everything portable was secured the furniture was ruthlessly destroyed. Pianos, on which perhaps Rebel tunes had been played—"Dixie" or "My Maryland"—disloyal bureaus, traitorous tables and chairs, were cut to pieces with axes. Then, after all this damage, fire was frequently applied and all consumed. Carriages and vehicles of all kinds were wantonly destroyed or burned. Old men sometimes had the shoes taken from their feet, the hats from their heads, and clothes taken until they were almost denuded. Their wives and children were also subjected to like treatment. In one instance, as the marauders left, they shot down a dozen cattle belonging to an



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER

old man, and left their carcasses lying in the yard. Think of that, and then remember the grievance of the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers, who came in all seriousness to complain to Gen. Longstreet, in the Gettysburg campaign, of the outrage which some of his ferocious Rebels had committed upon them by milking their cows. On one occasion, at Fayetteville, four gentlemen were hung up by the neck until nearly dead, to



MISS KATE TORRANCE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

force them to disclose where their valuables were hidden, and one of them was shot to death.

Gens. Hampton and Hardee had crossed the Cape Fear River, and destroyed the bridge. The forces available to meet the enemy, according to Gen. Johnston, were about five thousand men of the Army of Tennessee and the troops in the Department of North and South Carolina, amounting to about eleven thousand more. These were in different parts of the country, and were not concentrated until several days afterward, owing to several causes, and many of them were unarmed. A few days before, on the 7th of March, Gen. Bragg, commanding the troops in the Department of North Carolina, with Maj.-Gens. D. H. Hill and R. F. Hoke, and a remnant of Clayton's Division of the Western army, attacked Maj.-Gen. Cox, who was advancing toward Goldsboro from New Berne with three divisions. The engagement took place at Kinston, with considerable success on the Confederate side. The enemy was driven back three miles, with a loss of fifteen hundred prisoners and quite a number killed and wounded. On the next day the Confederate forces fell back to Goldsboro. Gen. Sherman made his way steadily from Fayetteville toward Goldsboro, where he was to make a junction with Gen. Schofield. The cavalry under Gens. Hampton and Butler and Wheeler hung around his flank and front, impeding and annoying his march as much as possible.

A sharp engagement took place at Averasboro, and a still more considerable one at Bentonville, in which the Confederates were again successful, although against overwhelming numbers. In fact, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, a sharp observer of men and armies, gives it as his opinion that the life of plunder and license indulged in by Sherman's men had already worked its legitimate results upon them, and that they did not fight with near the efficiency and steadiness which characterized them on their entrance into Georgia.

This affair at Bentonville was the last considerable engagement of the war, and was in some respects remarkable. There was not a man, perhaps, of the ten or twelve thousand Confederates who was not perfectly aware that the war was over, and that his fighting was hopeless; yet they scarcely ever fought better. They maintained their ground all day against large odds. Again and again they drove them back over several miles, covering the ground with dead, and capturing nine hundred prisoners, while the enemy lost in killed and wounded about four thousand. The little Confederate force only fell back toward Smithfield when Sherman's entire army had concentrated. Without further hostilities, Sherman arrived in Goldsboro on the 23d of March, and effected his junction with Schofield. Their united force then exceeded one hundred and ten thousand men. At Goldsboro he rested his troops, refitted, and made his arrangements for the final operations. The Confederate forces likewise rested near Smithfield, half-way between Goldsboro and Raleigh, repairing their losses as well as possible for the last struggle.

On the 10th of April Gen. Sherman put his troops in motion toward Raleigh, when Gen. Johnston's troops promptly began to fall back slowly before him. About the 10th and 11th of April painful rumors were circulated throughout the capital in confidential circles of the surrender of Gen. Lee. Animated by these reports and also by the fact that the Confederate forces were passing through and rapidly uncovering the capital of the state, and that all further operations were really intended to secure such terms as were possible, I consulted Gen. Johnston as to what it was best for me to do. With the frankness of a soldier and a man of common sense, he advised me to make the best terms I could for the protection of my capital and people. I spoke to him



MISS MARGIE OVERMAN, SALISBURY.

about the propriety of sending an embassy through his lines to meet Gen. Sherman. Very soon thereafter he went west to meet President Davis at Greensboro, leaving the command to Gen. Hardee.

#### BATTLES OF AVERASBORO AND BENTONVILLE.

As this great army gathered toward Raleigh as a common focus, the first conflict was between the division commanded by Gen. Hardee and the army of Gen. Sherman at the hamlet of Averasboro. After a stubborn fight, Hardee withdrew, and, having joined Gen.

Johnston, the latter collected fifteen thousand men at Bentonville, in Johnston County, on March 19, and awaited Sherman's approach.

Gen. Sherman on that day made six successive attacks upon Johnston's left, composed of Hoke's and Cheatham's Divisions and the late garrisons on the Cape Fear. The Federal assaults were all repelled, and at the order for our troops to advance three lines of the enemy's field-works were carried and several batteries captured. This success, however, was not without sacrifice of noble lives. Gen. Sherman withdrew to Goldsboro to meet Schofield and Terry, and Johnston halted at Smithfield to await developments.

After so much bloodshed the end of hostilities, however, was near at hand. Gen. Sheridan, having assailed the right flank of Gen. Lee's defenses at Petersburg, after hard fighting, succeeded in winning a decisive battle at Five Forks on March 28. The loss of the six thousand Confederates made prisoners on that day was fatal to longer hold on the thinly manned lines around the city that had been so long and nobly defended.

On the morning of April 2, 1865, in general assault Gen. Lee's lines were pierced in three places, Gen. A. P. Hill was slain, and at nightfall the doomed Army of Northern Virginia began its famous retreat. After incredible hardships, at Appomattox Court-House, the small remnant of the heroes who had for four years so dauntlessly withstood the largest armies ever marshaled in this continent were overpowered, and on April 9, at the command of their beloved leader, they there laid down their arms.

On April 10, 1865, the Confederate army under Gen. Johnston, having passed Raleigh, Gov. Vance accompanying it, Gavs. Graham and Swain, accompanied by Surg.-Gen. Warren, met Gen. Sherman at the head of his vast army of one hundred thousand men a few miles away, and asked him to protect the city. This capital city was taken possession of on April 13, 1865.

Gen. Johnston was soon apprised of Gen. Lee's sur-

standing the refusal of the then President of the United States, Andrew Johnson, to carry out the agreement of the military commissioners, the army of Gen. Johnston was surrendered at Greensboro on April 26, 1865, and sent home on parole on like terms with the Confederate troops at Appomattox.

### THE BOY WHO SAVED RICHMOND.

Theo F. Klutz, Jr., Salisbury, N. C.:

Halifax Richards Wood was born at Prince Edward Court-House, Va., on the 20th of July, 1846. His widowed mother subsequently married a Mr. Armstrong. Young Wood was bright, witty, jovial, and



fearless. His only sister, Mrs. Virginia Bryan, relates in a recent letter a remarkable instance of his pluck and vigor. He had gone to Winston, N. C., at twelve years of age, and alone would often walk the forty-five miles home on visits. When the time came that tried men's souls sorely, and every son of the South was called upon to assert her rights upon the battle-field, this boy of fourteen years volunteered to give his life for his country. He entered Wharton's First North Carolina Battalion, Wilson's company, on May 9, 1861, and in the battle at first Manassas he was severely wounded. He displayed in this battle that cool, determined valor which afterward enabled him to render great service to the Confederate cause.

He was appointed courier to Gen. R. F. Hoke, and in 1864, when Gen. Hoke was promoted to major-general, Wood was made division scout, a position for which he was well fitted. Federal outposts knew no security from his forays, and on one occasion he alone compelled the surrender of nine men, and guarded them into camp. This was so reckless that it was found necessary to rebuke him for capturing "too many prisoners," and to remind him that the acquire-



BENNETT HOUSE, WHERE J. E. JOHNSTON SURRENDERED.

render, and after conference with President Davis at Greensboro, he decided to surrender his army. To this end, having communicated with Gen. Sherman, they met on April 18, 1865, at the house of a Mr. Bennett, near Durham, and agreed upon conditions of surrender, subject to the approval of the President. Notwith-

ment of information must be his primary object. In this campaign (of 1864) he had seven horses actually killed under him.

Many stories are told of his deliberate courage. As he was riding along the heights of Petersburg a great shell from the enemy tore off the edge of the broad brim of his felt hat, but he was in no way discomposed. Gen. Hoke once said that "Fax" Wood knew no fear; that he had never known a man of such cool daring and faithfulness to perilous duty.

In all his achievements, no other was so important in its results as his act of saving Richmond by impersonating a Federal scout. Maj. Graham Daves, of New Berne, N. C., a versatile writer, contributed this account of his daring feat to the *Philadelphia Times*:

"In May, 1864, when Gen. Butler landed at Bermuda Hundreds with two army corps, the Confederate forces at first in his front were entirely insufficient to



RESIDENCE OF ORTON PLANTATION, ON CAPE FEAR RIVER.

successfully resist his march upon Richmond. He advanced to the neighborhood of Drury's Bluff, and, going into position, extended his left until it seemed inevitable that he would envelop the right of the Confederate position and get possession of the road to Richmond. This movement it was essential to check, but, to get reinforcements, time was necessary. The great question was how to get this precious time, so necessary. Gen. Hoke, who commanded the Confederate right, determined to attempt its solution by a bold ruse. Night was approaching, and it was felt that if Butler's further movements could be delayed until darkness all would be well. Calling up Wood, Gen. Hoke explained to him the position, and asked him if he was willing to give his life, if need be, to save Richmond. Without hesitation, the boy—for he was but eighteen—replied affirmatively. He was then dressed in the uniform of a Federal cavalryman, and ordered, first, in some way to get into the rear of the Federal position, and then to ride boldly, as if coming from the river, to Gen. Butler's headquarters and report to him

that the Confederates were landing in heavy force on the James River, on his right and rear. This done, he was to ride away rapidly, as if returning to his post, without waiting to be questioned closely.

"Wood, having thorough knowledge of the country, rode off on his perilous errand. After he had been gone for what seemed a very long time, it was observed that the threatening movement of the Federals had ceased, and it was evident that there was some change being made in their dispositions. Shortly thereafter, to the surprise of every one, no one expecting to see him again, Wood rode up safe and sound, and, saluting Gen. Hoke, reported that he had carried out his instructions to the letter. During the night the Confederate reinforcements arrived, and the result of the subsequent battle of Drury's Bluff and the 'bottling up' of Butler at Bermuda Hundreds are well known."

Maj. Daves' account adds that, shortly after the war, Gen. Hoke met Col. Michie, of Butler's staff, who confirmed the report Wood had made, adding that, though the "cavalryman" was suspected to be a Confederate spy, yet the delay to obtain information in regard to his statement proved fatal to their plans.

For such deeds President Davis, at the solicitation of all the generals of Wood's division, ignored his age, and appointed him a commissioned officer. His commission was placed in the hands of Gen. Hoke, to be reserved as a pleasant surprise for him upon his return from a scouting trip upon which he had been despatched, but he never returned.

It was a sad circumstance that, having survived so many desperate straits, his fate should overtake him almost at the very close of the war. After the Confederates had evacuated Wilmington, young Wood, with four companions, was sent on a scouting expedition down the right bank of the Cape Fear River. It is believed that the five comrades, the night being dark and stormy, unsuspectingly entered a house filled with Federal soldiers. Wood was killed and two of his comrades were wounded. Wood did not fall, however, until he had killed or disabled several of the enemy. His companions alleged treachery on the part of the owner of the house, but subsequent investigation has shown this charge to be groundless. The Federals buried him near the place where he fell. Next day the people of the neighborhood exhumed the body, and, after encasing it in as good a coffin as they could provide, laid it to rest near a small oak about two hundred yards from the house. In the course of time the locality of the grave was lost; but it has recently been found, about fourteen miles from Wilmington, near the Carolina Central railway. An effort has been made to have the remains transferred to beautiful Oak Dale Cemetery, at Wilmington, a last resting-place of Confederate dead.

Besides the sister, he left a brother, Mr. W. W. Wood, now of Greensboro, N. C.

No state in the Union possesses a record of nobler achievements than North Carolina. Her people have always loved liberty for themselves, and they offered the same priceless boon to all who came within her borders; and it was a full knowledge of this trait of "tarheels" which made Bancroft say: "North Carolina was settled by the freest of the free."



**NORTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLUTION.**

William E. Anderson, Pensacola, Fla., writes:

Every event in the history of our Southern land which increases our pride in it should be kept from oblivion for the inspiration of our children.

The first armed resistance to the oppressions of Great Britain occurred on Southern soil. Long before Concord or Lexington, the men of North Carolina, after vainly endeavoring by petition and protest to get relief from extortionate taxes and imposts, which amounted to confiscation, met the British forces in battle. They were defeated; but, had the result been different, the fire which afterward blazed up at Lexington and "kindled the land into flame with its heat" would have started the conflagration on the banks of the Alamance River. That spark was quenched in blood, and the Revolution was postponed four years. The cause of the outbreak was essentially the same. North and South—unjust taxation. Under the protection, and with the countenance of Gov. Tryon, the officers of the crown, especially in the counties of Orange and Granville, oppressed the people with the most iniquitous fees and charges. The Colonists then called a convention, which met at Maddock's Mill in October, 1766, to consider their grievances. In April, 1768, they again met and formed an association "for regulating public grievances and abuse of power." Hence the name "Regulators." Their formal resolution bound them "to pay only such taxes as were agreeable to law, and to pay no officer more than his legal fees." Their action was regular, their resolution was published, and a respectful protest sent to the governor, but they were continually disregarded. But the royal officers were beaten, the courts broken up by force, and prisoners were taken from the sheriffs.

In April, 1771, Gov. Tryon marched from New Berne with 300 men; and, being joined by various bodies of Royalists, encamped on the 14th of May on the banks

bloodshed. They were warned to disperse; but returned a defiant reply; and on the 16th of May the Royal troops advanced upon them, and a battle followed. It resulted in the defeat and dispersion of the Regulators, with the loss of twenty killed and many wounded. The loss to the Royalists was sixty-one. The



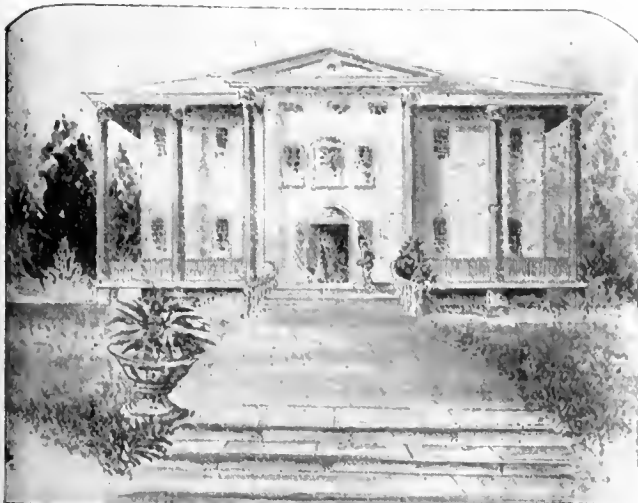
CORNWALLIS' HEADQUARTERS, WILMINGTON.

prisoners taken were tried in Hillsboro by special court for high treason, and were convicted and sentenced to death. Six were respited to await the king's pleasure, and six were hanged. The spot of their execution is now marked by a plain, unlettered slab.

In the town of Hillsboro, N. C., upon the banks of the Alamance River, was shed the first blood of the Revolution. The records in the court-house at Hillsboro, the published book of Herman Husband, the leader of the Regulators, and Gov. Tryon's official reports, now on file among the state papers in London, confirm this sketch. North Carolina should build a monument on the banks of the Alamance River to those of her sons who fell there in the first great struggle for independence. There is one at Raleigh, as well as at Charlotte.

The time is fast coming when equal honors will be accorded the dead on both sides in the great controversy. To America the graves of all her slain children must eventually become equally dear. They are the joint inheritance of an imperial race, and will ever remain the proudest evidence of the truth and valor of our people.

During the retreat of the Confederates through South Carolina, at the time of Sherman's advance, Serg. McDonald, of North Carolina, was sent on detail to a town where a regiment of home guards was stationed. These valorous heroes, seeing a soldier from the front, gathered around him, eagerly enquiring the news. "News?" said Mac solemnly; "I believe there is none. Yes, there is a little, too, but it's not of much importance: Old Hardee burned up a regiment of home guards at Florence the other day."



COLONIAL GOVERNOR TRYON'S PALACE, WILMINGTON,  
Scene of the first outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

of the Alamance River, where the Regulators were assembled in force. The Royal forces were 1,100 strong, the Colonists about 2,000. On the 15th a petition was brought to the governor from the Regulators, praying a redress of grievances as the only means to prevent

### GEN. JAMES B. GORDON.

Sketch by Hon. Kerr Craige, Salisbury, N. C.:

At the commencement of the war Gov. Ellis issued a call for ten regiments of state troops, to serve for the period of three years or during the war. Of these, eight were infantry, one cavalry, and one artillery. R. Ransom, afterward major-general, was appointed colonel of the cavalry regiment; L. S. Baker, afterward brigadier-general, lieutenant-colonel; and James B. Gordon, major. This regiment was known as the First North Carolina Cavalry, and became famous in the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. It was thoroughly drilled and disciplined by Col. Ransom and Lieut.-Col. Baker, both of whom were graduates of West Point, and its efficiency was greatly augmented by the ability and skill of Maj. Gordon, who succeeded to the rank of colonel.

Gen. Gordon was a native of Wilkes County, and a prominent citizen of the state. He had been successful,



GEN. JAMES B. GORDON.

was a gentleman of wealth and leisure, and at that time a member of the council of state, and he possessed many of the qualifications of a successful soldier. His regiment was first attached to the cavalry brigade of Gen. Wade Hampton, which was composed, in addition to the First and Second South Carolina Cavalry, of Cobb's and Phillips' Legions, as a part of Stuart's Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia. In the spring of 1863, however, the First North Carolina was united with the Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth North Carolina Regiments of Cavalry, and formed into a brigade, thereafter known as the North Carolina Cavalry Brigade. Gen. Gordon was then promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and placed in command.

Gen. Gordon's old regiment was incessantly engaged, as a part of Stuart's Cavalry, in the seven days' battle below Richmond, in the Maryland campaign at Sharpsburg, in the Pennsylvania campaign at Gettysburg, and in numerous cavalry battles in Virginia. In all the operations of the cavalry during these years he had borne a conspicuous part as a brave, daring, and skilful officer. Among the many distinguished cavalry officers from North Carolina he stood at the head.

Gen. Gordon's brigade, from this time till the death of its commander, participated in the principal cavalry battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. A detailed account of these numerous engagements would comprise a history of Stuart's Cavalry.

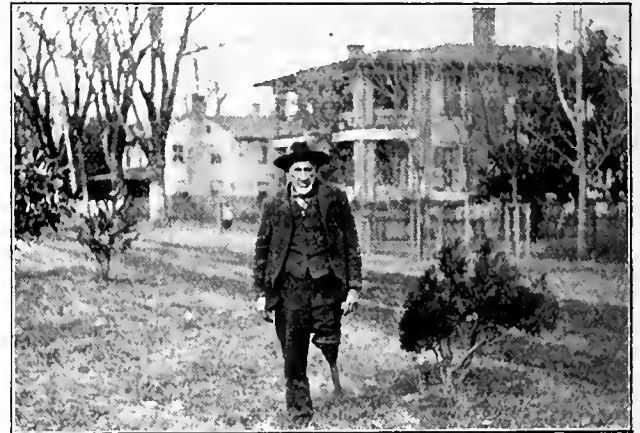
In May, 1864, while Gen. Lee was confronting Gen. Grant at Spottsylvania Court-House, Gen. Sheridan attempted to capture Richmond by a movement in the rear of Lee's army. He approached within three miles of the city on the Brook turnpike, and was only prevented from taking it by the desperate fighting of Stuart's Cavalry. This fighting cost the life of Gen. Stuart at Yellow Tavern and of Gen. Gordon at Brook Church. Gen. Gordon was ordered to attack Gen. Sheridan in the rear. This movement he performed successfully. While leading his men in action he fell

mortally wounded, and died a few days thereafter at the officers' hospital in Richmond.

As a brigade commander Gen. Gordon ranked among the bravest and best. Active, alert, and vigilant, he was never taken by surprise, and was always quick to take advantage of any mistake of his adversary and to meet any emergency. He always led his men in battle, and inspired them by his presence with hope and confidence. His death was a heavy blow to the cavalry arm of the service, and was felt as a personal loss by the members of his brigade, all of whom were warmly attached to him.

Gen. Gordon was tall and well proportioned, his bearing soldierly, and his countenance singularly handsome. Kind-hearted, genial, and generous, he made friends of all with whom he came in contact. His soldierly bearing, his courtly and courteous manners, proclaimed the gentleman that he was, "without fear and without reproach."

When Sam Eller came home from the war minus a leg, he went to work like the hero that he is, and has supported himself and his family in an upright, honorable manner ever since. He is the favorite of the camp at Salisbury, N. C. Comrade Eller enlisted in



SAM ELLER, TWENTY-THIRD NORTH CAROLINA INFANTRY.

August, 1862, in Company H, Twenty-Third North Carolina Regiment, Iverson's Brigade, Rhodes's Division, and was continually with his command until shot down at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, where he fell into the hands of the Federals, and his leg was amputated. He was exchanged the following December.

It is proper that a new generation should erect memorials to men who underwent so much to uphold what they thought was right. With the lapse of time many have been added to the list of those who perished in the war. Death has not ceased his rounds even in the times of peace, and each day the number of survivors is reduced. Before time has removed all those who bore their parts in the struggle, and thus can testify to the truth, there should be such data left to the men of the future that the unsuccessful may not suffer by misapprehension of the facts. Justice to the men in gray by no means implies hostility to the Federal government. In the providence of God we are again the citizens of a united republic.

UNITED VETERANS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The survivors of the Confederate States army are nowhere more loyal to sacred memories and to patriotic duties than comrades who direct affairs of the organization in the old North state.



GEN. W. L. DE ROSSET.

Maj.-Gen. William L. De Rosset, commanding the North Carolina Division, was born in Wilmington, N. C., of Huguenot extraction. He received his education at St. Timothy's Hall, Catonsville, Md.; St. James College, near Hagerstown; and the University of North Carolina. Before completing the Junior year at Chapel Hill he went to Massachusetts to work as an apprentice in the Lawrence Machine-Shops; but, that climate not agreeing with him, he returned to Wilmington, and was employed in the office of De Rosset & Brown, of which firm he became a member in 1860. In 1877 he was employed by the Navassa Guano Company, in whose service he still continues as Secretary and Treasurer. In 1855 he was made lieutenant in the Wilmington Light Infantry, and in 1850 captain, in which latter office he served four years.

At the fall of Fort Sumter the Wilmington Light Infantry, under Capt. De Rosset, was ordered to Fort Caswell. About two weeks afterward, on April 15, 1861, he was ordered, with his command, to occupy Confederate Point, where a two-gun battery had been erected. This command mounted the guns and did duty at that post for several months. Of the entire number belonging to the company, all but three or four held commissions as officers in the state or Confederate forces within six months.

Gen. De Rosset was appointed by Gov. Ellis major of the state troops, and assigned to duty with the Third

North Carolina Infantry, under Col. Gaston Meares and Lieut.-Col. R. H. Cowan.

Maj. De Rosset was appointed to a lieutenant-colonelcy in 1862. He participated with his regiment in the battles around Richmond, and upon the death of Col. Meares, at Malvern Hill, succeeded to command.

Gen. De Rosset was present during the entire campaign of 1862, up to the close of the battle at Sharpsburg. At the battle of Boonesboro, or South Mountain, he was in command of Ripley's Brigade, but was not actively engaged. At Sharpsburg the regiment went into action with 520 men, all told, losing during that fearful struggle 320 killed and wounded, including 23 out of 27 officers, of whom 7 were killed or died from their wounds. Here Col. De Rosset received a disabling wound, a Minie ball passing through the lower part of his body, unfitting him for field service, and from the effects of which he still suffers.

He resigned his commission as colonel of the Third North Carolina Regiment in the summer of 1863, and in January, 1865, was appointed by the President as colonel in the invalid corps, P. A. C. S. He surrendered with Johnston's army near Greensboro.

GEN. JUNIUS DAVIS, ADJ.-GEN. AND CHIEF OF STAFF.

Junius Davis, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff of Gen. William L. De Rosset, commanding the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., was born in Wilmington, N. C., and now resides there. He was a member of Company E, Tenth Regiment of North Carolina troops. This was an artillery regiment, and did good service. Mr. Davis, in 1863, joined this company as a private, when he was seventeen years old. He served



in his company for a short while in Eastern North Carolina, and afterward in Virginia, at Bermuda Hundreds, Drury's Bluff, Fort Harrison, and in the lines around Richmond and Petersburg. Young Davis was wounded in the last day's fight at Petersburg. His last engagement was at Appomattox, with Sheridan's Cavalry, on the evening before the surrender.

LIEUT.-COL. W. J. WOODWARD, CHIEF QUARTERMASTER.

W. J. Woodward was born at Fayetteville, N. C., September 1, 1843. Prior to the war he was at Caleb Hallowell's famous school, located at Alexandria, Va., pursuing a special course in mathematics, with the view of entering the United States Coast Survey. He was one of the Southern students who was prevented from joining the Virginia troops when they passed through Alexandria on their way to Harper's Ferry



during the John Brown raid. While at Alexandria he was brought in personal contact with the officers of the United States government, and before leaving there had established a reputation in the special course he was pursuing, and made many friends among the prominent officials at Washington City. He continued his studies up to the breaking out of the war, when he joined the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry, and entered the Confederate service. This company was made H, First North Carolina Volunteers, and he was with it in the battle of Bethel, noted as the first pitched battle of the war, June 10, 1861. While on the Peninsula he was frequently called to the headquarters of Gens. J. B. Magruder and D. H. Hill to perform clerical work, and was solicited by an old friend in the Confederate States Ordnance Department, then stationed at Richmond, Va., to take a place under him, but declined, preferring to remain with his company. In this campaign he received an injury to an eye, necessitating an operation to save his sight, from the effects of which he still suffers.

When the First North Carolina Volunteers were mustered out of service he was tendered a position in the Ordnance Department by Gen. Gorgas, and assigned to duty at the Fayetteville Arsenal and Armory, under command of Maj. John C. Booth. He soon became one of the best clerical workers in the department, and his services were in great demand. Serving under Maj. Booth until his death, he was assigned to duty under Capt. C. P. Bolles, Col. J. A. De Lagnel, Col. F. L. Childs, and Capt. J. E. P. Daingerfield, and at the close of the war was assistant military storekeeper and

paymaster, surrendering with Johnston's army, near Greensboro, N. C.

Col. Woodward resides at Wilmington, N. C. He occupies a prominent and responsible position with the house of Alexander Sprunt & Son, the largest cotton exporters in the South shipping from one port. He is Secretary of the Champion Compress and Warehouse Company, Secretary of the Diamond Steamboat and Wrecking Company, Secretary and Treasurer of the Seamen's Friend Society, and Colonel of the Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias.

As first of all the hearty cooperators for the VETERAN in this special edition will Col. Woodward be gratefully remembered, and this acknowledgment does not by any means adequately express the sentiment of indebtedness to him.

LIEUT.-COL. S. H. SMITH, CHIEF COMMISSARY.

Samuel H. Smith, Chief Commissary of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., was born in Wadesboro, N. C., September 15, 1846. He attended school at Oak Ridge Institute, Kernersville and Winston, but left school to engage with his brother-in-law, J. W. Lambeth, at High Point, N. C., in the manufacture of bayonets, scabbards, and cartridge-boxes for the Confederate government. He enlisted in the Confederate army and served with Southerland's Battery of Light Artillery, Company I, Tenth North Carolina troops, the last two years of the war. He was also courier to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., and was paroled at Greensboro.



He removed to Winston, N. C., in 1875, served several years on the Board of Aldermen, and was twice elected Mayor of the city. Before his last term of office as Mayor had expired he was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland; and was appointed assist-

ant postmaster during President Cleveland's second term, which position he now holds.

In 1883 he reorganized the Forsyth Riflemen, and was elected captain of the company, serving thus until promoted to major of the Third Regiment of the state guard. He was appointed by Gov. D. G. Fowle Assistant Adjutant-General, and was reappointed to the same position by the late Gov. Thomas M. Holt, serving until the expiration of Gov. Holt's term. He was appointed Quartermaster by Gov. Elias Carr, which position he now holds. He is one of the most prominent Masons in the state, having twice been elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge.

Col. Smith was one of the prime movers in organizing Norfleet Camp No. 436, U. C. V., and was elected their first Adjutant, which position he still holds.

MAJ. JOHN BADGER BROWN, AIDE-DE-CAMP.

At the breaking out of the war John Badger Brown was a resident of Wilmington, N. C., a member of the Wilmington Light Infantry. Upon being commis-



sioned first lieutenant by the Governor, he went to Kenansville, Duplin County, his birthplace, recruited a company, and, under orders, reported to Col. Gaston Meares, of the Third North Carolina Infantry, C. S. A. With this command he served during the entire war.

Capt. Brown was severely wounded at Malvern Hill, after having fought in the seven days' battles before Richmond, and while in the hospital was commissioned quartermaster, ranking as captain, with orders to report for duty at Raleigh, but declined to accept the position, preferring service with his command in the field. He was also badly wounded at Spottsylvania Courthouse. Owing to the terribly depleted ranks of his comrades, he was frequently ordered upon staff duty, and served upon the staffs of Gen. Doles, of Georgia;

Gen. George H. Steuart, of Maryland; and Gen. Cox, of North Carolina. He surrendered with the latter at Appomattox.

Capt. Brown has always claimed that Cox's Brigade fired the last volley of the war, at Appomattox.

After the close of the war he lived for a short time in Wilmington, N. C., and then went to New York, but finally located in Baltimore, where he now resides.



MAJ. WILSON G. LAMB, AIDE-DE-CAMP.

Maj. Wilson G. Lamb is a native of Elizabeth City, N. C. Declining an appointment of naval cadet at Annapolis, he joined the Seventeenth North Carolina Regiment, of which his brother, the gallant Col. John C. Lamb, killed at Bermuda Hundreds, was lieutenant-colonel. Maj. Lamb served as sergeant-major, lieu-

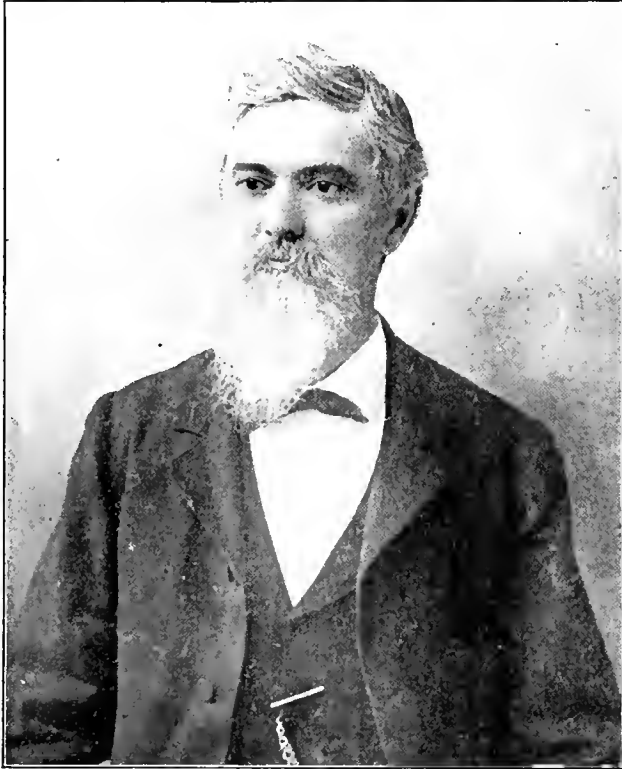


COL. A. B. WILLIAMS, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

tenant, and adjutant of his regiment. The historian of Martin's (afterward Kirkland's) Brigade mentions Lieut. Lamb as conspicuous for bravery in the battles near Wilmington and Kinston, N. C. Maj. Lamb's ancestors were distinguished officers of the Revolution. He is now President of the North Carolina Society of the Cincinnati, which has recently been revived.

GEN. J. G. HALL, COMMANDING FIRST BRIGADE.

James G. Hall, born February 10, 1845, entered the service of the Confederacy in the fall of 1861, getting into active service in the spring of 1862 as second lieutenant of Company F, Fifty-Second North Carolina Regiment, which served successively in Pettigrew's, Kirkland's, and MacRea's Brigades, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps. He followed the destinies of that army in most of the campaigns up to the surrender at Appomattox; was in all the principal battles of his regiment, and was tendered promotion to the rank of captain, but preferred to remain as he had originally enlisted. He was wounded at Gettysburg and at Petersburg. Since the war he has engaged in mercantile, manufacturing, and other business pursuits. He was



elected to command of the First Brigade of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., in 1895, and has been re-elected every year since.

MAJ. BENJAMIN HAMILTON CATHEY, AIDE-DE-CAMP.

Benjamin H. Cathey was born in Haywood (now Jackson) County January 4, 1836. He was engaged in farming when the call to arms was sounded in 1861, and he enlisted in the Confederate army on May 12. His company, the first from Jackson County, was organized by Andrew Coleman, and became A, of the Sixteenth Infantry. Capt. Coleman was killed at Fraser's farm, and in filling vacancies Comrade Cathey

was elected lieutenant. He participated in many hard battles from Seven Pines to Shepherdstown, and at the latter place he and Serg. John S. Keener, of the Sixteenth, led the desperate charge which resulted in a Confederate victory. On October 5, 1862, Lieut. Cathey, with his company, was transferred from Vir-



ginia to Col. Coleman's (the Thirty-Ninth North Carolina) Regiment, in Tennessee, and from then to the close of the war they remained in the Western Department. They were at Chickamauga, and afterward in the campaigns under Johnston and Hood. Lieut. Cathey was specially honored in a public testimonial for his heroism in the battle of Chickamauga. When the flag-bearer of his regiment was shot down Lieut. Cathey seized the staff and carried it to the point, rallying his men. After the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox Lieut. Cathey returned to his home in Jackson County. Since the war he has led a quiet farm life. He refused to take the oath and vote under the Canby constitution. He was appointed by Justice Walter Clark as Historian of the Sixteenth North Carolina Regiment, which article is under publication.

GEN. W. L. LONDON, COMMANDING SECOND BRIGADE.

W. L. London was born April 3, 1838, at Pittsboro, N. C., where he was educated and lived. Early in April, 1861, he assisted in raising a company in Chatham County, and was elected second lieutenant; and afterward aided in organizing the Fifth Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, which became the Fifteenth Regiment of North Carolina state troops, when he was promoted to first lieutenant. At the reorganization of company. He took part in the seven days' fight around Richmond, and at Malvern Hill was wounded in the right side. His company suffered very much in that fight, only three men coming out unhurt. During his absence his company was transferred to a North Carolina battalion, which formed the Thirty-Second Regiment of North Carolina troops, and was assigned to

Daniel's Brigade, a part of Jackson's Corps. He participated in most of the battles of that brigade.

He was wounded in the right arm at Gettysburg on the first day, but did not leave the field. He had charge of the brigade of sharpshooters on the night of



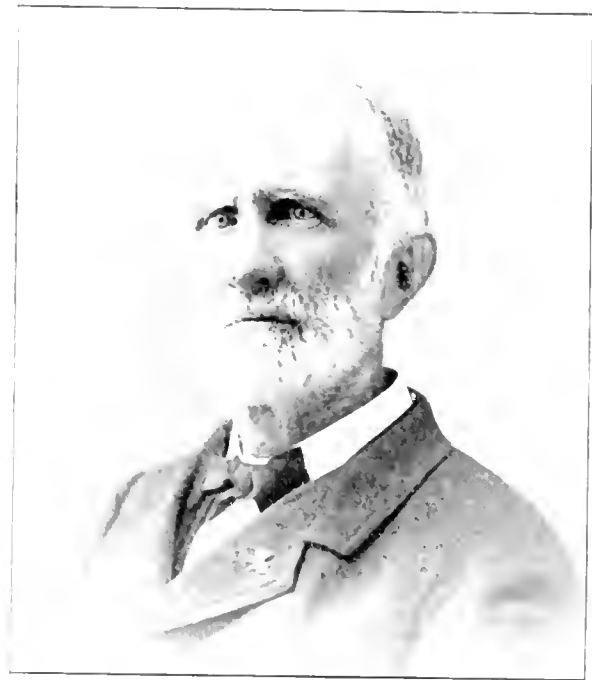
the third day when they made the advance. His company was so reduced by these fights that he was appointed inspector of the brigade, and afterward was appointed assistant adjutant-general of the Confederate army, and assigned to Daniel's Brigade. He took part in Gen. Early's campaigns, and was severely wounded at Winchester, Va., in 1864, being shot entirely through the right breast. While at home wounded he married Miss Carrie Haughton, November 14, 1864. After recovering from his wound he returned to his brigade around Petersburg, and remained with the army until it surrendered at Appomattox.

At the organization of the camp of United Confeder-

ate Veterans in his county he was elected Commander, and when the North Carolina Division was organized in brigades he was elected Brigadier-General of the Second Brigade, being reelected every year since.

MAJ. H. A. LONDON, AIDE-DE-CAMP.

Henry Armand London was born at Pittsboro, N. C., in 1846, where he has always resided. He graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1865, and obtained license to practise law in 1866. In 1864 he enlisted in Company I, Thirty-Second North Carolina Regiment, and shortly thereafter was appointed courier on the staff of Maj.-Gen. Bryan Grimes, and served in that capacity until Lee's surrender, being the bearer of the last message delivered on the battle-field at Appomattox Court-House, immediately preceding the surrender. At the battle of Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865, he was the last Confederate to leave the Federal entrenchments. Maj. London takes an active interest in every effort to perpetuate the heroism of Confederate soldiers, having published several sketches of different North Carolina Confederate organizations and delivered several memorial addresses in the larger cities of his state. He has been Adjutant of Leonidas I. Merritt Camp No. 387 ever since its organization, and in November last was appointed aide-de-camp to Gen. W. L. De Rosset.



GEN. F. M. PARKER, COMMANDING THIRD BRIGADE.

F. M. Parker was born in Nash County, N. C., September 21, 1827, and was reared in the town of Tarboro. After receiving his education in schools at Greensboro, Lincolnton, and Rakigh, he returned home and took charge of his father's plantation, but in 1852 purchased a farm, now his home, in Halifax County. On the occurrence of the John Brown raid he helped to organize a military company, the Enfield Blues; and in March, 1861, this company offered its services to the Governor. Upon the reorganization of the First North Carolina Volunteers, the Enfield Blues were placed in this regiment as Company I. The regi-



MAJ. H. A. LONDON, AIDE-DE-CAMP.

ment was soon ordered to Richmond, and subsequently to Yorktown, and participated in the battle of Bethel, under Gen. D. H. Hill.

While on the Peninsula Comrade Parker was elected colonel of the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, then at Fort Johnson, on the Cape Fear River. In May, 1862, this company was ordered to Richmond, and fought as sharpshooters in the battle of Seven Pines. When the Confederate troops were placed into brigades by states the Thirtieth North Carolina was put under command of Gen. George B. Anderson, and at the battle of Sharpsburg this brigade occupied the historic "bloody lane." It was here that Col. Parker received a dangerous wound on the head, which kept him from his command some time, but he rejoined it in the spring of 1863. Gen. Anderson having died from wounds received at Sharpsburg, his brigade was under Gen. S. D. Ramseur. At the battle of Gettysburg Col. Parker was badly wounded in the face, and was made almost blind, and it was not until the 4th of May, 1864, that he could again report for duty. He participated in other battles from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania. On the 19th of May, in attempting to cut off the right and rear of Grant's army, Ewell's Corps had a stubborn fight. In this engagement Col. Parker was desperately wounded through the body and rendered unfit for further field duty, and in January, 1865, he was ordered to report for light duty to Gen. Holmes, commanding the Department of North Carolina. He was placed in command of the post at Raleigh, and surrendered at Greensboro, under Gen. J. E. Johnston.



MAJ. CICERO R. BARKER, COLOR-BEARER.

Cicero R. Barker was born in Salisbury, N. C., March 26, 1848; enlisted in Company K, Eighth North Carolina Infantry, June 12, 1861, and was appointed drummer boy; was captured with his regiment on Roanoke Island, N. C., February 8, 1862, and exchanged the following September. His regiment was then assigned to Gen. Clingman's Brigade, Hoke's Division, and he served continuously with his command until the sur-

render of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. After the surrender he entered the drug business, and has been the active partner of the drug firm of Theo F. Klutz & Co., for sixteen years.



MAJ. R. E. WILSON, OF WINSTON.

Maj. R. E. Wilson volunteered in April, 1861, in the first company, the Yadkin Gray Eagles, that left Yadkin County, and which was mustered into the Eleventh North Carolina Volunteers at Danville, Va., May, 1861. He was elected second lieutenant at the organization of the company, and upon the reorganization of the army at Manassas, February, 1862, this company (A) and Company B, from Salem, N. C., commanded by Capt. R. W. Wharton, were detached from the Eleventh and formed into the First North Carolina Battalion of Sharpshooters. The senior captain, R. W. Wharton, was promoted to major commanding, and Maj. Wilson promoted to the captaincy of Company A. This battalion was an important and active participant in nearly every battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, from Manassas to Appomattox, and, from its peculiar and efficient drill, engaged in many skirmishes in which the main army did not participate. Upon the promotion of Maj. Wharton as colonel of a North Carolina regiment, Capt. Wilson was promoted to major and to command of the battalion.

August 9, 1862, while charging the enemy near Warrenton, Va., Maj. Wilson was severely wounded by a Minie ball breaking both bones of the right forearm, and at the same time having his left leg shattered below the knee by a grape-shot, which disabled him for several months; but as early as possible he was again in



the field. April 2, 1865, at Petersburg, in a charge, he was again wounded, his left leg being cut off by a shell. He was carried to the hospital at Manchester, Va., and paroled on April 21; but ten days thereafter was, among others, rearrested, carried to Libby Prison, and held there and in other prisons by the enemy until December 20, 1865.

After his liberation from prison Maj. Wilson engaged for several years in successful mercantile business at Augusta, Ga. Retiring from the active competitions of life, he now resides at Winston with his people and among his old comrades, "reconstructed" after his own ideas, but still adhering to the gray.

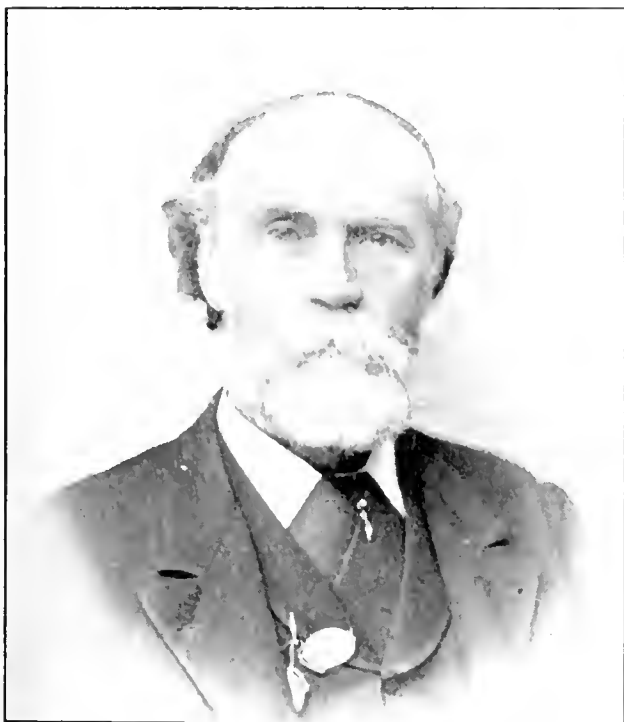
The flag, as shown in the picture, was made from the silk dresses of the young ladies of the county and presented to the company by Miss Lou Glenn, afterward Mrs. Joseph Williams. The Captain, in receiving it in behalf of his company, closed his speech, as the writer remembers, with these words:

When this cruel war is over, Miss Lou,  
This flag untarnished shall be returned to you!

On the reverse side of the flag is this striking motto:

We scorn the sordid lust of pelf,  
And serve our country for herself.

This is perhaps the only company flag that was carried through twenty-six battles, from Manassas to Appomattox, through the war, and returned, unstained, to its donors. The daughter of Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Robert Daniels, of Panther Creek, owns this flag, and is as faithful to it as were the Gray Eagles.



BRIG.-GEN. JAMES M. RAY, FOURTH BRIGADE.

James M. Ray, born November 15, 1839, near Asheville, attended "old field schools" of that day. At the age of fifteen years he secured a clerkship in a store in Asheville. Some two years afterwards he went to Emory and Henry College, Virginia, taking a scientific course.

Upon leaving college, he went to Henry County, West Tennessee, and, with his brother, engaged in merchandising. He married a Miss Caldwell, and immediately moved back to North Carolina, where he engaged in farming and stock raising.

At the "call to arms," he volunteered, first doing



MISS GRACE RANKIN, SPONSOR FOURTH BRIGADE.

service for his State, his first campaign being into the Laurel section of Madison County to suppress an uprising of desperate and disloyal men - natives and refugees - banded together for robbery and bush-whacking. Soon thereafter he raised a company, and was made First Lieutenant by acclamation, having declined the captaincy. In a few months, however, he was promoted to the captaincy. His company was a part of McDowell's Battalion, State Infantry, recruited to a regiment and numbered "Sixtieth." The regiment was "turned over to the Confederate States Government," ordered to Tennessee, and put in charge of government stores and guard to railroad. Upon Bragg's return from the Kentucky campaign, this regiment was assigned to Preston's Brigade, Breckenridge's Division, and was with the latter in all his campaigns and battles of the West. Immediately after the battle of Murfreesboro he was promoted over several Captains his seniors to Lieutenant Colonel, and was in command of the regiment most of the time until the battle of Chickamauga. When J. E. Johnston advanced upon Vicksburg to the relief of Pemberton, he was general field officer of the day preceding the night of camping upon the Big Black River; he placed

and relieved the pickets on that memorable night. After the battles in front of Jackson, Miss., Brockenridge was ordered to Georgia to reinforce Bragg. Col. Ray commanded Stoval's Brigade en route from Mississippi to Chickamauga. In the battle following he commanded his regiment, and on the famous



MISS DAISY M. SAWYER, SPONSOR ZEBULON VANCE CAMP.

"Kelley's field," at 12 o'clock on Sunday, September 20, 1863, he was severely wounded and taken from the field. The North Carolina State Commission, aided by the National Park Commission, in locating the positions of the various commands, erected this tablet: "This [a tablet] marks the spot where the Sixtieth North Carolina Infantry, at noon on Sunday, September 20, 1863, reached the farthest point attained by Confederate troops in that famous charge."

At the first organization of Confederate Veterans of Western North Carolina, he was elected First Vice Commandant, was subsequently twice elected Commandant, and at the organization of the Zebulon Vance Camp of United Confederate Veterans was made Commandant. In January, 1896, was appointed Inspector General of the State Division, and at Nashville Reunion, 1897, elected Brigadier General to command the Fourth Brigade, North Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans.

A column of infantry was one day marching along a dusty road under a boiling sun. Close by, under some trees, was discovered a cluster of sleek commissaries, seated at dinner. A tall, raw-boned, and dust-be-grimed "tarheel" went up to the fence, and, putting his chin upon it, stared long and earnestly at the tempting table. At last, bursting with envy, he yelled out: "I say, misters! did any of ye ever hearn tell of the battle of Chancellorsville?" He got his dinner.

### SKETCHES OF WILMINGTON.

The history of Wilmington, N. C., on the Cape Fear River, dates back to old colonial times. When George III. was crowned it echoed back the royal salute from Brunswick, lower down, where British ships of war were moored and where the colonial Governor resided. In later years the first armed resistance to the king's authority was bravely made at Tryon's Palace, when, on the 19th of February, 1766, one hundred and fifty Americans, led by Ashe and Waddell, Moore and Harnett, surrounded the Governor's residence, and demanded the surrender of the obnoxious stamp-master and the destruction of the hated tokens of an unjust and offensive tribute. This gathering storm was the first mutterings of the war of independence which followed nine years after in the battle of Lexington. When the last royal Governor took refuge in the British sloop of war "Cruiser," in Cape Fear River, he addressed his requisitions for supplies to Mayor de Rosset, a French Huguenot of the sturdy little town, then containing but a handful of the men who afterward achieved the freedom which we now enjoy. The dignified and patriotic answer denied the Governor's authority, and made the cause of liberty more potent with the people. For a hundred and thirty years the honored name of the Mayor of the Revolution was a household word in Wilmington for public spirit and for private excellence, and when the four years' war began the eldest of seven manly sons, William, Lord de Rosset, became the colonel of the famous "Bloody Third," the record of which is the pride of Wilmington. One of the younger brothers gave his life to the lost cause, and all the others served their country well. A second sacrifice oc-



MISS ANNIE BLOUNT DE ROSSET, WILMINGTON.

curred a few years after war had ceased, and on the 10th of May, still consecrated to the memory of our martyred dead. A famous company, the Wilmington Light Infantry, which was organized many years before the civil war, and which had been commanded by

the eldest brother in olden times, was serving as a guard of honor at the beautiful Confederate Cemetery, under a younger brother, Capt. Thomas Childs de Rosset, when he was suddenly seized with a mortal illness, which shortly terminated his useful life.

It was the good fortune of your correspondent to meet quite recently a most attractive daughter, Miss Annie Blount de Rosset. Preeminent in grace and beauty among the loveliest of her sex, her charms are heightened by the exquisite refinement of gentle birth and native modesty. She is described by those who know her best as one whom everybody loves. Her name is preferably mentioned throughout her state for the honor of sponsor of the Confederate Veterans of North Carolina at the general reunion in Atlanta in July. Her beauty and her charming graces need no other motive, but her unanimous election would also honor her worthy uncle, the Major-General commanding the United Confederate Veterans of her native state



MISS SARAH KEENAN, WILMINGTON

U. C. V. Association of Wilmington is of superior character. Col. John L. Cantwell is a grizzled veteran of two wars. He served with gallantry in Mexico, and later as colonel of the Eighteenth North Carolina troops in the war between the states. He is still alert and vigorous, and ready for the coming fray. We saw many of the following veterans: Col. A. M. Waddell, Col. John D. Taylor, Col. John W. Atkinson, Capt. Louis S. Belden, Dr. W. J. H. Bellamy, Capt. J. I. Metts, Capt. John Cowan, J. T. James, Capt. W. G. MacRae, Maj. T. H. McKay, Capt. Henry Savage, Col. Roger Moore, Rt. Rev. Bishop Watson, William Blanks, Lieut. A. D. Brown, Preston Cumming, Col. J. G. Burr, M. Bellamy, Capt. W. H. Northrop, Capt. W. P. Oldham, Capt. J. T. Rankin, C. H. Robinson,

H. H. Smith, J. Alvis Walker, J. G. Wright, Dr. J. E. Matthews, Col. O. P. Meares, T. D. Meares, J. H. Boatright, Capt. J. L. Boatwright, William Calder, Rev. James Carmichael, Capt. A. D. Cazaux, Junius Davis, Capt. A. L. de Rosset, Capt. J. F. Devine, Clayton Giles, B. F. Hall, Dr. W. W. Harriss, Capt. G. W. Huggins, W. R. Kenan, C. H. King, Capt. T. C. Lewis, H. C. McQueen, Capt. E. S. Martin, Capt. R. W. Price, James C. Stevenson, and many others.

A pleasing memory with me is of a delightful boating-party to the sea, in which your correspondent was an honored guest. We saw historic scenes of war, among them Forts Anderson and Fisher, which witnessed the heaviest bombardment since the invention of gunpowder; and when we passed their silent salients and grass-grown ramparts, above which was hanging in rich profusion the somber Southern moss, we steamed beyond the bar once guarded by the hostile ships and saw the sun go down the flaming west and disappear beyond a sea of glorious light and radiance, and as we turned in restful silence and rounded the rocking bell-buoy we called to mind the tender lines of the good and gentle Thomas Moore:

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies  
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea!  
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee;  
And as I watch the line of light that plays  
Along the smooth wave toward the burning west  
I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
And think t'would lead to some bright isle of rest.

### WILMINGTON'S ROLL-CALL OF HONOR.

BY MARY F. SANDERS.

[Written for Memorial Day, May 10.]

Ah, yes! the war is over, and the past  
Is in the eternal past;  
But memory bridges the yawning space  
By the light of her torch we stand face to face  
Again with our "deathless dead."  
One by one, they march along;  
One by one, they join the throng  
Of heroes bold, of martyrs true,  
Their country called to arms, they flew  
To join in the carnage dread.

Our good old town sent forth to the fray  
As noble a band in their jackets of gray  
As ever marched to the battle-field  
Or fought for their flag or died on their shield  
In ancient or modern time.  
We come to-day to deck the graves  
Of Wilmington's dauntless Southern braves,  
To their sacred mounds sweet flowers of spring,  
A mournful tribute, now we bring—  
An offering of love sublime.

Reverse your arms and muffle the drum,  
Lower your flag, and silently come,  
Patiently wait while we coo them o'er;  
We've gathered their dust from mountain and shore.  
Come, hear the roll-call of fame:  
First Col. Meares is borne from the field,  
With Wooster and Moore cold on their shield—  
The first instalment that Wilmington paid  
On the great debt that principle made.  
We buried them as they came.

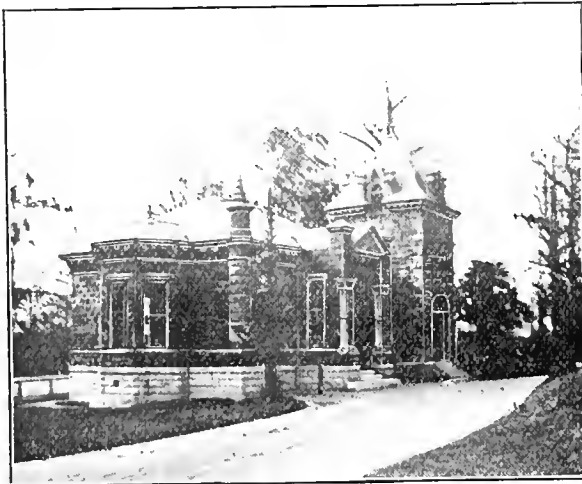
The conflict deepens. Extinguished the light  
In another home, for James A. Wright  
Has crossed that narrow stream called Death;  
And Wilmington stands with bated breath,  
Counting the growing list so sad:

Lieut. Ed Meares, again a Wright,  
 Johnnie Van Bockerlin, in young manhood's might,  
 Price and Davidson, Craig and McRee,  
 As part of the price of liberty,  
 Are among our "deathless dead."

The Shackelford brothers, Theo and Dan,  
 Are called to die for their native land,  
 And on Virginia's blood-stained soil  
 Lay down their lives to rest from toil,  
 But find with us a grave.  
 De Rossett and Cowan, from hospital ward,  
 We laid to rest in Oakdale's green sward;  
 Quince, Jacobs, Rothwell, and Moore,  
 With streaming eyes and hearts so sore,  
 We give each a soldier's grave.

Faster and faster the death-roll grows:  
 Pert and Walker are slain by their foes;  
 Reaves and Robinson, Kelly and Deems,  
 Sleep the sleep which knows no dreams—  
 And they are forever free!  
 Ravenscroft, Eurr, Tennent, and Green,  
 Gallantly fighting when last they were seen;  
 Dodson and Martin, Lord and Lane,  
 Yield up their lives on battle-plain—  
 Another instalment for liberty.

Herring and Peck and another Lane  
 Join the host of Wilmington's slain;  
 McMillan, Respass, McGuire, and Barr,  
 Forever at rest from the clang of war,  
 So peacefully down on the plain.  
 The days wear on 'mid battle roar.  
 Giles has fallen, another Moore:  
 Two more of our boys in jackets of gray:  
 Mais, Robert and Henry McRae.  
 And yet grows the list of the slain.



LODGE AT ENTRANCE OF OAKDALE CEMETERY, WILMINGTON.

Armstrong and Anderson, Johnson and Hill,  
 Prone on the ground so cold and still;  
 Gallant Matt Murphy, a stranger to fear,  
 Ready to lead or to bring up the rear—  
 These, too, for their country have died.  
 Montgomery, Farrow, Bannerman, too,  
 Rest from their toils where soft falls the dew.  
 Sneed and Usher, Wallace and Gregg,  
 With Parsley, refuse not their life-blood to shed;  
 And now they sleep side by side.

Nearer and nearer the storm-clouds come;  
 They gather and settle just over our home  
 On Christmas, the birthday of Christ our King,  
 And our sad hearts refuse to sing.  
 Hosannas died on our tongues;

For, moment by moment, we heard the yell  
 Of booming cannon and bursting shell,  
 And knew that in Fisher's battlement wall  
 Full many a gallant form must fall;  
 And we had no heart for song.

O liberty! liberty! how great is thy price!  
 How vastly great the sacrifice  
 This beautiful city by the sea  
 Has paid, and still must pay, for thee  
 In tears and blood and heartache!  
 For still, on Bentonville's green plain,  
 The long, long list is growing again.  
 Rankin responds to his country's call,  
 And brave Zack Ellis, the last to fall—  
 And the list is forever complete.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, WILMINGTON.

These many years it has been our sad task  
 To honor our dead; and to-day we ask  
 That you deck their graves and shed a tear  
 In memory of our heroes dear,  
 Who died while they wore the gray.  
 They died for me, they died for you,  
 They died for principle just and true.  
 Angels watch over their sacred dust  
 Until the rising of the just,  
 When time shall pass away!

Your traveling correspondent received a hearty welcome here from each and every veteran of the war, and also from many others whose hearts and homes are always open with true Southern hospitality. Under the courtly escort of Col. W. J. Woodward, we found our way most pleasantly and successfully prepared for speedy and successful intercourse. L. B. E.



## WOMEN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Our women have always been active in advancing any good cause, and especially were they helpful in the dark trials during and directly after the war. The women of North Carolina were no exception to this rule, and by their untiring exertions have done much to keep alive the memory of those who so nobly sacrificed themselves upon the altar of their country.

The following extracts were made from a paper by Mrs. M. L. Shipp, in the woman's edition of the *News and Observer*, May 20, 1895, in regard to the most prominent association of the state:

"The Ladies' Memorial Association of Wake County was formed in 1865, when it was necessary to remove from the grounds of the Pettigrew Hospital the remains of the Confederate soldiers buried there. It was but a short while after the Federals took possession of Raleigh before the Mayor was notified that they admired the spot where rested the Confederate dead, and ordered that they be moved at once, or they would be thrown out in the country road. A town meeting was called, and the association formed, Mrs. L. O'B. Branch being made President; Miss Sophia Partridge, Secretary; and Miss Annie Mason, Treasurer. The other charter members were Mrs. Henry Miller, Mrs. Lucy Evans, Mrs. Robert Lewis, Mrs. Mary Lacy, Vice-Presidents; Miss Margaret Iredell and Mrs. John Devereaux.

"A resting-place was selected for the reinterment of the beloved dead, and, with the help of the young men and boys of the town, the work was successfully accomplished. The graves were comparatively few at first, but none were safe from Sherman's 'bummers,' as there was scarcely a new-made grave anywhere but what was opened by these men, in search of treasures; so it was a sacred trust, most religiously kept by the young men and women, to visit these graves almost daily and see that they were kept in order. The association grew in numbers and the interest increased. Many Confederate dead from the country were moved to this spot, and the grounds were laid off and improved by Serg. Hamilton, a soldier of the Confederate army who lost both eyes from a wound.

"After the death of Gen. Jackson the 10th of May had been selected as Memorial Day, when the citizens were to repair to the cemetery to participate in the services there. No procession was allowed unless the United States flag was carried, and, as it was several years before the ladies were so much 'reconstructed' as to march under this flag, the gathering was without special order or ceremony. The services were very simple, but impressive in the stillness of the forest.

"To raise funds to care for the Confederate dead and erect a monument to their memory, every legitimate means was resorted to by the association. Many entertainments were given in town, and the young people would go to villages near the town and assist in giving entertainments there. This was not done without risk, as it was reported that contraband articles were for sale, such as Confederate flags, a strand of Gen. Lee's hair, pictures of President Davis or any Confederate general; so there would be the sudden appearance of a bluecoat with orders to search the room for these contraband articles. None were ever found, however, and the efforts of the ladies were so successful that they were able to raise funds sufficient, with appropriations

from the state, to erect the monument now standing in the cemetery. By this time the town and state were in a measure relieved from martial law, and a fitting dedication was allowed.

"The Ladies' Memorial Association of Wake County is still in existence, and through its efforts not only the Confederate dead of North Carolina, but of other Southern states, have been brought from the field of Gettysburg and the United States burying-ground at Arlington, and now rest together in this cemetery. Through their efforts, also, the Home for Old Soldiers was secured, and after thirty years the state has honored her soldiers by placing a monument to their memory in the capitol grounds at Raleigh.

"The success and noble work of the association is mainly due to its first President, Mrs. L. O'B. Branch, who so nobly put aside her own grief to care for those who, with her husband, had given their lives to the cause of truth and justice."

## DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

By invitation of Mrs. Allison, of Concord, N. C., a number of ladies met at her home on March 28 to or-



MRS. JOHN P. ALLISON, CONCORD, N. C.,  
President Dodson Ramseur Chapter U. D. C.

ganize a chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, and forty-two members were enrolled at this first meeting. The following officers were elected: Mrs. John P. Allison, President; Mrs. J. C. Wadsworth, Vice-President; Mrs. D. B. Coltrane, Secretary; Miss Rose Harris, Treasurer.

The ladies conferred upon themselves the honor of naming this the Dodson Ramseur Chapter, in memory of the gallant Stephen Dodson Ramseur, whose love for his native state and gallantry on the battle-field were so marked as to lead to his promotion in rapid succession until he was made a major-general before he was twenty-eight. He fell in battle the same

year. His widow, Mrs. Ellen Ramseur, was made an honorary member. This chapter has started out to work, and, becoming interested in the heroic Sam Davis, sent a contribution of \$10 for the monument fund, and also contributed \$20 to the Z. B. Vance monument, unveiled at Asheville on the 10th inst. They are now helping the Veterans of their county to purchase a banner, and will then contribute to the fund to purchase stones to be placed at the graves of our boys in the North. The energetic President of this chapter is



EMMA AND ELIZABETH WOODWARD.

the wife of Mr. John P. Allison, a prominent business man of Concord, who, though too young for a Confederate soldier, is loyal to the cause. Her father was the Hon. Burton Craige, long a tower of strength to the old North state, and she has three brothers who served in its defense. James A. Craige, now a resident of Maury County, Tenn., was major of the Fifty-Seventh North Carolina Infantry. Capt. Kerr Craige served in the First North Carolina Cavalry, and was Third Assistant Postmaster-General under Cleveland's last administration. Capt. Frank Burton Craige, of the Thirty-Third North Carolina Infantry, also lives in Maury County, Tenn.

### THE OLD NORTH STATE.

BY HON. WILLIAM GASTON.

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!  
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her;  
Though the scorner may sneer at and wiling defame her,  
Yet our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

Hurrah! hurrah! the old North state forever!  
Hurrah! hurrah! the good old North state!

Though she envies not others their merited glory,  
Say whose name stands the foremost in liberty's story:  
Though too true to herself to e'er crouch to oppression,  
Who can yield to just rule a more loyal submission?

Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster  
To the knock of the stranger or tale of disaster?  
How like to the rudeness of their dear native mountains,  
With rich ore in their bosoms and life in their fountains!

And her daughters—the queen of the forest resembling,  
So graceful, so constant, to gentlest breath trembling,  
And true lightwood at heart; let the match be applied them—  
How they kindle in flame. None know but who've tried them.

Then let all who love us, love the land that we live in—  
As happy a region as on this side of heaven,  
Where plenty and freedom, love and peace, smile before us—  
Raise aloud, raise together, the heart-thrilling chorus.

### JOHN W. MOORE IN ROSTER OF N. C. TROOPS.

North Carolina was very deliberate in assuming her place in the great American controversy, but, having once reached a conclusion as to what was right in the premises, there was no shrinking from responsibility or forgetfulness of the men who went to the field to make good the resolution of May 20, 1861. No community ever so generally of its own accord took up arms. Never in human records was there an instance of more united determination than was seen in that memorable spring, when the hope of peace had perished, and it was realized that only by bloodshed was the act of secession to be consummated. North Carolina had not been distinguished for love of the holiday displays and pageants so dear to other communities. The militia system had sunk into such neglect that the musters and reviews of that day had become objects of ridicule to many in the state. No people could have appeared less disposed to mere military glory than the North Carolinians, who listened so sadly for news from Charleston and Fort Sumter. There were a few volunteer companies of infantry belonging to the larger towns, but not a company of cavalry or artillery in all the state. The people loved peace, and had been abundantly protected by the nature of their coast from any apprehension of danger from abroad.

North Carolina, having exhausted counsel and entreaty upon those who were leaders on both sides in the great contention between the states, was at length made aware that peace had become impossible, and nothing was left but the choice of sides in a controversy not of her seeking. Very calmly, and more in sorrow than wrath, the fiat went forth that was to convert her peace-

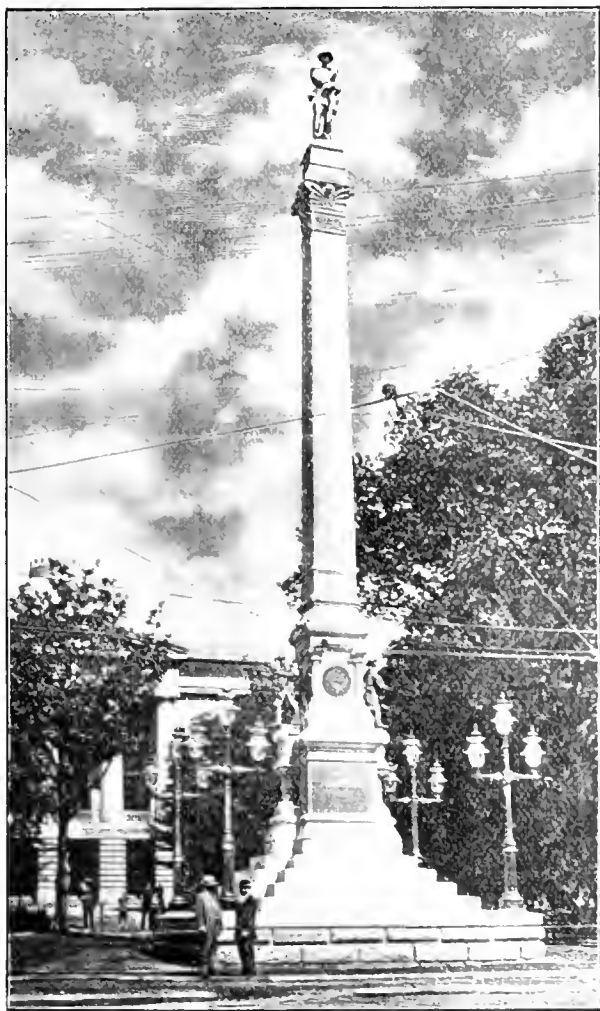


MISS ELIZA M. BELLAMY, WILMINGTON.

ful fields into one great military camp. There had never been much exceeding a hundred thousand votes polled at any state election, and the whole sum of the white population was but six hundred thousand souls. How many of these of their own accord left the endearments of home at what they felt was the call of duty the war records disclosed.

### THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT RALEIGH.

The movement to erect a suitable monument to the Confederate dead of North Carolina was put in motion by Capt. S. A. Ashe, of Raleigh, who agitated the matter through the columns of his paper, and in June, 1892, a call was made for a meeting at the supreme court building to form a Monumental Association. This was done by the election of Mrs. Armistead Jones as President; Miss Maggie Cowper, Secretary; and D. W. Bain, Treasurer. The President at once mapped out and prosecuted the work with energy and ability. She appointed a Vice-President for each county, as it was a state undertaking, and valuable assistance was



MONUMENT AT RALEIGH, DEDICATED MAY 20, 1895.

received in this way. Generous contributions by private citizens also advanced the work materially. The association was incorporated by the Legislature of 1893, which appropriated \$10,000 for this work; and when it was found that the required sum could not be made up by the time the monument was completed, \$10,000 additional was appropriated in 1895. The design for the monument by the Muldoon Company, of Kentucky, was accepted in May of that year, at a cost of \$25,000. For historic reasons the date selected for the laying of the corner-stone was May 20, 1894, but as that came on Sunday it was postponed to the 22d. The ceremonies were imposing and impressive, and an

eloquent address was delivered by Hon. Thomas W. Mason, one of North Carolina's most gifted orators.

One year later, on the 20th of May, 1895, the perfected monument was unveiled in the presence of thousands of citizens of the old North state, who had gathered there to do honor to the brave men whose deathless valor the monument perpetuates. Little Julia Jackson Christian, granddaughter of the immortal Stonewall Jackson, drew the veil. Capt. S. A. Ashe delivered the address of welcome, and was followed by many distinguished speakers. Col. Thomas S. Keenan was chairman of the Reception Committee. The monument was constructed entirely of North Carolina granite. The design is on the Corinthian order. It is over seventy-two feet high, with a base of twenty-eight feet. The shaft is a solid block of granite twenty-eight feet high, and is surmounted by a handsome bronze figure representing an infantry soldier. On either side of the base is a life-size statue—one of an infantryman, and the other a cavalryman. The west side bears the inscription, "To Our Confederate Dead," and on the east is, "First at Bethel, Last at Appomattox." On the first base, which is six feet square, is a large die block, and on its two faces are bronze medallions—one representing the seal of North Carolina, and the other the seal of the Confederate States. This is considered one of the handsomest granite monuments in America.

An early measure adopted by the Federal government was the blockade of the Southern ports. Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and Galveston were all watched by armed ships that sought to exclude the vessels of all countries from entering these harbors. Cruisers swarmed along the whole Southern coast, and it became a matter of great peril and difficulty to send out or bring in any commodity by way of the ocean.

This soon led to a scarcity of salt, sugar, coffee, molasses, and everything which had been formerly imported from Europe or bought of Northern merchants. Prices continually advanced, as such things became very scarce in the South.

Wilmington was so situated that an effective blockade there was almost impossible. There were two inlets, and therefore two blockade fleets were necessary, and even with this added difficulty the blockade squadron could not prevent, on dark nights, the passage of swift steamers, that swept in and out of the Cape Fear River, and brought from Nassau and Bermuda what was most needed for the armies and the people.

Soon after the inauguration of Gov. Vance, Col. Thomas M. Crossan was sent to England for the purpose of procuring a ship to supply the wants of North Carolina. Col. Crossan had been a naval officer in the service of the United States, and had judgment enough in such matters to select one of the swiftest ships in the world. It was called the "Lord Clyde" abroad, but that name was changed to the "Ad-Vance," and the vessel made many swift voyages before its capture.

In the superior clothing and equipments of the North Carolina troops were the wisdom and activity of the state government manifested; and, too, not only were the necessities of our own soldiers supplied, but large aid was extended to the troops of other states. Besides this, cotton and woolen cards and many other necessities were brought in and distributed to the different sections of the state.

# THE SEABOARD AIR LINE SYSTEM.

Mr. R. C. Hoffman, President of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, is a native of Baltimore, born July 13, 1839. He entered the railway service in May, 1888, and was for some years Vice-President of the Seaboard Air Line system, of which he is now President.



R. C. HOFFMAN, PRESIDENT.

Mr. E. St. John, Vice-President and General Manager of Seaboard Air Line Railway, engaged in rail-roading at an early age. His longest service was with the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific. In January, 1895, he was made Vice-President of the Seaboard, and since January 22, 1896, has been its General Manager as well.

Mr. T. J. Anderson, General Passenger Agent of the Seaboard Air Line, is one of the youngest and most competent passenger men in the country. His interest in the Carolinas is appreciated by all Carolinians.

## BRIEF HISTORICAL SKETCH.



The Seaboard Air Line is the through line established by the joint control and management of a number of railroads running through

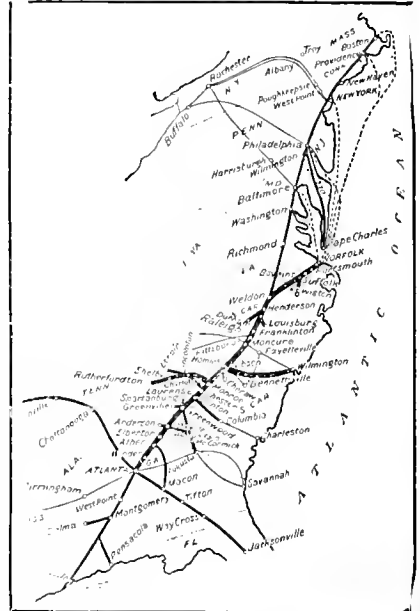
the states of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, from Portsmouth, Va., to Atlanta, Ga., and from Wilmington, N. C., to Rutherfordton, N. C., composing a total of 957 miles. The parent company



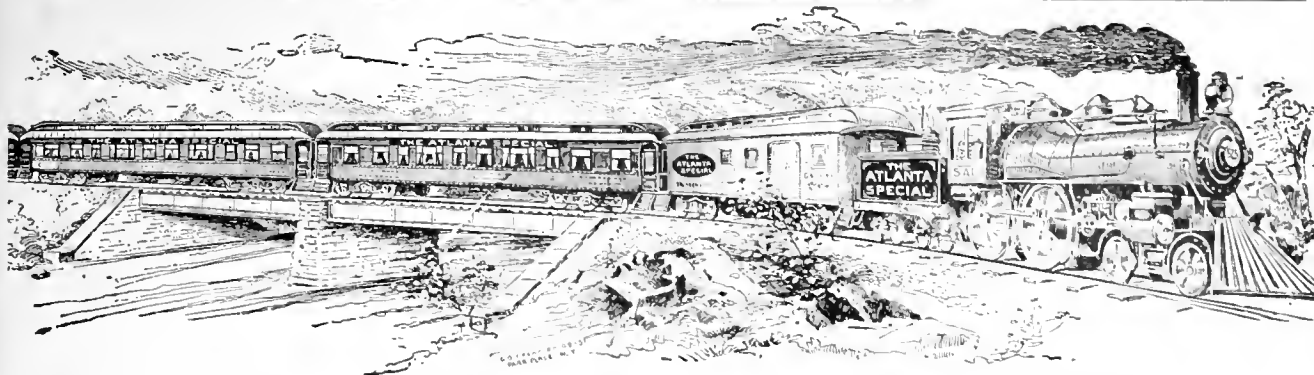
E. ST. JOHN, VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER.

and initial road, the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad Company, a consolidation, February 22, 1849, of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad Company of Virginia, and the Roanoke Railroad Company of North Carolina. The road was opened early in 1835 and rebuilt in 1851. The Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company, chartered January 29, 1839, opened from Raleigh to Gaston in 1841, reorganized in 1851, and extended to Weldon, N. C., in 1852. Raleigh and Augusta Air Line Railroad Company, chartered as Cheat-

ham Railroad February 16, 1861; main line completed September 17, 1871. Carolina Central Railroad Company, reorganized after foreclosure sale May 31, 1880, formerly the Carolina Central Railway Company. Georgia, Carolina, and Northern Railway Company, chartered April 17, 1887, and road opened throughout from Monroe, N. C., to Atlanta, Ga., April 24, 1892.







## Seaboard Air Line "Atlanta Special."

The Best Line for Going to Atlanta to Attend Reunion of Confederate Veterans, with Best Accommodations and Excellent Service. For Particulars Address B. A. Newland, G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga., or T. J. Anderson, G. P. A., Portsmouth, Va.

The magnificent train of the Seaboard Air Line, known as the "Atlanta Special," which runs solid from Washington to Atlanta, Ga., is now undergoing a thorough overhauling and rebuilding at the Portsmouth Shops. There is sufficient equipment for five trains. The entire five trains will be rebuilt, and one train will be always in the shops being overhauled, repainted, and varnished; hence the equipment will be always fresh and new. The new train just from the shops is to be the handsomest train ever seen in Virginia. This train is composed of mail, express, baggage, second-class coach, first-class coach, and two Pullmans. The day coach, a "palace on wheels," is like a Pullman sleeper, and seats seventy-four peo-

ple. It is equipped with standard Pullman trucks from the mail-car to the last sleeper, and vested from end to end. The new color is a dark olive-green, with silver trimmings, with the name of the train in script letters on the side of each coach. The train is equipped with pinch light gas, having a sufficient number of chandeliers to enable the passengers to read in any part of the train. The train is heated by steam. Vice-President St. John is doing everything he can to make the Seaboard Air Line a model road in every way, and he is being ably assisted by his energetic and hustling General Passenger Agent, Mr. Anderson, in looking after the patrons of the line.—*Virginian and Pilot, Norfolk.*

HERE  
IS A  
CURE

Those Dreadful  
**FITS**



"Not to take a cure for an otherwise fatal disease is to commit suicide."

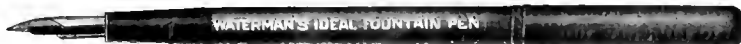
If you suffer from Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, etc., have children or relatives that do so, or know people that are afflicted, my New Discovery, EPILEPTICIDE, will cure them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Bottle and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result. It has cured thousands where everything else has failed. Please give name and full address. DR. W. H. MAY, May Laboratory, 96 Pine St., New York.

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Headquarters for Confederates. The proprietors are Veterans and the BUFORD is "up to date."

This Pen sent free with 8 subscriptions to Veteran.



Or \$4 sent for pen will give the Veteran one year free.

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A Girls' School of Highest  
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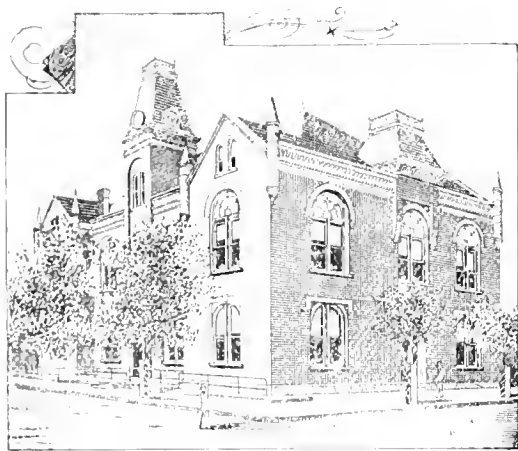
**CERTIFICATE ADMITS TO VASSAR.**

**"FAMOUS DURHAM."**

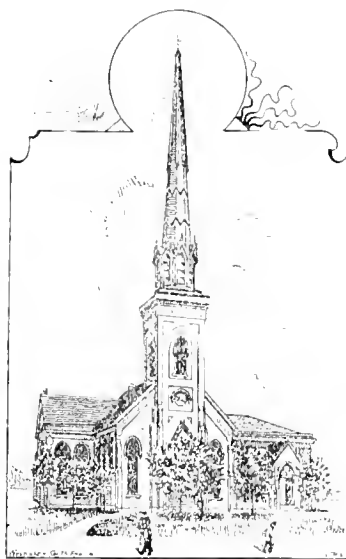
Dr. Bartlett Durham, in 1854, gave fame to his name by the donation of three acres of land to the North Carolina railroad, now the Southern. It was "a mere wood and water station, twenty-six miles from Raleigh." It was incorporated by the Legislature in 1869. J. R. Green conceived the idea of manufacturing smoking-tobacco at "Durham's." His factory was broken into by Federal soldiers, and his stock carried off, but it proved a big advertisement. Confederate soldiers, too, got whiffs of the tobacco, and the fame of Durham's smoking-tobacco was fixed. Durham's great trade-mark, the bull, is perhaps the most valuable in the country. It is said that Maj. Blackwell



"CAROLINA HOTEL," DURHAM, N. C., COL. J. S. CARR, PROPRIETOR.

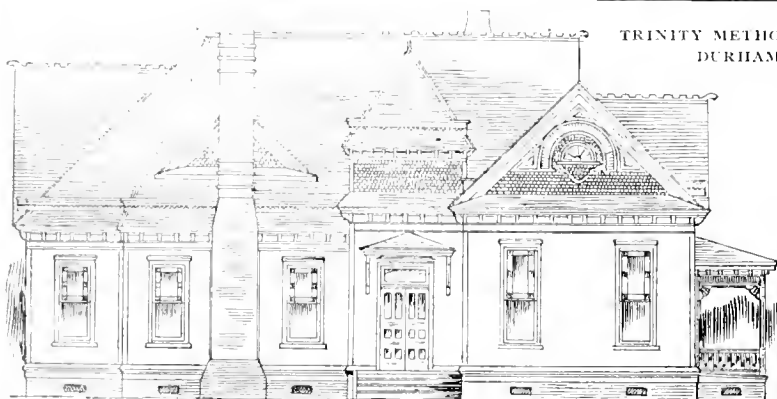


DURHAM COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, DURHAM, N. C.

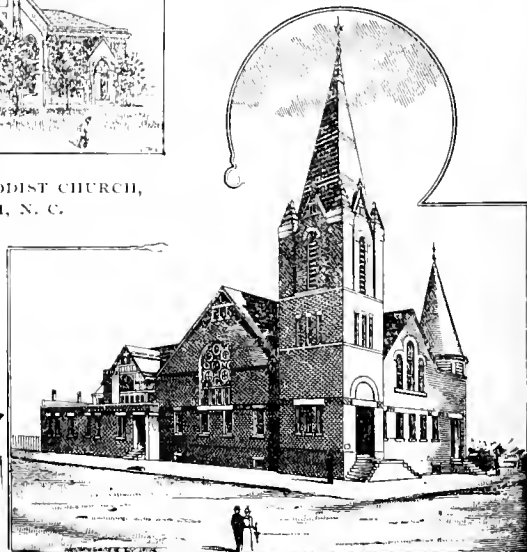


TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH, DURHAM, N. C.

sold him for \$100,000. In the third of a century the manufacturing enterprises of Durham have increased from \$500 to \$5,000,000. The manufacture of tobacco has grown until about three-fourths of it is transported by rail. A report at hand indicates the receipts in one year 15,690,000 pounds. Blackwell's Bull Durham, advertised in the *VERERAN*, is manufactured there. Julian S. Carr is President of the company.



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# CRUEL CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

THE "SLOCUM SYSTEM" THE MOST MARVELOUS  
DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

**Coughs, Consumption, Catarrh, La Grippe, and Other Lung Troubles at Last Annihilated.**

Are you a consumptive?

It is safe to assume that you are, for nine-tenths of the human family suffer from one form or another of this King of Diseases, this despoiler of homes, this common enemy of health, which strikes rich and poor alike, and is no respecter of persons.

Heretofore wealth has been a necessary part of the cure—wealth to take you to the green fields and the sunshine of climes that know naught but summer and none but the blue skies of June: wealth to enable you to partake of the elaborate systems of treatment; wealth to buy this fleeting hope that leads you on and on to the inevitable end—death.

But now all this has been changed. The poor—aye, the poorest of the poor—may be saved from the clutch of Consumption, La Grippe, Catarrh, Coughs, and the kindred evils that belong to the consumptive family.

In the great, busy, self-for-self metropolis is one man—one man of mighty mind, one man of generous heart, one man of philanthropic principles who stretches out the hand of help to those who suffer, and says: "Ask for this wonderful cure, and it shall be yours."

The Slocum System is "bottled life." It builds up the tired and worn-out bodies of those who suffer. It goes at once to the seat of the disease and drives out the germs that are living on your vital strength. It takes hold of your blood, and where it was once sluggish and slow, it causes it to leap and dance through your veins with the vigor of health. It makes rich, red, rosy blood; and rich blood means health and strength.

The Slocum System is a crystallization of the mighty minds of the medical world. It is a practical condensation of the investigations of Koch, Pasteur, Virchow, and Metchnikoff, all put in practical form by one of the foremost medical scientists of the country. It is putting at the service of sufferers the result of years of study and research of eminent men, which result they could not have bought with kingdoms.

The entire system is fully explained in a new pamphlet brimful of testimonials, which will be sent, with three free bottles of this remarkable system of treatment, to any and all readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN who will send their name and full address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, The Slocum Building, New York City, and who will agree to use them for the relief of those who suffer.

Three Free Bottles of This Wonderful Treatment  
to All Confederate Veteran Readers  
for the Asking.

ON MERIT AND  
MERIT ALONE.

THOSE WHO USE  
THEM GET WELL.



Medicine Reduced to an Exact Science by the  
World's Most Famous Physician.

SPECIAL NOTE.—All readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN anxious regarding the health of themselves, children, relatives, or friends, can have Three Free Bottles of the New Discoveries, as represented in the above illustration, with complete directions, pamphlets, testimonials, etc., by sending full address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, the Slocum Building, New York City. This is a plain, honest, straightforward offer, and is made to introduce the Merits of the New System of Treatment, and should be accepted at once. When writing please mention the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

The steady depreciation of Confederate and state money was the greatest calamity of all in the trying days of 1861-65. The cry of distress from famishing women and children was increasing all the time, and the state and county authorities were finding it more and more impossible to meet by public charity the pressing wants of their people.

The pay of Confederate soldiers in the ranks was \$15 and \$17 per month in Confederate money. During the latter days of the war flour sold for \$800 per barrel; meat, \$3 per pound; chickens, \$15 each; shoes (bro-gans), \$300 per pair; coffee, \$50 per pound. It may be easily imagined how great was the suffering in the South when it is remembered that numbers of soldiers' wives were almost entirely dependent upon the pay of their husbands for support. There were relief committees throughout the state, but the great scarcity of provisions made them almost helpless.

Almost all the white men in North Carolina were in the ranks of the different regiments and battalions mustered into the Confederate service. When the Confederate money became worthless, want and suffering appeared in every section, and unhappy wives were clamorous for their husbands' return to avert starvation.

The suffering families were ever in the minds of the dauntless men who were away facing the enemy, for a direr foe was thinning the blood and blanching the cheeks of wife and child. Therefore some husbands turned their backs on the scenes of their glory, and incurred personal ignominy and sometimes the punishment of death for desertion.

The case of Edward Cooper was in point. He was tried by court martial for desertion. He declined the aid of a lawyer to defend him, and, as his only defense, handed the presiding judge of the court the following letter, which he had received from his wife:

*"My Dear Edward:* I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but, before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die. Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. I called, and said, 'What is the matter, Eddie?' and he said, 'O mama! I am so hungry!' And Lucy, Edward—your darling Lucy—she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And, before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must die. Your  
MARY."

Gen. Cullen Battle and his associate members of the court were melted to tears. Although the prisoner had voluntarily returned to his command, they found him guilty, and sentenced him to death, but recommended mercy. Gen. Lee, in reviewing the case, approved the finding, but pardoned the unhappy artilleryman, who was afterward seen by Gen. Battle standing pale and bloody as he fired his last round into the retreating Federals. He then fell dead at his post.

Gov. Vance related the following incident:

During a hurried trip from Raleigh to Salisbury, late in the war, we were stopped a few miles beyond Greensboro by an engine in the ditch and in a deep cut. There was much mud off the cross-ties, but we were compelled to get off the train going west, climb the embankment, and walk around to board another train.

The train we were to take had brought down a large lot of Federal prisoners from Salisbury. I had great difficulty ascending the bank, and finally halted near the top, unable to proceed farther. Suddenly a dirty, emaciated Yankee soldier on the top of the bank above me lay down, extended his hand to my assistance, and, with a polite "Allow me, sir," pulled me up to the top. I thanked him, and, calling to my servant, gave him the remnant in my lunch-basket and all that was left of a bottle of new apple brandy, that sole consoler of Southern hopes at that time. Half-starved as he was, he gave a fair shout of joy, and inquired my name, which I gave him. Of course I never expected to hear of him again, but I did. It proved to be both bread and brandy cast upon the waters. When my native town of Asheville was captured, about the time of Johnston's surrender, that same boy turned up in the ranks of its Federal captors, sought out my widowed mother's house, which was in the suburbs and much exposed, and guarded it from intrusion like a watch-dog, sleeping in the porch before her door.

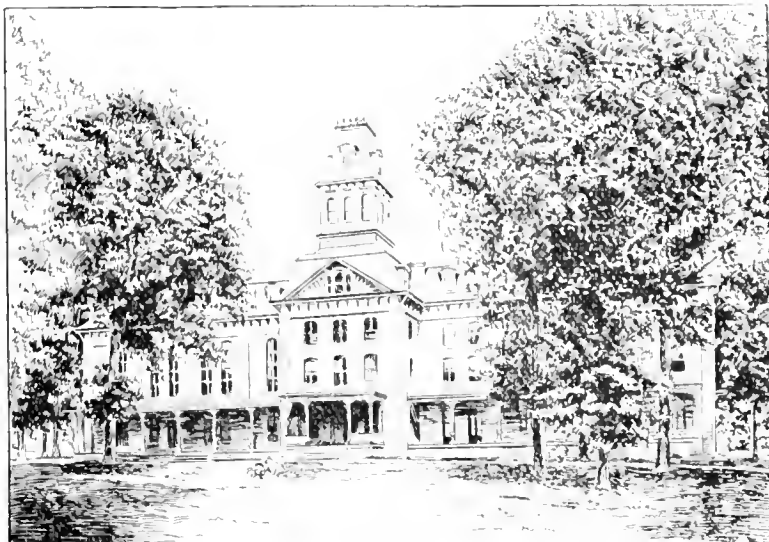


LEADING BENEFACTOR OF CONFEDERATES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, deserves the gratitude of every friend of the VETERAN. Unstinted in all things that pertain to the honor and well-being of his Confederate comrades, it is conceded that he has done more for the comfort and pleasure of the unfortunates than any other man in the state. His unceasing efforts to secure the Confederate Home and for its maintenance, together with his personal beneficence at all times in behalf of his comrades, entitle him to the gratitude and pride of every man in the state.

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## Asheville, N. C.



ASHEVILLE COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

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In Asheville, in the "Land of the Sky," in the most beautiful and picturesque part of the mountain region of Western North Carolina. Bracing air, cool nights, delightful climate, average temperature for the summer but 70 degrees Fahrenheit. The atmosphere, surcharged as it is with ozone, is a perpetual tonic for the tired mind and body. Competent judges admit that one-third more work can be done here than in the low, flat countries. The clear, cold, picturesque streams and the wide-sweeping mountain views conspire to make this one of the most attractive regions on the American continent.

### WHAT?

The "Summer School and Conservatory" is an enterprise organized by the leading citizens of Asheville, and has been duly

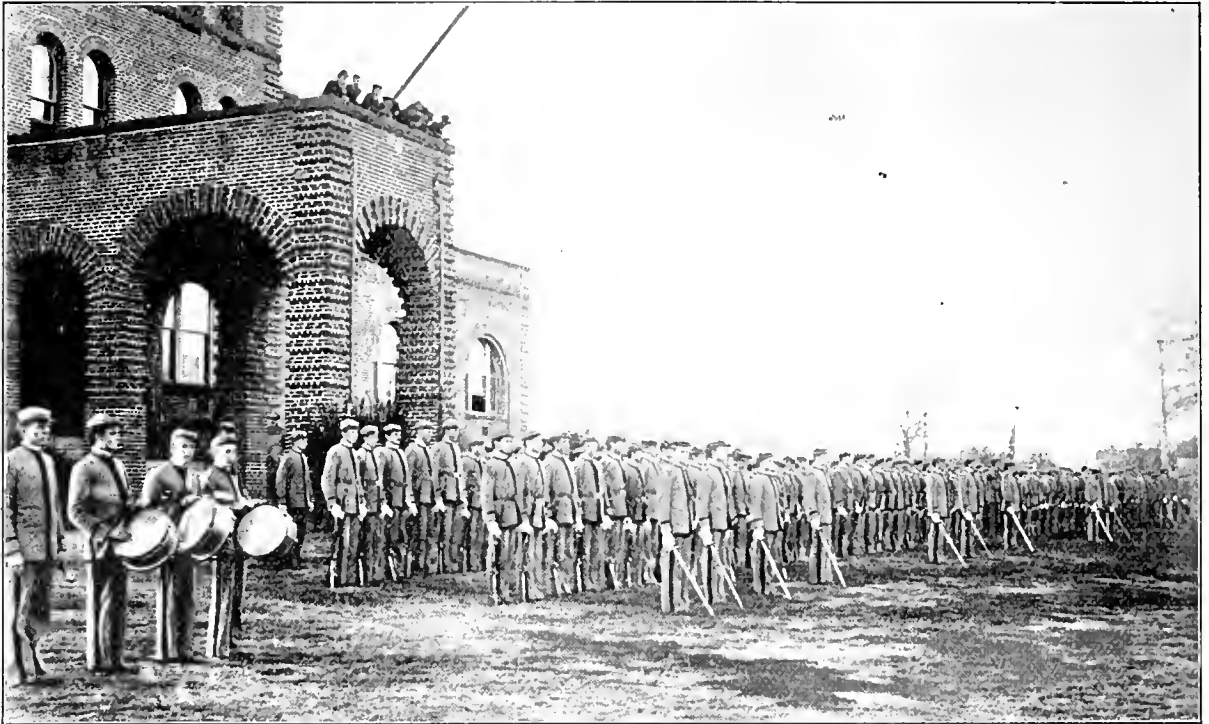
chartered by the state. It offers courses of study in Music, Art, Languages, Sciences, Elocution, etc. Besides the regular courses of study there will be, in connection with the school, a series of superb concerts and high-class lectures by the best talent America affords. For carrying on this work the managers of the Summer School and Conservatory have secured the beautiful grounds and buildings and entire equipment of the Asheville College for Young Women. By the kindness of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt the students in Botany and Biology have the use of his extensive Botanical Gardens and Arboretum - said to be among the finest in world.

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The School is open to both men and women, and will begin July 7 and close August 16. The advantages offered are the very best.

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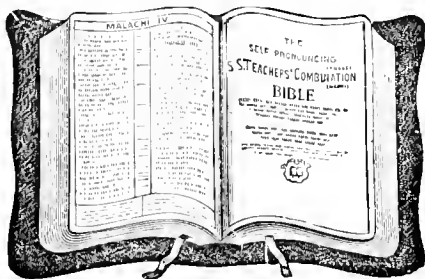
**T**HIS Agricultural and Mechanical College, located at Raleigh, already the pride of the state, was founded under an act of the Legislature, and was opened October 2, 1889. The enterprise was inaugurated by Col. Alexander Q. Balkley, and in its organization was assisted by Profs. Massey, Hill, Chamberlain, and Kinneally.

In Agriculture the graduate is ready to take intelligent charge at once of his own farm in every department.

The Mechanical, Electrical, and Engineering Departments give students a general knowledge of mechanism, of building, of bridge-building, of designing, of dynamos and dynamo-running—in fact, of all the work expected of the civil and mechanical graduates of first-class technical

institutions. It does not, however, make mere machines of its matriculates, but its aim is to make educated men and educated specialists. General courses of study, similar to those taken in other colleges, complement the technical work. These include mathematics, bookkeeping, history, physics, chemistry, botany, logic, English language and literature, and all students are required to take these studies.

Col. Halladay, President, attended the University of Virginia and also the University of Berlin. He is ably assisted in the noble work by Hon. J. C. L. Harris, President of the Board of Trustees, who is ever zealous to promote the objects of the College. The large Faculty comprises men of high standing in their respective departments.



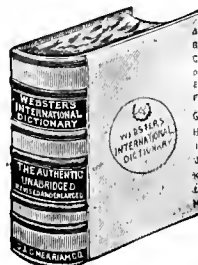
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Attention is called to the proffer made in the advertisement of the Oil Cure Laboratory in this issue—viz., to cure one Confederate Veteran in each town, showing the confidence these Doctors have in the curative properties of their remedies, which we trust will prove of great benefit to the afflicted.

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There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requiring constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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Where corn, oats, and cotton, the richest of loam Which yields to the settlers provisions and home, Trees of every description arise on each hand, From alluvial soil to the rich table-land.

Here springs are exhaustless and streams never dry, In the season from winter to autumn's bright sky, A wide panorama of prairie is seen, Of grasses of all kinds perennially green.

Here millions of cattle, sheep, horses, and goats Grow fat as if stall-fed or fattened on oats. No poverty is found in the mighty domain, To the man who exerts either finger or brain.

Here are homes for the millions, the rich and the poor, While Texas opens wide her hospitable door. She has thousands of acres—yes, millions—to sell, Yet can point without cost to where preceptors can dwell. Her terms will be easy with those whom she deals, While security, all, in their title can feel.

Buy land while 'tis cheap, and the finest select, 'Twill, young man, prove a fortune when least you expect. Old man, for your children, buy, file it away, A Godsend 'twill prove on some rainy day.

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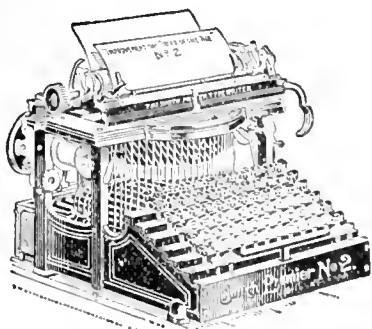
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Advertising Rates: \$1.50 per inch one time, or \$15 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$35. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is below the former rate.

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

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" war will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

United Confederate Veterans,  
United Daughters of the Confederacy,  
Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

The VETERAN is approved and endorsed by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

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

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. )

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1898.

No. 6, W. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.



LOCATION OF THE VETERAN OFFICE FOR THE ATLANTA REUNION.

It is on the railroad side of the Kimball House, and is to be a rendezvous for Veterans, Daughters, and Sons. Mr. Joseph Pelham (nephew of the gallant John Pelham) has charge of the office. As special aid to Commander-in-Chief of the Sons, Robert A. Smyth, Mr. Pelham will keep a register of visiting Sons and distribute official badges. This office is also official headquarters of the United Sons. Daughters of the Confederacy will appropriate the premises at will, while comrades are invited to call there when convenient, and especially on reunion days.

Let every friend of the VETERAN see to it that solicitors have credentials at the reunion. There was much

imposition at Nashville. One young man, who was recommended as credible and was very active, signing his name "J. G." to receipts, collected \$60 that can be traced to him, and for which he made no report; and it is impossible to tell how much more he secured. Such dishonesty is doubly calamitous; the office not only loses the amount, while it fills all known contracts, but its reputation for business integrity suffers.

Patrons can be of valuable assistance at the reunion by helping solicitors, after being assured that they are all right. Let all patrons who can do so call at the VETERAN office, No. 12 Wall Street, Kimball House Building, railroad side, during the reunion.

### WHY ATLANTA REUNION SHOULD BE HELD.

From General Order No. 204, United Confederate Veterans, dated New Orleans, May 28, 1898:

There is not a single reason why the reunion should not be held, and there are multiplied reasons why it should. The presence of actual war will tend to increase rather than diminish the interest of war veterans in our great annual convention to be held at Atlanta, Ga., in July next. The reunion, in its influence, will give substantial aid to the government, and will be a direct benefit to the development of the martial spirit of the nation. The assembling of the surviving heroes of the Confederacy—the men who participated in over 2,000 battles, and whose 600,000 enlisted men fought for four long years over nearly every foot of their terri-



GEN. J. B. GORDON.

tory and until about one-half of their soldiers were dead from casualties of war against 2,865,028 enlisted men, aided by 600 vessels of war, manned by 35,000 sailors—will revive the martial spirit of the people and will be an object-lesson and inspiration for the youth of our country. It will awaken sentiment, arouse enthusiasm, inspire and quicken the patriotic resolve and purpose to enlist in defense of the flag of our common country, as many of our old veterans and their brave sons are now doing—as the deeds of these old soldiers are now the heritage of the nation, the common property of all.

Even had there been twenty wars, we must not forget our duty to our living and dead heroes. The man who would neglect this holy duty is unworthy the name of American. The people who forget their heroes and history will in time be forgotten, for "they will ingloriously perish from the face of the earth."

In our holy reverence for our dead and care for our living heroes we honor our race and our nation. The bond of our allegiance to the restored Union is sealed by our devotion and reverence for our living and dead, and it is this God-given virtue which challenges and compels the respect of our former foes—now our brethren—and of mankind. It is a sublime duty for a people to consecrate their lives for the succor of their living heroes and perpetuation of the fame of their glorious dead.

The General commanding will faithfully devote the few remaining years of his life to this sacred purpose and for the upbuilding and glory of our common country; therefore he announces

1. That the eighth annual meeting and reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held, as stated in General Order No. 196, current series, from these headquarters, in the city of Atlanta, Ga., upon the following dates: July 20, 21, 22, and 23, 1898—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, respectively—the dates of July 20, 21, and 22 being anniversaries of the battles of Peach Tree Creek, Manassas, and Atlanta, respectively. All Confederate organizations and Confederate soldiers and sailors of all arms, grades, and departments are cordially invited to attend this eighth general reunion of their comrades.

2. With pride and pleasure he also announces that eleven hundred and thirty camps are already enrolled in the U. C. V. organization, with applications in for over one hundred and fifty more. Ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors everywhere are urged to form themselves into local associations, where this has not already been done, and all associations, bivouacs, encampments, and other bodies not members of the U. C. V. Association are earnestly requested to send in application to these headquarters, without delay, in time to participate in this great reunion, and thus unite with their comrades in carrying out the laudable and philanthropic objects of the United Confederate Veteran organization.

3. The city of Atlanta, Ga., where the reunion is to be held, was fittingly chosen as a central location, accessible to the Veterans from every section of the South, and he believes that a united and concerted effort will secure the lowest railroad rates, which he has no doubt the generous officials of Southern railroads will extend to the old survivors, so as to make this reunion the greatest ever held. He therefore urges the officers and members of all camps to commence now, without delay, making preparations to attend this great reunion, which is to be held at the historic capital of the grand old state of Georgia; and he has no hesitation in guaranteeing that from the world-renowned reputation of the great people of that beautiful city and glorious state that in the cordial welcome which they will extend to the U. C. V., the grand old veterans of Atlanta, and of the entire state of Georgia will strive by all the means at their command to excel the boundless hospitality so generously and lavishly extended at former reunions.

4. He especially urges all camps to commence now, without delay, preparing for delegates, alternates, and as many members as possible to attend, so as to make it the largest and most representative reunion ever held, as business of the greatest gravity, affecting the welfare of the old veterans, will be transacted during this eighth annual reunion, such as the benevolent care, through state aid or otherwise, of disabled, destitute, and aged

veterans and the widows and orphans of our fallen brothers-in-arms, which will be one of the most important matters for our consideration. In this connection the General commanding calls especial attention to the increasing age, multiplied sorrows, and corroding cares of many of the gallant old soldiers who risked their lives and fortunes for what they considered right during the eventful years of 1861-65. Through the mortuary reports received at these headquarters he is daily and almost hourly reminded that the lengthening shadows of time are fast settling over the old heroes, reaching out already beyond the allotted span of human life, many of whom had already passed the age of manhood when, thirty-five years ago, they promptly and nobly responded to their country's call. It is our bounden duty and the chief mission of the U. C. V. Association that these unfortunate, sick, disabled, and indigent comrades and brothers and their widows and orphans should have our attention, care, and such help in their old age as their more fortunate comrades can procure and give as their infirmities and misfortunes require. This to him will be a labor of love, and to the carrying out of which he will devote his best efforts, and in the prosecution of which sacred work he appeals to all the members of the U. C. V. Association who are able for their earnest, prayerful, patriotic help. We must take care of our old comrades. And in doing this he feels confident that appeals for employment for the old Confederate veterans, who are so rapidly passing away, and substantial aid for these old, sick, wounded, indigent, and unfortunate soldiers will not be made in vain to any state, municipal government, or citizen of any Southern state, nor to the rising generation themselves, the worthy descendants of heroes, who are all alike participants in that heritage of glory so proudly emblazoned upon the history of each state by the unparalleled valor and endurance of these aged, wounded, and disabled old warriors, as it would be ingratitude without parallel and degradation without precedent that any of these should turn their backs upon the old heroes and their ever-glorious records in their old age and dire distress.

5. Other business of the greatest importance will also demand careful consideration, such as the care of the graves of our known and unknown dead buried at Gettysburg, Fort Wayne, Camps Morton, Chase, and Douglas, Oakwood Cemetery (at Chicago), Rock Island, Johnson's Island, Cairo, and at all other points; to see that they are annually decorated, the headstones preserved and protected, and complete lists of the names of our dead heroes, with the location of their last resting-place, furnished to their friends and relatives through the medium of our camps, thus rescuing their names from oblivion and handing them down in history; the best method of securing impartial history and to enlist each state in the compilation and preservation of the history of her citizen soldiery; the consideration of the different movements, plans, and means to complete the monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and to aid in building monuments to other great leaders, soldiers, and sailors of the South, to give all aid possible to the Confederate Memorial Association in assisting to raise the money and to complete the grand historic edifice and depository of Confederate relics and the history of Southern valor, popularly known as the "Battle

Abbey;" and, as there is no relief and aid for our veterans or their families outside of ourselves and our own resources, to perfect a plan for a Mutual Aid and Benevolent Association; to make such changes in the constitution and by-laws as experience may suggest, and other matters of general interest.

6. Each camp now admitted into the United Confederate Veteran organization and those admitted before the reunion are urged to at once elect accredited delegates and alternates to attend, as only accredited delegates can participate in the business part of the session. The representation of delegates at the reunion will be as fixed in Section 1, Article 5, of the constitution; one



GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN.

delegate for every twenty active members in good standing and one additional for a fraction of ten members, provided every camp in good standing shall be entitled to at least two delegates. Each camp will elect the same number of alternates as delegates, who will attend in case of any failure on the part of the delegates.

7. Attention of camps is called to Section 5, Article 5, of the constitution: "Camps will not be allowed representation unless their per capita shall have been paid to the Adjutant-General on or before the first day of April next preceding the annual meeting."

8. A program is to be observed at the reunion, and all the details will be furnished to the camps and to all veterans in due time, and any further information can be obtained by applying to Col. John O. Waddell, Secretary Confederate Reunion Committee; or to Maj.-Gen. Clement A. Evans, President Reunion Committee and Major-General Commanding Georgia Division U. C. V.; or to Col. A. J. West, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff, Georgia Division, U. C. V.

9. The General commanding respectfully requests the press, both daily and weekly, of the whole country to aid the patriotic and benevolent objects of the United Confederate Veterans by publications of these orders, with editorial notices of the organization.

10. The General commanding respectfully requests and trusts that railroad officials will also aid the old veterans by giving the very lowest rates of transportation, so as to enable them to attend.

11. Officers of the General Staff are directed to assist department and division commanders and others in organizing their respective states, and generally to aid in the complete federation of all the survivors in one grand organization under the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans. By order of J. B. Gordon, General Commanding.

GEORGE MOORMAN, Adj.-Gen. and Chief of Staff.

#### REUNION OF CONFEDERATE CHAPLAINS.

Gen. Clement A. Evans has done no more appropriate thing in connection with the coming reunion than to call a meeting of Confederate chaplains. Writing to Chaplain-Gen. J. William Jones of his plan, that eminent and faithful comrade took the matter in hand, and a happy result is assured. Dr. Jones wrote to a large number of chaplains and explained to them the purpose of the movement, asking them to reply whether they would like to attend. He sent out over one hundred letters along this line, and received in reply a large number of responses favorable to the plan. He thinks that there will be a good representation of the surviving Confederate chaplains and others who did religious work among the Confederate soldiers during the war.

The object of the meeting is principally to renew old friendships among those who have drifted far apart since the war, to talk over old times and experiences, and enjoy the social and brotherly ties of those who are naturally drawn together by the hardships, pleasures, joys, and sorrows they had in common during the stormy days of 1861-65.

It is the purpose of those who have the local arrangements in charge to have those who attend this meeting reach Atlanta on the Saturday before the meeting to be held Monday and Tuesday, July 18, 19, that they may fill the pulpits of the Atlanta churches on that day. It is desired that those who contemplate attending will communicate with Gen. C. A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga., as to whether they can attend and at what time.

It is expected that the chaplains will have concluded their meeting before the regular gathering of the Veterans, which will commence on Wednesday, July 20.

Due arrangements will be made for the best transportation rates for those who attend, and provision will be made for their entertainment while in Atlanta. It is desired that not only chaplains who served during the civil war will attend, but also chaplains of Confederate camps and those pastors who were soldiers in the Confederate service.

Those who signed the call for the meeting are: J. C. Granbery, Eleventh Virginia Regiment; A. C. Hopkins, Second Virginia Regiment; J. William Jones, Thirteenth Virginia Regiment; T. D. Witherspoon, Forty-Second Mississippi Regiment; I. T. Tichenor, — Alabama Regiment; James Nelson, Forty-Fourth Virginia Regiment; J. B. Taylor, Tenth Virginia Cavalry; S. M. Cherry, Army of Tennessee; A. M. Mar-

shall, Twelfth Georgia Regiment; J. J. Hyman, Forty-Ninth Georgia Regiment; H. A. Tupper, Ninth Georgia Regiment; J. M. Carlisle, Seventh South Carolina Regiment; J. A. Hackett, Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment; J. A. Chambliss, Haskell's South Carolina Artillery; A. B. Woodfin, Sixty-First Georgia Regiment; Richard I. McIlwaine, Forty-Fourth Virginia Regiment; W. S. Lacy, Forty-Seventh North Carolina Regiment; C. H. Dobbs, Twelfth Mississippi Regiment; A. A. Lomax, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment; Thomas Hume, Jr., Post Chaplain, Petersburg, Va.; J. C. Hiden, Post Chaplain, Charlottesville, Va.; A. E. Dickinson, General Superintendent Army Missions.

A word of explanation is due the Chaplain-General because of the much larger proportion of chaplains who were associated with the Virginia army. Being connected with that army altogether during the war, his personal friendships and acquaintances are nearly altogether with it. Let there be a good attendance from the Western and Trans-Mississippi armies of chaplains at this first chaplains' reunion.

#### CONFEDERATE MEDICAL OFFICERS.

The official call for the assembling of the Association of Medical Officers, Surgeons, and Assistant Surgeons of the Confederate States Army and Navy at the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans has been issued. This is the first time the association has met at a reunion of the Veterans, and will be an interesting feature of that important event. The association is quite a large one, and has been in existence for some time. It has met at times during each year and held reunions of its own, but it is intended this year to have the largest and most entertaining reunion that the association has yet held. The official call is as follows:

"ATLANTA, GA., March 17, 1898.

"To the Association of Medical Officers, Surgeons, and Assistant Surgeons of the Confederate States Army and Navy:

Under the authority given us by Dr. Hunter McGuire, of Richmond, Va., President of the Association, a meeting of the association and all surgeons and assistant surgeons and medical officers is called to assemble in the city of Atlanta, Ga., in July next, during the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, the exact date to be given later, and notice served through the press of the country. Our brethren of the medical association and surgeons and assistant surgeons are urged to take that interest and action which will insure the largest attendance. We are authorized to say the railroads will give the lowest possible rates. The press of the country who honor the glorious memories which cluster around the lost cause will kindly publish this call. Respectfully and fraternally,

"J. McF. GASTON, M.D.;

"K. C. DIVINE, M.D., Surg.;

"EDWIN D. NEWTON, M.D."

Atlanta Camp No. 159, U. C. V.

James M. Null, Secretary, McKenzie, Tenn., writes that as one of the dates for the U. C. V. reunion in Atlanta is the same as that set apart for the annual reunion of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, July 21, the latter will be held this year on July 16, in the McKenzie Grove.

## HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH CORPS U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

Jacksonville, Fla., June 10, 1898.

Mr. S. A. Cunningham.

Confederate Veteran.

Nashville, Tenn.

My dear Sir:—

Replying to your letter of the 8th inst., I write to say that as far as I can tell now, it will not be possible for me to attend the Reunion of my old comrades in Atlanta in consequence of other obligations and duties. I regret that I will not have the opportunity to testify, as far as my presence could, my high appreciation of the valor and devotion displayed by the Southern Soldiers in the war from 1861 to 1865.

Very respectfully yours,

Major General Commanding.

A similar letter was addressed to Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, but he had sailed. Failure to reach him is regretted.

Col. W. H. Knauss, in *Columbus (Ohio) Press-Post*:

Attending the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Nashville last year—the same kind of reunion as the Grand Army for the entire order—I was much about the office of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a magazine that represents officially that large organization, as well as the organization of Daughters (same as our Woman's Relief Corps) and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Evidence of the high appreciation of that independent, patriotic journal was manifest in the continued stream of Confederates calling to see the editor and express their appreciation and approval of his work. Many of them were venerable gentlemen.

This proof of the high regard in which he is held by the Southern people induced the Camp Chase Association to tender Mr. Cunningham a banquet on the occasion of his making a brief visit to Columbus last winter. As my guest we were thoroughly cordial and confidential, and I happened to learn that he had in his pocket and regarded with becoming reverence an exquisite flag, the stars and stripes.

At the banquet Mr. Cunningham referred to the national flag, which had been eulogized by the speakers, and said that the Southern people do not relinquish their ancestral interest in it; that they look solely to it as their national emblem. "But," he added with emphasis, "there is another flag which is absolutely sacred to the Southern people, and will ever remain so. There cling about it memories as dear as the hope of heaven."

The thoroughly candid and intensely earnest manner of Mr. Cunningham on the subject gave a clearer insight into the sentiment of the Southern people concerning those old "tattered banners," and it begot a friendlier feeling than many present had formerly had concerning their battle-flags. It seems fitting, therefore, that he should have introduced the subject of their return, that a Grand Army comrade of Ohio should have voiced the sentiment of the veteran, and that a bill should have been presented for suitable official action by a member of Congress from Ohio.

## THESE SENT FLOWERS TO CAMP CHASE.

Record is here made of those who were thoughtful and timely in sending floral tributes for Confederate dead at Camp Chase Cemetery, Ohio:

Forbes Bivonae Veterans, Clarksville, Tenn.; Mrs. Henrietta Ferguson; Julia Jackson Chapter, Crystal Springs, Miss.; Confederate Association of Kentucky, Louisville, Ky.; C. H. Lee, Jr., Falmouth, Ky.; Capt. John H. Leathers, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Thomas Dade Luckett; C. C. Trabue, Richmond, Va.; Winnie Davis Chapter, D. C.; Mrs. J. D. McInnis, President, Meridian, Miss.; G. B. Stone, Humboldt, Tenn.; Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, New Orleans, La.; Col. James G. Holmes, Adjutant-General, Charleston, S. C.; J. A. Reeves, Camden, Ark.; Frances J. Jordan, Secretary Wheeling Chapter, Elm Grove, W. Va.; William C. Reynolds, Adjutant Stonewall Jackson Camp,

Charleston, W. Va.; George L. Cowan, Starnes Camp, Franklin, Tenn.; Hunter Wood, Hopkinsville, Ky.; C. L. Richardson, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Aurora McClelland, Athens, Ala.; W. K. Ramsey, Camden, Ark.; J. Pinckney Smith, New Orleans, La.; R. B. Duncan, Meridian, Miss.; Miss Sadie McFadden, President, Franklin, Tenn.; Franklin Chapter U. D. C., Mrs. R. N. Richardson, President; Ned Merriweather Camp No. 241, U. C. V., Hopkinsville, Ky.; Bivouac Chapter U. D. C., Miss Mary Nickol, Franklin, Tenn.

One of the most beautiful of the floral designs, arriving too late for Saturday's exercises, was one from Ned Merriweather Camp No. 241, U. C. V., of Hopkinsville, Ky. It was a full-sized drum made of beautiful lilies and other fine flowers.

#### NORTH CAROLINA REUNION PROCEEDINGS.

At a meeting of the North Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans, held in the court-house at Charlotte, N. C., at 8:30 P.M. on the evening of May 20, 1898, Col. Thomas S. Kenan, of Wake, was called to the chair, and Col. Junius Davis, Adjutant-General, was elected Secretary.

Gen. J. G. Hall, of Hickory, addressed the meeting, saying that he desired to urge one thing upon the attention of the comrades present, and that was the division had never adopted any official organ, and that he thought this ought to be remedied at once. He desired to bring this matter to the attention of the meeting, and hoped that any comrade present would suggest any other matters for discussion that would tend to foster our organization and preserve the records of the Confederate soldiers.

Maj. H. A. London, of Chatham, introduced the following preamble and resolution in its interests:

"Many of us have known and patronized the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since its beginning, in January, 1893, and we testify with pride that its management has been absolutely faithful to the spirit indicated by its name. It has all the while been just such a publication as we are pleased to have in our homes and to preserve for our children to the remotest generation.

"The VETERAN deserves our unstinted patronage, and as it has never had a reasonable share of general advertising through its large circulation among the best Southern people, and evidently has failed because of its name, we will, so far as we can, overcome this error by pledging ourselves to consider carefully the merit of enterprises advertised in the VETERAN, and give them the preference in our patronage. We intend in the future to be more zealous than heretofore for its maintenance.

"In this connection we acknowledge with pride and gratitude the current number of the VETERAN, for it is beyond question the finest showing ever made by any periodical for any state in the Union; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the CONFEDERATE VETERAN be the official organ of the North Carolina Division of the United Confederate Veterans."

Lieut.-Col. J. P. Leach, of Halifax; Capt. Harrison Watts, of Mecklenburg; Capt. H. Clay Wall, of Richmond; Gen. James M. Ray, of Buncombe; Maj. J. P. Sawyer, of Buncombe, and Gen. F. M. Parker—all spoke on the above resolution, heartily endorsing it, and commending the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in high

terms. The resolution was seconded by Maj. Sawyer, and, after pleasant discussion, was carried unanimously.

Mr. S. A. Cunningham, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, being present, addressed the meeting, thanking his comrades for the kinds words spoken by them of the VETERAN, and pledging his paper and all his earnest efforts to the perpetuation of the memory of the Confederate soldiers.

Subsequent to the above proceedings, Col. F. W. Kerchner, of New Hanover, urged upon the comrades present the importance of a full representation of the North Carolina Veterans at the next annual reunion at Atlanta. He suggested that the Generals commanding the several brigades of the division should meet and take steps to secure a large attendance at this meeting.

Lieut.-Col. J. P. Leach, of Halifax, spoke to the same effect, urging every comrade present to use his utmost efforts to induce all his comrades to attend the reunion.

Gen. J. G. Hall, of Hickory, said that there were two formidable difficulties in the way of a large attendance from this state: the poverty of the old North Carolina soldiers and the lack of organization and discipline in the several camps of the division. He also referred in touching language to Mrs. L. B. Epperson and her work in bringing the attention of the people to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as a record of the annals of our soldiers and their heroic deeds. He introduced the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That Maj.-Gen. William L. DeRosset is requested to write an official letter endorsing Mrs. L. B. Epperson and her work as the duly accredited agent of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; and that each comrade present, who is able to do so, agree to take an additional subscription to the VETERAN, and have it sent to some deserving comrade who is unable to subscribe.

Col. J. S. Carr, of Durham, seconded the resolution, speaking in eulogistic terms of Mrs. Epperson, and it was unanimously adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

The lady who is so much honored in the above desires to express her appreciation, and sends this note:

Away from the busy throng, in the quiet retirement of my own home, I wish, in my feeble way, to express to the people of North Carolina my sincere gratitude for the many deeds of gallantry and kindly services rendered me during my recent journey through their state. Truly my heart was in my work and the cause I felt proud to represent, but the honors conferred upon me by the U. C. V. of North Carolina are more than I could have expected.

While I deeply appreciate any recognition of the efforts made by me to further what is, after all, a history dear to every one of us, the second inspiration to succeed which possessed me, emanated from the enthusiasm that greeted me on every side and the hearty co-operation of the "Tar Heels," even unto the "willing dollar," which was always reassuring.

The ill fate which threw me on my own resources drifted me into agreeable fields of labor; and the delightful acquaintances made will ever be a treasured memory. My gratitude and thanks go out to them all.

May the VETERAN and its high purposes live as long as will the glorious history of the old North state!



## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, }  
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 397, Charleston, S. C.

### ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT C. NORFLEET, COMMANDER, }  
GARLAND E. WEBB, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 123, Winston, N. C.

### ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

T. LEIGH THOMPSON, COMMANDER, Lewisburg, Tenn.

### TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

W. C. SAUNDERS, COMMANDER, }  
J. H. BOWMAN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 151, Belton, Tex.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organization of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth, S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

Thirteen camps have been chartered as members of the United Federation since the last issue, as follows:

- No. 76. Camp Taliaferro, Crawfordville, Ga.
- No. 77. Camp Joseph A. Blance, Cedartown, Ga.
- No. 78. Camp Jack Felder, Americus, Ga.
- No. 79. Camp Lafayette McLaws, Fayetteville, Ga.
- No. 80. Camp Charles C. Hemming, Ocala, Fla.
- No. 81. Camp A. J. Hoole, Florence, S. C.
- No. 82. Camp Joseph B. Kershaw, Camden, S. C.
- No. 83. Camp Stonewall Jackson, Jacksonville, Fla.
- No. 84. Camp Washington Artillery, Charleston, S. C.
- No. 85. Camp William H. Duncan, Barnwell, S. C.
- No. 86. Camp John R. Culp, Chester, S. C.
- No. 87. Camp Henry M. Ashby, Knoxville, Tenn.
- No. 88. Camp John M. White, Fort Mill, S. C.

Two of this number are in Florida. The camp at Ocala has the honor of being the first camp organized and chartered in that division. Camp Washington Artillery No. 84 makes the third camp of Sons in Charleston, S. C. Camp Moultrie No. 4, of Charleston, has a membership of two hundred and twenty-five, while Camp Henry Buist No. 75, also located there, has a membership of one hundred and five, showing the old city of Charleston is very active in the work of our federation. We are glad to see the Georgia Division growing so rapidly. There are now nine camps in that division, with the prospect of a very material increase in the number by the time of the reunion.

The third annual reunion of the South Carolina Division was held in Charleston April 27, 28, at the same time as the Veterans' reunion, and was largely attended. The size of this division has been increased to thirty-three camps, and all of them had delegates and sponsors present at the recent reunion. This division was organized in Columbia, S. C., December 31, 1896. There were then five camps on the roll. At the second reunion, held in Greenville in August of last year, the number had been increased to fourteen, and it is expected that it will be increased to about fifty by the time of the Atlanta reunion, as there is a general activity throughout the state and the Sons are very enthusiastic.

A great deal of business was attended to by this convention, especially along the line of specific work for each camp. Committees were appointed, whose duty it will be to arrange the work for the different camps. Among the thoughts suggested for this is the collect-

ing of the names and record of all the soldiers from each county of this state who served in the Confederate army, with account of the battles in which they took part, etc. If this is carried out by the camps, it will indeed be valuable. They will also work along the line of Southern histories and school-books, and much good is promised thereby. A special committee has been appointed which will obtain space in the most prominent newspapers in the lower, middle, and upper sections of the state, in which each week will be published information concerning the growth of our federation and helpful hints to aid the Sons in organizing camps. It is expected that many more camps will be organized by this means and the young men of the state thoroughly aroused to their duty in joining this federation.

On the night of April 28 the sponsors of the Sons of Veterans, escorted by the entire division of the Sons, entered the hall where the Veterans were meeting. As they entered the business of the meeting was interrupted, and the entire assembly arose to their feet, while the sponsors triumphantly marched down the aisle to their special seats in front of the stage. Appropriate addresses of welcome and responses were delivered. A few minutes after their entrance the hero Wade Hampton entered and his appearance was the signal for loud and prolonged cheers and thrilling music. Altogether, the occasion was most inspiring, and it enthused every Son with renewed desire to work hard for the cause.

The Mississippi Division has been organized by the appointment, on April 13, of Mr. T. L. Trawick, of Crystal Springs, as the Commander. In this position he will work to arouse the Sons of his state to their duty in perpetuating "the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray." Mississippi is far behind her sister states in our federation, and should therefore rally to the support of Comrade Trawick. He is prominent in state educational circles, being President of the Mississippi Educational Association. He has appointed Mr. O. Newton, Jr., as his Adjutant, and reports pleasing progress already in his work. By the time of the Atlanta reunion he expects to have quite a number of camps in active operation in his division.

The above was intended for the May issue. Since then four more camps have been chartered:

- No. 90. Camp Dewey, Homer, Ga.
- No. 91. Camp Martha A. McLean, Thomson, Ga.
- No. 92. Camp James D. Blanding, Sumter, S. C.
- No. 93. Camp Francis S. Bartow, Savannah, Ga.

On May 21 the first meeting of the North Carolina Division was held at Charlotte, N. C., and three of the five camps were represented by delegates. Mr. Robert A. Smyth, the Commander-in-Chief, and Mr. R. C. Norfleet, commanding the Northern Virginia Department, were present, and assisted in formally organizing the division. Dr. C. A. Bland was unanimously re-elected the Division Commander. The state has been divided into three brigades, and a Commander for each brigade will be appointed. A good constitution was adopted, and the division now looks forward to rapid growth and a large increase in the number of its camps.

The members of the federation are manifesting much interest in the coming reunion at Atlanta, July 21-23, and the camps are expected to make a splendid showing on that occasion. It is hoped that all the camps will send delegations and that by that time the number of camps will have reached the one hundred mark.

A great deal of interest is being taken by our members in the present crisis, and, while the federation as a federation can take no part therein, a large number of its members have enlisted in the volunteer troops, and many of them have been given prominent offices. The patriotism of the fathers is showing itself in the sons.

We trust that matters will have quieted down and settled into their normal condition, so as not to interfere with the reunion in July. We will give next month a full account of the preparations for the meeting of the Sons and various instructions to delegates, etc., so that they can all come fully prepared and informed.

Col. R. B. Snowden writes of Gen. B. R. Johnson as "one of the ablest, yet most underrated, generals we had in the army." In a personal letter, suggesting the propriety of a sketch, Col. Snowden states:

Maj.-Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson was born in Illinois about 1810. He graduated at West Point in a large class, of which Gen. U. S. Grant and other distinguished officers were members. He stood high, as may be seen by access to the army register—ahead of Grant and other men of note. He served in the Mexican war, and afterwards resigned from the army and became president of the Western Military Institute, at Drennon Springs, Ky., which, in the year 1856, was amalgamated with the University of Nashville. He remained principal of this university until the breaking out of the war between the states, when he offered his services to the State of Tennessee, and was appointed by Gov. Harris mustering officer for the state at large with the rank of colonel. Some time afterwards, on the 5th of May, 1861, he mustered into the state service the First Tennessee Regiment, composed of three companies of Rock City Guards, two other Nashville companies, one company each from Williamson, Maury, Giles, and Rutherford Counties—commanded by George Maney, colonel; T. F. Sevier, lieutenant-colonel; Abe Looney, major, and R. B. Snowden, adjutant. This was the first regiment mustered in, and proved to be one of the best in the Confederate army. Gen. Johnson appointed other officers, and proceed to muster in troops all over the state. When the state troops were turned over to the Confederate States, by act of the General Assembly, Col. Johnson was made a brigadier-general, and assigned to a command at Fort Donelson. After the surrender of the fort he made his escape and joined the army of Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh. In this engagement he was wounded seriously, but was well enough to take command of a brigade which was organized for him at Chattanooga on the assembling of the army which Bragg took into Kentucky. He served through the Kentucky campaign and at Mumfordsville, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Hanner's Gap, East Tennessee, Chickamauga, Tunnel Hill, Knoxville (with Longstreet), Bean Station, Petersburg, Drury's Bluff, and all the fights around Petersburg and Richmond, and surrendered with his division at Appomattox Court House. After the war he returned to Nashville, and with Gen. E. Kirby-Smith undertook the reestablishment of the University of Nashville as a military academy. This proved unsuccessful, and he engaged in the real estate business, with Gen. Granville P. Smith as a partner. About the year 1873 he moved to Illinois,

where he had quite an extensive farm, under the management of an only son.

As principal of the two academies mentioned, he did more than any one man in disciplining and training the young men, who made the best officers in the Confederate army. He died in Illinois a few years after moving to that state. The commands which composed his old brigade that followed his fortunes to the bitter end were the Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, Col. A. S. Marks; Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiment, Col. R. H. Keeble; Twenty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment, Lieut.-Col. R. B. Snowden; and the Forty-Fourth, Col. John S. Fulton.

The part taken by this command at Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Fort Harrison, and the fights around Richmond and Petersburg stamps it as the equal, if not the superior, of any in the Confederacy.

I believe that if he had been placed in command of an



COL. R. B. SNOWDEN.

army he would have surprised the authorities at Richmond. No officer in our army was more capable and modest. When he took his command from Chattanooga to Petersburg, after the battle of Chickamauga, and came under the eye of Gen. Lee, he was soon made a major-general. The brilliant defense of Petersburg against the approach of Gen. Ben Butler with a large army was made with but a handful of men scientifically handled by Gen. Johnson. Gen. Grant spoke of it as a complete "bottling" of Butler by Gen. Johnson until Gen. Beauregard came from North Carolina with reinforcements.

Col. Snowden did not prepare the foregoing as an independent sketch. It is here given as introductory to a theme which will doubtless induce many tributes to his sagacity and his valor.

A happy increase of advertising after part of this number was printed compels the omission of much that should have precedence. A fine engraving of Terry's Texas Rangers, and sketch of their late reunion at Austin, Tex.; splendid pictures of the Dallas monument, and of Mrs. Currie, who was the leader in its procurement; a fine portrait of Mrs. Currie as President of the United Daughters, and of Mrs. Rounsaville, President of the Georgia Daughters—are of the many interesting topics for the reunion number. As it is expected to appropriate much space to the United Daughters of the Confederacy next month, it is earnestly desired that all such data be sent in at once.

Mrs. C. W. Hunter, the first President and organizer of Appomattox Chapter, U. D. C., Virginia, of West Appomattox, is an energetic and enthusiastic worker of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She is an intelligent and vivacious young matron. She organized the Appomattox Chapter No. 11 in the South and No. 4 in the state of Virginia with the assistance of Col. Kirkwood Otey, of Lynchburg.

Mrs. Hunter was the successful President of the Appomattox Chapter for two years. As it was among

the first chapters to be formed, she assisted in much of the state and national work. She was the first State Recording Secretary of the Virginia Division, being elected in Alexandria at the first state convention. She was also elected to the office of the state treasury at the third state convention in Lynchburg, Va. She declined this offer three times from the rostrum, so



MRS. HUNTER.

urgent were the appeals for her to accept it. Her impromptu address to the state convention on the histories to be adopted in the schools of the South and her forceful appeals to the Virginia Division of the U. D. C. to commence work at once on securing the right histories for the Southern youth and her hearty endorsement of the report of the Virginia History Committee, brought forth repeated applause from the audience.

Mrs. Hunter is the daughter of J. C. Jones, a brave ex-Confederate soldier of Appomattox, who was wounded three times while storming the heights in the battle of Gettysburg, causing him to lose his arm, and he was wounded in the knee, and while leaving the field sorely wounded he was shot through the body, and left on the field as dead; but, reviving, he requested those looking after the wounded to take him, and was refused, being told that he could not live to reach the hospital.

The U. D. C. of Mississippi, in state convention at Columbus April 26, made a wise choice in the election as State Vice-President of Miss Annie Grant Cage, who



MISS ANNIE GRANT CAGE.

is also President of the chapter of U. D. C. at Jackson. Miss Cage is represented as the highest type of young Southern womanhood. She is enthusiastic and patriotic, and is from good Southern stock. On the maternal side she hails from the Grants of Virginia; on the paternal side she is a granddaughter of Col. Edward Cage, at whose hospitable home, near Clarksville, the poor received the same courtesy as the guest of the house. All the men of her family were Southern soldiers. The regiment commanded by her eldest brother was among the most daring and efficient in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and turned the tide of victory in our favor at Springfield, Mo.

At the recent meeting of Atlanta Camp No. 159, United Confederate Veterans, officers for the year were elected and considerable business of the camp transacted. Col. A. J. West was elected Captain and Commander of the camp, and the camp promoted the lieutenants. Col. L. P. Thomas, who retires from the captaincy of the camp, was given a vote of thanks for his splendid services to the camp, and he thanked the camp for the expression of confidence. The following officers were elected at the meeting last night: Commander, A. J. West; Lieutenant-Commanders, W. D. Ellis, Dr. W. M. Durham, C. S. Arnall, and John T. Stocks; Adjutant, J. Colton Lynes; Quartermaster, Charles L. D'Alvigny; Commissary, S. H. Landrum; Surgeon, Dr. K. C. Divine; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Arch Avary; Chaplain, Rev. T. P. Cleveland; Historian, R. L. Rodgers. Executive Committee: A. J. West, chairman; W. H. Calhoun, J. O. Waddell, F. T. Ryan, J. H. Shadden, F. M. Meyers, and C. W. Motes. Relief Committee: Harry Krouse, chairman; E. Cox, J. C. Carlisle, S. B. Scott, and J. M. Payne. Visiting Committee: F. N. Graves, chairman; W. H. White, J. A. Caldwell, John C. Rodgers, and Ben Floyd. Hall Committee: W. A. Hemphill, chairman; J. C. Huff, W. W. Hulbert. A full endorsement of the recent action of the Atlanta Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, with regard to the Soldiers' Home, was made, and a hearty vote of thanks placed on the minutes.

Camp No. 617, U. C. V., Madison, Ga., at a meeting held May 7, changed its name from H. H. Carlton to Morgan County Confederate Veterans, retaining their number. Charles W. Baldwin was reelected Commander and W. A. Wiley was elected Adjutant.

### "SHIPS THAT PASSED AT NIGHT."

#### Account of Passing the Batteries at Port Hudson, 1862.

The following interesting account of the fight between the Confederate shore batteries at Port Hudson, La., and the lower Mississippi fleet, under the command of David G. Farragut, the renowned Federal admiral, was written by Capt. E. C. McDowell, who participated in that memorable encounter as a lieutenant of artillery. The Captain is a tried and true veteran, and a member of the John C. Brown Bivouac. His recent appointment by the President as Assistant Quartermaster U. S. A. gives marked expression to the sentiment for genuine unity between the North and South.



CAPT. E. C. M'DOWELL.

Such acts by the dominant party will hasten the realization of mutual sympathy and interest.

It is a vivid, as well as correct, account of the fight at Port Hudson, La., between the Confederate shore batteries and the fleet of Admiral Farragut, March 14, 1863. In this fight the man-of-war "Mississippi," on which Lieut. George Dewey was executive officer, was burned and the "Richmond" and "Essex" disabled:

In 1863 the Confederates held Vicksburg, Miss., and Port Hudson, La., and thereby controlled the Mississippi River between these points. This part of the river was very essential to us, as we thus kept up communication between the departments East and West. Red River emptied into the Mississippi some miles above Port Hudson, and down it we brought thousands of cattle and great barges of corn to feed our army in the Eastern Department. The Federals had undisputed

control of the Mississippi as far down as Vicksburg, and from its mouth as far up as Port Hudson.

For the purpose of cutting off our supplies from the West and also as preparatory to the besieging of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, it was all-important that the Federals should get control of the river between these points. The fleet of the upper Mississippi, taking advantage of a dark night, ran a gunboat, the "Indianola," by the batteries at Vicksburg, and thus they secured control of the disputed part of the river.

Gen. Gardner, in command at Port Hudson, called for volunteers. An old ferry-boat was barricaded with cotton bales, and, manned by as brave spirits as ever trod the deck of any craft, joined a similar expedition sent from Vicksburg, who went in search of the "Indianola." The combined expeditions found the "Indianola," sank her, and captured her crew, with all her supplies. This enterprise should be written up by some old Confederate who was in it. He would confer a great favor upon the readers of the VETERAN in giving a detailed account of this expedition and the names of the volunteers. Lieut. Sherwin, who was subsequently killed by a hand-grenade at Port Hudson, was one of the volunteers aboard the ferry-boat "Beaty."

Then it became necessary to run other ships by the batteries, and this was done by the teacher and trainer of Dewey, Commodore Farragut—a Tennessean, by the way—who was in command of the fleet below Port Hudson. He selected a dark night, March 14, 1863. About 11 P.M. his fleet was put in motion. Our signal-corps on the west side of the river gave warning with signal-rockets and also set fire to a pile of combustibles that had been prepared opposite our batteries. This bonfire lighted up the river and put the ships attempting to pass in bold outline.

Our first battery was a single gun, a rifle siege-gun, commanded by Lieut. Kearney. The next battery was a single gun, an old navy thirty-two pound smooth bore. This was the only hot-shot battery served at Port Hudson, and was commanded by Lieut. E. C. McDowell. The next battery was a two-gun battery, commanded by Lieut. Castalanos. The next was a two-gun battery of twenty-four pound siege-guns, commanded by Lieut. D. D. Phillips. Then, next, came two Columbiads, one commanded by Capt. Sewell and one by Capt. Coffin, and then came three thirty-two pound smooth-bore guns, served by a detachment of the First Alabama Artillery Regiment. In all, our guns on the river front numbered only thirteen, and they were "out-of-date." The Federal armament consisted of fifteen mortars, on boats advantageously located under a bluff below the fort, and which made the heavens lurid with bursting shells. The "Hartford," the "Richmond," and "Mississippi" were men-of-war carrying—"Hartford," twenty-eight guns, and "Richmond" and "Mississippi" twenty-four guns each. I do not know how many guns the "Essex" carried. Besides, there were other gunboats that lay out of our range below, and kept up an incessant fire upon us. The "Hartford," which was the commodore's flag-ship, came in the lead, with Farragut tied in the rigging (this was protection against his falling, if he should be wounded), and the "Albatross," as tender, lashed to the side presented to our batteries. Next came the "Richmond," with her tender lashed to her side. These

seemed to be the only men-of-war they sought to run by. The man-of-war "Mississippi" came next, followed by the "Essex." The rest of the fleet took position just below, and poured shot and shell into our batteries. When the "Hartford" was abreast of our batteries we opened fire. The "Hartford" and "Richmond" did not respond, their purpose being to run by; but the "Mississippi" poured a broadside into us, and was gallantly supported by the "Essex," an ironclad.

The "Hartford," with tender, dashed by, but a lucky shot cut the pipe of the "Richmond," completely disabling her. She floated at the mercy of the current; she drifted almost against the shore. We poured shot into her at close quarters with great damage. Her officer cried for quarter. Her tender had cut loose and retreated down the river. Finding the "Richmond" disabled, we concentrated our fire upon the "Mississippi." She fought gamely, but was soon disabled, and ran aground on the bar opposite and in full range of all our batteries. When she was fully in flames the current carried her stern around, her bow released its hold on the bar, and she floated off down the river, turning round and round as she went. Just as her broadside was broadly on us the fire had reached and heated her guns, and she delivered a grand broadside fire upon us, as if herself fighting. The "Mississippi" was commanded by Capt. Malancthon Smith, and Lieut. George Dewey was executive officer. I suppose the wounded and a number of her men escaped in the small boats. Capt. Smith and one hundred and twenty-five of his men swam or waded ashore, and were made prisoners. The Lieut. Dewey is now Admiral Dewey, of Manila fame.

When we had ceased firing upon the "Richmond," and she floated out of reach, her tender took charge of her and towed her down the river. The "Mississippi," grandly beautiful, floated on down the river. The fleet saw its danger and made all haste to flee. When she had floated to a point a short distance below where the flames and fire leaped heavenward hundreds of feet, then went out, and all was darkness, succeeded in a few seconds by a thundering explosion.

The next morning the river was free of the enemy's fleet, and we had peace for forty-eight hours.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN NEW YORK.—The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York held a memorial service at Mount Hope Cemetery on May 22. It was their first annual visit. Members of the camp, their wives, sons, and daughters aggregated the attendance to about two hundred.

In the center of the plot is a granite shaft sixty-two feet high, a gift from Charles Broadway Rouss, which was unveiled a year ago. Surrounding the square base of the monument are the graves of Gen. Thomas Jordan, Serg. W. W. Taylor, William E. Florence, W. P. Fowler, and A. R. Salas.

When the party were gathered about the shaft Commander Thorburn explained the object of the visit. The hymn "America" was then sung, and a prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Granberry, Chaplain of the camp. After the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Comrade W. S. Keiley delivered a patriotic oration. "The fields of our own South, as well as many a battle-field in the North," he said, "are dotted with little mounds which but mark the spots where

former comrades lie awaiting the last call. Again has the tocsin of war been sounded, and it has met with a ready response from the fir forests of Maine to the magnolia groves of Florida, and from the surf-bound Atlantic coast to where the Pacific placidly laves the shores of the Golden Gate." He referred to Admiral Dewey's victory, and to the death of Ensign Bagley, "a Southern boy who was the first to give his life for the country in the present war."

At the conclusion of the oration the graves were strewn with cut flowers, a hymn was sung, and the ceremony concluded with the benediction by Dr. Granberry. Among the active participants were Maj. John C. Calhoun, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Owen, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wayne, Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Winkler, Mr. and Mrs. H. Billington, Mr. and Mrs. William Preston Hix, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Caskin, Mr. and Mrs. Davis H. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh R. Gardner, John F. Black, Dr. J. H. Parker, Thomas L. Moore, Dr. J. H. Dew, and G. W. Cary.

B. L. Aycock, Esq., of San Antonio, Tex., wants to know what has become of the forty-two men captured by the command of Gen. Ord at Charles City Road October 7, 1864. He doesn't know of a survivor. Mr. Aycock writes, "These prisoners of war were put under the fire of Confederate mortars at 'Dutch Gap,' where Gen. Butler was digging a channel in the bend of the James, about seven miles below Richmond, to let gunboats through and escape our batteries at Drury's Bluff, which were located at the toe of the horse shoe. The men were mostly, if not entirely, of Gregg's (formerly Hood's) Texas Brigade. We were kept under fire of the mortars, which Gen. Butler devised as a strategic move to stop the annoyance they were to the progress of his work. The firing, after notice given our authorities, stopped for about twenty-four hours. But one fine morning about two o'clock the Confederate mortars began to belch forth, and at intervals of about ten minutes a shell would go skyward, and we would await the result. Some would burst before hitting the ground or falling into the river beyond. Others would go entirely over our little camp of 'dog tents,' located right at the margin of the channel, which was then about twenty feet deep and fifty feet wide. There was a cordon of negro soldiers around us. For ten days Butler kept us there, and, seeing he was mistaken in his calculations—that the government had enlisted us to be killed—he had us removed to Cuy Point, thence to other prisons. I feel a keen interest in how these comrades come on after these years. If any one of them should chance to see this, he will please write to the VETERAN, and give his regiment, etc., so we can have a reunion at Atlanta."

C. C. Harvey, Wood, Miss.: "During the last meeting of the Confederate Veterans of the E. C. Leach Camp No. 042 I was appointed on a committee to investigate the death and burial of two soldiers of the war of 1812. I have heard from the old settlers of this neighborhood that two of Gen. Andrew Jackson's command died and were buried on Howard's Hill, eight miles northeast of Columbus, Miss. It is on the military road which Gen. Jackson had cut on his march to New Orleans. I should be glad to know if any record has been kept on file in Nashville of the death of any of his command."

### MUCH ABOUT RETURNING CONFEDERATE FLAGS

When making the plea in the April VETERAN for worthy recognition of patriotism in the South and asking that, as evidence, Confederate flags be returned, there was hardly any hope of such generous response. The leading spirit in cooperation is Capt. Theodore F. Allen, of Cincinnati, who took it up promptly, and wrote to leading newspapers and to eminent men in the North, and it has become a theme of public discussion. The *Press-Post*, of Columbus, O., through an entertaining contributor, Mary Hobson (Hobson is a fine name, and especially so at this time), says:

The ex-Union soldiers of Columbus and vicinity, touched by the readiness with which the Southerners now spring to the defense of the flag which they once assailed, are preparing to receive the ex-Confederates with every token of good will. I talked with more than fifty ex-Union soldiers in regard to the return of the captured flags, how they expected to greet the ex-Confederates, and the advisability of having reunions with them in the future, and during these talks was given an exhibition of moral grandeur unparalleled.



An "open letter" of Col. Allen, which has been published extensively, addressed to the veterans of 1861-65—the Loyal Legion, the Union Veteran Legion, and the Grand Army of the Republic—states:

The present war for humanity having demonstrated that the ex-Confederate soldiers and their sons and the ex-Union soldiers and their sons are one in devotion to our united country, and that we are all good Americans now, fighting under one flag—is not this the right time to wipe out the last trace of ill feeling engendered in the

"argument" of 1861-65, and return to the survivors of the Southern regiments the battle-flags which have been held for the last thirty years or more as war trophies at state capitals of the North and at the War Department in Washington?

Is it not best that this shall be the free act of the survivors of the Union army, the men who won the battle trophies, rather than leave it for our descendants, another generation, to do? There is not much that the veterans of "our war" can do in the present war except, maybe, to make the way smooth for the younger men, whose fathers fought on either side during 1861-65.

In this connection A. O. Mitchell, present Commander of Wells Post, said: "We shall welcome the ex-Confederates who come here with all the cordiality due from soldiers to soldiers."

Mr. John A. McKenna's reply was equally cordial.

Mr. John H. Sherry: "They took defeat like the brave men they were, and now, after thirty-seven years, they are proving themselves worthy of every consideration. So, in my opinion, their flags should be returned, and everything possible done to maintain the unity of interest that now exists."

Mr. William Gittan said: "Reunions between the blue and the gray are a good thing, especially since our numbers are getting smaller each year. I shall welcome most heartily the veterans who come here this week, but I shall not shake hands with them." "Why not?" was asked, thinking the expression very strange. "Because they didn't leave me any hands," he replied, holding up two gloved artificial semblances of such. "Worst of all, they were taken just three days before the surrender of Lee."

Mr. Richard Albrittain, whose left arm is mutilated and almost useless from a gunshot wound received at the siege of Vicksburg, said: "As to the flags, I can see no reason why they should not be given back. The people of the South began to return swords and other trophies of war to our soldiers in the early seventies; and if they really wish the flags, I favor their return."

Gen. Wilson said: "As to the flags, send them back. The men who fought under them are as loyal to the stars and stripes now as if they had never thought of any other standard. They know as well as we do that their flags represent nothing that exists to-day, but they are dear to them because of associations connected with painful memories. 'All sentiment,' some would say; but it is the kind of sentiment that lurks in many American hearts, and is rather difficult to eradicate. I would like to have some one send me the sword which contains my name, and was valued more than ordinary arms because the gift of a dear friend. It may be perfectly useless, and I know if it were not that I should never use it again; but still I would like to have it."

Mr. A. J. McCune, an ex-prisoner of war, said: "Every Southerner is as true as steel, and it's time for the wagon-drivers and bounty-jumpers to keep still and let the past be buried in oblivion."

Capt. J. B. Allen, who carries an empty sleeve, said: "Between the soldiers who fought there never was personal animosity like that which existed among some who never knew the real meaning of war. When, at Appomattox, Lee with proud dignity surrendered to Grant, who said, 'Let us have peace,' there was no true soldier heart that did not echo the sentiment; and, following the example of their great leaders, each of these

deemed it best to keep silent. But of course there have always been some fools and fire-eaters who have engendered more bitterness among the young people of to-day than we had in the ranks at any time."

Mr. William M. Armstrong replied: "I heartily endorse everything that will bring us into closer friendship with the people of the South. I have an intense admiration for them, and it's odd that this was first awakened during a fierce engagement. It was in Tennessee. Our men were stationed on a slope of ground behind parapets with head-logs. You know what head-logs are? Yes? Well, the only danger to which we could possibly be exposed during an attack was from our own batteries, which were so placed that they could fire over our heads. In such cases shells often burst before they reach their intended destination, and thus play havoc in the ranks they are meant to serve. Everything was against any who should attempt to come up that line, but a force of Confederates tried it. Their

in their own homes that I should have much regretted it if arrangements had not been made to make their visit here as pleasant as possible. If they wish for the return of the flags, I don't see why they should not have them."

Said Mr. Joseph Baker: "The return of the flags would doubtless strengthen the regard which the people of the sections now have for each other."

Mr. Simon Small exclaimed: "I think our soldiers should not only welcome the others as guests of the city, but like comrades go out and help them decorate. That's what I intend to do. Their flags should have been returned long ago as proof that their loyalty, which is now so evident, is unquestioned."

Mr. Walter Weber, an ex-prisoner, replied: "We have asked the ex-Confederates to a camp-fire with us, and have thus expressed our good will toward them, but they have not invited us to participate in their memorial exercises. I think we should wait until they do so before we give this any serious consideration."

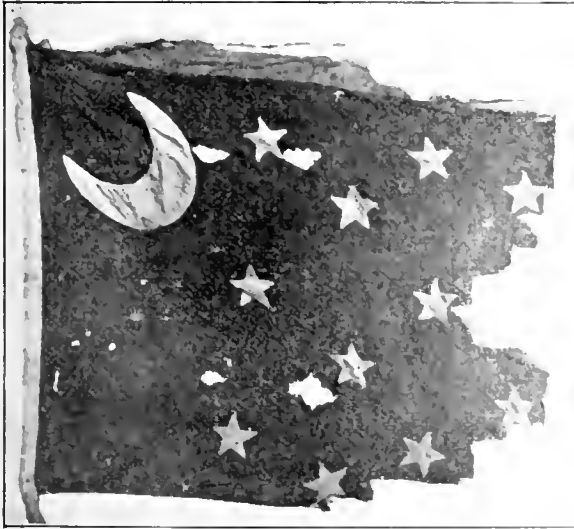
Mr. John Logan exclaimed: "There is nothing that I would not do to make the 'Johnnies' feel that we are pleased to have them with us, but there is just one thing I'll never do, and that is help decorate at Camp Chase, or any other place where the Confederates are buried. The Southerners are brave and noble men. I honor them for their many high qualities, I appreciate meeting them in reunions and elsewhere; but I maintain that there should be a difference in the honors given to the men who died under our flag, true as steel, and those who died with their faces turned away from our government and toward one which they hoped to have. It's the proper thing for them to remember their dead in this way, but the Southerners themselves would be the last to expect us to assist them."

C. W. Fowler: "As we have but one flag now, and as all Americans are supporting it, I don't see why we should keep the flags taken in battle."

Mr. Thomas Jeffery, Past Commander of McCoy Post: "The combatants in the civic struggle, as individuals, felt no bitterness even during the war. The flags should be given back to those to whom they are dear because of personal associations connected with them."

Col. William Knauss: "The *Press-Post* knows my opinion of these subjects like a book. I have been advocating the decoration of the graves of ex-Confederates at reunions with those who are living for a long time. Yes, I believe in the return of the flags, and in everything conducive to the harmony among our people." But talk about being patriotic! I have just returned from Louisville, and for every flag that cities of the North have on their public buildings that city has five. Loyalty to the Union is intense throughout the South. I am glad that the majority of our people are not like the prominent man who to-day remarked that he could see no reason why the Southerners should wish the return of the flags, unless it was to perpetuate the old principles, just as their organizations aim to do. Against this I have in my possession a copy of the by-laws of a Kentucky order, and there is not a single sentence in it that would not be a credit to any society, however patriotic."

Capt. J. Hobensack's statement was: "There is no animosity toward the South to-day, but I don't think the flags should be returned unless the regiments that captured them are willing that this should be done.



BATTLE-FLAG OF THE NINTH TEXAS, ROSS'S BRIGADE.

front lines were mowed down by the batteries, but on they came, as though they meant to take everything before them, until one could but wonder what madness possessed them. Again and again they were repulsed by merciless firing, but every time they would reform and come marching back as proudly as if on review, until—would you believe it?—they charged us seven times, and every time they came nearer, until in the last desperate assault our defenses were reached, and, clambering upon them, they fought like madmen with the butts of their guns until our batteries swept them down in a heap. I never saw anything that could equal it in my life, and I have seen some thrilling sights. While they were fighting so heroically I felt like cheering them myself. It was such a magnificent effort that, although victory was ours, it seemed trivial and mean because so easily won, especially when we watched the remnants of that gallant band fall slowly back, leaving the ground covered with gray-clad figures. Since then I have always thought that such foes would be worthy having as friends. I have made frequent visits in the South of late years, and have met many ex-Confederates, with whom delightful friendships were formed. They have such exquisite courtesy

They secured them at fearful cost, and if they consent to this no one else should object."

Mr. Charles Robbins replied: "I advocate the return of the flags and as many reunions as possible. We can not see too much of the men whom we ardently admire, even when they were our sworn foes. Respect for bravery can not be controlled."

Mr. Frank Betts: "I am heartily in favor of everything that will show that soldiers can fight and then be truest friends."

Said Adj.-Gen. Axline: "Of course reunions between the blue and the gray are advisable; they develop fraternity in a remarkable degree. Now that the boys of each section have enlisted to fight a foreign foe, the last vestige of resentment has been swept away, and every act of ours should demonstrate this to the world. As to the flags, I was sitting by Gov. Foraker when he wrote that message in regard to them, and at that time I fully concurred in it; but this war has changed my views, and now I say, Give them back."

Capt. C. T. Clark said: "There never was enmity between the fighting soldiers North and South; they always respected each other, and with us the respect deepened into pride that our opponents were Americans. Ever since the war we have talked over the events of it in a friendly way, so I favor reunions. The Confederate was a rebel, not a traitor. We are all rebels against laws and institutions we don't like; so why not decorate the graves of rebel soldiers?"

Dr. James C. Krosen: "Now, about the flags. Were I an ex-Confederate, I should not desire them, because of the painful memories they would arouse. It would be like opening an old wound long healed; but if they think differently, and the return of the flags will strengthen the bonds of fellowship between us, then I should advocate giving them back without delay."

Said Capt. John Dana: "I was out such a short time that my experience as a soldier scarcely counts, but I think their standards should be sent back."

Maj. John Chaplin, an ex-prisoner of war, responded: "Reunions between the soldiers North and South are certainly to be commended. We favor the coming of the ex-Confederates to pay tribute to the memory of those who were dear to them in their darkest, saddest days, and we shall accord them most hearty welcome. As to the flags, we would just as soon have the flags under which we suffered things too hideous for history to record kept out of sight."

Mr. Henry Kalb: "I was at Camp Chase and helped decorate last year. That is convincing proof of how I feel toward our opponents in the war of the rebellion."

Dr. N. Elliott: "There are no narrow antipathies between the soldiers, and they will do all in their power to convince others that this is so."

Isaac Hussy: "Many ex-Union soldiers intend to help decorate the graves at Camp Chase. I favor reunions and the return of the flags."

B. F. Minear: "I worked at Camp Chase all day last year, and shall, of course, do everything possible to demonstrate to the men who will be here next week that the feeling which brings them is understood and respected. Yes, I favor the return of the flags."

John A. Lawrence: "The return of the flags will accomplish more toward convincing others that we do not cherish resentment than any words we may utter."

Mr. Lewis Kline: "Returning the flags will be an act

in accord with what we have decided to do: welcome the ex-Confederates and bury the past completely."

Mr. George W. Gossan: "The return of the flags is in accord with the feelings of those who will be with the ex-Confederates at Camp Chase this week."

Mr. C. D. De Vennish: "When our last camp-fire has gone out others will remember that we welcomed to one in Columbus men who came to decorate the graves of those who died our foes. Can even the return of the flags, which I consider proper, give better proof of our having buried animosities?"

Fred Weidman: "We face our foes and decorate our graves together now; so why hesitate about returning a few flags if the Southerners desire them."

Mr. Frank Drake: "Give the boys a hearty welcome, return the flags, and bury the past."

Dr. Saddler: "The return of the flags would have a decided effect upon those who do not yet understand that the blue and the gray are united in thought and action."

Col. W. A. Taylor: "The Confederates, after they had appealed to the tribunal of war, accepted its decision as final. This settled it between the soldiers. Most certainly the flags should go back to them. Thoughtful people do not malign the motives of the Southerners in desiring them, and do not hesitate to say that this much should be conceded to those who are proving their loyalty in every way."

G. W. Bassett: "All meetings of blue and gray are of interest, but this one will have even greater significance than any that have preceded it. I shall go to Camp Chase because I believe in everything that can further cement the bond existing between former combatants."

Capt. Kennedy: "As we near the time when we shall all camp elsewhere old animosities fade away."

Mr. H. K. Forbes: "Give back the flags, I say, to the men whose loyalty is unquestioned—those whom we shall welcome as guests next Saturday."

Mr. W. S. Brazilius: "I am for reunions, return of flags, and everything that will show that the spirit of fraternity is complete between the soldiers North and South."

Mr. John Jones said: "Life is too short to keep alive any feeling that may once have been manifested between the sections. Their differences were settled in battle. The soldiers cherish no resentment now; and even in the bitterness of strife individuals, when they met, could not forget that they were brothers. I remember one instance when this brotherhood particularly impressed me. It was when it was thought advisable to remove my foot because of gangrene resulting from a wound. The surgeon, a kindly faced man, said to me: 'Where are you from?' I replied: 'Columbus, Ohio.' 'Indeed!' said he. 'Do you know Dr. Hamilton?' 'Certainly,' I answered; 'I lived near his office when he first hung out his shingle.' My questioner's face brightened as he said: 'Dr. Hamilton and I were classmates at Philadelphia. It is singular that while we are no relation we have the same name. A warm friendship existed between us. It is pleasant to meet with some one that knows him. I will see what I can do for you.' He did much, for through his skill and care I was compelled to lose only a portion of the foot. I do not see why the flags were not returned long ago."

History does not record a more sublime spectacle



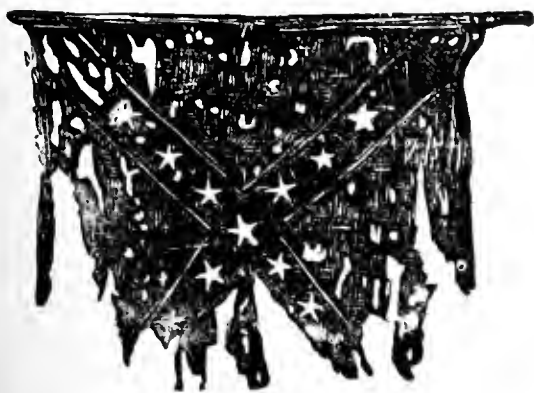
than that furnished by the veterans, who, seemingly forgetful of their own wounds, would cover the scars of their former adversaries with the folds of the captured flags and the flowers which they shall scatter upon the resting-place of men who died their foes, but whose comrades in arms are now their loved and trusted friends. Their words are typical of the whole North's better self.

The *Baltimore Sun*: "With the outbreak of the Spanish war the American civil war seems to have ended for good. Lee and Wheeler are wearing blue uniforms, and they and many others who wore the gray, or whose fathers followed the fortunes of the Confederacy, are now marching under the stars and stripes. Nor is this all: Senator Foraker, of Ohio, one of the most ultra Northern partisans, says: 'It would be a good thing at this time to recover the Confederate battle-flags.'"

The *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*, a strong Republican paper, says: "The time to give back the captured flags has come. Ohio wants no longer the trophies taken from her sister states so long ago. She would rather restore them once more to the hands and tender care of those who first bore them aloft, as a token of love for her sister commonwealths, whose defeat in war has long since been turned into a victory of peace."

The *Philadelphia Press*, another leading Republican paper, says: "It is believed that the time has come when the North should no longer cherish these tokens of a divided country. The spirit shown by the South in the war with Spain, the loyalty it is displaying to the flag of the Union, the readiness to volunteer and bear its share of the burdens, and the willingness for the time being to sink all political differences and present a united front to the enemy have made a profound impression on the country. It is the final and convincing proof that the war between sections is ended, that the country is united as it never was before in aim and purposes, and that the American people form an indissoluble nation."

It is announced that at the annual meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic, which will be held in Cincinnati in September, a proposition will be made for the return to the South of all the battle-flags captured during the war.



J. M. Kennedy, Marlin, Tex.: "Does any VETERAN reader remember a private by the name of Also Kennedy, who was killed or died during the war? If so, and they will write me when and where he was killed and what company he belonged to, I shall be grateful."

### REMINISCENCES OF MURFREESBORO.

J. L. Haynes, Sr., a veteran railroad conductor, who was in that service during the war, and has a vivid memory of events during that period, in response to a request for reminiscences, sends the following:

On the morning before the battle I left Murfreesboro with my train for Chattanooga. On arriving at Tullahoma, Capt. Butler, then military superintendent of telegraph line on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, ordered me to turn my engine, attach fifteen cars, and put my train on the side-track as quickly as I could. Having done as directed, I reported for further orders, saying: "Capt. Jack, what are your orders?" He replied: "Put that train in Murfreesboro as quickly as possible. The track is clear; there is nothing in your way." Written orders were not issued then. John A. Law was my engineer. We ran from Tullahoma to Murfreesboro in two hours and fifteen minutes on the old stringer track, taking wood and water twice on the way. We got there about sundown with the fifteen cars loaded with ammunition. The next morning about seven o'clock the battle commenced, and raged until about two o'clock in the afternoon. That evening four men brought in the cannon captured from the Federal army. Mr. J. W. Thomas, Sr., now President and General Manager of the N. C. & St. L. Ry., was Master of Transportation then. He was in the yard, and had me place the cars where he could have the cannon loaded to ship South. Walking among the cannon, he remarked to me: "This is glory enough for one day." [The loyal and faithful employee here pays tribute to his chief: "England had her Gladstone; America has her Thomas—the grandest and best man to the laboring man that ever lived."] I left Murfreesboro the day after the battle with a train of wounded men. Two miles east of Stevenson, Ala., the spikes were pulled out of the track and my train was ditched, killing seven of the wounded. I had many a soldier to tell me during the war that he had rather take his chances in that service than in mine.

Miss Lula A. Banks, Jackson's Gap, Ala., great-granddaughter of the venerable Gen. M. J. Bulger, writes in reply to notice on page — of April Veteran in regard to a veteran some years older: "Permit me to say that Gen. Bulger did not claim the 'palm,' but, on the contrary, the next morning after the courtesy was extended to him, he sent a note to the paper in which he had read this report, saying substantially that the proceedings were erroneous; that if it had been said he was the oldest surviving officer of the Confederate army, perhaps it would have been true; but it had been reported that a soldier from Kentucky was older." Gen. Bulger is in tolerably good health, and says that he expects to attend the reunion at Atlanta.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Camp at Beaumont, Tex., was one of the first Confederate organizations to notify Spain of the untruth of the report upon which she based her hope of open hostility in the South to the United States in the event of war. This was done by a series of resolutions endorsing unqualifiedly the official actions of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and the camp as a body tendering its services to the President of the United States. At the same meeting a committee was appointed to organize a camp of Sons of Veterans.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

### COOPERATION OF CONFEDERATES.

The grave responsibility of serving Confederates in establishing the truth of history makes it incumbent upon them to be constantly diligent and cooperate persistently. The unprecedented success of the VETERAN has come through the steady and undivided patronage of the Southern people. That its steadfast maintenance by them has accomplished great good, is demonstrated in many ways, notably just now through its influence in behalf of returning Confederate flags. Our people should see to this influence being maintained uninterruptedly.

The founder of the VETERAN has for the past five and a half years had the good fortune to be able to supervise every sentence that has ever appeared in its pages. He has done the best possible all the time. During this period a multitude of coworkers who helped to make the VETERAN of merit "second only to the Bible" have gone to their reward. Each succeeding year the obligations have increased by sacred associations until its director feels impelled to protest against any action that may interfere with its continued success. Unanimity of support is absolutely essential to success, and every loyal Southerner should be steadfast in it. An illustration of the calamity that attends division of support is had in an experience in Atlanta within six months. A liberal proposition was made to the Daughters there, whereby, in working up a good list for the VETERAN, a fund was to be given them to aid in their coming entertainments. They began the work with diligence, and had fine prospects of success, when suddenly there appeared an "Ex-Confederate" publication, and local interest (!) was pressed until the good women fell far short of their plans. One of the Confederate camps there took up the local periodical and made it the official organ, and that right in the face of the most systematic effort ever put forth by the VETERAN for comrades in their reunion. Then the newspapers gave it quite a "send-off," and that was not all, for the calamity did not end by the abandonment of the unmerited effort to supplant the VETERAN, but ill feeling engendered has affected relations that still impair the usefulness of the VETERAN with no good resulting.

Another movement has been inaugurated by a man not to the manner born, but who seemed to conceive the idea years ago that he was "the most capable person in the world" to represent the Confederate cause. How modest! The hypocrisy of his plans was illustrated by

the Frank Leslie press, New York, with a Kentucky imprint. Now he commends the VETERAN, although he knows that division of patronage would be seriously detrimental to it; but he has "been elected" to edit a Confederate American-Spanish periodical and he prostitutes that sacred term "Lost Cause" for favor. It seems sacrilege for such a title to be used from such a source in such a way. Southern people will not be misled knowingly, and hence this warning.

The editor of the VETERAN is tired of controversy. His labor has not been from mercenary motives, but from an inspiration that by unprecedented cooperation he is accomplishing the greatest good possible. As proof to some who may not realize his steadfastness of high purpose, the statement is here made that should he ever digress from the true line, subscribers may make complaint in the VETERAN and appeal to all others to cooperate, and if one-third of this number will join in protest then he will assign to the subscribers the publication in fee simple. It is free from encumbrance.

Yes; the cause of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the most sacred that has ever existed. The Southern people should stand by it, and they will do so steadfastly, unless misled by misrepresentation. It certainly has done more by the united cooperation of the entire South to establish rightful regard by all others than any influence since the surrender of the Confederate armies.

If you are for the VETERAN, be bold to proclaim it diligently. There is a subtle influence that would ignore our sacred associations and make "all Yankees now." While noble sentiment is expressed by faithful Union soldiers, that vile element that has ever misrepresented is on the alert to scatter poison. We are all true-hearted Americans, just as we have been all the time, and we are more careful now than at former times, lest there may be some misconception. No peril can be so great, however, that the Southern people will not maintain their manhood and patriotism in unbroken record. There never has been a time of greater importance for unanimity of the Southern people in declaring for the glory of their dead, for their own honor, and the credit of their children.

F. M. Stovall, Augusta, Ga.: "Since the Spaniards have dubbed the invaders of their territory 'Yankees' there is a marked tendency in certain quarters to adopt the name for the whole population of the United States. I have seen several extracts from Northern papers approving of this designation copied into our own papers without comment, which would seem to be a tacit acceptance of the name as applied to us of the South. We are not more Yankees than Chinese or Hottentots, and I hope the Southern people will reject the appellation."

Many beautiful tributes were paid to the exalted character of Jefferson Davis on his last birthday, which was generally observed throughout the South. The VETERAN is pleased to record this noble tribute to one of the most remarkable men of any generation. Those who found fault with him in life, if worthy to be called Southerners in all that nobility comprises, may take comfort in his heroism and in his extensive knowledge.

**NORTH CAROLINA—HELD OVER FROM MAY.**

Two companies of colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh — one in 1585, the other in 1587 — settled on Roanoke Island, in the eastern waters of North Carolina. The island was then within the boundaries of Virginia; and, indeed, the word "Virginia" had its origin as the name of that region, but by the provisions of the charter of 1665, of Charles II. to the lords proprietors of Carolina, it fell within the limits of North Carolina. On this island the colonists constructed Fort Raleigh in 1585. There, on August 18, 1587 (O. S.), was born Virginia Dare, the first child of English parentage born in America. There, three days later, she was baptized, as Manteo, the friendly Indian chief, had been on August 13, 1587, one week before. These baptisms were the first celebrations of a Christian sacrament within the limits of the original United States, more than twenty years before Pocalontas.

North Carolina did not leave the Union until after the Confederate government had been organized. In February, 1861, the state voted against secession by a majority of thirty thousand. North Carolina was next to the last state to secede from the Union.

The military population of North Carolina in 1860 was 115,369; yet the state furnished to the Confederate army 125,000 soldiers, of whom 40,000 died either in battle, from wounds, in prison, or in hospitals.

Of the ten regiments of either side which sustained the heaviest loss in any one engagement during the war, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey furnished one each, and North Carolina furnished three. North Carolina furnished, from first to last, one-fifth of the entire Confederate army, and at the surrender at Appomattox one-half the muskets stacked for capitulation were from North Carolina troops.

Intrepid North Carolinians, led by North Carolina's valiant son, Gen. William R. Cox, delivered the last charge made by the Confederate army under Lee, and a battery from Wilmington, N. C. (Flanner's), fired the last gun. North Carolina troops, under Pettigrew, advanced farthest up the slopes at Gettysburg.

The last general engagement of the war was fought at Bentonville, N. C., where Maj.-Gen. Robert F. Hoke, with 14,000 of her heroes, held 60,000 Union veterans — with 26,000, flushed with victory, within easy supporting distance — at bay for three dreadful days. The surrender of Gen. Johnston to Gen. Sherman occurred in the Bennett House, Durham, N. C. North Carolina had the best-equipped and the best-provisioned soldiery in the Confederate army. Her great war Governor, Zeb Vance, kept the port of Wilmington opened to the extent that by means of blockade-running he brought into the Confederacy large quantities of stores, provisions, medicines, arms, accouterments, shoes, blankets, etc.

Twenty-six engagements were fought on North Carolina soil — the most notable events being the recapture of Plymouth, by Gen. R. F. Hoke, in 1864; the defeat of the Federal fleet in Roanoke River by the Confederate ram "Albemarle," under Commodore Cook; the defense of Fort Fisher by Col. Lamb and Gen. Whiting; and Johnston's last stand, at Bentonville, in Johnston County, N. C.

**NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS IN CONFEDERACY.**

The following is a recapitulation of the roster of North Carolina troops in the Confederate war as prepared and compiled by John W. Moore, late major commanding Third Battalion Light Artillery:

Executive Officers . . . . .	106	Forty Seventh Reg. . . . .	1,297
Generals . . . . .	32	Forty Eighth Reg. . . . .	1,472
First Regiment . . . . .	1,742	Forty-Ninth Regiment . . . . .	1,241
Second Regiment . . . . .	1,435	Fiftieth Regiment . . . . .	938
Third Regiment . . . . .	1,780	Fifty First Regiment . . . . .	926
Fourth Regiment . . . . .	1,483	Fifty-Second Reg. . . . .	1,279
Fifth Regiment . . . . .	1,837	Fifty-Third Regiment . . . . .	1,269
Sixth Regiment . . . . .	1,802	Fifty Fourth Reg. . . . .	663
Seventh Regiment . . . . .	1,513	Fifty-Fifth Regiment . . . . .	1,165
Eighth Regiment . . . . .	1,347	Fifty-Sixth Regiment . . . . .	1,242
Ninth Regiment . . . . .	1,630	Fifty Seventh Reg. . . . .	1,012
Tenth Regiment . . . . .	1,206	Fifty-Eighth Regiment . . . . .	814
Eleventh Regiment . . . . .	1,429	Fifty-Ninth Regiment . . . . .	864
Bethel Regiment . . . . .	1,136	Sixtieth Regiment . . . . .	457
Twelfth Regiment . . . . .	1,529	Sixty First Regiment . . . . .	1,233
Thirteenth Regiment . . . . .	1,633	Sixty-Second Reg. . . . .	1,188
Fourteenth Regiment . . . . .	1,557	Sixty-Third Regiment . . . . .	1,330
Fifteenth Regiment . . . . .	1,589	Sixty Fourth Reg. . . . .	1,363
Sixteenth Regiment . . . . .	1,597	Sixty Fifth Regiment . . . . .	1,174
Seventeenth Regiment . . . . .	1,409	Sixty Sixth Regiment . . . . .	1,163
Eighteenth Regiment . . . . .	1,677	Sixty-Seven Reg. . . . .	553
Nineteenth Regiment . . . . .	1,205	Sixty Eighth Reg. . . . .	missing
Twentieth Regiment . . . . .	1,278	Sixty-Ninth Regiment . . . . .	1,136
Twenty-First Reg. . . . .	1,287	1st Bat. Sharpshooters . . . . .	257
Twenty-Second Reg. . . . .	1,866	1st Bat. Heavy Artillery . . . . .	657
Twenty-Third Reg. . . . .	1,510	1st Battalion Cavalry . . . . .	850
Twenty-Fourth Reg. . . . .	1,491	Thomas Battery . . . . .	97
Twenty-Fifth Reg. . . . .	1,647	2d Battalion Infantry . . . . .	571
Twenty-Sixth Reg. . . . .	1,898	3d Battalion Artillery . . . . .	449
Twenty-Seventh Reg. . . . .	802	4th Battalion Cavalry . . . . .	274
Twenty-Eighth Reg. . . . .	1,826	5th Bat. Light Artillery . . . . .	1,017
Twenty-Ninth Reg. . . . .	1,177	6th Bat. Armory G'ds . . . . .	554
Thirtieth Regiment . . . . .	1,552	7th Battalion Infantry . . . . .	402
Thirty-First Regiment . . . . .	1,238	70th Reg. Jr. Reserves . . . . .	431
Thirty-Second Reg. . . . .	1,235	71st Reg. Jr. Reserves . . . . .	391
Thirty-Third Reg. . . . .	1,600	72d Reg. Jr. Reserves . . . . .	889
Thirty-Fourth Reg. . . . .	1,382	73d Reg. Sr. Reserves . . . . .	511
Thirty-Fifth Regiment . . . . .	1,518	74th Reg. Sr. Reserves . . . . .	621
Thirty-Sixth Regiment . . . . .	1,447	8th Bat. Heavy Artillery . . . . .	646
Thirty-Seventh Reg. . . . .	1,928	75th Reg. Cavalry . . . . .	765
Thirty-Eighth Reg. . . . .	1,358	9th Bat. Jr. Reserves . . . . .	146
Thirty-Ninth Reg. . . . .	1,241	10th Bat. Infantry . . . . .	99
Fortieth Regiment . . . . .	1,721	75th Reg. Jr. Reserves . . . . .	1,088
Forty-First Regiment . . . . .	1,158	11th Battalion Cavalry . . . . .	342
Forty-Second Reg. . . . .	1,191	12th Battalion Cavalry . . . . .	107
Forty-Third Regiment . . . . .	1,205	13th Battalion Cavalry . . . . .	114
Forty-Fourth Reg. . . . .	1,397	Naval Forces . . . . .	254
Forty-Fifth Regiment . . . . .	1,339		
Forty-Sixth Regiment . . . . .	1,296	Total Number . . . . .	104,498

When it became known that Gen. Johnston had surrendered, Capt. —, who commanded a regiment of the North Carolina Junior Reserves, called over to see an old chum in Hoke's Division to ascertain if it were really true that the army had been surrendered. When informed that there was no longer any doubt about it he invited his friend to accompany him back to the regiment, where he had the orderly sergeant to form his company (numbering fifty-six, all boys), and made them the following speech. Remember, they were nothing but children, the oldest not over eighteen years old: "I wish to say to you that I have been reliably informed that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston has surrendered to Gen. W. T. Sherman; and now, my boys, my advice to you is to surrender; but, if you will not, we will cross the Mississippi River, join Gen. Kirby Smith, and fight it out to the bitter end." This shows the spirit of the Junior Reserves of North Carolina. They were fearless, and deserve as much credit as any soldier in the service. They never knew when to stop fighting.

DEATHS IN CONFEDERATE ARMIES.

STATES.	Killed.		Died of Wounds.		Died of Disease.	Death Totals.
	Infantry.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.		
Alabama	14	538	9	181	724	1,466
Arkansas	104	2,061	27	888	3,782	6,862
Florida	47	746	16	490	1,047	2,346
Georgia	172	5,351	140	1,579	3,792	10,974
Louisiana	70	2,548	42	826	3,059	6,545
Mississippi	122	5,085	75	2,576	6,807	15,295
North Carolina	677	13,845	330	4,821	20,602	49,275
South Carolina	360	8,827	257	3,478	4,760	17,682
Tennessee	99	2,016	49	825	3,425	6,444
Texas	28	1,320	13	1,228	1,260	3,849
Virginia	266	5,062	260	2,319	6,947	14,794
Reg. C. S. Army	35	972	27	441	1,040	2,515
Border States	92	1,867	61	972	2,142	4,834
Total	2,080	50,868	1,246	20,324	59,297	133,821

The above abstracts are made from Gen. James B. Fry's tabulation of Confederate losses from the muster rolls on file in the Bureau of Confederate Archives. North Carolina makes the best showing.

It will be seen by the foregoing table that the losses by all causes for the different states were, in percentage, as follows: North Carolina, 30; South Carolina, 13; Mississippi, 12; Virginia, 11; Georgia, 8; Louisiana, 5; Arkansas, 5; Tennessee, 5; Texas, 3; border states, 3; Florida, 2; regular army, 2. The foregoing figures hardly seem credible, and yet they come from a trustworthy source. Alabama is given at one per cent.



MISS DAISY SIMS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.,  
Daughter of J. M. Sims, Fourth (Bethel) North Carolina Regiment.

A little drummer boy of the Eighth North Carolina Regiment, after a hard day's march in the rain in Eastern North Carolina, gave an old negro woman twenty-five cents, all the money he had, to allow him to sleep on her bed while she was engaged in cooking for a lot of soldiers. He had no sooner struck the bed than he was fast asleep. About daylight he felt a suffocating sensation, and, upon opening his eyes, found a little black negro baby with its arms tightly clasped about his neck and its cheek fondly lying on his. It did not take long for that boy to get out of bed.

THE BETHEL REGIMENT.

This was the first of all the regiments from North Carolina to take the field. Its period of service was to be but six months, and so it was disbanded in the fall of 1861. It was known as the First Regiment of Volunteers until the enrolment of the ten regiments of state troops, when that of Col. M. F. Stokes was called the First, and thus the command led by Col. Hill to Yorktown was known as the Bethel Regiment through its heroic service in the battle at Big Bethel, June 10, 1861. The officers of the Bethel Regiment were:

Daniel H. Hill, colonel—commissioned April 24, 1861, from Mecklenburg County; promoted to brigadier, major, and lieutenant general.

Charles C. Lee, lieutenant-colonel—commissioned May 13, from Mecklenburg County; promoted September 1, 1861, to colonel, and killed June 27, 1862.

James H. Lane, major—commissioned April 24, 1861; promoted to lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general.

Joseph B. Starr, lieutenant-colonel—commissioned October 6, 1861; promoted from captain of Company F.

Robert F. Hoke, major—commissioned September 1, 1861; promoted to lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-Third Regiment January 17, 1862; colonel of Twenty-First Regiment in 1862; brigadier-general, January, 1863, and major-general in 1864; wounded at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862.

Peter E. Hines, surgeon—commissioned August 13, 1861; promoted to medical director of North Carolina.

Joseph H. Baker and John G. Hardy, assistant surgeons—commissioned August 13, 1861.

R. B. Saunders, captain and assistant quartermaster.

	Officers and Men.
Co. A, * Edgecombe County, John L. Bridges, Captain	101
Co. B, Mecklenburg County, L. L. Williams, Captain	99
Co. C, Mecklenburg County, Egbert A. Ross, Captain	112
Co. D, Orange County, R. J. Ashe, Captain	82
Co. E, Buncombe County, W. W. McDowell, Captain	97
Co. F, Cumberland County, Joseph B. Starr, Captain	98
Co. G, Bunke County, C. M. Avery, Captain	96
Co. H, Cumberland County, Wright Huske, Captain	105
Co. I, Halifax County, D. B. Bell, Captain	74
Co. K, Lincoln County, William J. Hoke, Captain	120
Co. L, Bertie County, Jesse C. Jacob, Captain	97
Co. M, Chowan County, J. K. Marshall, Captain	67
Total	1,148

\* Henry Wyatt, "first Confederate slain in battle," was of this company, and killed June 10, 1861, at Big Bethel.

Company B, previous to being placed in this regiment, was the "Horrocks' Nest Riflemen," of Charlotte, which company now exists, and will take part in the exercises on the 20th of May. Company H was the old Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry Company (of Fayetteville), which company still retains its organization, and has been invited to act as the escort of the Confederate Veterans at the reunion at Charlotte on the 20th of May.

The Henry Wyatt referred to is buried in a beautiful spot on a high knoll in Section K, near the Confederate monument, in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

R. F. Armstrong writes from Halifax, Nova Scotia: "You ask for corrections in your list of battles in North Carolina. I am able to point out one error in the list given on page 159, April number: 'Fort Fisher, No-

ember 25, 1864, should be December 24, 25, 1864. Battle opened (fifty-seven ships in line) at 2 p.m. December 24, and continued on our side until daylight, December 26. Enemy ceased firing and steamed out of range about 6 p.m. December 24; renewed the fight with diminished number of vessels about 8 a.m. December 25, and continuously bombarded until 6 p.m., when they finally withdrew. Troops were landed on night of the 25th, but were repulsed, and on this night also the powder-ship was exploded."

#### THE FOURTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Sketch by Col. E. A. Osborne, of Charlotte:

The Fourth Regiment of North Carolina state troops was organized in May, 1861, at Garysburg, and mustered into the Confederate service June 28, 1861. The field-officers were as follows: Colonel, G. B. Anderson; lieutenant-colonel, J. A. Young; major, Bryan Grimes; surgeons, Drs. J. K. King and B. S. Thomas; chaplain, Rev. W. A. Wood; adjutant, Capt. John D. Hyman; quartermaster, Capt. Thomas H. Blunt; commissary, Capt. R. F. Simonton; sergeant-major, F. D. Carlton. During the war these additional field-officers were appointed in the regiment: John A. Young, colonel, in the place of Col. Anderson, promoted; Bryan Grimes, colonel, in the place of Col. Young, resigned; James H. Wood, major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel; A. K. Simonton, major; David M. Carter, lieutenant-colonel; John W. Dunham, major; J. F. Stansil, major; Edwin A. Osborne, lieutenant-colonel and colonel; Thomas L. Perry, adjutant; William S. Barnes, adjutant; Marcus Hofflin, commissary; Rev. — Anderson, chaplain; John G. Young, sergeant-major; E. F. Morrison, quartermaster-sergeant; John McBride, commissary-sergeant.

#### COMPANY OFFICERS.

Company A, from Iredell County: Captain, A. K. Simonton; lieutenants, W. L. Davidson, W. G. Falls, and William F. McRorie.

Company B, Rowan County: Captain, J. H. Wood; lieutenants, A. C. Watson, J. F. Stansil, J. R. Harris.

Company C, Iredell County: Captain, John B. Andrews; lieutenants, James Rufus Reid, Edwin Augustus Osborne, Joseph C. White.

Company D, Wayne County: Captain, J. B. Whittaker; lieutenants, Alexander D. Tumbro, J. J. Bradley, R. B. Potts.

Company E, Beaufort County: Captain, David M. Carter; lieutenants, Thomas L. Perry, E. J. Redding, Daniel P. Latham.

Company F, Wilson County: Captain, Jesse S. Barnes; lieutenants, J. W. Dunham, P. N. Simms, Thomas E. Thompson.

Company G, Davie County: Captain, William G. Kelley; lieutenants, Samuel A. Kelley, Thomas J. Brown, Samuel A. Davis.

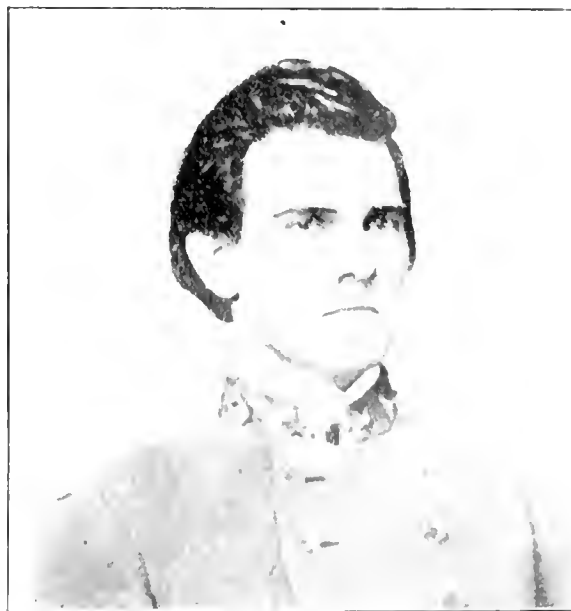
Company H, Iredell County: Captain, E. A. Osborne; lieutenants, John Z. Dalton, Hal H. Weaver, John D. Forecum.

Company I, Beaufort County: Captain, W. T. Marsh; lieutenants, Leo R. Creekman, Neah B. Suten, Bryan S. Bonner.

Company K, Rowan County: Captain, F. M. McNeely; lieutenants, W. C. Coughenour, Marcus Hoffman, William Brown.

After the regiment was organized at Garysburg, N.

C., we were ordered to Manassas Junction, Va., where we remained until March, 1862. When we left Manassas Junction, on the 8th of March, 1862, the men had the bearing and spirit of veterans. The brigade was under the command of Col. Anderson, and the regiment at this time was under the command of Lieut.-Col. Young. After a march of several days we stopped at Clark's Mountain, near Orange Court-House, and about three miles from the Rapidan River, where we remained until April 8, when we were ordered to Yorktown. Here we had our first experience under fire from the enemy, while performing picket duty.



REV. A. L. OSBORNE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

On the night of the 3d of May, 1862, Yorktown was evacuated. Maj. Grimes was now in charge of the picket-line, Lieut. Col. Young in command of the regiment, and Gen. Anderson still in command of the brigade. Maj. Grimes held the picket line until the troops had gotten under way. The next day the enemy came up with our lines at Williamsburg, when an engagement ensued. Our brigade had passed through the town, but upon hearing the firing in the rear we quickly faced about and marched in the direction of the engagement. The rain was pouring and the streets of the town covered with mud. Women and children were wild with excitement, waving handkerchiefs and banners, and urging us on to the conflict. Occasionally we passed wounded men being borne upon litters. The excitement and enthusiasm of the men became intense. The air rang with shouts as we pressed forward. We marched directly to the field of battle, and were formed in line, but the sun had gone down and the mists of night had gathered over the field. We passed the night on the field, wet and faint with hunger and fatigue. The night was cold, but no fires were allowed, and the men suffered greatly. Some would have died if they had not kept in motion by stamping, marking time, or crowding together in groups. This was May 5, 1862.

On the 13th of May we came to the Chickahominy River, where we remained until the battle of Seven

Pines, or Fair Oaks. On May 30 we were called out and kept under arms, marching and countermarching, most of the day. About sundown we went into bivouac, and prepared rations for the next day.

May 31, 1862, twenty-five officers and five hundred and sixty men reported for duty, and as they moved toward the battle-field of Seven Pines they presented a splendid picture of manhood, energy, and courage. The brigade was still under command of Col. Anderson; the regiment, under Maj. Grimes, Gen. Young having been sent home on special duty.

Here follows an interesting account of the battles of Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Brandy Station, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania Court-House, Sprecker's Gap, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek. Col. Osborne concludes:

On the 7th of April Cox's Brigade, with two others, under Gen. Grimes, formed line of battle, and hurried to the relief of Gen. Mahon, whose line was giving way before the enemy. A charge was made, and the enemy driven back and a large number of prisoners captured. Gen. Lee complimented the men in person for their gallantry on this occasion. On the 8th the men marched all day—hungry, tired, and sore, but cheerful and brave. About nine o'clock that night heavy firing was heard in front, when the men were ordered forward, and we marched most of the night, passing through the town of Appomattox Court-House before day Sunday morning, the 9th, and engaged in the fight which occurred near that place. The men were withdrawn after driving the enemy from their position, and the division started to rejoin the main body of Gordon's Corps. Gen. Grimes rode forward and asked Gen. Gordon where he should form his men. The General answered: "Anywhere you please." Struck by this answer, Grimes asked for an explanation, when he was told that the army had been surrendered by Gen. Lee.

Capt. J. B. Forcum, of Company H, commanded the regiment from the battle of Fisher's Hill until the surrender, Col. Osborne having been disabled by wounds.

#### FIRING THE FIRST SHOT FOR C. S. A.

Dr. J. H. Ramsay, of Seaboard, N. C., wrote Col. Woodward, of Wilmington, two years ago:

I went from Jackson, Northampton County, N. C., to Charleston, N. C., in March, 1861, with letters of introduction from Hon. M. W. Ransom to Mr. J. Johnson Pettigrew, then a lawyer in Charleston, and later a general in the Confederate army. I also had a letter to Col. Robert Alston, then a practising lawyer in Charleston. I failed to find Mr. Pettigrew, but Col. Alston advised me to join the Palmetto Guards, G. B. Cuthbert, captain, who were on the eve of going into camp on Morris Island. I joined the company about March 5 or 6, 1861, enlisting as a private, with the understanding that I should be discharged when my state should secede. I labored with the boys, carrying sand in bags to build the earthworks where our battery was to be stationed, until the work was completed. For a few days after our three-gun battery (known as Steven's Iron Battery on Cumming's Point, Morris Island) was completed, guns mounted, and all ready for action our company did only guard and drill duty, until the attack on Sumter.

On the morning of April 12, 1861 (I think it was on Friday), we were ordered to man our guns; and about half-past four on the morning of the 12th of April, 1861, after a signal gun, Gun No. 1, a ten-inch Columbiad, opened fire on Fort Sumter, and I am sure that the first lanyard was pulled by the Hon. Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, who was a private in the Palmetto Guards. He was a most dignified and venerable yet active and gallant man of quite or nearly seventy years of age, whose long, white, and silken locks fell upon his shoulders, as straight and as graceful as those of a boy.

In a very short while after the firing of the first gun—but a minute or two, at most—I pulled the lanyard that sent another ten-inch shot into Sumter, and continued firing at short intervals of rest until the surrender of the fort, which occurred, say between 3:30 and 4 P.M. on Saturday, the 13th of April, 1861. I am not positive that I fired the second gun, but I think I did; but this I do know: I was the only soldier in the company from North Carolina, and hence can justly claim the honor of being the first from my state to fire a gun in the Confederate war.

#### CONFEDERATES IN CONGRESS FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. Charles Edgeworth Jones, of Augusta, Ga., kindly furnishes the following statistics of North Carolina Confederates in the Federal Congress from 1865 to 1898. Mr. Jones states that it is "complete and may be relied upon."

Oliver H. Dockery (lieut.-col.), M. C., July, 1868-71.  
 M. W. Ransom (maj.-gen.), U. S. S., April, 1872-95.  
 James M. Leach (Con. Con.), M. C., 1871-75.  
 Sion H. Rogers (col.), M. C., 1871-73.  
 Alfred M. Waddell (lieut.-col.), M. C., 1871-79.  
 Augustus S. Merrimon (sol.-gen. Eighth N. C. Jud. Ct., Confederate Government), U. S. S., 1873-79.  
 Thos. S. Ashe (Con. Con.), M. C., 1873-77.  
 Robt. B. Vance (brig.-gen.), M. C., 1873-75.  
 Wm. M. Robbins (C. S. officer), M. C., 1873-79.  
 Alfred M. Scales (brig.-gen.), M. C., 1875-85.  
 Jesse L. Yeates (maj.), M. C., 1875-79.  
 Joseph J. Davis (capt.), M. C., 1875-81.  
 Walter L. Steele (Sec. State Secession Convention of 1861), M. C., 1877-81.  
 Zebulon B. Vance (Con. War Gov.), U. S. S., 1879-1894.  
 Wm. H. Kitchin (capt.), M. C., 1879-81.  
 Robt. F. Armfield (lieut.-col.), M. C., 1879-83.  
 Louis C. Latham (maj.), M. C., 1881-83; 1887-89.  
 Wm. R. Cox (brig.-gen.), M. C., 1881-87.  
 Ridsen T. Bennett (col.), M. C., 1883-87.  
 Wharton J. Green (lieut.-col.), M. C., 1883-87.  
 Jno. S. Henderson (private), M. C., 1885-95.  
 W. H. H. Cawles (lieut.-col.), M. C., 1885-93.  
 Thos. D. Johnston (private), M. C., 1885-89.  
 Chas. W. McClammy (maj.), M. C., 1887-91.  
 Alfred Rowland (lieut.), M. C., 1887-91.  
 Benj. H. Bunn (capt.), M. C., 1889-95.  
 Wm. A. B. Branch (courier), M. C., 1891-95.  
 Benj. F. Grady (private), M. C., 1891-95.  
 Archibald H. A. Williams (capt.), M. C., 1891-93.  
 S. B. Alexander (staff-officer), M. C., 1891-95.  
 Thos. J. Jarvis (capt.), U. S. S., by gubernatorial appointment, April, 1894-Jan., 1895.  
 Romulus Z. Linney (private), M. C., 1895.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

James R. Randall could hardly have foretold more forcibly than in his poem, "There's Life in the Old Land Yet," of the zeal of the women of his native Maryland could he have foreseen the Confederate bazaar recently held in Baltimore. The *Sun*, on the morning after the opening, said it "caused a prodigious jam," and promised fine results. The general sympathy felt in the undertaking was indicated by the extraordinary number of people who visited the bazaar during the evening and by the eagerness shown by the large throngs that assembled before the doors were opened. The *Sun* added: "The interest is not confined to Baltimore, as has been shown by the numerous and valuable donations received from all parts of the South and from other parts of the country." Mr. Randall's poem first appeared in the New Orleans *Delta*.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

By blue Patapsco's billowy dash  
The tyrant's war-shout comes,  
Along with the cymbal's fitful clash  
And the growl of his sullen drums.  
We hear it, we heed it with vengeful thrills,  
And we shall not forgive or forget.  
There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills—  
There's life in the Old Land yet.

Minions, we sleep, but we are not dead;  
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scarred,  
We crouch—'tis to welcome the triumph tread  
Of the peerless Beauregard.  
Then woe to your vile, polluting horde,  
When the Southern braves are met!  
There's faith in the victor's stainless sword—  
There's life in the Old Land yet.

Bigots, ye quell not the valiant mind  
With the clank of an iron chain;  
The spirit of freedom sings in the wind  
O'er Merryman, Thomas, and Kane.  
And we, though we smite not, are not thralls;  
We are piling a gory debt;  
While down by McHenry's dungeon walls  
There's life in the Old Land yet.

Our women have hung their harps away,  
And they scowl on your brutal bands;  
While the nimble poniard dares the day  
In their dear, defiant hands.  
They will strip their tresses to string our bows  
Ere the Northern sun is set.  
There's faith in their unrelenting woes,  
There's life in the Old Land yet.

There's life, though it throbbeth in silent veins;  
'Tis vocal without noise;  
It gushed o'er Manassas' solemn plains  
From the blood of the Maryland boys.  
That blood shall cry aloud, and rise  
With an everlasting threat.  
By the death of the brave, by the God in the skies,  
There's life in the Old Land yet.

HISTORY OF ASHEVILLE AND HER HEROES.

Gen. James M. Ray, Asheville, writes of the "Ex-Confederate Soldier" and of his section:

"North Carolinians have made much history, but have written very little of it. This old Rip Van Winkle State, slow to act in the early sixties, awoke from her lethargy at the right time, and went into the war, as she does everything when aroused, with

her whole soul and strength. With a voting population of 115,000, she furnished the Confederate States Army over 125,000 troops—more than any other of the seceding States. The first soldier killed in a regular engagement was of this number, the gallant Henry Wyatt, who, at Bethel, with two other comrades, volunteered the hazardous undertaking of burning a cabin in advance of our lines to prevent the Federal sharpshooters from using it.

"Of the ninety-two regiments engaged in the seven-days' fight in front of Richmond, forty-six—just one-half of them—were North Carolinians; and of the killed and wounded at Chancellorsville, fully one-half of them were from this State. At Gettysburg, the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Infantry, which won honors never surpassed in heroism and sacrifice, entered the fight with 820, rank and file, and lost in killed and wounded 704, nearly 90 per cent. Company F, of this regiment, from Caldwell County, N. C., commanded by Capt. R. M. Tuttle, went into the engagement 91 strong, and every man was killed or wounded. The flag of this regiment was cut down fourteen times, the last time from the hands of the daring commander, Col. Burgwyn, who was killed. About the same time Lieut. Col. J. R. Lane was shot in the head, supposed to be fatally; but he recovered and succeeded to the command of the regiment. Col. Lane still survives. An erroneous idea prevails with many that Zebulon B. Vance commanded the Twenty-sixth at Gettysburg; but he had been elected Governor of North Carolina in 1862, resigning the



HENRY WYATT, FIRST CONFEDERATE MARTYR.

coloneley of his regiment in August of that year, and Lieut. Col. Harry King Burgwyn, not then twenty-one years old, succeeded him. The survivors of this regiment and their friends have quite recently had

painted portraits of the three Colonels—Vance, Burgwyn, and Lane—and placed them in the State library at Raleigh.

"The last charge at Appomattox was made by a North Carolina brigade, led by the intrepid Gen. Grimes; and later, when that grand man, Robert E. Lee, said, for the last time, 'Stack arms!' it was found that one-half of them were in the hands of North Carolinians.

"After returning from the Nashville reunion, I attended the annual reunions of the survivors of several companies, near here. The first was that of Company I, Twenty-fifth North Carolina Infantry, Capt. Buck Thrash. This Twenty-fifth Regiment was first commanded by the distinguished North Carolinian, Thomas L. Clingman, and later by Col. Henry M. Rutledge. At the reunion just mentioned twenty men answered to roll call. The original muster roll contained ninety-six names. Of these only one escaped the vicissitudes of war without a mark. Fifty-four were killed, and forty-one more or less seriously wounded. They were in the 'crater blow-up' at Petersburg. Sergt. Smathers there captured a Federal colonel commanding negro troops, and with great difficulty prevented his companions from killing him, they were so incensed at being confronted by negroes. He disarmed him and retained his sword until last spring. Having learned in some way the address of the Colonel, he instituted

going out from this part of the State. It was known as the 'Buncombe Riflemen,' commanded by Capt. W. W. McDowell, and became Company E, Bethel Regiment. They made history quite early. It is claimed, in fact, that this was the first company en-



MISS ELIZABETH CHRISTOPHER HINDSDALE,  
Maid of Honor for North Carolina at Nashville Reunion.



MISS WILLIE EMLY RAY,  
Maid of Honor for North Carolina at Nashville Reunion.

a correspondence and proposed the return of the sword. A representative was sent down to receive it, and, with some formalities, speech-making, etc., it was turned over.

"I next attended a reunion of the first company

gaged in open field combat, having had a skirmish with a company of Federals on June 9, the day before the Bethel fight. The casualties were light; probably one or two Federals wounded and one taken prisoner. It participated also in the 'Bethel affair' of next day, and some of the company witnessed the killing of the gallant Henry Wyatt, mentioned elsewhere. This battle was between a force of Federals under Gen. Butler, sent from Fortress Monroe to Big Bethel Church, a few miles inland, and the First North Carolina Regiment of Infantry and four Virginia howitzers, Col. D. H. Hill, of North Carolina, in command. There were several instances of conspicuous bravery during the engagement, on both sides. Notably on that of the Federal side was a major who, in leading his men, was shot down considerably in advance of his line of battle. He furnished the first recorded instance of the ludicrous in battle, although there was much of it afterwards. He fell grasping in his right hand his sword, while in his left he held the neck of a goose which he had supposedly caught up in a spirit of fun as he started into the charge. His death grip on the goose had extinguished its life. The flag borne on this occasion was the first to have a baptism of blood in a field engagement between the Confederates and Federals. The Buncombe Riflemen were made the color company, and the flag they carried



was made and presented to them by young ladies of Asheville—Misses Amie and Little Woodfin, Fannie and Annie Patton, Mary Gains, and Kate Smith. The material was the silk dresses of three of the makers and donors; the colors, red, white, and blue. The presentation speech was made by Miss Amie Woodfin, who, after the war, with deft fingers, embroidered upon it, 'Bethel.' The Misses Woodfin and Patton are still residents of Asheville, Miss Fannie Patton being president of the Asheville Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy. Miss Kate Smith became Mrs. Mark Ervin. She died less than a year ago. Her eldest son is now Commandant of John Pettigrew Camp of Sons of Veterans, the first camp of Sons organized in North Carolina. Miss Mary Gains became Mrs. McAboy, and a resident of Knoxville, Tenn., but is now dead.

Meeting with the Bethel company was the "Rough and Ready" Guard, Zeb Vance, original Captain, who was succeeded by Capt. J. M. Gudger, who presides over these meetings. He was a worthy successor of Vance so far as fighting went, and probably got as much fun out of the war as any man in it.

"W. M. Gudger's record, of this company, is doubtless unparalleled. (I sent you his subscription a short time since.) He never was sick a day, and never missed a roll call or a battle in which his company took part. He has not been sick at all since the war.

"Maj. Ballew, in whose company originally served the 'woman soldier,' of whom you have heard much, doubtless, is now a citizen of Asheville. She and her husband, named Blalock, served in the same company; and for some time before her sex was known she did drilling, doing guard and picket duty when she could not frame excuses to avoid it. It is said she was an adept at excuse making. Mr. and Mrs. Blalock, it is thought, yet survive, and are thought to be residents of Texas.

"Riley Powers, who was one of the crew of the historic "Merrimac," and I meet frequently, and he

recites thrilling experiences. He saw her launched and witnessed her blowing up.

"Several new camps have been organized in the territory of my brigade since the Nashville meeting, and I expect three more by the time of our State meeting at Charlotte, May 20—one to be of Cherokee Indians.

"Asheville, N. C., was probably the only town in the Confederacy that the Federals wanted badly and did not capture. It baffled and held in check its besiegers until the very last, being under arms and bravely beating back the invaders for three weeks after Gen. Lee's surrender at Appomattox. It was then ignobly taken possession of in violation of a truce after the soldiery had dispersed and gone to their homes. This was the latter part of April, 1865. Stoneman was besieging the town on the south, while on the north, some days before, there was a mixed force of regular soldiers and 'Kirk's bushrangers,' as they were called. The Confederates had no more than 500 or 600 men and one battery of artillery. J. P. Gaston, a paroled soldier from Appomattox, having walked the entire distance, gave the first news of Lee's surrender and of the armistice existing. Gen. J. G. Martin, in command of the Department, went out with his staff, under a flag of truce, to confer with the Federal commander. An agreement was entered into to the effect that three days' rations were to be furnished to the Federal troops, and they were pledged not to disturb public or private property. After the rations had been issued, they entered the town as a mob, took possession of the town, arrested and imprisoned men and boys, and sacked every house in the place save one, that the residence of an 'uncompromising, fire-eating secessionist.' They held high revelry throughout the whole night, engaging in every species of robbery, even stripping portions of dress from ladies, in search of watches and other valuables. For weeks following the good people of Asheville were subjected to the tyrannical rule of such characters, all claiming to be soldiers of the United States Government."



ASHEVILLE, N. C., IN 1891.

## NORTH CAROLINA'S PART IN THE CIVIL WAR.

A school supplement condenses the following:

North Carolina did not leave the Union until after the Confederate government had been organized. In February, 1861, the state voted against secession by a majority of thirty thousand; but in March Mr. Lincoln became President, and called for volunteers to subdue the Southern states that had seceded. He asked North Carolina for fifteen hundred men, but on May 20, 1861, the state decided by a big vote to cast her lot with the Confederate States. North Carolina was next to the last state to secede, but it was the first to suffer. Twenty-six engagements were fought in North Carolina. The most notable events were the recapture of Plymouth by Gens. R. F. Hoke and M. W. Ransom, in 1864; the defeat of the Federal fleet in Roanoke River by the ram "Albemarle," under Commander Cook; the heroic defense of Fort Fisher, under Lamb and Whiting; and Johnston's last stand at Bentonville. Soldiers of North Carolina went farthest up the slopes of Gettysburg, under Pettigrew, and made the last charge at Appomattox, under Gen. W. R. Cox.

North Carolina furnished one-fifth of the entire Confederate army, and at Appomattox one-half of the muskets surrendered were from North Carolina troops.

The military population of North Carolina in 1860 was 115,369; number of troops furnished the Confederate States army, about 125,000. The German loss in the Franco-Prussian war was 3 1-10 per cent.; loss of the allied armies in the Crimean war, 3 2-10 per cent.; loss of the Union army in the civil war, 8 6-10 per cent.; North Carolina's loss in the civil war, 35 per cent.



MISS ELLEN UNDERWOOD, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

The greatest loss suffered by any regiment on either side in any one battle was that of the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina at Gettysburg, commanded by Col. Harry Burgwyn, of Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division. It lost five hundred and eighty-eight men. In

one company of eighty-four men every man and officer was hit. The Light Brigade, in the celebrated charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, lost thirty-seven per cent. of its men, but the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, charging up the heights of Gettysburg, lost eighty-six per cent. of its numbers, and nobody blundered either. The following list embraces the ten heaviest losses in single battles, both sides: Twenty-Sixth North Carolina, at Gettysburg, 588; Fourth North Carolina, at Fair Oaks, 369; Ninth Illinois, at Shiloh, 366; Forty-Fourth Georgia, at Mechanicsville, 335; Fourteenth Alabama, at Seven Days, 324; Eighth Tennessee, at Stone's River, 306; One Hundred and Twenty-First New York, at Salem Heights, 276; Forty-Ninth Pennsylvania, at Spottsylvania, 274; Fifteenth New Jersey, at Spottsylvania, 272; Fortieth North Carolina, at Gaines's Mill, 272.

Gov. Taylor's conclusion at dedication of Vance Monument:

The name of Zebulon B. Vance is a household word among the old; it is the glorious heritage of the young. Sleep on, child of genius, in the grave where loving hands have laid thee!

"Unwearied, unfettered, unwatched, unconfined,  
Be my spirit like thee in the world of the mind;  
No leaning for earth e'er to weary its flight,  
But fresh as thy pinions in regions of light."

The Red Springs (N. C.) *Citizen* says:

It is stated in Carroll's "History of the United States" that no pensions were paid to South Carolina soldiers for their services in the Revolutionary war. No muster-rolls were kept, men came and went as they pleased, and it was impossible to verify any statement of services by any record.

The great victory at King's Mountain was achieved by men who volunteered for a great emergency. No man has ever seen a King's Mountain muster-roll.

South Carolina passed an ordinance pensioning her own soldiers, and about \$20,000 was expended. A large proportion refused to receive a pension.

In North Carolina many neglected or refused to receive any pay for services rendered. Gen. Joseph Graham made no application for pension till he was a very old man. Col. Thomas Robeson paid his men, in 1871, after the battle of Elizabethtown, about \$15,000, or about \$75,000, out of his own funds. The government never rewarded him for his services as an officer nor refunded any part of the large amount advanced by him in payment of his soldiers' wages and also quartermaster claims.

CAROLINA, 1865.

BY WILLIAM J. CLARKE.

Pale, fainting from the battle-field,  
Carolina leaned on dented shield;  
Her broken sword and shivered spear  
She laid aside to wipe a tear.  
Sob-choked, I heard her feebly say:  
"My sons! my sons! oh, where are they"  
The evening breeze, soft-whisp'ring, sighed:  
"On freedom's battle-ground they died.  
Fame's loudest trump shall proudly tell  
How bravely fought, how nobly fell."  
Loyal, true-hearted men were they.  
They sought no portion in the fray;  
But Sunny South they could not see  
Bow down to Northern tyranny.

FIRST ASSOCIATION OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

James I. Metts, Secretary, Wilmington, N. C.:

A meeting of the officers of the Third North Carolina Infantry Regiment was held at Wilmington on the evening of February 2, 1866, to arrange for receiving the remains of their friend and brother soldier, Col. William M. Parsley. Col. W. L. DeRosset was called to the chair, and Capt. W. A. Cumming and Adj. T. C. James acted as Secretaries. A committee was appointed to meet the remains at the depot, escort them, offer resolutions and expressions of sympathy, etc.

It was then resolved that the surviving officers of the Third North Carolina Regiment, in good standing, form themselves into an association as "Officers of the Third North Carolina Infantry," and a committee was appointed to draft constitution and by-laws. They resolved to meet annually on the 16th of May to celebrate the anniversary of their regiment in the city of Wilmington as long as one member is left, and a committee was appointed to arrange for the first celebration on the 16th of the following May, 1866.

In October, 1888, the constitution and by-laws were so changed as to admit the enlisted men, and the name was changed to the Third North Carolina Infantry Association. The anniversary has been celebrated yearly.

The officers of the association then were William L. De Rosset, President, and J. L. Cantwell, Secretary. The latter has been succeeded by James I. Metts.

The following poem was recited by Hon. George Davis at the anniversary dinner of the association in 1879:

Who fears to speak of "sixty-one?"  
 Who blushes at its fame?  
 When cowards sneer at deeds then done,  
 Who hangs his head in shame?  
 He's all a knave or half a slave  
 Who slights his record thus:  
 But a true man, like you, men,  
 Will fill his glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
 The faithful—not a few,  
 Some lie near Potomac's wave,  
 Some sleep in "Oakdale," too;  
 Hundreds are gone, but still live on  
 The names of those who died—  
 All true men, like you, men,  
 Remember them with pride.

Some 'neath the sod of distant states  
 Their patient hearts have laid,  
 Where, with the stranger's heedless 'aste,  
 Their unwatched graves were made,  
 But though their clay be far from us,  
 Where friends may never come,  
 In true men, like you, men,  
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Southern earth;  
 Among their own they rest,  
 For the same land that gave them birth  
 Has caught them to her breast,  
 And we will pray that from their clay  
 Full many a race may start  
 Of true men, like you, men,  
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days  
 To right their native land;  
 They kindled here a living blaze,  
 That nothing could withstand.  
 Alas, that might should vanquish right!  
 They fell, and passed away;  
 And true men, like you, men,  
 Are far too few to-day.

Then here's their mem'ry! May it be  
 For us a guiding-light  
 To cheer—though lost our liberty—  
 And lead us in the right!  
 Through good and ill be patriots still,  
 By each good impulse stirred,  
 And you, men, be true men,  
 Like the dead of the gallant Third.

AT REST.

The following poem was written by John H. Boner, Washington, D. C., expressly for the occasion of reintering the Confederate dead brought from Arlington and placed in Oakwood Cemetery at Raleigh. The remains of one hundred and eight North Carolina soldiers were brought back in four immense caskets. The graves were concealed from sight by flowers. The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry fired three volleys over them, and the Arlington dead were left on the sloping hillside, with hundreds of their comrades, to rest until the glorious awakening of the last day:

At rest among their own—  
 Rest to be broken never—  
 Their folded flag for them outblown  
 No more forever.

They did not think to come  
 So silently, so late,  
 When, stepping to the sounding drum,  
 They left the state.

They thought to see again  
 The loved ones, kissed through tears;  
 Not in the trenches of the slain  
 To lie for years.

But lips they kissed grew old,  
 And eyes that wept grew blind,  
 And hearts that could not break lay cold,  
 By grief enshrined.

And spirits veiled in woe,  
 Looking toward life's west,  
 Were called in tenderness unto  
 Eternal rest.

They came not; but they come—  
 A vanquished, faithful few—  
 In silence; and are welcomed home  
 In silence, too.

Their place of burial is  
 Hallowed by woman's prayers,  
 A nobler epitaph than this  
 Could not be theirs.

Maj. James M. Stevenson was born in New Berne, N. C., April 26, 1824. In early life he married Miss Christiana E. Sanders, and removed to New Hanover County, where he enlisted in the Confederate service.

By Gov. Ellis' order, he seized the forts in this state. He was then lieutenant of artillery. February 13, 1862, he was elected captain of Company A, Thirty-Sixth Regiment of North Carolina Infantry. January 23, 1864, he was elected major of the Thirty-Sixth Regiment, and kept at Fort Fisher nearly a year. November 23, 1864, Maj. Stevenson, with five companies of his regiment, was sent to Georgia, and, after a short but gallant campaign under Hardee, was ordered back to his regiment, arriving in time for the siege of December 25, 1864, which was renewed by a fatal attack on January 13, 1865, which lasted three days, when the gallant few surrendered. During the siege Maj. Ste-

venson was knocked from the parapet by the explosion of a large shell, and fell bleeding and nearly paralyzed among the garrison below. He was carried a prisoner of war to Fort Columbus, N. Y., where he died March 19, 1865. His ashes now rest in the family burial-lot, by his three children, in Oakdale Cemetery, near Wilmington.

The *State Journal* of Savannah, Ga., published at the time, gives this account: "After the late battle of Harrison's Old Field, which was an advanced position fourteen miles from Savannah, Maj. Stevenson was in command of a part of his own battalion and parts of the Tenth and Fortieth Battalions, when flanked by two brigades of the enemy. Information reached Gen. Hardee that his command was captured. Maj. Stevenson made his escape with all his men except thirteen, who were killed. He brought off all his wounded, his artillery and wagons, and that same night marched into Savannah, reporting in person to Gen. Hardee, by whom he was warmly complimented.



GOV. ELLIS.

In the state election of 1860 the total vote polled was 112,586, the largest that had ever been polled. North Carolina furnished over 150,000 men, or quite as many soldiers as she had voters, during the four years of the war. The total number of troops furnished by all the states of the Confederacy was about 600,000, and it will be seen that North Carolina furnished one-fourth of the entire force raised by the Confederate Government during the war. At Appomattox North Carolina surrendered twice as many muskets as did any other state, and at Greensboro more of her soldiers were among the paroled than from any of her sister states. North Carolina's losses by the casualties of the war were over 30,000 men.—*Our Living and Our Dead.*

LEONIDAS J. MERRITT, OF NORTH CAROLINA

BY R. H. BATTLE.

The men North Carolina furnished to the Confederate army were largely of her very best, young men of intellect, education, and refinement, the sons of her university and other seats of learning. The death-roll on the walls of Memorial Hall, in Chapel Hill Univer-



sity, show what a large proportion of such young men fell on the battle-fields. Among these was Leonidas John Merritt. He was born on the 8th of June, 1830, in Chatham County. His father was a worthy, intelligent farmer, and his mother, a woman of exemplary piety and good sense, was a sister of Hon. Abram Rencher, successively a member of Congress from the Chatham District, Minister to Portugal, and Governor of New Mexico. Reared on a farm, Leonidas first attended neighborhood schools, and then the famous school of William J. Bingham. He entered the State University in June, 1850, and graduated with honor four years thereafter. His university career gave high promise of usefulness and distinction. Twenty years old when he entered college, he was a young man of fixed principles and becoming self-respect. He was a leader of his class and in the Dialectic Society.

The writer, a friend and classmate, well remembers him as dignified, without reserve, and proud, in the proper sense of the word, without vanity or conceit. He was affable to all, and especially considerate toward those younger than himself. Recognizing this, Gov. Swain, the President of the university, valued him very highly as one who was unconsciously aiding him in the government of the institution. In speaking of him and his younger brother, since an influential State Senator, President Swain said they were excellent specimens of what plain, pious home-raising on the farm would do for young men.

Leonidas Merritt made a high mark as a speaker and debater in his literary society. No member of his class could fairly contest the palm in debate with him except Thomas Newton Crumpler, who also lost his life on one of the Virginia battle-fields, falling in the front of the fight, a gallant major of a North Carolina regiment.

Young Merritt became an able lawyer. Upon the call of President Lincoln for troops, the Legislature called a convention to take into consideration the relations of the state to the Federal Government. Merritt became a candidate as delegate, and was elected over able and distinguished competitors. With the other members he signed the ordinance of secession.

On his last appearance in the convention he took his seat in Confederate uniform, with his arm in a sling from a wound by a Minie ball. He was then very near the end of his noble career. When the convention adjourned he immediately rejoined his command. The battles around Richmond quickly followed, and in the dreadful charge of Magruder at Malvern Hill he was pierced by a fatal bullet.

Governor Vance said about what the State did:

"By the general industry and thrift of our people, and by the use of a number of blockade-running steamers, carrying out cotton and bringing in supplies from Europe, I had collected and distributed from time to time, as near as can be gathered from the records of the Quartermaster's Department, the following stores: Large quantities of machinery supplies, 60,000 pairs of hand cards, 10,000 grain scythes, 200 barrels bluestone for the wheat growers, shoes and leather for 250,000 pairs, 50,000 blankets, gray woolen cloth for at least 250,000 suits of uniforms, 12,000 overcoats ready made, 2,000 best Enfield rifles (with 100 rounds of fixed ammunition), 100,000 pounds of bacon, 500 sacks of coffee for hospital use, \$50,000 worth of medicines at gold prices, large quantities of lubricating oils, besides minor supplies of various kinds for the charitable institutions of the State. Not only was the supply of shoes, blankets, and clothing more than sufficient for the supply of the North Carolina troops, but large quantities were turned over to the Confederate Government for the troops of other States. In the winter succeeding the battle of Chickamauga, I sent to Gen. Longstreet's corps 11,000 suits of clothing complete. At the surrender of Gen. Johnston the State had on hand, ready made and in cloth, 92,000 suits of uniform, with great stores of blankets, leather, etc. To make good the warrants on which these purchases had been made abroad, the State purchased and had on hand, in trust for the holders, 11,000 bales of cotton and 100,000 barrels of rosin. The cotton was partly destroyed before the war closed; the remainder, amounting to several thousand bales, was captured, after peace was declared, by certain officers of the Federal army.

"In addition to these supplies brought in from abroad, immense quantities of bacon, beef, flour, and corn were furnished from our own fields. . . . I was told by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston that when his army was surrendered he had in the depots in North Carolina, gathered in the State, five months' supplies for 60,000, and that for many, many months previous Gen. Lee's army had been almost entirely fed from North Carolina."

ENGAGEMENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

M. V. Moore, Auburn, Ala., reports these engagements in North Carolina by his regiment, the Sixth North Carolina Cavalry, not in the list published last month: Heath's Mills, near Kinston, 1864; storming and capture of Fort Croatan, near New Berne, May, 1864; capture of gunboat "Albemarle," near Plymouth. This regiment also had numerous engagements in the Roanoke region, Foster's Mills, Spring Gum Church, Deep Gully, and elsewhere on coast-line of North Carolina during the winter and spring of 1864-65.



CAPT. MARTIN B. MOORE.

Capt. M. V. Moore, of the North Carolina Cavalry, is a native Tennessean, but has lived in Virginia, North Carolina, Texas, and Alabama. He participated in raising the first company for the Confederacy west of the Blue Ridge. He "joined the cavalry," however, and served much on staff duty. He served under more than a dozen Confederate generals, and in nearly all of the states where there were armies. He was with "Jeb" Stuart in his famous ride around McClellan's army, and wrote accounts for the Virginia Historical Society and also for Col. McClure's Philadelphia *Times*. Capt. Moore reports having had a pleasant conversation with Vice-President Hendricks in Washington in 1885, just before the death of that distinguished friend of the South, and said Mr. Hendricks had given the subject of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence much careful study, and that he was convinced of the entire trustworthiness of the claims of the Carolina people to the genuineness of the event.

Col. Moore now lives at Auburn, Ala., where he is engaged in literary and agricultural work. His wife is the well-known humorous writer, "Petsy Hamilton," whose father, Col. William B. McClellan, a graduate of West Point, was an officer in the Confederate army.

## CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CONCORD.

Mrs. R. S. Harris, Secretary Ladies' Memorial Association, Concord, Cabarrus County, N. C.:

All visitors to Concord, N. C., are attracted by the handsome marble shaft in the Court-House Square, standing in solitary contrast to the busy life around its base. The memory of the Confederate soldier is thus perpetually kept in remembrance and his brave service proclaimed with silent eloquence. The Ladies Memorial Association of Concord, aided by Mr. Jesse Williford, an old soldier, and by other patriotic citizens, inaugurated the monument movement in 1891. In April, 1892, it was placed in position, and on May 5, 1892, it was unveiled in the presence of an enthusiastic assemblage from Cabarrus and the adjoining counties. The shaft, built of eight pieces, rises sixteen and one-half feet above the level of the ground. It weighs twenty-five thousand pounds, and cost \$900.

The inscription is as follows:

1861-1865.  
In Memoriam.  
This Monument Is Erected to  
the Memory of the Confederate Dead  
of Cabarrus County, N. C.

With granite and marble and branch of the cypress  
The emblem of peace shall thy slumbers enshrine.  
Then take this memento; 'tis all we can offer.  
O graves of our comrades, this tribute is thine!

Crowds of people attended the unveiling, eager to see the monument and join in honoring the memory of their neighbors, friends, and relatives who are of the Confederate dead. Maj. W. M. Robbins, the speaker of the day, was escorted to the square by a procession of citizens and veterans, led by the Concord Black Boys' Drum Corps. In the procession the thirteen Confederate States were represented by thirteen little girls costumed in Confederate colors. The portico of the court-house was used for a platform. A choir led in singing the national hymn, "America," and Dr. C. M. Payne made the opening prayer. Maj. Robbins was introduced by Rev. H. W. Bays. The monument was unveiled by four little girls, Emily Gibson, Bessie Campbell, Clara Harris, and Lizzie Willeford. At the close of the fine address the enthusiasm of the vast crowd rang out in the stirring chorus of the "Old North State."

In a tribute to the South Senator Ransom said:

You remember when the Northern people were all praying for Gen. Grant to exchange prisoners—"for God's sake exchange them," they said. Lincoln wrote Grant and asked him to do so, and Grant replied: "I can not exchange prisoners with the South. If I let them have their prisoners back, they will fight on forever. The only way to stop the war is to catch and keep them confined." That's the undisputed estimate of your valor and courage. You did it, my brother countrymen, may God bless you! When the sun was setting on Grant forever and when his light was going out he declared his admiration for the Southern people, and recorded it in words that will live forever.

## THE NORTH CAROLINA WOMAN SOLDIER.

The following account of the woman who enlisted and served with her husband in the command of Col. Z. B. Vance is taken from a letter of D. T. Carraway,

of New Berne, N. C., to the *Journal*, of that town. The circumstances were patriotic as well as romantic:

Volunteering was rife throughout the state, and the mountains were ablaze with enthusiasm. A couple, not long married, lived by themselves in some mountain cove near Grandfather Mountain. The husband went to town one day, and found that everybody was going off to war. He took the martial spirit, and enlisted at once. On going home to prepare for his departure the tented field a difficulty presented itself when he informed his wife of his belligerent intention.

"What is to become of me?" said the woman.

"Stay here and do the best you can," was the reply.

"But I won't stay here by myself while you are gone," she replied. "If you go to the war, I will too."

Then the plan was made between them that she should cut her hair short, put on a suit of her husband's clothes, and go with him to the recruiting-station and enlist under an assumed name. Her name in camp was Joe, but what else I never heard. In the regiment Joe and the husband were looked upon as a couple of mountain boys, well acquainted, and fond of each other.

On the 15th of April, 1862, a number of twelve-month volunteers had completed their term of service, and some wanted to go home and some were ready to enlist for the war; hence there was a kind of reorganization of some of the regiments going on. By some means the husband had to undergo a medical examination, and was found to be physically unfit for military service, and was discharged. Here was a dilemma: Joe in the army, and the husband out. What would he do at home by himself and his wife off to the war? Something must be done, and there appeared but one thing to do, and that was to confess the deception and obtain her discharge, which would necessarily follow. Accordingly, the next morning she went to the colonel's quarters, and that colonel was Z. B. Vance, of blessed memory. "Colonel, I want to go home," said Joe, after the customary salutation.

"Well, Joe," said the Colonel, "I suppose a good many of us would like to go home, but just now we are needed somewhere else."

"But, Colonel, I ain't a man."

"No; but you soon will be, and doubtless a brave one."

"No, sir, I won't," Joe rejoined; "I'm a woman."

"The d—! you say!" said Col. Vance, surprised and amused at the complete defeat of his proposition. "Here, Doctor!" he called to the surgeon of the regiment, "here is a case for you."

So Joe was honorably discharged.

Joe had a good reputation for soldierly conduct, and was thought to be a little the best cook in the regiment.

A certain officer of Company C, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, was noted for his neatness, and consequently was often teased by the boys. In the fall of 1863 he passed through the camp of Gen. Barringer's North Carolina Brigade, when he sat as straight as an arrow, and with great dignity rode along amid such bantering as, "Good-morning, General!" "Come out of that hat!" and "Where did you get those boots?" etc. On arriving near the general's tent, he was stopped by the "tarheel" guard, who observed to him with great sympathy: "Don't mind them boys, mister; they are always hollerin' at some fool."

Following are extracts from an address made by Maj. H. A. London at Wilmington, N. C., May 10, 1887, by request of the Ladies' Memorial Association:

"While as Southerners we are justly proud of all Confederate soldiers, yet, as citizens of this state, we have a peculiar pride in the soldiers of North Carolina. No state in the Southern Confederacy did its duty more faithfully than North Carolina, and no soldiers in the Confederate army fought more bravely or suffered more heavily than did the troops from the 'old North state.' Without wishing to draw invidious comparisons or detract in any way from the glory so fairly won by all Confederate soldiers, yet upon this occasion I must be pardoned for briefly calling especial attention to some of the exploits of North Carolina's soldiers.

"At the beginning of the war the white population of North Carolina was only 629,942, and yet she furnished to the Confederate army 125,000 soldiers. In other words, one-fifth of North Carolina's entire white population was in the Southern armies. The total number of soldiers in the Confederate army was about 600,000, so that North Carolina furnished one-fifth of all the troops that constituted the Confederate army.

"North Carolina's troops consisted of sixty-six regiments of infantry, seven of cavalry, three of artillery, and six battalions of infantry, seven of cavalry, and four of artillery. While we refer with pride to the large number of troops furnished by our state, we recall with still greater pride their unsurpassed valor and heroism. Always placed at the post of greatest danger—in the front in every assault and protecting the rear in every retreat—the soldiers of North Carolina on every battlefield immortalized themselves and their state. In the first battle of the war—at Big Bethel, on the 10th of June, 1861—North Carolina troops, under D. H. Hill, gallantly repulsed the Federal troops, under 'Beast' Butler; and on the 9th of April, 1865, North Carolina troops, under the gallant Grimes, were the foremost in the last charge, and fired the last volley at Appomattox. In every battle fought and every victory won by the glorious old Army of Northern Virginia North Carolina soldiers were the heaviest sufferers. In the seven days' battles around Richmond, in the summer of 1862, there were ninety-two Confederate regiments, and forty-six of them were from North Carolina, and more than half of the killed and wounded were our brave North Carolinians. At Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, there were ten North Carolina brigades, and of all the Confederates there killed or wounded one-half were from North Carolina. On the fatal field of Gettysburg North Carolina had thirty-eight regiments and two battalions, and the dead Confederates found farthest in the Federal lines were North Carolinians. At Reams Station, in August, 1864, after the first efforts of the Confederates to dislodge the enemy had failed, the three North Carolina brigades of Cooke, MacRae, and Lane, consisting of only seventeen hundred and fifty men, were ordered to the charge; and so successful were they that they not only routed the enemy, but captured twenty-one hundred prisoners. At Spottsylvania, in May, 1864, Ramseur's Brigade immortalized itself by a charge, for which Gen. Lee in person thanked them, telling them that they deserved the thanks of the country: they had saved his army.

"During the whole war no body of troops suffered more heavily than did the Fifth North Carolina Regiment at Williamsburg, the Fourth Regiment at Seven Pines, the Third Regiment at Sharpsburg, the Twenty-Sixth at Gettysburg, and the Twenty-Seventh at Bristoe Station. At Williamsburg, on the 5th of May, 1862, the Fifth North Carolina Regiment lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, 197 out of 240. At Seven Pines, on the 31st of May, 1862, the Fourth Regiment, commanded by the bravest of the brave, Bryan Grimes, went into battle with 25 officers and 520 non-commissioned officers and privates; and of that number, every officer, except one, and 462 men were either killed or wounded. At Sharpsburg, on the 17th of September, 1862, the Third Regiment went in with 520, and lost 330, mostly in the short space of an hour. Out of its 27 officers, 24 were killed or wounded, among the latter being its gallant commander, Col. W. L. De Rosset. In the first day's fight at Gettysburg the Twenty-Sixth Regiment lost 549 men out of 800, including its youthful colonel, the gallant Harry K. Burgwyn. In this regiment were two companies from Chatham County, which went into that battle with 149 men, and lost 138. We doubt if there was such a loss in any other company in any battle of the war. At Bristoe Station, on the 13th of October, 1863, the two North Carolina brigades of Cooke and Kirkland made one of the bloodiest charges of the whole war, one regiment alone, the Twenty-Seventh, in less than half an hour losing 291 out of 426. I could mention numerous other instances of the heavy losses suffered by North Carolina troops, but enough have been cited to prove that there were charges made by North Carolina troops during the civil war as gallant, as daring, as bloody, and as self-sacrificing as the world-renowned charge of the immortal Six Hundred at Balaklava."



MISS KATE H. BROADFOOT, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

## COL. WILLIAM JOHNSTON PEGRAM.

J. C. Goolsby, Richmond, Va.:

In a walk through our beautiful Hollywood on last Sunday afternoon, after passing the monument to the Confederate soldiers, and gazing with proud admiration upon that everlasting memorial erected to our dead heroes, my mind reverted to scenes of long ago, and I moved, as if unconsciously, toward the grave of that noble young officer, Col. William Johnson Pegram, the idol of the battalion which he commanded with such distinguished ability, as well as the knightly Christian gentleman that he was. In the short life of Willie Pegram we see much that our young people might emulate. He possessed only those elements of character that are ennobling, and his every act demonstrated his patriotic devotion to the cause which he espoused, giving his life as he did in its defense. It is a fitting tribute of the association that bears his name that they should have beautified the chapel of the Soldiers' Home with a memorial window to this gallant artilleryman, and that Lee Camp No. 1, Confederate Veterans, recognizing his exceeding great worth, should have adorned this picture-gallery with the portrait of this noble young officer.

The stranger who visits this beautiful city of the dead, as he approaches the Monroe monument, will observe to the left two marble shafts—one erected to the memory of Gen. John Pegram, killed at Hatcher's Run, January, 1865; and one to Col. William Johnson Pegram, killed at Five Forks, April 1, 1865.

The latter was a student at the University of Virginia at the commencement of the war. He promptly returned to Richmond, and enlisted as a member of Company F, of Richmond, commanded by R. Milton Cary (afterward colonel of the Thirtieth Virginia), at that time possibly the best-drilled company in the South. Capt. Cary was subsequently transferred to the artillery, where he was destined to win the plaudits of the whole army. Here it was that the writer, a private in the Crenshaw Battery, learned to know and admire him. At Mechanicsville, on the 27th of June, 1862, Pegram, by the skilful handling of his guns, contributed much to the defeat of McClellan. His subsequent promotion to the majorship and the formation of the battalion which bore his name—composed of the Purcell, Crenshaw, Braxton, Letcher, and Pee Dee Batteries—gave to this young artilleryman a wider field of usefulness, as was evidenced by the masterly handling of his battalion in the campaign against Pope, especially after crossing the Rapidan and at Cedar Run, where he fought his guns until late in the night.

The campaign of 1862 was one of long marching and hard fighting, embracing the Seven Days' Battle, the battles of Cedar Run, Bristoe Station, Second Manassas, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Mine Run, and Fredericksburg—upon all of which fields the ability Pegram displayed won for him the commendation of the commanding general; and notably was this the case at Sharpsburg, where he arrived after a forced march from Harper's Ferry, and, with that quick perception so often manifested upon other fields, seized at once a position which enabled him to render invaluable service to our almost overpowered forces, contending as they were with the whole Army of the Potomac, commanded then by McClellan.

The winter of 1862-63 was spent by Pegram, with his battalion, near Bowling Green, Caroline County, excepting a period that his command was doing outpost duty on the Rappahannock.

When the Army of the Potomac, under the command of Hooker, moved out of quarters and resumed operations in the spring of 1863 the Army of Northern Virginia was prompt to meet them, and the Pegram Battalion was soon on the road, marching toward Chancellorsville, the scene of another encounter. That battle was fought on the evening of May 1, 1863. Pegram's command was moved by the old Furnace road, and came upon the enemy, who were engaging the command of Rodes, near the Chancellor House. Passing rapidly on and by the Chancellor House, under a heavy fire of the enemy, Pegram turned into an open space and unlimbered his guns. The night was spent



THE PLACE WHERE PEGRAM FELL

on outpost duty. It was near here and at this time that Jackson was fatally wounded. The next morning (Sunday) the battalion engaged the artillery of the enemy, and, after a fierce conflict, drove them from their guns.

Pegram's Battalion, after this battle, moved to the hills overlooking the Rappahannock, and remained there until June, when it started up the valley, forming a part of the Third Army Corps, commanded by A. P. Hill, and crossed the Potomac and into Pennsylvania to Gettysburg, where he opened the fight on the first day, as, with cannoneers mounted, they rode down the pike at a gallop, pouring a destructive fire into the ranks of the enemy. They were supported by Heth and Archer. The second and third day of the battle this battalion was on the ridge in front of Little Round Top, where they were exposed to an almost continuous fire of the enemy.



The conduct of Pegram on the backward movement from Gettysburg was of a character to inspire his men with a patriot's devotion, always cheerful and ready for duty. All the way to Hagerstown, and even to the crossing at Falling Waters and into Virginia, the soldierly qualities and modesty of this young commander were conspicuous, though he was not yet twenty years old.

In the winter of 1863-64 the Pegram Battalion was in winter quarters (tents) near the border of the counties of Orange and Louisa, in the Green Springs region, where every preparation was made for the coming campaign, which was looked forward to with much anxiety.

Gen. Grant having assumed the immediate command of the Army of the Potomac, which was thoroughly equipped, struck tents, and early in May crossed the Rapidan at Germana and Ely's Fords, moving toward the Wilderness, Warren in advance. Gen. Lee, apprised of his move, broke camp promptly, and started to meet him. Pegram, now a full colonel of artillery, moved out to meet the infantry, marching to Spottsylvania, and soon his guns were heard—from the Wilderness down to the James and across the Appomattox.

This was unquestionably the most active campaign of the war, and his battalion was destined to have much work to do, as it was constantly on the move to repel the attacks made in efforts to cut our Southern connections. Conspicuous among the conflicts fought during this campaign were the Crater, Davis House, Bellfield, Reams Station, Burgess Mill, and Hatcher's Run.

The winter of 1864-65 was spent in winter quarters near Burgess Mill, on the extreme right of the line, barring the frequent marches to meet Grant's troops. On March 25 our battery (the Crenshaw), the companies of the battalion having become separated, moved out of quarters and started toward Petersburg, some ten or twelve miles distant. Arriving within four or five miles of that city, we were hurried to an engagement, in which we lost three men. We were soon on the road again, and, passing Burgess Mill, leaving Hatcher's Run to our left, we soon passed the infantry and came up with the cavalry, who were then engaging Sheridan's troops. After crossing the Squirrel Level Creek, driving the enemy before us, we were halted to await the closing up of our troops. At night we were ordered to fall back, and early next morning we were put in position near the Forks. It was here that Willie Pegram, who had been directing the fire of the Crenshaw Battery, received his mortal wound.

The position occupied by the battery was on the edge of an opening, which was in turn skirted by a thick growth of pines. The morning had passed and the evening shadows were lengthening, when suddenly in our front burst forth in all their wild fury the cavalry of Sheridan, the field itself becoming a living mass of mounted men. This onslaught was not unexpected, for the guns had been double-shotted with canister, and, in addition, at the mouth of each piece, which were now some thirty yards or more apart, were piles of ammunition, ready for such an emergency. Mounted on his favorite horse, forgetful of self, moving up and down the thin lines, which were then almost surrounded, no one seeing him failed to admire the sol-

dierly bearing of the gallant young Pegram. Just before he received his fatal wound it was suggested that he dismount to protect himself from the murderous fire. He replied that duty required he should be mounted; and, amidst the roar of artillery and the crash of small arms, oblivious to all danger, with his face to the enemy, he met a soldier's death.

There was a certain magnetism about Willie Pegram that impressed all who came into his presence with his truly noble character. Never excited, possessing at all times that perfect equipoise so much to be prized in a commander, he embodied all the qualities of a soldier. While a strict disciplinarian, he was ever kind and thoughtful of his men. It is especially sad that, after passing victoriously through so many conflicts, he should have fallen in the last severe battle of the war. Of the many noble souls that yielded up their lives in defense of their state and section, none have a more enduring place in the hearts of his survivors than that typical, brave soldier and God-fearing man, William Johnson Pegram.

Richmond, Va., January, 1898.

The R. E. Lee Camp of Richmond has recently added to the fine portraits which ornament its walls a portrait of George W. Randolph, who was the first commander of the Richmond Howitzers, and afterward commanded the First Virginia Artillery. The hall was well filled. The presentation was made by Mr. Leigh Rolinson, of Washington, D. C., and was accepted in a happy address by Maj. Henry C. Carter. Capt. Frank Cunningham sang a solo. The portrait was a gift from the Howitzer Association.

Col. V. Y. Cook, Elmo, Ark., reports that at the encampment at Little Rock, on the 12th inst., John J. Hornor, of Helena, was elected Major-General to command the Arkansas Division for the next twelve months; Rufus J. Polk, of Little Rock, Brigadier-General commanding First Brigade; Brig.-Gen. W. F. Slemmons, Monticello, to command the Second Brigade; Brig.-Gen. W. S. Hanna, of Morrilton, to command the Third Brigade; Brig.-Gen. Joseph A. Reeves, of Camden, to command the Fourth Brigade. Gen. Hornor appointed Col. J. C. Barlow, of Helena, as his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. Col. Cook reports a glorious meeting, one at which the Rebel yell was several times heard.

R. C. Gore, of Camden, Ark., reports several answers to his inquiry in a recent number of the *VETERAN*. Capt. McCowan is requested by him to write a short sketch of the Ninth Mississippi Regiment.

J. R. Youree, Prairie Grove, Ark.: "Comrade Nelson C. Underwood will answer no more the roll-call until the grand reveille is sounded. He died at Boonsboro, Ark., January 27, 1868. Enlisting in the Confederate army in the fall of 1861, he first served as quartermaster, then as a member of Capt. Snow's company, First Tennessee Cavalry. He was twice a prisoner, and confined for nine months at Camp Morton. He was exchanged in the spring of 1865, but was so nearly exhausted by his prison fare that he only reached a Louisville hospital. He suffered much from a shell wound in the head."

## INQUIRIES BY AND ABOUT CONFEDERATES.

Dr. J. P. Cannon, McKenzie, Tenn.: "If the Confederate officer who was arrested on the train between Chattanooga and Atlanta about the 1st of December, 1862, is living, I would be glad for him to write to me. I can not recall his name, but he was a major on some general's staff (I think Gen. Buckner's), and attempted to get me through on his passport. Both of us were arrested and brought back to Chattanooga."

Mrs. E. H. Nidermaid, Abingdon, Va., is the widow of a Mexican soldier, and wishes to procure the name of the colonel, captain, or sergcant of Troop C, United States Mounted Rifles, who served in Mexico in 1846, or of Troop F, same regiment, who was in that war in 1847. Any one who can give this information will confer a favor by writing Mrs. Nidermaid promptly.

T. R. Lackie, 467 Vinewood Avenue, Detroit, Mich., wishes to learn if the Eighth Alabama Regiment was in action at Laurel Hill, Va., on the evening of May 8, 1864, and if it lost an officer by death or as prisoner. If so, what was his name?

Mrs. C. E. Wright, Vicksburg, Miss., inquires if the dead from the battle-field of Sharpsburg were placed in a cemetery, and if any of the graves are marked. She had a brother-in-law in that battle, though she thinks he died in the hospital. She will appreciate this information from any one who can give it.

James L. Goodloe, Memphis, Tenn., desires the address of W. H. Allis, who was in Barrack No. 1 at Rock Island Prison in 1864. Both of these Confederates were members of the "K. C. 7," and Mr. Goodloe desires to write an article about the society. Mr. Allis and Thomas A. Cocke were the chief officers. The latter is dead. Mr. Allis lived at Goliad, Tex., for a while after the war, but is not there at present.

Mrs. M. L. Wakenight, No. 1130 Argyle Street, Baltimore, Md., desires to learn of the regiment in which her husband served. He joined at Concord, Tenn., and she thinks Col. Packston was in command. Her husband was a musician, and was not long in the army, having lost the use of one leg from rheumatism. He was afterward put in the Confederate Government stores at Knoxville. Mrs. Wakenight will appreciate any information.

James R. Coleman, Riverside, Ala., inquires for a boy who came to Company F, Tenth Alabama Regiment, in the ditches at Petersburg in 1864, and remained with the company until the 6th of April, 1865. He was left with the ambulance, as they thought there would be a fight. His name can not be recalled, but he was about twelve years old at the time, and Mr. Coleman understands that he came out from Appomattox with the Fourteenth Alabama. He also desires to know the whereabouts of Willis and William Madden. When last heard from they were in Louisiana.

J. W. Cook (Company A, Forty-Third Mississippi), Helena, Ark.: "I would like to know the address of Comrade — Parker, of — Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers. He was captured at Nashville, December, 1864 (I believe), and was incarcerated with me in Camp Douglas, Barracks 54, but afterward transferred to Barracks 10. I would like to know if he re-

members befriending a little ragged Mississippian, whom 'Old Mack,' the prison guard, was about to 'treat' to a 'ride on Morgan's mule.' He positively refused to inform on me, kindly preferring to take the punishment which he knew would follow."

## TURNER ASHBY TO HAVE A MONUMENT.

During Gen. Jackson's campaign in the Valley of Virginia, in the early summer of 1862, Gen. Turner Ashby was placed in command of his cavalry. "From that time to the day of his death this chivalrous officer served as commander of cavalry with untiring zeal and intelligence." After the signal defeat of Banks at Winchester, Gen. Jackson was compelled to fall back, pushing on to Harrisonburg, to avoid the flanking columns of the enemy.

"Gen. Ashby, as usual, held the rear, and the division of Ewell was next." Asby's first serious encounter was with the boastful Englishman, Sir Percy Wyndham, who intended to capture him at first opportunity, but was himself captured and his New Jersey Regiment routed a short distance south of Harrisonburg.

It now became necessary to offer strong resistance to the approaching Federals. Ewell entrusted to Ashby the First Maryland Regiment, under Col. Bradley Johnson, and the Fifty-Eighth Virginia, under Col. Letcher, to be used in protecting the rear of Jackson's army. His arrangements were made just in time, for soon the enemy's infantry advanced and a fierce combat began. The Fifty-Eighth Regiment being hard pressed, Ashby, seeing at a glance their disadvantage, galloped to the front and ordered them to charge the enemy. At this moment his horse fell; but, extricating himself from the dying animal, and seeing his men wavering, he waved his sword, and shouted, "Charge, men! for God's sake charge!" when a bullet pierced him full in the breast, and he fell dead.

Thus, on the 6th day of June, 1862, fell, in the very infancy of his growing fame, one of the most brilliant and dashing cavalry officers in the Southern army. Gen. Jackson said of him, in an official report of the engagement: "An official report is not an appropriate place for more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead, but the close relation which Gen. Ashby bore to my command for most of the previous twelve months will justify me in saying that as a partizan officer I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

This company is known as the Turner Ashby Memorial Association. The charter members are representatives of the S. B. Gibbons Camp of Confederate Veterans, the Turner Ashby Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, the Ladies' Memorial Association, and the Turner Ashby Camp of Sons of Veterans. The officers for the first year are: President, Col. D. H. Lee Martz; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. E. G. Brooke, Mrs. Kate S. Paul; Secretary, George N. Conrad; Treasurer, Ed C. Martz. The company has contracted for one and one-half acres of the land upon which is located the spot where Ashby fell.

It is desirable to raise \$500. The above-named officers and any of the directors are authorized to receive subscriptions. Post-office address, Harrisonburg, Va.



On February 3, 1898, there passed away in Kansas City, Mo., a man whose life has been closely identified with the business interests of that city from the time he went there, in 1865.

W. A. M. Vaughan was born on a farm near Spottsylvania Court-House, Va., in February, 1829. His parents were of English descent—the father from Maryland, the mother from Virginia. In 1835 the family re-



MAJ. WILLIAM A. M. VAUGHAN.

moved to Kentucky, and the father died the same year, on the eve of their departure for Missouri. The mother was left with four small children, but carried out the father's wishes and emigrated to Clay County, Mo.

When seventeen years old William entered a saddler's shop at Liberty, and, after learning the trade, was given the management of the shop. In 1850 he accepted a clerkship in the Sutler's Department at Fort Kearney, Kans., and later was placed in charge. A short time afterward he settled at Tecumseh, near the site of Topeka, in the midst of the "Kansas war." He represented the district two terms in the Legislature, and in 1858 returned to Missouri and went into the mercantile business at Cameron. Although taking no part in the sectional strife between Kansas and Missouri, his sympathies could only be with the South and her people; and for opinion's sake he was arrested and imprisoned by the Second Iowa Infantry, under Col. (afterward Gen.) Curtis. He escaped, and in September, 1861, joined the Southern army under Gen. Price, and was assigned to the commissary department. While holding this usually bomb-proof position he was in the battle of Elkhorn, or Sugar Creek. He was in many skirmishes in Missouri. After he served at Corinth and Iuka he was sent to Atlanta to secure uniforms for the officers of the Second Missouri, under

Col. Gause. In the spring of 1863 he was commissioned as captain, serving under Gen. Shelby. With a detachment of officers from different commands he was sent to Arkansas and Missouri on recruiting service.

Leaving the army at Big Black Bridge, they crossed the Mississippi River at Rodney, and after a ride of thirteen days through swamps and canebrakes and across bayous they reached Little Rock, Ark. After a brief rest they crossed the Arkansas River and rode one hundred miles to the camps of Gens. Marmaduke and Shelby, at Batesville, on White River. The forces were on the eve of a raid to Cape Girardeau, Mo., Gen. Shelby commanding a division and Col. G. W. Thompson commanding Shelby's Brigade. Capt. Vaughan offered his services to Col. Thompson as aid, and acted in that capacity the remainder of the season. He was in the battle of Cape Girardeau and the fights and skirmishes following, the battle of Helena and Bayou Metter, in front of Little Rock, and participated in the defense of that city during its evacuation by the infantry. He was also in the battle at Pine Bluff, fought under Gen. Marmaduke, and in Shelby's raid on the railroad between Brownsville and Duvall's Bluff, when a regiment of infantry under Col. Mitchell, of Kansas, was captured by the Confederates.

When the raid made by Gen. Shelby into Missouri in 1864 was projected sixty officers and men, of whom Capt. Vaughan was one, were detached to go forward into various sections of North Missouri to recruit men for the army, and to report them at such time as possible when the army should reach the Missouri River. So completely was the country subjugated, however, that but few men could be induced to enlist; and, failing to rejoin Gen. Shelby as he passed into Kansas and southward, Capt. Vaughan and a few comrades, mostly from Clay County, swam the Missouri River at Sibley December 1, and crossed the border counties which had been devastated under "Order No. 11." The mission was an important one, fraught with many hardships and privations. An account of this was given by Capt. Vaughan in the *VETERAN* for April and August, 1867. On the reassembling of the army at Red River, Tex., Capt. Vaughan, in the reorganization that followed, was made adjutant of Col. D. A. Williams' Regiment of Cavalry, but, the end of hostilities coming soon after, he returned to Missouri in October, 1865.

Capt. Vaughan engaged in the grain business in Kansas City, organizing the firm of Vaughan & Co., and built the first grain elevator in the Missouri Valley, which proved a successful investment. He was a charter member of the Kansas City Board of Trade and one of the organizers of the Merchants' National Bank, in which he was a director. A widow and four children survive him.

John R. Kemp wrote from Clinton, Ky., November 12, 1897: "From a loved one in dear old Middle Tennessee comes the sad story of a noble life gone out, leaving sorrow and broken hearts behind—Robert Weakley McLenore, the loving husband, indulgent father, chivalric Southern gentleman, and Christian. His long life was useful. I knew and loved him. Imagine my sorrow and bitter anguish at the message from his dying lips: 'I would be so glad to see my soldier boy once more before I am called home.' Oh, how the heart-strings quiver and the eyes grow dim with tears!

I think of the dear old home at 'Everbright,' with father, mother, sisters, and brothers—not a link broken—with no cares upon them except their suffering Southland. It became the home of wounded Confederate soldiers, and there the writer was nursed back to life. 'A Confederate soldier' was the password which threw wide open his doors and brought loving hearts and unwearied attention. Nothing was too good for them; and 'Johnny Reb,' his Kentucky soldier boy (now gray-headed, still suffering with pain from that time), is yet trying to so live as to meet him who has gone before. I never knew a better man, a truer son of the South—generous to a fault. . . . Farewell to thee, much-beloved and truest of friends! May the sod of beautiful Rose Hill rest lightly above thy noble form, and at last may there be a happy reunion of all you loved here in the paradise of God!"

The people of Collin County, Tex., have sustained a serious loss in the death of Capt. R. W. Carpenter, of Plano. He was a gallant and true Confederate soldier, and since the war has bravely performed the duties of life as husband and father and citizen.

Comrade Carpenter was ready for duty at the first note of alarm, and, enlisting at McKinney, Tex., he was



CAPT. R. W. CARPENTER.

elected captain of Company I, Martin's Regiment, Texas Partizan Rangers. From that time till the army was disbanded he retained his position, and was always at his post of duty. A remark made by one of his men on the day of his death exemplifies his character: "I have known Capt. Carpenter forty years, and have never known of a single act inconsistent with his Christian profession." It was his wish, often expressed, that when he should be laid to rest the Confederate flag,

which he fought to defend for four years and loved to his last breath, should be wrapped around him, and this was done. The camp at Plano passed resolutions in his honor.

Mr. Richard Evan Jones died January 12, 1897, in Birmingham, Ala., in the sixtieth year of his age. He was a native of Caernawon, Wales, and emigrated to this country when a youth to join two brothers who had preceded him. He lived in various states, but had settled in Mobile, Ala.; and, although still a British subject, he enlisted in the Confederate army with as much ardor as if native-born. He was a member of the Gulf City Guards, which company participated in the capture of a hostile Yankee ship which had entered Mobile Bay. For daring in this exploit he was paid a prize. The Gulf City Guards disbanding, he joined Company B, Alabama State Artillery, under Capt. Gage. In March, 1862, his battery was sent to Corinth, Miss. He was solicited to engage on the *Mobile Register*, in place of serving in the army. Although married to Miss A. A. T. Smith, of Montgomery, he refused to abandon the field; and, to make doubly sure, he cast off his allegiance to Great Britain and became a citizen of the Confederate States. His young wife heroically encouraged him in his patriotic endeavor.

He was severely wounded in the first day's fight at Shiloh, being maimed for life. Though never able to rejoin the army, he did all he could for the cause.

Ten years ago Mr. Jones started a printing-office, in which two of his sons published the *Alabama Soldier*.

He was one of the chief organizers of Camp Hardee, and its Secretary for four years. He was its Commander during the reunion in Birmingham, and acquitted himself with distinction. He was also Colonel on Gen. S. D. Lee's staff. "His faith in God was firm, his kindness and charity limitless, his reverence for the memory of his fallen Confederate comrades and his devotion to the interests of survivors unceasing."

Camp Hardee escorted his remains to the cars en route to Mobile for burial, and the camp passed resolutions in his honor. He was a prominent Odd-Fellow, and P. G. M. of that order and P. C. P. of the encampment. For six years he edited the *Southern Odd Fellow*, which he conducted with great ability.

The heroic Robert W. Bagby was color-bearer of the Third Georgia Regiment of Infantry. He died at his plantation home, near Covington, Ga., March 28, 1898, after a lingering illness. The battle-flag of his regiment was furled at Appomattox and brought to Georgia by its last colonel, Judge Claiborne Snead, of Augusta. At each reunion of the regiment Bob had always carried the tattered remnant of the old flag which he had so often waved aloft in battle. His dying requests were that several distant comrades should attend his funeral and that he would like to have his old flag laid on his casket during the funeral obsequies. It was impracticable to get the flag in time, but distant comrades responded. He had also expressed a desire that Rev. R. J. Bigham, who was reared at his old home, Covington, but lately connected with the M. E. Publishing House, Nashville, should assist in officiating at his funeral. In response to a telegram Mr. Bigham came, and with eloquent tongue portrayed the many virtues of our deceased comrade—a sermon, in fact, that went deep

down into the hearts of the many veterans present, such as we could expect only from a chaplain who had heard bullets whiz; but he was a "war boy," and that expresses it. Perhaps the proudest hour of Bob's career was at the Houston reunion, in 1895, when Miss Winnie Davis called for the Third Georgia flag to be brought forward to the stage. Many of your readers who were there will recall the commanding figure and blushing cheeks of brave, one-armed (he lost an arm at Deep Bottom, Va., in 1864) Ensign Bagby as he worked his way to the platform and received the greeting of "our daughter" when she placed his flag beside the old Mexican war colors of her father's regiment.

Sandy Elkins, Woodbury, Tenn.: "In the year 1864 I was living with my aged father within four miles of Woodbury on the old stage road between there and McMinnville. One day Forrest's Cavalry came up the road, and were surrounded by Federals on all sides. A short but desperate battle was fought, and Forrest's men were at last obliged to retreat. A Texas Ranger was brought into our house with his leg shot off by a cannon-ball. The surgeon dressed his wound as quickly as possible, and then left him. One by one, his comrades rode up to the door and bade him farewell, saying: 'Good-by, D.' His name was John D. Rugley. He died in a few hours, and was buried in one of the grand old hills of Cannon County. He was never conscious of anything after being shot. That brave Ranger's grave is marked by a tall rock that I put over him, and bears the inscription: 'John D. Rugley, a Texas Ranger.' I was only fifteen years old at this time."



COL. E. I. ANDERSON.

Col. E. I. Anderson died at his home in Bowling Green, Va., January 1, 1898. He was a gallant Confederate, and rose, step by step, from lieutenant to colonel. The following letter was written by him to Col. John C. Shields, in 1863: "I have the honor to report that with a small force Lieut. Graves and I succeeded in capturing, near Raccoon Ford, on last Wednesday, thirty-one of the enemy's cavalry, with horses and equipments, killing four and wounding one. They belonged to the United States regular army, with the ex-

ception of some twelve or fifteen, who belonged to a Pennsylvania regiment. The force with which these men were taken consisted of Lieut. Graves, myself, and seven men. It also gives me pleasure to report that I had none hurt." Comrade Anderson was captain and engineer officer of the Eighth Congressional District.

Because of the remarkable achievements of Comrade W. N. Tate, request was made for reminiscences, and in April, 1897, he wrote briefly what is now properly an obituary. Entering the Seventh Tennessee Infantry in May, 1861, his regiment was organized at Camp Trousdale, where it remained until July 15, when it was ordered to Knoxville and thence to Virginia. He was



CAPT. W. N. TATE.

detailed to care for the sick of his company (H), and rejoined his regiment the day before it was ordered to Cheat Mountain, Va. He was wounded at Seven Pines and again in the battle of the Wilderness. In a battle at Harper's Ferry, in which his brigade fought, there were present of his company but two others besides himself. Then at Shepherdstown there was but one other besides himself. After this Gen. Lee sent for the names of soldiers who had acted with special gallantry, and Comrade Tate's name was sent by Col. Thomas, of Gen. Archer's staff, and on August 30, 1862, he was commissioned second lieutenant. Soon after that Capt. W. H. Williamson was promoted to major of the regiment and Comrade Tate to first lieutenant. In September, 1862, he was promoted to captain, and commanded the company until the close of the war without being absent a single day.

At Gettysburg Capt. Tate was so stunned by the first cannon-shot from the enemy that his comrades left him for dead, but he rallied and rejoined his command later that day. On the retreat from Gettysburg his regiment was charged by a company of Federal cavalry, all of whom were killed or captured. In the battle on the Pe-

tersburg and Weldon railroad Capt. Tate had charge of the brigade skirmish-line, when ordered to drive in the Federal pickets. This was successfully done.

Capt. Tate's regiment, it is understood, was in thirty-seven battles and skirmishes, and he was in all but two.

The value of the VETERAN as a medium for information is greater perhaps than has ever been any publication. Some one was complimentary enough to say: "You can do anything through the VETERAN." It is of so much importance in this respect that the responsibility engendered induces boldness in the discharge of duty. There is hardly ever an inquiry that does not bring answer in quick time, and generally from sources unexpected. In the April number Mr. J. M. Hudson, of Nashville, published a brief inquiry about his brother, who was supposed to have been killed in the battle of Murfreesboro. Soon a letter was received from D. B. Estes, of Russellville, Ky., in which he states:



ANDREW HUDSON.

"Andrew Hudson was killed in the fatal charge of Breckinridge's Division on the left wing of Rosecrans' army, where nearly two thousand men were lost in less than an hour. While in this charge young Hudson was struck in the head by a Minie ball, and fell forward without uttering a word. I jumped over his body, as we were on a double-quick at the time. I have thought of this sad event a thousand times. He was a good soldier, always ready for duty without ever a word of complaint. He was a reticent, well-behaved, moral young man. I was severely wounded a few minutes after Andrew fell, and was left in Murfreesboro when our army retreated. Some of the company told me they went over the field and found Hudson's body, and they think he was buried in the old field near where he fell. I may get more definite information as to his burial-place."

William Harrison Martin was born in Twiggs County, Ga., September 2, 1822; removed to Troy, Ala., read law, and was admitted to the bar; removed to Texas in

1850, and was elected to the Texas State Senate in 1853 and again in 1855. In 1861 he raised a company of infantry (Company K, Fourth Texas), of which he was elected captain. This regiment was ordered to Virginia, and became a part of Hood's Texas Brigade, A. N. V. On reorganization, Capt. Martin was elected major of the Fourth Texas. He fought through the war, and with only one hundred and forty-four of this brave regiment was paroled at Appomattox. Only seven of his company of one hundred who left Texas with him returned in 1865. The others sleep beneath the blood-stained battle-fields where fought the great Army of Northern Virginia.

Maj. Martin was made District Attorney in 1872, and in 1886 was elected to represent his district in the Fifty-First Congress, and was reelected in 1888. In 1894 he made his home in Hill County, Tex., where, at his estate, "Eufaula," a few miles east of Hillsboro, he answered the bugle-call and joined the great majority, on February 5, 1898. His remains were interred at Hillsboro on the following day by the Hill County Camp of Confederate Veterans, of which he was an honored member.

Dr. Livingston Lindsey, Commander of Lloyd Tilghman Camp No. 965, U. C. V., died January 3, 1898. Dr. Lindsey was born in Christian County, Ky., and moved with his father to Cadiz, Ky., when a boy, where he was reared and educated. In 1852 he settled in Clarksville, Tenn., and practised medicine. In October, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company F, Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment; was appointed assistant surgeon December 27, 1861, and was captured at Fort Donelson in 1862. He was promoted to surgeon August 27, 1862, and served with McDonald's Battalion, Forrest's Cavalry; was captured at Farmington, Tenn., in October, 1863, and paroled at Grenada, Miss., May 18, 1865. His record as a soldier and loyal friend of the South is without a flaw. He was a gentleman by birth and education, and his life as a husband, father, and citizen illustrated all that is true and noble.

Dr. S. H. Stout, who was medical director of hospitals for the Army of Tennessee, furnishes a sketch of the career of Bishop Quintard for his camp, the Sterling Price, at Dallas, Tex. He mentions the birth in Stamford, Conn., December 22, 1864; the education in Trinity School, New York City; that he studied medicine and graduated from the University of New York in 1847, and began practise in Athens, Ga., in 1851. He afterward resided at Roswell, Ga., where he married Miss King, daughter of the founder of that manufacturing city. Later he was connected with the medical college at Memphis, Tenn., and edited the *Medical Recorder*. In 1855 he took orders as a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Early in the great war the Rock City Guards, of the First Tennessee Infantry, selected Dr. Quintard as chaplain by unanimous vote. He went with the regiment to Virginia, and later served in the Hospital Department of the Tennessee army until the end.

Bishop Quintard and the late Rev. J. H. Bryson, D.D., were at the head respectively as chaplains of the corps commands of Gens. Polk and Hardee, having been selected for these positions by Gen. Bragg. Dr.

Stout states: "It is impossible to measure the usefulness of these two reverend chaplains by aiding the medical director in improving the morale of the army. . . . My pleasant official and personal intercourse with these two able, sincere, and patriotic men of God is unalloyed with a single circumstance of regretful nature. On the fields after the battles both of them were helpful not only in comforting the wounded spiritually, but also physically. Dr. Quintard served as surgeon as well as chaplain when there was a deficiency. He had not only the confidence, but the admiration, of the members of the medical staff.

Upon the death of Dr. Bryson, Dr. Stout furnished a paper concerning him, which is on file in the camp.

LIEUT. W. W. ETTER.

Col. C. W. Heiskell, of Memphis, Tenn., who commanded the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, pays loyal tribute to his comrade and subordinate officer, Lieut. W. W. Etter, who was assassinated at Palarm, Ark., on the last day of December, 1897, fifty-nine years old. He states that Etter's father was a good farmer, a man of high character and good sense; his mother, a woman of sterling virtues.

At the beginning of the great war William Etter enlisted in the Nineteenth Tennessee Infantry, and, by his department, was promoted from the ranks to second in command of his company. He was its commander much of the time until the surrender at High Point, N. C. He engaged in battles when almost too feeble to stand on his feet, and after the war he was greatly afflicted with rheumatism. Col. Heiskell pays noble tribute to his knightly deeds in service and to his unselfish devotion to his sisters until his death. His care even in his advancing years was not for himself, but for them, in conformity to the dying request of his father: "William, you must take care of your sisters." After the war he lived in Memphis and in Arkansas.



LIEUT. W. W. ETTER.

Capt. J. F. Bargainer was born January 17, 1834; and died February 17, 1897. In 1862 he joined Company A, Thirty-Third Alabama Regiment, and was with the regiment in its Mississippi campaign. Later he returned to Greenville, Ala., and organized a company, of which he was elected captain, and fought through the remainder of the war with the Sixty-First Alabama in Northern Virginia. His command participated in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and around Richmond. Capt. Bargainer was sheriff of Butler County, Ala., from 1877 to 1880 and from 1892 to 1896. Of course he made a good officer.

Two deaths are reported from Camp J. E. Johnston, De Leon, Tex. Lem Brumbelow, who served in Com-

pany I, Thirty-Fifth Arkansas Cavalry, died January 7. He was a prisoner of war at Little Rock the last ten months of the war. The other, Dr. I. D. Redden, a native of South Carolina, died January 13. He was captain of a company from Fayette County, Ala., and was afterward major of the Twenty-Sixth Alabama Infantry.

R. J. Baldrige enlisted at Murfreesboro, Tenn., in June, 1861, and served in the Army of Tennessee up to the battle of Chickamauga, where he was captured and carried to Camp Chase, being confined to the close of the war. He died at Walnut Springs, Tex., November 21, 1897.

John M. Bryan, Commander of U. C. V. Camp, Fulton, Mo., wrote the following letter last December, and delay in publishing it has been unintentional. It is hoped that some one can give information that will entitle the old soldier mentioned to a home for the rest of his days: "There is now at our soldiers' home one Mike Tague, who, at the beginning of the war, lived in New Orleans, and worked on the river from Memphis down. He enlisted in the Confederate army, and in 1864 or 1865 he was captured and confined at Camp Morton. His sister, who lives here, was quite small at the time, and does not remember whether he was exchanged before the close of the war or released from prison at the close; nor does she remember to what command he belonged, but thinks it may have been Tennessee troops. His papers were all destroyed by fire and he is paralyzed and speechless, and has no way of proving his war record. He is helpless and penniless. The board has ordered him removed from the home, as he can not prove his war record. I think he is entitled to a home, yet have no way of proving it.

James F. Smith, Morgan, Tex.: "I would like to find out if the 'Yank' I rode off the battle-field at New Market, Va., after I was wounded, is still living, as I want to thank him at this late day. I know there are some men now living in New Market who will remember the little 'Reb' on a big 'Yank's' back as he came gallantly riding into town, yelling at the top of his voice. The noble ladies, young and old, had their handkerchiefs up to their eyes, but when they saw that fine cavalry charge they had to stop crying and go to laughing. A Minie ball had shattered my right foot. I was one of Company A, First Missouri Cavalry, Capt. Woodson commanding. We formed that company after our return from prison and our commands had surrendered at Vicksburg. I think we numbered seventy-seven. Many warm friends have we up and down the Shenandoah and Moorefield Valleys. I think I am the only wounded Rebel that took a Yankee prisoner from the boys and rode him off the battle-field."

W. J. Hudson, 240 Treutlan Street, Nashville, Tenn., wishes to obtain any information possible concerning J. Ervin McGlothlin, who was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson and carried to Camp Butler, Ill., where he was kept a prisoner until the summer previous to the battle of Chickamauga, where he was killed. It has never been learned whether he was buried on the field where he fell or his remains carried elsewhere.

## CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL INSTITUTE.

This appeal comes from Gen. Clement A. Evans:

Office of the Acting President, Atlanta, Ga., April 21.

By direction of the last convention of the United Confederate Veterans, the trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association send forth this *earnest plea* for aid in building our memorial temple (Battle Abbey), in which shall be gathered relics to tell to the world, and especially "our children's children to the remotest generations," the valor and deeds of our comrades, the soldiers of the South, and of our noble women, who, amid unparalleled sacrifices, cheered and sustained us during the storm of war; and in which shall also be preserved, in archive records, the true history of our Southland, of her statesmen, her armies and navy, of her battles, her victories and her defeats.

At the last reunion of the Confederate Veterans a resolution was adopted calling upon each camp to sub-

aid. Sons of Veterans, help to perpetuate the deeds of your heroic fathers. Daughters of the Confederacy, your heart-work never fails. Aid us now to preserve the true story of our Southland, to perpetuate the valor and deeds of your brothers and fathers, as well as to tell of the glorious women of the South in time of war, of their sufferings, their saddened hearts, their deserted homes, their heroic deeds, and their sublime devotion.

Gather in your offerings, and remit them before the 10th of July next, by check, draft, or postal-order, to the Treasurer, the Fourth National Bank of Nashville, Tenn., or to Gen. Clement A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga., Acting President.

By order of the Executive Committee: Clement A. Evans, Georgia; Robert White, West Virginia; J. B. Briggs, Kentucky.

Gen. W. L. DeRosset, Commander North Carolina Division U. C. V., on receipt of the circular, writes:

I have no heart in this matter, and must decline either officially or personally to make any efforts looking to that end until a definite location is decided upon, and the Executive Committee forbid further efforts to be made by Gen. Underwood to raise funds from those who I am well persuaded feel no interest in the Memorial, and would, if they dared, oppose in every way its consummation. I am well assured that the above expresses the views of a large majority of the thinking men among the Veterans who constitute my division, and that, though no definite action has been taken by them, they will almost unanimously endorse the position I have taken. When the location has been decided upon—and I do earnestly trust that it will be done before our next reunion, and that the action of your committee will be unanimously endorsed by the federation—you may call on me for earnest efforts in raising as much money from our impecunious men of this division, and I pledge you my best work.

The importance of decisive action upon this subject at the Atlanta reunion can not be too strongly commended. There is unanimity of sentiment concerning the great purpose by the special benefactor, Mr. Charles B. Rouss, and the Southern people should heartily cooperate in its final consummation. The VETERAN has heretofore withheld all criticisms adverse to the movement, but as the questions involved are to be taken up at Atlanta the discord had as well be known.

Concerning the December issue of the VETERAN, Rev. Dr. Moore, of Cincinnati, who was colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Ohio Infantry, wrote: "It is one of the very best of its kind; have seen no superior. It would do us bluecoats good to read it. Foraker is your style of man."

Mrs. A. Buckaloo, Sylvan Mills, Shelbyville, Tenn., asks that some fellow prisoner of her former husband, William O. D. Fields, at Fort Delaware, will write her in regard to his death at that prison. He was a lieutenant in the Mexican war, as well as a Confederate soldier, and she is entitled to a pension as widow of a Mexican soldier, but needs a witness to prove his death in Fort Delaware. Mrs. Buckaloo is a worthy woman and in greatly reduced circumstances.



CHARLES BROADWAY ROUSS.

scribe to this glorious purpose in proportion to its membership. Each camp of thirty members was asked to raise not less than \$5; each camp of fifty members, not less than \$10; each camp of one hundred members, not less than \$15; and each camp of two hundred or more members, not less than \$25.

It was the purpose of our late President, the late Gen. W. D. Chipley, of Florida, to personally supervise the ingathering of the fund thus asked for, but his untimely death prevented. It is an opportune time, even in the excited present, to make this call, and we hope to report to the next reunion (at Atlanta, Ga., on the 20th of July) that our Memorial Institute is an accomplished fact. Now is the time to act. Division, brigade, and camp commanders are urged to see that each camp responds to this call.

Comrades, remember the past; recall the battle and our noble dead. Let each surviving comrade lend his



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#### ASHEVILLE SUMMER SCHOOL AND CONSERVATORY.

The Asheville Summer School and Conservatory, announced in the May Veteran, is, we hope, the beginning of what we have long wished to see in North Carolina. While thousands of people come to our mountain resorts every year, our teachers and others who wish to combine opportunities for improvement with their summer outing have had to go North at great expense. This school should and doubtless will offer advantages equal to those to be had anywhere. Instruction in music, art, literature, and science, with concerts and other entertainments by the best talent, will be given. A letter from President Jones states that George W. Vanderbilt's extensive botanical gardens will be open to students in biology, botany, and kindred subjects. When you go to the Assembly go prepared to remain through the session of this school.

The Elizabeth College, Charlotte, N. C., an institution which has been founded with a view of affording the young women of the South advantages and school comfort equal to those of the best colleges of the North for young men. The building is constructed of pressed brick laid in brown mortar, and trimmed with granite and Indiana limestone. It is 172 feet in front, has a depth of 143 feet, and is four stories high. It is provided with all the modern conveniences. Has hot and cold water throughout the building, steam heat, and electric lights. It is one of the most complete in the South.

The institution is in the vanguard that is blazing the way for a more advanced system of education for young women. It offers full Collegiate Courses leading to degrees, with a large number of schools for special students. The courses of study are thorough and comprehensive, equal in all respects to those in our best colleges for young men.

The Faculty is regarded as one of the ablest in the South, only persons of distinguished scholarship being employed. Every teacher must meet three inflexible conditions: first, must be an approved graduate of some chartered college of repute; second, must have postgraduate culture at a university of international reputation; third, must have had successful experience as a teacher. Johns Hopkins, the University of Tennessee, the University of Virginia, Amherst, Columbia, Vienna, Berlin, and Paris are represented in the Faculty. A recent visitor

to the College, writing of it afterward, says: "I was astonished that so young an institution has been able to command so large a corps of thoroughly equipped instructors, equal to those of any school, however old or wherever located."

The Institution is an honor to the South. Catalogues may be had by addressing Rev. C. B. King, President, Charlotte, N. C.

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Many delightful summer resorts are situated on and reached via the Southern Railway. Whether one desires the seaside or the mountains, the fashionable hotels or the country homes, they can be reached via this magnificent railway.

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The Southern Railway has issued a handsome folder, entitled "Summer Homes and Resorts," descriptive of nearly one thousand summer resort hotels and boarding-houses, including information regarding rates for board at different places and rates to reach them.

Write to C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A., Southern Railway, Chattanooga, Tenn., for a copy of this folder.

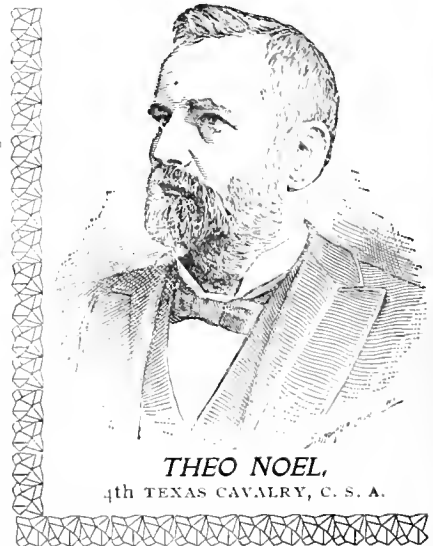
# TO OLD SOLDIERS.

Thousands who have answered my various advertisements in the "Veteran" know of the great good received thereby, and this is to urge every old soldier who reads this to do as others, and receive in return that which will make them wish they had written to me long before.

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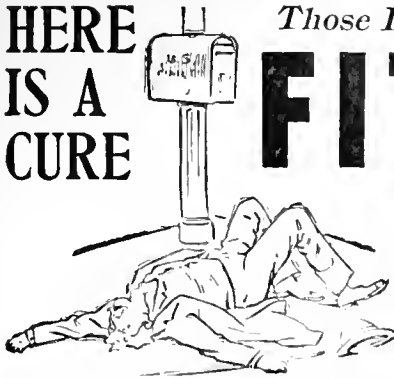


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"The Southern Cross," by Mrs. L. R. Messenger. \$1.25.  
"Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade," by J. O. Casler. \$2.  
"The Other Side," a thrilling poem of 900 lines, by Virginia Frazier Boyle, Mr. Davis being her theme. \$1.  
"Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," by Henry M. Field, D.D. \$1.50. This book comprises a series of letters on the South. Fifty pages are devoted to the battle of Franklin. The closing chapter are on Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee.  
"Old Spain and New Spain," by Dr. Field. \$1.50. Sent with five subscriptions free.

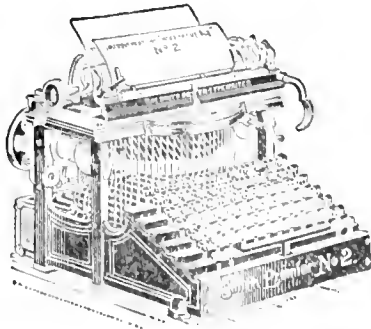
Subscribers to the VETERAN can have any book in above list, post-paid, at half-price by sending one new subscription.

Ramsey's Annals of Tennessee.

A few years ago it was regarded as next to impossible to procure a copy of "Annals of Tennessee," by Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey. Second copies sold at from \$2.50 to \$5. By good fortune the VETERAN has secured part of an edition, and will furnish them, together with the VETERAN for a year, at \$2.

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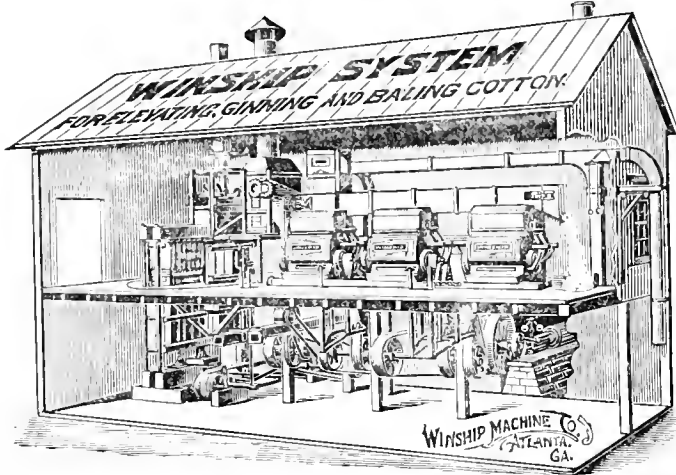
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- Dr. T. A. Heath, Shiloh Landing, Miss., Epithelioma.
- G. W. Faison, Faison, Miss., Cancer.
- Hon. Atha Thomas, Franklin, Tenn., Lupus.
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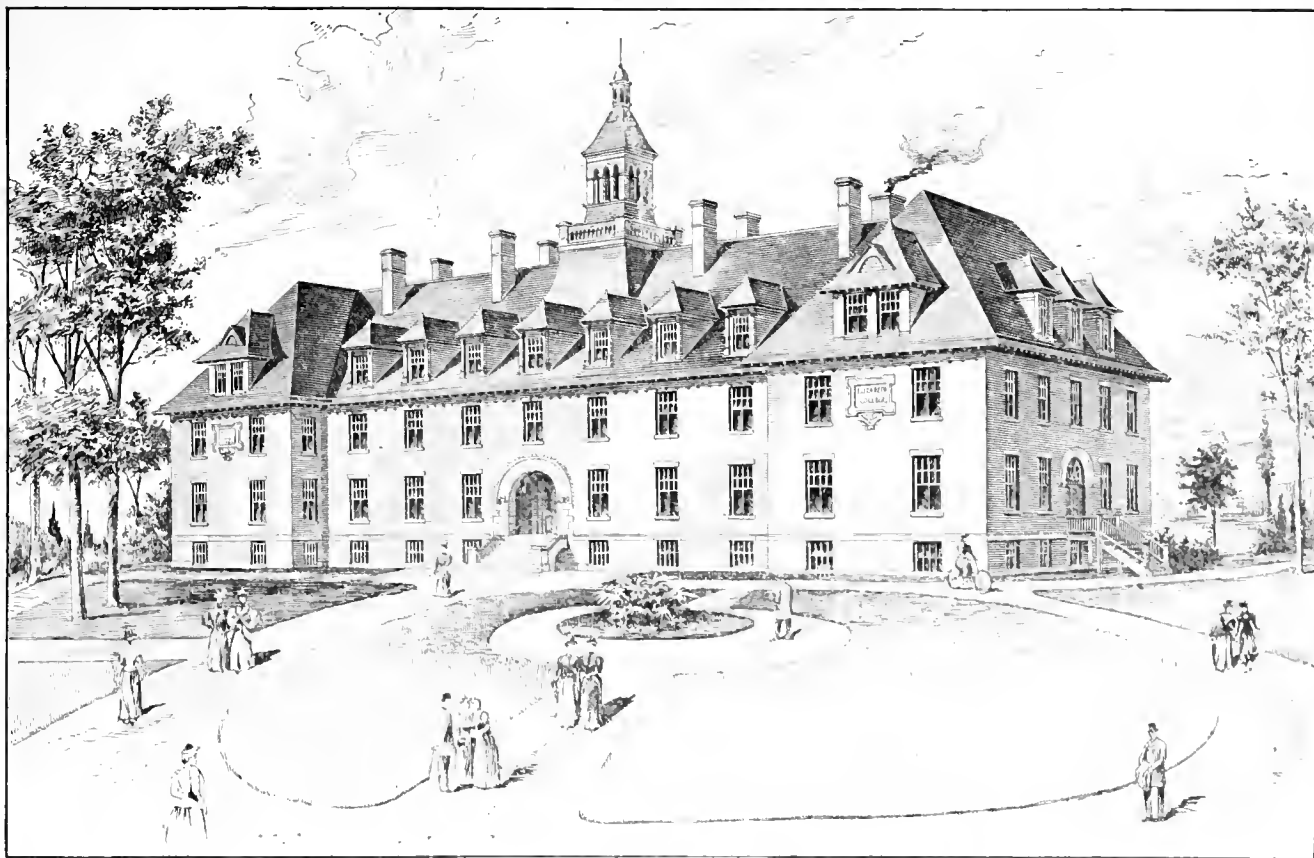
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# THE GREAT BATTLE-FIELD OF NORTH GEORGIA IN 1864. ON LINE OF WESTERN AND ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

This map is the clearest outline ever given in so small space of the great battle-ground in North Georgia, known as the area of "one hundred days' fighting." While the map should extend toward Macon, to include Jonesboro and Lovejoy, say 25 miles, it includes the battle-ground of Chickamauga, etc.

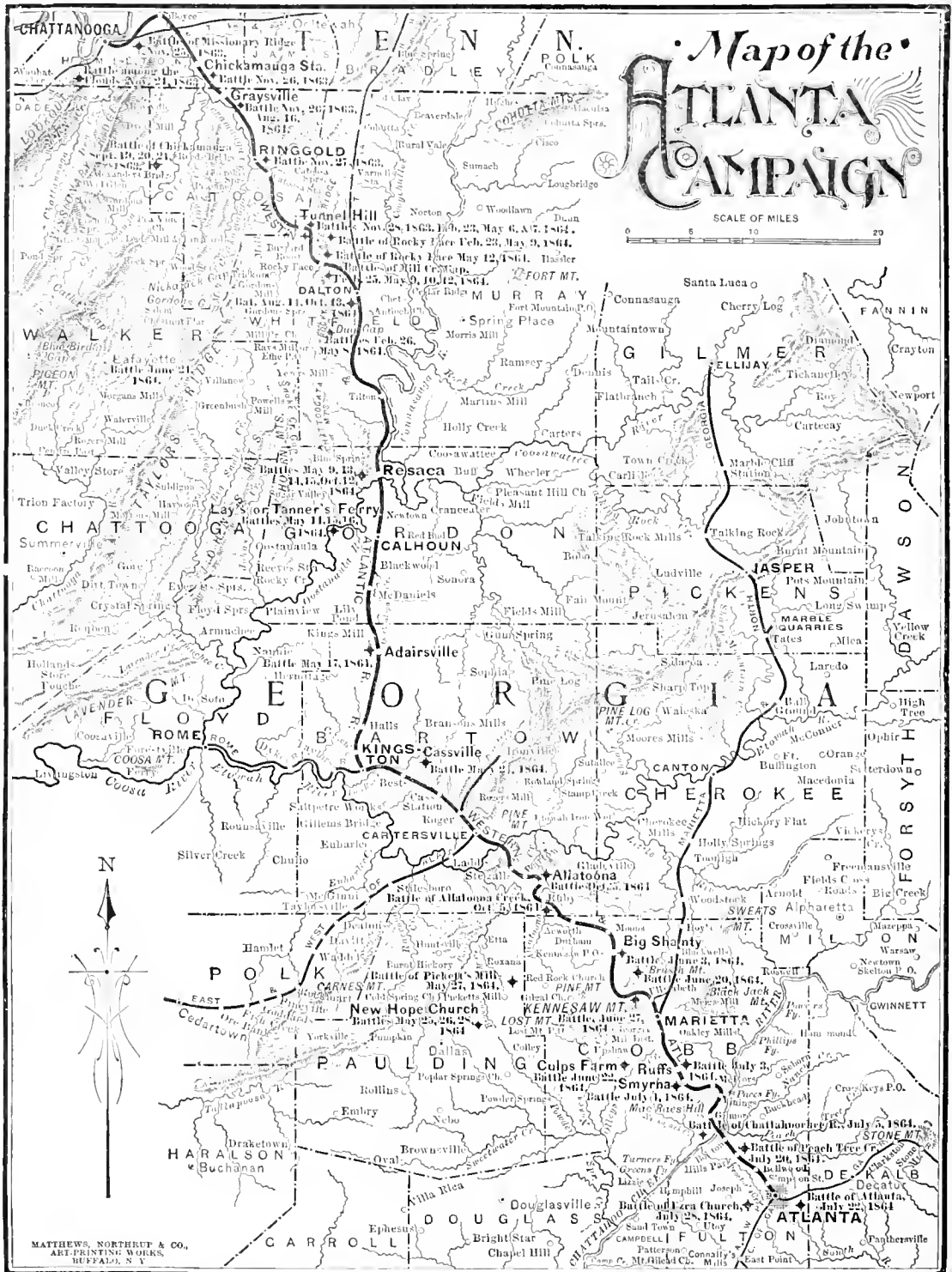
The public is indebted to Mr. Joseph M. Brown, Traffic Manager of the Western and Atlantic Railroad Company, who has been connected with this great property, owned by the state of Georgia, for many years, in having published interesting historic sketches. In Mr. Brown's boyhood his father, the late Hon. Joseph E. Brown, was President of the Board of Lessees of the railroad, and having been the War Governor of Georgia, the son has had special advantages added to his worthy pride in correct history, and especially along the "Kennesaw Route."

Mr. Brown states that there is not a mile-post on the Western and Atlantic railroad which was not within the sound of musketry, and not a cross-tie from which artillery firing could not have been heard.

As Sherman's only channel for supplies was by this railroad, it was hugged by his immense army with a tenacity which showed how indispensable to success it was. It required daily 145 car-loads to supply his army. As he advanced southward he left a garrison to protect every bridge. This great railroad was almost as important to the Confederacy as Gen.

Johnston and Governor Brown of Georgia implored Richmond with strongest appeals to have Forrest come to the rescue and destroy bridges behind Sherman when possible. A history of these battles would fill volumes. Survivors who marched the zigzags of that great campaign, and who were in its fiercest battles, will enjoy a journey by that route to the reunion. Arrangements can be made, by addressing Charles E. Harmon, General Passen-

ger Agent, Atlanta, to stop over at any point on the road, just so the tickets are used within the limit on other lines. This famous and valuable railroad, owned by the state of Georgia, has been leased to the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis system for a term of years, at thirty-five thousand dollars per month! To go by that route from the Northwest secure tickets over the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis line.



The East and West of Alabama and the Marietta and North Georgia railroads have been built since the war.



# THE BATTLE-FIELD ROUTE TO ATLANTA

## Reunion of United Confederate Veterans.



A study of the list given below will show that the **Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway** is justified in announcing their line the Battle-Field Route to Atlanta. The following battles were fought on this line between Memphis and Chattanooga:

- Memphis, naval battle, June 6, 1862; August 21, 1864; and December 14, 1864.
- Germantown (east of Memphis), June 25, 1862; December 5 to 8, 1874.
- Smith's raid into Mississippi, February 10 to 25, 1864.
- Somerville, March 29, 1863.
- Jackson, July 13, 1863.
- Alvington, December 18, 1863.
- Waverly, October 3, 1862.
- Nashville, March 8, 1862; November 5, 1862; May 24, 1864.
- In front of Nashville, December 1 to 14, 1864.
- Nashville, December 15 and 16, 1864.
- Between Nashville and Murfreesboro are:
- Antioch Station, April 10, 1863.
- LaVergne Station, October 7, 1862.
- Rural Hill, November 18, 1862.
- Jefferson, December 30, 1862.
- Vaught's Hill, March 20, 1863.
- Murfreesboro, July 13, 1862; and December 5 to 8, 1864.
- Murfreesboro or Stone River, December 31, 1862, to January 2, 1863.

- Rosecrans' campaign from Murfreesboro to Tullahoma, with engagements at Middleton, Hoover's Gap, Beech Grove, Liberty Gap, and Gray's Gap, June 23 to 30, 1863.
- Readyville or Round Hill (east of Murfreesboro), August 28, 1862.
- Woodbury, January 24, 1863.
- Woodbury and Snow Hill, April 2 and 3, 1863.
- Bradyville, March 1, 1863.
- Sparta, August 4, 1862; August 9, 1863; and November 24, 1863.
- Calkkiller Creek, February 23 and March 28, 1864.
- McMinnville, August 30, 1862; and October 3, 1862.
- Manchester, August 20, 1862; and March 17, 1864.
- Elk River, July 14, 1863.
- Tracy City, January 20, 1864.
- Jasper, June 1, 1862.
- Battle Creek, June 21, 1862.
- Bridgeport, April 20, 1862.
- Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Orchard Knob, and Missionary Ridge, November 23 to 25, 1863.
- Battle above the clouds, November 24, 1863.
- Blockhouse No. 2, Mill Creek, Chattanooga, December 2 and 3, 1864.
- Wauhatchie, October 27, 1863.

An account of the battles fought on the W. & A. R. R., between Chattanooga and Atlanta, will be found in another part of this Magazine.

The low rates made to Atlanta for the Reunion of United Confederate Veterans will enable many persons to pass over the battle-fields listed. In addition to this the N., C., and St. L. Railway, between Nashville and Chattanooga, passes through the Cumberland Mountains, the scenery of which is unsurpassed east of the Rockies. By the way of no other route can the traveler pass through such a historic and scenic country. If you want to get the best, see that your ticket reads over the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis railway.

Further information will be cheerfully furnished by any ticket agent; or write to

R. C. COWARDIN, Western Passenger Agent, Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, Dallas, Tex.

A. J. WELCH, Passenger Agent, Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, Memphis, Tenn.

W. L. DANLEY, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, Nashville, Tenn.



# Use the Southern Railway to the Reunion at Atlanta.

On account of the Reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Atlanta, July 20 to 23, 1898, the Southern Railway has arranged to sell tickets from points on its lines to Atlanta and return at rate of one cent per mile in each direction for the round trip.

From points within a radius of 100 miles of Atlanta, tickets will be sold July 19 and 20 with final limit July 25; from points beyond radius of 100 miles of Atlanta, tickets will be sold July 17, 18, and 19, with final limit July 31, 1898.

Fifty-five years ago the site of Atlanta was marked only by a group of about half a dozen small houses. A remarkably accurate prophecy was made by Alexander H. Stephens before that when stopping under a large tree for luncheon on a journey through that part of the state; he said that a large and prosperous city would be built there. Twenty years afterward Atlanta had become so important a railroad center and city that it was made the principal objective point of Gen. Sherman's campaign south from Chattanooga; in the winter, spring, and summer of 1864 it was besieged,

shelled, and nearly destroyed; but now, a little more than a quarter of a century since, it presents to the eye of the visitor the finished, homelike appearance of a prosperous and long-built New England city, her population being over 100,000 souls. She has long been the capital of the "Empire State of the South," and her name is synonymous of tireless energy.

Atlanta is situated in about the center of the Southern Railway System, whose main lines and branches enter the city from all points of the compass. Veterans attending the Reunion should see that their tickets read via Southern Railway.

The Southern Railway is the greatest highway of travel in the Southern States, operating over 5,500 miles of track, traversing the states of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. It reaches the principal cities and towns of the South with its own lines, its train service is of the highest class, its coaches and equipment are of the most modern and improved construction, and its employees are polite and accommodating, so that a trip over this magnificent railway is a comfort and delight.



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**DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

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Old Roofs Made Good as New.

If an old leaky tin, iron, or steel roof, paint it with Allen's Anti-Rust Japan. One coat is enough; no skill required; costs little; goes far, and lasts long. **Stops leaks and prolongs the life of old roofs.** Write for evidence and circulars. Agents wanted.

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# Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.  
 Advertising Rates: \$1.50 per inch one time, or \$15 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$35. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is below the former rate.

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

The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

United Confederate Veterans,  
 United Daughters of the Confederacy,  
 Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

The VETERAN is approved and endorsed by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. { VOL. VI.  
 SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1898.

No. 7. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
 PROPRIETOR.



The above engraving is from a photograph (by Giers, Nashville) of the flag indicated, Thirty-Second Tennessee. It is doubtless the finest Confederate banner now in existence that was carried through a battle. The VETERAN thanks W. T. Rogers, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who (while looking after the interests of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway in Ohio) learned from Mr. Theodore C. Lindsey, conducting a loan and brokerage business in Dayton, O., that he had furnished an old soldier some money, holding the flag

as collateral for the loan. After going to the Soldiers' Home at Marion, O., this Union veteran wrote Mr. Lindsey to dispose of it. The VETERAN had engraved on the picture: "Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862." It would have been better to have engraved "surrendered" instead of "captured." Members of that regiment who know are requested to furnish information concerning the flag. It is expected that this beautiful emblem of the stars and bars will be enjoyed by thousands at the Atlanta reunion.

## ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

Atlanta has practically grown up from a burnt district since our great war. It had grown to be a hustling town of eleven thousand inhabitants before that, and was the central headquarters for the Western army through that terrible conflict. At the close of the war about two-thirds of the thousand houses had been destroyed.

About 1877 the people of Georgia voted to transfer the capital from Milledgeville. In 1881 there was held an industrial exposition which tended largely to develop the city. Another exposition two years ago gave increased impetus, and now the Atlantian can boast of twelve miles of area within the city. The commerce of Atlanta annually has grown to more than \$50,000,000, while its realty is valued at \$60,500,000.

With an elevation above sea-level of one thousand feet and piny woods in all directions, the atmosphere throughout the year is extraordinarily healthful and delightful.

The magnificent State Capitol, illustrated on page 306, built within the appropriation of \$1,000,000, is one of the finest public buildings in the country, and there are finer business blocks than can be found in any other city South. Atlanta as a railroad center is conspicuous, while the local business for last year involved the unloading of 76,564 cars.

The growth of Atlanta may be estimated in the following figures: 1880—population, 39,000; value of real estate, \$14,721,833; value of personal property, \$7,474,258. 1890—population, 65,000; value of real estate, \$39,729,894; value of personal property, \$11,906,605. Last year, 1897, the population within the city limits was put at 87,250, while suburbs increased it to more than 100,000; value of real estate, \$43,476,868; value of personal property, over \$11,000,000. The wholesale trade of Atlanta is \$26,291,000, while the retail trade exceeds \$11,500,000. The cotton business now averages 175,000 bales annually.

The railway systems entering Atlanta are: Western and Atlantic, property of the state of Georgia, under lease to the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis system; the Southern; the Seaboard Air Line; the Central of Georgia; the Atlanta and West Point.

The postal receipts in Atlanta increased from a little over \$35,000 in 1870 to \$159,262 in 1890, and to \$265,091 in 1897.

In journalism the *Atlanta Constitution* has conspicuous place, having attained leadership prominence at the South. Its success began along with Henry W. Grady's magnificent and incomparable career, maintained by the same general management, its founder, Col. W. A. Hemphill, being President of the company, with Clark Howell editor, as successor to his father, Hon. Evan P. Howell; while the devoted wife of Henry W. Grady is an active coworker in the office. The *Atlanta Evening Journal*, with Hon. Hoke Smith President and H. H. Cabaness as business manager, has been the only other successful daily in the history of the



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, ATLANTA.

city. The force of the *Journal* in espousing the cause of President Cleveland was evidently the cause of its President's selection to membership in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. The *Journal* is an acknowledged power among the strong papers of the state.

Deposits in Atlanta banks for the last weeks of November (in the history of the *VETERAN*) for five years were: 1893, \$3,977,930; 1894, \$4,779,640; 1895, \$6,672,006; 1896, \$5,957,634; 1897, \$6,385,336.

Commodore Schley, of the United States navy, said: "History does not record an act of finer heroism than that of the gallant men who are prisoners over there [Morro Castle, Santiago]. I watched the 'Merri-mac' as she made her way to the entrance of the harbor, and my heart sank as I saw the perfect hell of fire that fell upon those devoted men. I didn't think it was possible one of them could have gone through it alive. They went into the jaws of death. It was Balaklava over again, without the means of defense which the Light Brigade had. Hobson led a forlorn hope, without the power to cut his way out; but fortune once more favored the brave, and I hope he will have the recognition and promotion he deserves. His name will live as long as the heroes of the world are remembered."

**RAISING CONFEDERATE FLAG AT NASHVILLE,**

*Nashville Union and American*, January 18, 1861 :

Last evening at five o'clock an immense number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the Capitol to witness the hoisting of the flag of the Confederate States. Proudly it floated over our beautiful Capitol, and under it we again feel ourselves a free and independent people. Tennesseans remain under no colors controlled by tyrannical powers and leaders whose every step is marked by usurpations. The heavens favored us with a breeze, that our flag, in full length, should wave over the joyous throng whose hearts beat happily in its triumphant power. The beautiful women were there, ready at all times to manifest their patriotism, and whose appreciation of independence and constitutional freedom nerves us on to victory in every contest with the vandal hordes who dare pollute our Southern soil; and for them will our brave boys "fight till the last armed foe expires."

Gen. William Moore, of Coffee County, and Robert Gibson, of Nashville, both soldiers of the war of 1812, were deputed by Hon. J. E. R. Ray, our gallant Secretary of State, to throw the colors to the breeze for the first time over the Capitol of the proud state of Tennessee. In doing so Gen. Moore acknowledged the honor of the duty assigned him, having in 1812 carried the flag of the old Union triumphantly throughout that war, remarking that "the one we now raise is to perpetuate to our posterity all the blessings bequeathed us by our Revolutionary fathers."

A salute of eleven guns by the efficient artillery corps of Capt. Rutledge, from two pieces of cannon, was fired in honor of the eleven states that have so nobly declared their independence, which was responded to by the applause of the vast concourse of our free and determined people. The interest of the occasion was greatly due to Capt. Rutledge and the Dunlap Zouaves, which could not fail to stir every heart.

Capt. William Ewing, of Williamson County, was called for, and responded with his accustomed flow of eloquence. He was followed by Hon. R. G. Payne, of Memphis, the orator of the occasion. His speech was indeed a brilliant effort, and were it not for the already acquired reputation of the speaker, it would have won for him a name the brightest intellects might envy. It was in all things appropriate.

Mrs. Fannie Schley Hewes, No. 48 East Patrick Street, Baltimore, Md., wishes to learn the name of the Confederate who captured Maj. B. H. Schley, of the First Maryland Regiment, under Col. Kenley, at the battle of Front Royal, Va., and took his sword. The Confederate was very courteous and polite to the Major, and gave him his name on a piece of paper, so that in time the sword could be returned, but, much to his regret, Maj. Schley lost the paper. He was taken prisoner with others of his regiment, and kept at Salisbury, N. C. Maj. Schley is now dead, and the enquirer, Mrs. Hewes, is his sister.

George S. Waterman, No. 3000 Vernon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.: "I am very anxious to know for a fact that the Confederate dead at Port Hudson were buried with soldierly rites, and if there is a Confederate cemetery in and around Port Hudson."

**LIST OF ENGAGEMENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.**

Fort Hatteras, August 28, 29, 1861; Elizabeth City (or Cobb's Point), February 10, 1862; Camden (also called South Mills), April 19, 1862; Plymouth, April 17-20, 1864; ram "Albemarle," May 5, 1864; destruction of ram "Albemarle," October 28, 1864; Roanoke Island, February 8, 1862; Hamilton, July 9, 1862; Potter's Cavalry raid to Tar River and Rocky Mount, July 18-21, 1863; Greenville, December 30, 1863; near Washington, May 31, 1862; Washington, September 6, 1862; Washington and Rodman's Point, March 30-April 4, 1863; Foster's expedition to Goldsboro, December 12-18, 1862; Kingston, December 14, 1862; New Berne, March 14, 1862; Pollocksville, April 14, 1862; near New Berne, May 22, 1862; Bachelor's Creek, Newport Barracks, and New Berne, February 1-3, 1864; Bachelor's Creek, May 26, 1864; Fort Macon, April 25, 1862; Wilmington, Fort Anderson, and Town Creek, February 18-22, 1865; Sugar Loaf Battery, Federal Point, February 11, 1865; Fort Fisher, November 25, 1864, and January 13-15, 1865; explosion of magazine, January 16, 1865; Clinton, May 19, 1862; Wilcox Bridge, March 8-10, 1865; Aycryshoro, March 16, 1865; Bentonville, March 19-21, 1865; Young's Cross Roads, July 20, 1862; Quallatown, February 5, 1864; Durham Station, surrender of Johnston, April 26, 1865.

Comrades will please report omissions or errors in the above, so a correct list may appear next month. The above was prepared for the May issue.



COL. W. J. WOODWARD, OF WILMINGTON, N. C., AND SONS, CHAS. W. J. MARION, AND EUGENE T. WOODWARD.

## GEN. R. E. LEE'S WAR-HORSE.

Thomas L. Broun wrote from Charleston, W. Va., to the *Richmond (Va.) Dispatch* of August 10, 1886, in regard to Gen. Lee's war-horse. Traveler:

Traveler was raised by Mr. Johnson, near the Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County, Va. (now West Virginia); was of the "Gray Eagle" stock, and as a colt took the first premium under the name of "Jeff Davis" at the Lewisburg fairs for each of the years 1859 and 1860. He was four years old in the spring of 1861. When the Wise Legion was encamped on Sewell Mountains, opposing the advance of the Federal army under Rosecrans, in the fall of 1861, I was major of the Third Regiment of Infantry in that legion, and my brother, Capt. Joseph M. Broun, was quartermaster of the same regiment. I authorized my brother to purchase a good, serviceable horse of the best Greenbrier stock for our use during the war. After much inquiry and search, he came across the horse above mentioned, and I purchased him for \$175 (gold value) in the fall of 1861, of Capt. J.W. Johnston, son of the Mr. Johnston first above mentioned. When the Wise Legion was encamped about Meadow Bluff and Big Sewell Mountains I rode this horse, which was greatly admired in camp for his rapid, springy walk, his high spirit, bold carriage, and muscular strength. He neither needed whip nor spur, and would walk his five or six miles an hour over the rough mountain roads of Western Virginia with his rider sitting firmly in the saddle and holding him in check by a tight rein, such vim and eagerness did he manifest to go right ahead so soon as he was mounted.

When Gen. Lee took command of the Wise Legion and Floyd Brigade, which were encamped at and near Big Sewell Mountains in the fall of 1861, he first saw this horse, and took a great fancy to it. He called it his colt, and said he would need it before the war was over. Whenever the General saw my brother on this horse he had something pleasant to say to him about "my colt," as he designated him.

As the winter approached the climate in the West Virginia mountains caused Rosecrans' army to abandon its position on Big Sewell and retreat westward. Gen. Lee was thereupon ordered to South Carolina. The Third Regiment of the Wise Legion was subsequently detached from the army in Western Virginia and ordered to the South Carolina coast, where it was known as the Sixtieth Virginia Regiment, under Col. Starke. Upon seeing my brother on this horse near Pocotaligo, in South Carolina, Gen. Lee at once recognized the horse, and again inquired of him pleasantly about "his" colt. My brother then offered him the horse as a gift, which the General promptly declined, and at the same time remarked: "If you will *willingly* sell me the horse, I will gladly use it for a week or so, to learn its qualities." Thereupon my brother had the horse sent to Gen. Lee's stable. In about a month the horse was returned to my brother, with a note from Gen. Lee stating that the animal suited him, but that he could not longer use so valuable a horse in such times unless it were his own; that if he (my brother) would not sell, please to keep the horse, with many thanks. This was in February, 1862. At that time I was in Virginia on the sick list, from a long and severe attack of camp-fever, contracted in the campaign on

Big Sewell Mountains. My brother wrote me of Gen. Lee's desire to have the horse, and asked me what he should do. I replied at once: "If he will not accept it, then sell it to him at what it cost me." He then sold the horse to Gen. Lee for \$200 in currency, the sum of \$25 having been added by Gen. Lee to the price I gave for the horse in September, 1861, to make up for the depreciation in our currency from September, 1861, to February, 1862.

In 1868 Gen. Lee wrote to my brother, stating that



this horse had survived the war, was known as "Traveler" (spelling the word with a double "l," in good English style), and asking for its pedigree, which was obtained as above mentioned, and sent by my brother to Gen. Lee.

Elder W. S. Keene, pastor of the First Christian Church of Winchester, Ky., died April 18, after a short illness, of heart trouble. He was born in England, but, shipping before the mast at the age of thirteen, he followed the fortunes of a sailor, eventually landing in this country about the time of the breaking out of our civil war. He connected himself with a Georgia regiment and fought through the war on the Confederate side. Toward the close of the war he became converted, and in the earnestness of his soul preached the gospel of Christ to his fellow soldiers. He entered the Georgetown College after the close of the war, and became a minister of the Baptist Church, but was afterward ordained a member of the Christian Church, in which work he continued faithfully and successfully to the end. Resolutions of respect and sympathy were adopted by pastors of other churches at Winchester and by Roger Hanson Camp, U. C. V.

## RETREAT OF CABINET FROM RICHMOND.

Micajah H. Clark, of Clarksville, Tenn., served for a period as acting Treasurer of the Confederate States of America, and again as Confidential Secretary to President Jefferson Davis. At the time of the evacuation of Richmond Mr. Clark was acting in the capacity of chief and confidential clerk of the executive office. Under the orders of President Davis he packed up all the papers of the office, and left with him and his Cabinet. At Danville the departments were reopened and a temporary capital was established.

Upon receipt of despatches April 10, conveying the news of the surrender of Gen. Lee's army, the President and Cabinet retired to Greensboro, N. C., where Gen. Beauregard had his headquarters. The party afterward moved to Charlotte, remaining there during the truce declared between Johnston and Sherman. At Charlotte the President gave Mr. Clark a staff appointment with military rank.

While in Richmond Mr. Clark was, like all clerks, in the Local Defense Troops. Beginning as a private, later he was assigned to duty in the medical purveyor's office. From Charlotte he went with President Davis and his party to Abbeville, S. C., where the last cabinet meeting was held. From that place the party went to Washington, Ga., where the Confederate Cabinet dispersed, Hon. John H. Reagan alone remaining with the President.

The treasury train caught up with the party of which Mr. Clark was a member, at Washington, Ga., and the president appointed Mr. Reagan, the Postmaster-General, Acting Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Clark Acting Treasurer. An interesting account of the winding up of the Treasury Department is published in the ninth volume papers of Southern Historical Society.

Mr. Clark has a singular record as a Confederate: he was on duty watching papers of the Confederate Government until December, 1865, and never paroled.

His commission as Acting Treasurer of the Confederacy bore the last official signature of the President of the Confederate States. The commission is now on deposit at the Confederate Museum in Richmond. All the gold and silver bonds and contents of the treasury were turned over to the Acting Treasurer without bond being required of him. President Davis honored Mr. Clark with two personal visits to his home at Clarksville, after the war. He designated Mr. Clark as "the last man on duty and faithful to the end."

Micajah H. Clark was born in Richmond, as was his mother, who was Miss Caroline Virginia Harris.

His father, Dr. Micajah Clark, was a distinguished physician, born in Albemarle County, the son of William Clark, who served in the Revolution. Mr. Clark's ancestry bought many thousands of acres of crown lands, and located some of the tracts in what is now Albemarle County, near Charlottesville, in 1702-04, and was said to have been the pioneer settler of that county.

This family furnished many legislators, generals, and Governors of states.

Mr. Clark wrote for the *Richmond Times* in 1897:

Partial histories of the evacuation of the Confederate Capitol have been written by many, but few sketches have been given by those who followed the civil gov-

ernment in its retreat south until executive power ceased, and hope of the cause was lost.

It was my privilege to be with the President and Cabinet from the evacuation of Richmond until within a few days of the capture of himself and family, and a portion of his staff, and the sole Cabinet officer remaining with him.

As the government slowly fell to pieces, as quartermaster and commissary of the party, and member of his military family, I was naturally thrown nearer and nearer to his person, until below Sandersville, Ga., on the 6th or 7th of May, 1865, giving me my final orders, he sent me on with my train of supplies to Florida, saying, "abandoning for the present everything on wheels," and left to join and protect his family.

The government existed for a week at Danville, Va., where the various departments were opened, and routine business was taken up.



M. H. CLARK.

The surrender of the army of Northern Virginia necessitated retirement to Greensboro, N. C. It came with the paralyzing shock of a sudden earthquake.

Then came the breaking of some of the bonds which held the government together, and some who had followed to this point, seeing that they could be of no real service, and might be an encumbrance, sought the President to express their great grief, and seek his advice for their own actions. These he received with profound dignity, advised them with warm friendship, and set them free to private life, with its duties.

Then I saw for the first time the man. His record as soldier, legislator, and ruler of what was for four years a powerful nation is a part of the history of the country, North and South.

At Greensboro, under his orders, through Col. William Preston Johnston, A. D. C., I made up a team of wagons with supplies and ambulances for baggage, and, after a short stay, took the road for Charlotte, N.

C. There cabinet meetings were held and communication kept up with Johnston and others in the field.

When the truce between Johnston and Sherman expired the line of march was taken up for Abbeville, S. C., and finally to Washington, Ga., where the closing events of the Confederate government were enacted on May 4, 1865, with the winding up of the last remaining department, that of the treasury.

Courage, fortitude, and all hope had not yet left the head of the government, however, for the intention was to reach the Trans-Mississippi Department, via Florida and Cuba, and carry on the war for independence until the great river could be crossed again.

All along the route the various bureaus of the de-



ABRAHAM J. RYAN.

partments had been abandoned, and the President left Washington, Ga., with a portion of his staff: Col. F. R. Lubbock, A. D. C., ex-Governor of Texas; Col. John Taylor Wood, A. D. C.; Col. William Preston Johnston, A. D. C.; also Col. Thorburn, a naval agent; Capt. Given Campbell, and eight scouts; my train, with its quartermaster and a small following. Hon. John H. Reagan, Postmaster-General and Acting Secretary of the Treasury, and I caught up with the party next morning at sunrise, after traveling all night.

Up to Washington, Ga., the march had no sign of a retreat, and was made leisurely day by day. An escort of cavalry was furnished at Greensboro, but it was kept generally on parallel roads. From Washington, Ga., the idea was to reach the Trans-Mississippi Department with safety and by steady traveling, as no speed could be made.

From Danville on I saw the government, with its personnel, slowly but surely falling to pieces. Grief, sorrow, and often indignation was felt and expressed by the immediate party among themselves, but the face of the great chief was serene, courteous, and kind always, beguiling the tedium of the weary miles with cheerful conversation, reminiscences, and anecdotes—as a gracious host entertaining his guests—reviving the spirits, strengthening the hearts and courage of all who were with him.

A horseback ride from Greensboro, N. C., to far Southern Georgia was no holiday excursion, with the dusty roads, weary riding, and generally coarse fare; yet he made it one in part in many pleasant ways to those who rode with him, and it will never leave their living memories. I never heard one hasty or petulant expression escape his lips, yet all knew how his proud heart was suffering, so weighted with anxieties for his beloved people, who had given the pick and flower of their families for the cause. Admiration, love, and intense personal devotion to him grew day by day, until laying down life for him would have been a willing tribute.

With all the weariness of the month's retreat, on the road were found many passing compensations. The people, though they felt and knew that the end of all their hopes was near, were true and hospitable always. Houses flew open to give what meager cheer they held.

Through the little towns we passed the ladies (who never gave up) and the children flocked around us with flowers, eager to see, grasp the hand, bless their President, and godspeed him on his way.

In every house which sheltered him at night he left a blessing, with cheerful words of faith that God would not desert his people, and left with his entertainers renewed fortitude and strength to meet, endure, and try to overcome the trials soon to come upon them, and with fatherly advice as to their action.

And so it was all the way to Abbeville, S. C., where the whole town was thrown open to the party; and at Washington, Ga., where the bitter end was known to be reached, the welcome, though tearful, was full of love, warmth, and tenderness. Dr. and Mrs. Robertson, who received in their hospitable home the President and his immediate followers, lavished every attention that thoughtful, loving, patriotic hearts could furnish, uncaring the consequences that might follow from an incoming Federal garrison, and speeded the going guest with prayer for his safety. This family proved the traditional elasticity of Southern homes in caring for guests.

And so the end came. History records the achievements of Jefferson Davis as soldier, statesman, and chief magistrate; but those who saw him and knew him in those gloomy days when the Southern Confederacy was dying the death will say that his grand spirit rose the highest and shone the brightest, and his Christian character was more fully exemplified during hours of adversity and defeat. And those he blessed with his presence will hand down to their children's children in unrecorded traditions the precious and tender memories he left with them. It is my great good fortune to share this gracious legacy.



## JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A paper was read by Mrs. R. S. Lovett before the R. E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Houston, Tex., June 3. The following are extracts:

We have met together to commemorate the life and virtues of our immortal chieftain and patriot, Jefferson Davis. A sacred and pleasing task is before us, and from the very fulness and depth of the theme a difficult one as well, as we approach with loving hearts and reverent tread this shrine, made imperishable by the sublimest heroism and devotion to right and truth and country. Poetry, song, and history have brought their richest treasures to perpetuate his undying fame; and as daughters of the South, whom he honored and re-



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

membered in his last labor of love, when the shadows of evening were gathering about his life, we come to offer the tender tribute which grateful, loving, and loyal hearts can bestow, and to keep alive the memories of his grand and unapproachable life as they gather about our hearts and tremble on our lips. For his country's interests he lived and labored, and the annals of the world furnish scarcely a parallel for the sublime fortitude and lofty heroism that marked his diversified life amid the vicissitudes of his eventful and tragic history. In that supreme hour when naught was thought of but the honor and glory of the infant government which was about to begin its struggle for existence, and to which he was called as its leader and chief executive, he showed the world the sublime spectacle of that high moral courage based on truth and faith in right, which

enabled him to follow his conviction of duty at the peril of his freedom and his life.

Tried by the fires of three wars, and not found wanting; standing in the United States Senate, the incomparable statesman amid storms of debate and conflict, with his knowledge of government and consummate skill as a leader, combined with his versatility of genius—"he was not eclipsed by the prudence of Pitt nor the policy of Napoleon."

He attracted the admiring gaze of the American people as a soldier when scarcely a man in years, and when war was declared with Mexico, under his gallant leadership the immortal First Mississippi Regiment repaired to the field of strife. It was said of him that his courage, self-possession, and leadership in the very crisis of the battle of Buena Vista won for his country her proudest victory upon foreign fields of war.

We see him again in his country's service as member of the United States Senate. Being twice elected and continuing in the Senate until his resignation on the secession of his state in 1861, "his career was brilliant and unsurpassed, and he was regarded the peer of his colleagues." When his state seceded and called him to her service, as a loyal son he went to her defense, and was made major-general of the Mississippi troops. Soon after this he was chosen the leader of the Southern cause and became its chief magistrate.

The spirit of Jefferson Davis still lives, and it remains for posterity to judge the righteousness of the cause for which he suffered and died—the wonder of the ages and the glory of the Anglo-Saxon blood.

He never deserted his convictions nor feared death, and he possessed within himself the potentialities of that mighty struggle which has made him immortal.

Through all the vicissitudes of life he bore himself with a lofty dignity and composure worthy of his exalted manhood. He kept his faith in men and women, and, conquering himself, he forgave his enemies. Years after the fall of the Confederacy, "when failure settled upon its banners" and its brave armies retired from the field of battle, with its great hold upon the Southern people, he was still the representative of a cause "which electrified the civilized world by the grandeur of its sacrifice and the dignity and rectitude of its aims."

Disfranchised as a citizen, old and poor, after the seclusion of twenty-one years he emerged to make a tour of the Southern states amid ovations which are only paralleled in the history of kings and conquerors. "Such homage is startling," was the language of one of the Northern critics, "and it is needless to attempt to disguise or evade the conclusion that there must be something great and noble and true in him and in his cause to evoke this homage."

During a recent called meeting of Camp George B. Eastin No. 803, Louisville, Ky., Col. Bennett H. Young, President of the Kentucky Polytechnic Society, stated that his organization intended erecting an elegant building in that city, and that he would see that the Confederate Veterans got a permanent hall in it, where they can hold meetings, give entertainments, and other Confederate festivities at will. The statement was received with prolonged applause. Anxious eyes are now fixed toward that coming edifice.

## GEN. W. P. HARDEMAN.

The salute fired by the Governor's Guard over the grave of Gen. William P. Hardeman at Austin, Tex., was the last sad rites paid to the honored dead. The ceremony was imposing, and worthy of the distinguished dead. The state departments were closed, and the heads of departments and the clerks attended the funeral. The funeral cortege took up the line of march from the Confederate Home to the Episcopal Church, where sacred services were conducted. The Governor's Guard, as a military escort, marched in the lead, followed by the hearse and members of the family. Following this came the Knight Templars in full uniform, and Knights rode on each side of the remains as a guard of honor. The John B. Hood Camp of Confederate Veterans were next in line, and with bowed heads marched slowly in the procession.



The church ceremony was conducted by Rev. Dr. Lee, and the large place of worship was crowded with sorrowing friends. The Knight Templars assumed charge of the remains on leaving the church. At the grave, when the Knights concluded the ceremony, the following tribute was delivered by Judge A.W. Terrell:

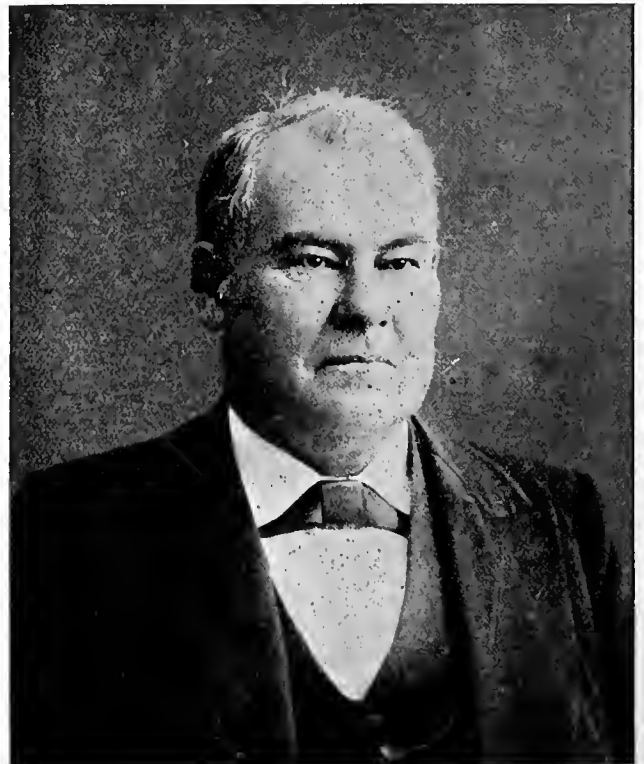
"My friends, I comply with perhaps the last earthly request of a dear friend. Shortly before Gen. Hardeman died he said: 'Terrell, when they bury me say something at the grave, and tell what you knew of me.' That request was a command. For forty-five years, in peace, in war, and in self-imposed exile, he was to me a friend. To me he confided without reserve all his hopes and disappointments, his troubles and business cares. It is proper that he should be buried at this place by these plumed knights of the mystic tie and by these aged veterans of the Confederate Home, who once rejoiced with him in victory and sorrowed with him in defeat. Our dead comrade was indeed a true and gallant knight. From yonder capitol floats at half-mast the flag of the old republic, in token of loss to the state. The executive and judicial departments have closed their doors in token of sympathy, and your Governor, by his presence, gives evidence of his appreciation of the dead hero. History will take care of the soldier; I will speak of the man. Gen. Hardeman was preeminently a just man. He died poor, but in the days of his prosperity, before the war, when he was a planter and a slave-holder, he was a hospitable man. The wayfaring man always found shelter under his roof, without money and without price. His slaves loved him, for he protected and cared for them as fellow men. He was gentle and modest in his social life. No man ever heard a profane word from the lips of Gen. Hardeman or any expression that would cause a lady to blush. He never sought promotion. His battles were for his country, for this Texas, and for a cause that he believed to be right. Each step of promotion, from private soldier to general, came to him for deeds done in the saddle. He loved his fellow man.

sympathizing like a woman with the sick and wounded. These veterans will bear witness that even when so sick that he no longer tasted food and until strength failed he visited daily his sick comrades at the Confederate Home. Survivors of Hardeman's old brigade will tell you that their old commander, by his tender care, soothed the death-pang of many a dying soldier.

"His humanity recognized the brotherhood of man. Let me illustrate this, for I see here old men who once wore the blue. On the eve of the battle of Pleasant Hill a Federal skirmisher received his death-wound in the lungs. Gen. Hardeman and I had been charged by Gen. Taylor to find out, if possible, whether the night before reinforcements had reached the Federal army. Leaving our regiments under the shelter of a hill, we galloped to the wounded soldier, a stalwart Irishman, who lay under the dead leaves of a fallen tree. His first words were: 'Oh, help me, holy mother of Jesus! Curses on the bounty money! Water! water! Give me water!' Gen. Hardeman held his canteen to his lips. He wanted more. We were two miles from water, on a warm day, and on the eve of battle. Hardeman placed his hand on the wounded man with the words, 'Poor fellow! poor fellow!' and left in his hand his own canteen of water.

"During the pursuit of Gen. Banks down Red River we captured a Federal officer named Cowan, who was in a negro regiment. That night at a camp-fire a Confederate lieutenant jibed and denounced him. Hardeman sternly reprovved him, and told him it was cowardly to insult a prisoner of war.

"We are now burying the last Texan who heard the thunder of Santa Anna's guns at the Alamo. Harde-



HON. JOHN H. REAGAN,  
The only surviving cabinet officer, C. S. A.

man was then a boy, and, with a few others, attempted the night before the massacre of the Alamo to enter its walls and help Jim Bowie, Fannin, and Crockett. They were foiled by the Mexican pickets, and, after leaving their exhausted horses, walked five days without food.

"Gen. Hardeman was engaged in over fifty battles and skirmishes with Mexicans, Indians, and Federal soldiers. He never married until he had passed the meridian of life. His home was in the saddle, and, with ranger comrades, he made a wall of fire all along the frontier between the women and children and the scalping-knife of the Comanche and Lipan. What a checkered life! The simple truth must sound like romance. When broken by toil, age, and financial reverses he found himself widowed and forlorn and confided his children to his near kinsman, Col. Folts, and nobly has he performed his trust.

"Some years ago ex-President Jefferson Davis came to this spot to visit the grave of his old friend and classmate, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who rests near us. Spring had clothed this hill with her mantle of green. I saw him stand for a moment with closed eyes, as if in prayer; then, stooping, he plucked wild flowers from the grave of his dead friend and placed them in his bosom, as he looked around, saying: 'What a lovely spot for the last rest of a soldier!' His hopes and aspirations were crushed, but the springs of feeling were not dry, for those who then saw him will remember tears on his cheeks. Yes; what a lovely place for a soldier's last rest! Here around slumber the dead companions and friends of Gen. Hardeman: Ben McCulloch, Albert Sidney Johnston, W. R. Scurry, Edward Burleson, Frank Johnson, Tom Green, Hugh McCloud — all generals and leaders, who supplanted despotism with law and created a republic. I knew them all. What a place for a soldier's last rest!

"In a very short time the last one of the grand men who created and sustained the republic of Texas will have passed from among us. No purer, braver, or better man will be found among them than William P. Hardeman. He did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly before his God."

[The engraving in this article comes from Prof. Theo Noel, of Chicago, a devoted friend and admirer who served under Gen. Hardeman.]

G. T. Willis, Greenville, S. C.: "I would like very much to meet at the reunion in Atlanta some of my old comrades who escaped from Camp Morton with me on the night of November 14, 1864. There were two brothers Stewart, from Columbia, Tenn., the younger having been wounded by a bayonet. Another was Cy Means. He and I traveled together until we crossed the Ohio River. I should be glad to see any of the forty or fifty who escaped that night. At the Atlanta reunion leave word at the VETERAN office."

At Adairsville, Ga., enclosed by a picket fence, with roses and boxwood growing about, is the resting-place of two Confederate soldiers. One of the two was W. T. Furrow, who belonged to a Virginia regiment. He was buried there on the Monday following the battle at Resaca. Further information can be had by writing to Thomas Johnson, at Adairsville.

### A HISTORIC MULE—PERHAPS THE OLDEST.

Capt. F. H. Smith, of Norfolk, Va., sends the following data about the "ancient" animal here given:

This mule was in the transportation of Grant's army, and after the war was sold to the father of C. D. Powel, a large truck-farmer near Norfolk, and was in that family at the time of its death, May 20, 1808. Mr.



Powel says the mule was six years old when it came into their hands, in 1865. It had not been required to do any work for eleven years, but was tenderly cared for, the owner from time to time preparing special food for it. He buried it decently. The picture was taken by Mr. F. H. Smith. The U. S. brand was on its shoulder, but it did not show, as the hair covered it. Who knows of an army mule older than this one?

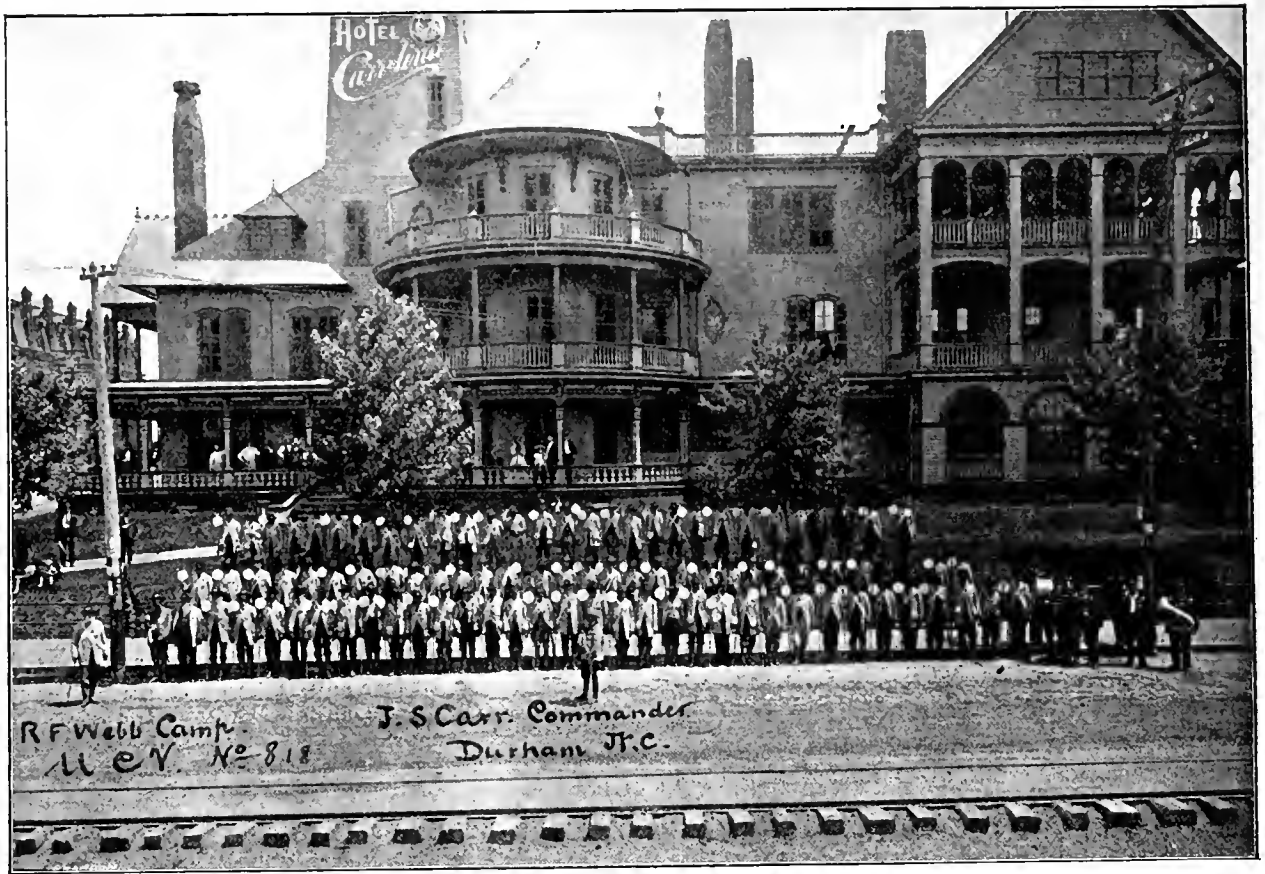
### LUDICROUS WAR INCIDENT.

Experience of Rev. Dr. J. N. Crain, Atlanta, Ga.:

On the Sabbath after the battle of Chickamauga the men of a certain regiment were gathered just beyond the top of Missionary Ridge for religious service. A good congregation of the soldiers was seated on the ground. In the early part of the service a battery belonging to "our friends the enemy" sent a shell, which exploded some two or three hundred yards below our position. A negro cook, who had his belongings just outside of the place occupied by the congregation, put them over his shoulder with the significant remark: "This nigger is gwine to git out o' here." That caused a ripple of laughter in the congregation, but all sat still. During the long prayer of our service another shell came much nearer. When the prayer was finished and the chaplain's eyes were opened he saw that the congregation, with the exception of five or six, had followed the cook.

It was amusing in the war to see how quickly a body of men could go completely out of sight when a shell, against which they could offer no resistance, came close to them. It seemed sometimes as if the ground had opened and swallowed them. So it was here. The chaplain and the few remaining soldiers had a laugh over the situation, but, like the rest of the congregation, disappeared.

Of the glorious dead at Camp Chase, there were from Virginia 337; Kentucky, 158; Tennessee, 337; Alabama, 431; Texas, 22; Georgia, 265; South Carolina, 85; North Carolina, 82; Arkansas, 25; Mississippi, 202; Florida, 62; Maryland, 9; Missouri, 8; Louisiana, 52; unknown, 125.



RF Webb Camp  
N. C. No. 818

J. S. Carr, Commander  
Durham N. C.

The following comes from N. A. Ramsey, Adjutant:  
In March, 1896, a few old veterans met and organized in a body. At a subsequent meeting, held a few days thereafter, the following officers were elected:

J. S. Carr, Commander (Company K, Third N. C. Cavalry); W. Duke, First Lieutenant-Commander (C. S. Navy); E. J. Parrish, Second Lieutenant-Commander (Company K, N. C. Cavalry); N. A. Ramsey, Adjutant (captain Company D, Sixty-First N. C. Regiment); W. G. Guess, Surgeon (captain Company C, Sixth N. C. Regiment); P. M. Briggs, Chaplain (lieutenant Company A, Fifty-Fifth N. C. Regiment); W. T. Redmond, Color-Bearer (color-sergeant Sixth N. C. Regiment).

The camp bears the honored name of Robert F. Webb, for many years a citizen of the thrifty little city of Durham. He was born in Washington City April 25, 1825. When quite a lad he went to Baltimore to live, and remained there until he was about twenty-two years of age, when he came to North Carolina. He at once volunteered in the Mexican war, and was a lieutenant in the service of his country. After the war he returned to Orange County, N. C.

In 1850, at the beautiful home of Willie P. Mangum, he was married to Miss Amanda Mangum, daughter of Col. E. G. Mangum, a near kinsman of the eminent Senator. She died in October, 1871, and the year following he married Mrs. J. L. Beckwith, of Smithfield, N. C., who still survives.

In April, 1861, he was mustered into the service of the Confederate States as captain of Company B (Flat River Guards), Sixth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers. At the organization of the regiment at Company Shops (now Burlington) he was elected major,

and was subsequently promoted to lieutenant-colonel. He was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, taken prisoner, and sent to Johnson's Island, and held there until July, 1865. He died in Durham in January, 1891, and rests in the city cemetery.

In all the relations of life Col. Robert F. Webb was good and true, and his memory is sacred to all the members of the camp that bears his honored name. The same officers are in charge of the camp as at its organization.

At the reunion in Richmond, Va., in July, 1896, when the corner-stone of President Jefferson Davis' monument was laid, two hundred and fifty members of the camp were in attendance; and at Charlotte, N. C., on the 20th of May, 1898, there were one hundred and twenty-seven in line—in both instances uniformed and attracting more attention and the recipients of more compliments than any other camp; and this attributable to the good management, affability, and generosity of their Commander, Julian S. Carr, who is preeminently the friend of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and promoter and founder of the home for the aged and disabled Confederate Veterans at Raleigh, N. C.

The camp has upon its roll over four hundred names, representing all branches of the service and very many commands. Many of the members live in Durham, although the majority of them are scattered throughout this and adjoining counties.

The Confederate Glee Club, of Louisville, will go to Atlanta twenty-one strong, under auspices of Camp George B. Eastin. It is the finest male vocal organization in Kentucky.



OUR SACRED CAUSE AT DALLAS, TEX. DEDICATION OF THE GRAND MONUMENT.

History of the Dallas Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Its Noble Work.

On March 1, 1894, a small band of patriotic women met with Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie and conceived the idea of securing a suitable resting-place for ex-Confederates living in Dallas who might die without the means of burial. No sooner the idea than the determination to form an association whose objects should be justice to the living by preserving the truths of history, charity for the needy veterans, and securing a suitable burial-plot for them when life's fitful battle should be o'er. Organization speedily followed, and the name chosen was "Daughters of the Confederacy." Thus this little band became the originators in the state of Texas of the proud association of U. D. C., that now has fully twenty-five chapters on her roll of honor.

It was not long after this before other Texas cities formed like organizations, and a state division was formed. Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie was chosen its first President, and enjoyed that honor until elected at the Baltimore convention to be President of the U. D. C., an honor bestowed in appreciation of her unceasing labors for the advancement of the organization not only in the Dallas chapter and the Lone Star state, but through the Southland.

Right well have the Dallas Daughters of the Confederacy performed their mission, for they have carefully examined the histories taught in the schools, correcting errors where possible, calling attention to the unparalleled bravery of the Confederate soldier, and explaining to the young the causes that led to the war.

They have secured the burial-plot, marking the grave of each veteran with a pretty marble headstone bearing his name and the company in which he fought during the war. They have been as ministering angels to the sick, they have fed the hungry, clothed the unclad, supplied fuel for the cold and cheerless home of the widow and orphans, and have ever been ready to relieve those in distress. Their last efforts to bring comfort to the veterans have been the placing of three

beds bearing the name "Daughters of the Confederacy" in the St. Paul's Sanitarium and supplying them with the nicest of linen, etc., for the use of the veterans in sickness and need.

It was not long after organization before their work broadened and a great desire to erect a grand Confederate monument in the city park at Dallas, Tex., sprung up. No sooner the thought than the work began, and on April 29, 1897, their hopes became a grand realization, and the monument honoring the privates and the chieftains was unveiled amid the shouts of the multitude and the admiration of the old and young.

It is impossible to record the labors and sacrifices of these noble women during these three years, but they deemed it a pleasure and duty to deny self that valor and patriotism might be honored.

As the monument was to stand on Texas soil, it must be built by Texas workmen and of Texas stone. The uniform of the Confederate soldier was gray, and the towering column must be of gray granite; thus it would be a reminder of the unwavering lines of gray-clad soldiers who, under the stars and bars, ever stood as a stone wall, ready to repulse every attack of the foe.

When the day of completion seemed far off and the burden too heavy to bear, they had but to remember the gallant deeds of the six hundred thousand men in gray who—without an arsenal within the limit of their country, with every seaport closed, cut off from the world, narrowed and hemmed in by land and sea, with no resources save those of their war-riven land—fought two million seven hundred and fifty thousand men for four years, and how victory wreathed with chaplets of glory all their banners in nine battles out of ten, and the burden would grow as feather-weight, and with renewed zeal and energy they would begin their work again; and success crowned their efforts, for the monument, rearing its soldierly statue to the blue dome of heaven, was ready for unveiling in April, 1897.

On three occasions the Daughters of the Confederacy bade every one rejoice. On May 18, 1896, the ground was broken for the foundation of the monument, and a great May-day picnic was held in the city park.

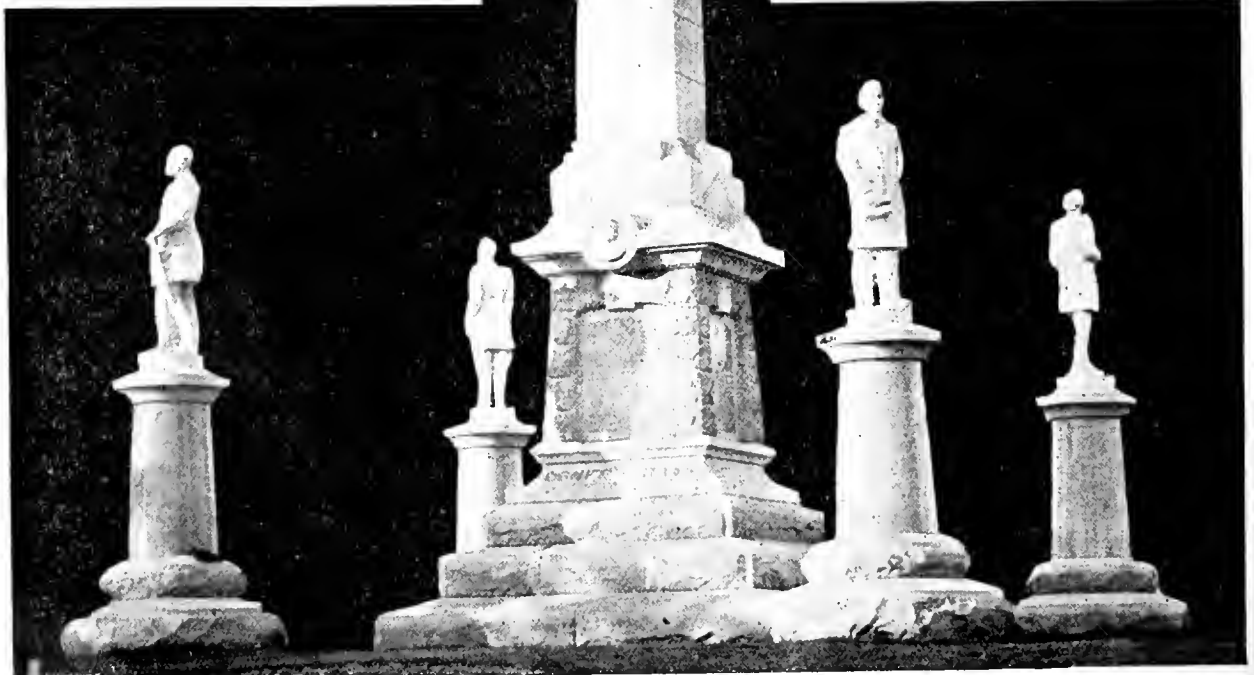
June 25, 1896, was a great day for the Daughters of the Confederacy, but a greater day for the scarred and gray heroes of the great conflict of thirty-five years ago, for the corner-stone was laid with Masonic ceremonies, eulogistic addresses by our greatest orators in the presence of a vast concourse of people. As the stone dropped into its place the band played "Dixie," and the old Rebel yell was heard anew, that seemed as an echo from a hundred battle-fields where the Southern flag had waved for victory.

Almost another year of work lay before the Daughters of the Confederacy before they could see their fondest hopes realized, but they faltered not, and at the appointed time all was complete; and in their great joy they bade all the world come and help them honor the Confederate heroes. "Come," they said, "on April 28 and 29, for the monument is completed, and it is a thing of beauty and glory, for not only is the private on his column of gray, but our chieftains are there too, ready, as of old, to stand watch and guard in sunshine and in rain. Yes, come to the love-feast we have prepared for you and to the unveiling ceremonies, for the private is on his pinnacle of glory, and on pedestals at the base are life-size statues of President Jefferson Davis,

Gens. R. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Albert Sydney Johnston." This invitation went far and wide.

Gov. Culberson left his capital city to show honor to our soldiery; the Texas Legislature closed its doors, that her lawmakers might come, thus letting the world know that the Lone Star State honored such deeds; Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes, son, and daughter came from Colorado; Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and little grandchildren came from the old North State; Hon. John H. Reagan, last surviving member of the Confederate cabinet, was present; every state and territory in the Trans-Mississippi Department was represented, while veterans from every town in Texas, with their wives and children, came, until never was there such a crowd seen in Texas.

Dallas gave them a royal welcome. Flags of the Confederacy and flags of the Union fluttered from every store. Every home was gaily decorated, and the old and young made merry at the love-feast that was held April 28 at 3 P.M. at the City Hall. All were eager to see the monument, but it was veiled, and "to-morrow" would be unveiling day; so these battle-scarred veterans from Arkansas, Tennessee, Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, and Texas met and talked of "long ago." Mrs. Hayes, Miss Lucy Hayes, and Master Jefferson Davis Hayes were with them, as stated, and added much to the pleasure of all. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, being worn out from her long journey,



could not join the veterans; but on the morrow they would meet her, and to-day they would anticipate the morrow and talk of Stonewall and his gallant men.

When night came revelry reigned supreme, for a grand reception and ball was given at the Oriental Hotel, and Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Jackson were the guests of honor. Gov. Culberson, Veterans of Camp Sterling Price, and every Daughter of the Confederacy formed the Reception Committee, and made all feel as if they were with friends, no matter how far from home.

The reception lasted from 8 to 10 P.M., then came the grand march to the ball-room, Judge A. T. Watts escorting Mrs. Hayes, and Col. Gaston Meslier and Mrs. Currie in the lead, with Capt. L. S. Plateau as master of ceremonies. Here occurred a pleasant interlude and a surprise for Mrs. Currie, which added pleasure to



MRS. KATE CABELL CURRIE.

the evening. Camp Sterling Price marched into the ball-room and followed the hollow square, this time not surrounded by bristling bayonets, but by the fairest daughters of the South. Into this square Col. Meslier led Mrs. Currie, who was all unconscious of what was to happen, when Capt. Bower, on behalf of Camp Sterling Price, presented her with a magnificent jeweled badge as a loving testimonial for "our daughter," bestowing upon her the sobriquet of "Daughter of Monuments." Proudly gleamed her eye, but emotion silenced the words she fain would have spoken; but she gave a warm hand-clasp to every veteran and bade a "God bless them, one and all!" The beauty and workmanship of the badge is magnificent, and the diamond, ruby, and sapphire glisten round the stars and bars that grace the shield bearing the words: "A token

of love from Camp Sterling Price." It was made by Mr. Taber, a gallant soldier who wore the blue, but his heart was in his work, and he made it all the more beautiful because it was to be given by Confederate Veterans to the "daughter of the camp." After this pleasant surprise the ball opened, and lasted until the small hours of the morning.

Among the Daughters of the Confederacy from a distance who attended the reception were Mrs. C. A. Forney, President of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., and Mrs. C. B. Stone, since chosen President of the Texas Division, U. D. C.

The morning of April 29 was fair and clear. The firing of the artillery announced the dawn of day and that all was in readiness to honor the brave. The procession commenced forming at 9:30 A.M., under the direction of Grand Marshal Wozencraft and his efficient aids; and, though it was very large, it moved without stop until it reached the city park at 12:40 P.M. It was the most imposing pageant ever witnessed in Texas. There were present hundreds of old soldiers whose deeds of daring filled pages of history; young soldiers in the flush of early manhood, glittering with the insignia of war; there were decorated carriages and floats, in which were seated stately matrons and beautiful girls; while members of civic and secret orders, in bright uniforms, marched with the marchers. Cheer after cheer, mingled with the Rebel yell, went up as the procession moved on—cheers for the daughter of President Davis; cheers for the widow of Stonewall Jackson and the niece of Gen. Beauregard; cheers for Hon. John H. Reagan; cheers for Gov. Culberson and staff; cheers for the veterans in gray and blue, who marched side by side on this glorious day of peace; cheers for the victorious Daughters of the Confederacy, who had conquered every obstacle, completed the monument bearing the inscription, "Erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy," and could point with pride to the tribute they had placed there in memory of the mothers of the Confederacy: "This stone shall crumble into dust before the deathless devotion of the Southern women be forgot."

On arrival at the monument, Dr. W. L. Lowrance, Chaplain of Camp Sterling Price, U. C. V., offered up the prayer of thanksgiving. Capt. Plateau, as master of ceremonies, announced that Gen. W. L. Cabell, much to the regret of all and his deep sorrow, had been called from home the night before, so could not extend the welcome on behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy, but that Maj. Pierson, a member of his staff, would be substituted, and eloquently he did his part. Mayor Barry was ill, so Col. W. L. Crawford extended the city's welcome. Then Gov. Culberson was introduced, and his welcome was as broad as the prairies of the Lone Star state and as beautiful as the flowers that deck them. Mrs. Hayes and children and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and grandchildren were now introduced to the vast assembly, and never was a more hearty welcome extended than that given them that sunny April day as they stood at the base of the towering monument with its figures still veiled. Capt. C. L. Martin then expressed Camp Sterling Price's welcome to the veterans who had come from far and near.

Then the unveiling ceremonies began. Hon. John H. Reagan pronounced the eulogy on President Davis, and at the conclusion of his glorious panegyric the

cord was pulled by Master Jefferson Davis Hayes, the veiling fell away, and the face and form of President Jefferson Davis were revealed.

Hon. Geo. N. Aldredge in glorious words pictured R. E. Lee as soldier and citizen, and then Lucy Hayes

after the unveiling the veterans presented her with a handsome gold badge.

One of the most pleasing incidents of the unveiling ceremonies, and one that was a perfect surprise to him and his family, was the honor conferred upon Gen. W. L. Cabell by the Daughters of the Confederacy: a marble medallion of him was placed on the main shaft of the monument and a beautiful tribute pronounced upon him as soldier and citizen by Capt. J. B. Simpson, of Cabells Brigade, and a beautiful poem by Mrs. Elizabeth J. Hereford, composed in his honor, was read.

They have no more monuments to build in Dallas, but the chapter, by its deeds of charity, is daily building monuments in the hearts of all.



GEN. W. L. CABELL.

pulled the rope, and our great general was seen in chiseled marble, and again the Rebel yell was heard.

Hon. H. W. Lightfoot eulogized his great commander, Stonewall Jackson, and at the conclusion the little grandson of the great Christian general pulled the veil away from his soldierly form.

Hon. Norman G. Kittrell paid a masterly tribute to Texas' adopted son, the gallant Albert Sidney Johnston, and the veil was drawn away by the granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson.

Judge Watts told of the heroism of the private, and scarce a dry eye was in all that vast assembly as they listened to what he suffered and endured during the four years of the war. The young ladies representing the states, Daughters of the Confederacy, and every veteran in reach pulled the rope that unveiled the private's chiseled form.

All was over now, save the "battle of flowers," in which every one in the audience took part. The air was filled with fragrance and the mound was covered with these bright weapons of love.

At 3 P.M. a magnificent banquet was served our visiting friends at the Oriental Hotel.

Mrs. Hayes and children, who had been the recipients of every courtesy, left next morning for their Colorado home. Mrs. Jackson remained several days, the guest of Judge and Mrs. M. L. Crawford. Several handsome receptions were tendered her, and the day



GEN. R. B. COLEMAN, U. C. V., M'ALESTER, IND. T.

Shallenberger, of Ohio, said in Congress, in 1865, when Mr. Raymond, of New York, asked what specific act the South had committed, that she should not be reinstated: "Has she not hurled your bleeding army back in rout upon your capital, and has she not destroyed another army that would almost reach around the world in marching columns?" Why not tell us of the battle of Spottsylvania and Wilderness, when the Rebels resisted an assault for some days, and Grant's loss was 9,774 killed, 41,150 wounded, and 13,254 missing—64,178; more than twice as many as had ever before been killed, wounded, and missing in any battle on this continent. This was achieved by an army of Southern gentlemen, directed by the best general in the world.



Hon. William G. Brien, of Nashville, delivered an address at Jackson, Tenn., on Confederate Memorial Day, May 15, 1885, which was in some respects prophetic. It was then published extensively.

Nature is clad in her richest vesture of foliage and flowers; the air is balmy and fragrant; the sky is so cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful that God alone is to be seen in heaven. We meet in the midst of profound peace to recall the sad memories of war.

Every nation must exist in one of two conditions: peace or war. The former is a state of health; the latter is abnormal. War settles no questions, decides no issues. It is a resort to physical force because the intellectual power engaged has failed to compass its object or attain its purpose. In what engagement of the late war did an idea originate bearing on the subject in dispute? In the mouth of what cannon and the muzzle of what rifle were found a major and a minor premise from which a logical conclusion could be drawn? What instruction did the blade of sword or point of bayonet furnish? What mortal wound presented a fact, or what death established a proposition? War may silence argument, suppress speech, and muzzle the press, but it carries conviction nowhere. It neither enlightens the judgment nor convinces the reason.

Here to-day humanity with bowed head stands uncovered in the presence of a great sorrow. Sorrow is sacred; it is the lot of humanity, it is the crucible in which the human heart is purified and sublimed, it is the retort in which the soul is refined. There is no great life without a great sorrow. It teaches charity to the spirit, gives to pride sackcloth and ashes, crushes vanity and scatters its broken bones in the valley of humiliation. Of all antiquity, the philosophy is sweetest which comes to us bathed in tears and softened by sorrow, and its illustrative name will go down the ages to the end of time.

On the Gulf of Mexico, where the wild waves wash the white sand, there rises a humble cottage whose lowly roof shelters the slight form and snowy head of a poor old man. His race is run; he is a part of the past, and can not be separated from it; memory can not part company with him; history will not surrender him.

The big brain of the North can perceive the emergency now upon us. Horace Greeley, were he living, could do it. Others there are that can and will. The nation should tremble lest this old man die before the official seal of the government has attested and authenticated his pardon. Therefore haste, ere it be too late. Let the record be that of universal pardon. It will be the boast of the future historian that the magnanimity of the American government was so great that no man could escape its clemency.

The parchment on which this last act of love and grace is inscribed will become the heirloom of the American people, and future generations will read and ponder the pardon of Jefferson Davis, while the world stands lost in wonder and admiration.

Let one great monument be erected to all, to which each state and territory contributes its block, with its name carved thereon. Let every victory of the war be there inscribed; let all shine with one mingled glory of associated splendor; let the eye of patriotism gather them all in one glance; let the world behold a monument which a nation of brothers can erect; let it rise; let it rise till it meets the sun in his coming, and let his last rays linger and play about its summit.

Mrs. Maggie Arthur Call writes that Memorial Day was suitably celebrated at Washington, N. C., by placing the figure of a Confederate soldier upon the monument that marks the place of comrades buried there. The Memorial Association had long been working to accomplish this, and finally succeeded, at a cost of \$1,805. The address was delivered by Col. Julian S. Carr, not unknown to the VETERAN readers, in which he paid a timely tribute to Jefferson Davis. A dinner was served to the Confederates present—about four hundred from adjoining counties—by the ladies, whose every heart-throb beats in tender memory for those who wore the gray. There is a prosperous chapter of the Children of the Confederacy there, and in the procession, just in the rear of the veterans, marched one hundred children with badges, each laden with flowers; and as they ascended the hill upon which the monument stands, bearing a beautiful silk Confederate battle-flag, tears were wiped from many a sunburnt and wrinkled face—tears of gratitude fell and washed hands of toil, for they knew and felt that this service was not in vain.



MISS PENELOPE B. MYERS, WASHINGTON, N. C.,  
Sponsor for North Carolina at the Atlanta Reunion.

Samuel Grubb, Surgoinville, Tenn., who enlisted in the Confederate army August 12, 1862, at Flat Creek, Knox County, Tenn., Sixty-Third Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, Johnson Brigg, was three times wounded—first at Chickamauga, but most seriously at Drury's Bluffs. He was captured at Hatcher's Run, Va., April 2, 1865, and discharged at Point Lookout Md., June 27, 1865.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

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

The horror of war to the Southern mind is unmitigated. The devastation and ruin of that awful period in every part of the South when privation caused pain and anxiety almost unto death with all the people are sadly vivid still to the older people. In consequence, regardless of party alliance, there was general accord with President McKinley in his strenuous efforts to avoid it. They were ready to resent outrage upon their nation's flag in the destruction of the "Maine" and so many of its crew, and they sympathized with Cuba; but they deplored the ultra action of young Congressmen from the South and others who advocated war without volunteering to go themselves.

Now that the fight is on and the South is doing her full share, some worthy comments may not be misconstrued. There would have been much bolder expressions in behalf of the President, except for the reasons stated. From across the old line there should be careful deference until old prejudices are dead. Many Southerners don't admire blue uniforms still, and there is not the propriety of overcoming that prejudice that there was against the flag. The authorities suggested wisely the use of brown as better in tropic climate than the blue, and that change should have been adopted. Many a noble Confederate who is in blue uniform to-day does not feel as comfortable in it as if he did not remember the bitter experiences of 1861-65, and no good can come from continuing to use that color. The VETERAN does not murmur at this, but it boldly suggests the good that would come of a change.

No benefit can occur through any tendency to humiliate proud-spirited people who sacrificed everything but honor in the gray and revere it as they do the flag that will ever be sacred to them. There should not be anything maintained in this war except the flag of our fathers to indicate the difference that existed when the whole South was in anguish over principles that are as sacred now as then, and principles which will be maintained by the whole country at any cost. Barring secession and slavery, all true Americans would fight quicker to-day for the principles of the Confederacy than in the cause espoused against Spain.

By and by the fraternity may be complete between the North and the South, but it will not occur through anything that is humiliating to the people of the latter section. Personal honor is above country.

The organization of Confederates has done incalculable good, and it certainly will be maintained as long as two or three even may assemble to share in recounting holy memories and in helping unfortunate comrades or their families.

The Atlanta reunion just now seems opportune, and the occasion should be improved to reexpress loyalty to the United States government and to suggest that such methods will be adopted as will spare ex-Confederates and their sons from all things which would tend to the humiliation that followed defeat in 1865.

The Southern people should all be diligent to maintain the truth of history and to induce cooperation to maintain the government of the fathers. They believe still in a white man's government.

### GAME OF CONFEDERATE HEROES.

The game of Confederate heroes is designed to give in outline some of the most prominent facts in the history of the Confederacy. It is played with cards, of which there are eighty, divided into twenty books, which are made up as follows: The flag-book, giving the four flags of the Confederacy in their proper colors; one book giving the Confederate and border states, the capital of the Confederacy, and some statistics of interest; two books devoted to President Davis and his full cabinet, from the rise to the fall of the Confederacy; eight books devoted to the most prominent generals and their principal battles; four books devoted to other generals of note; and four more, relating to the navy, giving some of its most brilliant exploits and illustrious names. The date and issue of each battle and the rank and command of every general mentioned are given, the whole being illustrated with portraits of the President and Vice-President and the land and naval commanders.

The game of Confederate heroes has been prepared by a lady who withholds her name from the public, and she has made it a free-will offering for the benefit of the Sam Davis Monument Fund. While the name is withheld, the VETERAN announces that the author proved recently to be the highest critic in closest test of accurate knowledge ever made in Tennessee. As soon as the game is ready it will be announced in the VETERAN.

THE SOUTH IN THE PRESENT WAR WITH SPAIN.—The *Albany (N. Y.) Journal* graciously states: "Except the work done by Dewey, the honors of this war so far are being carried away by the sons of the South. Bagley, of North Carolina, was the first officer killed; Gibbs, of Virginia, was the second. Hobson, of Alabama, has won enduring fame by his act in sinking the 'Merrimac;' and now Blue, of South Carolina, has settled the question of the location of Cervera's fleet by going into the country and overlooking the city of Santiago, where the bottled-up squadron was recognized. Sons of the South are showing the same acts of heroism that they have always shown in time of war, and, unless the sons of the North bestir themselves the honors of this conflict may go to the Southland."

## GEN. E. C. WALTHALL.

Edward Carey Walthall, senior Senator from Mississippi and late major-general in Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee, C. S. A., died in Washington, D. C., at 5:30 P.M. April 21, 1898. This announcement will create much genuine sorrow. He was one of the most distinguished and best-beloved public men of the day. He was born in Richmond, Va., April 4, 1831; received an academic education at Holly Springs, Miss.; studied law there, and was admitted to the bar in 1852. He commenced the practise the same year in Coffeeville, Miss. Was elected in 1856 District Attorney of the Tenth Judicial District, and was reelected in 1859. He resigned that office in the spring of 1861, and entered the Confederate service as a lieutenant in the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment; was soon afterward elected lieutenant-colonel of that regiment. In the spring of 1862 he was elected colonel of the Twenty-Ninth Mississippi Regiment; was promoted to brigadier-general in December, 1862, and major-general in June, 1864.

After the war he practised law at Coffeeville until January, 1871, when he removed to Grenada, and continued the practise until March, 1885. He was a delegate at large to the National Democratic Convention in 1868, 1876, 1880, 1884, 1892, and 1896, being chairman of the Mississippi delegation and one of the Vice-Presidents of the convention of 1868. He was appointed to the United States Senate as a Democrat to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, who was appointed Secretary of the Interior, taking his seat March 12, 1885. He was elected by the Legislature in January, 1886, for the unexpired term; was reelected in January, 1888, and again in 1892. His present term of service will expire in 1901.

In the year 1830, while he was yet a lad, his family (of the old Virginia line), seeking to repair reverses of fortune, found a home in Holly Springs, Miss., then a frontier town, but settled by educated and refined people. With limited education, but with rare natural gifts and high purpose, he began the study of the law. Obtaining a license in 1852 and locating at Coffeeville, Miss., he at once entered upon a successful practise, in which he continued until the beginning of the war, in 1861. At the call to arms he enlisted as lieutenant in the Fifteenth Mississippi Infantry, but was soon after elected lieutenant-colonel, being in command. In the regiment's first bloody encounter, at the battle of Fishing Creek, where the fall, through treachery, of the lamented Zollicoffer threw the Confederate forces into confusion, they were only saved from disaster by the gallant stand of the Fifteenth under the rally and superior military ability of their leader.

In the spring of 1862 he was elected colonel of the Twenty-Ninth Mississippi Regiment, forming a part of the advance in Bragg's campaign into Kentucky, and taking part in Chalmers' desperate and much-criticized assault upon Mumfordsville, where so many valiant Mississippians found bloody graves, and sharing in all of the struggles of that swift and eventful march.

In December of that year (1862) he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, having assigned to him the Twenty-Fourth, Twenty-Seventh, Twenty-Ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-Fourth Mississippi Regiments, known to the end of the war as Walthall's Brigade, and

having a fighting record unsurpassed by any other command of the Western army. With this brigade and one other Gen. Walthall held Lookout Mountain against Hooker's heavy corps during the whole day and far into the night, inflicting serious loss, as, rock by rock, he yielded a position untenable before such superior numbers. In like manner, when the Federal columns in successive lines charged the attenuated lines on Missionary Ridge, he did not withdraw until after support had been driven from right and left, and, although painfully wounded, being disabled for many weeks afterward, kept his saddle until after nightfall, when the army withdrew in an orderly manner.

It was in these trying moments that his conspicuous gallantry, his commanding presence, and his cool en-



GEN. E. C. WALTHALL.

couragement inspired deeds of valor that make up the matchless record of the men and their leader.

At Chickamauga, as part of what was organized as a reserve division under Walker, this brigade opened the fight at Alexander's Bridge, capturing a battery early in the engagement; and during the days of combat on this famous field no individual command contributed more in securing the victory than the Mississippians.

Promoted to major-general in June, 1864, Gen. Walthall was in active field service until the close of the war, his division forming a part of Hood's army when he hurried from Georgia into Tennessee, and being in the fateful charge upon the breastworks at Franklin, one of the deadliest of all the sad stories of the war.

When this campaign ended in disaster before Nashville, and the broken ranks turned in retreat toward a place of safety beyond the Tennessee River, Gen. Walthall was assigned to the command of a meager force of eight skeleton brigades, numbering scarcely three thousand men, charged with the duty of covering the retreat, but destined, as was supposed, to certain capture. It was when rendered this perilous post that he made the prompt and characteristic reply: "Make your order, Gen. Hood. I never sought a hard place for glory nor a soft place for comfort." With the assistance of Forrest and his cavalry, the pursuing force, largely preponderating in numbers, was successfully held in check through days of fierce encounter and nights of vigil, the shattered army, with all of its trains, and also the protecting rear-guard, with its trophies of several captured guns, reaching the south bank of the Tennessee in safety.

The hurry of events in the closing struggle speedily carried the remnant of Hood's forces to the assistance of Gen. Johnston, in the East, and in the early spring Gen. Walthall fought in his last battle at Cole's Farm, near Bentonville, N. C. In a letter written since his

death his distinguished corps commander gives this vivid description of the engagement:

"The enemy, in overwhelming numbers, was upon us. A cannon-shot struck the horse of Reynolds, of Arkansas, in the chest, plowed its way through his body, and took off the left leg of his rider, who could not repress an exclamation of pain. Immediately in our front lay Walthall's Division, at the edge of an open field, and it was my lot to send them forward to the encounter. It was an inspiring sight, witnessed by many brave men, some of high rank, to see the firm, steady lines, their intrepid commander, in whom all had unbounded confidence, towering above them on his own horse, advancing under a shower of bullets into the storm of battle. The enemy gave way before their invincible attack. I love to think of Gen. Walthall as he appeared on that occasion."

His sword sheathed, Gen. Walthall resumed the practise of his profession at Coffeetown, Miss., removing later to Grenada, accepting the position of General Attorney for the Mississippi Central Railroad Company and of the subsequent great system of which it became a part. In directing the legal department of



THE CAPITOL OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA. COST ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

these vast and valuable interests he took rank with the great corporation lawyers of the day.

Though never seeking or holding political office prior to 1885, he was a staunch party man of the Democratic faith, prominent in council, as is shown by his attendance as chairman of his state delegation upon every National Democratic Convention from 1868 to 1896 inclusive. Upon the resignation of Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, his intimate friend, to assume the duties of Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, Gen. Walthall was appointed by Gov. Lowry to fill the unexpired term, taking his seat in the United States Senate on March 12, 1885. This seat he held by successive elections, without opposition, to the day of his death, with the exception of fourteen months of one term, when he resigned, because of ill health, but returned to his place the following year. His career in the Senate is a part of the current history of the nation, his standing and influence and the personal esteem in which he was held being evidenced by the fact that he was the first of the Senators from the South after the war to be honored with the appointment of chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs.

Superb in his mental, moral, and physical endowments, he had no occasion for ambitions. With a cool head and a warm heart, fully equipped, when duties were laid upon him he discharged them with courage and promptness. When honors were bestowed he wore them with dignity and grace.

His garments are empty. He rests where his childhood and youth were spent, under the dews that make green the graves of his kindred. It may be permitted one who has stood near him through all the happenings of his days to say that he was a man who dwelt upon the summit of life, walking always in the light—that light under which no virtue fails to shine forth, no blemish fails to grow blacker. With him there was no blot to darken, no reflection that did not give back

warmth and radiance. He was true to all the ties that make home sacred, to all the bonds that guard friendship as a treasure, to all the duties that in their fulfillment ennoble life. "He serves all who dares be true."

A. F. Smith, Clarksville, Tenn., who served in Quarles's Brigade, under Gen. Walthall, furnished the *Leaf-Chronicle*, of his city, a sketch, from which the following notes are made:

At Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., about June 16, 1864, he was made a major-general and assigned to a division composed of D. H. Reynolds' (formerly McNair's) Arkansas Brigade, Canty's Alabama Brigade (afterward commanded by Gen. Shelly), and Quarles's Tennessee Brigade. Personally a stranger to every officer and soldier of the division when he came to it, his splendid presence and military bearing at once secured the admiration of his new command, and this first impression quickly ripened into a feeling of absolute confidence and affection in the heart of every soldier under him. He was a rigid disciplinarian, but he scorned the methods of the martinet who avails himself of the mere letter of the law to punish or persecute.

His division served under him from Kennesaw Mountain to Jonesboro, participating in the battles of Peachtree Creek, on the 20th of July, 1864, and Lickskillet Road (or Ezra Church), the 28th of the same month; then on Hood's raid into Tennessee, fighting and sustaining heavy losses in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, and forming part of that small but invincible rear-guard (1,680 men) commanded by him which checked and held at bay the pursuing hosts of Thomas till Hood's shattered army crossed the Tennessee River; thence to Kingston and Bentonville, N. C., which latter was the last fight of the once grand Army of Tennessee, and in which Quarles's Brigade captured a section of a battery, the last artillery that was ever captured and held by the Confederate army.



SCENE ON CAPITOL AVENUE, ATLANTA, GA.

After passing Raleigh, N. C., on the retreat from Bentonville, it was decided to reorganize the army by consolidating the many skeletons of regiments into compact ones of full quota, the troops of each state to be put with others from their own state only. Only a small fragment of Quarles's Brigade being left, and there being no other Tennesseans in Walthall's Division with whom they might be combined, he was directed to send them over to Brig.-Gen. Palmer, that they might be incorporated with men of their own state. This order he obeyed with his unvarying promptness, but not without a pang at the parting. He wrote Gen. Palmer a letter, saying in substance: "I send you, in compliance with orders, one hundred and eighteen Tennesseans, the remnant of Quarles's Brigade of six regiments, which came to me thirty-seven hundred strong; and I part with them with the sincerest regret. These troops have endeared themselves to me by their faithful performance of every call to duty that I ever made upon them, and they have never failed me in any instance; but, having no others from the same state, I must perforce let them go with their own people." This was not the only communication sent by him to Gen. Palmer, along the same line, showing his interest in them. It is enough to say that he had asked, in consideration of their hard and faithful services, that they be given one of the field-officers of the new regiment, and when it appeared that this honor would fall to one of three men whom he regarded as unfit for the place, he sent one of his staff with a communication, saying that the troops he had sent over were as good soldiers as ever trod the field of battle; that their lives ought not to be imperiled nor their earned honors jeopardized by the selection of incompetent or unworthy officers; and if by any mischance such officers should be selected, he would follow them to the War Department and have them turned out. The surrender came before the reorganization was completed, and ended the matter.

Comrades, when we think of those memorable campaigns the central figure of memory's pictures of these battles is that of a tall, erect, handsome officer, the finest horseman in the Army of Tennessee, the general who was always prompt to tell his men what to do: E. C. Walthall. Whether as a subaltern of the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, standing shoulder to shoulder with the Twentieth Tennessee and Zollicoffer at Fishing Creek, or as a brigade or division commander, he always went right with the line to show them how and when to do it. It is a memory that will not fail us while life pulses through our veins and memory retains her throne, and it will grow brighter to us as the fires of life pale under the accumulation of added years, and as we go down into the shadows of the valley to cross over and rejoin the brave comrades who have gone before the light of these days will shine round about us and show us the way to follow our brave leader.

While so much is a matter of personal interest to us, there is another and broader view to be taken of this man's military services by all Tennesseans: There is not a battle-field in Tennessee of any note, barring Fort Donelson, from the Tennessee River on the west to the eastern boundary, that did not bear the imprint of Gen. Walthall and that was not made more glorious thereby. Murfreesboro, Tullahoma, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain (where, with a mere handful of men, he held Hooker's whole corps at bay from early morning till

midnight in the so-called "battle above the clouds"), Mission Ridge, Franklin, Nashville, the retreat from Tennessee—all tell the story of duty performed by him not only well but heroically. If Tennesseans are grateful for assistance rendered and favors conferred, they will heap up the largest measure to overflowing when they mention the name of our loved and brave—but alas! our dead—Gen. Walthall.

His courageous gallantry was known of all men, but he was absolutely devoid of that spirit of vanity and self-seeking which prompts the weak to thrust continually before the public their accomplishments and achievements. For him to feel that he had done his duty faithfully and well was enough. Let me add his reply to Gen. Forrest when the latter, who was one of his most ardent admirers, hunted him up at Columbia and said: "I want you to command the infantry of the rear-guard and cooperate with me on this retreat. Will you go with me to Gen. Hood and second my request for that position?" Gen. Walthall said: "No; I will do whatever Gen. Hood tells me to do. I am not seeking any soft places nor dodging any hard ones." This was truly the keynote of his whole course of life. He did not seek notoriety in extrahazardous ventures nor court ease by avoiding a duty, but whatever duty came to him he discharged with promptness and energy, leaving the consequences to care for themselves.

## SEVENTY-SIX AND SIXTY-ONE.

BY JOHN W. OVERALL.

(Oliver Wendell Holmes pronounced the following to be the finest war poem written during the civil war.)

Ye spirits of the glorious dead,  
Ye watchers in the sky,  
Who sought the patriot's crimson bed  
With holy trust and high,  
Come, lend your inspiration now,  
Come, fire each Southern son  
Who nobly fights for freeman's rights  
And shouts for sixty-one.

Come teach them how on hill, in glade,  
Quick leaping from your side,  
The lightning flash of sabers made  
A red and flowing tide;  
How well ye fought, how bravely fell  
Beneath our burning sun;  
And let the lyre in strains of fire  
So speak of sixty-one.

There's many a grave in all the land  
And many a crucifix  
Which tells how that heroic band  
Stood firm in seventy-six.  
Ye heroes of the deathless past,  
Your glorious race is run,  
But from your dust springs freedom's trust  
And blows for sixty-one.

We build our altars where you lie,  
On many a verdant sod,  
With sabers pointing to the sky  
And sanctified to God.  
The smoke shall rise from every pile  
Till freedom's cause is won,  
And every mouth throughout the South  
Shall shout for sixty-one.

T. B. Spain, of Cuero, Tex., desires to hear from any surviving member of the Fifty-Second Tennessee Regiment who was in the battle of Shiloh. Comrade Spain was wounded there, and has not seen any of the command since the first day's fight.

Joseph Byrum, who lived near Corinth, Miss., in 1861, originally from North Carolina, although opposed to the secession of his state, espoused the cause of the South, and sent seven sons to the Confederate army, six of whom—William, Mark, George, Turner, Joseph, and Nat—were in the Second Mississippi Regi-



JOSEPH, TURNER, NAT, GEORGE, AND MARK BYRUM.

ment. Thomas was in the Trans-Mississippi Department. All were wounded except Turner, who was captured at Gettysburg and sent to prison at Fort Delaware. All of the boys are still living except Thomas, who was accidentally killed two years ago.

The photograph, taken a few weeks ago, shows five of these sons. It is something remarkable that so many of one family who were in the war and who never shirked duty should escape so remarkably well the bloody scenes of the sixties.

J. F. Maull, Elmore, Ala., inquires for the friends who escaped with him from the prison at Elmira, N. Y., saying: "I know that W. B. Trawick is at Cold Springs, Tex.; Berry Benson, at Augusta, Ga.; C. Malone, at Waldron, Ark.; G. G. Jackson, at Wetumpka, Ala.; and William Lumpkin, at Faunsdale, Ala. I give these names because any of the others, seeing their names and addresses, may want to write. We had in the crowd two Virginians—Webster and Crawford—also a man from South Carolina, whose initials I have forgotten. I know of only one of the brave boys who got out with us having passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees: J. P. Putegnat, a noble boy."

A mistake was made in the May number in giving Capt. Fry's name as "James," instead of "Joseph," and Capt. Maffit's should have been "John N." Maffit.

### GETTING EVEN WITH GEN. ROUSSEAU.

Among Tom Ford's chums were several incorrigible foragers. When Gen. Rousseau, the gallant Kentuckian, commanded the division he gave strict orders against foraging. One day he saw Ford's chums carrying a dressed sheep to camp. An aid was directed to arrest the foragers and march them to his side. "You have been stealing sheep," said the General.

"We killed this one in self-defense," said a young butcher. "He was about to collide with us."

"Nonsense! Take that mutton to my headquarters, and go to your camp," snapped the General.

The next day the same batch of foragers was again caught with a large, fat sheep (?), well dressed. This time the General scolded them savagely. As on the previous occasion, the mutton was sent to the General's mess and eaten by him and his staff. A few days later, when he and some friends rode through camp, the men in Ford's company barked like so many Newfoundland dogs. He demanded of the captain to know what it meant. One of the foragers was trotted out. "What do you mean by barking as I came into this camp?"

"Well, General, you remember that last sheep you had taken from us and sent to your mess?"

"Yes; but what has that to do with this infernal bowwowing?"

"Everything, general. That wasn't a sheep at all; it was a Newfoundland dog."

For half a minute the proud-spirited officer looked hard at the man. Then he laughed and rode away.

The following story is told by R. W. Officer, an old Confederate of Atoka, Ind. Ter.:

A small party of Confederate soldiers were left at Fort Smith, Ark., to guard the crossing. The boys found a small cannon, so determined to mount and load it, and give the boys in blue a shot before they vacated. It was suggested that they lash the loaded gun on a big mule, and after the shot take it along with them. All things were ready just about the time the bluecoats appeared in force on the west side of the river. The mule was led to the edge of the water, and the new-made gunner sounded out: "Match her off." The old mule stood quiet until the match was touched to the fuse that had been introduced into the touch-hole, but when it began to sizz and the fire to fall upon his neck and withers his discomfort caused him to turn round and round. The boys, except the one holding the mule's bridle, instantly fell to the ground. The command, "Down, boys!" attracted the captain from slumber in the old storm fort. Seeing the regiment in blue across the river and his men in a scattered condition on the ground, he commanded: "Up and into line, boys!" No one stirred. The command came again and again with deeper earnestness, when Sam Moore replied: "Up and thunder and lightning! We will stay down till that mule shoots." In another instant the gun fired, the mule tumbled down upon his knees, and the shell struck far from its mark on the hillside and exploded. The captain cried out: "Every man take care of himself; they are all around us." The laugh was on the captain, and all retreated in order with mule and gun.

## OLD ST. MICHAEL CHURCH. ITS BELLS AND ORGAN.

St. Michael's Church, at Charleston, is one of the oldest and most historical churches in existence. It was located in July, 1672, and was originally called St. Philip's. June 14, 1751, an act of the General Assembly was passed naming that portion of Charleston St. Michael's, and directing that a church be built at a cost of not more than \$55,000, to be paid for out of the public money. February 17, 1752, the Governor laid the first stone, at the southwest corner. Rev. Robert Cooper was the first minister, and held his first service February 1, 1761. The building was one hundred and thirty feet long by sixty feet wide, of brick, with a slate roof. The steeple rises one hundred and eighty-six feet from the ground. January 6, 1762, subscriptions were started to procure a ring of bells. The clock and bells reached Charleston July 15, 1764. The bells, eight in number, were cast in London, and cost, put up, £681 sterling, and are said to be one of the sweetest-toned sets in the world. Eighteen years afterward, in December, 1782, when Charleston was evacuated by the British, the royal artillery carried them off on the last fleet that sailed, December 14, 1782. A Mr. Ryhiner, a merchant formerly of Charleston, bought and shipped them back to Charleston, where they arrived November 20, 1783, and were again hung in their tower. In 1832 two of the bells were found to be cracked, and in 1838 were sent to England to be recast, and reached Charleston on return in August, 1839. In June, 1862, they were sent to Columbia, S. C., for safe-keeping, and were burned in that city by Sherman in February, 1865. The fragments were gathered up, and in 1866 were shipped to the successors of the original founders, who were still in business in London, and recast of the same amalgam and in molds made by the same trammels. They reached Charleston in February, 1867, when a duty of \$2,200 had to be paid on them, and in that year the old sweet familiar music again gladdened every heart and caused many an eye to fill with grateful tears. The total cost of restoring them to their place in the steeple was \$7,723.01, of which the city contributed \$3,000. By act of Congress January 8, 1878, the duty on the bells was refunded. The organ of the church has a history only second to the bells. It was bought in London, and reached Charleston in August, 1768, and, like the church and all contained within it, has a wonderful history. Some of the roofing of the church was used to furnish lead to the army at the time of the British invasion of 1776. A full history of the church would fill a large volume.



FAMOUS OLD ST. MICHAEL CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C.

### THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY THE HON. A. B. BERESFORD HOPE, M.P.

[Printed for private circulation in England.]

In pine-brake and on mountain battle-ground,  
In river-drift and Mississippian swamp,  
Each as he fell—their overt work undone,  
Their country trodden down and desolate—  
Rest until doomsday the Confederate dead.  
Yet, in that bitter shipwreck and the crash  
Of all which in the passionate resolve  
Of patriotic zeal they staked and lost,  
They were not servants profitless; their names  
Glow on the roll which duty keeps for fame—  
That golden roll with iron pen engraved,  
Dipped in the heart-blood of the noble dead,  
Weighed well with truthful balance, scrutinized  
By eyes that love no guile and grovel not  
In vulgar worship of a forced success.  
They lived accepted in the chosen band  
Of those who in short time encompassed deeds  
Whose worth the span of rolling centuries  
Preserves in undecaying memory—  
Stout, working preachers to their fellow-men  
Of single stern self-sacrifice,  
Whose unwrit sermons shall be garnered up  
In the dim cycles of the coming time  
For the refreshment of a sick human kind.



## ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON AT SHILOH.

BY R. R. HUTCHINSON, PRES'T MECHANICS BANK, ST. LOUIS, MO.

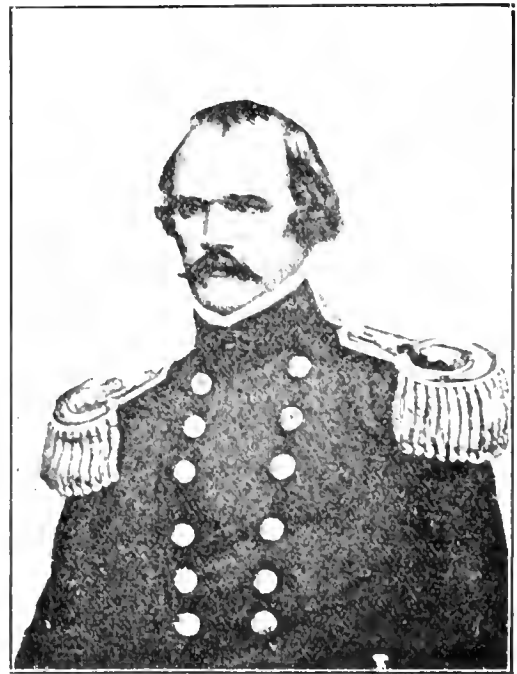
The death of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh was one of those fateful incidents which seem to change the whole course of contemporary events. In all human probability it alone saved one great army from utter destruction and doomed another to see the reward of its valor snatched from its grasp at the critical moment, and to find itself forced to rest content with merely crippling an enemy it had hoped to crush. Details of such events as these are always interesting, and would seem to be called for in this case, as several accounts of it have been published, none of which agree entirely with the facts which are here narrated.

There was a spot on this battle-field of Shiloh where the struggle was so bitter, where valor seemed so equally matched, and where blood was so freely poured forth, that to distinguish it, it has been named the "hornet's nest." Here for a time an equilibrium seemed to have been reached, and the fiercest attacks failed to break the stubborn resistance offered. Bowen's Brigade, of Breckinridge's Division, to which the writer was attached as assistant adjutant-general, had been, early in the day, divided into two portions, and each separately moved to that part of the field where its services seemed most needed. Two regiments, the Ninth and Tenth Arkansas infantry, formed a portion of the line of battle at the point of which I now speak. These troops, like most of those by whose side they fought, had never been in battle before. Raw and untried as they were, armed with a mixed lot of old flint-lock muskets, squirrel rifles, it is no wonder they hesitated and halted here, where the most tried veteran would have thought it no shame to pause. They had fought all day long, and position after position had been stormed in the onward rush of their victorious ranks; but now they had met an obstacle which had brought them to a halt, which seemed destined to prove fatal.

Here were two opposing parallel ridges, the ground open between, a gradual slope from our side downward, and a steeper ascent on the other side of the valley. Over there the acclivity was covered with a splendid growth of forest-trees, and just in the shelter of this line of woods lay the Union lines, pouring across the open space a veritable storm of fiercest musketry. I think the lines were not more than one hundred yards apart, perhaps less. My attention was naturally absorbed by the conduct of the two Arkansas regiments of our brigade. The men appeared to be willing, full of pluck and spirit, but every attempt to charge failed. More than one gallant officer had thrown himself forward with flashing saber or waving hat, only to fall headlong and add one more to the pile of corpses that lay across the forward path. The men would load, advance to the crest of the ridge, fire and fall back just enough to get cover to load again in safety. This was repeated over and over again by each individual, and not by ranks or companies, nor in any regular order. Gens. Breckinridge and Bowen, with their staffs, were on the ground, aiding the field and company officers and urging the charge; but all efforts were fruitless, and made no change in the condition of affairs. It seemed fated that our onward rush was to be stayed

and our attack broken by the obstinate resistance of the brave fellows across the ravine.

Just then Gen. Johnston rode up from the rear toward the dangerous crest. Calm and imperturbable, as he always was, he seemed in no haste and showed no outward sign of emotion, save that his bronzed face was more flushed than usual. He rode straight to the top of the hill alone, and reined in his horse on the very summit, just in front of the Ninth Arkansas Regiment. His appearance as he sat there, steady and immovable as a bronze statue, is one of those pictures that burn themselves into the memory so deeply that they can never fade. The horse stood broadside to the line of battle, the rider sat erect, turned sideways toward us—horse and man, standing alone on the crest, amid the roar of battle, were clearly outlined against the sky. His right arm was raised over his head, as if grasping a sword, but in the hand was only a tin cup, which he



GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

had evidently forgotten to throw aside after drinking from some of the small streams that intersected the field. For a moment he remained motionless in this position, looking at our lines with a smile, as if to prove to us by his example that the perilous hilltop was not of necessity a fatal spot, and to invite us to advance. Then he spoke to the soldiers a few words only. I could hear his voice, but the noise and confusion were too great for me to catch more than a word here and there. Others who could hear all told me that his speech ran thus: "Men of Arkansas, you who boast of using cold steel, don't waste your ammunition. I will lead you. Come and show us what you can do with the bayonet." At this moment Gen. Bowen called to an officer near, whose name I can not recall: "Capt. — form your company on this line." The gallant captain sprang to the position indicated, and repeated the command to his company, which at once obeyed

and formed on him. The example was instantly followed by the whole line; the ranks formed as if inspired by one soul; the wild rebel yell rang out clear and shrill, and we swept over the ridge and down the slope. It was a bloody path, and one along which many a foot passed which never trod another.

Just as the charge commenced I noticed that our commanding general was, for the moment, entirely alone, and that, as far as I could see, I was the only mounted officer in his immediate vicinity. It was evident that his own staff and orderlies had been sent away by him on errands of duty. Seeing this, and thinking that he might need the services of a mounted man, I rode up to his left side, close enough for him to see that I was near; and, recognizing my presence by a glance and a nod, he went straight forward, the tin cup still in his hand. He rode with the foremost rank of the charging men, keeping even pace with them in their rapid advance. I kept my position near him while we crossed the hollow and commenced to mount the opposite slope. We were now very close to the Federal lines, which commenced to waver and give signs of breaking. Just then the excitement natural under such circumstances overpowered me, and, forgetting

the General and my self-imposed duty as orderly, I spurred forward. After this my memory recalls little for a time save the shouting, smoke, and confusion of battle and some personal incidents which impressed themselves upon me too sharply to be forgotten.

It could not have been very long, however, before the charge was over, the point was carried, and our disordered ranks were halted to reform. Then I rode back over the way we had come, seeking to find Gen. Bowen, who had been wounded, and to procure a horse in place of the wounded one that bore me. I passed over the ground covered by our advance, and, on reaching the valley near which I had last seen him, I found Gen. Johnston stretched on the ground, surrounded by staff-officers. I checked my horse and stood silently and with a full heart gazing upon the sad scene, and then, when I saw that all was over, passed on, with the bitter conviction that our cause had suffered a loss for which the victory, that seemed surely won, could hardly compensate. During the charge and while I rode near him the General received no wound. He passed unseathed across that valley of death, having fulfilled his promise by leading us in person over the obstacles that, without him, we had tried so often and failed to pass.



STREET SCENE IN ATLANTA, GA., 1895.

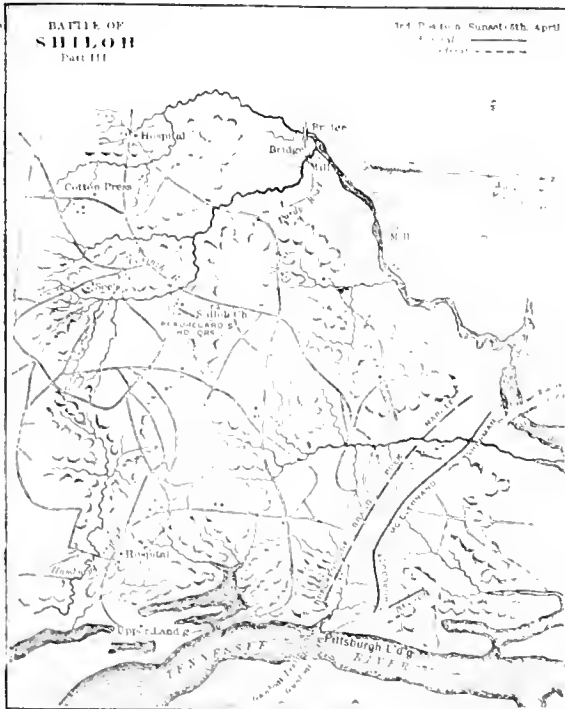
Maj. W. L. Wickham, of this city, served that day as aide-de-camp of Gen. Johnston's staff. He witnessed his acts and heard his words as I have narrated them, and his story fills the gap from the time I left him until I found him again. When the charge commenced Maj. Wickham was unable to immediately join us, owing to the fact that the body of charging soldiery was between him and the General. He succeeded, however, in reaching him soon after I had ridden away and just after he had been rejoined by Gov. Harris, of Tennessee, to whom he was giving an order at the time. The Governor rode away to execute it, and the General and Maj. Wickham had ridden together for some distance, when the latter heard the thud of a ball striking its object, and soon after noticed blood dripping from the General's left boot-heel. Calling attention to the fact, he proposed to move down under shelter of the hill, but the General positively refused to do so. Col. O'Hara, of the staff, then joined them, and, observing the wound, rode off at full speed for a surgeon. Gov. Harris now returned, and, supporting the General on one side, Maj. Wickham on the other, they moved down into the ravine. On the way the General fainted from loss of blood. They laid his form gently on the ground, and but a few minutes elapsed before he was dead. This was about 2:30 P.M.

that the plan of battle he had so carefully explained the night before to his subordinate generals was harmoniously and accurately carried out by them. He exposed his person without stint—more than would have been right under ordinary circumstances, but with raw and untried troops, needing the force of example to teach them what was theirs to do, he felt that he must exceed a general's duty. He knew that this battle was a great crisis, big with the fate of the cause he defended. He threw himself unreservedly into its vortex, and died as a hero loves to die: on the field of glory and in the arms of victory. He fell, confident that his work was well done, and, happier than others, was spared the lingering agony of a long, weary struggle ended by defeat.

The much-debated question of the surprise of the Union army at Shiloh has been the ground of bitter controversies and heart-burnings innumerable, but it has all been on one side. I have never, then or since, talked with a Confederate who was there who did not think that it was a complete one. Men who fought as our opponents did could never have been so completely routed from such strong positions as they occupied had not our first attack been aided by the effects of surprise. The appearance of the camps first entered told the story completely—the evidence of haste and confusion at every turn; the half-eaten breakfasts still on the camp tables, furnishing us with the only meal we had that day; officers' side arms left in the tents; and, in one place, an abandoned quartermaster's or paymaster's chest, full of uncut new greenbacks—all bore evidence to the fact that we were entirely unexpected guests. Surely it is no compliment to the Union soldiers who fought at Shiloh to say that it was not a surprise.

There is another controversy here which admits of more debate: Could the Union army have escaped surrender or destruction but for Buell's timely aid? It is certain that when we went into bivouac on the night of the 6th in the Federal tents, not knowing that a fresh army was at hand to meet us, no man of us doubted that the next morning would witness the capture of our adversaries; and the only fear we felt was that they would use the night and the gunboats to escape.

There is one other belief that we cherished, and that always did most to sadden us when we talked the matter over around our camp-fires: It was that nothing could have successfully opposed our final attack on the evening of the 6th—that attack which never was made, but which was only prevented by an order from our own generals, founded on a want of correct information as to affairs at the front. Had it not been for that order, the arrival of Buell would have been too late. Some Confederates have said that an attack was made. Perhaps this was the case here and there by portions of the line, but the general assault, for which all, as far as I could judge, were prepared, never took place. There was ample time, and the soldiers were but ordering themselves for the onset and awaiting the word to advance. That word never came, but, instead, the command was given to halt. The men were loath to obey, and repeatedly the authority of the order was questioned or denied. They were told: "You have done enough for to-day. Go into camp; to-morrow we will finish up the work." They must obey; and the weary Confederates went to their bivouacs on the bloody field, and left their hard-won victory behind.



SHILOH BATTLE GROUND.

In spite of the misfortunes which fell to his lot—misfortunes rendered inevitable by the absurdly insufficient means placed at his disposal to carry out what was expected of him—there was no man, not even excepting Robert E. Lee, who was more loved and trusted by those under his command than Albert Sidney Johnston. During the battle of Shiloh he was everywhere, pushing the attack, encouraging the men, and seeing

Had Albert Sidney Johnston lived, that order would never have been given, and his promise that at night we would "water our horses in the Tennessee" would have been fully redeemed.

MAJ. WICKHAM'S ACCOUNT OF IT.

It is not my intention to enter into any minute account of the battle, but simply to relate in few words the history of the death of Gen. Johnston, the great and gallant soldier who planned the battle, put the troops in motion, fought it, and just as he was about to witness a complete victory fell, mortally wounded by a spent Minie ball. When he fell, the victory fell with him. On that day I was acting as aide-de-camp to Gen. Johnston. It was on the crest of a hill, with a ravine in front filled with Federal troops, as was also the ascent to a parallel ridge and the ridge itself, all of which was heavily wooded, that Gen. Johnston appeared in front of an Arkansas regiment, holding something in his hand which I took to be a tin cup. As he rode down the line, with his face flashed with the excitement of the coming charge, with superb and commanding person, he looked every inch the great soldier that he was. With the cup he beckoned to the men to raise their muskets, ordering them at the same time not to fire, but to charge and give the enemy the bayonet. "I will lead you," he said, together with other words of encouragement which I could not hear, but which were responded to by a most peculiar characteristic yell that left you with the inevitable feeling that your hair had turned into porcupine quills. Onward these brave troops rushed into the ravine and up the ridge, giving a mighty yell, which, mingled with the roar of the muskets, made such a noise as I can not undertake to describe. In the midst of the confusion I became for a short time separated from Gen. Johnston, but I soon pushed to the front with a lot of stragglers whom I had collected, who were making their way to the rear. The valley and hillside through which I passed were filled with the dead and wounded, and just as I reached the top of the ridge, from which the Federals had been driven, in search of Gen. Johnston, I discovered him giving an order to Gov. Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, one of the bravest and most indefatigable of his staff-officers on that day. As Gov. Harris was leaving I joined Gen. Johnston, and we rode on for about an eighth of a mile on the level of this ridge, exposed all the while to a heavy fire from the retreating enemy, for the Minie balls were cutting off the branches of the trees and striking the ground all around us. I was riding so near to Gen. Johnston that the nose of my horse touched his saddle-blanket. I heard a ball strike his horse, as I thought, but, on looking, I saw no flesh wound upon his horse, but discovered the blood dripping from the heel of the General's left boot, the side on which I rode. Had I known at that moment that the femoral artery had been severed just below the knee, which was the fact, I might have immortalized myself—as our surgeon, Dr. Yandell, afterward told me—by making a tourniquet with my handkerchief, which would have prevented his bleeding to death, as subsequently proved to be the case. Then I neither knew the extent of the wound, nor the remedy to apply. When I noticed the blood dripping, I said: "General, you are wounded, and we had better go

down under the hill, where we will not be exposed to the bullets."

He turned, and with a very positive and emphatic manner said: "No; we will go where Hardee is. The fighting is heaviest there."

He turned his horse, and just at that moment Col. O'Hara, of his staff (and a more gallant officer never lived), rode up to him, and said: "General, your horse is wounded."

He replied: "Yes, and his master too."

Col. O'Hara said, "I will go for a surgeon," and, instantly turning his horse, dashed off at full speed through a shower of bullets.

A moment after, Gov. Harris rode up, and said to Gen. Johnston that his order to silence or capture a



SHILOH CHURCH.

battery had been executed. Then, discovering the wound, he said, "General, you are wounded;" to which Gen. Johnston responded, "Yes; and badly, I fear."

I was then supporting him on his horse, on his left side, when Gov. Harris came up and supported him on his right. I said to Gov. Harris, who took me for Col. Albert J. Smith, chief quartermaster of the army, that we had better take the General down into the ravine, as the enemy might capture us if we remained where we were, to which he assented. As we rode along Gen. Johnston fainted, and the bridle-reins fell from his hands. A short distance more and we stopped, took him from his horse, and laid him upon the ground, over which but a few moments before he had driven the enemy at the point of the bayonet.

Col. R. I. Fleming, Commander of Confederate Veteran Association, Washington, D. C.: "No true Confederate should ever fail to do honor to the glorious record made from 1861 to 1865. We fought from a conscientious duty, believing that we were in a righteous cause, and simply did our duty; and out of the struggle between two brothers we have the strongest, the richest, and most enlightened country in the world."

W. C. Tyler, No. 105 Thirty-Ninth Street, Kansas City, Mo., was a member of Company A, Thirty-Seventh Virginia Regiment, which belonged to Stonewall Jackson's "Foot Cavalry." He would be glad to hear from surviving comrades.

## CAPT. ED PORTER THOMPSON.

Capt. John H. Weller, of Louisville, furnishes photograph and sketch of Capt. Ed Porter Thompson, of the renowned Orphan Brigade, of Kentucky. Capt. Weller states that when questioned as to his record as a soldier Capt. Thompson says, "It is not in any way extraordinary," and further it is impossible to get him to say. Hence the incidents in a life spent for his country and his kind, though they clothe his character with a halo of imperishable glory, must rest with the reputation of his comrades, whose every name he has handed down in illustrious story to a proud and grateful posterity. Alas! those that could write of him as he is, even without embellishment, and knew him and saw him daily during the four years of blood and afterward in the truly greater struggles of peace, are rapidly becoming fewer, and are not used to recording deeds and actions with the pen, though their lives were stamped deeply in the heart of a cause so noble and dear to the South. We wonder if it will be understood when we say that Ed Porter Thompson was a typical Southerner, when for four years the ear was bewildered and the earth shook with the thunder of strife. It is said thus of so many that he is constrained to say that his life has not been an extraordinary one. We must believe that it was. We lose our ideals if, even in that contest, there looms none above the others. We glory in them and our natures crave after them, and we must love them. Yes; the man who fought as he did, and on that reputation since has builded with patience amid trials, privations, impossible obstructions, invalidated almost from old wounds, yet still erect, before God and man a tower of great strength, is still the hero of our worship, and it makes us better that we cherish him.

Capt. Thompson was born near Center (La Fayette), then in Barren (now Metcalfe) County, Ky., May 6, 1834. His parents were Virginians. When his father died Ed Porter was twelve years of age. As he was the oldest of five children, and their circumstances were somewhat limited, young Thompson took up the battle of life as the "man of the family," and thus began in earnest to construct a heroic character, which is still growing, and which has proved a rock against all adverse comers and a brilliant light to Kentuckians. He eagerly devoted himself to every method that would draw out his mind, and knowledge came to him rapidly, so that while yet a farmer boy he became a cultured scholar, and his neighbors enjoyed his erudition as a teacher while he was yet a minor.

When the cloud of war began to lower his spirit was aroused, as were his father's and mother's people during the French, the Indian, and the Revolutionary wars, the border wars of Kentucky, and the war of 1812. Turning aside from ambition as a lawyer, for which he was preparing himself, and, fully informed of the legal status of our *casus belli*, he went straight to the nearest body of troops being recruited and cast his fortunes with the Sixth Kentucky Infantry. He never hesitated when he bade adieu to his beloved wife and two children. We who have since married and have children and grandchildren can the better appreciate such a sacrifice. As a soldier, it is only necessary to state bare facts, and our comrades who read this in the VETERAN can judge whether his career was only an or-

dinary one. It is almost impossible to get from him anything like data, yet he has besieged his comrades continuously since the war for incidents concerning themselves, and collated his wonderful book, in which there is only a bare mention of himself, in alphabetical order with the privates of his company, and in which he would not allow his picture to appear.



CAPT. ED PORTER THOMPSON, OF KENTUCKY.

In the roster of Company E, Sixth Kentucky, page 760, we read: "Ed Porter Thompson, Metcalfe County, was appointed first sergeant of Company F March 2, 1862, and fought with that company at Shiloh, where he was wounded; was transferred to Company E April 26, 1862, and appointed fifth sergeant; was elected first lieutenant May 10, 1862; fought at Stone's River, at which latter place he was wounded January 2, 1863, and fell into the hands of the enemy." He was one of the thirty-six officers who cast lots at City Point, Va., May 25, 1863, for the chance of being returned to Fort Delaware prison and shot in retaliation, but was one of the eighteen who drew fortunate tickets and were admitted to exchange. He was first lieutenant at Murfreesboro, and, still suffering from the Shiloh wound, went into the charge on foot, and was again desperately wounded.

In his report of the part taken in the battle of Stone's River by the Sixth Regiment, Col. (afterward Gen.) Lewis said of him: "Of those wounded, several were left on the field and at Murfreesboro, and of the missing I fear all are either prisoners or some killed and wounded, as they had all crossed the river. One of them, Lieut. Ed Porter Thompson, was last seen with pistol, firing on the advancing enemy. It is due him to say that, detailed as commissary, he was not required to go into action, but during that week he discharged his duties as

commissary and as an officer on the field, sharing the hardships and dangers throughout."

Capt. Thompson came back to the regiment after his exchange, and, as his wounded leg had been improperly treated while a prisoner, his knee stiffened with his lower leg at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Not being able to put one of his feet to the ground, of course he could not walk, and was under fire several times while on crutches. Col. Cofer, of the Sixth, who succeeded Gen. Lewis to the command, promoted him to the position of quartermaster, and, by putting both crutches under one arm and balancing himself, he would put his sound foot in the stirrup and throw himself into the saddle. Surgeon Newberry, of the Sixth, finally got his leg straight, but ever after during the final months he was compelled to keep it tightly bandaged. As chief of the trains that followed us on the route from Dalton to Lovejoy Station, he was conspicuous and useful beyond similar officers in any other commands.

Capt. Thompson has been an educator, editor, and man of letters since the war. He has distinguished

himself in every position he has occupied and brought honor and dignity to every calling. He has been the chief editor of the Bentonville (Ark.) *Advance*, Owen County (Ky.) *Democrat*, and founder and editor of the Bentonville (Ark.) *Bentonian*. He is the author of the "Academic Arithmetic," "Young People's History of Kentucky," "A Brief History of Arkansas," "History of the First Kentucky Brigade, C. S. A.," and other works in prose not recalled at present, besides being a poet of unusual merit. His book entitled "The Priest's Temptation" has elicited the highest tribute from our best critics. His magnificent career as Superintendent of Public Instruction of Kentucky will never cease to be a blessing to our school system. He is living quietly at his modest little home in Frankfort, surrounded by his devoted wife and children, still hard at work.

What a privilege to have such a man living among us—giving, always giving, out to the world more than he receives! Those of us who went through the war with the great body of men called Confederates certainly glory in his deeds as a citizen after the struggle ended. We are proud of him as one of our number, and



UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE, ATLANTA, GA

we hope that so long as we meet to recount the dangers and perils of the civil war we may not forget to do honor to our heroes yet living, and that the noble life of Capt. Ed Porter Thompson may come to us often as a blessing and a benediction.

#### "THE HISTORY OF THE ORPHAN BRIGADE."

"The History of the Orphan Brigade" is Capt. Thompson's new book, just published in Louisville, and dedicated to the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. On the dedication page he gives an unparalleled epitome of the position we occupied in 1861 and the immortal principles we fought to maintain, and which really do obtain now and forever—viz., "the inalienable right of a people to choose their own form of government, and the sacredness of constitutional guarantees. Though the Confederacy failed of establishment, these still live, and must live, if human liberty is to endure on this continent."

Chapter II. of the book is devoted to a "brief review of the attitude of the Confederate element of Kentucky on the question as to whether the South was to be coerced back into the Union," which had a positively negative answer, and Gov. Magoffin voiced the sentiment of all true Kentuckians when he replied to Mr. Lincoln's call for troops: "I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern states." Then the story of how the state was wrought upon by ultra-Union men until she assumed an attitude utterly unworthy of the character and traditions of her people—neutrality, so-called—is briefly but thoroughly told, and a full expose of the entire situation laid before the reader.

In this history is to be found the unprecedented achievement by a single historian in ancient or modern times in presenting the individual military record of nearly six thousand men. In no book ever written before has there been even an attempt to give the history of the private soldier; but here you have every soldier and officer of the entire First Kentucky Brigade of Infantry, or Orphan Brigade, with his place of enlistment, the battles engaged in, where wounded or captured, etc. As a writer said of the book, Capt. Thompson has immortalized every member of the Orphan Brigade. This brigade was composed of the Second, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Ninth Kentucky Infantry, First Kentucky Cavalry, and Cobb's Battery, besides Graves's Battery until after Donelson, and Byrne's Battery until it joined Morgan's Cavalry.

The book contains eleven hundred and four pages, and is full of general interest to the Confederate soldier. A fair review of it can not be given here, but children will be delighted with the one hundred and forty-five anecdotes and incidents scattered through it, told in the chaste language of a scholarly Southern soldier. There are fine engravings of many Kentuckians who formed a part of that famous brigade. Not Kentucky alone is interested in the story of the famous command, but the entire Southern people, for whom they were as true and for whom they fought as gallantly and with as consistent devotion as they could have displayed had they been battling in defense of their own firesides.

For price, terms to agents, etc., address Lewis N. Thompson, 419 East Breckinridge Street, Louisville.

#### JOHN MARSHALL'S STATUE.

[Written by Innis Randolph, of Virginia, in 1866, at the time of the placing the John Marshall statue on the base of the Washington Monument in Richmond, the state at that time being under martial law, and called, in military orders, "District No. 1."]

We are glad to see you, John Marshall, my boy,  
So fresh from the chisel of Rodgers,  
To take your stand on the monument there  
Along with the other old codgers.

With Washington, Jefferson, Mason, "and such,"  
Who sinned with a great transgression  
In their old-fashioned notions of freedom and right  
And their hatred of wrong and oppression.

But you've come rather late to your pedestal, John;  
Things are very much changed since you've been here;  
For the volume you hold is no longer the law,  
And this is no longer Virginia.

The "Marshall Law" you expounded of yore  
Is no longer at all to the purpose,  
And the "martial law" of the new Brigadier  
Is stronger than *habeas corpus*.

So shut up the volume you hold with such care,  
For the days of the law are over;  
And it needs all your brass to be holding it there,  
With "Justice" inscribed on the cover.

Could life awaken the limbs of bronze  
And blaze in the burnished eye,  
What would you do with a moment of time,  
Ye men of the days gone by?  
Would you chide us or pity us, blush or weep,  
Ye men of the days gone by?

Would Jefferson tear up the scroll he holds,  
Which time has proven a lie?  
Would Marshall shut up the volume of law  
And lay it down with a sigh?

Would Mason roll up the "Bill of Rights"  
From a nation unworthy to scan it?  
Would Henry dash down the patriot sword  
And clang it against the granite?

And Washington, seated in massy strength  
On his charger that paws the air,  
Could he see his sons in deep disgrace,  
Would he ride so proudly there?

He would get him down from his big brass horse,  
And cover his face with shame—  
For the land of his birth is now "District One;"  
"Virginia" was once the name.

W. T. Butt, Atlanta, Ga.: "Please correct my correction of Comrade T. L. Power in March VETERAN. I intended saying that the Forty-Fifth Alabama and Forty-Fifth Mississippi Regiments were twin brothers. The Fourth Alabama was in Virginia making glorious history for herself and state, while the Forty-Fifth Alabama was carrying the 'silver moon of Pat Cleburne' in the Army of Tennessee."

T. Leigh Thompson, President Tennessee Division, S. C. V., Lewisburg, Tenn.: "In 1862 or 1863 a Confederate soldier named Gunston died at the home of William Fowler, near Lewisburg, Marshall County, Tenn., and was buried in the family graveyard. His grave was decorated on the 14th of May by his Confederate comrades. He belonged to an Alabama regiment, and is thought to have lived near Mobile. I desire to communicate with some one who knew him. The Sons of Confederate Veterans desire to put stones to his grave with his full name and regiment."

## AN INCIDENT OF ROCKY FACE RIDGE.

BY LIEUT. ANDREW M. SEA, LOUISVILLE, KY.

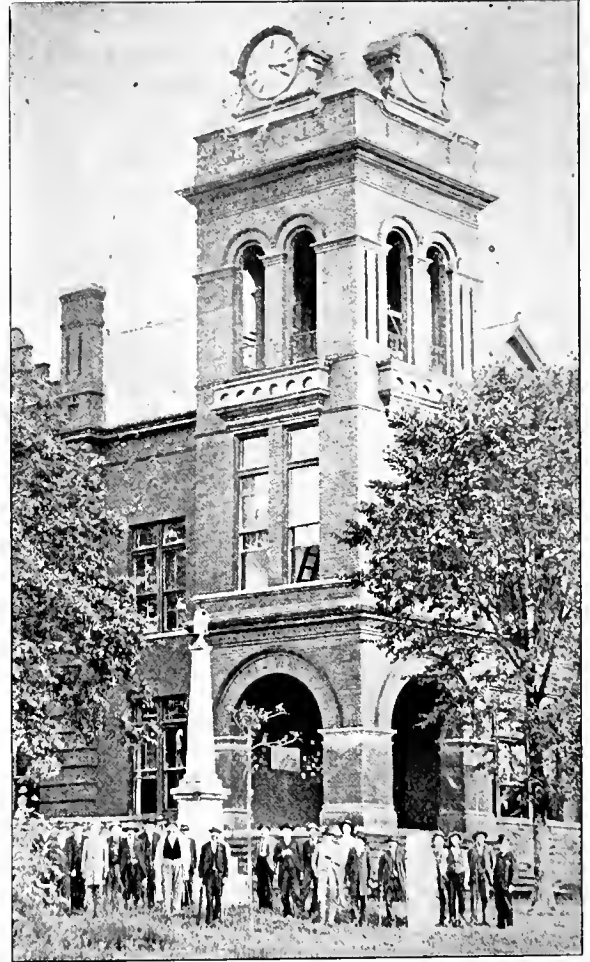
Thirty years ago the Confederate army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was camped in the vicinity of Dalton, Ga., in a fertile and beautiful valley, although destroyed fencing and uncultivated fields indicated the presence of armed men whose trade is destruction and war. A mile north of the town ran a chain of small mountains, called Rocky Face Ridge, which were impassable for horse or vehicle, except at gaps, several of which were within a few miles of Dalton. Across the ridge on the north side lay the Federal army of Gen. Sherman. Several spirited engagements had taken place at Rocky Face and Snake Creek Gaps, invariably resulting in an enforced order to "shinny on your own side" to whichever army attempted or temporarily effected a passage of the ridge. After several days of maneuvering and ceaseless vigilance on both sides it became apparent that Gen. Sherman intended forcing a passage through the lower gap, which, if successful, would have turned our left flank and placed his army in our rear, and, of course, cut off our communications. But, able soldier as Gen. Sherman was, he had in Gen. Johnston a foe man worthy of his steel;" and if the passage had been attempted, the enemy would have found braver and more determined men than defended the pass at Thermopylæ. Indeed, nearly our whole army was within striking-distance of the lower gap. To mask his real purpose, Gen. Sherman sent a division of his army under Gen. — to make an attack and, if possible, force a passage at the upper gap, some two miles northeast of Dalton. It is to this division my story relates.

My section of artillery was encamped by the side of the main road, which led up the valley and was half-way between Dalton and the gap. The battery boys were lounging about the guns in rather a listless, lazy sort of way, unsuspecting of danger. I was lying under the shade of a small tree, aimlessly gazing across the open ground in my front, when I became interested in the movement of a rapidly approaching horseman. Upon his nearer approach I at once recognized Maj.-Gen. S—, who briefly informed me that a division of Federal troops was driving our small command through the gap, and would soon be upon me on its way to capture the town of Dalton and the supplies of our army. He ended his hurried information by ordering me to put my guns in position for action and "fight them to the muzzle of the guns." Meanwhile he would hurry any command he could find to my support.

Well, this was an eye-opener sure enough! Just think of it! "Fight them to the muzzle of the guns" simply meant to die or be captured in your tracks; sacrifice yourselves and guns to gain a little time, and that, too, absolutely without support. Why the order fairly took my breath. I was not one of those men who never felt the sensation of fear. Still I had hitherto summoned courage enough to go in and stay when comrades were around me and I felt that I had a fair chance; but with two pieces of artillery and without support to fight a division of the enemy flushed with success seemed preposterous. I confess that I was de-

cidely rebellious, and my thoughts while preparing for action were not the most pleasant. Still the order was peremptory, and left me no discretion. What could not be helped must be endured.

The enemy did not approach as rapidly as I anticipated, and our little band was disputing every inch of ground; but the firing was perceptibly getting nearer and nearer. Just then my attention was called to another rider coming directly from the front. He was kicking with both feet and beating his jaded horse with his saber-scabbar. He was a badly demoralized, straggling cavalryman. On he came to the battery,



CAMP BY COURT-HOUSE, CALHOUN, GA.

and, checking up his horse, breathlessly asked what command that was. Upon being informed, he partially turned in his saddle, and, looking in the direction of the enemy, he said, "Now, d—n you, I reckon you'll stop!" and away he went, kicking and spurring for dear life. The incident was so supremely ridiculous that my poor boys forgot their own peril in their jeers and laughter. Looking at the figure of the retreating cavalryman, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of a body of infantrymen coming from Dalton at a double-quick, and riding at the head of the column was Gen. Reynolds, who commanded a small brigade of Virginians and North Carolinians. He was a small, delicate-



looking man, calm and absolutely fearless; a stouter heart never beat in human breast. These qualities had been apparent on many a bloody field. Early in the war, on Gauley River, W. Va., his splendid judgment and dauntless courage had saved the day, and ever since he had been known as "Old Gauley." My relief at seeing him may be imagined, and I said: "Well, General, you never saw a man so glad to see another."

"Why, what's the matter? Had you in a tight place, didn't they? But it's all right, Lieutenant. If I can't take my fleet-footed Virginians and my 'tarheels' and whip any division of Yankees that ever lived, my name ain't Gauley Reynolds, and I want you to see me do it."

The absolute confidence of his assertion and his evident eagerness to begin were inspiring and contagious. Asking him if he would take the responsibility of ordering my guns to accompany him, he answered, "Certainly!" and told me to fall in after his first regiment. Very soon the column was thrown into line, and the proper distribution of troops made for the reception of "our friends the enemy." When our gap-guard, which had been steadily and surely driven before overpowering numbers, came in sight of our line of battle they and we raised a tremendous yell, which was doubtless the first intimation the enemy had of our presence. But they too were veterans, and not to be stopped by yells. On they came, confident and defiant. When they had advanced within forty yards of our line Gen. Reynolds gave the command to fire, and instantly flashes of fire and storms of lead and iron succeeded each other in rapid succession. The enemy recoiled as from the mouth of a volcano. Several times they rallied, but only to meet the same murderous fire. Verily, "h—I had broken loose in Georgia."

Their loss had been heavy; they knew that they were on our side of the ridge, and they doubtless imagined our force much greater than it was. They fought with less determination, and there was some evidence of confusion in their lines. Gen. Reynolds detected this, and gave the command to charge with the bayonet. Nothing could withstand the impetuosity of that charge, led by the General in person. The enemy gave way in defeat, and utter rout followed. Everything was abandoned in their eagerness to reach the gap, and our victory was complete. What a change within a short hour! Then I fully expected to be butchered or captured at my guns; now I was exultingly pouring shot and shell into the ranks of the beaten foe. The General's entire confidence in his command had been verified.

The genial, convivial gentleman, the able and intrepid general of whom I write, has also passed over the dividing-line between time and eternity. Peace to his ashes! We shall not soon see his like again.

### TO AN OLD SABER.

BY R. B. DOW.

Motionless and sheathed, it hangs upon the ancestral wall,  
No more to flash in sunlight or answer warlike call;  
No more 'twill bid defiance to onward-moving foe,  
Nor yet again with savage thrust will lay a chieftain low.

Yes; a relic of warlike days, it hangs a dreaming there  
Of battle-shouts, of cannons' roar, of blood and savage glare;

But, its part in strife now ended, quiet is its meed,  
And long will live in story the glory of each deed.

Demopolis, Ala.

### MEETING OF THE PICKETS.

BY MRS. FRANK THOMPSON.

The years creep swiftly by, Friend G.;  
We are on the same old spot,  
Just where we met in sixty-three  
Mid shells and balls and shot.  
Two armies slept beneath the stars,  
Two sentinels trudged their way—  
You wore a suit of blue that night,  
And I a coat of gray.

The place has greatly changed since then:  
No smoke bedims our sight;  
No groans of pain come from the men,  
As after the first day's fight;  
No clash of arms rings in our ears;  
No dead men round us lie.  
You've changed your suit of blue, old friend;  
My jacket of gray's laid by.

Tall monuments are standing round  
Where brave men fought and died  
On Chickamauga's battle-ground.  
They fell on every side,  
Mid the booming of the guns  
And the shells which plowed their way  
Through the bodies of the men in blue  
And the soldiers in the gray.

The snows of two and thirty years  
Have melted here in sorrow  
On Chickamauga's stains and blur  
Of blood and strife and horror,  
Where the aged and the young alike  
Were butchered in the fray.  
Near the foot of Mission Ridge they fell,  
And died in blue and gray.

That night the throbbing stars shone down  
On the lonely picket's head,  
On our dreary, dark, and gloomy round,  
And the faces of the dead;  
On mangled forms and pallid lips,  
On life ebbing slowly away—  
Pierced by balls and torn with shells  
Were the men in blue and gray.

And here, beneath the weathered leaves,  
Our friends and foes are laid;  
They've crossed the river, their swords are sheathed,  
They are resting under the shade—  
While we, at Chickamauga Park,  
Have met again to-day  
To dedicate the untimely graves  
Of the dead in blue and gray.

### MRS. MARY AMARINTHIA SNOWDEN.

(Founder of the Charleston Confederate Home and School.)

BY HULDA LEIGH.

Most potent force, a noble life—  
A gracious star whose light doth go  
Through unknown ages, softly, rife  
With beauty that doth add halo.  
This fearless, patriotic life  
Was spent that others strong might grow

For youth's great need, the homeless old,  
Her great, deep heart did beat always;  
Ne'er chilled by poverty's white cold,  
True, brave, and strong through all the days.  
She culture placed in deathless mold.  
A shaft should nobly speak her praise.

May, 1888.

## FIRST CONFEDERATE KILLED.

BY W. R. HALL, RICHMOND, VA.

In the May VETERAN it is stated that Henry Wyatt was the first Confederate soldier killed in battle, but that is a mistake; and, as we are writing history, we had as well have the facts in the case.

Capt. Marr, of the Warrenton Rifles, was the first Confederate soldier killed by the enemy in the great war. He was killed on the 1st of June, about daybreak, at Fairfax Court-House, and Col. Ewell (afterward general) was slightly wounded in the shoulder. My company, Goochland Light Dragoons (afterward Company F, Fourth Virginia Cavalry), was at Fairfax Station, three miles off, and we were on the ground soon after the affair occurred. A correspondent to the Richmond *Dispatch* states: "If any one will go to the State Library and examine, as I have done, the old files of the *Dispatch*, he will see in the issues of both June 3 and 7, 1861, a full account of the fight at Fairfax Court-House, Va., and the killing of Capt. J. Q. Marr, of the Warrenton (Va.) Rifles, which took place June 1, 1861; and in the paper of June 7, 1861, is an account of the battle of Philippi, Barbour County, Va. (now West Virginia), between the Virginia troops, under Col. Porterfield, and the Federals, under Col. Kelly, which battle took place June 3, 1861, and in which the account states eight Virginia soldiers were killed, the names of three being given—viz., Capt. Archy Richards, Thomas E. Sims, and a Mr. Dangerfield, of the Bath County Cavalry. There were a number of others on the Southern side of the war who were killed before young Wyatt, whose death took place at Bethel June 10, 1861, such as the eleven citizens of Baltimore who were killed in a fight with Massachusetts troops in the streets of that city April 19, 1861. A somewhat similar event occurred at the capture of Camp Jackson, near St. Louis, Mo., May 10, 1861, in which the Federal troops, after the surrender, fired on the prisoners and citizens, killing twenty-eight, including three of the Missouri militiamen. And again, when the Federal troops occupied Alexandria, May 24, 1861, James W. Jackson, proprietor of the Marshall House, of that city, killed Col. Ellsworth, of the Federal army, for tearing down a Southern flag which was waving over his (Jackson's) hotel, and was himself immediately afterward killed by one of Ellsworth's men. But though it may be said that none of these latter were killed in battle, that will not apply to the case of Capt. Marr, killed June 1, 1861, at Fairfax, nor to those killed at Philippi June 3, 1861. I write the above merely because I desire to see all historical statements with regard to the civil war as nearly correct as possible. I will add that the battle of Philippi was a very considerable affair, having had, according to the account I have alluded to, some twelve or fifteen hundred men engaged on the Federal side, against nine hundred Virginia troops.

J. L. Schaub, Lagrange, Ga.: "Death has taken another member of our camp. On the 28th of May Col. W. B. Jones, Sixtieth Georgia Regiment, crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees. Without military education, he rose from private to colonel, and was noted for his gallant bearing in battle. He was one of the South's truest sons."

J. L. Schaub, of Lagrange, Ga., a North Carolinian, gives an instance of Zeb Vance's humor:

In August, 1861, our regiment, the Fourteenth North Carolina Infantry, moved from Suffolk, Va., over to Camp Bee, near Stonehouse Wharf, on James River. Col. Junius Daniel was in command. The company officers of the regiment were drilled daily by one of the field-officers, all of whom were West Pointers. Either Lieut.-Col. Lovejoy or Maj. Faison was drilling them one day, when he gave a catch command to "order arms" from a support. Capt. Vance promptly came down with his gun, amid the laughter of the other officers. The Major said: "No, no, Captain; you can't do that." Vance replied with a merry twinkle in his eye: "Well, Major, I'll be darned if I didn't do it!"

The Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette* quotes from some foreign papers tributes to Col. Thomas Smith, son of "Extra" Billy Smith, of Virginia. Col. Smith—or Maj. Smith, as he held third official position in the Thirty-Sixth Virginia Regiment during the Confederate war—previous to our great war practised law in Charleston. He promptly enlisted with the Kanawha Rifles as a private, and won his promotions. In the battle of Cloyd's Mountain, May 9, 1864, Gen. A. J. Jenkins, Maj. Thomas L. Brown, and Col. Smith were badly wounded and carried off the battle-field. Gen. Jenkins died. Maj. Smith, not being permitted to practise law in Charleston after the war, returned to his native county, Fauquier, and practised until 1893, when President Cleveland appointed him Chief Justice of the United States District Court in New Mexico.

Rosser Gibbons Camp, Confederate Veterans, has been organized at Luray, Va., with sixty-seven names enrolled. Capt. R. S. Parks was elected Commander; S. N. Judd, J. W. T. Warren, and Paul Miller, Lieutenants; W. E. Grayson, Adjutant; John S. Hershberger, Sergeant-Major; Thomas E. Schwartz, Treasurer; Dr. T. B. Aniss, Surgeon. The camp will be largely increased in a short while, as there are several hundred old soldiers in this county. Col. Sim Gibbons was reared here, and commanded the Tenth Virginia Regiment during the war, and was killed at McDowell. Many of the members of the camp belonged to his command, while quite a number fought under Gen. Rosser; hence the name given to the camp.

John N. Cowan, Pleasant Hill, Ala.: "I would like to get the post-office address of all the survivors of the Jeff Davis Artillery. I have a roll of the company, made from memory in 1885—one hundred and seventy-three names. There were seventy-two living at that time, and I had the addresses of forty-four. I know of many deaths since then. If any of the company wish a list of the names, I will take pleasure in sending it."

Dr. B. D. Brabson, Knoxville, Tenn.: "I have in my possession a cedar canteen with the following inscription: 'R. Sullivent, Company G, Second Arkansas.' If this man is living, or any of his friends want it, I will take pleasure in sending it as directed. I found this relic only a short time since."

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

List of Officials Corrected to Date.

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

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, Commander, Columbia, S. C.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Thomas A. Brander, Commander, Richmond.  
Col. J. V. Bidgood, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Richmond.  
Brig. Gen. T. S. Garnett, Com. First Brigade, Norfolk.  
Brig. Gen. Micajah Woods, Com. 2d Brigade, Charlottesville.

MARYLAND DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. A. C. Trippe, Commander, Baltimore.  
Col. J. S. Saunders, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Baltimore.  
Brig. Gen. Oswald Tilghman, Com. 1st Brigade, Easton.  
Brig. Gen. Spencer C. Jones, Com. 2d Brigade, Rockville.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Wm. L. DeRosset, Commander, Wilmington.  
Col. Junius Davis, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Wilmington.  
Brig. Gen. J. G. Hall, Com. 1st Brigade, Hickory.  
Brig. Gen. W. L. London, Com. 2d Brigade, Pittsboro.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander, Charleston.  
Col. J. G. Holmes, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Charleston.  
Brig. Gen. Asbury Coward, Com. 1st Brigade, Charleston.  
Brig. Gen. Thomas W. Carwile, Com. 2d Brigade, Edgefield.

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. John Boyd, Commander, Lexington.  
Col. John H. Carter, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Avon.  
Brig. Gen. James M. Arnold, Com. 1st Brigade, Newport.  
Brig. Gen. J. B. Briggs, Com. 2d Brigade, Russellville.  
Brig. Gen. John H. Leathers, Com. 3d Brigade, Louisville.  
Brig. Gen. J. M. Poyntz, Com. 4th Brigade, Richmond.

WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Robert White, Commander, Wheeling.  
Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Linwood.  
Brig. Gen. David E. Johnston, Com. 1st Brigade, Bluefield.  
Brig. Gen. S. S. Greene, Com. 2d Brigade, Charleston.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander, Starkville, Miss.  
Brig. Gen. E. T. Sykes, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Columbus, Miss.

GEORGIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander, Atlanta.  
Col. John A. Miller, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Atlanta.  
Brig. Gen. Jas. S. Boynton, Com. 1st Brigade, Griffin.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Fred. S. Ferguson, Commander, Birmingham.  
Col. H. E. Jones, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Montgomery.  
Brig. Gen. Jas. M. Williams, Com. 1st Brigade, Mobile.  
Brig. Gen. Wm. Richardson, Com. 2d Brigade, Huntsville.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. A. J. Vaughan, Commander, Memphis.  
Col. J. P. Hickman, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Nashville.  
Brig. Gen. Jas. E. Carter, Com. 1st Brigade, Knoxville.  
Brig. Gen. Geo. W. Gordon, Com. 2d Brigade, Memphis.  
Brig. Gen. S. F. Wilson, Com. 3d Brigade, Gallatin.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. D. Holder, Commander, Jackson.  
Col. S. B. Watts, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Meridian.  
Brig. Gen. D. A. Campbell, Com. 1st Brigade, Vicksburg.  
Brig. Gen. W. D. Cameron, Com. 2d Brigade, Meridian.

LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. E. H. Lombard, Commander, New Orleans.  
Col. J. Y. Gilmore, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, New Orleans.

FLORIDA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. J. Dickison, Commander, Ocala.  
Col. Fred. L. Robertson, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Brooksville.  
Brig. Gen. Geo. Reese, Com. 1st Brigade, Pensacola.  
Brig. Gen. N. A. Hull, Com. 2d Brigade, Jacksonville.  
Maj. Gen. W. H. Jewell, Com. 3d Brigade, Orlando.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

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

MISSOURI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Robert McCulloch, Commander, Boonville.  
Col. H. A. Newman, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Huntsville.  
Brig. Gen. S. M. Kennard, Com. Eastern Brigade, St. Louis.  
Brig. Gen. G. W. Thompson, Com. Western Brigade, Barry.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. T. Meriwether, Commander, San Antonio.  
Col. M. F. Mott, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Galveston.

NORTHEASTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brev. Maj. Gen. J. T. Wilson, Commander, Sherman.  
Col. W. M. Abernathy, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, McKinney.

Brig. Gen. John W. Webb, Com. 1st Brigade, Paris.  
Brig. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Com. 2d Brigade, Fort Worth

NORTHWESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brev. Maj. Gen. H. O'Neal, Commander, Alpine.  
Col. J. P. Earl, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Henrietta.  
Brig. Gen. W. B. Plemons, Com. 1st Brigade, Amarillo.  
Brig. Gen. A. T. Gay, Com. 2d Brigade, Graham.

SOUTHEASTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brev. Maj. Gen. Thos. J. Gibson, Commander, Mexia.  
Col. J. W. Simmons, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Mexia.  
Brig. Gen. F. Chas. Hume, Com. 1st Brigade, Galveston.  
Brig. Gen. J. R. Waities, Com. 2d Brigade, Houston.

SOUTHWESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brev. Maj. Gen. J. B. Polley, Commander, Floresville.  
Col. H. C. Thompson, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Floresville.  
Brig. Gen. W. P. Lawter, Com. 1st Brigade, Edna.  
Brig. Gen. Sam. Maverick, Com. 2d Brigade, San Antonio.

WESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brev. Maj. Gen. Jos. G. Booth, Commander, Austin.  
Col. E. M. Phelps, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Austin.  
Brig. Gen. H. E. Shelly, Com. 1st Brigade, Austin.  
Brig. Gen. J. D. Fields, Com. 2d Brigade, Austin.  
Brig. Gen. Joe D. Harrison, Com. 3d Brigade, Willow City.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. John J. Hornor, Commander, Helena.  
Col. Jos. C. Barlow, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Helena.  
Brig. Gen. Rufus J. Polk, Com. 1st Brigade, Little Rock.  
Brig. Gen. W. F. Slemons, Com. 2d Brigade, Monticello.  
Brig. Gen. W. S. Hanna, Com. 3d Brigade, Morrilton.  
Brig. Gen. Jos. A. Reeves, Com. 4th Brigade, Camden.

INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. B. Coleman, Commander, McAlester.  
Col. Louis C. Tennent, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, McAlester.  
Brig. Gen. John L. Galt, Com. Chickasaw Brigade, Ardmore.  
Brig. Gen. D. M. Hailey, Com. Choctaw Brigade, Krebs.  
Brig. Gen. John Bird, Com. Cherokee Brigade, Muldrow.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. O. Casler, Commander, Oklahoma City.  
Col. Taylor McRae, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City.  
Brig. Gen. C. R. Buckner, Com. 1st Brigade, Guthrie.  
Brig. Gen. J. P. Saunders, Com. 2d Brigade, Shawnee.

GEO. MOORMAN.

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

J. E. Wandell, care State Bank of Florida, Jacksonville, is desirous of procuring the address of some of the boys of Company H, Twenty-Ninth Georgia Infantry.

**MARRIED, DIED, AND BURIED UNDER THE FLAG.****A True Daughter of Virginia—Her Connections.**

Mrs. Minnie Louise Hill Briggs, wife of George L. Briggs, of Norfolk, Va., died in Washington, D. C., April 25, after a short illness, and was buried at Culpeper, Va., April 27, the home of her ancestors. She was a daughter of the late Henry Hill, Jr., and granddaughter of Henry Hill, major and paymaster in the U. S. army, who resigned in 1861 and became colonel and paymaster-general of the Virginia Confederate forces. She was a grandniece of the renowned Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Hill, whose name was last on the dying lips of Gens. Lee and Jackson.

Mrs. Briggs was married three years ago under a Confederate flag, and, by a strange coincidence, her death occurred under the same Confederate flag, on the anniversary of her marriage.



Some years ago Mrs. Briggs (then Miss Hill) and her twin sister, Miss Frances Ambrose Hill, were officially decorated by A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., Petersburg, Va., in recognition of the distinguished services of their relatives and the worthiness of the recipients of the decorations. She was buried with this badge upon her bosom and with the Confederate flag across her form, beneath which she was married and died. The Culpeper and Norfolk Daughters sent beautiful floral designs, and the grave was hung with white cloth, white flowers being tastefully arranged thereon.

Mrs. Briggs was a zealous friend of the VETERAN, contributed to its pages, and did much to increase its circulation and advance its usefulness.

Mrs. Briggs was a zealous and beloved member of the Culpeper Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, and subsequently of the Norfolk Chapter. She was untiring in her devotion to Confederate memories

and the relief of needy Confederates. Her nature was charitable, loving, and winsome, and she possessed sublime Christian faith. A large circle of devoted relatives and friends mourn her untimely death.

The father of Mrs. Briggs and Miss Hill, the late Henry Hill, Jr., died during their childhood. He entered the Confederate army at the age of seventeen, and served through the war in the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, under Gens. J. E. B. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, and W. C. Wickham. He it was who took the body of Gen. A. P. Hill (his uncle) from Petersburg to Richmond the day Gen. Hill was killed, April 2, 1865, and the lines of Lee's army were broken. Gen. Lee directed that an ambulance be furnished for the purpose. The body was coffined in Richmond during the night of the evacuation of the city, after which Mr. Hill and Col. Hill, his father, recrossed the bridge over the James River while it was in flames, and buried the body of Gen. Hill in a family burial-plot near Richmond. The remains were afterward removed to Hollywood Cemetery, and finally were reinterred beneath the statue and pedestal erected to Gen. Hill's memory at Richmond and dedicated in 1892.

**LAST ROLL.**

In a tribute to the memory of Capt. Maurice M. Langhorne, a member of Camp Halloway, Independence, Mo., is the following: "In the march of life the order of our great Captain has called from our rapidly reducing ranks to join the army of the invisible our beloved comrade, Capt. Langhorne. We regard his as a sacred memory. He ever marched forward to the bugle-call of duty, and fell while pressing onward in the battle which ended only with his life. His bravery will ever be to us an inspiration and his faithfulness as a soldier our admiration. We hereby express as a camp our sympathy with his family in their loss, and spread upon the roll, opposite his name: 'Well done, and promoted.'" The paper is signed by Ed W. Strode, Major-Commandant, and Schuyler Lowe, Adjutant.

Dr. George S. Macon died on the 21st of April, of congestion of the brain. He was born July 5, 1842, the youngest son of George W. and Eleanor Green Macon, of Franklin County, N. C. He enlisted as a soldier of the Confederacy in Company K, Thirty-Second North Carolina Infantry, Daniels' Brigade, and went through the war unscathed, save by a flesh-wound in the battle of Gettysburg. After the war he chose medicine as a profession. Leaving the Medical University of New York in 1868, he settled in Madison County, Ala., near Huntsville, where he followed his profession until his last sickness. He was devoted to his work, and, with his gentle, sympathetic manner, gained the confidence of his patients. Considerate of the happiness of others, his life was made a blessing.

John Lawhon, Adjutant of Camp Sumter No. 332, Livingston, Ala., reports the deaths among its members: John J. Trott, Tenth Missouri Battery; Capt. J. W. A. Wright, Thirty-Sixth Alabama; W. B. McRae, Second Missouri; W. R. Arrington, Sixth Arkansas; Zack Tureman, Fifth Alabama; W. B. Burk, —; Col. E. S. Gulley, Fortieth Alabama; B. F. Thornell, Armistead's Cavalry.

## COL. WILBERFORCE DANIEL.

Since the last reunion of the veterans their ranks have been broken by the passing away of no braver spirit than that of Col. Wilberforce Daniel, of Augusta, Ga. A comrade intimately associated with him during the great war pays the following tribute to his memory:

Col. Daniel entered the service as a private in Company D, Oglethorpe Infantry, First Georgia Regiment, at the earliest call to arms. In the first skirmish he was conspicuous for courage, indifference to danger, and forgetfulness of self. On that occasion, while under heavy fire at short range, his commanding officer advised him to leave the road and seek the protection of the trees; but he declined, holding his open position and coolly loading and firing until the skirmish ended. Soon afterward he was chosen sergeant by his comrades; and at the reorganization of the company, early in 1862, he was elected lieutenant. During the last year of the war he commanded the company, and was captain at the surrender.



COL. WILBERFORCE DANIEL.

In devotion to his flag, readiness to meet the gravest personal danger, and endurance of necessary hardship he was an ideal soldier. He could have filled higher positions with credit to himself and to the service. He was not only brave, but kind and generous, ready to share his last loaf of bread, and has been known to give it all, reserving nothing for himself.

After the war Capt. Daniel retained his interest in military matters, serving for a time as lieutenant-colonel of the Sixth Georgia Battalion and as aid on the staff of Gen. John B. Gordon when Governor, and was called by the suffrages of his fellow citizens to fill other positions of trust and honor in civil life.

Recalling as I do his earnest consecration to the cause for which he fought, his gallantry in battle, his patience under hardship and privation, his constant courtesy and kindness in all our years of comradeship, I lay in sadness and in love to-day this lowly wreath upon his honored grave.

Joseph Britton, a pensioner of the state of Tennessee and member of Kyle Blevins Camp, U. C. V., at Rogersville, died at his home, near Burem, on the 3d of June, aged seventy-five years. He enlisted in Company K (Capt. Heiskell), Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, in 1862. He was severely wounded at Murfreesboro, then at the battle of Chickamauga, and again wounded, and from these wounds he never recovered. He was in all the one hundred days' fighting from Dalton to Jonesboro, then on with Hood to Franklin, Tenn. From here he was sent to a Northern prison, getting home in June, 1865. His last request, that he be buried in a suit of gray, was complied with.

W. K. Pilsbury wrote from Dawson, Ga., May 23:

To-day, with Confederate official matter before me, I came across the "Confederate Roll of Honor" as it related to the Fifth Georgia Regiment of Volunteers. Conspicuous for courage and good conduct on the field of battle are: Private J. Kirby Brown, Company A, killed in action; Private Thomas B. Weir, Company B; Corp. John Fox, Company C; Private James W. Hall, Company D; Corp. John B. Johnston (a), Company E; Private M. Blackwell, Company F; Private T. H. Devane, Company G; Company H made no selection; First Serg. John P. Chapman, Company I; Private James Torrence (a), Company K.

Much of interest is now gathering around the battlefield of Chickamauga, and specially worthy of preservation is the report of Bushrod R. Johnson in relation to the battle. In this report he says: "As the division moved forward to the attack the scene presented was unspeakably grand. The resolute and impetuous charge, the rush of our heavy columns sweeping out from the shadow and gloom of the forest into the open fields flooded with sunlight, the glitter of arms, the onward dash of artillery and mounted men, the retreat of the foe, the shouts of the hosts of our army, the dust, the smoke, the noise of firearms, of whistling balls and grape-shot, and of bursting shells—made a battle-scene of unsurpassed grandeur. Here Gen. Hood gave me the last order I received from him on the field: 'Go ahead and keep ahead of everything.' Passing over wagons, caissons, and pieces of artillery, we reached Vidito's house on the field. There were a number of wounded Federal soldiers at this house. The ladies of the house, who had taken shelter from danger beneath the floor during the two days' fighting, now burst forth and greeted our soldiers with clapping of hands and shouts of joy; it was an impressive scene.

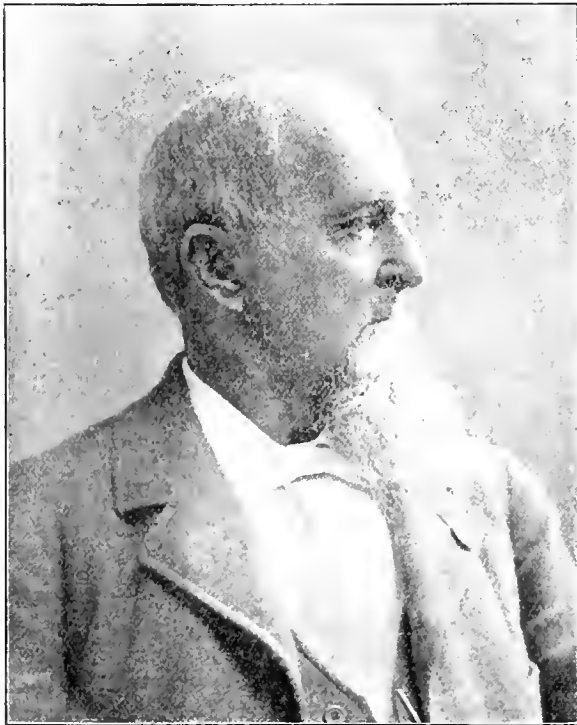
Gen. Bushrod Johnson's Division commenced to fight in the front line on September 10, and fought in the front line through the conflict of both days, and at the close was far in advance of all support.

M. M. Sherrill, of Company K, Twenty-Fifth Regiment, Pine Bluff, Tenn., corrects an error in an article which appeared in the July VETERAN, entitled "Services of W. G. Smith." In that it is said that the Eighty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment was consolidated with the Twenty-Fifth after the battle of Murfreesboro. Comrade Sherrill says those regiments were never consolidated, but, after the battle of Chickamauga, the Twenty-Fifth and Forty-Fourth Regiments were consolidated, and went to Virginia under Gen. Longstreet, and were surrendered at Appomattox.

At a meeting of Ben T. Duval Camp, U. C. V., Fort Smith, Ark., on May 13, resolutions were adopted in regard to replacing the monument to Gens. McIntosh and Stein in the National Cemetery, which was destroyed by a cyclone on the 11th of January, 1898.

Before the destruction of the monument this camp had in contemplation the erection of a more fitting memorial to these generals and the two hundred and fifty unknown Confederate dead from the states of Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, and Indian Territory, who are buried mostly in groups about the monument, unmarked by any stone. By special act of Congress, appropriations have been made to restore as formerly all damaged property in this cemetery, and contracts have been awarded for this; and as the contractor has kindly agreed, with the consent of the government, to allow the camp to add as large a sum as it shall be able to raise to the sum appropriated by the government for replacing the monument with a much handsomer one, to cost not less than \$1,250, and to be of description hereafter determined upon by the delegates appointed by the camps of the several states above mentioned, it was resolved by the camp to ask the assistance of a generous and patriotic public in soliciting cash subscriptions for this purpose. The First National, American National, and Merchants' Banks of Fort Smith have been appointed the legal trustees of this fund, and all contributions will be placed to the credit of the Ben T. Duval Camp Monument Fund.

The camp authorizes such persons as are friendly to the cause to solicit contributions to this fund, and they are requested to deposit all collections, their credentials, and list of subscriptions at any of these banks, who will notify the Secretary of the camp of the same.



GEN. R. M. KNOX, PINE BLUFF, ARK.  
Ex-Commander of the Arkansas Brigade, U. C. V.

### PATRIOTISM IN THE SOUTH.

Col. S. W. Fordyce, of St. Louis, who served as captain in the First Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and was assistant inspector-general in the Army of the Cumberland, writes for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN:

To the ex-Federal soldier and to those of the North who have lived among these ex-Confederates since the



COL. S. W. FORDYCE.

close of the war between the states, and who have had opportunity to judge of the character of these brave and true men, it was no surprise when, at the President's first and second call for troops, they responded as promptly and with as much alacrity as did the veterans of the North. They are now vying with their quondam adversaries in the army and navy and sharing in the glory of victories on sea and land. There is now no longer any North, South, East, or West, except as to the geographical division of the country. All glory alike in

union of hearts, a union of hands,  
A union none can sever,  
A union of lakes, a union of lands,  
The flag of our Union forever.

It is especially gratifying to the patriotic people of the North, as it must be to those of the South, that a noble scion of the house of Lee was immediately assigned by the President to an important command in the volunteer army of the United States. The plain and direct statement of Fitzhugh Lee as to the condition of affairs in Cuba under Spanish rule was accepted by the country he represented so well as sufficient cause for our President to ask that the Spanish government recall her army of occupation and recognize

the independence of Cuba. The refusal of this request on the part of Spain was deemed sufficient for a declaration of war by this government. A call for volunteers was made, which was responded to at once by the ex-officers and soldiers of the Confederate army, as well as by their descendants. An opportunity was thus offered to demonstrate their patriotism and love for a reunited and common country, thus forever eliminating what is commonly known as "bloody-shirt" politics in this country.

Foreigners not familiar with the character of our free-born American citizens must stand amazed at the spectacle of Wheeler leading the advance of our army against Santiago when they recall the fact that he once led the advance and covered the retreat of an army opposing the flag he is now so bravely defending. How sublime the thought that the one-legged and one-armed Butler and Oates are now serving as generals under that same flag before which they fell, wounded nigh unto death, in the war between the states! Opportunity only is lacking for thousands of the rank and file of ex-Confederates to show to the world that they would do battle for and, if need be, die in defense of their government and their flag.

The unanimity with which the ex-Confederates in Congress voted money and supported measures in aid of a vigorous prosecution of the war with Spain must command the admiration of all the people North as well as South, and shows to the world that we stand together, a band of brothers, if need be in battle array against the armies of the world. This war with Spain is worth all it will cost in blood and treasure for the love it brings each for the other and the confidence it begets between the ex-soldiers of both armies, as well as the fraternal feeling it will create between the people of all the states.

Our President has demonstrated his patriotism and magnanimity, as well as his far-seeing sagacity, in making no distinction between the ex-soldiers of the Union and Confederate armies in the distribution of commissions for important commands. He has shown to

the country that, while we are divided on political lines as to what policy is best for the happiness and prosperity of the people in times of peace, no partiality will be shown for or against any political party in time of war, and especially that no distinction will be made between the ex-soldiers of the armies that once fought for and against the Union.

With such an unselfish and patriotic spirit evinced by the Chief Executive, fully equaled by the brave and chivalrous ex-Confederates in this contest with Spain, is there not cause for all the people to rejoice in a reunited republic?

Col. Fordyce cast his lot with the South at the close of the war, and has that broadened spirit of patriotism whereby he sees the good and the true across sectional lines. He married a daughter of Rev. Dr. W. D.



REV. DR. W. D. CHADICK

Chadick, one of the ablest ministers in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Dr. Chadick died several years ago. In this connection the VETERAN is pleased to give some of his services and experiences during the war.

When he saw the war-cloud approaching he said he would rather die than see the Union dissolved, but when his state went out he went with it, heart and soul; he knew no half-measures in anything. He

first went to Virginia as chaplain of the famous Fourth Alabama Regiment, from and about Huntsville, Ala. In the first battle of Manassas he shouldered a musket and fought with his soldiers. Col. Egbert Jones, of Huntsville, commander of the regiment, was severely wounded. After the battle Dr. Chadick took him to Warrenton and nursed him for six weeks until his death, and then attended the body to Huntsville for burial. After a short stay at home he was appointed major of a battalion, which went into camp near Huntsville, but was soon ordered to Mobile, and from there to Corinth, Miss., just before the battle of Shiloh. He went into that battle, and at the first fire all his officers were wounded and sent to the rear, and he had to fight the battle alone; besides, his horse was wounded, so that he had to dismount and fight on foot. His clothing on his right shoulder was pierced by a Minie ball, but he was not hurt. He was wonderfully preserved. During this battle his command, in conjunction with Gen. Forrest's, captured the Prentiss (Kentucky) Brigade. As the prisoners filed past him to the rear he stood on a stump looking at them, and remarked, "You are a fine-looking set of fellows," when one of them replied, "Yes; and you fight d— well."

The night after the battle he stood on picket-duty in a hard rain, to spare his soldiers, many of whom were wounded. He was soon attacked by rheumatism, and



MISS CAROLINE PEYTON PEAY,  
Maid of Honor for Arkansas at the Atlanta Reunion.

lay at Tupelo, Miss., six weeks, unable to move hand or foot. As soon as able, he joined his command in Kentucky; but, as he was still suffering, a furlough was sent to him from Richmond, and he went home. Soon afterward he was appointed chief of staff to the Governor of Alabama, with the rank of colonel, and operated between Montgomery and the Tennessee River, making his headquarters at Whitesburg. He remained in this capacity until the close of the war.

#### FINE WATCH TO MAJOR EDWARD OWEN.

Comrade W. S. Keiley, at a dinner given by the Confederate Veteran Camp, of New York, January 22, 1898, in presenting a watch to Maj. Edward Owen, of the camp, said:

On behalf of our comrades of this camp I am directed to ask you to accept a slight token of their esteem and regard — yes, more: absolute affection — which wells up in the heart of each of us when your name is mentioned. And, sir, not only by us is your worth appreciated, but when the chief executive of this great metropolis was called upon to select some suitable person to fill that most important position of Commissioner of Accounts he cast aside political feelings and party prejudices and, seeking the good of the community, selected our "paymaster" as one in whom he could place implicit confidence. We congratulate the Mayor — not his Honor, out of respect to his Dutch modesty — upon the appointment, as well as that of his most worthy associates.

Now, sir, you have watched over us so long and so carefully that we deem it proper, under the doctrine of *lex talionis*, to place a "watch" upon you. Accept it, sir, in the same kindly spirit which prompts its gift; and let me assure you that its commercial value is but a feather's weight when gaged in the scale of our personal esteem.

#### MAJ. OWEN'S ACCEPTANCE.

It is very embarrassing to stand here before you all and be fired at by a battery of words such as those just delivered. I feel deeply touched, comrades, at this practical evidence of your appreciation of the services which it has been my good fortune to be able to render the camp in the past eight years; but had I the eloquence of a Keiley, a Wise, or a Verdery, it would still be impossible for me to express to you the feelings and emotions which fill me at the present time.

To me the camp is a sentiment. My labors have been willingly and cheerfully devoted to its interests, because you are my old companions in arms, because you stood shoulder to shoulder with me in that great conflict of 1861-65, because you were good and true and loyal and brave soldiers, and the proof of that is that you are now members of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York.

P. M. B. Young Camp, at Cartersville, Ga., named for the dashing cavalry officer, Pierce Young, is one of the best camps in Georgia, and will go to Atlanta over a hundred strong in uniform. The membership is now one hundred and sixty-three. The camp elected its officers on the 7th of May. D. B. Freeman, the chosen

Commander, has a well-sustained claim of being the youngest Confederate bearing arms. He was promo-

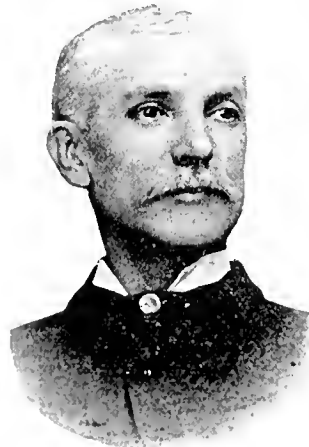


COL. A. M. FOUTÉ, CARTERSVILLE, GA.

ted from the adjutancy. A vote of thanks was given him and the former Commander, Maj. Fouts, for zeal in building up the camp.

#### CHRISTENING BY A CONFEDERATE.

Thomas O. Hall, of Louisville, ever proud that he wore the gray in the sixties, had a compliment paid him in being chosen to "dip the colors" at the christening of the battle-ship "Kentucky" at its launching on March 24, 1898, off Newport News, Va. This compliment was paid him because of his having secured the naming of the vessel through Secretary Herbert, in 1892. On the occasion he wore on the lapel of his coat the Confederate button, and "it showed beautifully." The ceremony of "dipping the colors" consists of hoisting and lowering the United States flag three times at the rear pennant, waving the cap between each dip,



THOMAS O. HALL.

as the vessel shoots off the ways into the water. Then, after her momentum ceases, taking the streamer to the main fighting-mast, hoisting it to the top pennant, and placing it one hundred and sixty-five feet above the water. As the streamer goes up the cannon and whistles roar and the people yell. Comrade Hall enjoys the distinction of being the first ordinary citizen to confer the honors of the navy on a vessel of the new type.



## STOVER CAMP REUNION—MONUMENT.

The annual reunion of Confederate Veterans under the auspices of Stover Camp will take place at Fisher's Hill (Va.) battle-ground on Saturday, August 6, 1898.

Stover Camp was organized in 1892, and its first work was to inaugurate such a system that in time it might accomplish the much-desired object of bringing together the remains of all Confederate soldiers buried over the lower end of Shenandoah County, every foot of which had at some time during the war been a battle-field; and when all were gathered and placed in a plot of ground assigned to them in the Presbyterian cemetery to erect over their sacred dust a monument. The camp recognized this sacred duty to their fallen comrades, and that it could not be postponed much longer. To delay for raising funds seemed too long, so a noble Confederate, a member of the camp, said: "Comrades, I have the money, as much as may be desired, and the camp shall have the use of it as long as they want it; and I will myself become equally responsible with the balance of you for its return." The generous offer was accepted and the work carried through. The remains of one hundred and thirty-six fallen Confederates were collected, and a splendid monument erected over them. Not one of these one hundred and thirty-six dead was known to a single member of Stover Camp; it is a monument to our "unknown dead."



MONUMENT TO UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE DEAD.

Nearly the entire amount borrowed has been returned, and to his credit be it said that the man who so generously loaned the money contributed more than any other one man toward its return. I omit his name. He served honorably in the Thirty-Third Virginia infantry, and is a credit to the famous Stonewall Brigade, of which that regiment was a part.

Stover Camp is now being uniformed, and hopes to turn out fifty uniforms by August 6, the date fixed for the next annual reunion, to which we most cordially invite every Confederate veteran, and especially the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Large crowds

always attend the Fisher's Hill reunions, hardly ever less than five thousand people. It is a day that all the old soldiers and their families and connections designate for sociability, and no business, however important, is allowed to interfere with this gathering. This year the Governor and staff have promised to be present, if public business will permit. Already our able and efficient Quartermaster, Mr. Joseph Funk, is getting ready his famous beef rations, which he alone knows how to prepare. For two months he has been preparing a splendid steer by extra feeding.

Stover Camp never fails to observe two other important occasions every year—namely, the annual decoration of graves, on which occasion a large procession is organized, composed of Veterans, Sons, Daughters, children, etc. The most attractive feature in this parade is thirteen sweet little girls, all in white, with sash, to represent the thirteen states of the Confederacy. The other is the celebration of Gen. R. E. Lee's birthday. On both of these occasions the services of a prominent orator are secured.

## CAMP SAM DAVIS IN TEXAS.

On February 26 the Confederates of Milford, Tex., and vicinity organized a camp, christening it as a monument to the illustrious hero of honor, Sam Davis. The roster of officers and members illustrates how the veterans of Texas have come together from other states. The following is the roster of the camp:

Capt. J. M. Webb, Company E, Seventh Mississippi Cavalry; Lieut. J. W. Jones, Company C, First Tennessee Cavalry; Lieut. W. J. Morgan, Company F, Thirty-Fourth Mississippi Infantry; Lieut. H. P. Young, Company G, Third Texas Cavalry; Adj. Z. T. Bundy, Company F, Ninth Tennessee Cavalry; Surgeon J. R. McFadden, Fifth Arkansas; Color-Bearer J. A. Dillhey, Company H, Twenty-Fourth Tennessee; Chaplain C. L. Carter, Company E, Twelfth Texas Cavalry; C. P. Hoskins, Company A, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry; A. J. Brown, Company I, Forty-Fourth Alabama Infantry; J. C. Clay, Company H, First Mississippi Infantry; M. N. Wray, Company F, Twentieth Tennessee; L. M. Cunningham, Company D, Thirty-Second Georgia Infantry; J. T. McSpadden, Company E, Twelfth Texas Cavalry; W. G. Suggs, quartermaster Texas; L. C. Wright, Company G, First Texas Cavalry; W. T. M. Dickson, Company —, Fifteenth Texas Cavalry; H. C. Haynes, Company G, First Mississippi Cavalry; H. L. Caldwell, Company E, Fifteenth Texas Infantry; N. R. Rutherford, Company C, Brown's Regiment of Cavalry; A. Harrison, Company B, Fifth Tennessee Infantry; W. F. Weekly, Company I, Forty-Sixth Georgia Infantry; J. N. Gunn, Company K, Second Mississippi Cavalry; D. H. Jones, Company I, Second Arkansas Infantry; J. E. Thompson, Company G, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry; A. B. Allen, Company H, Fourth Texas Cavalry; J. D. Singleton, Company E, Ninth Georgia Infantry; E. J. Hughes, Company C, Forty-Second Georgia Infantry; L. L. Leary, commissary Preece's army, Alabama; W. B. Harmon, Company A, Thirty-Second Tennessee Infantry; T. W. Alexander, Company C, Forty-Second Georgia Infantry; S. D. Adams, Company D, Georgia Legion, Army of Northern Virginia.

### THAT HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

The following paper on the Hampton Roads Conference was prepared by Capt. William P. Tolley and presented to Camp Frank Cheatham, of Nashville, Tenn. The camp appointed a committee to investigate the paper, which submitted the report following the paper, and which report, together with the paper of Capt. Tolley, were unanimously adopted by the camp:

RUCKER, TENN., July, 1897.

To Frank Cheatham Camp.

All talk of the possibility of the Confederate authorities securing more favorable terms of peace at this conference, or at any other period of the war, than the unconditional surrender that finally befell our arms is the merest twaddle, were it, indeed, half so innocent as that. To give it any semblance of authority involves the stultification of some of the most renowned historical characters of the war period. Particularly does it so involve Alex H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy, as will be seen in an investigation of the subject. Any utterance contradictory to the official report of the Confederate commissioners by either of these distinguished gentlemen makes him stultify himself, and hence such alleged utterances ought always to be taken with many grains of allowance and misgiving. The truth of what transpired on that occasion can only be learned from the official record. It is herewith submitted at once. The official report of the Confederate commissioners, made immediately on their return to Richmond, is as follows:

"RICHMOND, VA., February 5, 1865.

"To the President of the Confederate States:

"Sir: Under your letter of appointment of the 28th ult., we proceeded to seek an informal conference with Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, upon the subject mentioned in the letter. The conference was granted, and took place on the 3d inst., on board a steamer in Hampton Roads, where we met President Lincoln and the Hon. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States. It continued for several hours, and was both full and explicit.

"We learned from them that the message of President Lincoln to the Congress of the United States, in December last, explains clearly and distinctly his sentiments as to the terms, conditions, and method of proceeding by which peace can be secured to the people, and we were not informed that they would be modified or altered to obtain that end. We understand from him that no terms or proposals of any treaty or agreement looking to an ultimate settlement would be entertained or made by him with the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of their existence as a separate power, which under no circumstances would be done; and for like reasons that no such terms would be entertained by him from the states separately; that no extended truce or armistice (as at present advised) would be granted without a satisfactory assurance in advance of a complete restoration of the authority of the United States over all places within the states of the Confederacy; that whatever consequence may follow from the reestablishment of that authority must be accepted, but that individuals, subject to pains and penalties under the laws of the United States, might rely upon a very liberal use of the power con-

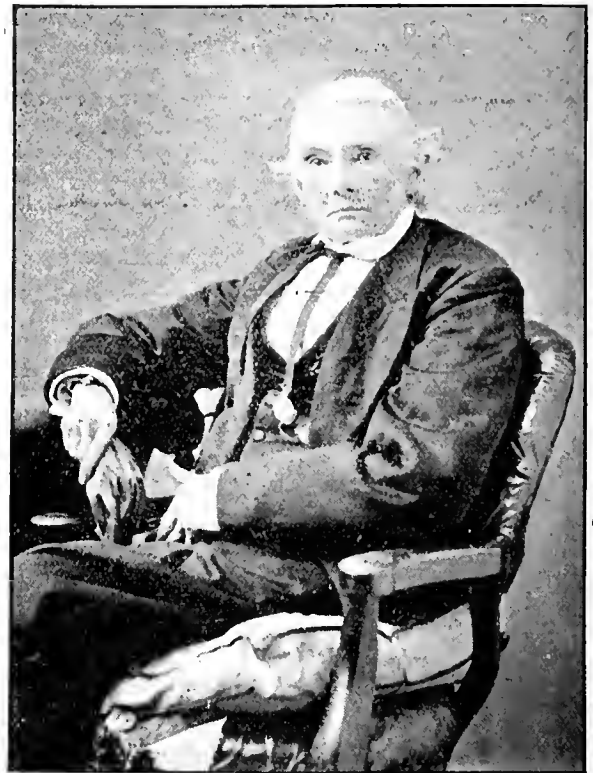
fided to him to remit those pains and penalties if peace be restored.

"During the conference the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States, adopted by Congress on the 31st ult., was brought to our notice. This amendment declares that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crime, should exist within the United States or any place within their jurisdiction, and that Congress should have power to enforce this amendment by appropriate legislation. Of all the correspondence that preceded the conference herein mentioned and leading to the same you have heretofore been informed.

"Very respectfully your obedient servants,

ALEX H. STEPHENS,  
ROBERT M. T. HUNTER,  
JOHN A. CAMPBELL."

Next, as a part of the official record, comes the message of President Lincoln in answer to a resolution of

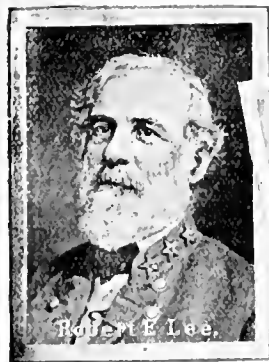


ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. ■ ■ ■

Congress, with which he submitted the whole correspondence that led up to the conference:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, February 10, 1865.

"On the morning of the 3d the gentlemen—Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell—came aboard of our steamer and had an interview with the Secretary of State and myself of several hours' duration. No question of preliminaries to the meeting was then and there made or mentioned. No other person was present. No papers were exchanged or produced, and it was in advance agreed that the conversation was to be informal and verbal merely. On my part the whole substance of the instructions to the Secretary of State, hereinbefore recited, was stated and insisted upon, and nothing



was said inconsistent therewith, while by the other party it was not said that in any event or on any condition they ever would consent to reunion; and yet they equally omitted to declare that they never would so consent. They seemed to desire a postponement of that question and the adoption of some other course first, which, as some of them seemed to argue, might or might not lead to reunion, but which course, we thought, would amount to an indefinite postponement. The conference ended without result. The foregoing, containing, as is believed, all the information sought, is respectfully submitted.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Next, as semi-official at least, comes the account of the conference as given by Secretary of State Seward to Mr. Adams, the minister of the United States to England, written four days after the conference:

"President Lincoln announced to the Confederate commissioners that we can agree to no cessation or suspension of hostilities, except on the basis of disbandment of the insurgent forces and the restoration of the national authority throughout all the states in the Union. Collaterally and in subordination to the proposition which was thus announced the antislavery policy of the United States was reviewed in all its bearings, and the President demanded that he must not be expected to depart from the positions he had heretofore assumed in his proclamations of emancipation and other documents, as these positions were reiterated in his last message."

The instructions to Mr. Seward referred to in the above special message of President Lincoln, to which he says he (Lincoln) adhered in the conference, were given before he had concluded to attend himself, and are embodied in the three following propositions:

1. The restoration of the national authority throughout all the states.
2. No receding by the Executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress and in the preceding documents.
3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and the disbanding of all the forces hostile to the government.

The annual message of President Lincoln referred to in the above instructions to Secretary Seward and in the official report of the Confederate commissioners as containing "the terms, conditions, and method of proceeding by which peace can be secured to the people"

is the message of December 6, 1864. The terms therein set forth are those of absolute and unconditional surrender, as will be seen from the following extracts:

"They (the insurgents) can at any moment have peace simply by laying down their arms and submitting to the national authority under the constitution."

"In presenting the abandonment of armed resistance to the national authority on the part of the insurgents as the only indispensable condition of ending the war on the part of the government, I retract nothing heretofore said as to slavery. I repeat the declaration made a year ago: that while I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the emancipation proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation or by any of the acts of Congress."

"In stating a single condition of peace I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it."

With this message before the writer, all scrutiny is challenged to find one word inconsistent with or contradictory to these extracts, from the beginning to the end of it.



COMRADE C. W. MOTES, ATLANTA, GA.

Before leaving this part of the subject, special attention is called to the most significant feature of this whole record. It is that remarkable passage in the report of the Confederate commissioners to President Davis, in which the startling fact is disclosed that in no event would any sort of terms of peace be even entertained by Mr. Lincoln as coming from the commissioners; he would neither treat with the Confederate States nor any of the states thereof separately; that the whole affair was informal, and in no wise binding. It is in the following language:

"We understand from him (President Lincoln) that no terms or proposals of any treaty or agreement looking to an ultimate settlement would be entertained or made by him with the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of their existence as a separate power, which, under no circumstances, would be done; and, for like reasons, that no such terms would be entertained by him from the states separately; that no extended truce or armistice (as at present advised) would be granted, without a satisfactory assurance in advance of a complete restoration of the authority of the United States over all places within the states of the Confederacy."

And the last clause of the sentence also closes the door against even a truce or armistice, a temporary suspension of hostilities, except upon the assurance, given beforehand, of an unconditional surrender of the Confederate armies; nor would they as much as grant a military convention. Overtures to this effect were made by Gen. Ord, of the Federal army, commanding below Richmond, to Gen. Longstreet, commanding on the Confederate side, soon after the Hampton Roads affair, when President Davis promptly granted to Gen. Lee the authority for holding such convention, and it was declined by Gen. Grant. The authority for this statement is found on pages 621 and 622, second volume of "The War between the States," by Alex. H. Stephens. The official report of the Confederate commissioners to President Davis is found on 792 of the same work; the special message of President Lincoln on page 802, and accompanying documents on pages 793 to 802 inclusive; the instructions given to Secretary Seward, on page 798; and Mr. Seward's letter to Minister Adams may be found on pages 570, 571 of McPherson's "History of the Rebellion," as he calls it. Mr. Stephens' account in full of the Hampton Roads Conference is on pages 576 to 622 of his "War between the States," second volume.

Now let all these authorities, so easily accessible to everybody, be carefully read and rigidly scrutinized by every impartial inquirer for historical truth; and for every such a one, a premium is hereby offered who fails to discern the utter impossibility of there being any truth in or decent pretext for all such wild reports as that Mr. Lincoln "offered to write 'Union' at the top of the paper and allow Mr. Stephens to write his own terms of peace under it," or that \$400,000,000 was offered in payment for the slaves, or could, in any event, have been secured as the price of our return to the Union, or anything, at any time, short of unconditional surrender. If there is any hypothesis or margin to predicate any of these stories on, then indeed are the most solemn averments of the most distinguished historical characters utterly worthless in establishing or ascertaining historical truth, the most authentic records are without any sort of value to the student of history, or the plainest language is without meaning.

But, going outside of the record, the authentic account, let us examine the irresponsible testimony relied on to sustain these stories designed to canonize or deify Mr. Lincoln. The most prominent of these stories is that alleged to have been told by Mr. Stephens concerning the writing at the top of the paper the word "Union," etc. The story, as they have Mr. Stephens telling it, runs:

"After we had returned to the saloon Mr. Lincoln was very talkative and pleasant. . . . After a while I joined him, and we went apart from the others and sat down at a small table where there was writing-material," etc.

Now Mr. Stephens precludes all possibility of the truth of this statement in the very full account he gives of what transpired at the conference in his "War between the States." He says: "The interview took place in the saloon of the steamer, on board of which were Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, and which lay at anchor near Fortress Monroe. The commissioners were conducted into the saloon first. Soon after Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward entered." This is on page 593 of the second volume. On page 618 he says: "The parties then took formal and friendly leave of each other, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward withdrawing from the saloon together. Col. Babcock, our escort, soon came in to conduct us back to the steamer on which we came."

There is not the slightest intimation of any absence from the saloon of the steamer after they had assem-



bled there so there could have been any returning thereto by any of the parties to the conference. The discussion was continuous and uninterrupted from the time it commenced until the close of the conference, except when "water, cigars, and other refreshments were occasionally brought in by a colored servant," as Mr. Stephens says. There is no time or place allowed in Mr. Stephens' account for him and Mr. Lincoln to have gone apart from the others. The actual events that occurred contradict the story, as well as the terms laid down by Mr. Lincoln at the outset.

The whole question of what took place in the conference and the possibility of securing other terms than those of absolute and unconditional surrender is concluded in the summation of Mr. Hunter, who "went into a sort of recapitulation of the subjects talked of in the interview and the conclusions which seemed to be deducible from them, which amounted to nothing as a basis of peace, in his judgment, but an unconditional surrender on the part of the Confederate States and their people. There could be no agreement, no treaty, nor even any stipulation as to terms—nothing but unconditional submission." Of course the wily Seward protested against the term "unconditional submission," but no impartial reader of the story—as told by Mr. Stephens—can escape the conclusion that they are strictly apropos.

The much-vaunted proposition to pay \$400,000,000 indemnity for the slaves—which has been very late coming to light—alleged to have been made by Lincoln to his cabinet, to be submitted to Congress, but which never got any farther than the cabinet, can cut no figure in this controversy nor in any wise affect the issue, which is as to whether the "South might have obtained advantageous terms of peace within less than sixty days of the total collapse of the Confederacy," the assertion to that effect being based on the assumption that "Mr. Lincoln was eager to make peace with the Union restored and slavery abolished, and to pay \$400,000,000 of indemnity," because such a proposition was never even intimated to the Confederate authorities at the Hampton Roads conference nor on any other occasion; but on this and all other occasions terms were always peremptorily demanded that precluded the possibility of any such settlement, as has been shown in the official record hereinbefore submitted. The only "intimation" of anything to the contrary in it all was in what Lincoln said, as recorded on page 617 of second volume of "War between the States," given as his own individual views without official or other binding effect. "He went on to say that he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the Southern people for their slaves." "He knew some who were in favor of an appropriation as high as \$400,000,000 for this purpose." "But on this subject he could give no assurance, enter into no stipulation. He barely expressed his own feelings and views, and what he believed to be the views of others upon the subject." If this proposition was ever submitted by Lincoln to his cabinet, which it is not claimed ever got any farther, he changed his views very much in the four or five days between the time alleged when he made it and the 10th of February, 1865, the date of his special message to Congress, in which he informed Congress that he adhered rigidly to the three propositions contained in his instructions to Secretary Seward, both of which—spe-

cial message and the instructions to Seward—are given above. Reader, turn back to them and reread them:

"The proper conclusion of this whole matter is rendered clear when it is remembered that the conference was brought about by representations made by one Francis P. Blair, Sr., a prominent citizen on the Northern side, who stood in somewhat close personal relations to Mr. Lincoln, to the effect that at that juncture of affairs, early in 1865, a discussion between persons representing the opposing parties to the war might lead to a settlement. Mr. Davis—being ever ready to compose the trouble and bring back peace to the country, as he and the whole South had always desired peace, before, during, and after the war—readily consented to depute persons to meet those similarly authorized by Mr. Lincoln. The conference on the part of the Confederates was merely tentative to ascertain the views of the Federal authorities. There was no occasion for them to go there clothed with authority to submit propositions. We were in a situation only to hear the other side. If there had been any disposition on the part of the Federal authorities to allow any sort of terms short of a complete surrender of all that was at issue, who doubts that Mr. Davis would have submitted the information to the Confederate Congress, so they could have acted upon it, and the country would have had the full benefit of any such disposition on the Federal side. Mr. Davis' official oath and obligation as President of the Confederacy bound him to continue the struggle for our independence as long as there was an organized army in the field. Not so with the Congress, however; they were clothed with a much larger discretion than he was. And who doubts that the information would have gone to them, with Mr. Stephens as one of our commissioners, if any had ever come to the latter, that there was a possibility of the South obtaining advantageous terms of peace within sixty days before the final collapse?"

"The correct position of the Confederate commissioners in these premises can be seen in the following language employed by them in a note to Maj. Eckert, aide-de-camp to Gen. Grant, of February 1, 1865, while negotiating for a passport and safe conduct within the Federal lines, for the purpose of meeting Mr. Lincoln or such persons as he might send to hold the conference with them. The substantial object to be attained by the informal conference is to ascertain upon what terms the existing war can be terminated honorably. Our instructions contemplated a personal interview between President Lincoln and ourselves at Washington; but with this explanation we are ready to meet any person or persons that President Lincoln may appoint, at such place as he may designate. Our



earnest desire is that a just and honorable peace may be agreed upon, and we are prepared to receive or submit propositions which may possibly lead to that end.

ALEX. H. STEPHENS,  
ROBERT M. T. HUNTER,  
J. A. CAMPBELL."

In a note to the same officer, of date February 2, 1865, they say: "It is our earnest wish to ascertain, after a free interchange of ideas and information, upon what principles and terms, if any, a just and honorable peace can be established without the further effusion of blood, and to contribute our utmost efforts to accomplish such a result."

It may popularize Watterson's lecture or his proposed book on Lincoln among the people of the North, where he knows the shekels be, to twaddle this stuff to Lincoln's glorification above all contemporaries, in humanity and all the higher and nobler qualities; but the Southern people will look well to the truth of history before they shout hosannas to his memory for sentiments of humane considerations toward them that never could find expression or any sort of manifestation in a way they ever got any benefit therefrom, notwithstanding the splendid opportunity that offered for such expression at the Hampton Roads conference; and they know from official facts in the case that there was no such expression on that occasion, and all that remained to them was to fight it out to the only honorable end left to them.

WILLIAM P. TOLLEY.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE TO FRANK CHEATHAM CAMP.

To Frank Cheatham Camp No. 35, U. C. V.:

We, your committee appointed to investigate the acts and doings of the Hampton Roads conference, would respectfully report that we have read all of the standard authorities on the subject and laboriously scrutinized and studied them. Among the authorities are: "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," by Mr. President Jefferson Davis; "The History of the United States," by Hon. Alexander H. Stephens; the address of the Hon. John H. Reagan, delivered before the convention of the United Confederate Veterans held in Nashville on June 22, 1897; the paper prepared by Hon. William P. Tolley, and more recently heard the address of Hon. A. S. Colyar. From said authorities we are fully convinced that the statement prepared by Hon. William P. Tolley is a true and correct history of the conference; that there never was submitted by Mr. Lincoln any proposition that was not coupled with the unconditional surrender of the Confederate armies; that Mr. Lincoln never offered to pay for the negroes of the South, but that he said, "If we would surrender unconditionally, a large number of people in the North would be willing to pay for them"—a proposition wholly unsustained by the record of the people of the North and utterly untenable; that he never said to Mr. Stephens, "Let me write 'Union' at the top of the page, and you can write what you please below it;" and that the Confederate commissioners at said conference did everything honorable men could have done as the representatives of a "nation that rose so white and fair and fell so free of crime."

We therefore present the following resolutions, and move their adoption:

*Resolved:* 1. That Camp Frank Cheatham No. 35 fully and unequivocally endorses the statement prepared

by Comrade William P. Tolley, and urges its adoption by the United Confederate Veterans.

2. That our delegates to the convention of the United Confederate Veterans to be held in Atlanta, Ga., in July next, be and they are hereby instructed to present said statement, together with this report, to said convention, and urge their adoption.

The committee is composed of W. J. McMurray, Chairman; John P. Hickman, Ralph J. Neal, S. A. Cunningham.



CAPT. W. P. TOLLEY.

Comrade Tolley has been zealous for years to have the important truths embodied herein established. He is credited with the raising of the first company in Tennessee for the Confederate States army. In the drawing for letters it became E. of the First Tennessee, in the Virginia army, commanded by Col. Turney. Capt. Tolley was disabled at Gaines Mill, in front of Richmond, in 1862. He returned to service in the cavalry before he could dispense with a crutch.

The Mary Custis Lee Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy is fittingly named, for Mary Custis Lee was worthy to be the wife of the man of marvelous moral grandeur, on whose strong arm and heroic heart she leaned as they walked their way through the sorrows as well as the sunshine of life—a help and inspiration to each other. It was proposed and organized by the President and Vice-President of the first chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy in the state of Virginia at 220 North Washington Street, Alexandria, Va. We hope our Southern sisters will take a deep interest in making it a success, that the children may work for and help all true soldiers who may be in their midst in the coming struggle.

## SKETCHES OF U. C. V. COMMANDERS.

GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee is so prominent in all Confederate matters that we make liberal extracts from the "National Cyclopaedia of American Biography:"



GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

Stephen D. Lee, soldier, was born in Charleston, S. C., September 22, 1833. During the Revolutionary war his great-grandfather, William Lee, was one of the forty principal citizens of Charleston confined on prison ship and sent to St. Augustine, Fla., after the city was occupied by the British. His grandfather, Judge Thomas Lee, was United States judge for South Carolina during President Monroe's administration, presided during the nullification difficulties, and was a strong Union man.

Gen. S. D. Lee, upon his graduation in 1854 from the United States Military Academy at West Point, was assigned to the Fourth Artillery, where he was first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster until 1861, when he resigned to cast his lot with the South in the civil war. As aide-de-camp to Gen. Beauregard, he and Col. Chestnut carried the summons to Maj. Anderson, demanding the surrender of the fort, and later, when Anderson declined, they carried the order to open fire on the fort. Afterward he went to Virginia in command of the light battery of Hampton's South Carolina Legion. He was in several fights with Federal gunboats on the Potomac; was promoted major of artillery November, 1861, lieutenant-colonel and colonel of artillery; was with Gen. Johnston in peninsular campaign and in the battles around Richmond. He took part in the battles of Seven Pines, Savage Station, and Mal-

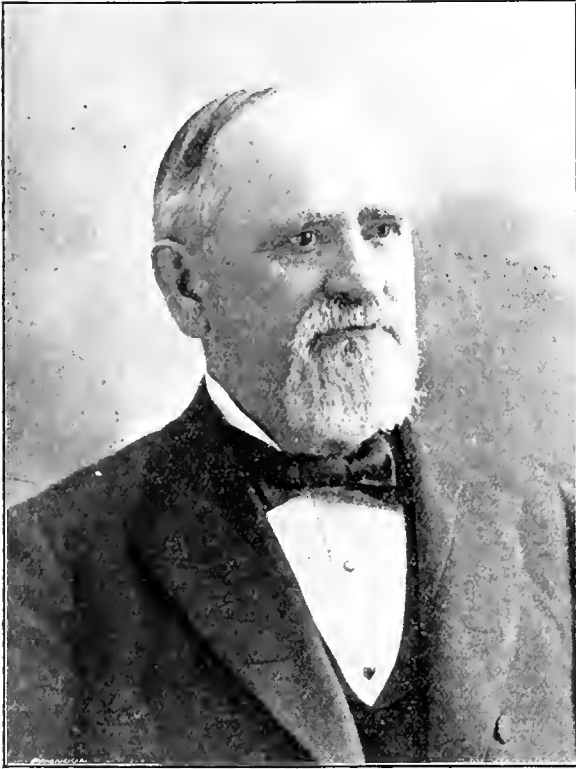
vern Hill; commanded the Fourth Virginia Cavalry for six weeks, as all the field-officers were wounded; was complimented by Gen. Robt. E. Lee for activity and gallantry; and commanded a battalion of artillery in Gen. Lee's army in the campaign against Gen. Pope. His services at the battle of second Manassas or Bull Run were brilliant, and attracted the attention of the entire army. At Antietam he did conspicuous service, for which he was made brigadier-general November 6th, 1863, and ordered by President Davis to Vicksburg, Miss., to take command of the garrison and batteries holding the Mississippi River at that point. Here he was signally successful in many important engagements, notably at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, and subsequently in the battle of Baker's Creek or Champion Hills, where he was highly complimented for gallantry. He commanded a part of the entrenchments in Vicksburg near the railroad cut, and immediately after the fall of that city was exchanged, promoted major-general August 3, 1863, and placed in command of all the cavalry in Mississippi, Alabama, West Tennessee, and East Louisiana. When Sherman marched from Vicksburg to Meridian, Miss., with an army of 30,000 men, Gen. Lee hung on his front, rear, and flanks with a cavalry force of 2,500 men. When Gen. Polk was sent from Mississippi to reinforce the Confederate army at Dalton, Ga., Gen. Lee was promoted to lieutenant-general, June 23, 1864, and assigned to the command of the Department of Mississippi, Alabama, West Tennessee, and East Louisiana. After the battle of Harrisburg, or Tupelo, Miss., Gen. Lee was ordered to Atlanta, Ga., and assigned to the command of Hood's old corps of infantry, Hood having relieved Gen. Johnston in command of the Army of Tennessee. Here he was engaged in the battle of July 28 on the left of Atlanta; was also in the battle of Jonesboro, south of Atlanta, and subsequently accompanied Gen. Hood in his flank movement around Atlanta and north as far as Resaca, and then into Tennessee via Tuscumbia, Ala. When the battle of Nashville was fought and Hood badly routed, Lee's Corps held and repulsed the enemy at Overton Hill, and in the disaster his corps was the only one organized for three days after the rout. He was wounded while with the rear-guard late in the afternoon of the day after this battle. As soon as Gen. Lee had sufficiently recovered he resumed command of his corps in North Carolina, and surrendered with the Confederate army commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

In February, 1865, Gen. Lee married Regina Harrison, of Columbus, Miss. He has but one child, Blewett Lee. Since the war Gen. Lee has labored constantly and energetically to build up the waste places of the South. By profession he is a planter, and is now President of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College. He has had charge of the college since its opening, in 1880, his administration having been most successful. Gen. Lee has never aspired to political office. He has twice been called into politics—once as State Senator, and afterward as a member of the last constitutional convention, which framed the present constitution of Mississippi.

It becomes necessary to defer until report of reunion in August the greater part of sketches of commanders, staff-officers, sponsors, etc. Many engravings are made and the August number promises to be unusually attractive.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN J. HORNER, HELENA, ARK.

Gen. Horner, Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., is a native of West Virginia. His parents removed to Arkansas when he was an infant, and located at Helena, which has ever since been his home. His father was the late Judge John Sidney Horner and his mother, Elizabeth Johnson, was the daughter of Gov. Joseph Johnson, of Virginia.



GEN. JOHN J. HORNER.

Gen. Horner was educated at Columbia, Tenn., and admitted to the Helena bar just before the great war. Early in 1862 he raised a company and reported at Little Rock, where he was assigned to the artillery arm of the service, and was on duty at DeVall's Bluff until the Federals left White River. After that he was promoted to major. He was with Parsons in the fight by L. Auguillde River. He subsequently had charge of a conscript bureau, and had general charge of law and order duties in lawless regions.

In June, 1863, when the advance upon Helena had been determined upon, at Gen. Price's request he was assigned to duty on his staff as inspector-general, and participated in the battle of Helena, on July 4, 1863. After the evacuation of Little Rock, in the fall of 1863, Maj. Horner was detached from Gen. Price's staff, and ordered by Gen. Holmes to report to Gen. Kirby Smith for duty in conscript department of Texas. Failing to get this order revoked, he resigned, and a few months later was commissioned by President Davis, and assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. Tappan as inspector-general. He was with Gen. Tappan at the battles of Pleasant Hill and Jenkin's Ferry, and in the spring of 1865 was promoted and assigned to duty

as inspector-general on Gen. Churchhill's staff, with whom he served until his surrender at Shreveport.

Returning to Helena after the war, Maj. Horner resumed the practise of law in partnership with Gen. Tappan, and was recognized as one of the ablest lawyers in the state. With the years came financial success, and he soon became identified with the leading enterprises in his section. As attorney for the Arkansas Midland Railroad at a time when its fortunes were very low and harassed by litigation on all sides, after a series of legal battles lasting through fifteen years, he succeeded in freeing it from all complications and making it a first-class road. His reward was an interest in that thriving corporation, of which he is now Vice-President and General Manager. Maj. Horner is also President of the Bank of Helena, President of the Helena Gas Company, and is identified with almost every substantial enterprise in Helena.

The cause of the Confederate veteran appealed to him quite early, and he was identified in a substantial way with the movement that resulted in making Helena the leading Confederate monument city of that state. His time, capacity, and purse are at all times at the service of his comrades. Gen. Horner was the Commander of Samuel Corley Camp of Helena for two years, and was unanimously elected Commander of the Arkansas Division at its last annual meeting, to succeed Gen. Robert C. Shaver.

Miss Hedwig Penzel, of Little Rock, Ark., is sponsor of her state. She is the daughter of Charles F. Penzel, of Little Rock, and a native of that city. Mr. Penzel entered the Confederate army in 1861, enlisting as a private in the company commanded by Gordon N. Peay, which company became a part of the



Sixth Arkansas Regiment. He served his country faithfully. After the surrender he returned to Little Rock, engaged in mercantile pursuits, and soon took front rank among the commercial men of his progressive city. True to every duty in life, Mr. Penzel enjoys the confidence of all who know him. He is now President of the Exchange National Bank.



MAJ.-GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Maj.-Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., has had a most fortunate career as Commander of one of the largest divisions of the U. C. V. When he was elected the division had not thirty active camps, and it now has about one hundred and twenty; it has been quadrupled. This is largely due to the spirit he inspired into it, which awakened the energies of many assistants, who pushed the good work of bringing the veterans into the membership of the U. C. V. No one man could do such work directly, but Gen. Walker was the moving, animating spirit which brought these energies and this work into useful life.



He is a Charlestonian by birth, and his education was completed in the South Carolina Military Academy. The war broke out about the time of his graduation, and immediately after bearing away the honors of his class he gave his services to his state and his country. As a cadet he had seen service at the time the first shot of the war was fired, when the "Star of the West" attempted to enter Charleston Harbor, in January, 1861. After serving as drill-master to several organizations of volunteers he was appointed adjutant, with the rank of captain, of the Tenth South Carolina Regiment, which regiment was one of the first that volunteered from South Carolina. His colonel was most of the time in command of a department or a brigade, so his services were largely as adjutant general.

On Gen. Manigault's promotion he was made adjutant-general of his brigade, serving with such distinction that when a vacancy was to be filled in the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Tenth South Carolina Regiment at the age of only twenty-two he was offered the position. All the company officers of the regiment, who had fought with him and served with him for nearly three years, paid him the very high and worthy tribute of waiving rank to him, that he might be promoted over them.

Within a week of Lieut.-Col. Walker's joining the regiment its gallant Col. Pressley was almost fatally wounded on the enemy's breastworks in the charge in front of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, when the Tenth South Carolina Regiment captured Battery A, First Illinois Artillery, and which success led to the further capture of the famous De Gress Battery by Manigault's Brigade. This threw Col. Walker in command of the regiment, which he held, except when absent from wounds, until the final surrender with Johnston.

He has been intimately identified in all movements in the state looking to the perpetuation of the memo-

ries of our heroic struggle. He was one of the original members of the Survivors' Association of Charleston, one of the first, if not the first, organizations of this character formed in the South. When it joined the U. C. V. as Camp Sumter the distinguished services of Col. Walker to the Confederacy when a mere boy and his interest in everything Confederate was acknowledged by his comrades, and he was first made one of the Brigade Commanders of the South Carolina Division and then unanimously elected Commander of the division. He has been unanimously reelected three times, and the comrades in South Carolina do not mean to give him up.

Returning from the army, he entered business, and for many years has been at the head of the extensive business of the Walker, Evans, & Cogswell Company, well known all over the South. He has been prominent in all movements for the good of his city and state which were not of a political nature. He has religiously eschewed politics. The reopening of his alma mater, the South Carolina Military Academy, was largely achieved by his persistent and faithful efforts, and is known as the West Point of the South. No man in the city or state is more highly esteemed.



MISS EMMIE SWEET JAMES,  
Sponsor for South Carolina at the Atlanta Reunion.

MAJ.-GEN. A. J. VAUGHAN, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Gen. A. J. Vaughan, a native of Dinwiddie County, Va., was born May 10, 1830. He graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1851, captain of Company A, and chose civil engineering as his profession. He was appointed Deputy United States Surveyor under Col. Jack Hays, of California, and assigned to work in Southern California, then occupied by roaming bands of Indians, where, cut off from civilized people and surrounded by wild and hostile Indians, carrying his life in his own hands, he acquired that hardness



GEN. A. J. VAUGHAN.

of nerve and fine physique which served him well in after-life. In 1855 he was appointed Private Secretary to Col. Alfred Cummings, of Georgia, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, who had been commissioned by the government to make a treaty with the Black Feet and other tribes of Indians for the right of way for the Northern Pacific Railroad. In 1856 he married Miss Martha J. Hardaway, of Virginia, and located on a farm in Marshall County, Miss.

Gen. Vaughan was opposed to secession, but when Virginia and Mississippi went out of the Union he raised a company near his home and tendered it to the Governor; but, as it could not be armed, he disbanded it and joined the Dixie Rifles at Moscow, Tenn., as a private. He was soon elected captain, however, and at the organization of the Thirteenth Regiment of Tennessee Infantry he was elected lieutenant-colonel. After the battle of Belmont he was elected colonel, in which capacity he served until the battle of Chickamauga, when he was promoted to brigadier-general by President Davis for services in that battle.

Gen. Vaughan was in every battle of the West fought by Gens. Leonidas Polk, Albert Sidney Johnston, Braxton Bragg, and Joseph E. Johnston, including those of Belmont, Shiloh, Richmond (Ky.), Perry-

ville, Murfreesboro (or Stone River), Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and all the fights and skirmishes from Dalton, Ga., to Vining Station, below Marietta, where he lost a leg on the 4th of July, 1864. During these battles he had eight horses shot under him, but was never wounded till he lost his leg. He was paroled with Forrest's cavalry at Gainesville, Ala.

In 1871, when the grange movement was sweeping over the country, he was elected Master of the State Grange of Mississippi, and organized the State Granges of Tennessee and Arkansas. In 1873 he moved to Memphis, Tenn., and was elected Clerk of the Criminal Court of Shelby County. He was again elected in 1882. This is the only civil position he ever held.

Gen. Vaughan was a strict disciplinarian and possessed of physical courage so lofty that his men instinctively looked for him in the front when there was danger, yet he never engaged in a personal difficulty.

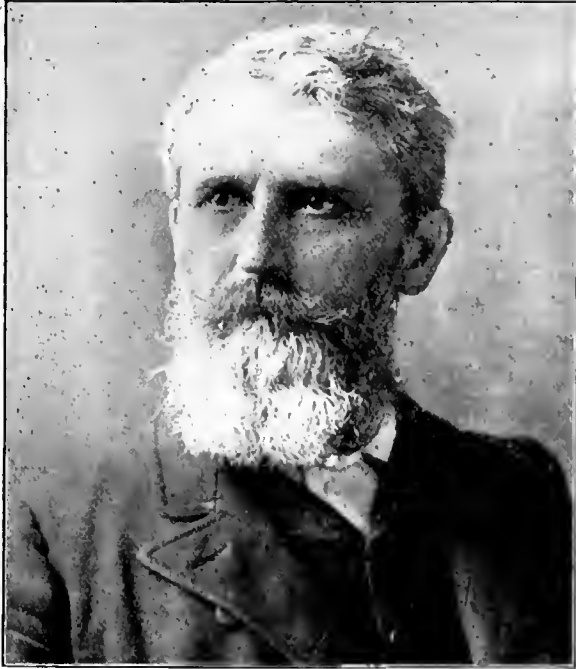
In 1896 he was elected Brigadier-General of the Second Brigade of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., and in 1897 he was unanimously elected Major-General of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., which position he now holds.



MISS KATE THOMPSON,  
Maid of Honor for Tennessee at the Atlanta Reunion.

R. T. Mockbee, Memphis, Tenn.: "Please publish for the information of survivors of Company B, Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, that our former captain, H. H. Averitt, spent the last years of his life in this city. He married about 1882, and died in 1886. His last illness was caused by old wounds, received at Petersburg, Va., resulting in blood poison. I recently placed some flowers on his grave, in Elmwood Cemetery, in remembrance of an old comrade who rose from the ranks to captain of his company, and who was as true and brave a soldier as ever carried a musket or drew a sword under Lee. His widow now resides in Nashville, Tenn., 513 Russell Street."

D. C. Kelley entered the Confederate army in 1861 with N. B. Forrest, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., at the close of the war, his parole registering his rank as "colonel commanding Forrest's old regiment of cavalry." This regiment was regarded by Forrest as his "right arm of power" from first to last. Its commander is spoken of by Lord Wolseley, in a sketch of



by a rapid gallop he threw himself between the Federal cavalry and the rear of the army, then passing Brentwood. The Federal authorities vary as to the number of cavalry thus held in check. Some estimate the number as high as fourteen thousand. Had this body struck Hood's flank at the hour his command was received by Col. Kelley, half Hood's army would never have crossed Harpeth River. Col. Kelley preached every Sunday when in camp, and while a member of Forrest's military family blessing was always invoked.

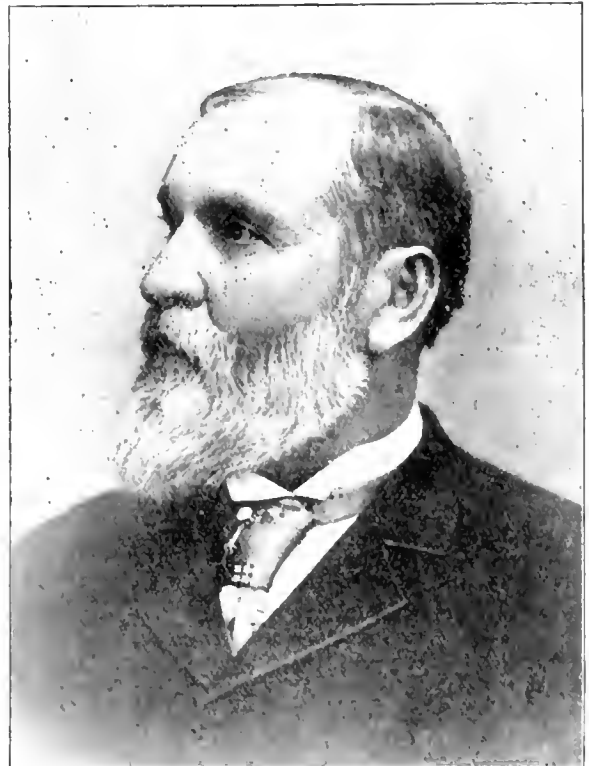
In absence of Maj.-Gen. Lyons, First Brigadier-General D. C. Kelley will be in command of Forrest's cavalry organization in the C. S. A. reunion at Atlanta.

Gen. J. B. Briggs is a native of Franklin, Tenn., and was born November 20, 1842. Early in the war he joined Col. J. W. Starnes's Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's Brigade. He was soon appointed quartermaster-sergeant and then quartermaster of the regiment, later on of the brigade. Gen. Briggs was with Forrest at the siege of Knoxville, Tenn., and with Gen. Dibrell at the surrender at Washington, Ga., May 12, 1865, where he paid off the brigade with the last gold and silver in the Confederate treasury, paying each man \$26.25—officer and private the same. Since the war he has been a banker at Russellville, Ky., where he now resides. Several years ago he organized the J. W. Caldwell Camp No. 130, U. C. V., at Russellville, and is yet its Commander. Several years ago he was appointed General commanding the First Kentucky Brigade, U. C. V. At the Richmond reunion he was elected the Kentucky trustee of the Confederate Me-

Forrest, thus: "His second in command, D. C. Kelley, was as brave a man as ever smelled gunpowder."

Col. Kelley participated in seven great battles, beginning with Fort Donelson and ending with the battle of Nashville. He was under fire in more than sixty skirmishes, in seven of which, as brigade commander, he handled with eminent success artillery, cavalry, and infantry. Only once was he unsuccessful in fourteen engagements when in independent command.

Perhaps his most important service was at the close of the battle of Nashville. The soldiers under his command had been engaged in the first day of battle on the extreme left of the Confederate line constantly and successfully from 9 A.M. to 8 P.M. The line had been broken between his right and the left flank of the infantry, so that the night was spent in a most difficult march. Daylight dawned as he made good his connection with the left of Hood's infantry on the Hillsboro pike. The command was actively engaged during the greater part of the day. About 4 P.M. an order from Gen. Hood was handed him, which read: "The army is in full retreat; hold the enemy off my flank at all hazard." The brigade which Col. Kelley commanded had by this time been reduced to less than one thousand men. Dismounting all but two squadrons, which he placed on either flank, he threw his command across the Granny White pike just in time to meet and repel the fierce charge of the enemy's cavalry. For three fateful hours, until night had closed in, he held this position, rolling back onset after onset of the opposing force, until he found his command nearly surrounded in the darkness. Then, mounting his men,



morial Association (or Battle Abbey), and at the Look-out Mountain meeting was appointed one of the five of the Executive Committee. He holds all of these offices at present. He is an enthusiastic U. C. V.

### OCTOBER VETERAN FOR THE DAUGHTERS.

So many things of special importance and interest to Daughters of the Confederacy are in hand that it is determined to devote the October VETERAN specially to the cause of United Daughters. It will be a fine issue in paper and engravings, and it is expected to be the most creditable periodical to Southern womanhood ever published. Will the Daughters of every chapter in existence begin now to make a correct showing of what they have done and are doing in the great cause in which they have enlisted? Looking to that special number, sketches of Georgia Daughters designed for this issue will be reserved, while some excellent engravings will appear in this number, because of Georgia's interest at this time.

One of our most enthusiastic camps is in Dekalb County, Ga., called the Clement A. Evans Camp, in honor of that Georgia Confederate general. Recently the camp assembled in full strength in a large hall in the beautiful town of Decatur, a great number of Sons, Daughters, and Children of the Confederacy and of



MISS SARAH LEE EVANS, ATLANTA, GA.

other prominent citizens being present to participate in the ceremonies of presenting an elegant banner to the camp by Mrs. Clement A. Evans, whose attachment to the county grows out of her long residence in it, and whose devotion to Confederate soldiers is unexcelled.

The hall was beautifully decorated and the music was inspiring. Mr. Henden Hallman, the son of a Confed-

erate soldier, a brilliant young lawyer, made a fine introductory speech in presenting to the audience little Miss Sarah Lee Evans, daughter of Gen. and Mrs. Evans, who is said to be the youngest daughter of a Confederate general. Sarah Lee gracefully presented the flag in a brief little speech. A happy response was made by Judge H. C. Jones, the Commander of the camp. The entire occasion was full of enthusiasm.

The camp will parade three hundred strong, in uniform, during the reunion, bearing their banner and the old battle-flag over them.

### THE CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

"Corp." James Tanner, who lost both feet in the service of the Union, commends a very kindly editorial of the *Washington Post* on the subject of returning Confederate flags, and adds: "In a Memorial Day address delivered at Rochester, N. Y., on the evening of the 29th ult. before a great audience, made up in part of three posts of the Grand Army and a camp of Sons of Veterans, I pledged myself to offer a resolution at the next meeting of the national body of the Grand Army at Cincinnati next fall favoring such action, and the statement was greeted with a storm of applause. Ensign Bagley, the first to fall under the flag of a reunited country, was laid at rest in the soil of the Tareheel State by the side of his father, who followed the stars and bars from 1861 to 1865. It is safe to say that the father of such a son was a brave soldier wherever he fought. Now father and son rest in dreamless sleep under the one flag that floats over the whole land, and the son's heroism has given greater luster to its folds. It seems to me impossible that the people of the South should regard the flag under which their sons died with aught but veneration. The stars and stripes have gathered in their folds so much glory that brave men need not begrudge all the glory of endurance and achievement by valor that can justly be claimed for the late emblem of the late Confederacy. Thank God we have lived to see the day when all the land is cheering the old flag, now the only flag representing this great republic! With all my heart I say, Let us give them back their flags. They stood by them so bravely that we who captured them can well afford to see our late opponents treasure them as sacred relics. Bagley and Hobson have pointed the way for the new generation."

A committee of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, consisting of Messrs. Hugh R. Garden, Thomas R. Price, and Clarence Cary, to which was referred the preparation of a resolution touching the disposition of the Confederate flags, submitted the following as a suggestion to be offered by the camp for the consideration of the various Grand Army Posts, Confederate Veteran Camps, and all others interested in the subject of the return of our captured war emblems, recently advocated by Senator Foraker: "That such action is wise, patriotic, and timely, and that not only the captured flags, but all such emblems and trophies of either side in the war between the states as may be offered from any quarter, should properly be collected and lodged in a national depository at Washington, under appropriate legislation of Congress providing for their careful preservation and identification, 'as a source of inspiration to those future generations of American citizens who are to continue and defend our now united and mighty nation.'"

## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, }  
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 307, Charleston, S. C.

### ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT C. NORFLEET, COMMANDER, }  
GARLAND E. WEBB, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 123, Winston, N. C.

### ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

T. LEIGH THOMPSON, COMMANDER, Lewi-sburg, Tenn.

### TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

W. C. SAUNDERS, COMMANDER, }  
J. H. BOWMAN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 151, Belton, Tex.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organization of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth, S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

We give a sketch of the Federation of United Sons of Confederate Veterans, in order that all the young men of the South may be fully acquainted with its purposes.

"In union there is strength," and by the concentration of separate energies more work and better results can be accomplished; hence the uniting of all camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans into one federation. The United Sons of Confederate Veterans commend its organization to all the sons of the South. Its purpose is lofty and its aim is pure: to collect and preserve the true and unbiased history of the Southern soldiers in the Confederate war, to extend to needy widows and orphans of these men the kindly hand of charity, to erect monuments to the gray, and to mark all graves of our heroes. Can any society have nobler objects?

The formation of this federation had been agitated at the time of the Houston reunion of the Confederate veterans, but, through lack of support, it did not succeed. In June, 1896, the members of the R. E. Lee Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Richmond, Va., sent out a circular "to all Confederate veterans, to all sons of Confederate veterans, and to all who revere the noble and generous sacrifices of the Southern soldiers," in which they said: "Believing that a general federation of Sons of Confederate Veterans is absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of the cherished purposes that every one to whom this circular is addressed is singly laboring to carry out, R. E. Lee Camp issues a call for such federation at the time of the reunion in Richmond." In this circular was given an outline of the proposed federation. It met with hearty response from the camps of Sons then in existence and the most cordial commendation at the hands of all Confederate camps.

On June 30, 1896, about forty delegates of Sons of Confederate Veterans met in Richmond, Va., with the earnest purpose to arrange for the formation of such a federation. Mr. J. E. B. Stuart, son of the famous cavalry leader, was elected temporary chairman, and an organization was established on a business basis. Twenty-four camps and societies of Sons of Veterans were represented there by delegates. The temporary formation was made permanent and the name "United Sons of Confederate Veterans" chosen. A constitu-

tion was adopted and the following officers were elected: J. E. B. Stuart, Commander-in-Chief, Richmond, Va.; Robert A. Smyth, Commander Northern Virginia Department, Charleston, S. C.; J. L. Harde- man, Commander Army of Tennessee Department, Macon, Ga. E. P. Cox, of Richmond, Va., was then appointed Adjutant-General by Commander Stuart.

The constitution provided that the federation should perpetuate in its organization the plan of the Confederate army by being divided into three departments: Army of Northern Virginia Department, comprising the states of Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky; the Army of Tennessee Department, including Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida; the Trans-Mississippi Department, including the states west of the Mississippi, except Louisiana. Each state was designated a division, and the subdivision of the states into brigades.

The meeting in Richmond was most enthusiastic, and it was believed that the growth of the new federation would progress rapidly throughout the South during the next year. However, the work of the succeed-



MRS. C. HELEN PLANT, PRESIDENT ATLANTA CHAPTER, U. D. C.

ing year was very tedious; and, with no finances and little support or help, Commander Stuart and his Adjutant, Mr. Cox, found it difficult to make progress.

The second reunion of the federation was held in Nashville on June 21, 1897, at the same time as the Veterans', which is the requirement of the constitution, in order that the young men can keep in touch with the noble wearers of the gray. In the absence of Commander-in-Chief Stuart, Mr. Robert A. Smyth, of Charleston, S. C., the second in command, filled that office and presided. Adjutant Cox reported thirty-three camps on the roll, an increase of nine since the last meeting, and four more were chartered at this second reunion, making the number thirty-seven. The

constitution under which the federation was working was not perfectly satisfactory, and a committee was appointed to revise it by the next meeting, which will be the one in Atlanta this month. Considerable work was done by the convention and much enthusiasm was



MRS. H. A. ROUNSVILLE, PRESIDENT GA. DIV. U. D. C.

aroused, there being present young men from a number of states in which there were no camps.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Mr. Robert A. Smyth, of Charleston, S. C., Commander-in-Chief; Mr. Robert A. Norfleet, of Winston, N. C., Commander of Northern Virginia Department; Mr. T. Leigh Thompson, of Lewisburg, Tenn., Commander of Tennessee Department; Mr. W. C. Saunders, of Belton, Tex., Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Mr. Daniel Ravenel, of Charleston, S. C., was appointed Adjutant-General by Commander Smyth.

The members dispersed from this convention thoroughly aroused and determined that during the coming year the order should be greatly increased, and the results attest the fact that they executed the resolution.

Commander-in-Chief Smyth on July 7 made the following appointments as his official staff to aid in the work during the coming year:

D. Ravenel, Charleston, S. C., Adjt.-Gen. and Chief of Staff.  
 J. G. McAllister, Richmond, Va., Quartermaster-General.  
 T. Larkin Smith, M. D., Nashville, Tenn., Surgeon-General.  
 W. H. Merchant, Fredericksburg, Va., Inspector-General.  
 E. P. McKissick, Asheville, N. C., Commissary-General.  
 Rev. Theron H. Rice, Jr., Atlanta, Ga., Chaplain-General.  
 J. W. Sparks, Murfreesboro, Tenn., Judge Advocate-Gen.  
 R. C. P. Thomas, Bowling Green, Ky., Aid.  
 S. O. LeBlanc, Plaquemine, La., Aid.  
 Hugh Boyd, Scottsboro, Ala., Aid.

There is a Commander for each state as an active worker at the head of each. A number of divisions elected their state Commanders, but where there were less than five camps a Commander was appointed.

The following is the list of Division Commanders:

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

Virginia, R. S. B. Smith, Berryville.

North Carolina, Dr. Charles A. Bland, Charlotte.

South Carolina, M. L. Bonham, Anderson.  
 Kentucky, R. C. P. Thomas, Bowling Green.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Georgia, W. W. Davies, Atlanta.

Alabama, P. H. Mell, Auburn.

Tennessee, Jesse W. Sparks, Murfreesboro.

Mississippi, T. L. Trawick, Crystal Springs.

Florida, D. U. Fletcher, Jacksonville.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Texas, R. K. Gaston, Dallas.

Missouri, R. C. Clark, Fayette.

Arkansas, John J. Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs.

Oklahoma, Z. J. Woods, Purcell, Ind. T.

New Mexico, Neal E. Bailey, Deming.

The growth of the federation in the past year has exceeded the fondest hopes of its members. The number of camps having increased from thirty-seven to ninety-eight at this time, and there are in process of organization fifteen or twenty more.

We desire to attest the value which this special department in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has been to the officers in extending the federation. Much credit is due to it for the large number of new camps which have been added to the roll during the past year. Mr. Cunningham surely deserves the heartiest thanks of the Sons of Veterans for his kindness in setting aside these pages for our use. A number of camps have been formed directly through its influence, and many new states have been entered by means of the information published in it, which has reached young men otherwise ignorant of the existence of our federation. All honor, then, to Mr. Cunningham and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and to the noble Veterans who have through this medium incited the young men to action!



MRS. J. K. OTTLEY, VICE-PRES. U. D. C. AND ATLANTA CHAPTER.

The following is the list of the camps of the federation, their location, and the names of Commandants and Adjutants. Omission of names is due to the fact that they have not been sent in to these headquarters; and particularly is this the case with the Adjutants, as

very few of the names of these officers have been furnished. Camps should give attention to this and send in at once the lacking names. Some of the names given are not correct, as other officers have been elected. In any of these cases send a postal with the correction:



MISS PASSIE MAY OTTLEY, ATLANTA.

- R. E. Lee No. 1, Richmond, Va.; W. R. Walden, Commandant; Edwin Courtney, Adjutant.
- R. S. Chew No. 2, Fredericksburg, Va.
- A. S. Johnston No. 3, Roanoke, Va.; W. B. Buford, —.
- Moultrie No. 4, Charleston, S. C.; St. J. P. Kinloch, W. Turner Logan.
- G. Davis No. 5, Wilmington, N. C.; G. D. Crow, E. K. Calder.
- State Sovereignty No. 6, Louisa, Va.; H. H. Anderson, Collins Hart.
- W. W. Humphreys No. 7, Anderson, S. C.; J. C. Watkins, J. M. Patrick.
- J. E. B. Stuart No. 8, Berryville, Va.; S. J. Moore, J. E. Ogden.
- Pickett-Stuart No. 9, Norfolk, Va.; J. S. Pickett, —.
- Turner Ashby No. 10, Harrisburg, Va.; Ed C. Martz, George M. Conrad.
- Hampton No. 11, Hampton, Va.; A. T. Ransome, F. M. Darnall.
- Shenandoah No. 12, Woodstock, Va.; William B. Allen, —.
- Pickett-Stuart No. 13, Nottaway, Va.; J. Mann, W. H. Cralle.
- John R. Cooke No. 14, West Point, Va.; T. H. Edwards, —.
- Johnston-Pettigrew No. 15, Asheville, N. C.; E. P. McKissick, Marcus Erwin.
- J. Pelham No. 16, Auburn, Ala.; P. H. Mell, A. F. McKissick.
- Henry Wyatt No. 17, Winston, N. C.; Dr. H. V. Horton, J. B. Witaer, Jr.
- Thos. Hardeman No. 18, Macon, Ga.; J. L. Hardeman, —.
- Kemper-Strother-Fry No. 19, Madison, Va.; E. H. Gibson.
- Page Valley No. 20, Shenandoah, Va.; E. L. Keyser, R. H. Cline.
- Loundoun No. 21, Leesburg, Va.; J. H. Nelson, R. H. Tebbs.

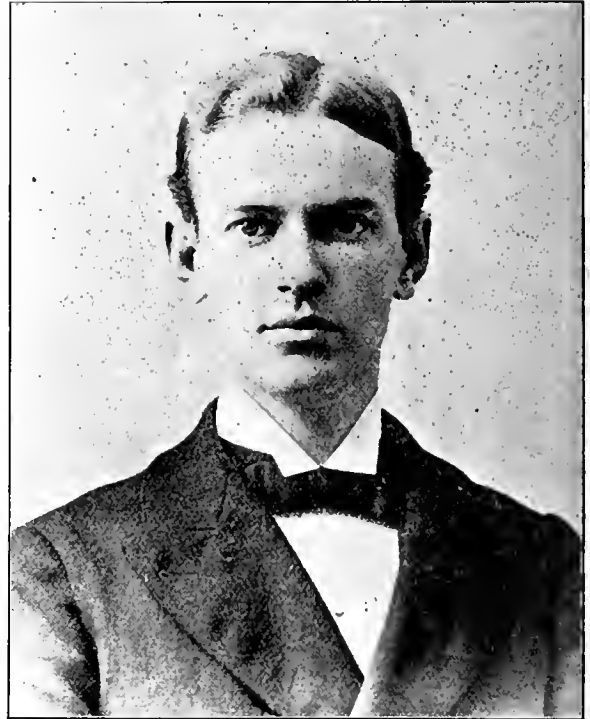
- Maxey Gregg No. 22, Columbia, S. C.; Rev. D. J. Brimm, R. S. Des Portes, Jr.
- Stonewall Jackson No. 23, Charlotte, N. C.; Brevard Nixon, W. K. Yates.
- Marion No. 24, Marion, S. C.; C. A. Durham, B. R. Gasque.
- John H. Morgan No. 25, Richmond, Ky.; Rev. J. K. Smith.
- A. S. Johnston No. 26, Belton, Tex.; D. S. Furman, W. C. Saunders.
- Wade Hampton No. 27, Mt. Pleasant, S. C.; R. V. Royall, S. J. DuPre.
- Joe Johnston No. 28, Nashville, Tenn.; Leland Hume, —.
- Maury No. 29, Columbia, Tenn.; H. F. Alexander, W. B. Wooten.
- John H. Morgan No. 30, Bowling Green, Ky.; G. E. Snell.
- Cadwallader Jones No. 31, Rock Hill, S. C.; Rev. J. W. C. Johnson, J. O. Mattison.
- W. H. Jackson No. 32, Culleoka, Tenn.
- Stone's River No. 33, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; W. D. Fox.
- William B. Brown No. 34, Gallatin, Tenn.; Thomas Boyers, J. T. Baskerville.
- John M. Kinard No. 35, Newberry, S. C.; John M. Kinard, Z. F. Wright.
- O'Neal No. 36, Greenville, S. C.; J. O. Westfield, J. A. Hoyt, Jr.
- James H. Lewis No. 37, Lewisburg, Tenn.; Dr. W. A. McCord, W. A. McCord.
- B. H. Rutledge No. 38, McClellanville, S. C.; J. Y. DuPre, T. W. Graham, Jr.
- C. Allen No. 39, Abbeville, S. C.; J. A. Smith, J. L. Perrin.
- W. D. Simpson No. 40, Laurens, S. C.; Lewis W. Simkins, C. D. Barksdale.
- J. M. Perrin No. 41, Greenwood, S. C.; E. C. Rice, G. P. Neel.
- B. S. Jones No. 42, Clinton, S. C.; H. Y. Vance, W. H. Young.
- James L. Orr No. 43, Belton, S. C.; J. T. Cox, A. R. Campbell.
- Barnard Bee No. 44, Pendleton, S. C.; J. T. Hunter, P. H. E. Sloan, Jr.
- Norton No. 45, Weneea, S. C.; T. E. Stribling, E. K. Lewis.
- J. B. Gordon No. 46, Atlanta, Ga.; R. C. Alston, J. A. Hynds.
- Richard H. Anderson No. 47, Beaufort, S. C.; Dr. H. M. Stuart, Jr., J. M. Baker.
- M. L. Bonham No. 48, Saluda, S. C.; B. W. Crouch, B. L. Allen.
- W. L. Cabell No. 49, Dallas, Tex.; P. M. Galloway, J. Haas.
- J. B. Hood No. 50, Galveston, Tex.; C. G. Sweet, W. E. Jones.
- Louis T. Wigfall No. 51, Batesburg, S. C.; J. E. Sanders, H. S. Steadman.
- A. Gracie No. 52, Bristol, Tenn.; S. V. Fulkerson, E. T. Jones.
- L. A. Griffin No. 53, Ninety-Six, S. C.; J. C. Wier, E. J. Rogers.
- J. E. B. Stuart No. 54, Marlinton, W. Va.; L. J. Marshall, A. W. Gatewood.
- Joe Vaughn No. 55, Fayette, Mo.; R. C. Clark, J. T. Cunningham.
- J. Boyd No. 56, Lexington, Ky.; T. R. Morgan, W. H. Lucas.
- A. F. Boggess No. 57, Decatur, Tenn.; J. W. Lillard, James Brandon.
- James McCutchen No. 58, Kingstree, S. C.; C. J. Lesesne, J. J. Bristow.
- Charles Broadway Rouss No. 59, Austin, Tex.; J. B. Loughridge, G. M. Roberdeau.
- McDowell No. 60, Phenix, S. C.; A. E. Adams, R. E. Gaines.
- J. A. Broadus No. 61, Louisville, Ky.; B. Howe, J. J. Davis.
- Christopher C. Pegnes No. 62, Selma, Ala.; R. A. P. C. Jones, L. P. Dawson.
- Sul Ross No. 63, Alvin, Tex.; J. T. Pnidmore, R. C. Shirley.
- Fitzhugh Lee No. 64, Waycross, Ga.; J. W. Bennett, A. P. Perham, Jr.
- R. B. Baxter No. 65, Sparta, Ga.; J. D. Walker, C. F. Bowen.
- Bulldog Pelham No. 66, Louisville, Ga.; William F. Little, W. P. Singuefield.
- S. Ross No. 67, Houston, Tex.; C. W. Bocoek, W. C. Timmins.
- Oliver E. Edwards No. 68, Spartanburg, S. C.; J. W. Simpson, S. B. Jones.
- J. Z. George No. 69, Yazoo City, Miss.; C. H. Williams, W. E. Daniel.
- William Shippe No. 70, Hendersonville, N. C.; Thomas J. Riekman, W. L. Shipman.
- Piekens No. 71, Piekens, S. C.; Jullus E. Boggs, W. F. Blasingame.
- Stone Fort No. 72, Manchester, Tenn.; F. N. Miller, R. W. Green.
- Olin M. Dantzler No. 73, Orangeburg, S. C.; M. O. Dantzler, C. J. Owens.

W. E. James No. 74, Darlington, S. C.; C. B. Edwards, M. T. Lide.  
 Henry Buist No. 75, Charleston, S. C.; H. Buist, C. Shokes.  
 Taliaferro No. 76, Crawfordville, Ga.; C. G. Moore, W. N. S. Maltbie.  
 Joseph A. Blance No. 77, Cedartown, Ga.; C. R. Pittman, W. S. Coleman.  
 Jack Felder No. 78, Americus, Ga.; W. K. Wheatley, T. W. Callaway.  
 LaFayette McLaws No. 79, Fayetteville, Ga.; A. J. Vickers, Nat R. Beadles.  
 Charles C. Hemming No. 80, Ocala, Fla.; J. R. Matthewes, W. T. Gary.  
 A. J. Hoole No. 81, Florence, S. C.; H. M. Brunson, R. C. Chase.  
 Joseph B. Kershaw No. 82, Camden, S. C.; Thomas J. Kirkland, J. B. Steedman, Jr.  
 Stonewall Jackson No. 83, Jacksonville, Fla.; T. T. Stockton, C. N. Welshans.  
 Washington Artillery No. 84, Charleston, S. C.; W. H. LaFar, Louis Sherfesse, Jr.  
 William H. Duncan No. 85, Barnwell, S. C.; R. C. Roberts, Jr., G. M. Greene.  
 J. R. Culp No. 86, Chester, S. C.; J. H. Marion, R. B. Caldwell.  
 Henry M. Ashby No. 87, Knoxville, Tenn.; A. J. Burrows, Jacob Newman.  
 J. M. White No. 88, Ft. Mill, S. C.; J. R. Haile, W. B. Ardrey.  
 Fitz. Lee No. 89, Ellijay, Ga.; A. E. Sharp, J. H. Hutchinson.  
 Dewey No. 90, Homer, Ga.; J. S. Chambers, J. S. Parks.  
 Martha A. McLean No. 91, Thomson, Ga.; I. W. Shields, A. D. Adkins.  
 J. D. Blanding No. 92, Sumter, S. C.; George W. Dick, —.  
 Francis S. Bartow No. 93, Savannah, Ga.; U. H. McLaws, A. F. Marmelstein.  
 Callahan No. 94, Jefferson, Ga.; J. S. Ayers, J. E. Randolph, Jr.  
 Stonewall No. 95, Flowery Branch, Ga.; C. E. Hutchinson, J. C. Smith.  
 Lawrenceville No. 96, Lawrenceville, Ga.; Oscar Brown, J. L. Powell.  
 Troup Artillery No. 97, Athens, Ga.; S. J. Tribble, James H. Dozier.  
 R. A. Clarke No. 98, Falmouth, Ky.; L. McD. Carrard, J. H. Cummins.  
 J. Davis No. 99, Atlanta, Ga.; W. J. Mallard, Jr., H. C. Mead.  
 Joseph D. Sayers No. 100, Temple, Tex.; —, N. A. Sayre.  
 Harris Co. No. 101, Chipley, Ga.; J. B. Burnside, B. F. Hill.  
 J. L. Bryan No. 102, Orlando, Fla.; William H. Jewell, D. L. Hancock.  
 Elberton No. 103, Elberton, Ga.; William F. Jones, —.

Stonewall No. 104, Dublin, Ga.; D. S. Blackshear, J. A. Peacock.

Camps are divided among the divisions as follows:

Virginia, 14; North Carolina, 5; South Carolina, 34; Kentucky, 5; West Virginia, 1—total for the Northern Virginia Department, 59. Georgia, 18; Tennessee, 10; Mississippi, 1; Florida, 2—total for the Army of Tennessee Department, 33. Texas, 6; Missouri, 1—total for the Trans-Mississippi Department, 7. This department, however, was not organized until within the last few months. It would have been much larger and rivaled the other departments but for the present war, which came just at the time the camps were being formed, and for the time interest was directed to it.



W. W. DAVIES, EX-COMMANDER GEORGIA DIVISION.

The South Carolina Division has held three reunions. At its first there were five camps represented; at the second, 14; and at the third, 34; and but for the war there would have been over fifty. Tennessee started with two camps, and has held two reunions, the last in Nashville, June 21, 1898, when ten camps were represented. The North Carolina Division has held one reunion, in Charlotte, May 20, 1898, and there were five camps represented. The other divisions have not held any reunions, but a most satisfactory growth has been attained by the Georgia Division. It has increased from two camps to seventeen at this time, and there are in process of formation in the neighborhood of ten more. The Texas Division has also grown from one to six camps.

Charleston, S. C., holds the proud record for the largest number of camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans. There are three in active operation: Camp Moultrie No. 4, with 250 members; Camp Henry Buist No. 75, with 150; and Camp Washington Artillery No. 84, with 30. All of these camps are in active operation.



GEN. C. A. EVANS.



The third annual reunion of the federation will meet in Atlanta July 20-23, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, State Capitol. The first session will convene at 2:30 P.M., on Wednesday, July 20, and it is important that all delegates and visiting Sons should be present. The address of welcome and other speeches will be delivered and the convention will be organized then, and all delegates must present their credentials at that time.

In this connection it will be well for camps to note that unless their per capita tax has been paid, their delegates can not be recognized. The Adjutant-General will issue certificates of representation to camps that have paid their dues. Delegates must also bring credentials, signed by the Commandant and Adjutant of their camps, certifying that they are duly elected delegates.

The other sessions of the reunion will be held at 9 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. Thursday and Friday, 21st and 22d. All delegates should be prompt in attendance at all of these sessions.

Atlanta offers a magnificent reception to all her visitors on this occasion, and there will be a round of pleasant entertainments and social functions. Sons of veterans, whether members of camps or not, and camps, whether chartered by the federation or not, are cordially invited to come to this reunion, and they will receive recognition and be extended the courtesies of the social side, as well as the freedom of the convention.

typhoid fever, with a number of other students, and was confined to his bed until September. It was a year or more before he regained his health completely, and thus was unable to graduate with his class. He then entered the cotton business in his father's office, and was admitted as a partner in 1896. He was elected Commander of the Northern Virginia Department in Richmond in 1896, and last year, in Nashville, was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief. He was chairman of the committee which organized Camp Moultrie, of Charleston, the first camp of Sons in the state and the largest in the federation. He served the camp as Commandant for two terms. Mr. Smyth is also Grand Treasurer of the Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity, a strictly Southern fraternity, the outcome of friendship in the Confederate army of four young men, who afterward met at the University of Virginia. He edits the *Shield and Diamond*, its official magazine. He is in his twenty-eighth year.



MR. ROBERT A. SMYTH, OF CHARLESTON.



MISS ANNIE D. LEWIS, SPONSOR FOR WEST VIRGINIA.

The Wheeling Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy was organized at Elm Grove, W. Va., June 4, with the following officers: President, Mrs. William F. Butler; Vice-President, Mrs. Margaret Baird; Treasurer, Mrs. Charles Saney; Secretary, Miss Frances J. Jordan. Mrs. W. W. Arnett was appointed delegate to Charlestown, W. Va.

The following letter was received by the chapter from Gen. C. A. Evans, in acknowledgment of their contribution to the Battle Abbey fund. It is dated Atlanta, Ga., June 9, 1898:

"God bless your chapter of loving and patriotic Daughters for your prompt contribution \$5 to our Battle Abbey, this day received! Yours is a tribute of affectionate remembrance that gladdens the heart of the Confederate soldiery, and will be cherished among the truest and most heartfelt contributions from the women of the South."

Robert A. Smyth, Commander-in-Chief of United Sons of Veterans, was born and reared in Charleston, S. C. He entered the South Carolina Military Academy in 1887. In June, 1890, he was taken sick with

### NEGRO DIALECT AND SLAVE SONGS.

Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy, of Louisville, Ky., is said to have won a marked success in New York's most exclusive society by her unique rendering of negro slave songs, and can justly claim the distinction of having created a wide-spread interest in the picturesque musical folk-lore of the South. Her lecture is as delightful as her songs, and is replete with wit, pathos, superstitions, and eccentricities of the genuine Southern negro.

Mrs. Murphy is a Southern woman by birth and breeding, and has given years of study to the musical traditions and plantation life of the South. She possesses a clear, mellow soprano voice, which has been carefully cultivated under Achille Errani.

Some of her recitations are: "Don't Want er Be Buried in der Storm" (frequently sung while washing windows); "Roll 'im, an' er Roll 'im Baby;" "Sermon on Gold and Silver;" "See Heah, Ma Sister!" "Glimpses of Negro Nature;" "It's Git Yer Ticket Ready—hallelu" (a weird tune from Africa)! "Ready fo' de Water? Oh, yes" (a baptizing song)! "Tangible Sorrow" (a Fernandina anecdote).

Mrs. Robinson is open to engagements. Her address is care C. H. Ditson & Co., New York City.

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with the passenger service of the Seaboard Air Line. Mr. Anderson is intensely loyal to his system, and fascinating offers to go elsewhere have not moved him.

It is indeed remarkable that each department of the Seaboard Air Line system has such young men. Charles R. Capps, General Freight Agent, is also a Virginian, born in Norfolk March 4, 1871. In October,



County, and is yet in his thirties. While in his teens Mr. Anderson entered the service of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, and in 1884 he became connected



1886, he secured a position with the Seaboard Air Line system. Beginning as a messenger boy, he rose, step by step, reaching the general freight agency in the summer of 1895. Mr. Capps stands hard by the advantages of his system.

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T. P. A., Houston, Tex.**

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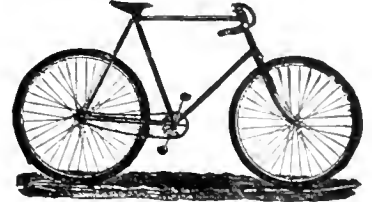
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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The board of directors of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, at a meeting held July 21, 1877, adopted the following preamble and resolution:

To the end that the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad Company may more readily attend, in person, the annual meetings of stockholders, which the by-laws require to be held in Chicago on the last Wednesday in September in each year, be it

Resolved, That until the further order of this board there may be issued to each holder of one or more shares of the capital stock of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, as registered on the books of the Company, a ticket enabling him, or her, to travel free over the Company's lines from the station on the Illinois Central Railroad nearest to his, or her, registered address, to Chicago and return, for the purpose of attending, in person, the meetings of stockholders. Such ticket to be good for the journey to Chicago only during the four days immediately preceding, and the day of, the meeting, and for the return journey from Chicago only on the day of the meeting, and the four days immediately following, when properly countersigned and stamped in the president's office.\* Such a ticket may be obtained by any registered holder of stock on application, in writing, to the president of the Company in Chicago. Each application must state the full name and address of the stockholder exactly as given in his, or her, certificate of stock, together with the number and date of such certificate. No more than one person will be carried free in respect to any one holding of stock as registered on the books of the Company.

By order of the board of directors,

**A. G. HACKSTAFF,  
Secretary.**

The next annual meeting of the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad Company will be held at the office of the Company in Chicago, on Wednesday, September 25, 1878, at noon.

\* These tickets will now be countersigned and stamped in the office of W. G. BRIEN, Assistant Secretary, Chicago.

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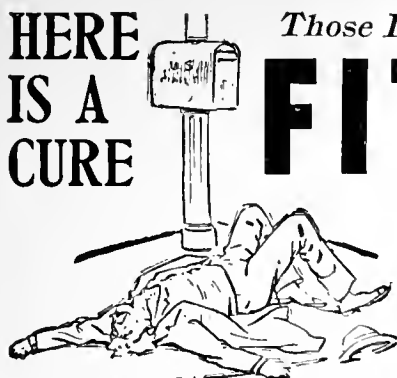
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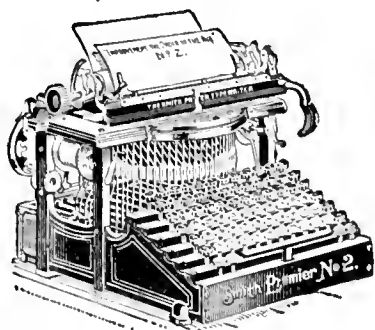
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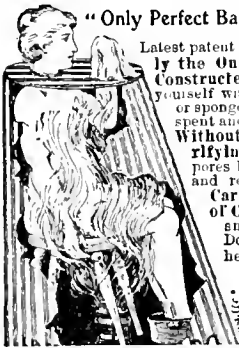
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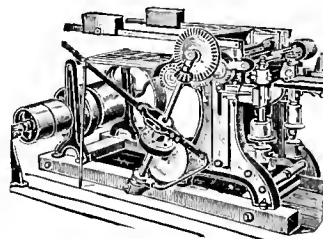
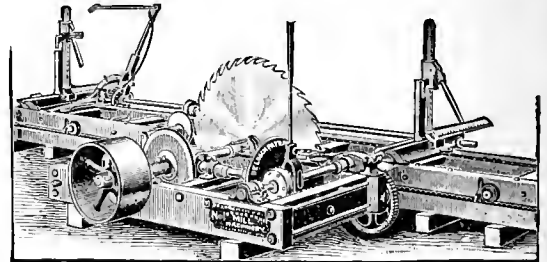
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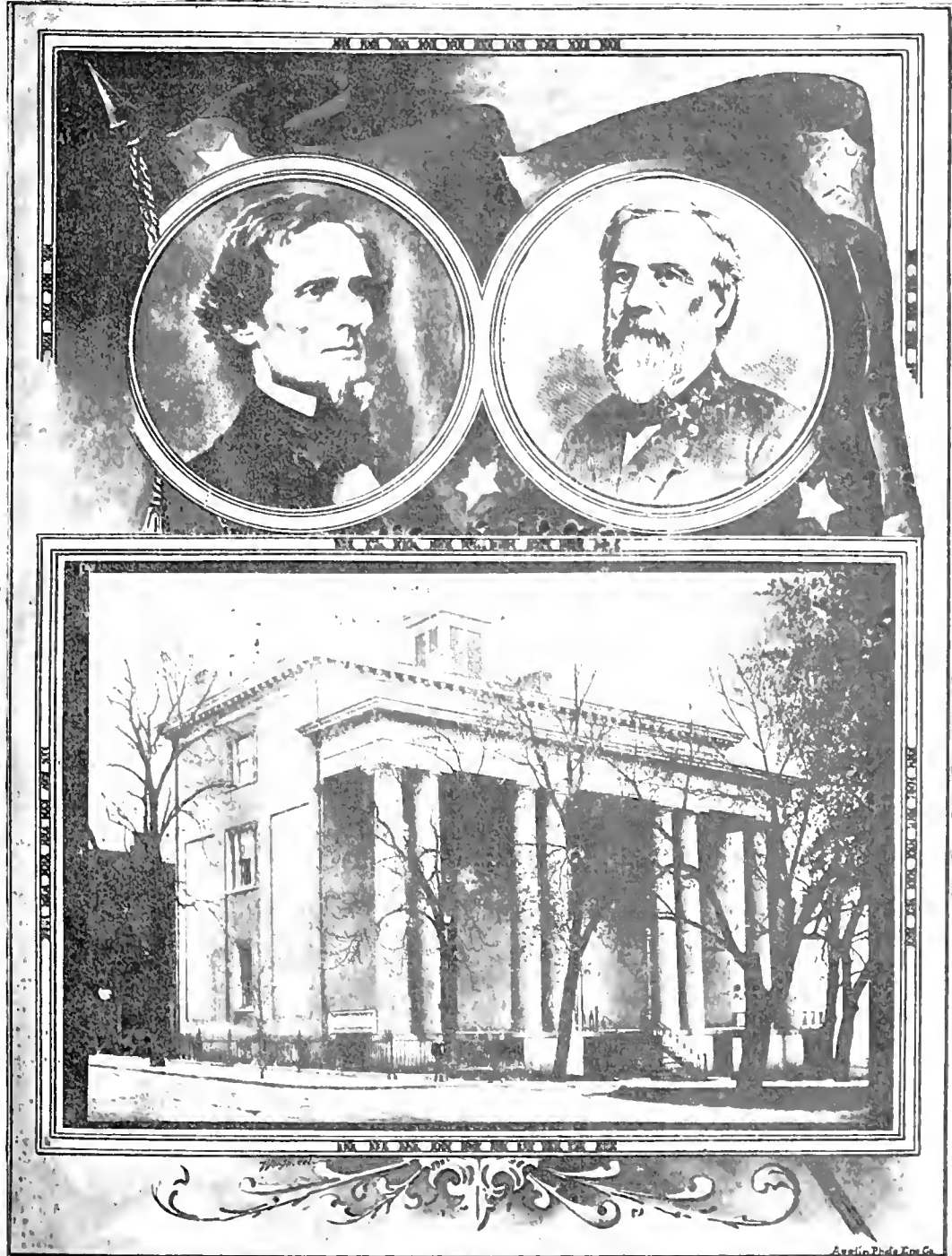
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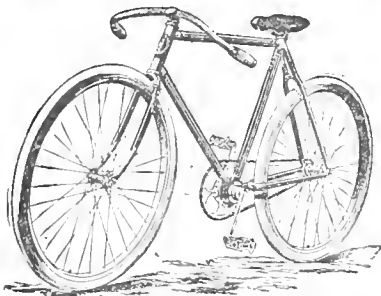
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# Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertising Rates: \$1.50 per inch one time, or \$15 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$35. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is below the former rate.

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

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

United Confederate Veterans,  
United Daughters of the Confederacy,  
Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

The VETERAN is approved and endorsed by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR, VOL. VI  
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1898.

No. 8, J. A. CUNNINGHAM  
PROPRIETOR.



CAMP SCENE OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE REGIMENT AT CORINTH.

An interesting relic of Confederate times is a chromo lithographic transcript of a drawing made by a young Englishman named C. B. Chapman, owned by Mr. Charles Herbst, a Kentuckian, now of Macon, Ga. It represents the camp of the First Kentucky Regiment at Corinth just before the battle of Shiloh. The camp is near the border of a pine forest. Some of the soldiers are reading, some writing, some cooking, some sleeping, while others enjoy a social game of

poker. The lazy negro is sleeping on the sunny side of the tent, the barefooted soldier boiling his dumplings.

Young Chapman, the artist, was a member of the First Kentucky Regiment. He was wounded in battle, returned to England, and finally died in an insane hospital near London. The original was secured by Col. Louis Zimmer, formerly of the Confederate army, who saw it in London and was struck by its beauty. Mr. Herbst bought his copy in Savannah years ago.

## WHAT OF THE ATLANTA REUNION?

"Can you afford to tell the truth about the reunion?" has been asked, with the desire to benefit comrades at reunions in the future. The VETERAN cannot afford to do otherwise than to print the facts. Capt. John W. Morton, Chief of Artillery for Gen. Forrest in the great war, states: "We notice on the cover page of the July VETERAN an excellent picture. Underneath we find 'Atlanta Reunion Executive Committee. It deserves the gratitude of the Gate City and the South.' Was not all this rather premature?"

That was a premature statement. It was made before the actual test, but constant attention had been given published proceedings of the committee, and it was believed they had taken advantage of what others had experienced. A model—almost perfect, only a year old—was at their command. They should have studied that and another, two years before, so as to profit, at least, by others' faults. At Nashville a Reception Committee of about two hundred active men, with conspicuous badges, was organized for service. It was divided into companies. They were assigned to duty as regular soldiers, and served not merely at convenient, agreeable hours, but all night. They were posted from the car tracks in the railway station to the door of headquarters and at prominent corners throughout the city, so that any stranger could get intelligent information by asking.

There evidently was no Reception Committee at Atlanta, and the thousands about the station could learn nothing of any headquarters. They had a "Bureau of Information," and a veteran described it as follows: "One man in the back end of the hall, with hundreds waiting for information, and he could not answer half of the leading questions, even about the division headquarters for the states. Multitudes of veterans could not learn anything, and in their bewilderment took homeward-bound trains as soon as it was possible."

This calamity can never be overcome. These noble men, many of them poor, had made great sacrifice to get there, and many will answer the "last call" before the Charleston meeting. They returned to their homes sadly depressed because of these blunders.

This deserved censure should be tempered with considerations here mentioned. The head men of the committee had outside cares that they could not dispense with. Nearly all of its members are loyal Confederates, and they gave freely of their own money for the entertainment. Money was freely enough given, and the hospitality toward dependent veterans who found places to lodge is gratefully remembered.

That deplorable spirit of Atlanta to gush and to permit extortion was manifest. At Nashville there was persistent vigilance against extortion. While the Atlanta committee allowed a charge of \$10 for a carriage, only half that sum was permitted in Nashville. The Atlanta committee should have done better in many respects.

Atlanta's greatest mistake was in the extraordinary effort to make the occasion noted by social distinctions. There seemed to be universal desire to rival all other reunions in giving prominence to distinguished Confederates and to the multitude of sponsors and maids of honor. Richly did they deserve consideration, but they certainly would have been much happier to have

seen first consideration shown the maimed old men who were valiant soldiers in the great war and are still proud of it.

Unfortunate as may have been the failures to do the best for the veterans, let us remember that as true, as noble, and as self-sacrificing comrades live in and about Atlanta as there are on the earth; and, too, that many of them gave freely of their substance to make the reunion what it should have been.

Let us look at last, however, on a brighter side: A proud-spirited comrade called at the VETERAN office, enthused over the kindness shown him. He had come as leader of a party of five. Arriving, they could find no committee to direct them. Soon they encountered four friends in like predicament; and as they were in an almost hopeless dilemma "a fat man—Mr. Smith"—spoke to them, and asked them to go home with him. They did so, were well entertained, and the next morning drew their purses to pay. "No, sirs," said Mr. Smith, joined by Mrs. Smith, in the heartiest hospitality; "we don't charge anything, and we want you all to stay with us through the reunion." Which "fat Mr. Smith" it was they could not tell, and we are left to conjecture whether it was Mr. Hoke Smith, of President Cleveland's cabinet, who has ever been great-hearted to the Confederate cause; or Mr. Jack Smith, who built the house well known in Atlanta; or maybe



Miss Anna B. Johnson, maid of honor for Kentucky Division, U. C. V., at Atlanta reunion, is the daughter of Col. Thomas Johnson, who represented Kentucky, in connection with the Hon. Thomas D. Monroe, in the Confederate Provisional Congress at Richmond, Va., in 1861.

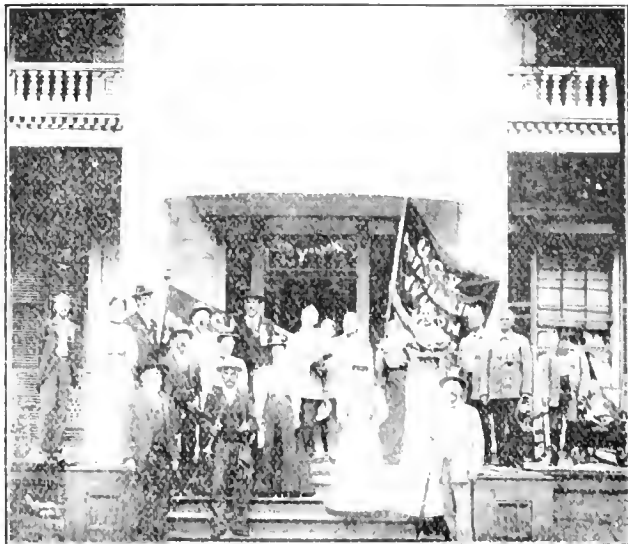
some other good Mr. Smith of Georgia. Bill Arp (Charles H. Smith) would have done that way, but he lives in Cartersville.

Daughters of the Confederacy in Atlanta did their part royally, and so far as is known expressions of gratitude and enthusiastic pride in their achievements are expressed without stint. These noble women would gladly have given preference to the veterans, and the sponsors, with their maids, would joyously have changed the order and have participated in serving the surviving heroes of the noblest army in history.

The proceedings of the convention in a general way may be expected next month. They comprise matters of interest and of historic importance.

The action of the trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association in locating the "Battle Abbey" in Richmond would be a subject of extraordinary interest but for the fact that final failure of the project is threatened. The utter disregard by the board of the pleadings from Tennessee adverse to the management has intensified the opposition of Veterans and the Daughters, and they have determined to check further action so far as possible. Members of the Frank Cheatham Camp have secured an injunction against transfer of the funds from Nashville, so it becomes a question of law as to whether the decision for Richmond was legally enacted. Action is not so much against Richmond as it is in resentment of methods adopted by the trustees. It is felt that shameful disregard is shown the benefactor of the Memorial Institute, Mr. Charles B. Rouss, and they are determined to make public these discreditable proceedings unless steps are taken ere long to as far as practicable annul action which has been so outrageous to him. The withdrawal of Louisiana from participation in the "Battle Abbey" was precipitated by the same causes that have

been so annoying to Tennesseans. To be exact in the foregoing criticism, it should be charged more directly to the Confederate Memorial Executive Committee, and it is believed that only two of the three members persisted in disregarding the protests of a multitude.



NORTH CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS, ATLANTA REUNION.

Gen. William L. DeRosset, of Wilmington, N. C.:

I must ask you to call the attention of the readers of the VETERAN to what appears to me and others a grave mistake made in the wording of one of the resolutions rushed through the convention upon the report of the Committee on Resolutions, and I must confess that they seem not to have given the matter due consideration. They ask the press of the South (not having the resolution before me, I can give only the meaning, not the exact words), in speaking of the great war of the nineteenth century, to say "the civil war between the states."

Now if there was one thing we claimed and fought for, it was that we were an independent country (I never use the word "nation"), and I utterly fail to see how a war between the United States and the Confederate States, the citizens of each being responsible to their own government, could be called a civil war, which could only occur when citizens of one country fought among themselves.

I made every effort to get the ear of Gen. Gordon as soon as he finished reading the resolution, to call the attention of the comrades to the mistake, but it was impossible to make myself heard.

It seems to me that when the attention of the people of the South and the press is called to this it may be corrected; but, going forth as the opinions of the U. C. V.'s, it may gain strength as it goes around.

I prefer to call our struggle the "Confederate war" or the "war between the states."

This grave error, committed thoughtlessly, it appears, goes to show the necessity for our meetings to be confined during their business sessions to those only who are delegated to represent the several camps of the federation, which I hope to see done at all future meetings, should we be permitted to assemble again.



Miss Florence Blair, sponsor for Texas at Atlanta reunion, is the daughter of Capt. T. A. Blair, a lawyer of Waco. Young, modest, graceful in manner, Miss Blair fills the type of Southern womanhood.

### THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.

The Confederate Museum, established in the executive mansion of the Confederate States, the residence of President Davis during the war, at the corner of Twelfth and Clay Streets, is under the management of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society. This society was chartered in the city of Richmond May 31, 1890, its preliminary work having been begun by the Ladies' Hollywood Memorial Association in February, 1890, upon the election of Mrs. Joseph Bryan as President. To this lady is due the conception of the plan, and in large measure its success.

This building was erected in the early days of Richmond, in what was then the court end of the city, and is a handsome illustration of a style now passing out of use. It was at one time the residence of the Hon. James Seddon, who became the Confederate Secretary of War. The city purchased this property from Mr. Lewis D. Crenshaw for \$43,000 at the time of the removal of the Confederate government to Richmond, and presented it to President Davis. He declined to accept it as a gift, but consented to make it his home upon the payment of a proper rent. Upon the entrance of the Federal troops into Richmond Gen. Godfrey Weitzel, with his staff, rode at once to this house, and it was occupied as headquarters through the succeeding years during which Virginia was under martial law, Weitzel, Canby, Ord, and others commanding, and was known as Military District No. 1.

In 1870 it was restored to the city, when the Federal authority was withdrawn. In 1871 it was converted into a school building known as the Central School, and was in use as such when Mrs. Bryan aroused the women of the Hollywood Memorial Association with the inspiring suggestion that the official home of the only President of the Southern Confederacy should be converted into a grand memorial hall in the Southern capital, the one spot alike representing every state of the Confederacy.

Finding it impracticable for the Hollywood Memorial Association to carry on this additional work, a society was formed whose scope should cover not the collecting of relics alone but the preservation of the history, records, and literature of the Confederate states, hence the name Confederate Memorial Literary Society was adopted, with its charter, which reads: "The object of this society shall be to collect and receive by gift, purchase, or otherwise all books and other literary productions pertaining to the late war between the states and of those engaged therein, all works of art or science, all battleflags, relics, and other emblems of that struggle."

On December 8, 1890, Col. John B. Cary, chairman of the Advisory Board of the Society and a member of the Board of Aldermen, offered a resolution before the City Council for an appropriation for a new school building and the delivery of the White House of the Confederacy to this society, to be used as a museum and library as soon as the new building should be ready for use. On January 3, 1891, the ordinance was passed by the common council, and became a law at once by the signature of Mayor J. T. Ellyson, who made this his last official act before retiring from office. On June 3, 1894, President Davis' eighty-sixth

birthday, the building was formally turned over to the ladies by Col. Cary, chairman of the School Committee, in the presence of the School Board, Mayor, the ladies of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, and its Advisory Board, and accepted by Mr. Joseph Bryan in behalf of the society.

A memorial bazaar was held in March, 1893, in which every Confederate state was represented, giving money and relics for the purpose of establishing a Confederate museum in the White House of the Confederacy, which resulted in a fund of \$30,000, one-half of which was given for the completion of the private soldiers' and sailors' monument, and \$15,000 was placed to the credit of the museum. This money was used to restore the house to the exact appearance and arrangement in which it was left by President Davis, except that it is now fireproof and steam heated, and the out-buildings and stable have been removed, and a brick wall ten feet high which stood around the grounds has been torn down and the grounds and shrubbery put in order under the direction of the city engineer. Mantelpieces, chandeliers, ornamentations, and furniture which belonged to the family have been replaced.

During the first year of the war little Joe Davis, the eldest son, fell from the porch in the rear, and was instantly killed. Winnie Davis, the daughter of the Confederacy, was born there, and in Mrs. Davis' private sitting room (now the Mississippi Room) were held the most important conferences between the President and Gens. Lee and Jackson when they would come in from the battlefields around Richmond. At such times Mrs. Davis would serve real coffee to them in Sevres China, both kept for such special occasions.



Mrs. James Russell Miller, of Little Rock, chaperon for the Arkansas sponsor and maids of honor, is a typical Southern woman and one prominent socially by reason of her wit, beauty, and wealth. She was Miss Geraldine Hill, of Kentucky and New Orleans. She married Capt. J. R. Miller, of Memphis, Tenn., and shortly afterwards removed to Little Rock.



From its east windows can be seen the monument to the private soldiers and sailors, and the view stretches out over the hospitals and battlefields and down the river where so many lives were given to defend the capital they loved.

Public receptions without refreshments were held once a week by the President. The brilliant *coterie* there gathered has become world renowned, and while fame enshrines the names of those heroes the memories of the gracious hospitality of this ideal Virginia home serve to give the touch of gentleness to grim-visaged war.

The rooms are apportioned to the different states, a regent appointed in each, and a vice regent (residing in Richmond) elected to take personal charge of each room, and its contents intrusted to her care by the regent. The entrance hall and reception room are devoted to the "solid South," the portrait gallery of the museum and the place for souvenirs.



Miss Marguerite Sloan, maid of honor for South Carolina Division, Atlanta reunion, is the daughter of Col. J. B. E. Sloan of the Fourth South Carolina Volunteer Infantry. "She is pretty and piquant, spirited and kind."

The building was formally opened on the 22d of February, 1896, in commemoration of the day on which President Davis was inaugurated in Richmond. The opening exercises were in the presence of a large concourse of distinguished people. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, after which the Governor of the state in eloquent language spoke of the work, the workers, and the cause they represented, and introduced Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, whose address should become a part of the education of every child in the South.

The Southern Historical Society, in which are the fullest and most reliable records and *data* of the war, except in the war records office in Washington, has moved into rooms reserved for it, where it is permanently established in connection with the museum.

The Georgia Room holds one of the most valuable collections of Confederate relics in existence. It is known as the Mary Du Renne collection, having been donated to the museum in her memory by her son, the late Dr. Everard Du Renne, of Savannah.

The South Carolina room is a matter of pride to her gallant sons and daughters, and it is only by ingenious and careful arrangement that these two rooms can be made to hold their valuable possessions.

The Virginia Room can no longer do justice to the display of the memorials of her sons, so filled is it with the relics of her privates, as well as with cases containing the gauntlets and boots, saddles, spurs, and plumes of Lee, Jackson, Hill, and Stuart, the tin plates and cups of private and general alike telling now and ever, as in the past, that they stand side by side in the glory of an unfading fame.

The Texas Room differs from the others in its handsome memorial furniture to the memory of leaders and battles, presented by cities and organizations.

The other rooms, though not so well filled as those mentioned, contain collections of historical books and papers. Their walls are nearly covered with portraits, while the battle-scarred, blood-stained, and tattered banners are draped upon every wall, and moth and dust proof cases hold relics that stir the hearts of those who look upon them.

While the value of the relics cannot be estimated, the money value of the grounds, building, etc., is not less than \$75,000. The ground around it is sufficient to allow of the erection of another building, which is fast becoming a necessity, since the contributions of relics, flags, and memorials of every kind increase daily.

The work of the society is done by the regents, vice regents, and committees. The vice regents are in most cases ladies born in the states they represent or are closely identified with them.

Again, at Mrs. Bryan's suggestion, the society made request of the railroads that the battlefields through



MISS MARY S. SEMPLE, SPONSOR FOR KY., ATLANTA REUNION.

and near which their route lay should be marked by them, to which courteous attention has been given. Through the influence of Maj. E. T. D. Myers, superintendent of the R. F. & P. R. R., the society has received as a gift an acre of ground upon which the battle of Fredericksburg was fought, and the railroad will place thereon a memorial stone.

The plan for a memorial hall, to be erected at the University of Virginia to the *alumni* of that institution who fell in battle, is now well under way, and before the end of the century will be an accomplished fact. This movement, suggested by Mrs. Bryan, has been undertaken by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, in charge of a special committee, and has received the cooperation of the Alumni Association.

There is a special Memorial Committee, of which Mrs. James Dunlop is chairman, whose duty it is to seek names, records, and incidents of all Confederate soldiers, which, when verified, will be bound and kept in the museum.

The Publication Committee, of which Mrs. J. R. V. Daniel is chairman, has just gotten out a beautiful catalogue of two hundred pages, on gray paper with Confederate flags on it, which tells in brief of the relics already collected.

The Membership Committee seeks annual members at \$1 a year, by which the museum is partly supported; and life members at \$10, which goes to the endowment fund. An admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged, except on Saturday, when it is free. The hours are from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Mrs. M. L. Van Doran, chairman of the Membership Committee, is a daughter of our distinguished Commodore Maury and



Miss Lillian Roden, sponsor for Alabama, is a daughter of B. F. Roden, a prominent citizen of Birmingham, who enlisted for the Confederacy at the age of seventeen and was dangerously wounded at the battle of Shiloh. Though incapacitated for active service by this wound, he did all he could in other ways to aid the cause. Miss Roden is tall and slender, of the distinctly Southern type, olive complexion, and dark-brown eyes and hair.

a cousin of Gen. Dabney Maury. Another cousin of these same honored gentlemen acts as house regent, making it truly a labor of love.



MISS ORA SELMA MANEY, MAID OF HONOR, OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

The visitors since the opening of the house, in February, 1896, up to July 1, 1898, have numbered nearly twenty thousand, more than one-fourth of whom have been from the North and foreign countries, all questioning, listening eagerly, anxious to learn the history of the war as known to us.

The officers of the society are: Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President; Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss, Honorable Vice President; Mrs. E. C. Minor, Mrs. James H. Grant, and Mrs. Raleigh T. Colston, Vice Presidents; Mrs. B. L. Purcell, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. M. S. Smith, Treasurer; with an Advisory Board, of which Col. John B. Cary was chairman. The other members are: Judge George L. Christian, Judge E. C. Minor, Col. W. E. Cutshaw, Col. John B. Purcell, J. Taylor Ellyson, E. D. Hotchkiss, B. B. Munford, E. V. Valentine, Col. William Gordon McCabe, Joseph Bryan, R. S. Boshier, and the Major General Commanders of Confederate Veteran Camps of each state.

Mrs. Medora Marchant Little, of Austin, Tex., kindly sends the excellent engraving printed on first page of this number, and a sketch, from which the following extracts are taken:

In *ante bellum* days, in the "Court End" of the city of Richmond, at the corner of Clay and Twelfth Streets, was erected one of those spacious old mansions, plain, yet handsome, and typical of the solid worth and generous hospitality that marked the Virginians of that period, destined to become the White House of the Southern Confederacy, where her uncrowned king would dwell during those stormy years of civil war. As such it is envired by a thousand hallowed memories, which time will only enhance.

When Richmond became the seat of the Confederate government the city purchased this house and ten-

dered it to President Davis as a gift, which he declined, but consented to occupy it.

At the occupation of Richmond by the Federals it became headquarters for the Union generals, and so remained until the removal of Federal troops from that city, in January, 1870, when it again became the property of the city, and from 1871 until 1894 it was used for a public schoolhouse.

Through the efforts of Col. John B. Cary this mansion was transferred by the city to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society for a museum and library, which was done by Col. John B. Cary, chairman of the School Committee, on June 3, 1894 (complimentary to President Davis' eighty-sixth birthday anniversary), and accepted by Mr. Joseph Bryan on behalf of the ladies of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society and the Advisory Board of gentlemen, thus sealing it to the service of our sacred cause and setting it aside for all time as a memorial of an army that at the call of duty sprang into existence as if touched by the magician's wand, and whose deeds of valor and self-sacrifice surpass the annals of history.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society was chartered May 31, 1890, the Ladies' Hollywood Memorial Association having begun the preliminary work in February, 1890. Mrs. Joseph Bryan was the originating and moving spirit of this association, although after its conception ladies and gentlemen promptly responded to the call for aid to perfect its organization. Nearly \$15,000 was raised by the memorial bazaar in Richmond in March, 1893. Every Confederate state, also Kentucky and Maryland, aided in establishing a Confederate museum in the Confederate White House in historic Richmond, whose loyalty to our cause and hospitality to its soldiers enthrone her in the hearts of the Southern people. Each Southern state has her

room, designated by name and coat of arms, and a resident regent at home to collect Confederate documents and mementos, also a vice regent, who resides in Richmond; while the entrance hall and reception room represents the solid South, of which Mrs. Jefferson Davis is regent. The museum was formally opened on February 22, 1896, the thirty-fourth anniversary of the inauguration of President Davis.

Every Southerner should feel an especial pride in the preservation of this sacred building, with its relics purchased with the blood of our beloved, and should become members of this society, so as to contribute to the necessary attendant expenses. One dollar per year admits to the annual honorary membership, while \$10 secures a life membership, which is invested in an endowment fund for the museum. The membership card, presented at the door, admits the holder to the entire museum. Mrs. Lucy Maury Van Doren (a daughter of the distinguished Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury), of Richmond, is chairman of the Membership Committee, and from her these memberships can be purchased.

Texans, in their eager search for relics and records to commemorate the struggles of her brave pioneers who delivered her from the Mexican yoke and made her a republic among nations, must not forget to collect relics and records of the heroic deeds of her Confederate soldiers; and daughters of our South land, in their just tribute of admiration for and desire to serve the brave men now defending the honor of our country, should not forget the men who wore the gray, all tattered and torn, through which the north blast sent its frozen breath and benumbed all save their brave hearts, which were warmed by the fires of patriotism. Theirs was not a rich government to furnish food and clothes, but it mattered not; right onward they marched where duty pointed, often leaving their footprints in blood upon the rough and frozen ground, while the gaunt specter of starvation camped closely upon their trail. Often after a forced march and a hard-fought battle a supperless night awaited them. Their decimated ranks are fast crossing to the other side, where the bugle's blast no more shall breathe of glory. A few more years, and only the memory of their daring and sufferings will be left. Let us see to it that every possible memento of that army shall be preserved within our Confederate museum, that future generations may know and perpetuate its history.

The Hollywood Memorial Association of Richmond has entire charge of the eighteen thousand dead in one portion of the cemetery, and lovingly cares for those narrow homes, where each occupant was "some one's darling" and a nation's pride; and those Spartan women have taught the youth of their homes to love and reverence those dead heroes. A Junior Hollywood Memorial Association has taken entire charge of the little plat wherein sleep the officers, numbering two hundred and twenty-five graves. These young enthusiasts have worked faithfully, given entertainments to raise money to beautify the sod above the sacred, silent dead, and have already accomplished much. However, they are compelled to appeal to those who have loved ones there to aid them. All subscriptions will be gratefully received and judiciously used by their



MISS LUCILLE B. CASLER, MAID OF HONOR, OKLAHOMA TER.

young Secretary, Miss Lucy Clair Atkinson, 807 East Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

In every clime beneath the setting sun,  
Within the palace and the cotter's hut,  
Their deeds of valor shall be told by man  
From sire to son, while endless ages run.

#### NECROLOGY OF CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Mr. Charles Edgeworth Jones, of Augusta, Ga., kindly sends a list of the deaths of Confederate generals since this publication was founded, in January, 1893. Mr. Jones is very careful, and yet it is hardly possible that he secured the complete list. Let all who observe omissions report them:

Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, Louisiana, February 20, 1893.  
Gen. E. Kirby Smith, Florida, March 28, 1893.  
Brig. Gen. R. L. T. Beale, Virginia, April 18, 1893.  
Brig. Gen. Alex W. Campbell, Tennessee, June 14, 1893.  
Brig. Gen. James T. Holtzclaw, Alabama, July 19, 1893.  
Maj. Gen. John G. Walker, Missouri, July 20, 1893.  
Brig. Gen. William A. Quarles, Tennessee, December 29, 1893.  
Brig. Gen. William H. Forney, Alabama, January 17, 1894.  
Brig. Gen. John R. Baylor, Texas, February, 1894.  
Lieut. Gen. Jubal A. Early, Virginia, March 2, 1894.  
Brig. Gen. Alfred H. Colquitt, Georgia, March 26, 1894.  
Maj. Gen. Joseph B. Kershaw, South Carolina, April 13, 1894.  
Brig. Gen. Philip Cook, Georgia, May 21, 1894.  
Maj. Gen. William W. Allen, Alabama, November 21, 1894.  
Brig. Gen. X. B. De Bray, Texas, January 6, 1895.  
Brig. Gen. Rufus Barringer, North Carolina, Feb. 4, 1895.  
Brig. Gen. M. D. Corse, Virginia, February 11, 1895.  
Brig. Gen. H. E. McCulloch, Texas, March 12, 1895.  
Maj. Gen. James L. Kemper, Virginia, April 7, 1895.  
Brig. Gen. M. A. Stovall, Georgia, August 6, 1895.  
Brig. Gen. J. W. Imboden, Virginia, August 15, 1895.  
Maj. Gen. S. B. Maxey, Texas, August 16, 1895.  
Maj. Gen. William Mahone, Virginia, October 8, 1895.  
Brig. Gen. Thomas Jordan, Virginia, November 27, 1895.  
Brig. Gen. John D. Kennedy, South Carolina, April 14, 1896.  
Brig. Gen. John Echols, Virginia, May 24, 1896.  
Maj. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, Kentucky, June 24, 1896.  
Brig. Gen. Alex R. Lawton, Georgia, July 2, 1896.  
Maj. Gen. P. M. B. Young, Georgia, July 6, 1896.  
Brig. Gen. R. E. Colston, Virginia, July 29, 1896.  
Brig. Gen. F. A. Shoup, Florida, September 4, 1896.  
Brig. Gen. R. C. Gatlin, North Carolina, September 8, 1896.  
Brig. Gen. Joseph R. Davis, Mississippi, September 15, 1896.  
Brig. Gen. Joseph O. Shelby, Missouri, February 13, 1897.  
Brig. Gen. William R. Terry, Virginia, March 28, 1897.  
Brig. Gen. Daniel Ruggles, Virginia, June 1, 1897.  
Maj. Gen. Lafayette McLaws, Georgia, July 24, 1897.  
Brig. Gen. Samuel McGowan, South Carolina, August 9, 1897.  
Brig. Gen. P. D. Roddey, Alabama, August, 1897.  
Brig. Gen. H. P. Bee, Texas, October 3, 1897.  
Brig. Gen. T. L. Clingman, North Carolina, November 3, 1897.  
Brig. Gen. L. S. Ross, Texas, January 3, 1898.  
Brig. Gen. Johnson Haygood, South Carolina, Jan. 4, 1898.  
Brig. Gen. John Bratton, South Carolina, January 12, 1898.  
Brig. Gen. T. P. Dockery, Arkansas, February 26, 1898.  
Maj. Gen. William B. Taliaferro, Virginia, February 28, 1898.  
Brig. Gen. Edward L. Thomas, Georgia, March 8, 1898.  
Brig. Gen. W. G. M. Davis, Florida, March 12, 1898.  
Brig. Gen. George W. Rains, Georgia, March 21, 1898.  
Brig. Gen. W. P. Hardeman, Texas, April 8, 1898.  
Brig. Gen. James R. Chalmers, Mississippi, April 9, 1898.  
Maj. Gen. Edward C. Walthall, Mississippi, April 21, 1898.  
Brig. Gen. Henry R. Jackson, Georgia, May 23, 1898.  
Brig. Gen. John S. Williams, Kentucky, July 17, 1898.

John M. Hall writes from Tullahoma, Tenn.:

In the June number of the VETERAN the loss of the Eighth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., in the battle of Murfreesboro, is given at three hundred and six, when it should have been three hundred and seventeen (out of four hundred and twenty-five), according to Surgeon J. E. S. Dance's report after the engagement, published in the *Fayetteville Observer*. It gives the names of the

killed and wounded. Several of the wounded who were taken to their homes by relatives are not included in the surgeon's report.

In all the published accounts I have seen the loss is given as sixty-eight per cent, when it should have been seventy-five per cent. At Franklin the regiment sustained a still heavier loss than at Murfreesboro.

While passing through the Murfreesboro battlefield I found a board at the site of the old Cowan house, on which was written: "This house was burned on the night of the 31st of December, 1862, by two companies of the Fifth Louisville Legion, under orders." This is a mistake. The house was burned either Monday evening (the 29th) or Tuesday evening (the 30th) by the Confederates, I think. At any rate, it was burned before the battle, as a part of the Eighth Regiment passed through the ruins as we went into action on the morning of the 31st; and Col. John H. Anderson so states in his official report. Doubtless some of Chalmers' Brigade can tell all about it, as they were near it when the battle began and two days before.

There are many approving echoes to the sentiment editorially expressed in the July VETERAN against the use of blue uniforms in the amalgamated army of blue and gray. Confederates, and all who sympathize with them, feel much more than they are apt to express on the subject, and it behooves those who wore the blue and others who like it best to be promptly considerate of this very desirable change. Happily, there is general approval of the new color now being made for the army. It is an ashen color, and looks well.

The writer was afraid of the bluecoats in war times, and it is still unpleasant to see them. On one occasion he was escorted by a half-dozen of them, who knew him and would have fought for him; and yet he would shudder at the sight of them. Bill Arp humorously quotes that when Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee got out her husband's fine, new uniform he told her to put it away until he became reconciled. He was afraid he would "shoot it all of a sudden."

Dr. Daniel Parker read the following poem upon this subject at a reunion of C. S. A. veterans at Calvert, Tex., May 31, 1898, dedicating it to his comrades:

Now don't be crying, mother;  
You should be proud of Ben.  
He looked, of all, the proudest  
Among a thousand men.  
It set me straight to thinkin'  
How I too marched away  
To join the noble army,  
Dressed in Confed'rate gray.

I somehow felt like fightin'  
When first our Ben marched out—  
Right dress, front face, a standin'  
So tall and straight and stout,  
But I cannot like the color  
Of the clothes he wore that day.  
'Twould suit me whole lots better  
If they looked a little gray.

But he don't know the diff'rence,  
I s'pose he likes the blue;  
Though as for me I can't forget  
I fought it four years through.  
And though I am plumb willin'  
For Ben to have his way,  
I just could fight lots better  
If my clothes were sort o' gray.

The flag's all right, I like it,  
 It must not ever fall;  
 I sure would like to plant it  
 On Morro Castle's wall,  
 And I know that I could do it,  
 In the good old-fashioned way,  
 If I had a few old comrades,  
 Dressed in Confed'rate gray.

They say its hot in Cuba,  
 And when the boys get there  
 They'll shuck those hot blue fixn's,  
 And canvas suits will wear.  
 I like that plan amazin',  
 For when they march a day,  
 The dust and dirt will change 'em  
 To the good old fightin' gray.

This is a great big country,  
 And when it comes to blows  
 We'll keep the world from treading  
 On Uncle Samuel's toes;  
 But if I should take a rifle,  
 I've just got this to say:  
 I could handle her whole lots better  
 If my clothes were sort o' gray.

It breaks my heart, old woman,  
 To hear you sobbing so.  
 I lived through four years' fighting,  
 Ben's coming back, I know.  
 But when he goes to lying  
 (As he's almost sure to do)  
 About the gallant fighting,  
 Of our volunteers in blue.

Why, then—why, then—confound him,  
 I'll have a word to say.  
 And beat him with one bigger  
 About the boys in gray.



MRS. SADIE HORD FULLER, NASHVILLE, TENN.  
 Daughter of Capt. B. M. Hord, a gallant Confederate

Camp Thomas McCarty No. 729 recently lost a member in the death of Comrade John James, a good citizen and a good soldier. He enlisted in Company A, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee, Howard's Cavalry, and served to the close of the war. He moved to Missouri, and for a number of years lived in Clay County.

## GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler is one of the most remarkable military men of history. As a major general in the United States army down in Cuba his character was illustrated by him being on the skirmish line with fifty soldiers and climbing a tree to inspect the situation about Santiago.

He is associated with some of the most thrilling events of the Confederacy. In February, 1865, it became necessary to know about the movements of Sherman's army across Pedee River, in South Carolina, so he selected Mr. J. B. Nance, and the two, a lieutenant general and his bugler, swam the stream to the side of the enemy, going on a regular scout. The river was swollen and very swift, and it took a three-mile swim for them to land where desired. The General was dressed as a private, and was to be called "Sam Johnson" in the event of capture. This thrilling story deserves place in the VETERAN.

Dr. J. A. Wyeth, of New York, has written recently for *Harper's Weekly* a thrilling story of how Gen. Wheeler kept the Federal army at bay in Shelbyville with a few men until it became necessary to leap their horses from an embankment on Duck River to escape.

Maj.-Gen. Joseph Wheeler was born in Augusta, Ga., September 10, 1836, and graduated at the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1859. He was a lieutenant of cavalry in New Mexico in 1861, when he resigned to enter the Confederate service. He became a lieutenant of artillery in the Confederate army, then a colonel of infantry, a brigadier-general, and a major-general, and finally a lieutenant-general of cavalry. He commanded the cavalry corps of the Western army in 1862, and was made senior cavalry general of the Confederate armies May 11, 1864. He declined a professorship of philosophy in the Louisiana Seminary in 1866, and in 1866 became a lawyer in Alabama. He was a Representative in Congress from Alabama almost from early after the war.

As a cavalry officer, at twenty-six years of age he received the thanks of the Confederate Congress for his magnificent service, and of South Carolina for defending Aiken. He was both a strategist and a fighter—audacious, tireless, aggressive. He was present at Pensacola, and captured Prentiss' Division at Shiloh, covering the retreats from Shiloh, Corinth, and Perryville, and winning commendation from the Confederate generals. He turned Rosecrans' flank at Murfreesboro, capturing troops and wagons, and destroyed much of value to the enemy. He distinguished himself at Chickamauga, and after the battle made his famous raid around Rosecrans' rear, destroying twelve hundred loaded wagons. In the East Tennessee campaign, the retreat from Mission Ridge, and the struggle from Chattanooga to Atlanta, he performed prodigies of valor, capturing great wagon trains and thousands of beef-cattle, and thwarting Cook's great raid.

During Sherman's march to the sea Gen. Wheeler defended Macon and Augusta, and hung on Sherman's course through Georgia and the Carolinas, thereby evoking President Davis' commendation. Gen. Wheeler was wounded three times, and had his horse shot under him, and seven of his staff-officers were killed and three were wounded.

### SAM DAVIS, JOHN PELHAM, R. P. HOBSON.

A trio of names are here given which honor the cause of truth, courage, and patriotism unexcelled by mankind. They are, first, Sam Davis, a Tennessean, whose matchless sacrifice for personal integrity in his glorious yet "ignominious" death is unexcelled in the annals of mankind. Additional subscriptions and testimonials are expected for the next VETERAN. The



RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON.

other two are from Alabama. They are "the gallant" John Pelham, whose heroism was unexcelled in the Confederate army (what higher tribute can be paid?), and Richmond Pearson Hobson, whose fame just now exceeds that of any other individual in the recent war between the United States and Spain. The successful running of the "Merrimac" right under the guns of Morro Castle, Santiago, and guiding it across the channel for the purpose of bottling up the Spanish fleet in Santiago Bay, and then sinking it by an explosion of dynamite, is one of the most daring feats ever performed, and its achievement redounds to Hobson's wisdom as to the heroism of himself and associates. His father was a Confederate. (See next VETERAN.)

#### THE GALLANT MAJ. PELHAM.

When Maj. John Pelham was killed at Kelley's Ford, Va., March 17, 1863, in a hard fight between Fitzhugh Lee, with three hundred, against about three thousand, Jeb Stuart telegraphed Mr. Curry, in Alabama: "The noble, the chivalric, the gallant Pelham is no more. His remains will be sent to you. How much he was beloved, appreciated, and admired, let the tears of agony we have shed and the gloom of mourning throughout my command bear witness. His loss is irreparable." Again: "His eye had glanced over every battlefield of the Virginia army, from the first

Manassas to the moment of his death, and he was, with a single exception, a brilliant actor in them all. His record has been bright and spotless, his career brilliant and successful. He fell on the altar of his country, to whose glorious service he had dedicated his life from the beginning of the war. The memory of THE GALLANT PELHAM—his many virtues, his noble nature and purity of character—is enshrined as a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him."

In the seven days' battles around Richmond he did his work well. On one occasion, with one Napoleon, he engaged three heavy batteries in a way that made the calm face of Jackson glow. Soon after this he drove a gunboat down the James. At Manassas and at Sharpsburg he added to the admiration already had for him by Jackson and by Lee.

All along in those memorable campaigns Pelham added fresh laurels to his crown, but the zenith of his renown was reached at Fredericksburg. The Federal army had crossed the Rappahannock, and was forming line of battle under cover of the river bank. A great crisis was at hand. Lee, Jackson, and Jeb Stuart rode along the Confederate lines. As they neared Stuart's horse artillery that officer rode up to Pelham and said something, when Pelham promptly galloped away to his advanced gun. Taking it, with his "Napoleon Detachment" of Mobile Frenchmen, he dashed



MAJ. JOHN PELHAM.

down the embankment, advancing close to the compact lines of blue, their "bayonets glistening in the streams of sunshine." The blue line of soldiers charged, and cannon roared from across the river. Pelham soon drew upon himself the concentrated fire of a half

dozen batteries, twenty-four guns; yet his gun continued to roar, and never failed to slaughter. That was the only Confederate gun in action, and in the half lull there floated from the "Napoleon Detachment" the *Marseillais* hymn, and they did not retire until their last round of ammunition had been exhausted. Two armies looked on while the Mobile Frenchmen wrote history in blood. Gen. Lee said that under these con-

What is that sound? 'Tis not a cheer—  
There, yet again—list! comrades, hear!  
Hark, 'tis the hymn of France!  
Rising, the lofty anthem swells;  
Over the din of countless hells  
Freedom defiance chants!

Never was witnessed braver deed,  
Bringing of praise its richest meed,  
Making a deathless name—  
"Courage sublime in one so young!"  
Words from the heart of Lee he wrung,  
Crown of immortal fame!

## THE '98 DECORATION AT CAMP CHASE.

From a private letter by Col. W. H. Knauss, Columbus, O.:

Well, to say this was a success would be putting it mildly. Just think! five years ago the G. A. R. opposed the Confederates coming here and decorating their comrades' graves; now they were with us. The G. A. R. Drill Corps (twenty-four of them) were there, and fired the salute, and the G. A. R. posts ran over each other to entertain the Confederates. Only two weeks ago a G. A. R. comrade opposed the decoration of these graves, and thought Knauss ought to be ashamed of himself; but he came out to Camp Chase with the current, as the number was up in the thousands, dozens of wagons carrying the people from the cars to the cemetery. Well, this particular comrade got there, and in Post last night the boys asked him how it was. His reply was, "Comrades, I went there, and I am converted, and I thank God I have lived to see this thing done. I thank God that Knauss kept at it;" and then, pointing to the lapel of his coat, he said, "There is the blue and the gray, and by the grace of God I am going to wear it all the time."

I had to keep politicians and politics out.



MISS JENNIE VAN HOOSE,  
First Maid of Honor, Alabama Division, Atlanta Reunion.

ditions, referring to Pelham: "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young." In his report of the battle Gen. Lee referred to no person under the rank of major general except Pelham. Pelham delayed the great battle an hour, which time to the Confederates was of great consequence. All honor to his Mobile Frenchmen as well! Maj. Pelham was promoted to lieutenant colonel soon afterwards, but ere his commission had been received he gave his life to the Confederate cause. The circumstances of his death are briefly reported as follows: He had gone to visit some ladies in Culpeper County, when he heard some cannonading, and hurried to the scene. His artillery had not arrived, but he saw a regiment that was wavering, and shouted: "Forward, boys! forward to victory and to glory!" Just then the fragment of a shell struck him on the head, penetrating the brain, from which cause he died that night. The body was taken first to Richmond, and lay in state at the capitol before shipment to Alabama.

Albert Sidney Morton, a Virginian, now a resident of St. Paul, Minn., wrote:

Into the hurlling storm of shell,  
Into the gaping mouth of hell,  
Pelham, the dauntless, dashed;  
Out from the meager line of gray,  
Out to the bloody fringe of fray,  
Where thousand thunders crashed.



There were some very touching and affecting scenes. You remember a headstone near the gate, which was so broken that the name was obliterated. I was trying to find the name, so as to have it cut on the base of the stone. Saturday morning by mail I received a box of flowers from Mississippi and a letter from a lady asking me to place the flowers on her husband's grave, giving his name in full and telling me it was near the gate and that she had a stone placed there after the war, etc. During the services I asked a couple of ladies to place the flowers on that grave after I read the letter.

Another: When I was opening the services I remarked that if the spirits of these dead heroes, together with the spirits of my dead comrades, could make a suggestion to us it would be, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," when a G. A. R. comrade, Chaplain Winget, started that hymn; and the Confederate Glee Club, of Louisville, together with hundreds of the audience, joined in, and you never heard it sung as it was then.

Another incident: Col. Young, of Louisville, Ky., got up and said that they had brought with them a large amount of flowers, and as the Green Lawn Cemetery, where the Union soldiers were buried, was near by, he wished to divide the Kentucky flowers and take part of them to the graves of the Federal soldiers; and he, Judge Pugh, and R. M. Rownd, our new postmas-

I will make a report to Gen. Moorman, and send you a copy of it.

#### Expenditures.

Carting trees and shrubbery.....	\$ 4 50
Planting trees, etc., at cemetery.....	6 00
Two volunteers' help.....	no charge.
Expense for men's lunch.....	1 00
For cleaning, mowing, etc.....	5 00
100 circular letters to West Virginia and Kentucky...	2 50
125 papers with G. A. R. notices.....	2 50
Stamps for same.....	1 25
Trimming trees in cemetery and cutting out old ones.	6 00
Three volunteers' help.....	no charge.
Three men for labor in cemetery.....	4 50
Tracy, Wells & Co.....	9 66
Check to Albert Cunningham for Camp Dennison...	5 00
And I left with him.....	5 00
80 copies <i>Press Post</i> , Sunday, June 5, 1898.....	1 24
Stamps for same.....	80
Letter stamps.....	1 00
Nails, lumber, and wire.....	4 50
Muslin cloth to cover platform.....	3 50
Trimming for wagon for school children.....	1 50
Expressage on two boxes of flowers.....	1 50
Badges at grounds.....	5 00
Expenses of firing squad.....	3 50
Wagon and organ.....	2 50
Taking out and bringing back 100 chairs.....	7 00
Extra wagons for transfer.....	8 00
Charles Lauer.....	2 50
Champlin Printing Co.....	4 50
To Mr. Landes at Sandusky.....	10 00
To Mr. H. C. Briggs.....	5 00
Z. L. White & Co.....	12 58
Transporting children to and from grounds.....	7 00
Stamps, stationery, and extras.....	5 00
Total .....	\$139 53

#### Receipts.

Gen. J. A. Reeves, Fourth District, U. C. V.....	\$ 3 00
Hunter Wood, Hopkinsville, Ky.....	5 00
G. L. Cowen, Franklin, Tenn.....	4 00
L. M. Moore, Greenwood, S. C.....	1 50
I. L. Lyons, New Orleans, La.....	10 00
N. J. Boyd, U. D. C., Winchester, Va.....	1 00
F. S. Freret, U. C. V. Memorial Hall, New Orleans, La.	5 00
William M. Connell, R. E. Lee Camp, Ft. Worth, Tex.	3 00
Julia Chapter, U. D. C., Ft. Worth, Tex.....	2 00
D. E. Johnston, Bluefield, W. Va.....	5 00
Martin Thornton, Wheeling, W. Va.....	5 00
J. B. Truelock, Pine Bluff, Ark.....	10 00
J. R. Fell, New Orleans, La.....	5 00
Gen. George Moorman, New Orleans, La.....	20 00
P. J. Carter, Kingston, Tex.....	1 00
M. M. Jordan, Newton, Baker County, Ga.....	2 50
D. Lee Martz, Harrisburg, Va.....	2 50
Dr. T. Shields, Columbus, O.....	10 00
J. W. Carroll, Columbus, O.....	5 00
N. Murphy, Columbus, O.....	3 00
J. B. Darling, Columbus, O.....	2 00
H. Field, Adjutant, Calvert, Tex.....	5 00

Promised, but not paid in.....	\$110 50
Total .....	\$120 50
Expenditures .....	\$139 53
Receipts .....	120 50

Balance .....

The *Press-Post*, Columbus, O., in connection with the list of those who contributed flowers to decorate the twenty-two hundred graves in Camp Chase Cemetery, contains a sketch from Col. W. H. Knauss, who inaugurated the annual decoration of the graves there.



SOME OF THE DESIGNS AT CAMP CHASE.

ter, went over and strewed flowers on the Union soldiers' graves.

Many unexpected incidents were pleasant and gratifying.

I managed to have on the Reception Committee Comrade R. M. Rownd, a stanch Republican and our new postmaster; his Honor, S. Black, our Mayor and a pronounced Democrat; and they had associated with them all Confederates living here and some of the G. A. R. comrades. We had there about forty little girls, all dressed in white, and they looked beautiful as they sang "Cover Them Over." The Confederate Glee Club, from Kentucky, was just splendid, and they made a big impression. Col. Young and Maj. Leathers made splendid talks. Let me tell you that a more solemn service you never saw.



## CONFEDERATES COMMANDING U. S. REGIMENTS.

The VETERAN has exercised diligence to present the colonels commanding Second Regiments in the war with Spain from Arkansas (Cook), Mississippi (Montgomery), and Tennessee (Anderson). These sketches will interest its every reader. The three are all remarkably active and vigorous to have been Confederates. Two of them wore superb Confederate badges over their uniforms at Atlanta, while Col. Anderson, author of that thrilling story, the "Rebel Yell," was absent with his command. The three are among the VETERAN'S staunchest supporters from its beginning. They form a trio worthy of honor to the whole country, and eminently so in representing the South.

## COL. V. Y. COOK, SECOND ARKANSAS REGIMENT.

Virgil Y. Cook, born at Boydsville, Graves County, Ky., November 14, 1848, entered the Confederate army



while in his fifteenth year, serving in the Kentucky Brigade of Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

In 1866 he moved to Arkansas and engaged in merchandising at Grand Glaize, on White River. His firm, V. Y. Cook and Co., did an extensive business until 1874, when he removed to a point on the St. Louis and Iron Mountain railroad, and founded the town of Oliphant, and conducted a large and lucrative business there for ten years. After that he located at "Midland Holm," his country site of 5,000 acres, of which 3,200 acres are in a high state of cultivation, near Elmo, in the famous Oil Trough Valley, on Upper White River. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Arkansas, and a director of the Band of Newport.

At the beginning of the present Spanish-American war he was a Major General of the Arkansas National Guard and reserve militia, commanding the northern

division, composed of eight brigades of reserve militia, two regiments of national guards, a squadron of cavalry, and a light battery. President McKinley, having called upon Arkansas for its quota of troops (two regiments), Gov. Jones on April 20, 1898, appointed Comrade Cook Colonel of the Second Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, the highest office within his gift. After visiting Chickamauga Park, where the regiment is now stationed, in July, and seeing the efficiency of the regiment, Gov. Jones went to Washington and urged President McKinley to appoint Col. Cook a brigadier general in the volunteer army of the United States, which the President agreed to do in the near future. Col. Cook's regiment is brigaded with the Sixty-Ninth New York and Fifth Missouri, constituting the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Third Corps.

## COL. WM. A. MONTGOMERY, SECOND MISS. REGIMENT.

William A. Montgomery, colonel of Second Mississippi, U. S. V., son of Olivia Favee Moore, of Tennessee, and Charles W. Montgomery, of Mississippi, was born October 18, 1844, and was at Union College, Murfreesboro, Tenn., when the war commenced. He was ordered home by his father when the state of Mississippi seceded from the Union, and was among the first volunteers from Mississippi, notwithstanding his father's protest on account of his youth. He joined the Raymond Fencibles, of the Twelfth Mississippi Regiment, and went with that regiment to Virginia for the first year. He was discharged near the end of his first enlistment, and returned to Mississippi and joined the cavalry command of Gen. Wirt Adams.

Young Montgomery made his first military reputation at Fourteen Mile Creek bridge, Miss., on May 12, 1863, the day that Gen. Gregg fought the battle of Raymond. Having been sent by Col. Gates, who then commanded at Edwards, Miss., to burn the bridges across the Fourteen Mile Creek, to impede Grant's army, and after burning all the bridges below the Dillon bridge on the night of the 11th, he stationed himself, with his detail of about ten men, at that bridge, perhaps one mile from Gen. Grant's headquarters, and over which his army was to pass the next morning. About midnight, while the bridge was burning, six negro men from the farm of Mr. Thomas Haman, who lived near by, came up, and, thinking they were Yankees, proposed to show where their old master was in the woods near by, with all his movable personal effects. Montgomery sent to the Dillon place, got six axes, and put them all to work; and when Grant's army moved the next morning he not only had the bridge destroyed, but had a breastwork of trees on the opposite bank of the creek, where he awaited their approach, giving orders to his men not to fire till they heard his gun. As the stillness of that May morning was broken by the solitary sound of Montgomery's gun, fired into the head of the column at short range, every gun in the small Confederate squad was emptied into the squadron of Federal cavalry. After this repulse the Federals charged again to near where the bridge had stood, to meet another volley from the handful of Confederates; and when the third charge was made to the bridge itself a Federal horseman in front exclaimed: "My God! the bridge is burned." Soon not less than fifty pieces of artillery and five thou-

sand rifles were ranged upon the hill about a half mile away, and bore with fury upon the spot where Montgomery and his men lay, but they all escaped unhurt during a lull in the firing. This checked Grant's army on that road for that day. Gen. Grant, in his official report says that they had quite a spirited engagement



at Fourteen Mile Creek, in which they lost twenty-four men killed and wounded.

At Champion Hill, four days later, Montgomery so attracted the attention of Gen. Wirt Adams that he promoted him to chief of scouts, which position he held until again promoted upon the field at Calhoun Station to captain of scouts known as Montgomery's. Many daring deeds after that made him exceedingly popular with his command. At Champion Hill, Jackson, Clinton, Coleman Cross Roads, Timmin Monument, Bear Creek, Mechanicsburg, Decatur, Calhoun Station, Ingram's, Deer Creek, Pritchard's Lane, Goodman, Concord Church, and Gypsic, he was conspicuous for his daring and his skill as an officer. He led the revolution that caused Ames to disband his militia and make it possible for the white people to redeem Mississippi in 1875. He was a member of the Mississippi Legislature in 1878 and again in 1898. He is a Mason, an Odd Fellow, Knight of Honor, Knight of Pythias, member of Legion of Honor, Woodman of the World, and of the Baptist Church.

COL. KELLER ANDERSON, SECOND TENN. REGIMENT.

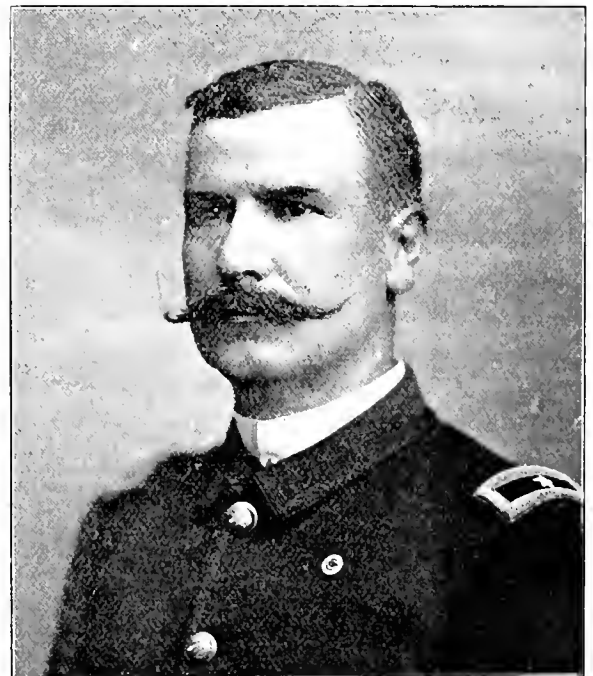
A friend furnished the following excellent sketch of a Kentuckian who since the war has nobly done his part as an adopted citizen of another state in maintaining the good name and enhancing the fame of the Orphan Brigade, which he helped to make:

Col. Keller Anderson is a Kentuckian by birth, a

Tennessean by adoption, and by every instinct of his nature a soldier. His father, John Miller Anderson, was born in Culpeper County, Va.; his mother, Helena Pope, was a Kentuckian. Keller, their fifth son, was born Sept. 21, 1842, and reared in Cynthiana, Ky.

In April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company C (Capt. Jo Desha), First Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., which went to Virginia. On July 13 he was promoted to sergeant, and held that position until the time of the regiment expired. He immediately reenlisted in the First Battalion of Kentucky Cavalry. During the Kentucky campaign of Gen. Bragg he served with the battalion then commanded by Capt. Jo Desha. He was elected second lieutenant September 22, 1862; and in August, 1864, he became first lieutenant by promotion, Lieut. Fishback having died of a wound received at Intrenchment Creek. When Capt. Desha was disabled at Dallas Anderson took command of the company, and led it gallantly until March, 1865, when he was sent to Kentucky to recruit within the enemy's lines; but it was too late to accomplish anything, as the end soon came. He surrendered on the 26th of May, 1865, to Col. Buckley, of the Federal army, at Newcastle, Ky., and was paroled. Buckley demanded his horse and equipments, contrary to terms granted by Gen. Sherman, but he was allowed his side arms.

Col. Anderson was wounded in the shoulder at Chickamauga, and lost a brother, the gallant Ensign Robert Clinton Anderson, who planted his colors on



the enemy's breastworks, but gave up his life in the act. Keller Anderson received three wounds, all in the left arm and shoulder. He still carries one of the balls.

In a skirmish near Cassville, Ga., May 19, 1864, a small Bible in his left breast pocket was struck by a minie ball, which passed through four-fifths of the thickness of the clasped book and tore out at the top. The shock threw him to the ground. This Bible is a

treasured and sacred souvenir in his family. He is proud to have been of the famous Orphan Brigade.

After the war closed he started to Mexico, but stopped by accident at Helena, Ark., engaging in agricultural pursuits near there, and in 1869 married Miss Jean, daughter of Hon. James Robertson, who had gone from Tennessee. Mrs. Anderson was born in Tennessee. Her mother was Anne Lewis Dale.

In 1872 Keller Anderson located in Memphis, Tenn., which place has since been his home. His military training was so agreeable to him that he was connected with the military almost constantly. He was captain of the famous Chickasaw Guards; also held a gubernatorial commission on the staff of Gov. Buchanan, with the rank of brigadier general. During the mining troubles at Coal Creek, Tenn., in 1891-93, he was specially commissioned, raised troops, and quelled the mobs, maintaining the law. He was stationed at Coal Creek for two years in command of the garrison of state troops. Entrapped under a flag of truce, and for two days in the hands of an infuriated mob of miners, barbarously treated and threatened with an ignominious death, his heroism became a leading topic of national concern. His steadfast courage and intrepidity overawed the mob and appealed to the better instincts of their leaders, who by strategy slipped him away into the mountains, where he was finally rescued by the large reinforcements of state troops. The public press was for a time filled with the details. The sensation was so great that letters of commendation and congratulation were sent to him from most of the states of the Union, and even from France, Austria, Italy, and Scotland.

He is at present in command of the Second Tennessee Infantry, United States Volunteers. His son, Claude Desha Anderson, is first lieutenant of the Chickasaw Guards and holds a position of responsibility in the Mercantile Bank of Memphis, and he has a fair little daughter, Jean Keller.

Col. Anderson's "Rebel Yell," published on pages 106, 107, first volume (1893) of the VETERAN, deserves to be reproduced often.

#### SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

Dr. W. J. Davis was chosen to recite the "Sword of Lee" at the decoration service of Confederate graves in Louisville on last Memorial Day. He did it in fine spirit, adding the two stanzas herewith published:

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,  
Flashed the sword of Lee!  
Far in the front of the deadly fight,  
High o'er the brave in the cause of right,  
Its staleness sheen, like a beacon light,  
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long  
It slumbered peacefully,  
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,  
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,  
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,  
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air  
Beneath Virginia's sky—  
And they who saw it gleaming there,

And knew who bore it, knelt to swear  
That where that sword led they would dare  
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand  
Waved sword from stain as free;  
Nor purer sword led braver band,  
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,  
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,  
Nor cause a chief like Lee.

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed  
That sword might victor be;  
And when our triumph was delayed,  
And many a heart grew sore afraid,  
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade  
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain  
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;  
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,  
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,  
Defeated, yet without a stain,  
Proudly and peacefully.

LINES ADDED BY WILLIAM J. DAVIS.

Forth from its scabbard once again,  
Once more in the cause of the free;  
In camp, in field, with never a stain,  
Against a foe in a cause humane,  
The tempered blade, on a Cuban plain,  
Is swung by Fitzhugh Lee.

Yes, ever grasped by some loyal Lee,  
This sword shall gleam on high  
In a cause as grand as a cause can be,  
In freedom's van, on land or sea,  
Not in defeat, but victory—  
Our country's sword for aye.



Miss Louise Harrison Beall is a daughter of H. D. Beall, who served under Gens. J. E. B. Stuart and Rosser. She attended the reunion at Atlanta as first maid of honor for Maryland.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

### COÖPERATING FOR THE VETERAN.

Are you loyal to the principles known now as "Confederate sentiment?" Do you believe it is right to honor the memory of the dead Confederates, and do you respect the living who wore the gray for the sacrifices they made in the Confederate States service? Do you respect Southern womanhood for her faith and her sacrifices? If you do, you are herein specially addressed. This publication, like all others, must survive or die upon business principles. No matter what the diversion, by war with Spain or hard times, there can be no withdrawal of expenses. If you have carefully read the VETERAN and observed its business pages, you will have seen that Northern advertisers do not patronize it as its circulation and its class of readers merit. Therefore it depends upon subscriptions almost entirely for support.

It is a duty incumbent upon every Confederate veteran and friend of those who espoused the Southern cause to be active for the truth of history, and this publication, many times over the most effective medium that has ever existed, deserves their zealous support. Let each remember his or her duty, and sacrifice for economy in other ways, if need be, but be steadfast for the VETERAN. Let each consider that if I neglect the VETERAN, it is weakened, and resolve that *my* strength shall help it.

The VETERAN ought to be discussed from the platform of all reunions. If it has not merit, let it be criticised. A letter has been sent recently to good friends who have acted as agents. If they call upon you, please respond promptly; and if you are not called upon, see that your subscription does not get behind. The letter contains the following urgent appeal:

As representative for the VETERAN at your place, I trust it may be convenient for you to look after the renewals now past and becoming due. It is important that the lists be kept up to the standard, and I hope you can also make some additions. Will send sample copies wherever you may direct.

Don't forget the duty of constant zeal as long as life and opportunity last to establish the merit of your comrades and your father's comrades to the gratitude of mankind for their prolonged sacrifice in behalf of patriotic principles. Don't be inconsiderate enough to require the postmaster to send notice that your VETERAN is "refused," but remember that in sending your dollar each year you are doing inestimable good. This appeal is to you. Do at least send names of persons you think might subscribe, that sample copies may be sent to them.

Some comrades who are officials of the U. C. V. have not even acknowledged the following letter:

*Dear Sir:* Gen. George Moorman, our good friend, ever active for the favor and success of our great organization, the U. C. V., has procured and sent to me your photograph for use in the VETERAN, as well as for the local papers especially interested in the reunion this year. The expense of half-tone engraving is such that I request comrades to share it when they can afford to do so. (Recently the engraving bills for the VETERAN have averaged over \$100 per month.) If you will kindly pay two dollars for the expense of the plate, it may be yours, and you can have any desired copies of the VETERAN containing the picture at half price (five cents), if application be made in time.

A copy was sent to Gen. Moorman, and he replied:

. . . I certainly see no impropriety in the letter you are sending out, and I think that you are doing a favor which a large number will avail themselves of in getting their pictures at the low rate you name.

Comrades who are given this splendid prominence may be surprised at the statement that it costs for every page in the VETERAN about ten times as much, and the space, therefore, on which these pictures are printed costs the VETERAN much more than the engravings. Every person who has a picture in the VETERAN, and can do so, ought to pay the cost of it, and they should at least try to reimburse the space that may be given to them or their people by their influence with others to subscribe for it. Some, however, after getting this great favor, appear to lose further interest.

### DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

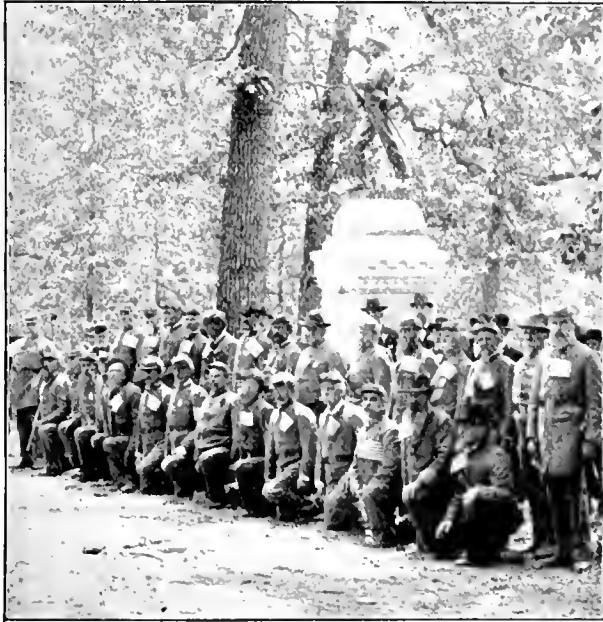
Every chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy and every other organization of Confederate women or children is requested to supply a brief sketch for the October VETERAN. Where pictures are desirable, a remittance of \$2 is requested, with the photograph, to pay for the engraving.

The annual convention of Christian Endeavorers held at Nashville in 1898 used Confederate colors, "red, white, and red." About twenty thousand more badges than necessary were made, and they belong now to the VETERAN. This badge will be sent complimentary to all who renew their subscriptions by remitting to the office before October and noting the desire for it when writing. The C. E. medallion may be removed and any Confederate emblem attached. Ten cents will pay for one of these badges and a sample copy of the VETERAN.

Mr. J. Ryan, of Chicago, a Federal veteran, who served with his battery at the front long enough to know well and appreciate Confederate valor, in renewing his subscription to the VETERAN, states: "I have been reading the VETERAN for several years, and like the tone of it very much; but please remind your correspondents that we Yanks did win a few little victories, and were not licked every time, as many of them would have your readers believe."

**TENNESSEE MONUMENT AT CHICKAMAUGA.**

The Legislature of Tennessee, in 1895, appropriated \$10,000 for the erection of monuments and markers on the battle-field of Chickamauga. With this the committee erected four monuments—one to the infantry, two to the cavalry, and one to the artillery—and forty-seven regiment markers. On May 19, 1898, the monuments and markers were formally dedicated and turned over to the United States government, Gov.



James D. Porter making the dedicatory speech, and they were received on behalf of the government by Gen. A. P. Stewart. They are considered the most appropriate monuments on the battle-field and the finest, cost considered. The pedestals of the monuments are of Tennessee gray marble, surmounted with pure bronze statues. A picture of the infantry monument is here given, in front of which is a company of Confederate soldiers in full uniform. The monument is situated on the top of Snodgrass Hill, where Thomas' lines were last broken.

**INFANTRY MONUMENT.**

**REVERSE SIDE.**

Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, Brig.-Gen. George Maney's Brigade, First, Fourth, Sixth, Ninth, and Twenty-Seventh Regiments and Twenty-Fourth Battalion.

Brig.-Gen. Preston Smith's Brigade, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twenty-Ninth, Forty-Seventh, and One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Regiments.

Brig.-Gen. O. F. Strahl's Brigade, Fourth, Fifth, Nineteenth, Twenty-Fourth, Thirty-First, and Thirty-Third Regiments.

Brig.-Gen. M. J. Wright's Brigade, Eighth, Sixteenth, Twenty-Eighth, Thirty-Eighth, Fifty-First, Fifty-Second Regiments, Twenty-Eighth Battalion.

**RIGHT SIDE.**

Fifteenth, Twentieth, and Thirty-Seventh Regiments, Brig.-Gen. William B. Bate's Brigade, Stewart's Division, Buckner's Corps.

Eighteenth, Twenty-Sixth, Thirty-Second, and For-

ty-Fifth Regiments and Twenty-Third Battalion, Brig.-Gen. John C. Brown's Brigade, Stewart's Division, Buckner's Corps.

Third, Tenth, Thirtieth, Forty-First, and Fiftieth Regiments and First Battalion, Gregg's Brigade, Johnson's Division, Buckner's Corps.

**LEFT SIDE.**

Sixty-Third Regiment, Gracie's Brigade, Preston's Division, Buckner's Corps.

Second, Thirty-Fifth, Forty-Eighth, one company Third Confederate, seven companies Fifth Confederate Regiments, Brig.-Gen. Lucins E. Polk's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hill's Corps.

Seventeenth, Twenty-Third, Twenty-Fifth, and Forty-Fourth Regiments, Brig.-Gen. Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, Stewart's Division, Hood's Corps.

**CAVALRY MONUMENT.**

**REVERSE SIDE.**

First (6) Regiment, Lieut.-Col. James H. Lewis, J. F. Wheeler's Brigade, Armstrong's Division, Forrest's Cavalry.

Fourth (Starnes'), Eighth, Ninth, and Eleventh Regiments and Shaw's Battalion, Dibrell's Brigade, Armstrong's Division, Forrest's Cavalry.

Second and Fifth Regiments, Scott's Brigade, Pegram's Division, Forrest's Cavalry.

Buckner's Legion, composed of Twelfth and Sixteenth Battalions, Davidson's Brigade, Pegram's Division, Forrest's Cavalry.

**RIGHT SIDE.**

Fourth (Baxter Smith) Regiment, Companies G and H, Third Confederate Regiment, Harrison's Brigade, Wharton's Division, Wheeler's Cavalry.



Companies E, F, G, I, H, K, First Confederate Regiment, Russell's Brigade, Wharton's Division, Wheeler's Cavalry.

## LEFT SIDE.

Gen. Forrest's Escort, Capt. J. C. Jackson.  
Gen. Buckner's Escort, Capt. J. W. Clark.  
Gen. Cleburne's Escort, Capt. C. F. Sanders.

## FEDERAL MONUMENT.

## REVERSE SIDE.

First Regiment, Lieut.-Col. James P. Brownlow,  
First Brigade, Col. Daniel M. Ray, First Division,  
Cavalry Corps.

Second Regiment, Lieut.-Col. William R. Cook,  
Second Brigade, First Division, Cavalry Corps.

As early as April 25 of this year, upon a call by the President for volunteers to help free Cuba, the Governor's guard had volunteered; then the Fourth Regiment, five hundred and fifty-six strong, reported; then, independent of the state guard, the Adjutant-General said he had on file over five thousand applicants as volunteers.

A tablet has been erected in the assembly hall at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, at Bryan, with the following inscription: "Erected by the Faculty of the Agricultural and Mechanical College in memory of Lawrence Sullivan Ross, President 1890-98. He brought the maturity of an experience won as soldier, Legislator, and Governor to the service of the youth of the state. Died January 3, 1898, aged fifty-nine years. 'Come up higher.'"

## WM. JASPER MONUMENT.

Of many attractive points in Charleston, White Point Battery is one of the most beautiful. It is in a splendid park situated at the extreme southern border of the city, on the shore of its beautiful harbor. The beautiful bronze monument stands on a granite base, erected to the hero, Serg. William Jasper and the other defenders of Fort Moultrie on June 28, 1776. Inscribed on a copper plate are the words of Gen. Charles Lee, "No men ever did, and it is impossible that any can, be a v e better;" and on the reverse side the expression of Jasper, "Don't let us fight without a flag." The monument was erected by the Palmetto Guards, of Charleston, June 28, 1876.

Let those who think the South has just awakened to a respect of the old flag ponder on the above. It will be news to many.

A vivid picture of Southern sentiment is given in the following introductory paragraph in the *Nashville Christian Advocate*: "In passing through Chattanooga recently we were deeply impressed by the sight of men in blue uniforms from Maine and Arkansas, from Wisconsin and South Carolina. Our heart warmed within us toward these brave defenders of the nation's flag. It is known to our readers that to the very last we opposed the declaration of war—not from any lack of patriotism, but from the sincere belief that the agencies of peace were sufficient to secure the ends desired. When war came, however, we had no option but to side with our own folk. Sincerely and earnestly we hope that on land and sea our forces may be everywhere victorious, and that all our victories may be so many steps in the pathway of human progress."

B. M. Blount, Atlanta, Ga.: "For some time I have wanted to get the facts regarding an incident of the war, and it occurs to me that you could secure the information through the *VETERAN*, having read in your May issue the article regarding Halifax Richards Wood. My brother, Capt. (afterward Col.) Joseph G. Blount, of Deering's Battalion of Artillery, was brevetted major and presented with a sword for gallantry upon the field of battle by Gen. R. F. Hoke, of North Carolina. I heard the story from others when quite young, and, not knowing whether my version is correct or not, would like to get the exact facts in shape for preservation."



WILLIAM JASPER MONUMENT, AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

## CAPT. WILL A. MILLER.

Capt. Will A. Miller was born on a farm near Monroe, La., August 15, 1842; enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, and was a member of Harris' Battery, Bankhead's Battalion of Artillery, Army of Tennessee, up to July, 1862. He participated in the battles of Columbus, New Madrid, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, Shiloh, and different engagements around Corinth. As sergeant, he commanded his company in the battle of Shiloh and won a lieutenant's commission, and was ordered to report to Gen. Hindman, who was at Little Rock organizing the Trans-Mississippi Department. He served as first lieutenant of Hughey's Battery, Cabell's Brigade, until December, 1864, when he was wounded, and has been crippled ever since.



CAPT. WILL A. MILLER AND WIFE.

Like many other boys, he left a sweetheart behind, with whom (notwithstanding a stiff knee and his war record were his only legacies) he entered into copartnership and set up housekeeping in a rented cabin, with his old saber, six-shooter, and a borrowed skillet as the supply of household and kitchen furniture, and the Miller family was established.

In 1876 he settled in Wise County, Tex., since which time his interests have been with the people of that section. He organized and was the first Captain of Ben McCulloch Camp No. 30, U. C. V., at Decatur, Tex.

Capt. Miller is a jolly, good fellow, and seems to get his share of good things out of life, having a pleasant word for all. His purse is carried in open hands and with liberal heart. He demonstrates that "a Rebel can be a patriot and a patriot a Rebel."

The Atlanta (Ga.) Camp No. 159, U. C. V., held its annual election recently. Col. L. P. Thomas, the retiring Commander, in his address appealed to comrades to stand shoulder to shoulder for the success of the great reunion. Thanks were expressed by a rising vote to the Daughters of the Confederacy in their efforts in behalf of the Georgia Confederate Home. An extraordinary combination of incidents have occurred in connection with this home enterprise, which were expected from official source, but are not ready for this issue. The new officers of the camp are: Commander, A. J. Wise; Lieutenant Commanders, W. D. Ellis, Dr. Durham, C. S. Arnall, J. T. Stocks; Adjutant, J. C. Lynes; Quartermaster, C. L. D'Alvigny; Commissary, S. H. Landrum; Surgeon, Dr. K. S. Divine; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Arch Avary; Chaplain, Rev. T. P. Cleveland; Treasurer, R. M. Clayton; Historian, R. L. Rodgers. Executive Committee: A. J. West, W. H. Calhoun, T. B. Neal, F. T. Ryan, J. H. Shadden, F. M. Meyers, C. W. Motes. Relief Committee: Harry Krouse, Ed Cox, J. C. Carlisle, S. B. Scott, J. M. Payne. Visiting Committee: P. M. Graves, W. H. White, J. A. Caldwell, J. C. Rodgers, Ben Floyd.

William T. Harwell, Company D, Jeff Davis Legion (A. K. Ramsey, captain; W. M. Stone, colonel; under J. E. B. Stuart, brigadier-general), was killed at Spottsylvania Court-House, Va., on May 8, 1864. A Miss Annie Reed, living in the neighborhood, wrote that his body would be exhumed (he having been buried on the battle-field) and placed in the cemetery at Spottsylvania Court-House. His brother, J. D. Harwell, of Meridian, Miss., would like to hear from any one who can tell him whether or not the body was moved and whether marked so as to be identified.

Mr. John O'Donnell, of Capt. Butler's Company (F), First Tennessee Regiment, testifies that the following conversation occurred on the first day's fight at Shiloh.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston was riding along the lines with his hat in his hand, and was seen by Col. Hume Field, who, wishing to give the General a regimental salute, called his men to "attention." They were then lying on the ground resting and waiting for orders. Gen. Johnston heard the command as he was approaching Gen. Field, and said: "Colonel, what is this for?" The Colonel said he wished the regiment to salute him, when the General remarked: "Colonel, don't disturb your men; I wish them to rest all they can. I will have better use for them after awhile." And he did, as they were soon ordered to the front and to the support of a battery of artillery. Mr. O'Donnell says he saw Gen. Johnston several times that morning and that he looked the grand soldier he was, seemed cheerful, and carried his hat in his hand continually.

While his regiment was en route to Shiloh Mr. O'Donnell says they camped at Monterey and near Gen. Johnston's headquarters, which were eight miles from Shiloh and about ten miles from Corinth. Gen. Forrest captured a Federal major in the scrimmage. The Federal lost his hat, and when taken to headquarters was recognized by Gen. Johnston, who stepped into his tent and brought out a hat and handed it to the Federal major, who was taken to Corinth.



### TEXAS RANGERS' REUNION AT AUSTIN.

The twenty-ninth annual reunion of Terry's Texas Rangers (Eighth Texas Cavalry) was called to order June 1 in the Driskill Hotel, at Austin, Tex. The officers of the association, all of whom were present, are: President, George W. Littlefield; Vice-Presidents, Ferg Kyle, P. C. Hill, George T. McGhee, E. M. Phelps; Secretary, T. U. Lubbock; Corresponding Secretary, Joe G. Booth; Treasurer, W. D. Cleveland.

At the roll-call the following valiant old comrades answered present: S. S. Ashe, Houston; George B. Burke, Austin; Richard Burger, Bastrop; J. G. Booth, Austin; A. P. Browning, Austin; W. D. Cleveland, Houston; S. P. Christian, Houston; J. J. Coulter, Luling; C. G. and W. H. Caldwell, Austin; W. R. Davis, Creedmoor; A. F. Logan, Austin; Jules Manor, Austin; J. F. Miller, W. E. Moore, McDade; W. C. Moore, Ashby; William Owens, Elgin; T. U. Lubbock, Houston; W. M. Ford, San Antonio; Steve Gallaher, Seguin; H. W. Graber, Calvert; Natt Holman, Lagrange; D. O. Hill, Bastrop; W. F. Holcomb, Luling; W. H. Kyle, Nursery; Curren Kyle, Kyle; R. Y. King, Belton; George W. Littlefield, Austin; Ferg Kyle, Kyle; George T. McGhee, San Marcos; J. T. McGuire, Gatesville; Fred Nolke, Sherwood; E. M. Phelps, Austin; J. T. Pryor, Duke; J. B. Rogers, Austin; A. T. Steele, Houston; C. W. Stone, Lockhart; S. T. Stone, Austin; T. K. Thompson, Galveston; P. J. Watkins, Llano; Sam Watkins, San Marcos; George B. Zimpleman, Austin; W. R. Webb, P. F. Burris, Cotulla; Jeff Burleson, Weberville; W. A. Wrol, Austin; I. T. Lauve, Austin; Pete Walton, Austin; John M. Hill, Smithville.

The minutes of the meeting held at Nashville were adopted. A committee of five was appointed to prepare resolutions on the association's dead. The committee was composed of J. F. Miller, chairman; W. E. Moore, Doc Burris, C. G. Caldwell, S. P. Christian.

Messrs. Ashe, Cleveland, and Lubbock were appointed a committee to secure historical data bearing on the life of the association.

The hotel was beautifully decorated with the national

colors. Intermingling were Confederate flags and streamers.

Maj. "Pat" Christian, the senior living officer of the regiment, was present. He is better known as "Capt. Pat," although promoted to major from captain of Company A. R. Y. King, the only captain present, succeeded Capt. Christian to command of Company A.

Several communications were read bearing on a flag of the Terry Rangers which is held by the state of Indiana as a trophy of war, and which, it is claimed, was captured; but the correspondence showed it was found after a battle, and not captured at all. A committee was appointed to act in conjunction with Maj. Weiler, of the Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers, to memorialize the Indiana Legislature to have this flag returned to the Rangers. The following were appointed on the committee: Henry W. Graber, George W. Littlefield, S. P. Christian, R. Y. King, and W. D. Cleveland.

After adjournment the members repaired to the Capitol, where the Governor and Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds were to select a site for the monument. The Governor cordially received the veterans. The site selected for the monument is on the west terrace, in front of the Capitol building, and is just opposite the Alamo monument. A vote of thanks was tendered Gov. Culberson and Supt. Mobley.

At the second day's proceedings Comrade E. M. Phelps read the grant made by the state to the Rangers for the monument site. The document was ordered deposited with Col. Littlefield.

Another resolution by Comrade Miller was adopted—namely, that a monument committee be instructed to select and adopt a plan for a monument, to cost \$10,000, and that they proceed at once to raise the sum to complete the monument according to their plans. W. D. Cleveland and Joe G. Booth were appointed to take subscriptions for the monument fund.

The following committee report was received, read, and adopted: "The committee appointed to report upon the dead of our organization name the following deaths since last meeting: L. A. L. Lampkin, John E. Thornton, John R. Rector, Osceola Archer, W. B. Sayers, Gustave Cook, W. B. Martin, P. C. Walker, R.



M. McKay, I. S. Neal, R. T. Hill, W. L. Smith, William Fort Smith, Austin Robinson, C. D. Barnett."

A committee of five was appointed by the President to devise a plan for the permanent organization of the sons and daughters and descendants of the members of the command. The soliciting monumental committee reported \$605 subscribed that morning.

Elgin and Victoria were placed in nomination for the next annual meeting, and Victoria was selected.

New officers were elected as follows: John M. Brownson, President; Joe G. Booth, Ben F. Burke, W. E. Moore, and H. D. Sullivan, Vice-Presidents; W. D. Cleveland was reelected Treasurer; T. U. Lubbock, Secretary; W. H. Kyle, Corresponding Sec'y.

At night the Veterans were given a reception at the palatial residence of Comrade George W. Littlefield. The decorations were artistic and beautiful. Over the entrance to the residence an elaborate design made of electric lights shone out brilliantly. It was a star, with



COL. PERRY.

"Texas" spelled out, one letter between each of the star's points, and in the center was an "R," for Rangers, the design worn by members of the regiment on their caps and hats during the war. The reception was a brilliant affair. Among those receiving were: Judge Reagan, Gov. and Mrs. Lubbock, Mrs. D. T. Iglehart, Mrs. Judge Gaines, Mrs. Belvin, Gen. and Mrs. Hamby, Miss Nola Dilworth, and many others. Elegant refreshments added to the evening's pleasures. The dining-room was decorated in red, white, and blue.

Adj. Thomas L. Moore, of the New York Camp, announces the death of Dr. R. C. M. Page.

### MONUMENT AT BOWLING GREEN, KY.

An object of special interest to Confederates is the monument at Bowling Green, Ky., among the first memorials reared by the Southern survivors of the war

in honor of their dead comrades. The idea originated with Private George B. Payne, of Company I, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, for three years a courier of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, and now an esteemed citizen of Topeka, Kans. Early in 1875 he began the agitation of the subject, started a subscription, and secured the organization of the Warren County Confederate Monumental Association, of which the late Thomas H. Hines was President. By autumn \$1,500 had been raised, and the work was soon afterward begun. It was designed and executed by home talent, its material being the fine white building-stone so abundant in the vicinity. The dedication took place May 3, 1876, and it was a memorable occasion, twelve or fifteen thousand people being present. Federal soldiers united with Confederates in the ceremonies and in the decoration of their graves. The oration was delivered by Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, and should be preserved as a classic.



BOWLING GREEN MONUMENT.

Gen. W. F. Perry, of Bowling Green, kindly furnished data for the above article.

K. C. Divine, chairman of Local Committee of Surgeons, Atlanta: "A special meeting of the surgeons of the Confederate army and navy is hereby called at the smaller auditorium in Piedmont Park on Wednesday, July 20, at three o'clock. This is for organization, in accordance with previous notice in the press asking the attendance at this reunion of the late Confederate army and navy."

The Ellison Capers Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Florence, S. C., held its regular meeting in June, and elected officers as follows: Mrs. Church, President; Mrs. James Evans and Mrs. J. B. Douglas, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. V. C. Tarrh, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. C. E. Jarrott, Recording Secretary; Mrs. T. H. Harlee, Treasurer. After the business routine the members repaired to the dining-room, where a most delightful tea was served, to celebrate the date of organization.

## SEVERAL ERRORS CORRECTED.

Gen. John M. Claiborne writes from Rusk, Tex., June 14, 1898:

Statements in the VETERAN will, in after-years, be incorporated in history, or, at least, be made the base for both historical and biographical writings. Opinions of men may honestly differ in statement, but should not upon facts. Men are prone to hero-worship, and are frequently led into error unwittingly by their ideal hero.

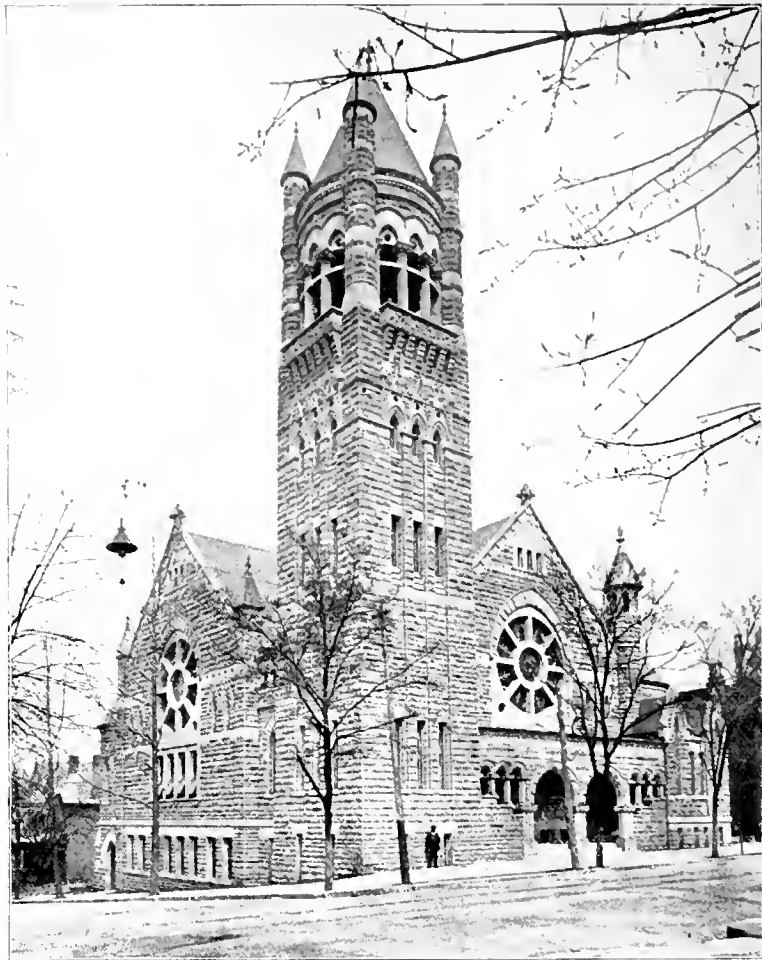
In the August (1897) VETERAN, pages 402-405, is a statement by Robert Adamson in an interview of Col. George W. Adair with ex-Gov. Harris, of Tennessee. In this interview he states: "A few weeks after Gov. Harris and I were detailed to go to Rough and Ready, to accompany Maj. Sinclair, one of Hood's staff-officers, to represent the Southern army," etc. Hood had no staff-officer by the name of Sinclair. Continuing again: "Harris and I left Hood's army shortly after leaving Atlanta, and went to Mississippi and joined Forrest. We were at Grenada. Brownlow had a reward out for Harris, and he borrowed \$1,000 in gold from a gambler named Sherman and refuged to Cordova, Mexico."

Hood, soon after the fall of Atlanta, began to make the celebrated rear move into Tennessee, Sherman not driving him to the sea. On that campaign, after crossing the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., I was with Gen. Hood at least once each week until the battle at Franklin, and was then with him almost every day until the day after the battle of Nashville. I was in charge of the secret service during the entire campaign until sent to Florence, after the defeat at Nashville, to aid in putting in the pontoon-bridge, Gov. Harris being near Hood during the entire movement. Afterward he went to a plantation in Red River County, Tex., where his negroes had been previously taken. Then Brownlow offered the reward, and he went into Mexico and to Maximilian. Instead of leaving Forrest at Grenada for Texas, he came with Forrest to Hood, at or near Florence, Ala. (if with Forrest at all).

Hood had a staff-officer, Maj. Clare, who married Miss Mary Hadley, the stepdaughter of Maj. John L. Brown, of whom you have a sketch in your March (1898) number, page 128.

The error is in the entire statement, and especially that Harris went to Mexico until after Forrest and Taylor surrendered, in May, 1865; and this after Lee had surrendered and Johnston quit fighting, for want of men, ammunition, and food. The men fought without clothes, but hunger and no powder and ball forced them to quit trying.

On page 417, same edition, I find an article from the pen of Judge J. A. Wharton, of Jackson, Miss., concerning Maj.-Gen. John A. Wharton, in which there are errors. I was the adjutant of Terry's Texas Rangers. John A. Wharton recruited Company B, Archer



SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH, ATLANTA, GA.

Grays, and was their first captain. He was not the law partner of Col. Terry. Terry was a planter. Col. Terry was not killed at Shiloh, but at Woodsonville (or Rowlett's Station), in Kentucky, December 17, 1861. Wharton's law partner was Clint N. Terry, who was a volunteer courier to Col. John A. Wharton at Shiloh, and was wounded there April 6, 1862, dying from the effects of his wound in a few days. The writer says it is believed that Wharton was promoted for gallantry in every battle in which he was engaged. He was elected captain of Company B, and, upon the death of Terry and Lubbock, he was elected colonel of the regiment. Up to that time he had never been under fire. Then, according to this biographer, he was in only two battles, in one of which he was promoted to brigadier-general and in the other to major-general. This is unjust to his memory. He was in several battles. General Order No. 12, by Gen. Polk, I never saw before. The facts are: Wharton was colonel commanding a cavalry brigade near the fair-grounds at Bardstown, Ky., October 4, 1862, when he was surrounded. He obeyed Polk's order to remain at a given point until a given minute. The enemy were met, Rangers in front. The enemy in their front were on a pike (macadam road), with a five-foot stone fence on each side, and in column of platoon of sixteen file.

They were charged by the Rangers and repulsed, by the bugle-sound of charge, but no man gave the order. It was the quick perception of the situation by the bugler, Ben C. Polk. Wharton's gray mare was shot in the fore leg by the first Yankee platoon. In the confusion every man fought on his own hook. The Federals reported two hundred and eighty-four killed and wounded, but it freed the army of Bragg for three days, or until the 7th of October, when there was planned by Bragg and executed by Wharton the most brilliant move he ever was connected with, culminating in the saving of Bragg's army at Perryville, Ky., October 7, 1862. The charge was led by the Rangers, as usual, every man doing his level best to get in first and do all the damage he possibly could by staying in and shooting all the time and hitting a man in a vital spot every time he shot. This charge was one of three made by Terry's Rangers that surpassed any others made by any troops during the war. "In the charge at Perryville they killed three times their number."

In the list of the celebrated Shannon Scouts, as given in same number, page 419, there are errors: Lou, instead of Lon Compton; Maverick, instead of Mavic; Haggerty, instead of Hogarty; Oliver, instead of Eyan Walker. Emmett Lynch was murdered by his prisoner.

Absolute accuracy is sought for the VETERAN, so contributors are urged to special care in writing names.



MISS EMMIE SWEET JAMES,  
Sponsor for South Carolina.

Joshua Draper, Oxford, Ala., June 28, 1898.

I was a member of Company E, Tenth Alabama Regiment. I was wounded and permanently disabled at the Wilderness May 6, 1864. While at home, April 22, 1865, Gen. Croxton's Cavalry came through our town on a raid; and, while I would not detract one iota from the well-merited fame of Sam Davis, yet I wish to mention in connection with the above raid the death of another soldier equally as heroic, that of one Mr. Lloyd, commissary clerk here, with Capt. Clark. Both, I think, were from Mississippi. These gentlemen, with a few others, thought they would check the "vile invaders." Capt. Clark fired with derringers, killing a soldier and his horse. Clark and Lloyd were captured and separated. The Yankees told Lloyd they would kill him, for he had killed one of their comrades. He denied it. They told him he knew who did it, but he refused to tell them, knowing that Capt. Clark was also a prisoner. He then said: "If you intend to kill me, give me a chance to run for my life." They consented, and as he ran they fired at him, shooting off his little finger. They then ran after him, caught him, and dragged him back, when one of his captors shot him through the back with a carbine.

His wife being in a delicate condition, he was not carried home, but was kindly nursed several hours until he died. He was buried, principally by women and boys, in our cemetery. I hope the cowardly fiends who committed this foul murder are repenting, with hope of forgiveness, for having committed so heinous a crime.

I would like to know of Mr. Lloyd's family, Capt. Clark's, and also of Maj. William McGregor, of my company, who commanded Pelham's Battalion of artillery after Pelham's death till the surrender.

I enjoy reading the VETERAN, and think every Confederate ought to show his appreciation of your efforts by subscribing and paying for it.

R. W. Robertson, of New Orleans, wrote last February: "In the VETERAN of December, 1897, there was an inquiry from D. W. Timberlake, of Middleway, W. Va., concerning Lieut. Frank Timberlake, of the Seventh Tennessee Regiment. This gentleman, Frank A. Timberlake, was desperately wounded at Gettysburg. He settled in Augusta, Ga., after the war, and lived until about a year ago. He was ever a great sufferer from his wounds, and died from their effects. Capt. Timberlake was twice married. A son, Frank A. Timberlake, is in business in Augusta, Ga. His second wife was Mrs. Mildred Eye Walton, widow of Dr. Claiborne Walton, and a native of Augusta, Ga., who survives him. He has a brother, William M. Timberlake, also living in Augusta. Capt. Timberlake was highly esteemed by all fellow citizens of his adopted city. He was modest, upright, and brave."

At the annual meeting of Marr Camp, held at Fairfax Court-House, Va., April 18, the following officers were elected: Owens Berry, Commander; J. N. Ballard, G. A. Gordon, and R. L. Spindle, Lieutenants; J. Cooper, Adjutant; Judge J. M. Love, Treasurer; G. N. Gaines, Quartermaster; Peter Howard, Officer of the Day; G. W. Pettit, Vidette; Dr. W. P. Moneure, Surgeon.

### SKETCH OF THE RACCOON ROUGHS.

J. L. M'COLLUM, ATLANTA, GA., SUPT. W. AND A. R. R.

It will interest the readers of the VETERAN to know something of the first military organization that Gen. John B. Gordon commanded at the breaking out of the war between the North and South.

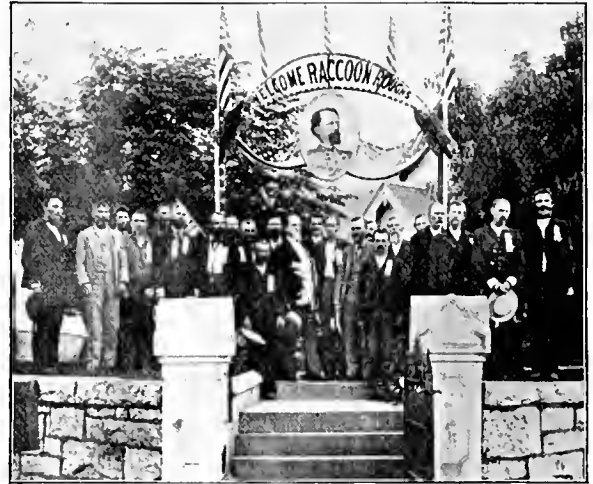
In the early days of 1861 there came forth from the Raccoon Mountains and immediate valleys a little band of as brave men as ever faced an enemy, representing the three states of Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, each wearing upon his head a coon skin cap, significant of the section in which he lived. They were led by a young man destined to become famous as a soldier and statesman. This company was organized as the Raccoon Rangers, and intended as a cavalry company; but, as many of the men were not able to furnish their mounts, it was decided subsequently to enlist in the infantry branch of the service, and accordingly our commander made application for assignment with the Georgia troops. Failing in this, he made application to the Governor of Alabama, with little success at first; but the men, with their indomitable leader, would not listen to the word fail, and finally, after persistent efforts, the Governor of Alabama yielded to the appeal, and we were taken to Montgomery and assigned as one of the twelve companies of the Sixth Alabama Regiment. Here we gave our first real "Rebel yell" when our gallant captain was elected major of the regiment; and he continued to climb, step by step, from captain of the Raccoon Roughs to lieutenant general of the Second (Stonewall Jackson's) Corps, and distinguished himself upon the battlefields from Manassas to Appomattox, with a "God bless him!" from all the "Coons," as we were familiarly



LIEUT. COL. AUGUSTUS GORDON AND FRIEND.

It was designed to use only the picture of Col. Gordon in above, but his chum, though a stranger, is a fitting accompaniment. These were typical Confederates. Let the world honor such a youth at the head of a regiment of heroes.

called. I wish to mention the change of name from "Rangers" to "Roughs," which is yet amusing. While our train was in waiting in Atlanta, before our departure for Montgomery, a man who had looked at the bottom of his glass too often, seeing the boys with the coon skin caps, wanted to know who in the h—— we were. He was informed that we were the Raccoon Rangers, when he exclaimed that we looked more like a lot of "raccoon roughs." We accepted the amendment in lieu of Rangers, and at once had red bands printed and placed upon our caps with the inscription "Raccoon Roughs," by which name the company was afterwards known.



It would be interesting to note, if I had space, the heroic acts of all the officers and men of this unique organization during the four years of war. Of the one hundred and sixty-four officers and men, only two as members were at Appomattox, the remainder being either killed, wounded, or in prison. I will mention, however, the name of one young officer, and it should be placed along with the name of Pelham and other distinguished young officers of the Confederate army who gave up their lives so heroically—namely, Augustus Gordon, a brother of the distinguished Gen. John B. Gordon, the original captain of the Raccoon Roughs, the oft-promoted officer of the army, the great statesman, and the now beloved Commander of the United Confederate Veterans Association. Young "Gus," as he was familiarly known, was originally a sergeant in the company, but only a few months after the organization was elected first lieutenant upon the advancement of his brother, John B. Gordon, to the rank of major. Gus, although only eighteen years old, was a student in tactics and as gallant and clever as any young knight in history, endearing himself to his men—so much so that at the reorganization in 1862 he was elected by a unanimous vote to command the company. At the battle of Seven Pines he was severely wounded while in the hottest of the battle, but soon returned to the field, although really unable for service, and was promoted to major of the regiment for his gallantry. He was recommended and promoted again to lieutenant colonel, just prior to the battle of Chancellorsville, in 1863, and while leading his regiment in that battle, on May 2, was mortally wounded. No braver soldier

or commander, boy as he was, ever faced a foe. His last commands still ring in my ears, and his dying words to be conveyed to his fond mother are yet inspiring: "Say to mother that I fell with my face to the enemy; that I have tried to live a Christian life, and am now dying a Christian." [Gen. Gordon, in chatting with a group of comrades at a hospitable home, told of his brother's presentiment that he would be killed. On the night before the fatal shot was received he told the General what would happen the next day, but he said: "Don't be uneasy about me; I will do my duty to the end."—EDITOR.]

In 1889 I communicated with all the survivors of the old company that could be located, and invited them to a reunion at my home. I succeeded, after much search, in locating all but two of the old crippled "Coons" in different sections of the country, and it was one of the greatest pleasures of my life to entertain them as my guests. The accompanying picture of them was made at that time, enlarged copies of which, in frame, I have sent each survivor.

#### MISS ELLA POWELL'S PATRIOTIC WORK.

Miss Ella M. Powell, of Atlanta, has well earned the admiration and the praise of her people and all patriots. Attractive in form and features, diligent in applying brain, voice, and hands to what duty made incumbent upon her, with an amiable disposition, she was soon well known beyond her city and state.



Some years ago Miss Powell was written to from Spartanburg, S. C., in an appeal to aid in procuring \$222 which had been pledged by the Governor of Georgia for the tablet assigned to Georgia for Cowpens monument. She sought the amount, but in vain. Her pride and her patriotism induced her to advance the sum, that the monument be dedicated. Strange as it may seem, Miss Powell has never been reimbursed. In recognition of that enterprising and patriotic act on her part, South Carolina presented her with a magnificent oil painting of Gen. Washington's battle flag, and

North Carolina asked that she be sponsor for Georgia upon the dedication of the Mecklenburg monument at Charlotte, May 20, 1898. This was Confederate reunion time for veterans of the old "North State," and she was there a special guest of honor.

When the war with Spain was inaugurated, last spring, Miss Powell visited the soldiers at Camp McPherson, near Atlanta, and, seeing the urgent need of Christian woman's ministrations to the sick, she began agitating the important subject, and soon the Atlanta Relief Association was organized; and, with diligence, in less than sixty days \$2,500 in money had been raised, and the fund is being wisely disbursed. Miss Powell's work in this line was taken up in other states. Tennessee was among the first to catch the spirit, and Mrs. H. B. Buckner, of Nashville, is President of an organization which is doing much to help the Tennessee boys in need, wherever stationed. The work of women in the South for this cause has redemonstrated their active sympathies for their soldier boys.

Miss Powell is prolific of practical suggestions. At the late reunion she was almost overwhelmed with care of sponsors and their maids of honor, the number being estimated at from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred. It is said that one sponsor from our greatest state appointed thirty-two maids of honor. Seeing the impossibility of doing justice by this multitude and the veterans at the same time, Miss Powell suggested that Daughters and all women who wanted to do the best thing possible for the Veterans take basket dinners to the meeting places and serve them in person.

Miss Powell's voice has added to her popularity, and she has been diligent to secure a camp doxology. This she sang for the veterans in Atlanta. Mr. Charles W. Hubner wrote the words, which are as follows:

"WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER,"

Soon our comrades, gone before us to the camp beyond the skies,

Shall with us their tents, by glory guarded, share;  
We will lie with them and slumber, watched by sleepless angel eyes,

Till we're waked to answer roll call over there.

*Chorus.*

When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder we'll be there.

Not with shouts and hearts exulting, as in days forever gone,

Rush we on to where the battle banners flare;  
But with footsteps slow and weary, and in silence, one by one,

When the signal sounds we'll gather over there.

Oh, my comrades! oh, my brothers! by the sacred days of yore,

And the ashes of our heroes, let us swear,  
That our bonds of love shall bind us soul to soul for evermore,

And when roll is called up yonder we'll be there.

Miss Powell is anxious that it be sung in all camps and at the Charleston reunion. She refers for the tune to "Triumphant Songs," page 83.

Miss Powell's latest public service was to go to Tampa, with other Atlanta young ladies, and officiate in the presentation of a flag to the Second Georgia Regiment.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

## Sketches of Officers, Sponsors, etc.

JUDGE WALTER S. BEARDEN, SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

Walter S. Bearden was born at Petersburg, Tenn., 1843. His father, Dr. B. F. Bearden, was a native of



South Carolina, and was of French Huguenot extraction. His mother was a native of Tennessee, and of Scotch-Irish descent. Returning home from Emory and Henry College, Virginia, in May, 1861, he at once began to organize a company for war, teaching a private school during the week and making speeches every Saturday until a sufficient number were enrolled. He entered the service as second lieutenant of Company E, Forty-First Tennessee Infantry Regiment, and was first lieutenant commanding when disabled by a severe wound through the right thigh at the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864. He was also wounded at the battle of Peachtree Creek, and again in the battle on the right of Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

He and his twin and only brother, Lieut. Ed R. Bearden (deceased), were paroled at Meridian, Miss., May 16, 1865, and returned to Petersburg, Tenn., each using a crutch and walking-stick. Both became lawyers. He married Miss Maggie Whiteside, of Shelbyville, Tenn., in February, 1874, and they have two sons and two daughters living. Miss Whiteside first met him in the hospital at Griffin, Ga., severely wounded. She was widely known and admired. Survivors of the Tennessee troops will recall a special demonstration in her honor on Hood's advance into Tennessee. Judge Bearden was elected Chancellor of the Fourth Chancery Division of Tennessee in 1886, and reelected without opposition in 1894 for a second term of eight years.

CAPT. JOHN H. CARTER, AVON, KY.

John H. Carter, son of a New England farmer, was born in New Milford, Conn., August 24, 1835. He graduated from Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., in 1859. Coming to Kentucky, he located at Lexington, secured a position as teacher, and began the study of law. Early in the war he enlisted as a private under Capt. John B. Castleman, Second Kentucky Cavalry, the famous old regiment of Gen. John H. Morgan, and served with that command during the war, surrendering at Washington, Ga., in May, 1865. He was on the Ohio raid, was with the escort of President Davis on the retreat South, and was present at the battles of Cynthiana, Elizabethtown, Green River Bridge, and Greasy Creek, Ky.; at Gallatin, Woodbury, Greenville, and Bull's Gap, Tenn.; at Saltville, Wytheville, and Marion, Va., and in more than a hundred smaller battles or skirmishes. On November 5, 1862, at Nashville, he was badly wounded, had his horse killed under him, and was left on the field. After six weeks of careful nursing by the devoted daughters of Nashville he made his escape, and, passing through the army of Rosecrans, reached his command at Murfreesboro just in time to go on the Christmas raid into Kentucky. He was captured on the raid into Ohio, escaped from Camp Douglas in March, 1864, and in two weeks made his way through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky to Abingdon, Va., where he found Gen. Morgan and his command. During the last year of the war he was made captain of the company in which he first enlisted. After the war he returned to Lexington, near which place he now resides, a successful farmer.



In Confederate matters he is very active, and has done much both by speaking and writing to perpetuate the brave deeds of our fallen heroes. He was a charter-member of the Veteran Association, chairman of the first Battle Abbey Committee, and is Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff to Gen. John Boyd, Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V.

E. W. SHORT, HELENA, ARK.

Comrade E. W. Short was born in the town of Bridgewater, Vt., May 28, 1832. He went to Mobile, Ala., September 1, 1858, was sworn into service October 1, 1861, in the Twenty-Fourth Alabama Regiment, and stationed at Fort Morgan the first winter. He



was sent to Corinth, Miss., arriving after the battle of Shiloh. He was under Gen. Braxton Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, J. B. Hood, and again under Gen. Johnston, in all of the marches and battles of the Western army; was in the battles of Corinth, Mumfordsville, Perryville, Murfreesboro, and many smaller ones; also serving from Dalton to Atlanta in the hundred days' battles and skirmishes; in Atlanta 22d of July, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, followed Sherman on his march to the sea, battle of Bentonville, and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., April 20, 1865. He was not sick a day during this time, and was away from the army only when wounded—five times. He enlisted as a private and was paroled as captain.

P. A. Cribbs writes from Matador, Tex.:

In the January VETERAN Comrade H. M. Woodson, of Memphis, gives a good article in regard to the battle on Lookout Mountain; but, as he says, a common soldier can't know everything, so I add some humor:

Brig.-Gen. E. W. Pettus, with his Alabama and Georgia troops, arrived on top of Lookout Mountain the day before the battle. We were posted on the right of our line from about sundown until relieved by Gen. Clayton's Brigade at midnight.

While waiting for Gen. Clayton's command to line up, we fell back a few steps in a ravine. Comrade Jess Davis and I were sitting on a log together, when a spent ball struck him on the stomach. He fell over the log, claiming that he was shot through, and declaring it was fatal. I felt for the wound, and found the

ball flattened and lodged next to his skin, not having entered the flesh. "Jess, you are not hurt very badly," said I; "here is the ball. You are all right." He revived quickly, and, jumping up, declared that the Yank should lay his gun down, for he had "caught him out."

The bullet passed through his blanket, which was rolled and tied at the ends and worn over the right and under the left shoulder. The bullet made seven holes in the blanket, then passed through his coat and two shirts, and left a black spot about the size of a hand on his abdomen. The lead was mashed to more than an inch in diameter. Jess was all right for duty, and fought all the next day on Missionary Ridge.

LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE DASHIEL, MEMPHIS, TENN.

George Dashiell was born in Maryland January 10, 1828. The family removed to Tennessee in 1838. He was a merchant in Memphis at the commencement of the war, and enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, as a private in Company B, One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment. In October, 1861, he was appointed captain of cavalry by the War Department, and ordered to report to Gen. Leonidas Polk, and was assigned by him as paymaster of the Cheatham Division. He remained with that division until the spring of 1863, when he was transferred by



the War Department, at the request of Gen. N. B. Forrest, to his corps as chief paymaster. He remained with Forrest until paroled at Gainesville, Ala., in 1865.

H. H. Vaden, Sulphur Springs, Tex.: "If any readers of the VETERAN know what became of W. C. McKaskle, Company B, Thirty-Second Texas Cavalry (dismounted), Ector's Brigade, who was captured near Atlanta in 1864 and taken to one of the prisons near Chicago, they will confer a favor by communicating with me."

MAJ. A. W. GLOSTER, GALLATIN, TENN.

Maj. A. W. Gloster, Aid-de-Camp to Maj. Gen. A. J. Vaughan, commanding Tennessee Division, U. C. V., is a native of Fayette County, Tenn., and comes of substantial North Carolina parentage. Early in life he adopted civil engineering. He promptly responded to the call to arms for the South in 1861, and was sworn into the Army of Tennessee in May, at Randolph, a small town on the Mississippi River. He and N. B. Forrest were sworn into the cavalry company of Capt. White, of Memphis, together, their hands being on the same Bible. This was a few days before Forrest was commissioned by Gov. Harris to raise a battalion of cavalry. Comrade Gloster was commissioned by Gov. Harris as lieutenant of engineers, and assigned to duty on Brig. Gen. John L. T. Sneed's staff, where he remained until the Army of Tennessee was transferred to the Confederate government. Subsequently he was assigned to duty with Maj. Minor Meriwether, acting chief engineer of the army at Columbus, Ky., remaining with him in active engineering service at Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, and Shiloh, and building fortifications in and around Corinth, from which place they went to Tupelo, Miss. He was in active engineering service until the fall of Vicksburg, when he was captured, and remained in parole camp at Demopolis, Ala., until October, when he was ex-



changed. He was then ordered to report to the army at Missionary Ridge, and was put in command of Company C, Third Regiment Engineers, and ordered to Atlanta to build wagons and boats for the pontoon trains of the army. This selection was without his knowledge or solicitation. He remained in command of this train, building necessary bridges over the streams crossed by the Army of Tennessee, until the close of the war. Since the war Maj. Gloster has been engaged in locating and constructing some of the most important railroad lines in the South, both east and west of the Mississippi River. His home is at Gallatin.

J. PINCKNEY SMITH, LOUISIANA.

J. Pinckney Smith was born in Natchez, Miss., September 25, 1840. In 1850 he moved to Louisiana, residing in different parishes. In 1858 he commenced



his business life in the office of the sheriff of Carroll Parish. In his youth he became interested in state affairs, and made himself popular and strong by his unflinching loyalty to his friends and his political faith. His first vote was cast for Breckinridge and Lane, and his second for the ordinance of secession. He took a

very active part in the secession convention of January 26, 1861, when Louisiana seceded. Mr. Smith engaged in the Confederate service as a sharpshooter, and was an extraordinary man with a rifle. He was appointed, soon after, by Gov. Moore, recruiting officer to raise troops for Louisiana. He soon raised three companies in Carroll Parish. Then he raised a cavalry company of one hundred and ten men, and became second junior lieutenant of the company, which was mustered into service for "three years or the war" by Gen. McMackin, at Vicksburg, Miss. He armed and equipped this company and named it the Macon Cavalry. It was ordered at once to Corinth, and he commanded it through the two days' fighting at the battle of Shiloh. The company had a reputation for gallantry and as being the most completely armed and equipped body of men then in the Confederate service.

After the battle of Shiloh Lieut. Smith was ordered to Vicksburg and Meridian in charge of a train of wounded soldiers, during which time the army had been reorganized, and the Macon Cavalry had been consolidated with the Brierfield Rebels. Lieutenant Smith was after this promoted to the rank of captain, and was assigned to duty in the Trans-Mississippi department under Gen. E. Kirby Smith. He was then placed in charge of the First Tax-in-Kind District, comprising the parishes of Caddo, Bossier, Claiborne, Bienville, De Soto, and Sabine, with headquarters at Shreveport, La.

Capt. Smith surrendered to Gen. Canby, U. S. A., and was paroled in June, 1865, at Shreveport. After the surrender he moved to New Orleans, where he engaged in the cotton and general factorage business. He was twice married. On December 3, 1868, he wedded Miss Katie C. McIlhenny, but death robbed him of his wife and babe in less than a year. His second wife, Miss Martha Owen, was the daughter of Col. Miles Owen, of Memphis, Tenn., a faithful helpmate to him in his business and social life, and herself a loyal daughter of the Confederacy.

Since 1882 Capt. Smith has been connected with the *Daily States*, and has been actively engaged in building up the interests of that journal. It has ever been val-



iant under its present management for the Confederate cause. He is Quartermaster General on the staff of Edward H. Lombard, Major General commanding the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., succeeding himself from a former Commander.

MAJ. T. E. STANLEY, AUGUSTA, ARK.

Maj. T. E. Stanley, Assistant Inspector General on the staff of Maj. Gen. John J. Horner, commanding Arkansas Division, U. C. V., was born in Lawrence County, Ala., October 15, 1844; was mustered into the Confederate service in June, 1861, with Company B, Sixteenth Alabama Infantry. He was made orderly sergeant of the company in October, 1863, and served in this capacity to the end, May 10, 1865. He was wounded three times, once severely at Chickamauga. At the close of the war he engaged in farm work until 1871, when, with the accumulation of those years, he entered the law school at Lebanon, Tenn. He graduated in 1872, and soon after began the practice of law at Augusta, Ark. His practice was successful; and in addition to that he is now President of the Bank of

of every vestige of apparel and compelled to ride a horse bareback while in that condition. Fortunately, he was recaptured by a major of the United States cavalry, by whom he was treated kindly.



COMRADE HENRY H. SMITH.

Augusta, President of the Augusta Mercantile Company, and has large planting interests in that section.

Comrade Smith was one of the youngest who enlisted in the Confederate army, being only sixteen years of age when, in March, 1861, he entered the First Tennessee Infantry, and went promptly to Virginia. He saw hard service of every kind, and was wounded several times, thus securing membership in the "bullet department," and still carries in a leg painful effects of a shot. He was captured and sent to prison in Ohio. Part of his service was as a scout, having a line of couriers in Tennessee to convey information to headquarters, near Chattanooga. He was captured one night by one of those cruel guerrilla bands that infested the territory between the lines, and was stripped



HENRY H. SMITH, ATLANTA, GA.

Mr. Smith is a fine type of the Southern soldier—courageous, cordial, sympathetic, hospitable. Every ex-Confederate is to him a brother. Born of one of the old Middle Tennessee families and brought up near Nashville, he was happily married to a gifted and lovely lady, Miss Cuyler, a kinswoman of Dr. Theodore Cuyler. He has been quite successful in business, and is now a resident and prominent cotton merchant of Atlanta. It was grievous to him that he could not be with the United Confederate Veterans in Atlanta, being absent on account of ill health. In an address to comrades delivered last spring he said: "The roll call is almost over."

Dr. W. J. Worsham, Knoxville, Tenn.: "I would like to know the whereabouts of the Rev. R. W. Norton, a Baptist minister who was chaplain of the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, Strahl's Brigade, Cheatman's Division. On the morning after my return from the war to my home on Roseberry Creek, twelve miles east of Knoxville, I was at the railroad to see the Middle and West Tennessee troops go by, on their way home from Greenville. That identical train was wrecked, and twelve Confederates were killed, and were buried on the bank of Roseberry Creek. I write this that any friends wishing to learn more of them may write me."

DR. JOHN H. GAINES, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

John H. Gaines was born at Natchez, Miss., March 7, 1831; graduated at Center College, Danville, Ky., in 1850. He attended his first course in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in the winter of 1851-52; took his second course and graduated in New Orleans,



La., from the University of Louisiana, in March, 1853. He located in Lafayette County, Mo., but in a short time returned to Chicot County, Ark., where his father was then living, and began the practise of medicine, remaining there until the war began. In May, 1854, he married Miss Helen M. Foushee, of Culpeper, Va., who still survives to bless his home, and who is the mother of seven children, four living. Dr. Gaines entered the army in 1862 as a private, but was immediately detailed to take charge of the sick in the battalion then being organized, of which his company was a part. He was commissioned a surgeon, which position he filled till the close of the war, when he resumed practise at his old home. In February, 1885, he removed to Hot Springs, where he now lives.

M. J. Dean, of Tyler, Tex., was the proud recipient of the following letter from President Davis, which he has cherished all these years. It is dated at Memphis, Tenn., February 23, 1871:

I hope you have not attributed the long delay of this reply to your kind letter to indifference on my part. Your expressions of continued affection were most gratifying to me. It has seldom been the fate of a man overwhelmed by misfortune to be cheered and sustained by such true and generous friendship as it has been my fortune to enjoy. A less noble people than our own would, in the depth of their desolation, have turned upon their leaders with reproach instead

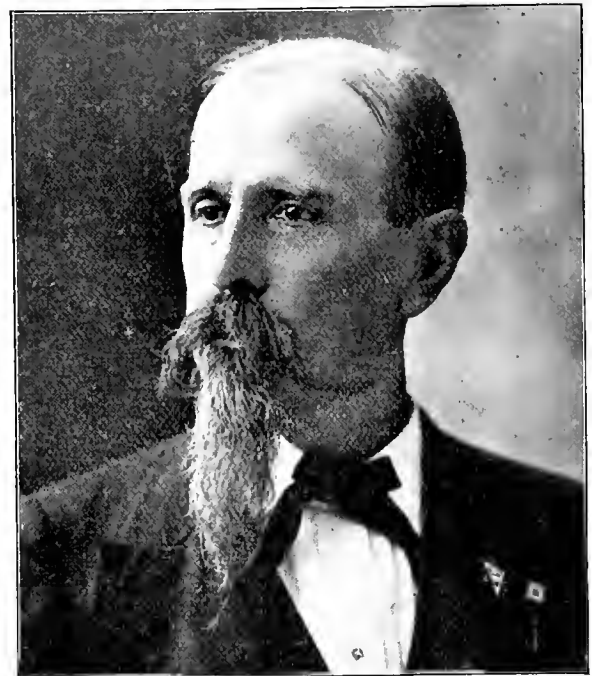
of affectionate consolation. To me it has been the greatest comfort, has made me prouder of those I served faithfully, and makes me humbly wish I were more worthy of such lasting regard.

I feel as you do, that the cause for which we struggled was the community liberty and constitutional government our fathers left us, and that I would transmit to my children and their descendants the evidences of our struggle to uphold the principles for which the American Revolution was fought—hopeful that truth and justice may yet prevail, as well by their intrinsic force as by the purifying and stimulating influences of the traditions of American conflicts with tyranny and usurpation. With best wishes for you and yours, I am truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

COL. JOHN P. HICKMAN, NASHVILLE, TENN.

John P. Hickman, Adjutant-General of the Tennessee Division since its organization, in 1892, enlisted as a private in Company C, Seventh Cavalry, on September 1, 1862, when under sixteen years of age. He was captured at the battle of Farmington, and was imprisoned at Fort Delaware the last eleven months of the war. He was released on May 28, 1865. He has been for several years very active in Confederate work. He is Secretary of the following Confederate organizations: Association of Confederate Soldiers, Tennessee



Division; Confederate Board of Pension-Examiners; Confederate Soldiers' Home, and Tennessee Chickamauga Park Commission. He practises law in Nashville.

Gen. S. G. French, Pensacola, Fla.:

In your June number it is stated that Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, C. S. A., was "born in Illinois, and graduated in a large class, of which Gen. U. S. Grant was a member." The biographical register of the graduates of the U. S. Military Academy states (official) that he was born in Ohio, appointed from Ohio, and graduated

in June, 1840. Resigned from the army October 22, 1847; was professor of mathematics in Western Military Institute, Georgetown, Ky., etc. The class that graduated in 1843 was the one to which Grant belonged. Gen. B. R. Johnson was a good soldier, and justly deserves all the encomiums given him and praise beyond them all. I write this that you may correct the error in your magazine. To belong to the same class with Gen. Grant would add nothing to his fame.

BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM H. JEWELL, ORLANDO, FLA.

William H. Jewell was born February 20, 1840. From early years he resided in Vicksburg, Miss. At the outbreak of the war he was studying law in the North, but ran the blockade and went to Manassas, Va., where he enlisted in Company A (Vicksburg Volunteer Southrons), Twenty-First Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, Barksdale's (afterward Humphrey's) Brigade. He was wounded before Richmond during the seven days' fight, in 1862. Upon partial recovery he was detached, and in November, 1862, assigned to duty at Charleston, S. C., principally in the forts in Charleston Harbor. In March, 1864 he was assigned to duty with Gen. Wade Hampton, and served with him until



the end of the war, and was paroled at Charlotte, N. C. Gen. Jewell is a lawyer by profession, and is now in command of the Third Florida Brigade, U. C. V.

George S. Fisher, Maryville, Tenn., wishes to know if Capt. Crockett, of the Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment, is still living, and where. He writes: "At the battle of Chickasaw Bluffs Capt. W. P. Van Dorn, of the Forty-Ninth O. V. I., was shot four times, and lay on the field expecting to die, when Capt. Crockett came along and spoke to him kindly and grasped his

hand in an assuring way. Capt. Crockett then stepped aside to speak to some one else, when a Confederate private stepped up to Capt. Van Dorn and demanded his sword. The Captain begged to keep it; but the private drew his musket as if to shoot, when Capt. Crockett cried out, 'Don't shoot!' and sprang between them, thus saving Van Dorn's life. This was the evening after the battle, when the Confederates were taking prisoners and caring for their wounded. These men have never met since. Capt. Van Dorn is still alive, but helpless, having been a sufferer from wounds received in this and other battles, and has but a short time to live. I saw him in June, and when he found that I was from Tennessee he begged that I would try to find Capt. Crockett for him. He is a high-minded Christian man, and feels a strong tie to Capt. Crockett."



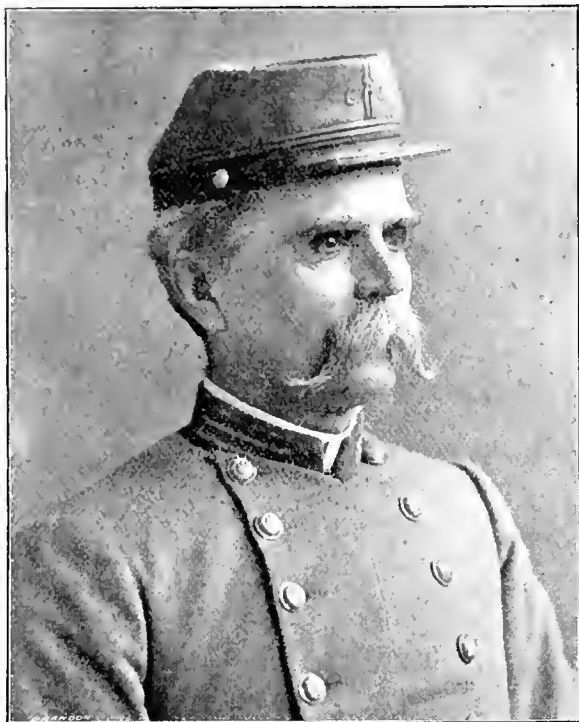
FIRST LIEUT. COL. W. D. ELLIS, ATLANTA, GA.

W. D. Ellis is a native of South Carolina and a resident of Atlanta, Ga., since 1860. He was lieutenant of Company B, Second South Carolina Volunteers, Haygood's Brigade. As he was a gallant soldier so has he become prominent as a citizen of his adopted state, and has for years been recognized as a leading lawyer in Georgia. He is now First Lieutenant Commander of Atlanta Camp No. 150, U. C. V.

Maj. Caloway G. Tucker, of the Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment, saw the beautiful flag illustrated in the July VETERAN at the VETERAN office, Atlanta reunion, and he states that the regiment used a small flag during the battle, and that this fine one was folded and standing in Col. Cook's tent when the surrender occurred. The man who placed it in the pawn shop at Dayton, Ohio, testified falsely in stating that it was captured in a charge. That gallant regiment drove everything before it in the battle, that of Fort Donelson.

LIEUT.-COL. W. W. CARNES, MEMPHIS, TENN.

W. W. Carnes, Lieutenant-Colonel and Inspector-General on the staff of Gen. A. J. Vaughan, is a native of Tennessee, born in Fayette County September 18, 1841, and later residing in Memphis, where his father, Gen. James A. Carnes, was a prominent citizen before



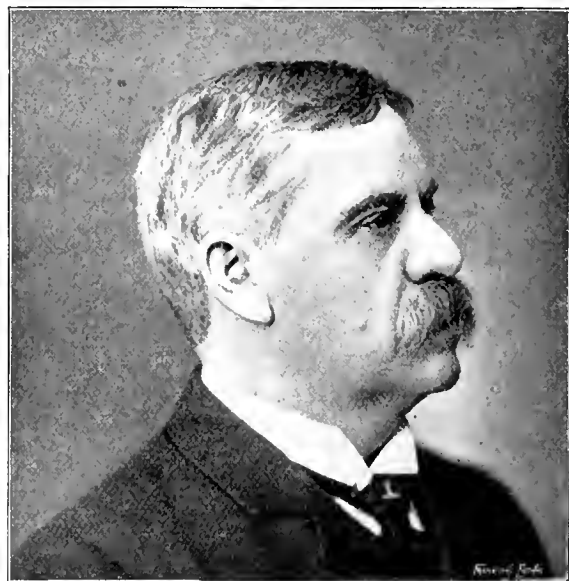
the war. Col. Carnes was educated at the U. S. Naval Academy, going through that institution with the class of 1857. He resigned to cast his fortunes with the South in 1861. Appointed drill-master of state troops by Gov. Harris, of Tennessee, he was with Cheatham's Brigade at Union City, in camp of instruction, until commissioned first lieutenant of artillery and ordered to a light battery commanded by Capt. (afterward Gen.) W. H. Jackson. After the battle of Belmont Capt. Jackson, who had there rendered distinguished services and been wounded, was promoted to colonel of cavalry, and Carnes became captain of the battery thereafter known by his name in the Army of Tennessee. At the battle of Chickamauga the loss in men and horses in Carnes's Battery is said to have been larger than the loss in any battery in one engagement during the entire war. In Saturday's fight the battery was too badly crippled for further service in that battle, and on Sunday Capt. Carnes was placed on staff duty with Lieut.-Gen. Leonidas Polk. After Chickamauga Gen. Bragg complimented Capt. Carnes, and assigned him to the command of a battalion of four batteries with Gen. C. L. Stevenson's Division, and in this command he was engaged in the battle on Missionary Ridge. His services as battery and battalion commander are attested on the official tablets erected on those battlefields by the U. S. Commissioners for Chickamauga and Chattanooga Military Park.

While with his battery Capt. Carnes was notified of his appointment in the Confederate navy. Believing

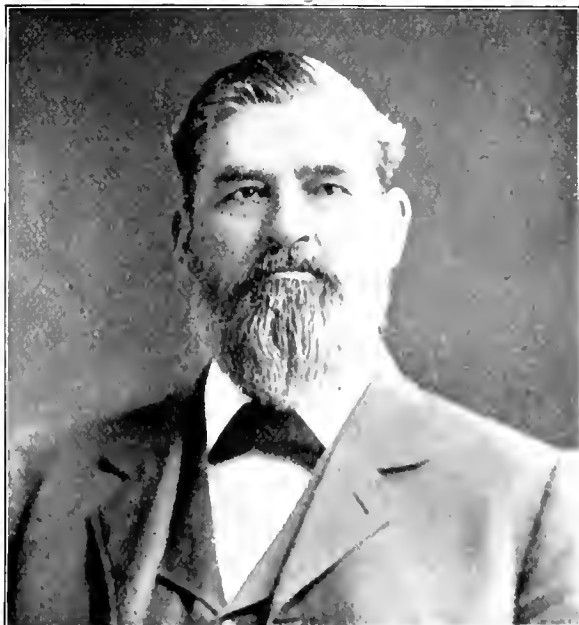
he could do better service with the artillery, he decided to remain with the army, and his name was borne on the C. S. navy register as "furloughed without pay, serving with the army," until January, 1864, when, he obeyed orders and reported to the commander of the naval forces at Savannah, Ga., serving till the close of the war as lieutenant in the C. S. navy. He was paroled May 10, 1865, at Macon, Ga.

COL. W. L. CALHOUN, ATLANTA, GA.

William Lowndes Calhoun, Colonel and Judge Advocate-General on the staff of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, is a descendant of the Calhouns of South Carolina. He was born at Decatur, Ga., November 21, 1837, and is now a resident of Atlanta, only a few miles distant, and has lived there since boyhood. He was admitted to the bar when nineteen years of age, and practised law with his father, Hon. James M. Calhoun, until the opening of the war, when he entered the Confederate army as lieutenant in Company K, Forty-Second Regiment of Georgia Volunteers. He was afterward promoted to the captaincy of the company, and served with the regiment until severely wounded in the charge at Resaca, May 16, 1864. He was in the battles preceding the siege of Vicksburg, and endured all the suffering and hardships of the forty-seven days and nights of that memorable siege, and was with Gen. Hood a portion of the time on his march to Tennessee. After the war he returned to Atlanta and resumed the practise of law. In 1873 he was elected to the Legislature of Georgia, and served four years. In 1878 he was elected Mayor of Atlanta, and served two years, his father having occupied the same position during the war. In January, 1881, he was elected judge of the court of ordinary and probate, which office he held for sixteen



years. Judge Calhoun was President of the Atlanta Camp, U. C. V., for five years, for several years was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourth Battalion of Georgia Volunteers, and is a prominent member of the Pioneer Society of Atlanta, Ga.



LIEUT.-COL. J. N. SMITHEE, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

J. N. Smithee, Major and Aide-de-Camp on the staff of Maj.-Gen. John J. Horner, commanding the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., was born in Sharp County, Ark., January 11, 1842. He was mustered into the Confederate army as a private in Woodruff's Battery May 21, 1861, at Little Rock, surrendered at Shreveport, La., and was paroled May 31, 1865, a first lieutenant and adjutant of Blocher's Battalion of Artillery. He was a colonel on the staff of Gen. Baxter during the celebrated Brooks-Baxter war in 1874, Commissioner of State Lands for five years, chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee four years, unsuccessful candidate for Governor in 1880, founder of the *Ar-*

*kansas Democrat*, and editor and owner of the *Arkansas Gazette*.

MAJ. L. E. ABERNATHY, PULASKI, TENN.

Maj. L. E. Abernathy, of Pulaski, Tenn., Aide-de-Camp on Gen. A. J. Vaughan's staff, was the youngest member of the Third Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. He was captured in the battle at Fort Donelson, Tenn., taken to Chicago, Ill., and confined in Camp Douglas eight months; was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., and



was afterward with his old regiment, the Third Tennessee. Since the war he has been in the banking and mercantile business in Pulaski, and is now President of the Commercial Bank and Trust Company there, and is also at the head of a dry-goods firm.



MISS MIMI POLK HORNER,  
Maid of Honor for Arkansas.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY DR. W. E. BROWN, GATESVILLE, TEX.

Wreath the graves with flowers,  
Let fair hands adorn the sod;  
Beneath it all that's mortal lies,  
While the soul has winged to God.

Their battles fought, the cause was lost,  
The brave and noble sons here lie;  
Let charity's mantle o'erspread them now,  
They rest in peace with God on high.

No bugle's sound will call them hence,  
Their work on earth was nobly done;  
The truth let history's pages tell  
Of valor, chivalry, battles won.

No curfew tolled their parting time,  
No loved ones near to soothe their brow;  
They gave their all, they gave their life,  
Their only hope a country's vow.

No winding sheet, no funeral dirge  
These noble Southern sons were given;  
In hurried graves their bodies rest,  
Their souls are resting now in heaven.

LIEUT. COL. W. D. MATTHEWS, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Col. Matthews is a native of Columbus, Ga., born August 20, 1838. He entered the Confederate service April 20, 1861, in the City Light Guards (Company A), Second Georgia Battalion, and was ordered to Norfolk, Va. He was elected orderly sergeant of Company A, Seventh Confederate Cavalry, July 1, 1862; was appointed sergeant major in August following, and was commissioned second lieutenant, as cadet and drill-master, October 17, 1862, and placed in command of artillery attached to the Seventh Confederate Cavalry, under Hampton. In 1865 he served on the staff of Col. Taliaferro, commanding Young's Brigade, Butler's Division. He was paroled August 12, 1865, and now resides in Jacksonville, Fla. It will ever be a grateful memory that Comrade Matthews secured the

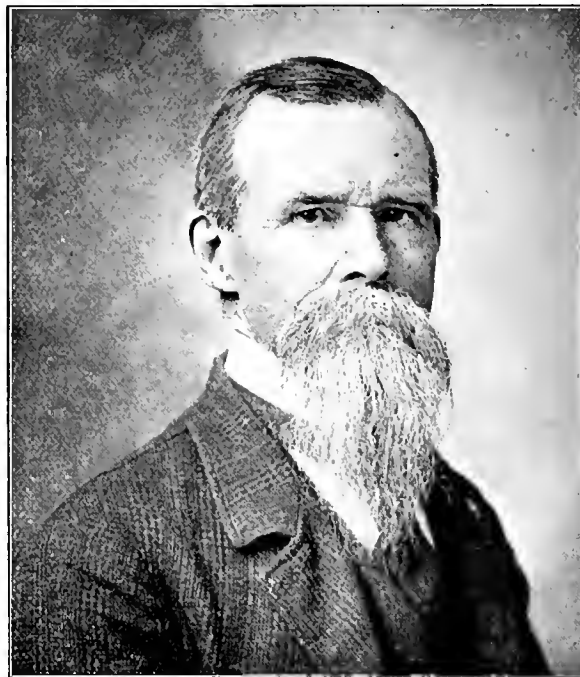


first hundred subscribers in any city, Nashville excepted, solely through his devotion to the principles set forth in the VETERAN. He is a staff officer of the Florida Division, U. C. V.

JAMES THOMAS McCUTCHEN, JACKSON, TENN.

James Thomas McCutchen is a native of Carroll County, Tenn., born in 1833. Previous to the war he was engaged in mining in California, but sacrificed his entire interests in that state to battle for his native South. Arriving in San Antonio, Tex., he raised a company, composed principally of men from California, Arizona, and New Mexico, who had come back to defend their homes. His company was attached to the Fourth Regiment (Col. Baird's), Arizona Brigade, and was assigned to duty under Brig. Gen. Bankhead, afterwards under Gen. Cooper, in Arkansas, and later

under Gen. Joe Shelby, in Missouri. Capt. McCutchen participated in most of the prominent battles in the Trans-Mississippi Department. He was wounded in the battle near Brownsville. At the close of the war



he linked his destiny with that of Shelby, and followed him into Mexico. Returning to Tennessee late in the fall of 1865, he settled in Jackson, where he still resides. He is a member of the staff of Gen. J. B. Gordon and of Maj. Gen. A. J. Vaughan in state organization of the United Confederate Veterans.

In the July VETERAN, on page 322, there is an error in the notice of Dr. Macon's death. His name was "Joseph" S. instead of "George" S. Macon.

Edward S. Lathrop, Atlanta, Ga.: "In the latter part of 1864 I was captain of a light battery at Macon, Ga., guarding the Federal officers. Gen. Stoneman made his raid, and was captured by Gen. Howell Cobb. Stoneman had a major, a Kentuckian, in whom I became much interested. This major had dark skin, black hair, and deep-brown eyes. He took the silver spurs from his heels and insisted upon my wearing them, which I did. I cannot remember his name or home, and would be obliged for information of him.

John B. Wolf, of Cameron, Tex., is anxious to correspond with any survivors of those who participated in the capture of the Federal gunboat "Maple Leaf," off Cape Henry, in 1863. He says there were some seventy-five Confederate officers who were being conveyed to prison, and among them remembers Col. A. R. Witt, of Arkansas; Capt. O. J. Semmes and Lieut. Ned McGowan, of the Confederate gunboat "Diana;" Capt. Fuller, of the "Queen of the West;" Capt. Holmes, of the Crescent Regiment, Louisiana; and Capt. Hughes, of Louisiana; and his recollection is that all the Confederate states were represented.

## FIRST VIRGINIA IN THE GREAT WAR.

The old First Virginia Regiment, C. S. A., held its annual reunion recently. Says the *Richmond Dispatch*:

The old First has a history to be proud of. Bull Run was but the first leaf in its laurel wreath. In the battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862, the First captured Webber's New York Battery, the only guns taken by the Confederates in that battle. At Seven Pines the First led the charge made by the brigade which captured the enemy's works. At Frazier's Farm Kemper's Brigade, with the First, made history in that wonderful charge through the brush and swamp, reaching the enemy's lines and seizing their batteries. They were compelled, however, to relinquish them to the enemy, who outnumbered them many times.

Second Manassas came, and to the First fell the duty of capturing the enemy's lines and guns at the Chinn house. The batteries were taken and held, and here it was that its colonel, F. G. Skinner, charged singly far ahead of the advancing lines into the firing batteries, sabering the cannoners at their pieces. At Boonsboro, Sheepsburg, Fredericksburg, and Suffolk the history making was continued.

Pickett's charge at Gettysburg tells the story of what brave Virginians will dare and do. The First, led by the gallant Lewis B. Williams, who fell on that gory field, was the central regiment of Kemper's Brigade, and the record of one hundred and twenty killed and wounded out of one hundred and fifty tells the story of duty performed as they charged "into the jaws of hell." At New Berne (then Plymouth) the First took important part. Then came Drewry's Bluff. Milford Station was the next point visited by the First. Here the First and Eleventh fought for hours the advance of Hancock's Corps, with the result that they brought Grant's army to a halt. The line of works west of the Mattoponi River, opposite Milford, which may be seen to this day, will testify that the enemy thought he had before him Lee's army, which was at that time twenty miles away.

On June 16, 1864, at the Clay house, Gen. Lee's couriers called to the men to stop the charge, but, as Gen. Lee said himself, he "could not stop Pickett's men from charging," and the enemy was sent running from the trenches. Dinwiddie Courthouse, Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek close the history of the old First, and the flag which carried the First to victory on so many bloody fields was folded to be unfurled no more, but history will not forget the men who dared all for the cause they loved so well.

Capt. Howard, of Richmond, who commanded Company I of the old First, has preserved the record of his company. It is an interesting relic, and will be given to the Confederate Museum.

Mr. W. H. Robbins, Partlow, Tenn., inquires as to the regiments engaged in the skirmish at Sugg Creek in 1863, their state and locality. Two men killed there were buried on his place, and he hereby informs their relatives or friends of their resting place. Their names were Piper and McCormick.

## MEMORIAL HALL AT UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Prof. C. W. Kent, M.A., Ph.D., Charlottesville, Va.: "Fate denied them victory, but crowned them with glorious immortality." So runs the inscription on the monument to the Southern soldier which keeps sentinel over the gate of the Confederate cemetery at the university, where lie buried one thousand and ninety-seven soldiers who fell in the civil strife. The neat appearance of the cemetery itself, and, far more, this splendid monument, one of the most artistic yet erected to the fallen brave, evidence the devotion of the Southern women to the memory of their soldier boys. But the



University of Virginia and the whole South land will soon have cause to praise anew and in larger measure the zeal and success of these Southern women, without whose assistance it is questionable whether a single monument would now stand in a Confederate cemetery. The university graveyard contains soldiers worthy of all honor, but not a one of our own *alumni*. What of them, whose valor and influence were everywhere known? To our sorrow, not our shame, be it said that plan after plan has been proposed to honor them, but always the means was lacking.

When the war began there were living about two thousand *alumni* of the University of Virginia. Of these, about fifteen hundred sprang at once to arms. So well had their *Alma Mater* trained them and so well fitted were they for leadership that of the fifteen hundred, "thirteen hundred bore commissions as officers, from the Secretary of War down to second lieutenants, from generals to subalterns." It is well known that the system of filling vacancies in the Ordnance Department by examination had to be abandoned because of the dissatisfaction aroused by the fact that nearly all of the successful men were from the University of Virginia. Of the fifteen hundred or more in the service, four hundred and sixty-three bravely gave their lives for the cause they had gallantly espoused. Perhaps no institution, not even the military institutions, lost so large a proportion of their serving *alumni*.

Almost ever since the war some fitting memorial of these fallen brave has been discussed, and among the plans two have been prominent, both of which ought to be executed. In our beautiful Gothic chapel there is left in the transept opposite the organ space for a brass entablature of size adequate to contain the long list of the killed; but the space is still blank, a mute

commentary not on the tardiness of chivalrous recognition, but on the urgent demands of the living upon all the available resources of the university. It is hoped that this tablet may yet be put in place, though this plan may be absorbed in a larger one to erect a memorial hall, primarily to the fallen Confederates, but as well to all the distinguished *alumni*. Harvard has her splendid memorial hall, where of the long list of her *alumni*, one hundred and thirty-eight names of fallen soldiers are graven. In the miniature Parthenon some time to adorn one of our beautiful knolls we will inscribe the names of three times as many, though our *alumni* list was by no means so long as hers. On the walls and around the rooms of this memorial hall will be portraits and busts of our distinguished dead, and

in the archives will be preserved the precious mementos of their lives and achievements.

This Memorial Hall, long contemplated, has now been decided upon, and the ladies, particularly the patriotic ladies of Richmond, have made the cause their own. They will be earnestly supported, however, by the *alumni*, who at their last meeting raised nearly \$2,000 for the purpose. In all, several thousand dollars have already been collected, and to this sum the Rector and Board of Visitors agree to add \$1,000 as soon as the consummation of the plan is assured. On the part of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association Mrs. Joseph Bryan, of Richmond, Va., wife of the editor of the *Richmond Times*, will answer all communications with reference to this laudable enterprise; while Prof. Raleigh C. Minor, Secretary of the *Alumni* Association, will be glad to confer with the *alumni* about this movement.

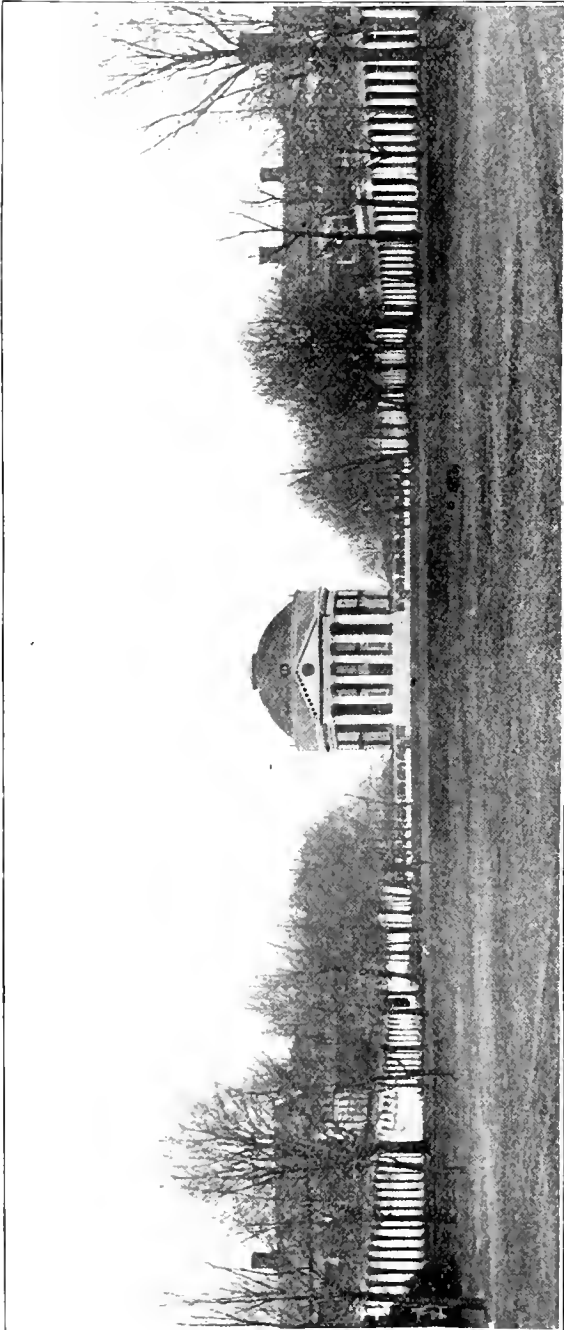
To what purpose the hall will be put is as yet undecided, except that it will be open to visitors and students and will serve as a rendezvous for visiting *alumni*. Reading rooms, committee rooms, probably a small assembly hall, and other apartments will be provided. It has been suggested, and the proposition will be duly considered, that it will be feasible to use the building as a Y. M. C. A. building, and that in this event the Y. M. C. A. would aid in the collection of funds necessary for its erection. The Hall, if thus used, would be under the supervision of the engaged Secretary, who would do the honors of the building, bidding welcome to all visitors. By this means, too, the building would always be open to the students, and would furnish them a constant inspiration and keep forever fresh in their minds the glorious deeds of their ancestors. The Harvard Hall is a dining hall; would it not be far more appropriate that a hall in memory of the dead should be mainly devoted to the cause of religion?

Recapitulation of Confederate soldiers buried in the University of Virginia cemetery, according to the states from which they came: Alabama, 82; Florida, 13; Georgia, 224; Louisiana, 84; Maryland, 4; Mississippi, 89; North Carolina, 200; South Carolina, 181; Tennessee, 10; Texas, 12; Virginia, 192; not stated, 29; unknown, 17. Total, 1,137.

The United Confederate Veterans, at their eighth reunion, in Atlanta, July 21 (in a report by the History Committee), adopted the following:

While we have of necessity adopted the policy of not recommending any books or periodicals as representing fully the sentiments of our association, yet we must continue to commend the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published by Comrade S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn., which has for several years faithfully and diligently collected the most valuable historic *data* possible—the personal testimony of our comrades from all sections—and contributed largely to the maintenance of our organization. We not only commend the VETERAN, but urge all who are interested in our sacred cause to use diligence in its support.

The vote was so manifestly unanimous that the chairman, Gen. J. B. Gordon, Commander in Chief, said: "I will not insult this assembly by putting the negative."



UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA ROTUNDA AND LAWN.



United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1866, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, / Box 307, Charleston, S. C.  
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

R. C. P. THOMAS, COMMANDER, / Bowling Green, Ky.  
—, ADJUTANT, }

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT

E. B. WILSON, COMMANDER, Gallatin, Tenn.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

BENNETT HILL, COMMANDER, / Dallas, Tex.  
—, ADJUTANT, }

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.  
Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organization of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

The third annual reunion of the confederation has come and gone, and a new year now opens before the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in which hard work must be done to continue the increase and growth of the confederation in its various branches.

The reunion was a great success in many ways, though the number of camps represented by delegates was smaller than was expected, there being only about forty camps actually represented. However, those who attended worked hard for the advancement of the order, and much was really accomplished at this reunion. A new constitution was adopted, which is a revise of the old one with many needed changes. It is now a most complete document, and our work will progress better under it. The proceedings are being printed, and they will soon be distributed to the camps.

The Adjutant General's report to the convention showed that the number of camps had been increased from thirty-seven, on the 1st of July, 1867, to one hundred and eight at this time. The numbers up to one hundred and four were given in the last number of the VETERAN. The new camps are as follows:

- No. 105. Camp Charles W. Baldwin, Madison, Ga.
- No. 106. Camp Ross R. Ihrle, Pittsboro, N. C.
- No. 107. Camp John McIntosh Kell, Griffin, Ga.
- No. 108. Camp C. T. Zachry, McDonough, Ga.

The following new states were entered during the past year, and camps formed in them: West Virginia, Mississippi, Florida, and Missouri. The one hundred and eight camps are now located in the divisions as follows: Virginia, 14; North Carolina, 6; South Carolina, 34; Kentucky, 5; Georgia, 24; Alabama, 2; Tennessee, 10; Texas, 7; West Virginia, 1; Mississippi, 1; Florida, 3; Missouri, 1.

It is proposed to push a vigorous campaign during the next twelve months and increase the number of camps in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and also in the Army of Tennessee Department. While every effort will be made to have the other divisions increase their number of camps, special effort will be directed toward the states where now there are so few camps. It is therefore earnestly asked that the comrades will aid the officers in placing new camps in this territory, and an earnest appeal is made to the Veteran camps

for their assistance, which is necessary to successfully develop Sons' camps in these states. If the Veteran camps will send to these headquarters the names of young men through whom they think active work can be done in organizing camps, full instructions will be sent, with necessary papers, which will enable the Sons to organize camps promptly. Surely Mississippi, Missouri, Texas, Arkansas, and the other nonactive states should bestir Sons to action; so we confidently expect that by the time of the Charleston reunion they will do so, and anyhow if the Veterans will lend their aid.

The report of the Quartermaster General showed that the receipts for the year had been \$462.75, with a balance in bank at the time of the reunion of \$127.05, which is certainly a most encouraging condition, although the Adjutant General's report showed that only about one-half of the camps had paid their full dues, and stringent resolutions were adopted by the convention with reference to the delinquent camps.

Resolutions were adopted extending the sympathy and greeting of the comrades to those members of the order who were at the front in the army. Resolutions were also adopted condemning the partisan histories now in use in the schools of the South, and recommending that suitable action be taken to overcome this grave error.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Robert A. Smyth, Charleston, S. C., Commander in Chief; R. C. P. Thomas, Bowling Green, Ky., Commander of Northern Virginia Department; E. B. Wilson, Gallatin, Tenn., Commander of Army of Tennessee Department; Bennett Hill, Dallas, Tex., Commander of Trans-Mississippi Department. The various staffs of these commanders will be given as soon as they shall have been appointed.

In making record of Commander in Chief Smyth's reelection the VETERAN would be derelict in duty not to emphasize the credit due for his untiring energy in building up the organization of Sons. One young man in each state with equal zeal could accomplish amazing results for the cause of truth, of honor, and of patriotism. Prominent as has been Mr. Smyth's family for generations, his father entered the service as a private in the Twenty-Fifth Virginia Infantry. He was in the battle of Secessionville, April 16, 1862, and in the engagements about Charleston generally, serving continuously with his company in the Carolinas and Virginia, and surrendered with Gen. J. E. Johnston's army in North Carolina.

His son, Robert A. Smyth, with nineteen others, joined Camp Sumter in 1862. He was appointed by Gen. C. J. Walker, commanding the South Carolina Division, U. C. A., to organize a camp of Sons, and when one hundred Sons had enlisted he was unanimously chosen Commandant of Camp Moultrie, and was unanimously reelected in 1865. Let every Veteran be diligent for the upbuilding of the Sons' organization throughout the South.

## AFIELD—AFLOAT.

## Notable Events of the Civil War.

BY GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

Intimation or premonition of approaching battle does not always spring from inside sources, nor is it gained by apt study of the situation. You feel it in the air or there is a pressure upon your mind or heart you can't account for. I noted on the morning of Saturday, March 14, 1863, the rapid unloading of four steamboats at the landings, which had come down out of Red River, forty-five miles above, with provisions. They were leisurely engaged up to the time a bit of news reached them; then their work livened up hugely, and soon they completed all, and we saw them steam up to the rich land which yielded us so many supplies and whose interests were so deeply entwined with ours.

A week before the battle of Port Hudson my kinsman, Lieut.-Gen. E. Kirby Smith, assumed command of the Trans-Mississippi Department. It was really a viceregal government—all civic and military power vested in him by President Davis and approved by the Governors of the three states included.

Little "Nina Simms" was the fairy craft of our food flotilla of four. Her function was to ply between Port Hudson and Natchez, exporting our corn and importing the meal thereof for our consumption. As for her three mates, they were of a flesh-eating, Texas-steer, cattle-train, carnivorous persuasion. A few cavilers urged that "Nina" was much older than she looked; that she was a relic of St. Christopher's fleet of 1492.

Friday I had twice seen the thoroughgoing, straight-forward Lieut.-Col. Marshall J. Smith. He was chief of heavy artillery, and during the grand bombardment was among his batteries from first to last. He directed the firing, and took a hand wherever needed. While this is the duty of every artilleryman, I noted his perfect business way beforehand. He arranged the ammunition and he gave full instructions to his gunners, and he was able to handle them all, because he knew each piece and its cannoners, and had tested them all, his cannons and his men. The organization of the signal-service was well sustained, and each signaler under Capt. J. W. Youngblood was trained beforehand for each flag and rocket.

Saturday at noon a teamster—a regular waterside character, who had, at the age of seventeen, made his first flatboat trip to New Orleans with produce out of the Yazoo valley—came up to Gen. Gardner and reported that when he left Profit's Island the Federal fleet, under Farragut himself, was getting ready to run by the batteries at night. This island rendezvous was six miles below the fort. The teamster said he counted seven warships, heavy and light, and then, in the words and phrases of his calling, said: "The 'Hartford' will hitch the 'Albatross' well back, and the two will make the lead-team; then the 'Richmond' hitches the 'Genesee,' and there's your swing-team. The 'Monongahela' and 'Kineo' are your wheelers. The 'Mississippi' has side-wheels; she'll have to go it alone. She's big as a wagon, and I guess the enemy may 'wait for the wagon' a good while before a side-wheeler can

work past the batteries and call the turn at the bend in front of town out into the channel."

This grouping of the seven ships of Farragut struck Gen. Gardner very humorously. The teamster had given a perfect description. The "Hartford's" spars had caught the gaze of my mother when she looked out upon the fleet from our home and saw the ponderous ships lying off New Orleans, nearly a year before this. This flag-ship had with her the "Richmond" and "Monongahela," all three being screw-steamers of heavy battery and tonnage. The "Albatross," "Genesee," and "Kineo" were light running.

Steaming north past our batteries, the enemy would have our guns on his right, or starboard; and, by lashing the lighter ships well aft on the port side, he would retain all their guns to be brought into service on notice. This would give the heavier ships full play, and the tender could draw the fighter out, should the latter become disabled in her boiler or engines. The "Mississippi" must go it alone. Then the mortar schooners, five in number, were under the eye of the "Sachem," a coast-survey ship that served against the forts below New Orleans.

We must not forget the "Essex," the celebrated ironclad. Now these seven ships would remain below the batteries. I had a great deal of curiosity to see this "Essex." An elderly friend of mine had been rambling along the levee in St. Louis in the summer of 1862, and noted the nautical shorthand letters upon her two chimneys as she lay there in the afternoon. There they shone—"S" and "X"—and the sailors of the Federal vessel seemed proud of her share in the fight at Fort Henry, up the Tennessee River, and claimed she would work miracles as soon as her repairing and refitting were complete. Much of the success of our fort against this fleet was due to this previous knowledge of the plan of attack. The Mississippi makes an almost due-east bend in front of Port Hudson, and then the channel hugs the east shore in due-south course. The turn at this bend is sharp—ninety degrees—and a dangerous shoal stretches here in front of the town. Now the fleet must pass the seven batteries, reaching three and one-half miles. These are situated upon the bluffs, forty to sixty feet above the river. Port Hudson mounted twenty-two heavy guns—two ten-inch and one eight-inch columbiads; three forty-two, one thirty-two, and two twenty-four pounder smooth-bores; and one thirty-two, four twenty-four pounder rifles, and four sixty-two pounder Parrotts. Batteries No. 8 and No. 9 comprised two twenty-four pound rifles, one thirty-two pound smooth-bore, and one eight-inch shell-gun. To this must be added over thirty field-pieces, which could be brought into action with variable effect, and then run the hazard of the shoal as well as the upper battery. Now, to call this turn at this bend, a strong hand is needed, a clear head, and a sufficiency of "best cards." The General had stacked light fuel for signal-fires upon the shore opposite the batteries and headlights with powerful reflectors down near the water's edge. This would exhibit the ships in the most striking light for our gunners, thus making the dark night serve as a blackboard or lantern-screen for them to make their marks. Twenty-two guns commanded the river.

Heavy ordnance, Port Hudson, March 14, 1863:  
Battery No. 1, Capt. J. F. Whitfield: Four sixty-two pounder Parrotts.

Battery No. 2, Lieut. A. W. Harman: one forty-two pounder smooth-bore; two twenty-four pounder rifles.

Battery No. 3, Capt. R. H. Riley: one thirty-two pounder rifle; one forty-two pounder smooth-bore.

Battery No. 4, Capt. W. B. Seawell: one eight-inch and one ten-inch columbiad.

Battery No. 5, Capt. D. W. Ramsey: one ten-inch columbiad; one forty-two pounder and one thirty-two pounder smooth-bore.

Battery No. 6, Capt. J. M. Kean: two twenty-four pounder rifles.

Battery No. 7, Capt. J. M. Sparkman: two twenty-four pounder smooth-bores.

Battery No. 8, Capt. W. N. Coffin: two twenty-four pounder rifles.

Battery No. 9, Capt. Felix Le Bisque: one eight-inch shell-gun and one thirty-two pounder smooth-bore.

I had traversed the line of fortifications landward. Through our scouts we learned that Farragut would proceed, unsupported by Gen. Banks, in command of the land forces. Gen. Gardner had concentrated his forces to the front, and the battle was well on. Port Hudson was now a walled city, and, with his military promptness and training, Gen. Gardner knew well his forces, and they were in place. The front begins from the left or southwest angle of the fortifications. The Point Coupée batteries of Gen. Rust's Brigade, at Troth's Landing, first received this tremendous fire. At this point of picket duty Capt. Fenner's Louisiana field-battery had been on duty the night before, but had been changed to the northeast angle of the fort. Next to the Rust batteries was Lieut. J. Watts Kearny's famous thirty-pounder Parrott gun, and then began the heavy guns—first, Lieut.-Col. P. F. DeGournay's

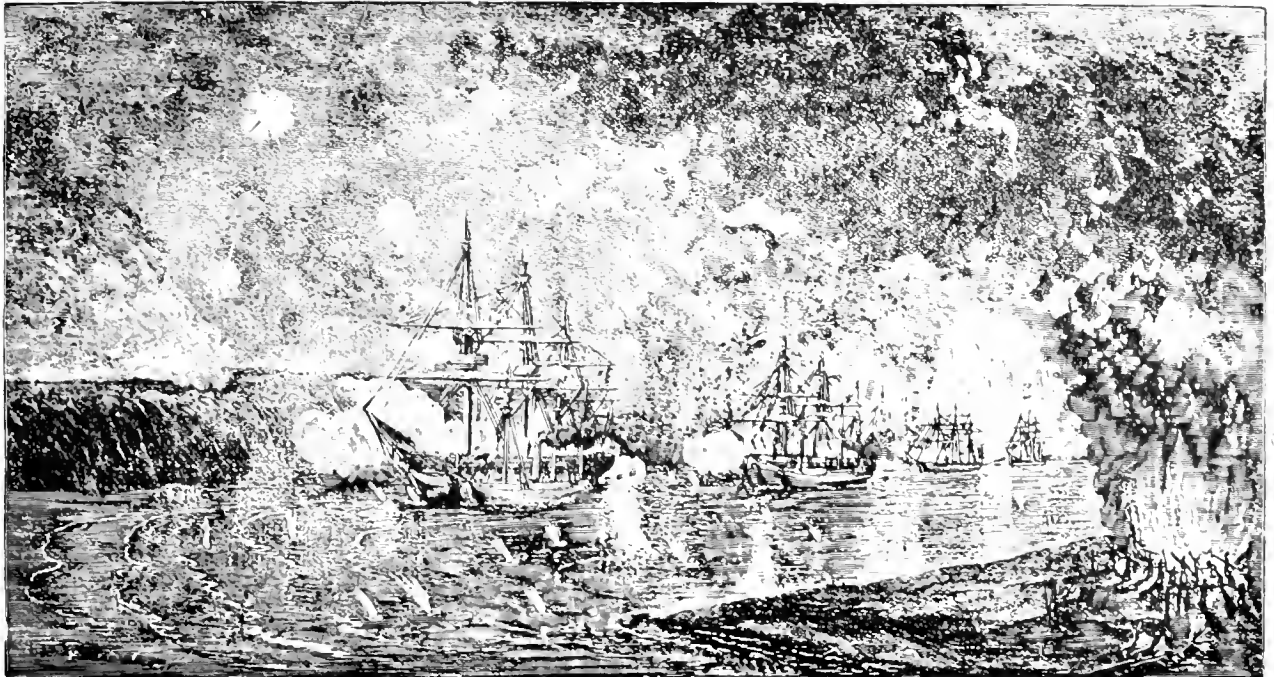
Twelfth Louisiana Battalion of Heavy Artillery, and next the First Tennessee Battalion Heavy Artillery, under De Gournay's command; then the battery served by four companies from Col. I. G. W. Steedman's First Alabama Heavy Artillery Regiment, the remaining companies of this regiment being posted on the bluff as sharpshooters. The corner in which I served was, of course, the whole field. It was all that I saw. The other batteries—well, has not Dame History written them fair in her pages?

While down in the embrasure of Lieut. Kearny's bailiwick, his "Parrott-cage," about ten o'clock we whiled away some time in seven-up, and twice my fancy sailed along the casement of the heavy guns and swam down the great river, homeward bound. Now this sail or swim of fancy out through the window did not cause me to lose sight of the game in hand.

Gen. Gardner was highly fortunate in his scouts. He knew in advance and he was fully prepared, and even waiting. The charm of night in a Gibraltar in the repose of discipline, silence, and readiness, and the concentration of forces, made a deep impression on me from dusk on into the night, and I had an ample description in my journal of how things looked this heroic night at Port Hudson.

So well arranged was this fort that the simple alarm given by the sentinel alert and heard but a few yards was carried all around the lines with almost electric impulse. We next heard the shouts from the sharpshooters across the river. This led to a quiet and orderly march to our posts of duty. I saw and felt the magic spell.

Even seven-up has no attractions when duty calls. I looked out upon the river, as the curtain of the war drama was rustling. Over there on the west shore rises a hill, its red and its yellow clays reflecting the glow of the kindling signal-fires. Word is flying to the inhabitants of the little post hamlet in the vicinity of



PORT HUDSON THE NIGHT OF THE GREAT BOMBARDMENT.

either shore. The night was not all overcast, but with the deeper clouds of the cannonading soon to come we felt that our enemy must find it hard plowing in the dark against a four-knot current. The height from which we fired had its disadvantage; there was not as good a chance for our balls to ricochet against the armed vessels as there would have been had we occupied a lower plane. The firing from vessels, as well as from batteries ashore, did their part in lighting the aim of gunners by the flashes. There sweeps a kindling blaze across the west shore, where the accumulated materials throw out the flickering beams, and then broader sheets of flames, and now a spiral of fire and a spiral of smoke soar and circulate. Those active figures silhouetted by the bonfires show our men are alert and working. Rockets scratch their bright curves across the cloud background, and still the enemy driving up the great river has fired no gun. No mortar has bellowed, no shell has yet overtured the concert of action against the armada.

At this juncture Kearny and I were hailed by Capt. Sparkman from the parapet down to us in the embrasure. Throwing the light of a lantern upward, we saw the strongly featured face and alert manner of Capt. Sparkman, as he shouted: "Hello there, Waterman! Come over and help me speak to the enemy as they pass by." I felt happy in this hearty invitation, and accepted it, asking him to wait for me. I bade good-bye to Lieut. Kearny, reminding him that I should be around to see him "soon after the enemy passes or fails to pass the batteries."

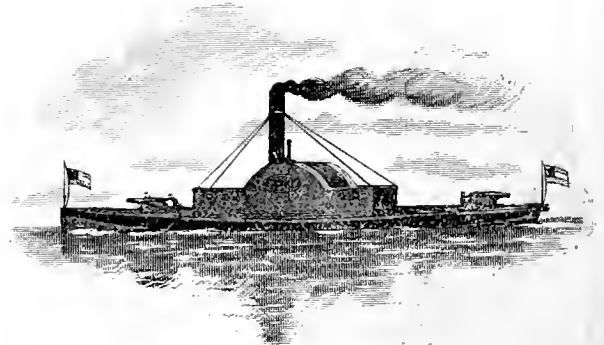
The fleet consisted of the "Albatross," "Genesee," "Kinco," "Essex," "Sachem," "Hartford," "Richmond," "Monongahela," and "Mississippi," carrying a total of one hundred and twenty-one guns.

Our signal-corps, Capt. Youngblood, on the opposite shore, threw up the rockets, but we did not open fire upon the fleet until it was abreast of a very large headlight located in commanding position to guide our aim, and then we opened simultaneously with the enemy and his mortar boats with the "Essex" and the "Sachem." This was at 11 P.M. The running fight was not our chiefest danger, however thrilling, but the galling fire of the mortars, with the "Essex" and "Sachem" bearing a hand, was just as keen as that poured upon the forts below New Orleans, and one which we could not reach, much less silence. The mortar fleet with the "Essex" and "Sachem" did not intend to run by the town. The tall-sparred "Hartford," lashed with her tender, "Albatross," took the lead. It was the way Admiral Farragut had. There never was a battle fought to order with such correctness as this. The hard horse-sense teamster foretold the order of attack, and Gen. Gardner's preparations were all complete. The "Hartford" had just reached the lower battery, tendered by her "Albatross." I saw the "Hartford," "Richmond," and "Monongahela," having glimpses of them through the cannon smoke so vivid that I should know them again anywhere at any time. There was unusual cloudiness, the night being still, and the fires on the opposite shore added to the mass of vapor; but our batteries knew their business, and the enemy soon found it beyond his power to keep to the "middle of the road" up to the bend, where the most critical point of danger awaited him.

During this terrific bombardment, from 11 P.M. till after 1 A.M., I had some queer thoughts, that were not as tranquil as those of a Sunday-school pupil. We could only stand to our guns and ply them "steadfast to the end." Here was a new thing the Yankee admiral had devised: the doubling-up of warships with gunboats, in the lead, swing, and wheel-team style. But our lower battery had sustained the opening attack and the heaviest shelling from the mortars. We had the "Essex" on the hip, while the "Sachem" frequently did not "speak" as she passed us back and forth. In one hundred and fifty minutes two hundred and ninety-six bombs came our way and on up to town. These shells of terror were yet things of beauty as they cut their way athwart the heavens. I see them even now, cleaving their shining, hissing paths, crossing each other in points of bursting brilliancy—all gorgeous yet horrible designs thrown across the aerial trestle board of war's master workmen. Even at this day, amid summer night festivals, where fireworks and music rival each other, I startle at the hissing, coruscating meteors shooting upward, for they conjure up to me, as to thousands of comrades, the visions of long days and nights of siege, when these sky-scraping curves of terrific beauty flashed overhead; and then there boomed from the armed ships in the great river at our feet the plunging missile, the ponderous cannon-ball.

Again must I mention the persistency and attention to details which I observed as our chief of artillery moved through all the batteries, present wherever most needed.

The cloud of battle now grew heavier, and we were forced to fire by the flashings of the hostile guns. The reckless "Essex," which had served in the earliest of these river battles—Fort Henry, in February, 1862—drove as nigh to the shore as the elevation of her guns permitted, but she must remain below us with the mortar fleet. We often heard voices of officers aimed at their gun-crews, who seemed to flinch from duty. This came through the darkness, and we could only find her by the flashes of her guns. We spat out our shot and shell against her casemates, and she belched forth sheets of fire in return, aiming by our flashes. I had the pleasure (being a water-man) of aiding Capt. Sparkman in estimating distances, calculating curves, and allowing for windage, and he commanded the guns with effective accuracy. The "Hartford" and the "Albatross" made the turn in front of the town, while the others tried it and were baffled. The heavy



THE "ST. MARY," C. S. NAVY.

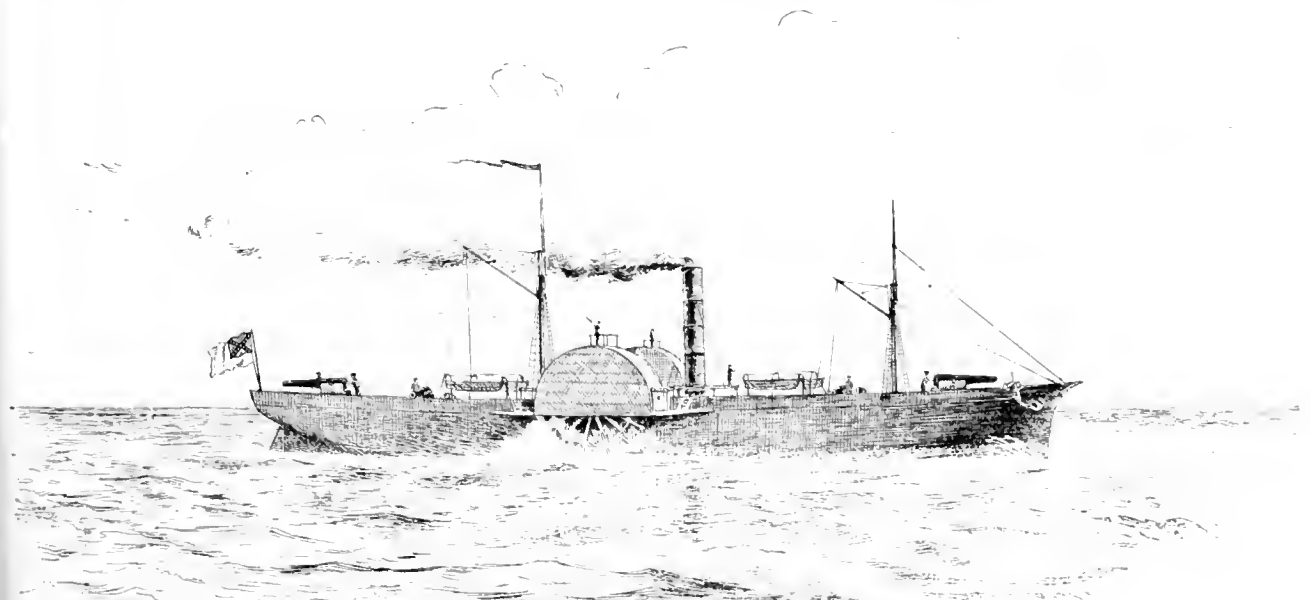
cloud of vapor and cannonade, even with snatches of light by which we fired "on sight with faith" straight ahead, could not prevent me from identifying the second Federal ship. This "Richmond" was in the field. She kept her place in the procession next the "Hartford." There she lies aground at the very bend, grinding upon the shoal. Her engine is crippled beyond repairing under fire, and the tide is too strong for her to stem. The watchful eyes of the batteries concentrated their energies, and the fire was precise and timely, so that she must "make the best of her way into port." The "Richmond" turned south to escape this splendid artillery service, and at 1 A.M. she ran the gantlet with her tender, the "Genessee." The "Monongahela" did not have the luck of the "Hartford," and she had to turn back. The skilful cannoners held the town, and made it impossible for even the stoutest ship to take the bend. With disabled engine and the perils of navigation under the dense cloud with the swift current, she turned back and ran the gantlet, passing so near the shore that it was with the greatest difficulty we depressed our guns sufficiently, and hence many shots passed over. The "Monongahela" ceased firing while drifting by, and our sharpshooters, with their musketry, made her gunners lie low.

But there on our right was the grand feature of the "Mississippi," intendered, trying to "go it alone"—this huge old man-of-war aground upon the shoal, managing beneath our heavy concentrated fire to remove her sick and wounded to the west bank, her captain, Melancton Smith, and First Lieut. George Dewey the last to leave her. She was fired, because she was unsupported by the other ships, and was being hulled by three batteries having her range. Out of two hundred and ninety-seven, the "Mississippi" found sixty-four missing, of whom twenty-five were believed to have been killed. She ran aground by failure of pilotage. It was after 5 A.M., March 15, that this burning ship exploded, at a safe distance below the mortar fleet. Admiral Farragut had carried his "Hartford"

around the bend under fire and succeeded in pulling off the shoal, so that, with the "Albatross," only two of the seven ships called the turn. The blockade of the mouth of Red River, which these vessels maintained, was gained at great cost. The Federal fleet, two out of seven, spent the day after the battle in repairing damages, and all repaired aboard the flag-ship for worship. It might have been a personal in the village paper: "Mr. David G. Farragut and a party of friends Sundayed in Waterloo, resting after the ball six miles down the river the night before, with its brilliant display of fireworks."

Our battery fired solid shot, shell, and shrapnel with precision and persistency whenever our guns could be brought to bear, and each member of No. 7 has been entertaining all these years a pretty solid satisfaction over having added his share to the injuries inflicted upon the great ships in the river. Vessel after vessel retired from the battle, and one drifted down out of range; and the bombardment that had opened up so destructively at 11 P.M. was a mere breath about 2 A.M., the enemy falling back discomfited.

Resuming position alongside of Lieut. J. Watts Kearny in the subsequent proceedings, my agitation was lessened, because I could now see more clearly, and I found much to enthuse me. It must not be imagined that luridly of description failed us. Now, when the Federal ships had done their prettiest, and only two had "made the rifle" of the shoal at the bend, we watched the burning of the huge old "Mississippi." The swift, unfailling current had "cinched" this floating fortress of nineteen guns, and at 3 A.M. she slowly swung her head round down-stream, still wrestling with the flames. By the time she reached our lower battery the guns of her port broadside—speechless during the ascent of the river, when she worked her starboard guns exclusively—began to "make the old girl feel her oats considerably"—so said a cannoner who had seen her below New Orleans in the spring of 1862, and had left his shattered left arm



—CONFEDERATE STATES STEAMER GAINES.

down in the surgeon's cockpit of his ship, a right good reminder of her skill in artillery. As the "Mississippi" got her wrath up we were all suddenly seized with the desire to burrow like rabbits in the rocky depths of our sheltering battery. You know how it is with the cannoneers who lie down to sleep under their guns: they wake up as soon as the guns cease firing. It was in some way a premonition, say what you will; for Kearny and I looked about us, and lo! there were the heavens all aglow, the finale of the vanquished warship. Although she had floated down toward Profit Island, five miles below, she had life enough, being feminine by nature, to make her want to kick somebody; and the end came when her magazine exploded, at half past five in the morning, shocking the very earth and troubling the waters of the great river. The deceased leaves a sister ship, some three years junior of the "Missouri" and the "Mississippi," to mourn her loss, the "Michigan," of the Great Lakes. The sailors of the "Mich." do not call her "Our love is a high-born lady," but sing, "Sweet thing, she has seen better days." I even wish I could have written the "Mississippi" a good send-off in the *Philadelphia Ledger* style, something like this: "Gone, but not forgotten. Gone to join her sister ship, the 'Missouri,' who 'went off' the very same way twenty years before in the bay of Gibraltar. No flowers."

The masts and spars of the "Hartford," "Richmond," and "Monongahela" were firmly marked in my memory, so that I recognized them in the Bay of Mobile, leading in the armada of fourteen ships and four monitors, when, as officer of the deck aboard the "Gaines" in the morning watch, August 5, 1864, a year and a half subsequently, I made due report to the lieutenant commanding, who came on deck and called all hands to fight ship.

The enemy was sadly turned, only the flag-ship and tender making that point. The other two ships returned, while the great "Mississippi" was blown up. The value of Red River to the Federal forces as a strategic point, so maintained by Lieut. Cenas, remained with them to the end of the war. Gen. Gardner was a New Yorker, appointed from Iowa to West Point, graduating in 1843, serving through the Mexican and civil wars, and locating in New Orleans. The masterly defense of Port Hudson speaks for itself. The General's prompt acceptance of the new order of things and his hearty cooperation with his fellow citizens made him deservedly popular. The fame of the twin "Gibraltars" of the Mississippi needs no illustration or eulogy at the writer's hand, and the honor of having been under the concentrated fire of this Federal bombardment remains to each and every participant a solemn memory, even unto his life's end.

Fielding Kenley, who served under Gen. John H. Morgan, in Company A, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, and who received twenty-six Mexican dollars as pay for his services as a Confederate soldier, in May, 1865, at Washington, Ga., has preserved one all of these years, and donates it to the Sam Davis Monument Fund. Bids are asked for this dollar, and the highest received by October 1 will entitle the bidder to this war souvenir. Comrade Kenley lives at Columbia, Mo.

## VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS ABOUT REUNIONS.

BY J. B. O'BRIEN, CHAIRMAN NASHVILLE COMMITTEE.

I think it would be well through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to discuss reunions, in order that they may be as enjoyable as possible to Confederate veterans, for whom they were inaugurated.

I am induced to make this communication because in directing the reunion of 1897 our committee was much embarrassed in its plans, not knowing just where its authority extended, and the views here expressed were those of our committee after the reunion:

1. A community invites the Confederate soldiers to hold a reunion, regardless of whether or not they are members of the U. C. V.

2. The U. C. V. are invited to hold their meetings during the reunion.

3. The host agrees to provide such accommodations as will enable the U. C. V. to properly transact their business, and also promises to do all in its power to properly care for all Confederate soldiers who come.

4. The local committee should have entire charge of all things connected with the reunion.

5. The U. C. V. of course have entire charge of all things connected with their meetings.

Does it not look a little odd for the Commanding General at the opening exercises to introduce speakers who are to welcome him and the U. C. V.? Would it not be more appropriate for the committee to attend to this, and after the addresses of welcome to turn the meeting over to the U. C. V., when their representative can respond?

Whether or not there shall be a parade or any kind of entertainment should be determined by the committee. If a parade is to be had, its organization, line of march, etc., should be carefully digested and a diagram made, in connection with a circular of information, and copies be delivered to the various delegations as soon as they arrive, or before; and should be so simple and generally understood that there will be no confusion. It can be so.

We should remember that the reunion is for the Confederate soldiers, and we should not permit in the parade any but Confederates. It is not how big a procession we can have, but *how Confederate*. Such an arrangement would be much more attractive to the public and more enjoyable to the veterans.

I fear there is a tendency to give too much prominence to the display of officers and not enough to the private soldier. We must remember that the Confederate cause has not warmer hearts to beat for it than those of the private soldiers. Give them prominence.

By order of the U. C. V., each state is entitled to one sponsor and one maid of honor, who have recognition in the convention; and by custom the committee provides entertainment for these. Is it not a mistake for the home folks and extra maids of honor and sponsors to monopolize the choice seats at the convention and at entertainments given to the reunion? This is enjoyable to them, but how about the veterans (many of whom will never attend another reunion) being thus side tracked? Let us have a discussion of this whole matter before the next year, that the Charleston committee may have the views from various quarters.

The editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN acknowledges receipt of an invitation to the thirty-second national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Cincinnati, September 5-10.

As of interest to personal friends of the writer, the following extracts are made from a letter by Paul D. Cunningham, U. S. Engineer Service, to his father. It is dated July 25, 1898, at Bay Guanica, Porto Rico:

We arrived this morning. A handful of marines went ashore and found some two hundred Spanish soldiers in the town. The battalion of engineers were the first troops ashore. They went through the town and established outposts a mile and a half out all around. The resistance here amounts to nothing. I got ashore about ten o'clock, and made a sketch showing position of outposts. After luncheon I went ashore again with small escort and made reconnoissance for road from landing to be established at deep water. My first day's field work is for the most part done, and I am quite happy. The volunteers, who make up a large part of this expedition, are practically all armed with Springfield rifles, instead of the Krag-Jorgensen, and I fear it will prove a handicap. However, I have no doubt of our success. Am perfectly well, and am glad I am here.

**IMPORTANT PUBLICATIONS.**

**MEMORIAL VOLUME TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.**

The memorial volume to Jefferson Davis, by Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, containing 672 pages, together with the VETERAN, for \$2.25. This is the reduced price of the book alone.

**THE SAM DAVIS DRAMA.**

"The Sam Davis Drama." The most important events of Sam Davis' life are contained in W. D. Fox's drama, which is a history of the Confederate hero's matchless deed, for which he gave his life. The book has the flattering indorsement of the press and of able critics. The price has been reduced from fifty cents to twenty-five cents a copy, and is supplied by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The eminence of the character will make it all the more desirable to possess this splendid production by Mr. Fox. Any subscriber who, in remitting a renewal, will send a new subscription can have the drama free, postpaid.

**AMERICAN ENCYCLOPEDIA DICTIONARY.**

The Cosmopolitan Club, of Chicago and Baltimore, has remembered the VETERAN in a substantial and most generous way. The Treasurer, William S. Hoffstra, sends from Baltimore (210 Law Building) the recently completed "American Encyclopedic Dictionary," in twelve volumes, complimentary, express paid. In a letter he states:

"You no doubt know that editors of reference works of this character have failed to treat with fairness history and biography relative to the South. This fact during the past years has been brought to our attention in many ways, and we determined in issuing the work we ship you to include in our list of contributors Southern gentlemen competent to write true history, without bias, of such articles as have been unquestionably heretofore tainted by prejudice. We believed the time to be opportune to make nationally known facts in history that heretofore have been suppressed for reasons indicated in the foregoing. We should appreciate a careful examination of the work along the lines suggested, and particularly the article on the Confederacy and Confederate veterans, in Volume XI., and a few biographies of the leading Confederate generals. The two articles named, as well as biographical sketches, were contributed by J. William Jones, D.D., Chaplain General of the Confederate Veteran organization. We feel that we are justified in asking not only your personal influence to aid an enterprise of this character, but for the consensus of a favorable opinion of the Confederate organization as a body at your next annual reunion, and shall appreciate whatever effort you may make and influence you may exert in this direction."

**UNIQUE AND THRILLING WAR STORIES.**

"Many books have been written on the subject," says a Daughter of the Confederacy, "but we doubt if any of them are of deeper interest than 'Life in Dixie During the War.'"

It was published in 1892, and has now reached its third edition in a volume of four hundred pages. While possessing all the charms of romance, it is a recital of facts concerning the war, which occurred in the heart of the Confederacy. Written in the first person, it has an unusual vividness of style. The author's descriptions are truly remarkable. The reader seems to be living in those days and a witness to the scenes described. Historic facts are brought out regarding the siege of Atlanta which are perhaps found nowhere else. The author spared no pains in preparation of the book. Not the least of its merit is its pure English diction, with unsurpassed pathos in many of its pages. The heroism of men, the daring of boys, and the endurance of women are alike skillfully painted. The author, Miss Mary Gay, was as true to the "Lost Cause" as any one who lived through that trying period.

I commend the book to all ex-Confederates, their children and grandchildren, to all Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy, and to all who wish a thrilling but true recital of life in Dixie during the war. The author's home is in the pretty little village of Decatur, Ga.

**IN MEMORY OF BISHOP QUINTARD- CAP AND GOWN.**

The students of the University of the South are preparing to publish their '98 Annual as a tribute to the late Bishop C. T. Quintard. The publication of these Annals has been discontinued for the last year or two owing to the expense and labor incident to getting them out, but the desire of every one at Sewanee that the university as a body should in some way make manifest its love and respect for the Bishop's memory led to the revival of *Cap and Gown* this year.

As is well known, a few years after the close of the war Bishop Quintard came to Sewanee, and in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles revived the university, which was projected by Bishops Polk and Otey just before the war. At a time when Southern affairs were gloomy from every standpoint he courageously worked for the university, and by his enthusiasm and personal influence gathered around him a *coterie* of professors not less devoted than himself to this cause of higher Christian education. The result of these unselfish efforts is the present University of the South, and it is fitting that the students of that institution should show their gratitude for his work as well as love and reverence for him personally by dedicating their chief publication to his memory.

Confederate veterans and college students alike were drawn to the Bishop by ties of personal association; the former knowing and loving him as a chaplain devoted to the lost cause, the latter as the founder of their university and Bishop whose home was among them.

The Annual will open with a sketch of Bishop Quintard written by his successor, Bishop Gailor, and, besides containing numerous photographs and drawings, will have something to say about all matters of interest in Sewanee. Any Veteran wishing a copy can obtain all necessary information by addressing Business Manager Cap and Gown '98, Sewanee, Tenn.

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We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Many delightful summer resorts are situated on and reached via the Southern Railway. Whether one desires the seaside or the mountains, the fashionable hotels or the country homes, they can be reached via this magnificent railway.

Asheville, N. C., Hot Springs, N. C., Roane Mountain, Tenn., and the mountain resorts of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina—"The Land of the Sky"—Tate Springs, Tenn., Oliver Springs, Tenn., Lookout Mountain, Tenn., Monte Sano, Huntsville, Ala., Lithia Springs, Ga., and various Virginia springs; also the seashore resorts are reached by the Southern Railway on convenient schedules and at very low rates.

The Southern Railway has issued a handsome folder, entitled "Summer Homes and Resorts," descriptive of nearly one thousand summer resort hotels and boarding houses, including information regarding rates for board at different places and rates to reach them.

Write to C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A., Southern Railway, Chattanooga, Tenn., for a copy of this folder.

## THE COTTON BELT IN DALLAS.

On August 1 the Cotton Belt will secure an entrance into Dallas.

For a number of years this great railway system has run its passenger trains almost by the "gates of Dallas," so to speak, but has never heretofore made an entrance into the city.

This will no longer be, for the trains of this popular line will now run into the very heart of Dallas, and into the handsomest passenger depot in Texas. A trackage arrangement has been made with the Santa Fé, whereby the Cotton Belt will operate its own trains into Dallas over the tracks of the latter line. This is a big move, both for Dallas and the Cotton Belt. It will give the former another large railroad system, and the latter an entrance into the metropolis of North Texas. Besides, it will place the Cotton Belt in a much better position to secure Texas business, securing for it, as it does, the shortest and quickest line to Dallas, and enabling it to make direct connections with all of the roads leading from Dallas.

With the inauguration of its new line into Dallas, the Cotton Belt will operate through Pullman Buffet Sleeper service between Memphis and Galveston, via Dallas and the Santa Fé. This will give the Cotton Belt through car service to Alvarado, Cleburne, Temple, Cameron, Caldwell, Brenham, Rosenberg, Galveston, and many intermediate points, in ad-

dition to its already splendid service to Dallas, Fort Worth, Greenville, Tyler, Corsicana, and Waco. With its new and increased facilities for handling business, the Cotton Belt will easily maintain its present reputation of being the favorite line to Texas.

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The "Lone Star is waving"—the flag of the free—  
Then strike for Texas if men you would be,  
No idlers are wanted, the thrifty and wise,  
To wealth and high station can equally rise.

Where corn, oats, and cotton, the richest of loam  
Which yields to the settlers provisions and home,  
Trees of every description arise on each hand,  
From alluvial soil to the rich table-land.

Here springs are exhaustless and streams never dry,  
In the season from winter to autumn's bright sky  
A wide panorama of prairie is seen,  
Of grasses of all kinds perennially green.

Here millions of cattle, sheep, horses, and goats  
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No poverty is found in the mighty domain,  
To the man who exerts either finger or brain.

Here are homes for the millions, the rich and the poor,  
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She has thousands of acres—yes, millions—to sell,  
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While security, all, in their title can feel.

Buy land while 'tis cheap, and the finest select,  
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For a handsome book free, fully describing this wonderful country, address E. P. TURNER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Texas and Pacific Railway, Dallas, Tex.

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Passengers to and from St. Louis and the East make close connections via Frisco Line at Poteo, via Iron Mountain or Cotton Belt Routes at Texarkana or via Cotton Belt Route at Shreveport. Through sleepers via Q and C. Route from Cincinnati and Chattanooga make close connections in union depot at Shreveport. No transfers via this route.

Close connections in Central Depot at Houston with through trains for Austin, San Antonio, Eagle Pass, El Paso, Rockport, Corpus Christi, and all Southern and Western Texas and Mexico points.

Be sure to ask for tickets via Shreveport Route. For rates, schedules, and other information see nearest ticket agent, or write

R. D. YOAKUM,  
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T. P. A., Houston, Tex.

## Illinois Central Railroad Company.

## NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The board of directors of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, at a meeting held July 21, 1897, adopted the following preamble and resolution:

To the end that the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad Company may more readily attend, in person, the annual meetings of stockholders, which the by-laws require to be held in Chicago on the last Wednesday in September in each year, be it

RESOLVED, That until the further order of this board there may be issued to each holder of one or more shares of the capital stock of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, as registered on the books of the Company, a ticket enabling him, or her, to travel free over the Company's lines from the station on the Illinois Central Railroad nearest to his, or her, registered address, to Chicago and return, for the purpose of attending, in person, the meetings of stockholders. Such ticket to be good for the journey to Chicago only during the four days immediately preceding, and the day of, the meeting, and for the return journey from Chicago only on the day of the meeting, and the four days immediately following, when properly countersigned and stamped in the president's office.\* Such a ticket may be obtained by any registered holder of stock on application, in writing, to the president of the Company in Chicago. Each application must state the full name and address of the stockholder exactly as given in his, or her, certificate of stock, together with the number and date of such certificate. No more than one person will be carried free in respect to any one holding of stock as registered on the books of the Company.

By order of the board of directors.

A. G. HICKSTAFF,  
Secretary.

The next annual meeting of the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad Company will be held at the office of the Company in Chicago, on Wednesday, September 28, 1898, at noon.

\* These tickets will now be counter signed and stamped in the office of W. G. BRUEN, Assistant Secretary, Chicago.

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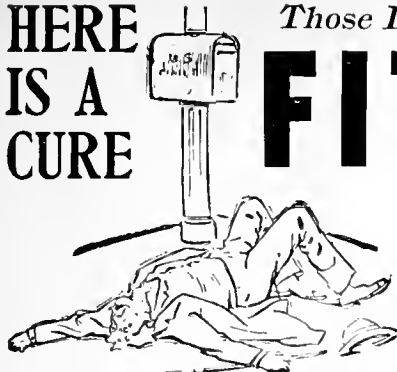
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 "The Southern Cross," by Mrs. L. R. Messenger. \$1.25.  
 "Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade," by J. O. Casler. \$2.  
 "The Other Side," a thrilling poem of 900 lines, by Virginia Frazier Boyle, Mr. Davis being her theme. \$1.  
 "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," by Henry M. Field, D.D. \$1.50. This book comprises a series of letters on the South. Fifty pages are devoted to the battle of Franklin. The closing chapters are on Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee.  
 "Old Spain and New Spain," by Dr. Field. \$1.50. Sent with five subscriptions free.

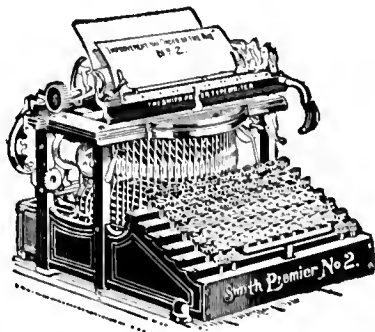
Subscribers to the VETERAN can have any book in above list, post-paid, at half-price by sending one new subscription

RAMSEY'S "ANNALS OF TENNESSEE."

A few years ago it was regarded as next to impossible to procure a copy of "Annals of Tennessee," by Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey. Second copies sold at from \$2.50 to \$5. By good fortune the VETERAN has secured part of an edition, and will furnish them, together with the VETERAN for a year, at \$2.

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**A White Negro** would be a curiosity, but not as much so as the Afro-American Encyclopedia, containing over 400 articles embracing every topic of interest to the race, by more than 200 intelligent Negro men and women. It is decidedly the best work the Negro has produced. Sell to every family. Agents are having a harvest. Largest commissions ever offered. A few good men wanted on salary.

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isfactory bath without some one to help you. We Sell Ten Times as Many as Any Firm in the World (taking their own figures), in proportion to amount of advertising. Price, everything complete, only \$5. Express charges prepaid. 32-page book, "Health and Beauty," free. Agents Wanted. One agent 300 in six weeks, some sell 12 a day. **I. M. IRWIN, Nashville, Tenn.**

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**Illinois Central R. R.**

Of Interest to

**STOCKHOLDERS.**

Free Transportation to Attend the Annual Meeting at Chicago. Some Interesting Facts.

In order that stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad Company may more readily attend in person the annual meetings, there has been posted in each station of the Company a notice to the effect that in accordance with a resolve of the Board of Directors, there may be issued to each holder of one or more shares of the capital stock of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, as registered on the books of the Company, a ticket enabling him or her to travel free over the Company's lines from the station of the Illinois Central Railroad nearest to his or her registered address, to Chicago and return, for the purpose of attending, in person the next Annual Stockholders' Meeting of the Company, which will be held at its General Office in Chicago on Wednesday, September 28, 1898, at noon. Details as to the necessary procedure to obtain such ticket, the date of its issue and its limit, are fully set forth on the posted notices referred to. In this connection it will be interesting to note that since, in 1862, the capital stock of the Company became full paid, a cash dividend, ranging from 4 per cent. to 10 per cent. per annum, has been paid semiannually to every holder of stock, and that it is now twenty years since the Company, in any year, paid less than 5 per cent., the present rate of distribution.



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Mrs. Stuart richly merits the friendly and ardent cooperation of the General's friends, and in fact of all Southerners. Write to her for catalogue and secure patronage of your friends.

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The book, containing over 200 pages and illustrations, is offered free to subscribers who in renewing will send a new subscription. Those who have already paid in advance can have this book sent post-paid for one or two new subscriptions. Do help the VETERAN in this way. The book sent post-paid for 25 cents—half price.

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AUG. 30-SEPT. 10, 1898.

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Return tickets will be good leaving Indianapolis not earlier than August 23 nor later than August 30, 1898, with a proviso that upon deposit of ticket with Joint Ticket Agent, on or before August 23, 1898, and payment of 25 cents, an extension of return limit to leave Indianapolis to and including September 10, 1898, may be secured. For tickets and full information call on agents or address the undersigned.

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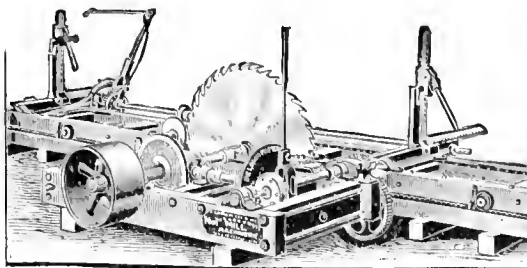
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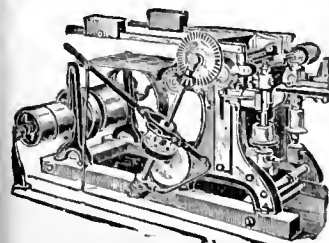


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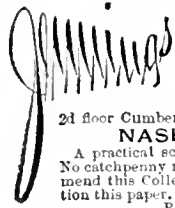
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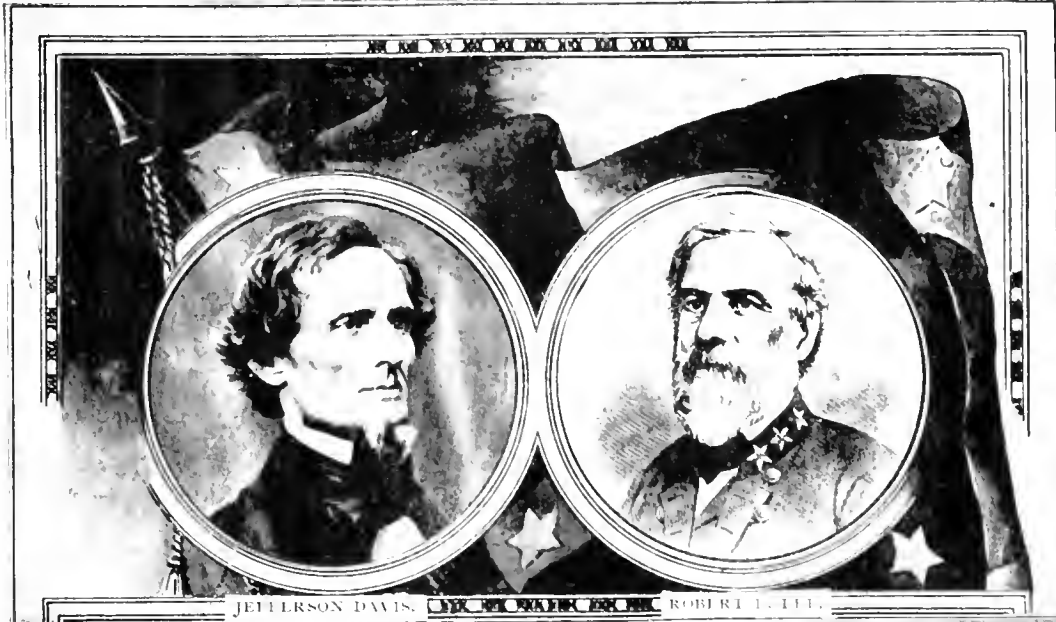
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# Confederate Veteran.



JEFFERSON DAVIS. ROBERT L. HILL.



MAJ.-GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER AND HIS FAMILY.

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Annie Early,

Lucy L. ("Birdie"),  
The General,

Thomas Harrison,  
Mrs. Lili Wheeler,

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

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

he "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 9, / A. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.



MISS VARINA ANNE DAVIS.  
Born June 27, 1861, died September 18, 1895.



MRS. A. JEFFERSON DAVIS.  
From engravings in "The Life of Jefferson Davis."

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, issued the following:

The Commanding General, with a sorrow which no words can express, announces the death of Miss Winnie Davis, the idolized "Daughter of the Confederacy." The boundless enthusiasm which was evoked by her every appearance at our reunions indicated the depth of affection and the unfeigned admiration which all Confederates felt for her. It is not too much to say that the ovations with which she has everywhere been greeted by the ex-soldiers of the Southern armies were such as have rarely been accorded any woman.

Their grief at her untimely death will be as profound and poignant as the love for her while living was universal and sincere, and their most affectionate sympathies are with the grief-stricken mother. The Commanding General directs that the department and division Commanders select delegations and escorts of honor as they may deem proper to represent the United Confederate Veterans and to accompany the remains to their final resting place.

## UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie sent out the following General Order No. 1, from Dallas, Tex., September 20:

The President of the United Daughters of the Con-

federacy, with a sorrow too tender and deep for words to express, announces the death of Miss Winnie Davis, the much loved "Daughter of the Confederacy." The love and devotion bestowed upon her by the entire Southland was but a just tribute to her glorious womanhood. As daughter, sister, friend, she was true to every duty, and we can proudly take her as a fitting model for all to imitate and revere. The entire South is bowed in grief, and every Daughter of the Confederacy extends to the heartbroken mother her sincerest sympathy and love. The President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy directs that each division and every chapter of the U. D. C., as soon as possible, take suitable action expressive of their sorrow; and, as a token of sympathy to the grief-stricken mother and sister, suggests that each Daughter of the Confederacy wear for thirty days a badge of mourning, that each chapter hold memorial services, and that a page in the book of records be set aside as a memorial to her.

The press of the country teems with patriotic expressions because of the death of Miss Winnie Davis. Many gems of thought are recorded, and Daughters of the Confederacy will take formal action in many, many places. A tribute that seems particularly appropriate here now is that from Miss Elvira Sydnor Miller, of Kentucky, who is "Tattler," in the *Louisville Times*:

The common call of a great nation has reunited the warring bands of other days, and round the beautiful brows of the South the palmetto which sighed to the pine is wreathed by love's hands. The light of the autumnal sun falls fair on the grave of the heart-stricken singer whose last sigh was for peace—"peace in the mart, on the field, on sea and land," and the desire of his soul has been granted. And the bright pathway leading forward to eternity has been glorified by the passing of many of those glorious mortals who have laid down sword and pen and rested from their labors. Year after year the South has had cause to mourn some stars the less in her heaven of fame, and but yesterday the lovely spirit of the "Daughter of the Confederacy" took flight by the sounding sea.

She was the object of a people's love: she is now the object of their tears. The hearts which enshrined her are as desolate to-day as some poor bird the tempest has shorn of its nest, for to them she was the legacy of the great leader of his people, the President who stood with them when the storm of war-swept over the land and laid their beautiful places in ruins.

And now life's portal has closed and death appeared on the horizon. For her all things are voiceless, and to those who knew and loved her there comes the reproachful thought that heaven had no reviving dew for this stricken flower of the South. The tidings of her death have gone forth, and there is mourning all over the land. The veterans who basked in the sunlight of her face at Atlanta, who received the benediction of a handclasp and saw revived in her the beautiful spirit of the past, to whom her voice was a song and her presence a joy, will gather this week around the smoldering camp fires of memory, recalling every hallowed recollection of her who is no more. Some

will remember her as a child in the old days in Richmond, when she moved laughing about, a rainbow amid the storm. Some will tell of her as they saw her at "Beauvoir," dreaming under the magnolias of Pass Christian, ever singing their magic song close by. They will talk of her as the light of her father's eyes, the generous young hostess to whom the name of a Southern soldier was a sufficient indorsement and passport to her heart. Every kindly word she uttered, every smile she gave, will be cherished among the treasures of "the



MRS. MARGARET DAVIS HAYES AND MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

days that are no more," and there is not one among them who would not have made smooth the rugged pathway to the grave by flinging down his heart and his old jacket of Confederate gray before her.

Three things are left the South she so loved: to remember, to praise, and to mourn her. The winds will sing her requiem among the magnolias of Mississippi and Louisiana and the solemn pines of Georgia; the waters of Virginia will murmur through her dream, and the mountains of her native State loom above her as the walls of paradise. There will be sighing by the seas that wash the fair shores of Florida and the Carolinas, and the wide plains of Texas echo back the sound. The voice of lamentation will echo among the stormy heights of Tennessee and the gliding waves of the Cumberland; and our own Kentucky, with tears falling from her beautiful eyes, will weave an immortal garland for the dead Daughter of the Confederacy. She has lived to see a reunited people, and her father's old comrades honored and beloved. She has gone forth to bear the red rose company, while beside the bereaved mother who weeps for her stands the South bowed under a sorrow too eloquent for speech and too deep for tears.



MONUMENT TO MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

The Richmond Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, at a meeting at Lee Camp, held September 20, 1898, resolved to inaugurate a movement to erect a monument over the grave of Winnie Davis, "Daughter of the Confederacy." Feeling sure this work will meet with the sympathy of all lovers of the South (Daughters of the Confederacy, Veteran Associations, Sons of Veterans, and many others throughout the whole country), the said chapter requests all who desire to join them in their work of love to send their names at once, as it is the intention of this chapter to have the monument commenced in January, 1899, whether the amount subscribed be large or small. All contributions must be sent to Miss M. P. Harris, 202 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

In a personal letter Mrs. N. V. Randolph writes: The Richmond Chapter desires the contributions to Miss Davis' monument a "freewill offering" from the people all over our country and the work commenced and completed at once.



JUST TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Daughters of the Confederacy, Austin, Tex., held memorial exercises at the Confederate Home June 3, commemorating the ninetieth birthday of Jefferson Davis. Addresses were delivered by Judge John H. Reagan and R. R. Lockett, Esq., and the exercises were very interesting. Extracts from Mr. Lockett's address are here given:

"Jefferson Davis, born a citizen of the United States June 3, 1808, ruler of a republic for four years, died without a country December 6, 1889. He stood as the exponent of a cause to which was attached the most patriotic citizenship and the most courageous and chival-

ric soldiery mankind has ever recorded or that tradition recalls. Jefferson Davis, whatever else may be said of him, did his full duty at all times as he conceived and understood it; and whether he was obeying orders as an undergraduate at West Point, enduring



MR. R. R. LOCKETT, AUSTIN, TEX.

the hardships of the frontier in the Black Hawk war, training his mind for civil pursuits on his Vicksburg plantation, campaigning as a young Presidential elector, filling a seat in the Congress of the United States, leading the charge at Monterey and riding against the storm of Mexican bullets at Buena Vista, measuring arms in the United States Senate with the great statesmen of that day, canvassing for Governor of Mississippi, filling the war portfolio under Franklin Pierce, battling again in the Senate for his people and leading in the great debates before the crisis of 1860, or presiding over the destinies of a new-found empire, he always and at all times was earnest, implacable, honest, resolute, determined, and found in his own breast sufficient justification for what he did. He believed, as he believed in his God, that the cause of the South was right. From that belief the adverse arbitrament of arms, ignoble imprisonment, expatriation, poverty, and the partial regeneration of his own people never caused him to change or alter in the least, even to the hour of his death. When his eyes were closed upon the drama of life, when his feeble hands pressed a loving farewell to his weeping wife, when his thin, pale lips hushed their oracle forever, and the great spirit of Jefferson Davis had burst its earthly thralldom, then, and not till then, did he remain silent when his beloved principles were assailed. Did I say silent? His lips alone are silent. He still speaks from the grave, having taken the precaution to leave behind him an enduring argument in "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," which represents him in thousands of homes, though he lies at rest in Richmond."

On October 25 Gen. John S. Mosby's cavalry are to hold a reunion at Manassas, Va. A good attendance is expected. For particulars address Norman V. Randolph, Richmond, or H. T. Simmott, Nashville.

## GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER AND FAMILY.

Because of his beautiful character, the sorrow throughout our great country was the more poignant in the death of young Thomas Harrison Wheeler, which occurred by drowning at Montauk Point, R. I., September 7. In the language of a sister: "He was marvelously manly, yet simple-hearted as a child. We called him 'baby,' and he did not object to it, as most boys would." One of his noble characteristics, worthy to be emphasized and imitated, was that he would never engage for a good time with other young people without first knowing if he might serve his sisters. Such deportment, however, is characteristic of the family. While not at all exclusive, they are notably happy in their home circle. While the absence of wife and mother—who died in Washington City May 19, 1896, and was taken from the vault there and buried at Wheeler, Ala., June 30, 1896—can never be supplied, the loving daughters are tenderly and diligently zealous for the father's comfort.

Incidentally, it is fitting to mention here the sentimental event that Gen. Wheeler met his wife during the Confederate war. His cavalry command was falling back; and crossed the Tennessee River near the home of her father, "Dick" Jones. He arrived late at night, after the family had retired. She arose with others and did what she could to feed the hungry Confederates. The General was not presented to her until the next day. She inquired about Gen. Wheeler, expressing a desire to see him, and one of his soldiers said she "would not see much" when she did. She was impressed with his sadness that afternoon on receiving report of the deaths in his command. Mrs. Wheeler was then a widow, having married Mr. Ben Sherrod at sixteen, and was a widow before she was twenty. She was ardently devoted to the Confederacy.

Although they have a luxurious home, surrounded by thousands of acres of land lying along the old Memphis and Charleston railroad and in bends of the Tennessee River, they have lived a good part of their time in Washington, as the father has been in Congress for twenty years or more. Miss Carrie, the youngest, finished school in New York last June. The older girls are very popular in Washington. Miss Annie has become pleasantly conspicuous during the past few months through her arduous service and privations as a nurse for the army in Cuba. A young lady friend, who is President of a chapter of Daughters in Alabama and very intimate with the family, and who went from Tusculumbia and opened up the home at Wheeler, on receipt of the news that "Tom" had been drowned, mentioned Miss Annie as one of the most beautiful Christian characters that she ever knew. It has been erroneously published that all the daughters have become hospital nurses for the army.

An engraved plate upon the beautiful burial casket contained the following:

THOMAS HARRISON WHEELER,  
CADET U. S. N., AID-DE-CAMP MAJOR GENERAL WHEELER.  
BORN MAR. 7, 1881; DIED SEPT. 7, 1898.

A handsome granite shaft, twenty-five feet high, has been erected for the family, and the name of each member engraved upon it.

Gen. Wheeler's modesty and gallantry are extraordinary. On the Sunday of arrival at home for the

burial of his son he and the gentlemen with him went to the private car for their suppers, while the ladies were provided for as well as practicable at the residence. Supper was long delayed at the car, but the General, only desiring cold bread, butter, and a glass of water, which were on the table, declined to eat and retire, though greatly fatigued, until the others were served. Mention of this being made to one of his Confederate soldiers of the sixties, J. B. Nance, of Tennessee, he said that it reminded him of the time when, on a scout with Gen. Wheeler, they swam Pedee River in January, of which perilous journey mention was made in last month's VETERAN. Getting safely across, Gen. Wheeler required his two associates to go for dry clothes before he would serve himself. In verification of this fact, Comrade Nance produced the following letter, dated at Wheeler, Ala., November 29, 1882:

*My Dear Friend:* Your very valued letter was received a few days since. There are no associations which I recall with as much pleasure as those in which you are identified. It is eighteen years since you swam the Pedee with me, and I recall as though it were yesterday standing picket while you and our Texas friend went for dry clothes; and I recall particularly that I had been on picket but a very short time when I saw you gallop down the road to relieve me. I remember, too, that you had on a suit of clothes large enough for a man twice your size. I recall, also, that the next day the sound of your bugle led us gallantly upon the enemy. Rest assured that I should enjoy a visit from you very much, and shall always delight to hear of your welfare. Please thank Capt. Guild for remembering me, and give him my regards. With all my affection, your comrade,  
JOS. WHEELER."

All the people of his Congressional district, like all the other people of the United States, are pleased to honor the eminent citizen and patriot. It is believed that in the coming election diligence will be exercised by voters, regardless of party, to vote for him. Republicans as well as Democrats desire to pay tribute to his patriotic enthusiasm and dauntless heroism in the perilous siege of Santiago and for his every act as soldier and commander in the war with Spain. All the people honor him and his devoted children, while his own Southern people point to him as representing what they are and what they have ever been: self-sacrificing, devoted patriots.

In the deep sorrow caused by the drowning of his noble son the family are comforted in the evidence that he did what was possible to rescue his companion, Lieut. Kirkpatrick. When washed ashore his hands were extended, as if trying to embrace an object; deep impressions, as by the hard pressure of fingers, on his shoulders, together with marks on his face, as if effort was made to cling to him in the desperate struggle.

T. B. Stratton, General Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory, at Huntingdon, Pa., inquires about a sword taken from a friend when captured by Confederates at Petersburg, June 22, 1864. It bore the inscription: "Presented to Capt. H. B. Huff, Company D, One Hundred and Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, by His Company." Mr. Stratton will appreciate any information that can be given concerning this sword.

**CONCERNING U. C. V. REUNION AT CHARLESTON.**

A thoroughly posted "Veteran" sends the following, which clearly outlines the policy that will be inaugurated for the Charleston reunion:

In recent years the veterans have very wisely selected as the places of their successive annual meetings cities around which cluster dear Confederate memories, cities made almost sacred in the hearts of the veterans as being the theaters of the most thrilling episodes of Confederate history. Richmond, Nashville, Atlanta—each was, while dear to all, yet especially so to the men who fought around them. The selection of Charleston as the meeting place for 1899 was in the same line. Around it cluster the most brilliant deeds of the Southern men. First to initiate the struggle and to fire the first shot of the war (January 9, 1861), first to open fire under the banners of the Confederacy, for four long years her defenders held the enemy at bay, and only lowered the colors from Fort Sumter and the other harbor defenses when our cause was practically lost. In this magnificent drama were troops from all parts of the South, and these heroes will fondly gather on the scenes of their heroism and point out to their comrades the spots of their dangers and bravery.

The propriety of the selection of Charleston is ably shown by a gallant Confederate soldier now living in Louisville, who wrote to a veteran in Charleston:

"I am glad that you succeeded in having Charleston selected as the place for the next reunion of the Confederate veterans. I was unable to go to Atlanta, but if I had gone I most assuredly would not have united in the effort to have this place selected over Charleston. Not on the ground that we do not want them here or could not take care of them if they did come, but purely on the ground that those old Confederate States which furnished the troops and endured the misfortunes of the war and resurrected themselves after its conclusion are, in my judgment, entitled first and above all others to the annual meetings of the Confederate Veteran Association."

The whole people of South Carolina, and especially those of Charleston, feel honored by the selection of the metropolis of the State. That they appreciate it will be shown by their efforts to entertain their guests most handsomely. Immediately on the return of the delegates and Committee of Invitation from the Atlanta convention the machinery was put in motion to devise and arrange plans for the reception of her guests. A committee of the most prominent, active, and progressive citizens was selected, and they have mapped out their work thoroughly and well. The entire scope of the work has been assigned to the various committees, and they are already at work. They have had correspondence with the committees of the cities which have entertained the veterans before, and they are learning from the experience gained.

Charleston has the reputation of always doing well any entertainment she undertakes. The heart and soul of the people, because of love to the Confederates or from pride in the city, are in it. The whole of South

Carolina will back and help her. Charleston has some drawbacks in her hotel accommodations, but her people have large hearts, and they have determined to take their visitors to their homes. Every home in the city will be opened to accommodate some veteran or visitor.

Charleston has not a suitable auditorium, and the Subcommittee on Auditorium are considering carefully the matter whether to recommend the erection of a temporary building or a permanent one. The plans for a permanent building have been prepared, and it is hoped that they can be carried through. Anyhow the veterans may rest assured that when the convention convenes in Charleston they will find a thoroughly suitable place for their meetings.

The drift of opinion now seems to be toward placing the auditorium near the center of the city, where it can be reached by all veterans without long car rides. This is particularly desired, because the committee have in view using the auditorium each evening for some entertainment for the pleasure of the great mass of the veterans. They propose providing such amusements for the veterans as will not require swallow-tailed coats in which to see it; and in doing this the auditorium should be where the great masses of the veterans and their friends can easily reach it morning, afternoon, and evening.

Steamboats will be constantly moving around the grand harbor, giving visitors the opportunity of seeing the various historic points: Forts Sumter and Moultrie, Morris Island, Sullivan's Island, etc. The trolley and ferry to Sullivan's Island will carry visitors to the many historic points thereon.

A special committee has been appointed to have erected signs distinguishing the various historic points. As the visitor sails around the harbor in the steamers he will see distinctly marked the points memorable in the struggles of the Revolutionary war and the Confederate war. A system of distinguishing marks is proposed by which they may be understood at several miles' distance. Visits can be made to historic Fort Sumter and the story of its gallant defense be gone over by the veterans who so nobly defended it. It is proposed to have committees on the spot acquainted with its story to tell it to those who were never behind its battlements.

The time of the reunion has not been fixed, but the feeling of the people of Charleston is rather toward April or May, before the hot weather commences and after winter has passed away. These are beautiful months in the city, April rather more so than May, and this month has its historic associations connected with the battle of Fort Sumter; but there is often frost in Charleston as late as April 20, and it would not do to run the risks of cold weather. May is perhaps the safer month. But the question has not yet been even officially discussed for recommendation to the U. C. V. authorities.

Charleston is fully alive to the magnitude of the undertaking she gladly assumes, to welcome and entertain the grand old veterans, whom she has always honored and still delights to honor. Every energy will be given to make the occasion an enjoyable one for her guests and a satisfaction to her own people, who have given so much to the cause of the South and are still faithful to its memories.

## 7th TENNESSEE.—BATTLE OF FALLING WATERS.

John T. McCall, who enlisted in John A. Fite's company at Carthage, Tenn., which was mustered into the Confederate service at Nashville on May 10, 1861, furnishes the following sketch:

The citizens of Nashville complimented this company by saying that it was the finest body of men that ever marched through Nashville. There were one hundred and eighteen, all single but one, and was designated the "Tow-Head" company. At Camp Trousdale the Seventh Tennessee Regiment of Infantry was organized, with this company (B), six companies from Wilson, two from Sumner, and one from De Kalb Counties—ten in all—Robert Hatton, colonel; John F. Goodwin, lieutenant colonel; and John K. Howard, major. This was the first regiment to leave



JOHN T. M'CALL.

Camp Trousdale to join Gens. Lee and Loring at Valley Mountain, in Northwestern Virginia, and it participated in the campaign of Cheat Mountain and Big Meadows, also in the Bath and Romney campaigns under Stonewall Jackson. After this it went to Manassas, Dumfries, and Yorktown. Here the members reenlisted for two more years or for the war, and here the Tennessee Brigade was organized. It comprised Turney's First, Hatton's Seventh, and Forbes's Fourteenth Tennessee Regiments. The Thirteenth Alabama Regiment and the Fifth Alabama Battalion were added to the brigade after the battle of Chancellorsville.

Col. Hatton was made brigadier general, and commanded the brigade until he was killed at Seven Pines, when Col. J. J. Archer, of Fifth Texas, succeeded him.

Col. Howard commanded the Seventh Regiment, and was killed on the 26th of June at Cold Harbor.

That regiment was in all of the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia to the surrender.

Comrade McCall reports battle of Falling Waters:

During Lee's retreat from Gettysburg we were detained at Hagerstown, five miles from the Potomac River, from the 6th to the 13th, on account of the high waters. The river was swollen, and pontoon boats were brought from Richmond, a distance of over one hundred miles, for a crossing, although most of our wagons had passed over before the rise in the river.

Lee's lines extended from the Potomac River to near Hagerstown. Our brigade was on the extreme left of the line. The right moved across first, and left us to cover the retreat. Early on the night of the 13th the army began to cross the river, although it was very dark and a drenching rain poured down. When day broke our brigade was within a half mile of the river. We were ordered to stack our guns and rest. Some of our artillery had bogged up, and the men were soon asleep. A few of us were up, when one of the boys called the attention of Lieut. Jack (now Col. J. H.) Moore to a troop of cavalry advancing with blue uniforms and Yankee flags; but, supposing Stewart's Cavalry to be behind, Lieut. Moore said not to fire, thinking the flags had been captured. But it was a Michigan battalion of cavalry of about two hundred and fifty men, and when in about thirty yards the major gave the command to "Wheel into line and, d—n 'em, split their heads." They struck the head of our column yelling, cutting right and left, and riding over our men while asleep, breaking arms and legs and trampling some to death.

The major, seeing Gen. Pettigrew and staff in a group, dashed up to them and demanded their surrender; and, when they refused to do so, he shot Gen. Pettigrew with his pistol, mortally wounding him. In two or three seconds the major was shot from his horse by one of Gen. Pettigrew's staff officers.

Our men scattered in every direction, most of them leaving their guns in the stack. Seeing an old barn in a field about a hundred yards away, some dozen of us made for it. About six of the Yankees saw us, and here they came with drawn sabers, swearing they would cut our heads off if we didn't surrender. When they struck at us with their sabers we would fall flat on the ground, and before they could check their horses' speed we would get some distance from them. A comrade and I got to an old fence, when two of the Yankees saw us and came at us in full speed. We jumped the fence, and before they could get their horses over we were some distance from them. We had it in this way for about five minutes, and were about fifty yards from them, when we found a gun, which, fortunately for us, was loaded. They had gotten on each side of the fence, and here they came, yelling. We were hid in the corner of the fence, and when they were within a few steps of us my comrade jumped to his feet and fired at one of them, who threw up his hands and cried out: "O Jim, I am killed!" His horse ran about a hundred yards, and he fell off dead. His comrade tried to make his escape, but ran into our men and was captured.

Our men had gotten their guns, and it was only a little while before the Yankees were driven off. Only six were left to tell the tale of what they did at Falling Waters.

## SOUTHERN SIDE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

Chattanooga was the southern base of the Army of Tennessee (Bragg's) in early September, 1863; Stevenson and Bridgeport, the northern base of the Army of the Cumberland (Rosecrans). September 7 and 8 found the Army of Tennessee moving. It was a grand strategic move to blind Rosecrans, who was scheming for Bragg's rear, and the conception of the plan would have made Gen. Bragg a greater hero had it not been thwarted in the execution.

From Stevenson and Bridgeport the Federal Army was also in motion, McCook's and Thomas' Corps crossing the Tennessee at Caperton's Ferry and striking for Bragg's rear and communications at Dalton, equally distant from Chattanooga—the one penetrating McLemore's Cove, the other going across Sand Mountain to Wills' Valley—while Crittenden's Corps was marching on Chattanooga from Wauhatchie. Lookout Mountain was the cover under which Bragg (on the south) was paralleling and Rosecrans (on the north) pursuing the scheme to be carried out.

Burnside was expected to march against Buckner in East Tennessee with twenty thousand men below Chattanooga. At one grasp Gen. Bragg saw that the Federal Corps would be far apart, about sixty miles, and to throw the crumb of comfort, Chattanooga, to the whale, would divert them from his object in pouncing upon Rosecrans in detail and crushing him before a concentration. Fighting Joe Wheeler was on the *qui vive* with Southern cavalry on the left. He had ninety miles to guard, from Lookout to Decatur, Ala., and his vigilance was one of the phenomenal triumphs of those times. The "Wizard of the Saddle," Bedford Forrest, was equally watchful and persistent in fighting back the hordes on the Southern right from Dalton; while Crittenden, flushed with the capture of Chattanooga, was turning loose the dogs of war and pressing on Ringgold. Thus, it will be seen, a repetition of Napoleon's first campaign in Italy—beginning with Montenotte and ending with Mondovi, crushing out Beaulien's three corps—was sought; and the result would have been a counterpart had the plans been carried out. Gen. Bragg on the 10th of September ordered Hindman to cooperate with Buckner at Davis' Cross Roads and crush out Thomas in the Cove, then light on McCook. The attack was to be at nine o'clock on the 11th, but for some mismanagement on the part of subordinates it was delayed until 4 P.M. When we offered battle Thomas had fled, and the Southern wolves had lost their supper. Gen. McCook, near Alpine, captured a few of Breckinridge's Division. The idea dawned that he had struck Bragg's army. He beat a hasty retreat, and rapidly fell back to Thomas in the Cove. This having failed, Gen. Bragg turned his eyes on Crittenden, near Ringgold, but for some reason not explained this failed; and so it was with LaFayette, Ga., south of Pigeon Mountain, as the base. The disappointed Army of Tennessee lingered far from home, itching to check the hordes that were gradually nearing us to sea. O, in what fighting trim the Army of Tennessee was, when on the 16th of September, 1863, they received the famous battle order No. 180! Soldiers of Bragg's army, do you recollect it?

"Headquarters Army of Tennessee, in the field, La Fayette, Ga., September 16, 1863.

"The troops will be held for an immediate move against the enemy. His demonstration on our flank has been thwarted, and twice has he retired before us when offered battle. We must now force him to the issue. Soldiers, you are largely reënforced; you must now seek the contest. In so doing I know you will be content to suffer privations and encounter hardships. Heretofore you have never failed to respond to your general when he has asked sacrifice at your hands. Relying on your gallantry and patriotism, he asks you to add the crowning glory to the wreath you wear. Our cause is in your keeping. Your enemy boasts that you are demoralized and retreating before him. Having accomplished your object in driving back his flank movement, let us now turn on his main force and crush it in its fancied security. Your generals will lead you. You have but to respond to assure us a glorious victory over an insolent foe. I know what your response will be. Trusting in God and the justice of our cause, and nerved by the love of the dear ones at home, failure is impossible, and victory must be ours. BRAXTON BRAGG, Commanding General."



GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.

Just before receiving this order of the 16th my journal says that "Capt. Humphreys, commanding the First Arkansas Battery of Eldridge's Battalion, reporting to us, told us to-day at Maj. Hatcher's tent that he the night before dreamed that we would soon battle with Rosecrans, and a brilliant victory would follow."

On the 17th Buckner's Corps—Stewart's and Preston's Divisions—commenced the march at sunrise and bivouacked for the night on Peavine Creek — miles.

Early on the 18th the following circular reached our quarters:

"Headquarters Army of Tennessee, Leet's Tanyard, September 18, 1863.

"1. Bushrod Johnson's column (Hood's), on crossing at or near Reed's Bridge, will turn to the left by the most practicable route and sweep up the Chickamauga toward Lee and Gordon's Mills. 2. Walker, crossing at Alexander's Bridge, will unite in this move, and push vigorously on the enemy's flank and rear in the same direction. 3. Buckner, crossing at Thedford's Ford, will join the movement to the left, and press the enemy up the stream from Polk's front at Lee and Gordon's Mills. 4. Polk will press his force to the front of Lee and Gordon's Mills, and, if met by too much resistance to cross, will bear to the right and cross at Dalton's Ford or at Thedford's, as may be necessary, and join in the attack wherever the enemy may be. 5. Hill will cover our left flank from an advance of the enemy from the Cove, and, by pressing the cavalry in his front, ascertain if the enemy is reinforcing at Lee and Gordon's Mills, in which event he will attack them in flank. 6. Wheeler's cavalry will hold the gap in Pigeon Mountain, cover our left and rear, and bring up stragglers. 7. All trains not with troops should go toward Ringgold and Taylor's Ridge. All cooking should be done at trains. Rations when cooked will be forwarded to troops. 8. The above movements will be executed with the utmost promptness, vigor, and persistence.

"By command of Gen. Bragg.

"GEORGE W. BRENT, A. A. General."

And now under said direction the army moved—Buckner's Corps, Stewart, and Preston resumed the march early on the 18th—Stewart, with Bate in front, Clayton following, and Brown in the rear, taking the direction of Thedford's Ford, on the West Chickamauga. The booming of cannon in the distance told us that the struggle was nearly on. Forrest's cavalry on the right, Pegram in the center, and Wheeler on the left. The marching column that day told too well what was in every mind. "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching"—no guying of each other, and no frivolous flings at passing horsemen. The rapid step toward the scene of the conflict indicated the determination that was written on every brow, and remarks to each other such as, "Boys, we have retreated far enough; we will whip 'em this time or die," were figured in every tongue. The closer the music of the guns the more rapid the stride. We arrived during the afternoon (Friday) within a mile of the ford. Gen. Buckner directed Gen. Stewart to proceed to the support of Pegram's cavalry, and to occupy the high ground in vicinity of the ford, commanding approaches, but not to bring on a general engagement with the enemy that afternoon unless it was necessary. Preston's Division was ordered to Hunt's or Dalton's Ford. Maj. Noequet, engineer, placed Bate's Brigade in position above the ford, Clayton's below. Whilst in movement a cannon ball of the enemy struck within about five steps of Stewart and Pegram, ricocheted and came near striking Capt. Hamp Cheney, of Brown's staff. Several solid shot struck in Clayton's line, killing and wounding two men while going into position. We feared the bad effect of this on Clayton's men, as this was to be their first battle. Bate advanced about 5

P.M., with Caswell's sharpshooters. His battery (the Eufaula) opened in the direction of Alexander's Bridge, causing the enemy to retire. Gen. Bate in his report claims for this battery the honor of opening and closing the Chickamauga battle. Three companies from Clayton's Brigade went across and occupied a wooded hill; afterwards his entire brigade. On our right, in the direction of Reed's and Alexander's Bridges, a salvo of musketry and artillery indicated a struggle. Gen. Forrest, with a hundred picked men from Bushrod Johnson and his detachment of Morgan's men, led a charge on Reed's Bridge. From the representation it was similar to that of Lannes at Lodi. The dispute of the crossings everywhere seemed gen-



LIEUT. GEN. A. P. STEWART.

eral. Finding that it had to be fought for, Walthall, of Liddell's Division, with the electrical courage of a Ney, rushed and got Alexander's. In the meantime Wheeler was demonstrating on the left at Glass Mills, with Breckinridge at his back, Cleburne and Hindman close by. The federal army extended its main force from Lee and Gordon's Mills on the west side of the river. Its right extended up the valley of the Chickamauga.

About 5 P.M. it was whispered in our army that Maj. Gen. Hood, of Longstreet's Corps, had arrived, and that Longstreet was *en route*. He was placed in command on our right, and Bushrod Johnson was put in command of an improvised division composed of Johnson's, Gregg's, McNair's Brigades, with Robertson's in reserve. This command was to first cross the stream, and none of our troops to go over at any point until Johnson's column had swept the west bank in front of their respective places of crossing. It turned out, however, that Gens. Hood and Johnson, the next

morning, had passed Jay's sawmill and found that their skirmishers were in one hundred and fifty yards of Preston's Division of Buckner's Corps, which had crossed at Dalton's Ford during the night, that their line was perpendicular to Preston, and that most of our right had crossed at points lower down, placing Hood (his other brigades under Law having come up) and Johnson near the left of our army, Hood now commanding both improvised divisions. That night Walker crossed at Byrom's Ford—ordered to Hood. On the night of the 18th the right of our army was near Reed's Bridge, the left at Glass's Mills, two miles from Crawfish Springs, where Rosecrans, on our left, had his headquarters.

On the night of the 18th Rosecrans began shifting his army. Thomas by daybreak on the 19th was on the Federal left, Crittenden to close on his right, McCook on Crittenden's right, Gordon Granger to be withdrawn in reserve, so that on the night of the 18th the antagonizing armies were forming for the greatest of battles, the Army of Tennessee pressing for an onset, with the Army of the Cumberland going in once having taken laurels from us at Murfreesboro. O how we all felt when we "bitterly thought of the morrow," and the blood to flow in crushing such a foe in their fancied security! The resignation of giving up so much territory and waiting till the word was given for a fighting chance was one of the wonderful virtues of the Army of Tennessee. When they saw sorrow rising in their way they tried to flee from the approaching ill, and made the most of cheery moments created by diversion. One of these, with Stewart's Division, was the apparent delight of old Mrs. Thedford, at the ford, in having her own boys there. They made a raid that night on her potato patch, and on being ordered out, she said: "Hold on, Mr. Officer! They are my potatoes, and my boys; let 'em take 'em." She was an uncompromising Southerner. We learned that she was formerly a Miss Debbie Simmons, of Bradley Creek, Rutherford County, Tenn., and it was a coincidence that



MRS. THEDFORD.

mostly a Tennessee division was about her house, going into a terrible battle. Another coincidence was that two of Mrs. Thedford's boys had come in with Longstreet's Corps, both wounded, and she never knew that they were there until both were brought in litters to her house. Thedford's Ford became memorable not only as the headquarters of Gen. Bragg, but as the home of a Southern heroine, who made her house a hospital and fearlessly ministered to many a soul shot in battle. Buckner's Corps christened her "The Mother of Chickamauga," and many a maimed soldier has gone, and will go, to his grave with the ten-

derest recollections of that blessed spirit who nursed him with a mother's care.

From Reed's Bridge up the Chickamauga to Glass's Mills, with flanks guarded by cavalry, was the position of the Southern army on the night of the 18th. From the McAfee Springs on the left to Pond Springs on the right the Army of the Cumberland was guarded by cavalry, ready to parry their deadly thrusts.

Bragg slept sweetly that night, confident of the result, as for once the forces were more nearly equal; Rosecrans, on the other hand, was restless and perturbed, fearful of his left being turned, so that Burnside, with twenty thousand men, would not be able to swoop in from Jonesboro or Athens and lend a helping hand. Fearful visions of Joe Johnston, of paroled prisoners, of Longstreet, even of Ewell reinforcing Bragg, were agitating him. Instead of a demoralized army, he found confronting him bristling bayonets and belching Confederate Napoleons. The increase of anxiety even permeated the brain of C. A. Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War, as the dawn of the conflict approached. On the 17th, from Crawfish Springs, he telegraphed to Stanton, Secretary of War, "Nothing positive from Burnside; his forces needed here;" and on the 18th at 12 M., "nothing from Burnside."

"By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
Than the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond."

(To be continued.)

#### LAST ROLL CALL OF THE FOURTH TENNESSEE.

W. C. Nixon, Dyersburg, Tenn., gives the names of the few who answered to the last roll call of the Fourth Tennessee (Strahl's old regiment) at Greensboro, N. C., and he asks: "Where are they now?"

L. W. Finley, lieutenant colonel; H. H. Hampton, major.

Company A: Charles Campbell, J. B. Abicromby, J. E. Beasley, J. R. Gillerland, W. M. D. Lampier, J. D. Mosley, W. G. Parker, D. F. Price, M. Parker, T. A. Torian, C. C. Torian, James Omburg, Andrew Pope, J. A. Southworth, M. Ward, W. W. Walker.

Company B: J. W. Goodwin.

Company C: M. Hughes, F. M. Hughes, J. H. Fisher, J. E. Pitman, B. C. Smith, J. W. Vanpelt, H. B. Waller.

Company D: H. Drewry, G. W. Lewis, J. M. Shelby, B. T. Reeves, J. J. Weaver, C. C. Wallace, J. T. Wells.

Company E: J. N. Blackburn, W. G. Bynum, E. C. Curlin, T. Z. Hudleston, C. Wrenn.

Company G: A. J. Meadows, S. A. Pugh, W. C. Nixon, N. O. Lovelace.

Company H: C. W. Ashford, J. T. Seay.

Company I: A. Mayo.

Company K: Capt. J. W. Lauderdale, W. R. Calihan, W. A. Flowers, F. M. Hambric, T. F. Ledsinger.

A good many of the regiment were left at Bentonville sick or wounded after our last battle.

A. W. Simmons, of Halesboro, Tex., inquires for the "Life of Robert Toombs," written by Jenkins or Stovall.

### A WOUNDED CONFEDERATE PRISONER.

BY CHAPLAIN NORMAN FOX, SEVENTY-SEVENTH N. Y. V.

On the evening of May 10, at Spottsylvania, under the leadership of Gen. Upton, a column of a dozen selected regiments, including my own, all of the Sixth Corps (Sedgwick's), made a charge; and, although the movement was unsuccessful in the end, they held for a time a portion of the Confederate works.

Among the wounded brought to the rear was a boy in gray, Private Thomas J. Roberts, of Company I, Twelfth Georgia. We lifted him from the ambulance, and, having spread a blanket on the grass and laid him on it, I called a surgeon. A minie ball had struck him in the groin, and but a slight examination was enough to show that the wound was fatal. He was a mere boy, and I can still see his really beautiful face as he lifted his dark, lustrous eyes to mine. It was little that I could do for him, but I spoke such words of comfort as I could command. He showed fortitude and cheerfulness for one in so sad a situation, and he told me about his friends at home, speaking also of those from his own family circle who had already been killed in the war. While we were talking he asked for a drink of water. I brought it, and as I raised him to a sitting posture, so that he could drink, he leaned his head forward upon my shoulder, and without a struggle was dead. We could give him only the rude burial of a soldier, but over his grave was lifted the prayer that the God of all comfort would tenderly support those far away who would wait in vain the return of the boy of their love and hopes.

Often since that night have I thought of that Southern soldier lad who died actually in my arms, as if in a mother's embrace, and I pen this reminiscence that possibly it may make known to some surviving comrade or dear one that in his last hour what little could be done for him was tenderly performed.

More than one of those of my regiment who, being wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy spoke afterwards of kindnesses shown them by Southern soldiers. Thanks, noble Confederate veterans, for acts of tenderness to those whom the stern fortunes of war cast at your feet. Your names may be unknown to the Northern mothers and sisters of those to whom you showed kindness, but their prayers have gone up to God for you all the same. You yourself may have forgotten your gentle deeds, deeming them little things, but God's angels have kept the records of them all.

Morristown, N. J., September 4, 1898.

Lieut. Col. William F. Fox, a brother of Chaplain Fox, and who was second in command of the One Hundred and Seventh New York Volunteers, wrote to Capt. F. S. Harris, of Nashville, Tenn., concerning the statistics in his elaborate history of "Regimental Losses" in the great war:

By referring to page 568 you will see that the Thirtieth Alabama, Archer's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, is mentioned as one of the regiments which sustained the heaviest losses at Chancellorsville, and its casualties in that battle are given. Still I regret that, owing to the official records, such meager notice is accorded to a brigade which did so much to establish the fame of the American soldier.

It could not well be otherwise in a work of a statistical character in which the figures are taken wholly from official sources. The omission of further mention is due to the fact that the regimental commanders in Archer's Brigade made no mention in their official reports of the number of men taken into action, without which statement the percentage of loss could not be given now.

It is unnecessary for you to remind me of the fighting qualities of your old brigade. I was in the Twelfth Corps at Chancellorsville, where we were confronted by Archer's and McGowan's men, and where we courteously vacated our position in acknowledgment of their claims.

Rev. Dr. David H. Moore, editor *Western Christian Advocate*, Cincinnati, prints in his paper that S. A. Cunningham, Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, "one of the best-conducted war magazines in the world, was in the city during the G. A. R. encampment, and honored our office with a call."

Dr. Moore commanded the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Ohio Regiment in the great war, and during the recent encampment he kept open house and a bountifully spread table to the men of his old command, many of whom called to see their young colonel of a long time ago.

Dr. S. H. Stout, Dallas, Tex., who was medical director of hospitals in the Army of Tennessee, C. S. A., states in a letter: "I never let an opportunity pass that I do not recommend the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to Southern soldiers—to camps and to individuals."



MAID OF HONOR FIRST BRIGADE, ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Miss Lillian C. Reeves, of Camden, Ark., only daughter of J. A. and Elizabeth Barbara Reeves, is slight and graceful in figure, with brown hair and dark eyes. Her father was a splendid soldier and is, of course, a patriot. He is a Brigadier General of the Fourth Division of Arkansas Troops, U. C. V.



## ACTUAL NATIONAL OBLIGATIONS.

Hon. John N. Lyle, of Waco, Tex., made a strong argument before the Pat Cleburne Camp, of his city, taking the position that "Lee's army has as much right to pensions from the Federal government as Grant's." He bases his claim upon the fact that the South has contributed as much to the preservation of the Union as the North. He quotes from Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the constitution and by military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God." Then he argues:

Accepting this as giving the true reason for his act, the "military necessity" that justified it was the preservation of the Union. The South, we insist, then, was made to contribute about four million slaves, worth \$2,000,000,000, to its salvation. Right and justice demand that this debt to the South be paid by the United States government in taking care of disabled Confederate soldiers.

The South has exhibited as much, if not more, regard for the integrity of the Union than the States of the North. I shall introduce but one witness on this point, and he shall be taken from the hither side of Mason and Dixon line. When States of the North nullified laws of the United States and made it criminal for their citizens to assist in their enforcement, Daniel Webster, the great statesman of Massachusetts, in a noted speech, made in 1851, at Capon Springs, Va., declared the compact of union at an end. He said: "It has been said in the States of New York, Massachusetts, and Ohio, over and over again, that the law shall not be executed. That was the language in conventions in Worcester, Mass., in Syracuse, N. Y., and elsewhere. And for this they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors. Now, gentlemen, these proceedings are distinctly treasonable, and the act of taking Shadrick (the fugitive slave) from the public authorities in Boston and sending him off was clear treason; and I do not hesitate to say that if the Northern States refuse willfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the constitution which respects the restitution of fugitive slaves, the South would no longer be bound to keep the compact. A bargain broken on one side is broken on all sides."

But the South refused to accept this conclusion. Her devotion to the republic established by the efforts of Washington, Madison, and a host of venerated patriots and statesmen was dearer to her than even her own section; and for ten long years, patiently hoping against hope that a sense of right and justice would prevail, she witnessed State after State in the North trampling the laws of the country in the dust. She saw abolition fanaticism whetting its sword and thirsting for the blood of her citizens. She submitted to this same abolition fanaticism invading her territory with cutthroats and desperadoes armed to kill the whites and incite the blacks to bloody insurrection. She endured published slanders, scattered broadcast over the world by this fell fanaticism, some of this incendiary stuff, indorsed by prominent Congressmen, going to the extent of urging the negroes to rise by

night and butcher their masters and families; and, if that were not practicable, to poison the waters and kill them thus by stealth. Why did the South so long endure all this and not accept Mr. Webster's decision that the compact was at an end? It was her devotion to the Union. And not until this abolition fanaticism, feeding upon sectional hate, grew to a strength that enabled it to obtain the advantage of Federal position and, in 1861, to inaugurate the John Brown raid on an enlarged and extended scale did the South accept the fact and act upon it. So long as the treason against which that distinguished statesman inveighed was confined to the local governments of abolition States, she was willing to abide by the Union; but when Mr. Chase, who spoke for the then incoming administration of Lincoln, declared that this same treason was to be practiced by the Federal government there was nothing left for her but to accept the fact that the Union was dissolved and to exercise the right of a free people to form a government to their own liking.

Giving an account of the peace congress called by Virginia in 1861, the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, in his "History of the United States," says: "Senator Salmon P. Chase appeared as a delegate from the State of Ohio. It was generally understood at the time that he was to be Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Lincoln, the incoming President. In view of this fact and his universally recognized ability, very great interest was felt as to the course he would pursue and the line of policy he would indicate. He had from the beginning been one of the most distinguished leaders of the agitators or antislavery party, and for years had stood foremost among those leaders in the United States Senate. Two days after the meeting of the peace congress, on the 6th of February, 1861, this Ajax Talmion of the incoming administration took the floor. His speech came far short of meeting the hopes of the anxious advocates of the Union, who had been active in getting up the congress. In all the candor of his nature he declared most emphatically to the members of that congress from the Southern States that the



MRS. W. D. GRANT, ATLANTA, GA.

Northern States would never fulfill that part of the constitution which required the return of the fugitives from service." This speech, backed as it was by a large majority of the delegates from the Northern States, blasted the hopes of the most ardent friends of the congress of any good results attending it. The truth is, instead of healing the breach between the States, it tended greatly to widen it. It was the opinion of one high in authority that that part of the constitution was regarded by the party coming into power as a dead letter, and it was a clear and unequivocal declaration that they never would respect on this subject the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Many leading men at the South looked upon this speech as an unqualified declaration that the Republican party would hold this provision of the constitution as null; and that the Southern States would, therefore, be absolved from all further obligation on their part of the compact of union. They recollected well also, that Mr. Seward, who was to be Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State, had announced similar sentiments in the Senate as early as 1850.

Mr. Stephens continues: "As to matters of good faith between the States, impartial history must make up the record that the breach was on the part of the Northern States. The South asked nothing of her Confederates but to defend and maintain the constitution according to its known provision as adjudicated by the highest court in the land."

According to these facts of history and the judgment of Mr. Webster, the only acts of treason ever perpetrated in these United States were done by abolition fanatics; and it looks like the irony of fate that for more than a third of a century they have been on horseback, while patriots and lovers of good government have had to walk. Understand me, I am speaking of abolition fanatics, and am not bringing charges against the whole people of the North. History shows that in 1861 a majority of them were opposed to war upon their Southern brethren. In that famous line,

Erring sisters, go in peace,

Horace Greeley voiced the sentiments of the majority. Col. McClure, a great and distinguished journalist of Philadelphia, testifies positively to this fact. Northern Whigs and Democrats and thousands of conservative Republicans were duped into the strife brought on by abolition treason, as Mr. Webster terms it.

I base the claim of my Confederate comrades also upon the ground that only justice to them can make a union in heart of peoples of these States. In vain sing pæans to the glory of the Union; in vain teach devotion to the flag by having it float from every schoolhouse, unless equal and exact justice prevails. Without this, the future will see our beloved country involved in such sectional bitterness as prevailed before the war. May it never again come to pass that our Union will be characterized as an "agreement with death and a covenant with hell," as it then was by abolition fanatics! May injustice never drive a dissatisfied section to address our flag in the lines of an abolition poet:

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

It is "Old Glory" now, and by doing justice under the power it symbolizes, let it so remain.

The South pays, in proportion to population and wealth, more than her share of the taxes that go into the Washington treasury; and to demand that the States of this section shall carry as a further burden the pensions of Confederate soldiers is rank injustice. The Northern States draw more out of the Federal treasury in money for pensions than the aggregate of all their State taxes. Curry, in his "Southern States of the Union," says: "The aggregate State revenues collected in 1892 by the Northern States from all sources were \$103,192,922. In 1893 the money paid for pensions was \$156,740,476. Of this, the North got \$127,000,000. Not simply individuals, but whole States are pensioners upon the government, Illinois receiving \$11,019,932; Indiana, \$11,703,434; Kansas, \$7,103,203; Ohio, \$17,326,682; Pennsylvania, \$15,177,339; Wisconsin, \$4,378,353; Michigan, \$7,760,227; and Massachusetts, \$6,881,243."

By the above it can be readily seen that their State governments cost them less than nothing. Thus relieved from local taxation, they are enjoying an unjust advantage. Injustice will lead to dissatisfaction and bitterness that may end in strife. Better to have let the States "go in peace" than to have forced them to remain and hold their people as objects of inequality and injustice. In poverty the Confederate soldiers have toiled and sweated for thirty-three years, loyally and faithfully contributing to the general government, and I demand for them in their old age only their just dues. Don't mistake me as asking for them a bounty. I would scorn to ask it, as they would scorn to accept it. It is justice I demand for them, and justice only. It is asserted that a great portion of the millions paid for pensions are on fraudulent claims. If the undeserving were dropped from the rolls, and the names of worthy Confederates substituted, justice would be done without an increase of taxation.

At the last reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic President McKinley was present, and in a speech to his old comrades congratulated them on the fact that if danger should threaten our country she had two grand armies to defend her, the army of Grant and the army of Lee. This is a beautiful sentiment. . . . When we reflect that the army of Grant is the feasted and caressed favorite of the country, while that of Lee is treated as a stepchild, we call for less taffy and more justice. But he uttered a great truth that has been fully exemplified. The Southern soldier is for his country, "right or wrong," so long as she is the exponent of the principles of liberty underlying our civil institutions. . . . The South of 1898 is as firm in its devotion to the Union as the South of 1850, that then refused to accept its dissolution by abolition treason. Shall this continue? Is it desired?

I am sustained in the position that it is the duty of the Federal government to take care of the indigent and disabled Confederate soldiers by no less than authority than a declaration from the late Gen. W. T. Sherman. Henry W. Grady said that the Georgians regarded Gen. Sherman as a very careless man with fire, but in some things he had a very level head. Some years since, when the John B. Hood Camp start-

ed to establish the Confederate Home at Austin, Maj. Joe Stewart was sent North and East to solicit funds for its endowment. As he passed through St. Louis he called on Gen. Sherman to get his indorsement of the enterprise. The General heartily sympathized with the move, but said: "It is too great a matter for private charity; the general government ought to take care of the disabled Confederate soldiers."

#### AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL DISCUSSION.

Mr. Geo. Wilson, a Lexington (Mo.) banker, writes:

In your August number there is a picture of a young lady, under which is the statement that she is "tall and slender, of the distinctive Southern type, olive complexion and dark-brown hair and eyes." One of the most widespread errors in all the world is this belief that the distinctive type of the people of our Southern States is the type here described. Olive complexion, brown or black eyes, and black hair make a Southern but not the Southern type—that is, with respect to the whole world, it is a Southern type, but it is not the type of the people of our Southern States. But this Southern type is not characterized by great stature; on the contrary, such Southerners of the world are short, as a race. On the other hand, the type *par excellence* of the Southern States is the tide-water Virginia type: tall, fair-haired or chestnut, blue or gray eyes, heavy lower jaw and forward chin, in which sometimes the lower front teeth are in front of the upper ones when the mouth is shut, or what is called "jamber jaw" in Virginia, and which I have identified as a corruption of Cimbri jaw or Kimbrii jaw. In many years of study along these lines this is one of the most interesting and gratifying discoveries I ever made, and it is confirmed collaterally in ways that I cannot here take space to mention. Such a jaw had Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Henry the Great of France, Charles I. and II. of England. The factors that make up the type are few, and can be approximately located. For instance, blonde hair and blue eyes are pure Northern Aryan features. Perhaps there are no pure Aryans to-day outside of the Russians. I am not yet satisfied where red hair comes from or how it came. True blonde Aryan hair is the finest of all human hair, the nearest to fur, showing that for millenniums its owners have lived in the cold regions, probably of Northern Europe or Asia. Red hair is seldom fine, and it makes me suspect that it came from intermarriage of people with coarse black hair with the fine-haired blondes. We know that in mummies black hair fades to red sometimes, and by intermarriage the children might inherit the coarse stock from one side and the inability to produce a black pigment from the blonde side. This might produce red hair; and the same inability to produce a dark pigment in the hair would produce a very fair skin, such as we always see in red-haired persons.

The young lady in question is a Southerner by complexion and a Southerner by height. The Virginians of the tide water—the first lot of immigrants who came there mainly from Yorkshire and Lancashire, or what was called Northumbria, and only called England at a comparatively late day—were for the most part a nearly pure Norman or Norwegian stock. Not only do their physical characteristics prove this, but their surnames add proof. The face of the young man Pelham is as

Norwegian as can be found in Norway to-day, and his name is probably a corruption of *Phol*, one of the old heathen gods of the Northmen, and *hamu*, a "harbor." Somewhere in the North there may have been a village whose people were worshipers of Phol in particular, and, being on a harbor, was called Pholham; and the individuals would, when among other clans, be called Erik of Pholhamu, or Svein of Pholhamu, etc., as the case might be. The letters *o* and *e* are interchangeable, as Swedish *hem* is our "whom." Hobson's name is probably from Kapp-son, in which the *k* was hissed in the back of the mouth, making the sound between *h* and *k*, meaning "son of the champion;" or else is a very worn form of Harabanar-son. Harabanar is a very old form of *Hrafn*, "rain" or "raven," an old warrior name of the North, where the raven was the sacred bird of Odin, the All-Father, to whom they only could go after death who died in battle. Harbison is the same name. Both are distinctively Southern names. Hawkins, another Southern name, is the Old Norse *Hakon*, a heroic name in saga and history. Steptoe, a tide-water Virginia name, is made up of the Icelandic words *steypa*, "to pour," as of molten metal, and *oe*, an "island"—literally, the "Island of the Founders," or where the weapons and tools were cast. Terry, the name of another hero in your magazine, is perhaps "Tar-Island," the island where the tar was made for making the boats tight in which the vikings made their sea raids. I saw the name of a Maj. Waddy on a Confederate report, the name of some of my mother's tide-water Virginia ancestors. It is from *Ted-oc*, "Wood Island," near the Maelstrom, off the Norwegian coast.

What is spoken of so often as "hot Southern blood" in accounting for the many unfortunate personal encounters in the South is rather the blood of the old Berserks, or champions, who in battle became as madmen, lost all sense of fear, and frothed at the mouth and bit the rims of their shields. An eyewitness of the death of Col. Sam Owens, of this county, in the Mexican war, says that he was looking at him a few moments before he was killed, and that he looked like a madman, was frothing at the mouth and slashing the Mexicans with deadly blows of his saber. This name, which is what we call Welsh and what the Welsh call Kymry, brings in another interesting group of fighters. To me the evidence of word lore and anthropology prove that the Kymry were a branch of the Kimbrii or Cimbri. But in Wales they met and intermarried with a race with dark complexions. *Lloyd*, a Welsh name, means "dark," and is the same word as "cloud." Floyd is *Ap Lloyd*, or "of the dark men." Price, a Welsh name, the name of the great Missouri general "Old Pap," is *Ap Rys*, "of the red," russet, ruddy, the same word perhaps as Russian. There was the distinction, just as I have heard it made between a red-haired and black-haired cousin of the same surname: Red Joe and Black Joe. Davis, the name of your other young hero, I suspect is no other than David, and is a Phœnician name, a loan word from them to the Jews, who were their slaves at one time. The Phœnicians are not what they are called, "Semites," but I believe are Aryans from the south slopes of the Caucasus, as the Northmen were from the north slopes. In the Circassians I believe we have a remnant of the original stock, what the Northmen called their ancestors, "the most beautiful people in the world." That

the Phœnicians reached Wales and got tin there, and that some of their colonies stayed there and mixed with the ruddy people from the North, I believe probable. From them came the dark hair and eyes and dark complexion.

Jefferson Davis and my father were at West Point at the same time, and in the First Infantry (Zachary Taylor's and Shafter's Regiment), and I studied Mr. Davis' face with much care, and have often wished I had the measurement of his head or what is called the "cephalic index" (the comparative length and width), which is a race indication. I think his profile is nearly the ideal Phœnician, or perhaps what we might call Phœnico-Cimbrian, found mainly or only in Wales.

It is perhaps not too sweeping to say that no pure-blooded Northern Aryan ever had an aquiline nose. Their noses are always either straight on the profile line or else "dished." By this test take note of Col. Montgomery's picture, in your August number. The name is Irish, and the Phœnicians exercised a profound influence on the people of Ireland, and much of their blood is in the Irish now.

I believe that I have traced the trading Phœnicians to New England; and thus it has strangely happened that the Northern and Southern stocks of the Old World have crossed paths in coming to the New. The Southerners are mainly Northmen, and the Northerners are mainly of a Southern stock. And this I believe to be one reason why the former suffer from liver complaint and the latter from consumption more than from any other diseases.



MISS OLIVIA B. SAUNDERS,  
A Maid of Honor for North Carolina, Atlanta Reunion.

### THE RAPPAHANNOCK CAVALRY.

W. A. L. Jett, Murray Hill, N. J.:

I enjoyed reading in the July VETERAN the account by W. R. Hall, Richmond, Va., of the "First Confederate Killed."

Three companies were stationed at Fairfax Courthouse at the time Capt. John A. Marr was killed. The Prince William Cavalry were in the hotel, and their horses were in the hotel stables; the Rappahannock Cavalry (afterwards Company B, Sixth Virginia Cavalry), of which company I was a member, was in the courthouse, with horses picketed in the yard; and the Warrenton Rifles in a brick church in the outskirts of the town, on the road leading to Fairfax Station, where the Goochland and Hanover troops and the Governor's mounted guard of Richmond were stationed.

About an hour before day on June 1 our pickets were run in, and before we could form, the enemy, a company of the Second Regular Cavalry, led by Lieut. Thompkins, dashed through the town, firing right and left. The Rappahannock Cavalry were not yet mounted, and, being armed with nothing but sabers, they retreated on the Fairfax Station road under fire. When near the Brick Church they received a volley from the front. John F. Rowles was shot through the right lung and three horses wounded. The cavalry fled in much confusion, a part of the company going to Centerville; but a portion rallied, and reported to Col. Ewell. They were sent on picket during the morning, and brought in three prisoners. After the fight Capt. Marr's body was found in the grass where the cavalry was fired upon. Two days before this skirmish Peyton Anderson, of the Rappahannock Cavalry, was badly wounded, and, I believe, was the first to shed his blood for the cause of the South.

In 1862 the Rappahannock company charged the First Maryland Infantry, commanded by Col. Kenly, of Banks's army. In this charge they lost in killed: Sergeants Benjamin F. Duncan and William T. Stark, and Privates Dallas Brown, Tom Burke, Philip Fields, John Haddox, Washington Nicol, Joseph Pullen, and Samuel Yates. Wounded: Suwarron Kendall (who died next day), Silas Atkins, Albert Brady, Elijah Cannon, Dabney Eastham, William Fields, R. Y. Fields, A. B. Heaton, Jack Rudasilla, Thomas Slaughter, George Totten, George Johnson, and James Wood.

James Crawford, for whom I. F. Maul inquires as having escaped from Elmira, N. Y., with him, was from Company B, Sixth Virginia. Miss "Nita" Menefee, Washington, Va., is a cousin of Crawford.

G. Garwood, now of Bellefontaine, Ohio, is anxious to learn the name of a lady who went to the camp of some thirty or more exchanged Confederate soldiers, near Clinton, Miss., and entertained them with some sweet music, singing to guitar accompaniment. She was accompanied by a servant and two children. The enchanting strains yet linger in the memory of this old veteran, and he will be delighted to establish the identity of the charmer.

#### "THEY'VE NAMED A CRUISER DIXIE."

They've named a cruiser Dixie—that's what the papers say—An' I hear they're goin' ter man her with the boys that wore the gray.

Good news! It sorter thrills me an' makes me want to be Whar the ban' is playin' "Dixie" an' the "Dixie" puts ter sea.

They've named a cruiser Dixie; an' fellers, I'll be boun' You're goin' ter see some fightin' when the Dixie swings eroun'!

Ef any o' them Spanish ships shall strike her east or west, Just let the ban' play "Dixie," an' the hoys'll do the rest!

—Frank L. Stanton, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

**UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.**

**The Annual Convention to Meet at Hot Springs, Ark.**

On November 9 the fifth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will convene in national session, by invitation of citizens of Arkansas, in the beautifully picturesque town of Hot Springs. As this mighty organization very nearly doubles its membership with each twelve months, it is predicted that this gathering will eclipse the number in attendance at previous sessions. The beauties of the place in natural wonders can scarce be conceived. In the autumn the climate is ideal.

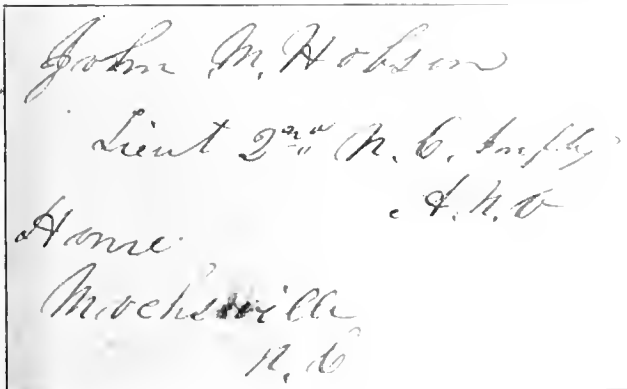
Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, the President of the U. D. C., is most active in her efforts to insure a very large outpouring of loyal women into hospitable Arkansas on November 9. Mrs. C. A. Forney, President of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., is as earnest in her endeavors to make the occasion in every way a success as she was true to the wearers of the gray in times of need. She has secured a one-fare rate from the Iron Mountain Railroad to begin with, and the various State Division Presidents are requested to appoint railroad committees in their domains for the purpose of securing like concessions on the lines in the States. The importance of general attendance upon this convention should be sufficiently impressed upon members, since the benefits derived are obvious for both business and pleasure. Hot Springs welcomes the U. D. C., and no warmer welcome can anywhere be found.

MRS. J. M. DUNCAN, JR., Cor. Sec. U. D. C.

**HOBSON THE SON OF A CONFEDERATE.**

An autograph of John M. Hobson, from Johnson's Island prison, was engraved under the impression that he was the father of Richmond Pearson Hobson, the American hero; but, for certainty, his father was addressed, who wrote from Greensboro, Ala., August 17:

*My Dear Sir:* Your favor of the 15th inst. just to hand. John M. Hobson was my brother, younger than myself by two years. We belonged to the same



company (E, Second North Carolina Regiment). I was first and he second lieutenant. He was captured at Petersburg, Va., a short while before the end of the war, and sent to Johnson's Island. I was captured at Spottsylvania Courthouse May 8, 1864, sent to Point Lookout, Md., then to Fort Delaware, then with six

hundred officers to Fort Pulaski, then back to Fort Delaware in March, 1865, at which place I was liberated after the war ended. I came to this place in the fall of 1867. John came out in the winter of the following year and settled in this (Hale) county. He died more than fifteen years ago, leaving a widow and a daughter, who now reside on their plantation. I shall be glad to keep the autograph, unless you need it.

I read with great interest that issue of the VETERAN in which you gave a history of the North Carolina troops during the civil war, handed me by a comrade. At the next meeting of our camp we will try to get you a good number of subscribers. With best wishes, I am sincerely yours,  
 JAMES M. HOBSON.

**ODE TO JOHNSON'S ISLAND.**

BY J. M. GRANDIN, CHAPLAIN THIRTY-THIRD VA. INFANTRY.

I love thee, green isle in Erie's great water,  
 For why should I hate thee, old Erie's bright daughter?  
 But how much I'd love thee, O how much the more,  
 Did the Colonel parole me to walk on thy shore!  
 I'd not be like "Selkirk" and boast thy domain;  
 The Colonel and all of his soldiers might reign  
 From thy tallest oak tree to thy most distant shore,  
 But if I could walk thee, I'd love thee the more.

It is not thy prison, 'tis thee that I love;  
 'Twas man made thy prison, but the great God above  
 Caused thee to spring forth in the midst of the flood,  
 Undisturbed by contention, unsprinkled by blood,  
 But yet for the captive thou art a sweet place,  
 When springtime and summer with flowery grace  
 Reign mild o'er the mainland, thyself and the lake,  
 I love thee alone for thy scenery's sake;  
 But if I could wander around thy wild shore,  
 I'd love thee, sweet island, I'd love thee the more.  
 Johnson's Island, September 23, 1863.

Senator Z. B. Vance, in an address delivered February 25, 1885, before the Association of the Maryland Line, in Baltimore, said:

"In relation to the number of troops furnished to the Confederate Government, I have more than once made the boast that North Carolina furnished, not relatively but absolutely, more than any other State. This assertion has not yet been denied, to my knowledge. The official records of the Adjutant General's office show that North Carolina furnished 124,000 men, organized into 71 regiments, 20 battalions, and 24 unattached companies. All these were raised out of a white population in 1860 of 629,942, or one soldier to every six souls. At Appomattox and at Greensboro, North Carolina surrendered twice as many muskets as any other State, and in more than one of Lee's great battles they exceeded the dead from all the other States put together.

"This record constitutes a proof of a very proud distinction, but it is due to North Carolina as sure as truth is truth. In my opinion, she was less exhausted when the end came than any other State; and she had the means and vitality and the spirit to have continued the struggle two years longer."

"The last to begin the fight, she was the last to leave it. Let not these things be forgotten."

W. H. Kearney, Cooter, Mo., of the Sixth Tennessee Regiment, wishes to know if Robert Skelton, who nursed him at the hospital at Tompkinsville, Ky., is still living. Skelton's home was McMinnville, Tenn.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

Report of History Committee and other prepared matter about Atlanta Reunion is held over to October.

OFFICIALS OF THE LOUISIANA DIVISION. — The most liberal responses of all the States concerning reunion sketches came from Louisiana, and special showing for comrades of the Pelican State will be given in the November VETERAN. In that issue it is expected to report *status* of the Memorial Association.

OCTOBER VETERAN FOR DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.—The October number is to be used as fully as desired for the United Daughters of the Confederacy and other organizations of Southern women in honor of our Confederate cause. In that number it is very desirable to record the acts of heroines during the great war. Emphasis is here given of the importance of acting promptly, so as not to be too late. Do, please, prepare what you wish in that number, and send as quickly as practicable. Engravings are to be printed of worthy officials and heroines, if the sketches and pictures are received in time. Remember that the tax upon the VETERAN for the worthy dead unrepresented and those of the living who can't pay suggests that those who can pay the cost of engravings do so.

Did you read the appeal in August VETERAN for attention to subscriptions? You may be paid to 1900, but the plea was to you for diligence in letting others know of the VETERAN. Did you send the names of some who would gladly subscribe if they knew? If you are in arrears, will you not give the subject attention without further delay? If each one would comply with this request, it would save hundreds of dollars and weeks of arduous labor, and it would be the means of an inestimable power for good. Its success depends upon the diligence of subscribers in paying for their own copies and inducing others to take it. Let there be no drones, but may Southern men and women see to it that their common cause is correctly maintained. It can be done better by the VETERAN than through any medium that has ever existed.

Don't forget that through diversion by the Spanish war and the quarantine in many sections of the South the work of the VETERAN must be maintained as if neither had occurred.

Daughters of the Confederacy desiring brief

sketches of their organizations in the October VETERAN should write promptly, or they will be too late.

It is important now for every friend of the VETERAN to be active in its advancement. Every subscriber who pays promptly helps the cause and advances his or her own interest by inducing others to subscribe. The twenty thousand could be increased to fifty thousand in fifty days. Do be diligent to keep your own subscription paid ahead and to persuade others to subscribe as you think the VETERAN merits patronage.

In spite of persistence to be accurate in what appears in the VETERAN, errors do occur. Sometimes they are ludicrous. For instance, Col. V. Y. Cook, commanding the Second Arkansas Regiment, is recorded on page 365 of the August number as "director in the Newport band," which should be "bank." It is the richer since this "band" is composed of negroes.

Again, on page 389 Mr. Adger Smyth, of Charleston, S. C., is recorded as having served in the Twenty-Fifth Virginia, instead of South Carolina, Regiment. The error occurred in thinking of his services in Virginia while writing.

The name of the chairman of the Nashville reunion Executive Committee, J. B. O'Bryan, came out as O'Brien, although it had become a household word and the large gilt sign of O'Bryan Bros. faces the building in which the VETERAN is located.

An error was made on page 309 of July VETERAN in giving the name of the Messrs. Bynum as Byrum.

An oversight occurred in not giving proper credit to Hon. Albert Kern, of Dayton, Ohio, for the handsome photograph of Company A, of Nashville, by the Tennessee Infantry monument at Chickamauga Park, from which the engraving was made as appears on page 369 of the August VETERAN. Mr. Kern is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, yet his work appears as that of a veteran in the business.

The picture with Lieut. Col. Augustus Gordon, in sketch of Raccoon Roughs, the company with which Gen. John B. Gordon entered the Confederate army, is that of John Burnett, who was his chum. Burnett is yet living, and has been in the railroad business much of the time since the war.

W. H. Doggett, Hamilton, Tex.: "I see that the long lost flag of the Thirty-Second Tennessee, Ed C. Cook's Regiment of Volunteers, has been found. I, for one, say that flag was never captured at Fort Donelson. The morning of the surrender Col. Cook folded the flag tightly and put it in his valise, and kept it there while in prison. When he started South to be exchanged a wagon took his valise, with other baggage, to the train, and the Colonel found that his valise had been opened and the flag was gone. That was some eight months after Donelson fell. Mrs. Ed C. Cook and other ladies of Franklin, Tenn., presented that beautiful banner with its bright stars to our regiment, and we were all proud of it and of our noble colonel, as well as all of our officers; they were gallant and true."

John B. Dunbar, Bloomfield, N. J., is anxious to procure Vols. 1, 2, and 3 of the VETERAN, and any subscriber willing to part with these volumes will confer a favor by addressing Mr. Dunbar.

## SECOND LOUISIANA AT GETTYSBURG.

Comrade W. G. Loyd, of Lewisburg, Tenn., read a paper before his bivouac recently concerning his regiment, the Second Louisiana Infantry, of Nichols' Brigade, Ewell's Corps, at Winchester, Va., and at Gettysburg, in which he states:

On June 5, 1863, our division left Hamilton's crossing and moved in the direction of Winchester. On June 15, 1863, the battle of Winchester was fought, Col. Jesse M. Williams, of the Second Louisiana Regiment, being in command of Nichol's Brigade.

The Second Louisiana Regiment, under command of Lieut. Col. R. E. Burke, and the Tenth Louisiana Regiment, Maj. Powell, were ordered to change front and move to the Martinsburg pike and attack the enemy, who were attempting to flank our left. This detachment (Second and Tenth Louisiana Regiments) captured about one thousand prisoners, and the Second Regiment captured a stand of colors belonging to the Sixty-Seventh Pennsylvania Regiment. Gen. Milroy, commanding the Federal forces, made his escape to Harper's Ferry with the cavalry, but the infantry were all captured, about twenty-three hundred.

During this engagement Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson was seen riding in front of the line with a large hickory club. He was called by the boys "Club" Johnson. Earlier in the war, while in the Valley, he was called "Alleghany Ned."

On June 18, 1863, our division crossed the Potomac at Boteler's Ford and encamped upon the battle ground of Sharpsburg, where we remained two or three days. While there we had mackerel issued to us. My mess was at a loss to know how to cook them. One of my messmates and I took a couple of fish to a house near by, where the landlady prepared them for us and furnished us a cup of apple butter, for which she charged us ten cents. We had no money to give her for her trouble and kindness, but, after diligent search, I found in my pocket a ten-cent Confederate postage stamp, which she said would answer her purposes, as she wanted to write to her sister, who lived in Martinsburg, Va. Our troops had captured that place.

We remained there till the 22d, when we moved in the direction of Harrisburg, Pa., marching through Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Greencastle, Shippensburg, and within three miles of Carlisle, Pa.

On June 29 our division was countermarched to Greenville, *via* Scotland, to Gettysburg. On this entire line of march I saw only two negroes, and they were a very old couple, man and woman, standing on the roadside as the army passed. One of my company asked the negro man if he was "seesh," and he replied, "Yes, sir, massa; I sees you now."

As our army advanced through Pennsylvania the citizens left their homes, driving their stock with them. Sometimes a chicken or a hog would be seen, but did not live long afterwards. If the people had remained on their farms, their property would have been protected; except, perhaps, some of their draught horses might have been confiscated. Gen. Lee's orders were, when marching through the cities, not to break ranks and not to disturb any private property. How unlike Gen. Sherman in his "march to the sea!" Comrades, some of you saw Gen. Lee, but I can say with Senator

Daniel that "the man who never saw Robert E. Lee missed seeing the greatest of God's creation."

Our division did not arrive at Gettysburg in time to take part in the engagement of July 1. Our last day's march was twenty-five miles. We arrived there late on the night of July 1, 1863. We formed northeast of the town, on the extreme left of our army, and slept on our arms in line of battle. About 6 P.M. on July 2 our brigade, commanded by Col. Jesse M. Williams, of the Second Louisiana Regiment, was ordered forward in line of battle toward the heights in front, about three-fourths of a mile. The enemy was engaged near the base of these heights, and his front line was driven into the intrenchments on their top. The charge by our brigade was continued till we reached a line about one hundred and fifty yards from the enemy's works, when an incessant fire was kept up for about three hours, ceasing not until nine or ten o'clock at night, when an order was passed along our line to cease firing and lie down. We did so, securing protection behind the numerous rocks to be found on the side of the mountain. Shortly afterwards, in my efforts to "hug the ground," not being behind a very large rock, I threw my legs out farther than necessary, when a minie ball from the enemy on our right struck my right leg below the knee. About eleven o'clock, with the assistance of two comrades, I went back to Rock Creek, about two hundred yards, where I, with others, lay until the morning of the 3d of July, when I was taken to a barn near by, used for our field hospital. I remained there about ten days, when some of us were carried to David's Island, on Long Island Sound, a hospital for wounded prisoners. My wound healed, and, securing exchange, I joined my command two months later.

The Second Louisiana Regiment lost in the battle of Winchester two killed and nine wounded, and in the battle of Gettysburg ten killed and fifty-two wounded.



LIEUT. ANDREW M. SEA, LOUISVILLE, KY.,  
Author of "Incident at Rocky Face Ridge," p. 308, July VETERAN.

### JACKSON'S VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

John W. Fravel, of the Tenth Virginia Infantry :

We came home to Woodstock as a company on furlough, after enlisting for the war, from Bull Run winter quarters. We returned to our command, which was then camped near Brandy Station, below Culpeper Courthouse. While there the enemy came up to the Rappahannock River. We were called out, formed in line, and were shelled by the enemy, who were too far off for small arms to reach them. While there Gen. Ewell came up, and Elzey, our brigade commander, said: "General, what were my men brought out here for?"

"Ostentation," replied the General.

"Ostentation h——!" said Elzey; "I'll take them back to camp."

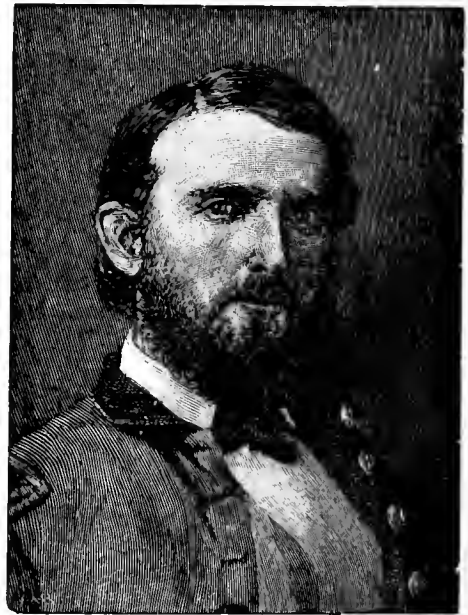
On the way a shell burst over our heads, and the concussion so disabled our chaplain, Rev. J. P. Hyde, that he was never afterwards fit for field service. This camp was the first place that we found "graybacks," as the boys called them.

Soon after this we were transferred to Jackson's command, which was at Elk Run, or Conrad's Store, sixteen miles below Port Republic, on South River, and were placed in the Third Brigade. Our company was sent out toward Harrisonburg several times to try to trap the enemy's cavalry, who scouted out that way, but they never came when we were there. On orders to leave, we marched about three miles the first night. Next day we started up the river, having to wade through mud and water, often over our shoe tops, and camped just across the river from Port Republic. Our colonel told John Peer how to keep from getting hungry, simply by belting his cartridge box a notch or two tighter; but he had it already to the last notch.

The next day we started across the Blue Ridge, and camped by Mechum's River, where the C. & O. R. R. crosses it. Here our mess got some chickens, and we had a feast. From this point we recrossed the Blue Ridge by another road to Staunton: thence we marched to McDowell, where we overtook Gen. Milroy and whipped him. As we were going up the mountain we met Gen. Jackson. He was evidently in a bad humor. He told us to hurry up. We reached the field just as the Twelfth Georgia Regiment, which had held them in check until they were literally cut to pieces, was giving back, and we took their place and repulsed the enemy. We could hear their officer rallying his men. The command nearest ours was the Fifth Ohio Regiment. We drove them back each time, until our colonel, S. B. Gibbons, was killed. Then we were relieved, and fell back behind the hill. While there in reserve an officer came and asked for two companies to move up to the left of our lines, which the enemy was flanking. Our company (F) and Company L responded, and soon drove them back. This ended the fight. The regiment lost eight or ten killed and wounded. About two o'clock in the morning we moved back across the mountain, and stayed there all day and night.

This was the 9th of May, and on the morning of the 10th we recrossed the mountain, passed the battlefield, and on to within one mile of Franklin, W. Va. There our company was sent to the front on picket duty.

Next morning we exchanged a few shots with the Yankees, and wounded several of them without getting a scratch ourselves. We stayed there until about two o'clock; then, with bands playing and drums beating, we commenced to retrace our steps over the mountains to the valley, stopped at Stribbling Springs a day or two, and then on down the valley through Harrisonburg to New Market. There we crossed the mountain to Luray, and next day to Front Royal, where Jackson struck Gen. Shields's command and routed it. They fled across the Blue Ridge. In this little fight the First Maryland Confederates met the First Maryland Yankees and captured them. We did not stop, but moved on and reached the valley turnpike after dark at Middletown, and kept moving all night. We reached the mills, just a short mile south of Winchester. There we filed to the left and formed in line of battle, Jackson's Division on the west side of the valley pike and Ewell's on the right. This was just at sunrise. Ewell had joined us at Luray. In our front Banks's men were formed in line behind a stone fence.



LIEUT. GEN. THOMAS J. JACKSON.

We charged them, and soon had them on the run. I could see Ewell's men charging and driving the Yankees before them. In passing through Winchester we could hardly get along the streets for the ladies, who were so glad to see us. They would actually hug some of the boys. In this fight our company only lost one man killed and two or three wounded. We drove Banks out of the state. After resting a day or two we had a race back to Strasburg to reach there before Shields could get there on the east side and Gen. Fremont on the west. Shields had recrossed the Blue Ridge, and was trying to cut off our retreat up the valley, and so was Fremont. Either of them could have done it if they had moved half as fast as we did, but they were afraid of Jackson. Our brigade was sent out on the Wardensville road to hold Fremont in check until all our trains passed up the valley, our company being sent to the skirmish line. One brigade of Yankee cavalry charged us. We opened on them, but soon



fell back to where the regiment was in line of battle, and stayed there until dark, then moved back to Strasburg and up the valley to Woodstock that night. The boys disliked to leave Woodstock very much, as it was our home. Fremont, with three times our number, was pressing us in the rear, and Shields, with as many men as Fremont, was moving up the Luray Valley to cut us off by crossing the mountain at New Market. We moved on the next day to Rude's Hill, then on to Port Republic, within twelve miles of where we started on the 1st of May. This was the 6th of June. Ashby was killed near Harrisonburg on the evening of this day.

Port Republic lies between the north and south forks of South River, and the bridge across the north fork is just above the junction of the two rivers, the town extending down to the bridge. Our brigade went into camp in the edge of the woods on the hill above the bridge. The next morning a great many of the men went down to the river to wash their clothes and go in bathing. Jackson was in Port Republic. I had just cleaned up my gun, when "boom! boom!" went Shields's guns. He had pushed forward a brigade of cavalry and one battery of four guns, followed by a brigade of infantry. The cavalry and battery pushed a company of our cavalry back beyond Port Republic, and two guns and some of the cavalry crossed the south fork and took up position at the bridge. The other two guns were planted just across the river opposite the bridge, with the brigade of cavalry supporting them. Our colonel soon had his regiment in line, and, while waiting for orders, Capt. Wooding, of our battery, ran out his guns and opened on the infantry. The first shot cut the flagstaff off, as did also the second shot after it had been raised again. Capt. Wooding then said, "I will take that color bearer's head this time;" and so he did, each shell bursting and killing six or eight and wounding many more. While waiting for orders, the Thirty-Seventh Virginia, of our brigade, formed and charged down the road to the bridge. We followed close on their heels, and as we got halfway to the bridge I saw Jackson coming up from the bridge. He told us to fire on the Yankees across the river and then to fall down, which we did. One man failed to obey the order, and was killed by a grapeshot from across the South Fork. You ask: "How did Jackson get through the bridge?" His headquarters being in town and he cut off from his army, he rode up to the bridge and ordered the Yankees to turn their guns on the Rebels up the river, who were washing their clothes and bathing; and when they did this he rushed through the bridge and met the Thirty-Seventh charging down the road to the bridge, and got there before the Yankees could get their guns back into position to fire on them as they came through the bridge. I saw the two brass pieces half turned back toward the mouth of the bridge, and one of the Yankees told my father that they had "Jackson in a box with the lid on, but he kicked the bottom out and got away." We were placed along the river front in Port Republic, and stayed there all day guarding the bridge, and at night were put on picket duty. Jackson, with one brigade, went back to Cross Keys, and there, with Ewell, defeated Fremont. The next morning Shields came up, and Jackson met him about

one mile below Port Republic. While we were lying down Jackson rode up to our brigade and asked for a company he could rely on, and the brigadier turned to our colonel, and he to our captain, and said that Jackson wanted him; and Jackson said: "You take your company across the bridge and go down the river opposite the enemy, where there is a ford, and hold it at all hazards." Soon, however, we were ordered back, and joined our regiment just as they were crossing the South Fork on the bridge made out of wagons with plank laid across them. Then we double-quickened down to the battle ground, and got there just as our cavalry made one of the grandest charges I saw during the war. They charged by squadrons, and came up in solid line just as they reached the enemy's lines and captured a Yankee regiment of infantry. We pursued Shields for several miles, then turned him over to our cavalry, who kept him going all day. I saw a Yankee with his whole breast bone shot away by a cannon ball. His heart and lungs were exposed. Lieut. Fontaine and I were next to him, and he gave his watch and money to the Lieutenant, and told him to keep the money and send the watch to his father. I have forgotten his name, but he was from Pennsylvania. I also saw a man with his head shot off and six or eight lying dead with him. While we were after Shields Fremont came up the hill overlooking the river, and planted his guns to rake us on our return; but Jackson found a man in our regiment who led us through the mountains to the road we took when we crossed the Blue Ridge the 1st of May. Fremont, not knowing where we were, retreated down the valley. This ended the valley campaign till fall.

We went into camp for a day or two, then crossed



An error was made in the name of the maid of honor for Tennessee, who was Miss Kate Thompson Crawford, the daughter of West J. Crawford, of Memphis. She is of engaging manner, striking beauty, sunny disposition, and great goodness of heart. Her mother is the niece and adopted daughter of the late Jacob Thompson, member of President Buchanan's cabinet, and later an ardent supporter of the Confederacy.

the South Fork and went into camp near Weyer's Cave. We stayed there about a week, then started across the Blue Ridge for Richmond, to help Lee against McClellan. The first day we camped on top of the Blue Ridge. Well, we next got to Richmond, and as we were moving along, waiting our turn to be put into action, Longstreet's men captured some prisoners, and among them were the noted Pennsylvania Bucktails. As they came up to us we said: "Hello, boys! we are getting you, ain't we?"

"Yes," they replied; "but Fremont and Shields are giving Jackson h——l in the Valley."

We said: "Do you see that man there on that horse? That is Jackson, and we are his men." Then we told them that we had "done up" Fremont and Shields, and would do them up.

One of them threw his hat on the ground and said: "You will do it! it is no use to try to lick Jackson."

We got into the last charge at sundown, and kept "Little Mac" going until he got under his gunboats on the James River.

#### FITZ LEE IN ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Frank A. Bond, Richmond, Va.:

During the winter of 1861-62 the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia occupied cantonments near Manassas, and their picket line was about fifteen miles in their front, one of their advanced posts directly toward Washington being at Fairfax Courthouse. At the same time the Union army was in winter quarters near Washington, and their picket line was about ten miles nearer us, and in the neighborhood of Falls Church.

The Union army was then very deficient in cavalry, as their men had to learn to ride, as a preliminary to becoming useful cavalymen, and their picketing was done almost entirely by infantry, while our picketing and scouting was done by mounted men; and, in the language of Gen. Jeb Stuart, our cavalry was the "eyes and ears of the army."

I was at that time a lieutenant of a Maryland company in the First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, and our lieutenant colonel was Fitzhugh Lee. Col. Lee is a splendid horseman, and, when well mounted, a very conspicuous figure. The pictures one sees of him now do not in the least resemble him as he was then, as during the war he wore a full and very heavy beard of unusual length. He had been instructor of cavalry tactics at West Point, was an ideal soldier, and at that early date the idol of the regiment.

One damp day in February, 1862, about one hundred men were chosen from our regiment, and, under command of Col. Lee, started on a scout. It was rumored that we were to strike the enemy's pickets and capture some prisoners, as a means of discovering what their intentions were. The roads were very muddy, and, after advancing beyond our lines, the command was halted for a more perfect formation. Col. Lee selected eight men, two sections of fours, and placed them under the command of an officer, and directed him to advance two hundred yards ahead of the main body, and to keep his eyes open. He then chose eight other men, all of whom were strangers to me, not being from my company, and placed them under my command, and gave me strict orders to follow those in

front, at a distance of two hundred yards. We proceeded in this manner probably a mile, when an incident occurred that in a very marked manner shows the kindness and courtesy of Gen. Lee's disposition and my egotism and ignorance of discipline at that time. I left my rear guard and rode up to Col. Lee, who was at the head of the main body, and complained of the duty he had assigned me. I told him that I did not want to be riding along behind everybody else, and that if we were going to attack the enemy I wanted to be up with the advance. I know now that there was scarcely another officer of his rank in the army, especially a West Pointer, that would not have peremptorily ordered me back to my place, with a threat to put me under arrest if I dared to again leave my duty for any cause; and two years later I should very probably have acted in that way myself. Col. Lee, however, very kindly explained to me that he had given me that place as the post of honor; that, although I was farthest from the enemy during the advance, I would be nearest to them when we returned, and that our troubles were not likely to be many until we retreated; and he assured me that I would have my full share of all the glory. I returned to my command in better spirits, but it was years afterwards before I fully appreciated his consideration.

After riding silently along the main road until within about two miles of Falls Church, we turned to the right, through heavy timber, and proceeded very cautiously for some distance, when suddenly there were several shots from the front and a rapid advance of the main body. I took the gallop, and soon got through the wood and out into a long open valley with quite an extended view. Nearly half a mile to the front, upon a sparsely wooded eminence, was a blotch of crimson, with a thin cloud of blue smoke above where a company of red-legged zouaves were firing in our direction as fast as they could load. All order had been lost by our people, but all were galloping as fast as they could directly at the enemy. I kept my squad together, with some little difficulty, and increased the pace, as Col.



MRS. LOULIE M. GORDON, ATLANTA, GA.

Lee's positive order had been to keep just two hundred yards in the rear. Before we got very near the red blotch disappeared over the hill, followed by all our people; and Col. Lee, with heavy black ostrich plume in a broad-brim, slouch hat, and mounted on his splendid bay horse Dixie, was well to the front.

Going at speed, we topped the hill, and before I could draw rein we were right in among all our people; and as they were in great confusion, with much desultory firing, it was impossible for me to tell what was going on. I remembered my orders to keep two hundred yards behind, and wheeled my men about and started to the rear. I had scarcely gone the length of my horse when from the swamp on my right I heard some loud command given, but, not thinking it could be meant for me, continued on my way. Immediately it



MRS. HOKE SMITH, ATLANTA, GA.

was repeated, and this time I understood I was the party addressed, and that the order was to halt and turn back; but I glanced over my shoulder and saw that the speaker was a small man, on foot, and covered with mud, and unknown to me, so I told him to mind his own business, that I knew mine. This seemed to aggravate this small man almost to frenzy, and I never heard such peremptory orders given in so loud a voice and accompanied by some very bad language. Something about the speaker caused me to look again, more carefully, and to my horror I saw it was Col. Lee. Dixie had been killed under him while going at speed, and he had taken a header into the mud, and it was small wonder that I had not recognized him.

I immediately galloped up to him and explained that I thought I was obeying orders, and was told that "circumstances alter cases;" to dash down to the swamp, dismount, and go in and capture some half-dozen men who had taken refuge there, and put an end to the fight at once. This was promptly and effectually done. We had several uninjured prisoners, two badly wounded, and two dead. On our side we had one man and Col. Lee's splendid horse killed. We

mounted our prisoners behind some of our cavalrymen, Col. Lee took one of the men's horses, a cart was procured from a near-by farmer to carry our dead comrade, and we returned without further adventure. I understood that, speaking of the matter to some brother officers the next day, Col. Lee said that the only officer he had with him "worth a d—— was that little Maryland lieutenant." I considered this glory enough for one occasion.

At this time John S. Mosby (afterwards the famous guerrilla chief) was adjutant of our regiment. There could not have been a greater contrast between two men than there was between Lee and Mosby. Lee was the precise and punctilious soldier, with a great regard for all the etiquette of the profession. Mosby was absolutely careless of all this, and seemed to take a pride in violating every rule that it was safe to do. For instance, he used a civilian's saddle and bridle, and his uniform was trimmed with red instead of buff. It is said that when he was promoted from private to adjutant and went to Richmond to equip himself he found a ready-made uniform for a lieutenant of artillery that fitted, and, being cheap, he bought it. When at dress parade he paced down the line on a small sorrel horse, with his citizen's equipments and his artillery uniform, it was gall and wormwood to our lieutenant colonel; but our colonel, William E. Jones, was a great friend of Mosby's, and it was thought rather enjoyed Col. Lee's chagrin.

On one occasion Col. Jones was absent, and Col. Lee was in command and waiting in front of his tent for his horse. Mosby sauntered up, and, with a drawl more pronounced than usual, said: "Colonel, the horn has blown for dress parade."

If a look could have killed him, Mosby would never have moved from the spot. After a moment Lee said: "Sir, if I ever again hear you call that bugle a horn, I will put you under arrest."

A monument erected to the memory of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," was dedicated at Frederick, Md., August 9, witnessed by a vast assembly of people. It was unveiled by a great-granddaughter of the author, Miss Julia McHenry Howard, of Baltimore.



DESIGN REPRESENTING THE FIRST "STARS AND STRIPES."

## SOLDIER WHO LITERALLY OBEYED ORDERS.

BY J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEX.

The Confederates who served on the frontier of Texas during the civil war had little fighting to do, but they had lots of fun. A certain cavalry company which spent a good deal of time there had for its captain a very positive, irascible officer, and for one of its sergeants a man named Harris, whose whole code of duty consisted of strict and literal obedience to his captain's orders. In the fall of 1863 the company was detached from its regiment and ordered to patrol several miles of the north bank of the Rio Grande River. The duty was very light, and, to make it lighter, the valiant captain selected a camp more with reference to wood and water, to grazing for his horses, and to protection from northers than either to accessibility or strategic purposes. In fact, it was so hidden by *chaparral* and so surrounded by water fordable only in a few places, and so unapproachable, except by cow trails, that the colonel commanding at Brownsville, eight miles distant, had not an orderly who was ever able to find it. As very few orders, however, were issued that winter, this was not a matter of any great consequence.

One very cold day in December the colonel dispatched a note by a lieutenant of the company who happened to be in Brownsville that day, informing Capt. D—— that Gen. Somebody and Col. Somebody Else, then on a tour of general inspection under the orders of Gen. Magruder, were in the city, and requesting the captain to send in a guide early next morning to conduct the two officers to his camp. The doughty captain, in his wrath, swore that he would not do it. He was not going to be subjected upon such short notice to the critical observation of noted martinets. "I'm not going to tear up my camp and put my tents in rows to suit every d—— fool's sense of the fitness of things, and I won't send in a guide."

But during the night the spirit of subordination prevailed, and at sunrise next morning the captain said to Harris: "You get to Brownsville as soon as you can this morning, and report to those infernal inspectors."

"What am I to do with them, Captain?" he asked.

"Do with them? What are you to do with them?" repeated the captain angrily. "Why, sir, offer your services as their guide to this camp, and then drown them before you get here. That's what you are to do with them!"

"All right, Captain; I'll do my best," curtly responded Harris; and, turning away, he was soon mounted and *en route* to Brownsville.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day a sadly demoralized *cortège* approached the camp. Harris came first, bedraggled with mud and slime, and water dripping from himself and steed; while behind him, in an ambulance drawn by four mules and driven by a detailed soldier, came the two inspectors— all showing incontestably that they had been in deep water. When the procession halted, and the newcomers, their teeth chattering and their bodies shivering with cold, emerged from the ambulance, Capt. D—— stepped briskly forward and saluted them in approved military style. Returning the greeting with the most precise and chilling formality, the general angrily de-

manded, "What do you mean, sir, by pitching your camp in a place surrounded on all sides by deep water?" and then proceeded to complain that they had been wading lagoons and resacas, lakes and ponds, *ad infinitum*, all the way from Brownsville, and had not a dry stitch of clothing on them.

The captain stood speechless as he listened to the recital of the innumerable woes and hairbreadth escapes his superiors had undergone; in fact, such was his perturbation and inability to think that he could only offer as excuse the drunkenness of the guide. But, whatever the cause of the mishap, the officers were too thoroughly wet and miserable to make a long stay or any but the most perfunctory and hasty inspection; yet they were prudent enough to insist upon having a new guide back to Brownsville.

When they had gone Capt. D—— called up Harris, and the following colloquy ensued—angrily and heightened on the part of the officer, but mild and low-voiced on the part of the sergeant. The captain began it: "What was the matter with you to-day, sir?"

"Nawthin at all, Captain, that I knows of."

"Did you not lose your way?"

"Why no, Captain! How could I, when I go to Brownsville every week after your whisky?"

"Were you not drunk, sir?"

"No, sir, I warn't, fur I didn't have as much as a picayune in my pocket and nobody offered to treat me, fur all them plaguy fellers brought a jug along, which I seed you all a drinkin' out of."

"How did it happen, then, that you missed all the fords and got so wet?"

"Why, Captain," and now Harris spoke gravely and reproachfully, "don't you remember what you told me to do?"

"Certainly I do, sir! I told you to go to Brownsville and guide those officers out to this camp."

"So yer did, Captain; so yer did," rejoined Harris emphatically; "but that wasn't nigh all ner the impor-



MRS. B. W. WRENN,

Wife of the Passenger Traffic Manager of the "Plant System."

tantest part of it; fur arter that you told me to drown 'em on the way here; and I wish I may die ef I didn't do my level best to 'bey the order. All I lacked was findin' water deep enough to kiver the top of the avalanche and them a stan'in' on top of it."

The captain had to "acknowledge the corn," and ever remembered that it was only the failure to find water deep enough that prevented the drowning, in supposed compliance with his orders, of two officers.



MRS. HENRY H. CABANISS, ATLANTA, GA.

**CONFEDERATE OFFICERS BURIED IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND.**

List of officers buried in Hollywood Cemetery, whose graves are under care of the Junior Hollywood Association:

W. B. Ackler, Fourth Alabama; J. P. Addington, Fifth Alabama; J. H. Alexander, Company F, Fifteenth Georgia; J. S. Allan, Company I, Twentieth Virginia; Serg. F. F. Anderson, Company I, Seventh Tennessee; L. A. Anderson, Company H, Twenty-Second Virginia; G. B. Bahan, Washington Artillery; P. Bailey, Company B, First Louisiana; Lieut. F. W. Baker, Twelfth Georgia Regiment; C. Barhan; T. W. Bayley, Company F, Thirtieth Virginia; Lieut. J. T. Beach, Fifth Louisiana; J. H. Biggs, North Carolina; Bowers; Lieut. J. W. Braver, Company C, Washington Artillery; Col. B. T. Brockman; Lieut. E. Chase, Company H, Fortieth Virginia; F. E. Chisman, Fifteenth Alabama; R. Chisman, Company A, Thirty-Second Virginia; W. T. Clark, Virginia, Hampton's pilot; Capt. W. R. Clark, Twelfth Mississippi; J. T. Cook, Company F, Nineteenth Georgia; J. N. Cooper, Virginia; Lieut. J. Cook, Company G, Third Alabama; J. J. Cook, Third Alabama; J. E. Cosby, Company C, Tenth Virginia; Craigg, Virginia; Dr. J. C. Currie, Kentucky; Capt. A. J. Cunningham, Company H, Fourth South Carolina; Col. T. J. Davidson, Third Mississippi; T. S. Duke, Virginia; J. A. Edwards, Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry; Capt. R. E. El-

liott, Second South Carolina; Lieut. Col. Fields; J. B. Fleet, Company D, Fifty-Third Georgia; Lieut. Col. W. W. Floyd, Seventeenth Tennessee; Col. R. W. Folson, Fourteenth Georgia; Lieut. C. E. Ford, Stewart's Artillery, Virginia; Lieut. B. C. Foster, Company I, Fifth Alabama; W. P. Gibson, Company E, Forty-Fourth Georgia; Sergt. J. S. Gilliam, Virginia; J. Graham, Ritter's Battery, Virginia; Lieut. P. H. Grandy, Company D, First North Carolina; J. Greenwell, Virginia Artillery; Lieut. W. B. Guess, Company A, Second Louisiana; Lieut. G. B. Haupt, Company G, Second Maryland; Lieut. E. R. Hawkins, Company C, Eighth Virginia; John Hobbs, Company H, Maryland; C. A. Hoge, Company F, Second Maryland; W. H. Holiday, Company A, Second Maryland; H. Honsley, Stuart's Artillery; Capt. A. Johnson, Tenth Louisiana; Johnson; Dr. J. F. Jones, Black Horse Cavalry, Fourth Virginia; Maj. W. M. Jones, Ninth Georgia; Lieut. W. M. Jones, Company C, Eighteenth Georgia; Capt. A. Jont, Company I, Tenth Louisiana; R. H. Key, Company B, First Maryland Cavalry; George Lambert; Surg. F. P. Leverett, Fifth Texas; Lieut. Lewis, Company C, Thirty-First Virginia; Capt. Thomas Lilly, Company R, Twenty-Sixth North Carolina; Capt. Logue, Company B, Twenty-Second Georgia; Lowry; Serg. P. C. Maffett, Company E, Eighteenth Mississippi; J. H. Marr, Clarksville, Tenn.; N. L. May, Company A, Fifth North Carolina; John May, Company I, Thirteenth Alabama; Lieut. McCaster; P. B. McGuiness, Hampton's Artillery; Lieut. C. G. McLendon, Company B, Fifty-First Georgia; Col. McPearson; Lieut. Col. McShell, Company D, Fourteenth Louisiana; Lieut. Col. J. M. Miller, Georgia; J. L. Miller, Twelfth South Carolina; J. P. Mitchell, Fortieth Virginia; Lieut. E. Mizell, Company D, Twenty-Sixth Georgia; T. Y. Moffett, Company E, Eighteenth Mississippi; Lieut. J. G. Moore, Company D, Eighth Virginia; W. C. Murdock; L. W. Pagan, Petersburg, Va.; Capt. John Parker, British steamer; Col. C. C. Pegues, Fifth Alabama; Capt. T.



MRS. A. H. COX, ATLANTA, GA.

Phelan, Company A, Eighth Alabama; Philips, Company E, Thirty-Second Virginia; Serg. T. C. Pinkard, Company I, Fortieth Virginia; Pippin; F. M. Pitts, Company I, Fourteenth Alabama; B. F. Polars, artillery; Serg. C. Rowe, Company B, Ninth Virginia Cavalry; W. Rowell, Alabama; Capt. J. M. Saunders, Fifty-Third Virginia; H. C. Shewmake, C. S. Navy; Capt. J. Stoop, Company C, Eighteenth Virginia Artillery; Capt. J. P. Strickland, Georgia; J. L. Ustick, Company Y, Fifth Alabama; Capt. J. E. Vanter; C. Voulant, Maryland; F. Walker, Palmetto State Guard, South Carolina; Capt. A. C. Watkins, Company A, Twenty-Fourth Georgia; W. R. Waugh, Third Alabama; Capt. J. A. Whitfield, Company C, Second Mississippi; J. O. Whitnell; J. H. Winder; L. A. Winder; D. P. Yarbrough, Company A, Cobb's Legion.



THE LATE MRS. CLARK HOWELL, ATLANTA, GA.

### THAT BATTLE AT PHILIPPI

Comrade J. N. Potts writes:

In an article by W. R. Hall, of Richmond, Va., on page 73 of the July VETERAN, he says: "As we are writing history, we had as well have the facts in the case." Yet his authority led him into quite an inaccuracy regarding the "battle" at Philippi, and I have no doubt he will appreciate having the "facts in the case." I was within a few miles of Philippi on the 3d of June, 1861, and have a vivid memory of what transpired. There was no battle at Philippi. The night of June 2 was very dark and rainy. The enemy marched all night, and just at dawn completely surprised our forces, the roar of Kelley's artillery being the first intimation that the enemy were near. Knowing that they outnumbered us many times and were better armed, Porterfield's command got out of that place in a hurry. Of course there was a good deal of firing, but to little effect, although published reports stated that many were killed. Brig. Gen. T. A. Morris seemed gifted as a reporter. His first dispatch to Gen. McClellan was in these words: "We surprised the Rebels, about two thousand strong, at Philippi

this morning. Captured a large amount of arms, horses, ammunitions, provisions, and camp equipage. The attack was made after a march during the entire night in a drenching rain. The surprise was complete. Fifteen Rebels killed. The gallant Col. Kelley, of the First Virginia Volunteers, I fear, is mortally wounded. No other important casualties on our side." (Official Record, Series I., Vol. II., page 64.)

As I now remember it, Porterfield's command at the time did not exceed four hundred men, and was made up of the following companies: Capt. Thompson's company, from Marion County; Higginbotham's, from Upshur County; Stover's, from Pocahontas County; Bradford's, from Barbour County; Turner's, from Harrison County; and Arch Richard's cavalry, from Bath County. None of these companies were full, and probably did not average over sixty-five men. Two other companies of cavalry had reported to Col. Porterfield, but he had sent them home for want of arms. Capt. Currence's company, from Randolph County (of which company I was a lieutenant), had been in camp at Beverly for a few days, drilling and trying to procure arms; and, learning of the danger that threatened Porterfield's command, we left Beverly very early on the morning of June 3, intending to march all the way to Philippi that day, thirty miles distant, but we met Col. Porterfield at the head of his column about twelve miles out from Beverly. I am confident that the only person hurt on our side was Leroy Dangerfield, of the Bath Cavalry, who had his ankle broken, and the surgeons amputated the limb the next morning at Beverly. Col. Kelley, who commanded the attacking force, was seriously wounded, and was the only one known to be hurt on the Yankee side.

Capt. Arch Richards, reported killed in Mr. Hall's paper, was not hurt, and to my own personal knowledge remained in command of the Bath Cavalry until the 15th of May, 1862, when his company reorganized, and left him out.



MRS. JOHN L. MOREHEAD, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

## CONCERNING THE BATTLE AT BENTONVILLE.

J. A. Holman, Company F, Texas Rangers, writes:

Mention is made by comrades of a very critical moment in the situation of Johnston's little army at Bentonville, March 21, 1865. I will give an account of what I saw, and I feel confident that many of Terry's Rangers now living will bear me out in the main statements. In the January (1895) VETERAN, page 20, Comrade B. L. Ridley quotes from his journal, "kept at the time:" "Cummings' Brigade charged the enemy in front; Eighth Texas Cavalry struck the two divisions of the Seventeenth Army Corps in flank and routed them." In the February number of the same year, page 37, Capt. Guild calls Comrade Ridley to "taw," and states: "About three o'clock on the evening in question Gen. Mower's Division of the Federal army advanced so far and unexpectedly on our left rear as to threaten the bridge. Everything was in great confusion. Gen. Hardee came rushing down the road, and the first troops he came across were a part of the Texas brigade (Eighth Texas and Fourth Tennessee Regiments), commanded by Col. Baxter Smith. He at once ordered Col. Smith to charge, which he did in gallant style with these two regiments, throwing Mower's Division into confusion and driving them back."

Now, to mend matters, in the February (1897) number, page 68, Comrade Fuller, doubtless speaking of the same event, states: "The Yankees, about six thousand strong, poured through the gap between the left of Wheeler's Cavalry and the river. These six thousand valiant veterans were hurled back not by an equal number, but by one hundred and eighty men and officers, a fragment of Cummings' old Brigade and a South Carolina battery."

The creek, across which was the bridge, runs north and south (?), and our line of battle in the morning faced southeast, with the Rangers on the extreme left. The troops on that part of the line during the day had repulsed several assaults of the enemy in an effort to turn our left, which necessitated the continual shifting

of lines farther north and in the direction of the road leading to the bridge and running parallel with the creek. In repelling these assaults the Texas brigade lost heavily, including the entire field and staff officers of the Eight Texas, which left Capt. "Dock" Matthews—a smooth-faced boy, as gallant as ever drew sword under the Confederate flag—in command of the regiment. In the confusion Gen. Hardee came up in great haste, and, after apparently a few words with Capt. Matthews, the regiment filed left, and moved rapidly north. It came into the road before mentioned just as a body of demoralized cavalry had passed on toward the bridge. We understood these to be South Carolinians. The regiment was right-faced into line, the charge was sounded, and down they went through the heavy pines and thick underbrush, and soon ran over the enemy's skirmish line, killing and capturing about all in their front, and on to a double line of infantry, who poured a volley into them at only a few paces' distance. After the third charge, they retreated some distance up the hill, when a body of Confederate infantry came to their support. This may have been Cummings' Brigade, but it was understood at the time to have been Cheatham's Division.

The regiment was estimated at about two hundred men when it went into action, and among the losses in killed was the sixteen-year-old son of Gen. Hardee, who had joined the Rangers a few days before, the father not knowing but what his son was at Chapel Hill in school until after his death.

If any other portion of the Texas Brigade was in this charge, but few if any of us knew it. At all events, it is certain that the Rangers were personally complimented by Gen. Hardee, and the gallant charge was the general talk among the infantry for several days after.

No, comrades; we did not strike these fellows in the flank, but square to the front.

In a concluding sentence Comrade Holman says: "Boys, subscribe for the VETERAN."

James W. Albright, Asheville, N. C.:

I desire to make a correction in the article of William E. Anderson, of Pensacola, Fla., in the May issue, page 215. He says: "In the town of Hillsboro, N. C., on the banks of the Alamance River, was shed the first blood of the Revolution. . . . North Carolina should build a monument on the banks of the Alamance River to those of her sons who fell there in the first great struggle for independence."

The error is in the statement that Hillsboro is on the banks of the Alamance River, which is a mistake; it is twenty-five miles from the site of the battle of the Alamance, which was fought May 16, 1771.

In 1870, July 4, a neat monument was erected and dedicated with much ceremony. Daniel Albright Long made the speech. Gov. T. M. Holt, Gov. D. G. Fowle, Col. J. S. Carr, and hundreds of others, including myself, were present. The shaft is appropriately inscribed, but I cannot trust to memory to give the inscription. The battle was fought near where the county line between Guilford and Alamance now runs, about sixteen miles from Greensboro and four or five miles from Burlington, on the N. C. railroad.



WIFE OF EX-MAYOR PORTER KING, ATLANTA, GA.

### BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Gen. John C. Moore, Osage, Tex.:


The article in the *VETERAN* for January, 1898, concerning the battle on Lookout Mountain contains errors. The writer doubtless believes he has stated only facts, but he has either forgotten important features or been misinformed. I have long hoped for a correct record of that battle and one that would do justice to those actually engaged in that miserable and blindly conducted affair on the Confederate side, but it seems that no official has ever tackled that delicate subject. I should have remained silent had not the writer of your article totally ignored the presence of my brigade and attributed the meager merit gained to others, and even named favorably Brown's Brigade, which was not present. What I may state is principally based upon memory, as I have no copy of my brigade report at hand.

At the surrender of Vicksburg my brigade, known as Moore's, was composed of the Second Texas, Thirty-Fifth Mississippi, Thirty-Seventh, Fortieth, and Forty-Second Alabama Regiments of Infantry. The Second Texas, on leaving Vicksburg, returned immediately to Texas, but the other regiments marched to Demopolis, Ala., were there disbanded, and ordered to reassemble at that point on notification of their exchange. The exchange was effected about the 1st of October following. The three Alabama regiments reassembled promptly, and the command was still known as Moore's Brigade, the Thirty-Fifth Mississippi having been transferred to another brigade. All the troops reorganized at Demopolis were placed under command of Gen. Hardee. My brigade was supplied with a lot of arms and accouterments that had been condemned as unfit for service and piled up in an outhouse near the railroad depot. I was assured that this was merely a temporary supply, that it would answer for drill and guard duty, and that we would be supplied with serviceable guns before being ordered to the field. These arms were of many different calibers. Most of them, however, had the essential parts—lock, stock, and barrel—but were in bad order.

About the 1st of November I received orders to report to Gen. Bragg, in the vicinity of Chattanooga. On arrival there I reported the almost helpless state of my command on account of these worthless arms, and was assured the matter would be attended to at once; but it was not done, and on the following day I received orders to proceed with my command to the eastern slope of Lookout Mountain and relieve the brigade on duty at that point. We were without tents, having been ordered to leave these in our first encampment, near the foot of the mountain. Many of the men were but scantily supplied with blankets, as well as provisions, which consisted principally of rice and beans. During the three weeks we occupied this position the men were frequently exposed to a cold north wind, the ground being sometimes covered with snow. When we secured ammunition we found the cartridges either too large or too small for a number of the guns. When too small they could at least be inserted in the barrel and held in place by ramming leaves on top as wadding; but when a snugly fitting cartridge was inserted into a gun with a worthless lock spring the soldier frequently discovered it had become permanently

lodged in the barrel, and some of those guns may remain loaded to this day.

This position was a greatly exposed and badly protected key to Gen. Bragg's whole line of operation. This neglect of cautionary measures can only be satisfactorily accounted for on the supposition that the commanding general never believed the Federals would make this a serious point of attack, although it was the weakest and most dangerously exposed point in his whole line of investment. That the enemy were fully aware of both the weakness and importance of the position there is not a possible doubt, because the whole line of supposed defense was exposed to their full view and within easy range of their numerous field batteries. These remarks may seem as "I told you so" after an event has occurred, but I repeatedly expressed that opinion days before the enemy assaulted and easily carried our lines. I made complaints to the corps commander, to Gen. Bragg's headquarters, detailing the condition of our arms, want of suitable ammunition, and protesting against the policy of a command thus armed being assigned to such an important and poorly protected position. All my efforts resulted only in an unfulfilled promise that the matter would be immediately attended to, and the fatal 24th of November found us in that pitiable condition.

For a better understanding of the topography of Lookout Mountain and vicinity, a brief outline is given. Lookout Mountain is an elongated ridge extending many miles to the west of this point, which terminates abruptly at the Tennessee River. From just above this point to one below Chattanooga the river curves something like the letter S, half inverted thus, , making the famous Moccasin Point. A Federal battery on a high point on the neck of land was in the first bend and the city of Chattanooga in the second. The crest of the mountain is several hundred feet above the surface of the river and the surrounding valleys. At Point Lookout we had a field battery which seemed designed more for moral than physical effect, since it was never known to do any practical execution against the enemy, although it occasionally produced a "moral effect" at brigade headquarters, located just below on the mountain slope, by premature explosion of shells and scattering the fragments around. There is a valley on each side of the mountain, that on the south side being an extension of the basin in which Chattanooga is situated and through which Chattanooga Creek empties into the river. From a point to the west of this a wagon road to the top of the mountain had been previously constructed for reaching the summer resort. From a point on this road, about midway between the base and mountain crest, was another road, but little used, on a kind of bench formation extended along the eastern and the northern faces of the mountain. On this bench and just beneath a battery at Point Lookout was a residence known as the Craven house, and, being favorably situated for observation, was made brigade headquarters, though withing plain view and easy range of the Federal battery at Moccasin Point. Federal shot and shell had done much damage to this house, but we decided to trust to luck and take our chances, as it afforded much protection against the snow and cold winds that swept down the river from the north; in fact, this consideration answered as a very effective spur to our ap-



parently reckless display of courage and disregard for Yankee shells. But the commander of Moccasin Point battery treated us with what we chose to regard as high consideration, as he left us in undisturbed possession until the day of assault. Division headquarters were located at the intersection of the two roads previously mentioned. My brigade picket line extended from the mouth of the creek to a junction with that of Walthall's Brigade, stationed on the northern slope of the mountain. Along the crest of the ridge just mentioned the Federals established a number of batteries, supported by a strong force of infantry. All these batteries could sweep the northern and part of them the eastern face of the mountain, while that on Moccasin Point had a commanding sweep of both faces of Lookout. The ascent in the immediate rear of our picket line was very steep and rugged, in fact, almost impassable, and therefore when the assault was made our whole brigade picket force of one hundred men was captured. Possibly one or two escaped. The Federals secured free communication between their forces on the ridge north of Lookout Creek and those at Chattanooga by constructing two pontoon bridges across the river, one opposite the city and the other at a point above Moccasin Point.

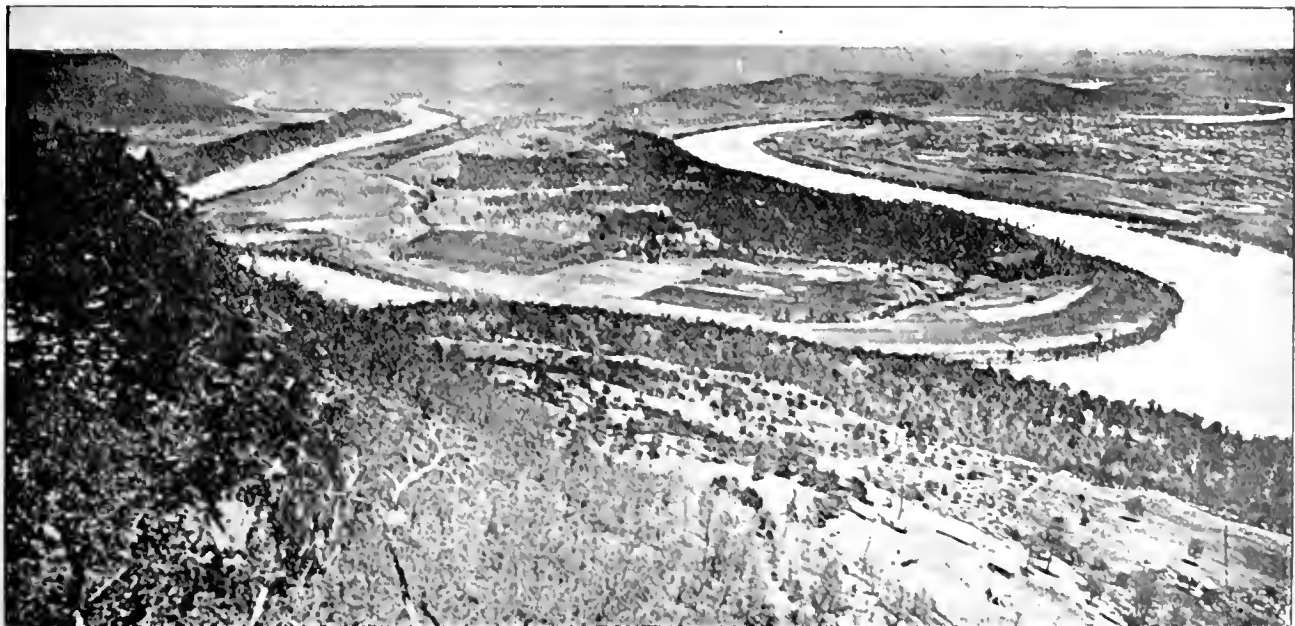
As previously intimated, no serious effort had been made to construct defensive works for our forces on the mountain. It is true some of the timber in front of Walthall's Brigade had been cut down and a narrow, shallow, but worthless, line of trenches (unworthily called rifle pits) extended from Walthall's left to the Craven house, and from the extremity of a short line of stone fence at this point to the mouth of Chattanooga Creek a still more abortive pretense had been made.

What I have already said, with what follows, may seem as a very long preface to a very short chapter, but I only design to give a clear and comprehensive idea of the situation involved and the probable cause of results. My brigade camp was established on the mountain bench road, about midway between the Craven house and division headquarters on the mountain resort road.

Our division commander, Gen. Cheatham, was absent on leave on the day of the assault, and Gen. John K. Jackson, as ranking brigadier, was in command. I had not seen the division commander but once from the day we arrived until late on the night I was ordered to evacuate our position and after the movement had been accomplished. Up to the hour of assault I had never received a word of instruction as to the disposition of my command or the proposed line of defense, if any had even been determined, in case of attack. This I state as a fact without attempt to account for it. I do this also because it serves to account for much of the delayed and unconcerted movements of the two brigades that followed.

The day preceding Gen. Hooker's assault on our lines we could see from our mountain perch great activity among the Federal forces on the open plain in front of Chattanooga, large bodies of troops apparently forming in masses, deploying in single, double, or treble lines of battle, etc. They also planted a battery on an "Indian mound" situated on what had been treated as neutral ground lying between the Confederate and Federal picket lines. While these movements were going on we noticed that everything seemed perfectly quiet among the Federal forces north of Lookout Creek. These conditions led me to believe that preparations were being made to attack Gen. Bragg's lines on Missionary Ridge, but subsequent events proved that the whole movement was made as a feint to mislead us as to the intended point of attack, Lookout Mountain.

Up to the day of assault made upon our lines by Gen. Hooker it is proper to state that the only instructions I had received were to furnish details for picket and other duties and to hold my brigade until further orders at the point designated. The day following the evolutions of the enemy in front of Chattanooga, November 24, was very cloudy, partially obscuring the sunlight, but clear enough in the lower atmosphere to observe with field glass the conditions of the enemy. I saw that their pontoon bridges had disappeared, which was evidence that the long-continued monotony



of inaction would be speedily ended. As there was no evidence at Chattanooga of an intended attack on our Missionary Ridge lines, I hastened around to the northern slope of the mountain and found that the Federals were massing their forces in Lookout Valley, a half mile away. Hastening back to headquarters, I dispatched a staff officer to the division commander, asking for orders. In the meantime I formed my brigade in line ready to move. My messenger soon returned, and reported that he could find no one at division headquarters, only four or five hundred yards distant. By this time firing had commenced on the picket lines, and I sent again, with the same result. The firing soon became very heavy. Gen. Walthall and I had consulted, as neither had instructions as to disposition of forces in case of attack. It was agreed that my left should rest at the Craven house and his line extend to the mouth of Chattanooga Creek, unless otherwise instructed by the division commander when ordered into line, and Gen. Walthall's Brigade would have charge of the line to the left and beyond the Craven house. Gen. Walthall remarked that he would hold his advanced position on north slope of the mountain till forced back, and would still contest every inch of ground, and would then make connection with my left. This resolution was worthy that daring and gallant officer, but, knowing his greatly exposed position and the narrow passage open for the withdrawal of his men, I greatly feared the daring effort might have a disastrous ending. The firing had become very severe, both by small arms and the Federal battery on Moccasin Point and the ridge north of Lookout Creek. At this time a division staff officer dashed up, giving orders to place my men immediately in the so-called rifle pits. My brigade moved by flank at a double-quick, under heavy fire from the Moccasin Point battery. Soon after the assault began a dense fog gathered about the mountain and continued much of the day. The Federal gunners did some remarkably good guessing, however, as to about "where we were at." Just as our rear files turned out of the bench road near the Craven house we met the remnant of Walthall's Brigade rushing to the rear in inextricable disorder. The officers seemed to be using every effort to arrest their flight, but the men rushed past them in spite of threats and even blows. Where or when they stopped



PERILOUS WAY OF ESCAPE.

I never learned. It is just to remark here that the writer has not the remotest design to disparage the moral or physical courage of those men, but merely mentions it as an incident of this battle important in its bearing on what followed. Such incidents are too frequent in times of battle to be made a test of true courage, and all old soldiers experienced in war know that sometimes a body of men of well-trying and undoubted bravery become panic-stricken from really trifling causes, losing all presence of mind and self-control. These men had been placed in a dreadfully exposed position and assaulted by an overwhelming force, said to be a division and a brigade, and had lost over half their number, while there was open for possible escape but a single narrow passage. Under such circumstances who would not unhesitatingly decide "prudence to be the better part of valor." When the members of Walthall's Brigade passed to the rear I had no idea that the balance had been killed or captured, but supposed them in line beyond the Craven house; but it soon became evident that such was not the case.

It was between twelve and one o'clock when we reached the trenches, and we were not a little surprised to find the enemy had preceded us at a few points; but they were not difficult to dislodge, perhaps due to the fact of having gotten a closer view of the miserable burlesque on rifle pits they did not consider their possession worthy of a serious struggle.

By order of some one two six-pounders had been placed at the Craven House, but were without horses, and the officer in charge abandoned them without firing a shot. When in possession of this house and vicinity the Federals were in position to enfilade the left of my line and in possession of the road leading to my rear. Why they delayed so long in taking advantage of this fact I could not understand. They pressed us very hard all along the line, while we had not one-fourth enough men to man it properly. On reaching our position, I sent messengers to the division commander, reporting the situation, and asking for reinforcements, but none came.

About two o'clock they turned my left flank and opened a severe enfilade fire; and, as they were also pushing past my right flank, it became evident we must either fall back or be surrounded and captured. Orders to retire were at once given, and we reported to the division commander, again asking for reinforcements. Falling back some two or three hundred yards in good order, with line of battle well preserved, we took position along the crest of a ridge extending down the mountain slope and nearly parallel to our first line. In a short time Gen. Pettus arrived with three regiments of his brigade and formed on my left, extending his line to the base of the precipitous mountain slope at this point. In a few minutes the enemy threw a heavy force against our whole line, the most determined effort being made against Gen. Pettus' position; but that gallant officer nobly held his ground and successfully repulsed every assault made on his lines.

He applied to the division commander for reinforcements, but none could be furnished.

The enemy kept up a more or less heavy fire during the day and until late at night. Our ammunition had become nearly exhausted; some men, in fact, had not a single charge. At the time we fell back my men were ordered to lie down, sheltering themselves as well

as they could behind rocks, trees, and fallen timber, and to reserve their fire until the enemy were near. We held our position until two o'clock that night, when I was ordered to withdraw my command, leaving out my line of pickets to conceal from the enemy our movements, and to follow the main force after its withdrawal. We were directed to descend to Chattanooga Valley down the mountain slope, over rocks and fallen timber. It being very dark, many a man received a stunning tumble during the descent. We crossed Chattanooga Valley, proceeded to Missionary Ridge, and were placed in line on the right of Cheatham's Division. This march consumed the remainder of the night, and the reader can well imagine that we did not feel as frisky as a lot of schoolboys the following day, not even when the Federals decided to pay us another visit.

The official Confederate reports on the battle of Lookout Mountain give the following items: Pettus' Brigade—effective force not given; killed, wounded, and missing, 56. Moore's Brigade—effective force, 1,205; killed, wounded, and missing, 251. Walthall's Brigade—effective force, 1,480; killed and wounded, 99; missing, 845; making the loss of the two last named 1,195, out of a total of 2,694.

It is but justice to the division commander, Gen. Jackson, to state that his report makes it evident that he used every reasonable effort to obtain the reinforcements asked for, but failed to do so.

When we carefully consider the leading incidents of this, in many respects remarkable, military feat on the Confederate side—a feat so unique in its conception, so bungled in its execution, and so fatal in its results—one may well exclaim: "*O tempora! O mores!*"

I did not know the fact at the time, but I afterwards learned that while my brigade was struggling against

an overwhelming force of perhaps eight or ten to one, and in effect begging for help, not less than a full division, under the directions of a corps commander, were perched on the crest of Lookout Mountain, enjoying a safe and comfortable view of that "November picnic." Why this force should be there at this time has always been to me worse than a Chinese puzzle. It is remarkable that the officer in command of this force, as stated by Gen. Jackson in his report, ordered that in case the enemy forced a passage around the base of the mountain the opposing Confederate force be withdrawn and join him on its top. Well, this contemplated movement certainly does strike one as a stunner; but, fortunately, Gen. Bragg heard of it in time to countermand the order before it could be executed.

In conclusion, let me say in connection with the fruitless struggle made by the Thirty-Seventh, Fortieth, and Forty-Second Alabama Regiments that I believe no truer, braver soldiers were to be found in the Confederate army, and I ask that those noble sons of Alabama shall not be forgotten while the deeds of others are often sung in loudest praise.

#### THE REUNION AT FISHER'S HILL.

Rev. W. H. Woods, Baltimore, Md.:

My friend, Maj. B——, busy man as he is, has asked me to give you some account of the recent reunion at Fisher's Hill. I very willingly do so; and if you will allow me, I want to add a word or two expressive of the thought and feelings of an outsider on all these Confederate affairs.

The annual gathering at Fisher's Hill, under the auspices of Stover Camp, Strasburg, Va., has become one of the great occasions of the Valley. The neighboring camps at Winchester and Woodstock, together with comrades from a distance, unite to make the reunion a success. But, cordially welcomed as they always are, I can hardly say that visiting comrades are absolutely needed. The people of the community have found this meeting, year by year, so greatly to their liking that they attend by the thousand, and could, it need be, make the gathering of the gray veterans all that it ought to be without external aid. However, they have never had occasion to try that as yet, as visitors are sure to flock in on them from far and near. This year the attendance was very large—larger, perhaps, than in any other year except that in which Gov. Fitzhugh Lee was present.

The managers of the Fisher's Hill reunions apparently give themselves little concern about external or novel attractions. There is little need of them. There have been on occasions distinguished orators from a distance to kindle afresh the memories that linger under the gray hairs of these old "Johnnies." The memories are there, undoubtedly, and it needs only a breath to fan them into fire. But ordinarily a simpler programme is prepared. This year there were no especially invited speakers, but impromptu remarks were made by Col. Stickle, Rev. Dr. Stephenson, Professor Piper, and others. Professor Piper was particularly happy in his suggestive little speech.

But greatly as the Virginians of the Valley, like all Southerners, delight in hearing and making speeches, the speaking, I venture to think, is not the chief attrac-



FROM A DESCRIPTION OF THAT BATTLE TO "CHARMING SELLIE."

tion at these meetings. It is the meeting itself, the kindly intercourse between the people, neighbors and strangers alike, that lends to these annual gatherings their greatest charm. You can exchange with many friends bits of news, all the homely, familiar little items of personal life, and by and by sit down with them (or stand up) at one of the most lavish spreads of things eatable you ever saw. I heard one hostess remark incidentally that thirty-five people took dinner with her that day, and she was evidently proud of it. This large-hearted hospitality, dispensed open-handed to all comers, makes these picnics thoroughly delightful. This sort of hospitality is distinctive of the South. Long may she wear the distinction!

I sometimes wonder if these Confederate veterans fully appreciate their privileges. I am myself loyal, and accept the political questions settled by the war. Moreover, on general principles I do not want any more gray in hair and beard than the years have already strewn there. But I have always wished that I had been old enough to be out with "Johnny Reb" in the sixties. Of all the men who ever led their fellows into battle, from the Carthaginian down to our present day, I would rather have followed Stonewall Jackson. Think of the big, mouth-filling adjectives that have been used to describe the skirmish at Santiago the other day! and then say over to yourselves, old soldiers of the South, these names: Harper's Ferry, Kernstown, Cross Keys, Port Republic, the double Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville. It is not disloyalty to cherish such memories; it does not argue even an "unreconstructed" spirit. He who easily forgets the dead will not greatly value the living, and the man who is false to his own people is in the way to be false to the country at large. No one complains of Joe Wheeler's patriotism nor of his generalship down in Cuba, unless it be the Spaniards.

The Southerner, of all men, cannot afford to forget his country's past. We hear, indeed, a good deal in these days of the "N— South," a generation that has grown up since the war, and has no personal experience and perhaps no interest in the issues of that stern debate. I do not belong to such a generation. I shall be sorry all my life long that I cannot hand down to my sons after me a battered musket or saber that had done its duty in the Confederate army.

H. A. Atkinson, Coy, Tex., makes inquiry for a flag that was captured from the Second Arkansas Regiment at Liberty Gap, Tenn., about the 25th of June, 1863. He writes: "Our regiment was doing picket duty at the time Rosecrans made his advance on Tullahoma, and we fought the hardest battle of the war for the length of time it lasted, confronted by about three thousand Federals, sustaining a loss of about seventy killed in three hours. We were stationed on the side of a steep, rocky hill, and when our color bearer was killed he fell down the hill into the Federal lines, and they got our flag. I think he fell into the lines of the Twenty-Second Indiana. We fought this regiment three or four times, as well as I remember, and captured two or three flags from it."

J. R. Ross, of Belton, Tex., wishes to hear of Col. W. H. King, who was major, lieutenant colonel, and then colonel of the Eighteenth Texas Infantry.

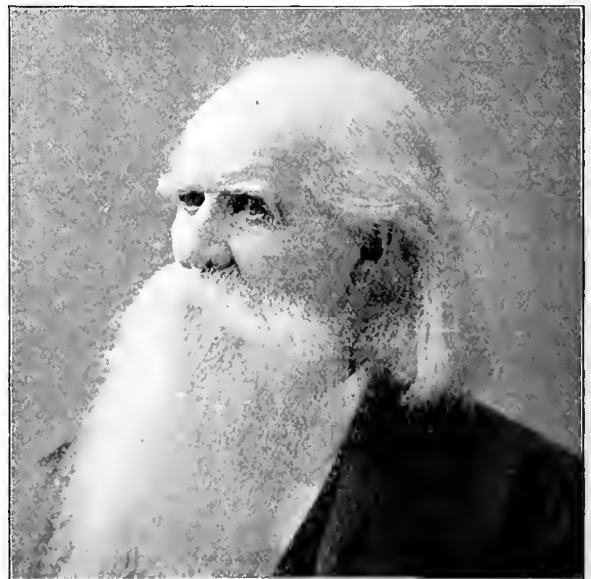
A member of C. S. A. Camp No. 435, U. C. V., Augusta, Ga., writes:

Permit me to express my hearty approval of your leading editorial on page 304 of the July VETERAN. You sum up the whole duty of the ex-Confederate soldier when you say he should "be diligent to maintain the truth of history and to induce coöperation to maintain the government of the fathers. Silly defiances and cringing apologies are equally out of place. We live to declare that in the past we fought for the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and for the present and the future we will maintain the fundamental doctrine of our fathers: that the citizen is the sovereign and that the government is and of right ought to be the servant, and not the master."

Mrs. M. M. Jouvenat, President Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., Sherman, Tex.: "It occurs to me that just now—in the midst of so much conational amity, returning of trophies, removing disabilities, and other happy evidences of reunited brotherhood—we might very reasonably excise the word 'rebellion' from our literature. I notice that even in our own journals, referring to our sacred memories, correspondents, old veterans, and others refer to the 'war of the rebellion.' In view of the original intention of our government, is it absolutely a correct expression? Could we not say the 'war of secession' as well? I admit that I never hear or use the expression without feeling stung as with cactus nettles."

E. O. Peck, Star, Tex., inquires about Capt. Gus Stewart, of Company K, Fourth Georgia Cavalry, or any other member of his company.

J. M. Garnett, Middleburg, Va., July 29, 1898: "July number just received, in which I would specially commend Maj. Hutchinson's article on the 'Death of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston' and Capt. Tolley's article on the 'Hampton Roads Conference' as of permanent historical value."



THE LATE DR. WILLIAM ABRAM LOW, OF ATLANTA, GA.

**LEESBURG, OR BALL'S BLUFF, OCTOBER 21, 1861.**

Judge C. C. Cummings, Past Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, Fort Worth, Tex., was called on by his successor, Judge S. P. Greene, at the usual Sabbath evening meeting of the camp recently, for a story of the war. Often stories are given on these occasions that deserve permanent record. Judge Cummings gave them the following account of the above-named battle:

This battle of Leesburg, or Ball's Bluff, occurred just ninety days after the first battle of Manassas, October 21, 1861. My command, Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, was in both these battles. We of the South call it Leesburg, from the town some three miles distant; but the Federals call it Ball's Bluff, from the point of crossing of the Federals on the Potomac, where the main battle took place. This land once belonged to the family of Washington's mother, Mary Ball Washington; hence the name. It was a steep bluff that rose about a hundred feet above the river Potomac, and was covered with the mountain laurel of Virginia, out of the roots of which the soldiers made their deliciously famous brier wood pipes. On account of the tangled laurels, the ascent was made more than ordinarily difficult; and Stone, the commander of the ten thousand Federals sent against us there, was court-martialed and disappeared from the service for failing to reconnoiter and select a better point of attack. Afterwards he turned up under the Khedive of Egypt, after the war, in company with several Southern officers. Maj. Gen. Loring is now recalled as one of the principal Southerners to expatiate himself when our disaster at arms came.

Gen. Edward R. Baker was in immediate command of the advance Federals, and met his death on the bluff soon after landing, while tugging at a field piece to get it into position. Private Hatcher, of Hunton's Eighth Virginia Regiment, ran out of the line and fired the fatal shot at this one of Lincoln's fast political friends. The Confederates gaining this great victory were the Thirteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Mississippi Regiments and Hunton's Eighth Virginia—in all about twenty-five hundred men—and a battery held in reserve with the Thirteenth Mississippi. All were under the command of Gen. Nat Evans, of South Carolina. Duff's Company, of the Seventeenth Mississippi, first engaged the enemy in the morning, while reconnoitering, and opened fire on them from a cornfield in front of the main line, afterwards formed on this bluff. This was followed by the entry of the Eighteenth Mississippi, under Col. Burt, who was killed, and the Virginians, who engaged the enemy around the bluff in an open space of a few acres, where Baker lost his life. About an hour before sunset my command, the Seventeenth Mississippi, Col. Featherston (afterwards general), dashed in at the nick of time to finish the stroke and drive them over the bluff, capturing seven hundred and twenty-nine prisoners and killing and drowning many more as they attempted to cross the river. We fired on them from the top of the bluff till darkness shut in the bloody work and night in mercy drew her sable curtain over the dead as a pall to hide this fratricidal scene.

Lincoln mourned Baker deeply. He was English-born, but early in his young manhood made his resi-

dence in Illinois, where as a Whig and an eloquent and able speaker on the hustings he did much to advance the party to its Republican refuge. Afterwards he drifted out to Oregon, and took high grade there; going thence, I think, to the U. S. Senate, then over to California, and when the war began he was United States Senator from that State. Baker raised a regiment in Philadelphia, and called it the California Regiment. We spoiled this regiment completely in this fight. Hunton afterwards was sent to Congress from his State, and his long service there is a matter of history. Col. Barksdale, of the Thirteenth Mississippi, afterwards general, was killed at Gettysburg.

One of the prisoners that I helped up the bluff that night became a noted figure in Massachusetts politics after the war. I refer to Col. Cogswell, of some Massachusetts regiment. He was slightly wounded in the hand. He was a tall and fine-looking man. My company guarded him down to Manassas to deliver him and his companions over to the Libby prison keepers.

Col. Lee, of the Twentieth Massachusetts, an aged veteran, was among the prisoners. Leesburg is named after the Lee family, and is in Loudoun County, named for one of the early colonial Governors of Virginia, Lord Loudon. It was here, while a member of the Eighteenth Mississippi, that Lamar Fontaine claims to have written "All Quiet along the Potomac To-Night," historic in interest, and "the death rattle of the lone picket" yet resounds in memory as one of the scenes with which we were too familiar in those days—"not an officer lost; only a private moaning all alone his death rattle." I don't know what proof Fontaine had to sustain his claim to the authorship of this poem, but I can only say that I remember it was claimed by him through the prints about that time.



JUDGE S. P. GREENE.

Judge S. P. Greene is a native of South Carolina, but removed with his father and family to Georgia while still a child. In the spring of 1861 he, then a boy seventeen years of age, volunteered in the Eleventh Georgia, and served with this regiment in the army of Northern Virginia till December of that year, when he

returned to Georgia and joined the Thirty-Ninth Regiment from that State. Soon afterwards he was promoted to second lieutenant of Company I, and served through the East Tennessee and then the Kentucky campaigns under Bragg. In the winter of 1862-63 his regiment was sent to Vicksburg, and was engaged in the battle of Baker's Creek, in which his company lost nearly half its number in killed and wounded. For gallant conduct in this battle he was promoted to the adjutancy of his regiment, and by this position part of the time adjutant general of his brigade till the reorganization of the army in North Carolina. He was made captain at about twenty-one years of age.

The Thirty-Ninth Georgia was engaged in nearly every battle fought by the Army of Tennessee from 1863 till the close of the war and won for itself a most enviable reputation as a fighting regiment, being repeatedly singled out of its corps for extra hazardous service; and Capt. Greene could boast that his regiment was never under fire but once during the war when he was not with it. He was wounded several times. He surrendered with Gen. Joe Johnston at Greensboro, N. C. He read law and removed to Fort Worth, Tex., in 1873, where he now resides. He was District Judge for a number of years, but retired and resumed the practice of law. He is at present Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, one of the largest and best-organized of all Confederate camps.

Judge C. C. Cummings enlisted as a private in Company B, Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment (Col. Featherston), in his native town, Holly Springs, Miss., in April, 1861. This regiment was ordered to Virginia, and his command was in many fierce battles, among them first Manassas, Leesburg (or Ball's Bluff), Savage Station, Malvern Hill, storming of Maryland Heights, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg (or Antietam), Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. Judge Cummings was in all of these, and escaped unhurt except in the peach orchard at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, where he lost his right hand. He was sergeant major of the regiment. He started in the retreat in an ambulance with his then Col. W. D. Holder, who was also wounded. Col. Holder is well known through the VETERAN as Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V.

Judge Cummings was captured at Cashtown. He was imprisoned at Chester, the oldest town in Pennsylvania, a few miles' run from Philadelphia. Compared to Fort Delaware, Chester was a fairyland. Sympathizers were admitted, and ladies from far and near visited them as heroes instead of "Rebels." The regular prisons were then overcrowded. This was a temporary hospital, and romance caused the treatment of prisoners to be sentimental. Pierce Butler, a Georgian of South Carolina lineage (akin to Senator Butler), married the then celebrated actress Fanny Kemble. She had caused him to free his slaves and move to Philadelphia. When the war began she took the Union side, and wrote a book about the "Old Flag," while he and his daughter Fannie, an only child, sided with the South. There was disunion in that family in consequence. Fannie, the daughter, was fair-haired and charming, and an heir to rice fields and much gold. A number of young surgeons served in this hospital, and Miss Fannie and her father

had *carte blanche* to pass to and from our prison, and made things very pleasant. After all, Miss Fannie married a titled Englishman.

Judge Cummings was at the Florence Wesleyan University, Florence, Ala., from 1856 to 1860, as a



JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS.

schoolmate of J. B. Polley, of "Charming Nellie" fame, and Hayward Brahan, whom he mentions often as among Hood's "orphan boys" in Virginia, and Sul Ross, of Texas. He recalls vividly the last time he met the Texans. It was the day before the peach orchard charge at Gettysburg. He went over to see the "wild and woolly orphan boys," so far from home and so ragged. He wore a

new sergeant major's uniform of bright Confederate gray, just received from home. They took him for "fresh fish," and exclaimed: "Lordy, he's mine!" "I saw him fust!" "Look at the chicken fixens on his arm!" "See them air locks!" "Ef I was a louse, I would swim the Mississippi River to crawl in his head!" "Let me kiss him for his mother!" "Put him in his hittle bed!" They evidently mistook him for a "tenderfoot," and no explanation that he had been in from the first would be received. He failed to see his friend Joe Polley, and never has till this day, but is glad to see the last reunion of Confederate veterans in Texas has made him Major General of the State Division, U. C. V.

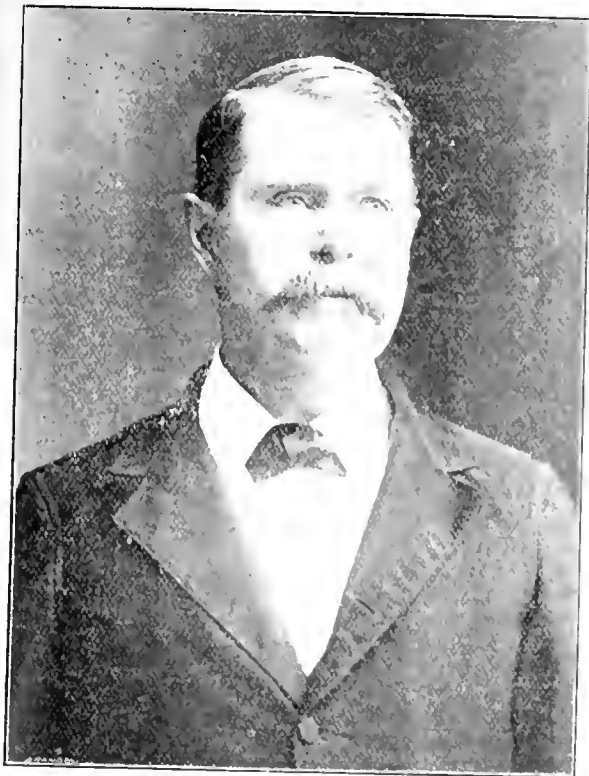
Judge Cummings was elected two successive terms as judge of his county, and Commander of Lee Camp at Fort Worth two terms. He has also been Commander of the Fort Worth Pickett of United American Veterans, organized at Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande, in 1892, its object being to unite the blue and the gray into a brotherhood of American soldiery.

C. S. A. Camp No. 435, U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., deserves honorable mention for its appearance at the Atlanta reunion. It turned out ninety-two men in Confederate gray broadcloth with C. S. A. buttons. The cavalry members wore yellow stripes on their trousers and yellow cords on their slouch hats; the artillery, red; and the infantry, blue. The officers wore the golden sleeve knots and collar marks of their rank. This camp carried three battle flags: the Cobb Legion Cavalry and the Fifth and Sixteenth Georgia Infantry. They had four old war drummers and four Sons of Veterans buglers, and no finer music was heard in Atlanta. This camp was formed as the Confederate Survivors' Association a few years after the war, and has been in existence ever since. In recognition of its seniority, its zeal, and its perfect organization, Gen. Evans, commanding Georgia Division, U. C. V., made it the custodian of the superb standard presented to the division at the reunion by the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy.

SKETCHES OF U. C. V. OFFICIALS.

LIEUT. COL. JOSEPH BURTON TRULOCK.

Joseph Burton Trulock was born in Georgia. He was the son of James Hines Trulock, a cotton-planter, who moved to Arkansas and settled on the Arkansas River, nine miles southeast of Pine Bluff. At an early age Joseph was sent to a Connecticut law-school.



medicine in early life in Tallahassee, Fla., and in Camden County, Ga. When the Southern States seceded he joined the army in a surgical capacity, and was assigned to duty with the Sixty-Third Georgia Regiment at Thunderbolt, near Savannah; but, preferring more active service, he secured a transfer in 1862 to the Fourth Georgia Cavalry (Col. Duncan L. Clinch), and with that command he was in the battle of Jonesboro and others in that section. He was much with the gallant J. J. Dickison's command, serving as surgeon. Deserved tribute is paid him in the history of "Dickison and His Men." Dr. Burroughs was fond of his command, and disregarded all danger in his efforts to relieve the wounded. At Jonesboro, when the gallant Capt. Wylly, of the Fourth Georgia Regiment, was shot through the neck, and the regiment was in full retreat, Surgeon Burroughs rode back, dismounted, placed him upon his horse, and carried him to a place of safety. In the battle of Olustee, Fla., he gave his horse to Col. Smith, whose horse was shot from under him, and who commanded the cavalry after Col. Finch was wounded. He always properly treated a wounded soldier, foe as well as friend.

Dr. Burroughs is yet practicing his profession in Jacksonville, Fla., and is ever interested in the welfare of Confederate Veterans. He was appointed by Gov. Drew, in 1885, on the staff of the gallant Gen. W. Capers Bird as Chief Surgeon, with the rank of Major, and Surgeon-General by Gen. J. J. Dickison in 1892. He is chief surgeon of the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad.



He has delivered several memorial addresses, is one of the directors of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Jacksonville, and has been Vice President and was President of the Florida State Medical Association in 1897, and is held in high esteem by all honorable men. Dr. Burroughs' letter to Mrs. Jefferson Davis is

Having arrived at his majority during the civil war, he returned to Arkansas and entered the Confederate army, serving as a private in Capt. W. B. Nowland's escort to Gen. Fagan during the last one and a half years of the struggle, and making a gallant soldier. At the close of the war he returned home and devoted his energies to business, in which he achieved success. In 1866 he was appointed Major and Aide de Camp on the staff of Maj. Gen. R. G. Shaver, and afterward accepted the rank of Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Brig. Gen. R. M. Knox. He is now Commissary General for Arkansas under Gen. J. J. Horner.

Comrades Trulock and J. T. Murtaugh, of Pine Bluff, each subscribed \$5 to the Sam Davis monument while at Nashville reunion.

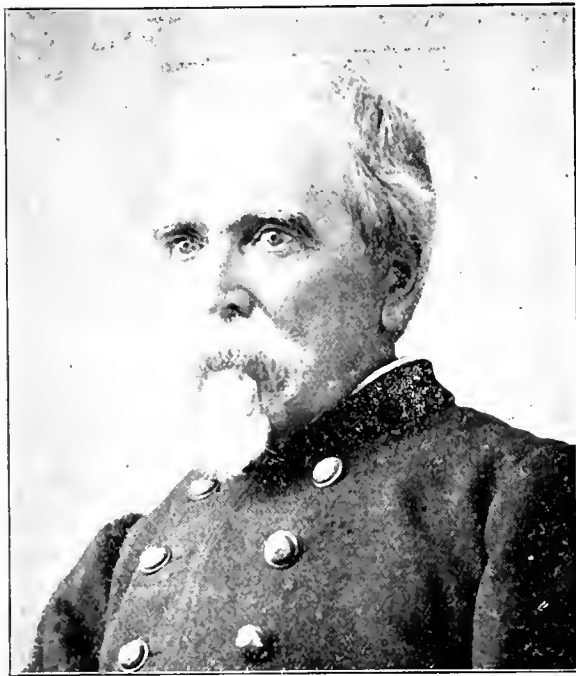
DR. R. B. BURROUGHS, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Lieut. Col. R. Berrien Burroughs, Chief Surgeon of the Florida Division of Confederate Veterans, was born in Savannah, Ga., January 10, 1833. His middle name is derived from his mother's father, John McPherson Berrien, Attorney-General in President Jackson's cabinet, and for many years U. S. Senator from Georgia. Dr. Burroughs graduated in the University of Georgia in 1853, in the same class of which Gen. Gordon was a member, and at the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia in March, 1856. He practiced

given in the Davis Memorial Volumes, pages 636, 637, by Dr. J. William Jones, as one of the many tributes paid to him.

DR. JAMES PARK HANNER, TENNESSEE.

Dr. Hanner was born in Nashville, Tenn., July 4, 1835; graduated at the Western Military Institute, Drennon Springs, Ky., in June, 1853, as first lieutenant of the corps of cadets. He received the degree of M.D. in the University of Pennsylvania in March, 1857, and was mustered into the Confederate service in May, 1861, as captain of Company D, First Regiment of Tennessee (Maney's). Was invalided and resigned his commission in December, 1861; commissioned as captain and assistant surgeon of Morton's Battery, Forrest's Cavalry, in May, 1863; paroled at Greenville, Ala., May 10, 1865; commissioned as a



Major and Assistant Surgeon General on the staff of Maj. Gen. A. J. Vaughan, commanding Tennessee Division, U. C. V., in 1897.

MAJ. JAMES T. BRAME, ARKANSAS.

James T. Brame was born in Prince Edward County, Va., November 26, 1848. In the spring of 1864 he entered the Southern army, enlisting in Company A, First Regiment, Virginia Reserves, Col. B. F. Farinholt, and serving until the close of the war. He was in the battle of Roanoke, or Staunton Bridge, fought June 17, 1864, in which six hundred boys defeated the Federal Gen. Wilson, whose command numbered several thousand picked cavalry, thus saving the Richmond and Danville railroad bridge across Staunton River. At that time the Richmond and Danville was the only road open from Richmond to the South, and was the only means of transportation for the supplies for Lee's army, so the situation demanded the desperate services rendered. Maj. Brame was also engaged

in other desperate fighting near Richmond, at Appomattox bridge, and New Berne, N. C. His command was disbanded at Danville, Va., after having served as



a guard to President Davis while on his way from Richmond to Greensboro, a few days prior to his capture by the Federals. In 1870 Maj. Brame went to Phillips County, Ark., where he now resides.



MRS. E. C. PETERS, ATLANTA, GA.



MAJ. ROBERT J. BLACK.

Maj. Robert J. Black, A. D. C. on staff of Gen. A. J. Vaughan, commanding Tennessee Division, U. C. V., was born in Fayette County, Tenn., in 1841. Prior to our great war his family removed to Haywood County, near Stanton. Young Robert promptly joined Hill's Cavalry, from Tipton County, which became Company B, of Logwood's Battalion, afterwards merged into the Second Tennessee Regiment. He was soon made orderly sergeant, and then elected lieutenant of the company, and so continued to the end. His regiment served under Gens. W. H. Jackson, James R. Chalmers, Earl Van Dorn, E. W. Rucker, A. W. Campbell, and Lieut. Gen. N. Bedford Forrest, in numerous scouts, skirmishes, and battles. Lieut. Black always being on hand for active service. His company served as escort for Gen. G. B. Loring while the division was about Canton, Jackson, and Yazoo City, Miss. Later Lieut. Black was detailed to act as commissary on Gen. E. W. Rucker's staff. Comrade Black notes that the most complete victory he ever witnessed was at the battle of Tishomingo Creek, when Gen. Forrest, with about twenty-eight hundred men, cleaned up about eighty-five hundred well-equipped Federal troops, capturing their entire wagon train and army stores, together with all their artillery. It is said a majority of the command were killed, wounded, or captured.

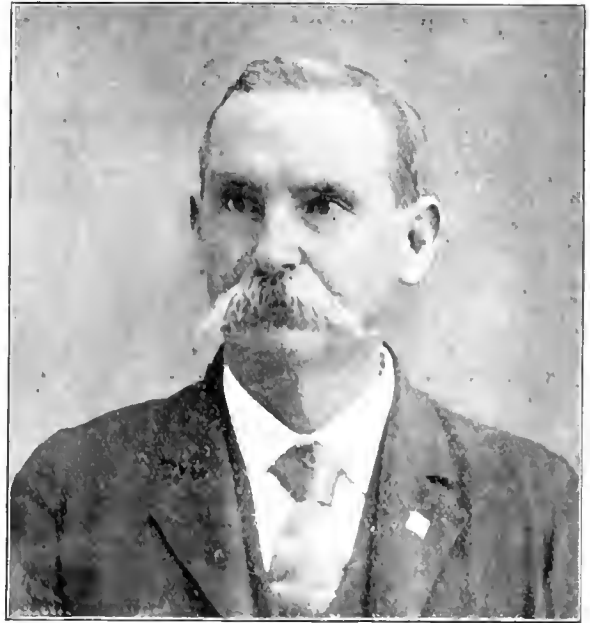
Lieut. Black was cut by a sailor at Lockridge's Mill, shot through the left leg in a cavalry charge near Hernando, Miss., and shot through the left arm at



Union City while preparing for its capture. He had two horses shot under him at Oxford and at Tishomingo Creek, Miss. His son, Joe Stonewall Black, is now with the Second Tennessee Infantry. Maj. Black is a member of the Confederate Historical Association, of Memphis. Its camp number is 28, U. C. V. He was predecessor as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff with Gen. A. J. Vaughan to Col. Hickman.

MAJ. N. I. HASELL.

Maj. N. Ingraham Hasell, Aid-de-Camp for Maj. Gen. C. I. Walker, commanding South Carolina Division, U. C. V., was born in Charleston, S. C., October 30, 1841; enlisted in the State service as private in



the Carolina Light Infantry (First Regiment Rifles Militia), and was present at the capture of Fort Sumter. He enlisted in the regular Confederate service again in August, 1861, in Company L, First Regiment, S. C. V. (Col. Gregg), and was promoted to corporal, sergeant, second lieutenant, and then first lieutenant. He was appointed by Gen. McGowan to command Company A, battalion of sharpshooters, McGowan's Brigade, under A. P. Hill, A. N. V., and was wounded at Gettysburg, Pa. He was present in every battle his command engaged in, and when on furlough volunteered on Gen. Hardee's staff, and fought in the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville, N. C., returning to his command just in time to be present at the breaking of the lines near Petersburg, Va., and the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse. After the war he engaged in rice planting. In 1885 he secured a position in the Charleston post office, which he still holds.

The officers of Pat Cleburne Camp, Waco, Tex., have been reelected for another year. John C. West is Commander and W. T. Coleman Adjutant; Stephen Turner and W. C. Dodson, lieutenants; Dr. J. C. J. King, surgeon; and Rev. Frank Page, chaplain.

A. T. Weir, was born at Osceola, Mo., December 20, 1840, removed to Bentonville, Ark., in 1861, and in October, 1862, he joined Company D, Gordon's Regiment, when but twelve years old. He was with Shelby until after his raid in Missouri back to Arkansas, and was then transferred to Company B, Sixteenth Missouri Infantry, Parson's Brigade, of Price's Army, and surrendered at Shreveport, La., June 8, 1865. He certainly was the youngest Confederate from Missouri.

### VETERAN CAMPS AND INQUIRIES.

At their meeting on July 12 Camp Loudon Butler, Benton, La., elected the following officers: T. J. Tidwell, Commander; J. H. Martin, T. M. Love, N. A. Guthrie, Lieutenants; B. R. Nash, Adjutant; S. M. Thomas, Quartermaster; Dr. H. Neeson, Surgeon; Dr. E. J. Hall, Assistant Surgeon; E. H. Durlin, Chaplain; F. O'Neal, Sergeant Major; A. P. Butler, Color Bearer; and J. E. Adger, Officer of the Day.

At the regular meeting of Omer R. Weaver Camp, Little Rock, Ark., Finis Volmer was chosen as Commander for the ensuing year. This camp now numbers about three hundred members, which includes the members of the Confederate home there, who are honorary members.

W. H. Hooper, Guthrie, Ky.: "I should like to hear from some one who knew Capt. Farnsworth, a Confederate soldier who died in Nashville, Tenn., in 1874. He was my father, but I was adopted after he died, and never knew my true name until a few months ago."

John R. Ingram, Luling, Tex., wishes to know if any members of Company H, First Tennessee Cavalry, are living. This company was raised in 1861, in Giles and adjoining counties. Mr. Ingram is a native of Giles County, and has been in Texas twenty-two years. He was with that regiment throughout the war.

B. S. Lovelace, Bonham, Tex., desires to learn what became of Charley H. Corruthers, who belonged to Company F, Fifty-First Regiment Tennessee Infantry. Charley was sick in camp just before the battle of Murfreesboro, and was sent to a private house near by. When the army fell back he was left there, and was never heard of afterwards. Survivors of his old company and his friends would appreciate any information concerning him. There may be error in the spelling of the name.

Rev. (and Col.) D. C. Kelley, Columbia, Tenn., asks for the address of Capt. John T. Chandler, of the Second Missouri Cavalry, who was acting assistant adjutant general on Gen. E. W. Rucker's staff during the Hood campaign in Tennessee, and also information concerning Lieut. Briggs, who commanded two Parrott guns under his command on the Charlotte pike in the battle of Nashville. He also wishes, if possible, to get the name of any surviving colonel who commanded a Mississippi regiment of cavalry serving at any time with Gen. Forrest. The Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth (or Duff's), Eighteenth, Thirty-Eighth (mounted), Chalmers' and Ham's—each of them served with him for some time.

S. M. Spencer, Glen Allen, Miss.: "I should like to hear of or from any survivors of Graves's Battery, not having heard from any of my old comrades in many years. Capt. Graves was killed at Chickamauga, and was buried at Atlanta. If his grave can be located, I wish to see a suitable monument erected over it in memory of as gallant an officer as ever wore the gray. Unless Lieut. J. E. Rankin be still living, I am the only surviving officer of the company, as Lieut. Selden Spencer, who later was promoted to major and chief of artillery on Gen. French's staff, and Lieut.

Gibson, who was transferred to the staff of Gen. Buckner, have died."

A. J. Baker, Austin, Tex.: "In the April VETERAN Mr. J. J. Haynie says that Dan Featherstone was missing. I was a member of the University Grays, with position next on the right of the Noxubee Rifles, and remember one Featherstone in the Noxubee Rifles. While we were lying down on Seminary Ridge, at Gettysburg, just behind our batteries, during the most unprecedented cannonade ever witnessed on earth, and just before we went into the charge on Cemetery Heights, Featherstone was struck by a cannon ball and thrown several feet in the air, his head being split wide open. This will explain how 'Featherstone was missing.' The Noxubee Rifles were not in the First, but in the Eleventh, Mississippi Regiment."

In delivering a message for Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss at the University of Virginia on the occasion of dedicating the Rouss Physical Laboratory, his representative, Mr. Augustine J. Smith, of Winchester, Va., mentioned this incident as related by a son of Professor Maupin, once a distinguished teacher in the university:

His father had taken him as a lad eight years of age to Shadwell Mills, near by, famous as the property of Mr. Jefferson. As they alighted from their carriage they saw four well-dressed, distinguished-looking gentlemen walking leisurely from the direction of "Monticello" toward the mill. Mr. Jefferson was recognized as one of the party, the others being strangers. They soon reached the mill, and Mr. Jefferson, after extending his neighborly salutation to the father, introduced him to President Monroe, ex-President Madison, and Gen. Lafayette. It was during the latter's visit to the United States after the Revolution, and he was being entertained at the home of the great patriot of "Monticello," who had invited the distinguished Americans, sharers with him of imperishable glory, to meet the French officer so well known and beloved in America.

### REMINISCENCES OF MAJ. JOHN PELHAM.

Jeff McLemore, Austin, Tex., writes the VETERAN: "Anything connected with the lamented John Pelham is dear to every Southern heart. The August issue of the VETERAN was of especial interest in this city, because it contained the photograph of this daring youth, this marvelous soldier boy who 'perished in his pride.'" Gov. Charles A. Culberson, desirous of knowing whether or not the picture published in the VETERAN was a correct likeness, sent it to Judge W. M. McGregor, of Milam County, Tex., who commanded a battery under Pelham. In reply Capt. McGregor wrote the following from Cameron to Gov. Culberson: "The inclosed is the best picture of Pelham that I have seen. It looks like he did when he first returned from West Point and also when he was killed. At other times he was thinner, because of active service. . . . A perfect picture of Pelham cannot be had, because his most remarkable feature was his eyes. In social life they were gentle and merry, 'laughing eyes'; but in the animation of battle his eyes were restless, and flashed like diamonds."

The picture was engraved for the VETERAN from a photograph belonging to a brother of the "Gallant Pelham," who was also a soldier.



How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blessed!  
When spring with dewy fingers cold  
Returns to deck the hallowed mold,  
She then shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.  
By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
Their honor comes to pilgrims gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And freedom shall at times repair,  
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

Lieut. Col. John Henry Bell died at Nashville, Ark., April 16, 1898. He was born in Cooper County, Mo., November 15, 1841. The following resolutions were passed by John L. Neal Camp No. 208, U. C. V.:

*Resolved:* 1. That in the death of Col. Bell this camp mourns one of its most zealous supporters.

2. That as comrades we have lost one who was dear to us by all the ties of fraternal love, and one whom we revered; as gallant a soldier as ever wore the gray, which we all so dearly love; one who knew no such word as fear, and was ever in the foremost ranks of the fight in those days of trial; and one who, when our arms were laid down at Appomattox, took up his plowshare and became as good a citizen as he was a soldier.

3. That we as a camp and as individual brethren tender our sympathies to his bereaved widow and orphans, and that we will ever cherish his memory and point to him as an example of the true Southern cavalier for our youth to follow.

Signed: J. F. Smith, W. K. Cowling, E. G. Hale, F. W. Lee, Committee.

F. T. Chase, New Orleans, La.: "On the 27th of May Christian W. Rumph, a Confederate veteran, died at his home in Perote, Ala. He was a true soldier of the cross, and next to his love for the Great Commander was his devotion to the cause of the Confederacy. With several schoolmates and the writer, a teacher in the Perote Academy, Christian Rumph was mustered into the service of his State for twelve months as a member of Company C, Perote Guards, First Alabama Infantry, on the 13th of February, 1861, before the organization of the Confederacy. Among the volunteers at this time were such men as Pugh, Bullock, Williams, Booker, and Clayton. At the expiration of his enlistment as sergeant in Company B, Fifty-Fifth Alabama Cavalry, he served under Gen. Morgan in various engagements. He took part in the battles of Nashville and Murfreesboro, and in the latter was wounded and taken prisoner, and after several months at Camp Chase he rejoined his regiment at Columbia, S. C., his native State. At the close of the war he engaged in planting and merchandising, at the same time serving his State as justice of the peace, and also two years in the State Senate. In all

the relations of life he was loved and esteemed by a host of friends."

Mark Downey died at Corpus Christi, Tex., January 29, 1898. He was among the first of Louisiana's sons who went to the front, enlisting as a private in the Continental Guards, Company A, of the gallant Seventh Louisiana Regiment, that earned deathless fame in Virginia under Stonewall Jackson. He entered the service May 24, 1861, and served throughout the war, suffering both wound and imprisonment. He was an honored member of the Louisiana Division, A. N. V., and a member of the J. E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., at Corpus Christi.

Stonewall Jackson Bivouac No. 120, McKenzie, Tenn., passed resolutions in honor of James I. Jackson, one of the charter members of the camp, who died June 9, 1898. Mr. Jackson was a faithful and zealous member to the time of his death, and the burial services were conducted under the auspices of the bivouac.

**WILLIE CARTER, HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.** — Miss Hattie M. Gibbons, near Cassville, Ga., reports the following incident, in the hope that it may be the means of clearing up the mystery in some family regarding the fate of Willie Carter:

One bright June morning in 1864 two Confederate soldiers appeared at the residence of Mr. G——, five miles from Cassville, Ga., and asked for food. The older of the two gave his name as Williams, and that of his companion (a handsome, dark-eyed youth of sixteen years) as Willie Carter. They belonged to a cavalry company, and, having lost their horses, were given permission to enter the Federal line and capture horses with which to mount themselves.

Mr. G's family, being intense secessionists, gladly gave them food, but warned them not to linger at the house, anticipating scouting-parties from Kingston, then occupied by Federal troops. Sure enough, a detachment of Federals, having heard that there were Rebel soldiers in the neighborhood, came to the house just after the Confederates left, and, following, overtook them about two miles beyond. Mr. Williams succeeded in making his escape, and was never heard of afterward. Willie Carter was mortally wounded, and was taken by the Federals to the nearest house, on one of Mr. G's plantations. Hearing of this, Miss G. and several other ladies hastened to his bedside. There were then no physicians in the county, but there was no "lack of woman's nursing," and these ladies gave him as skillful attention as was in their power. In his lucid moments he said that he was the son of a widow who resided at Camp Jackson, Tallapoosa County, Ala. To this address Miss G. wrote then and after the war, but no response was ever received. Perhaps through some unfortunate circumstance the mother never learned the fate of her boy, who, after lingering several days, died far from home and kindred.

This entire country was in possession of the Federals, and all our men were gone to the war, except some very old ones. These dressed the soldier for burial in some of their own best clothing, and made a coffin, which the ladies covered with cloth and lamplack.

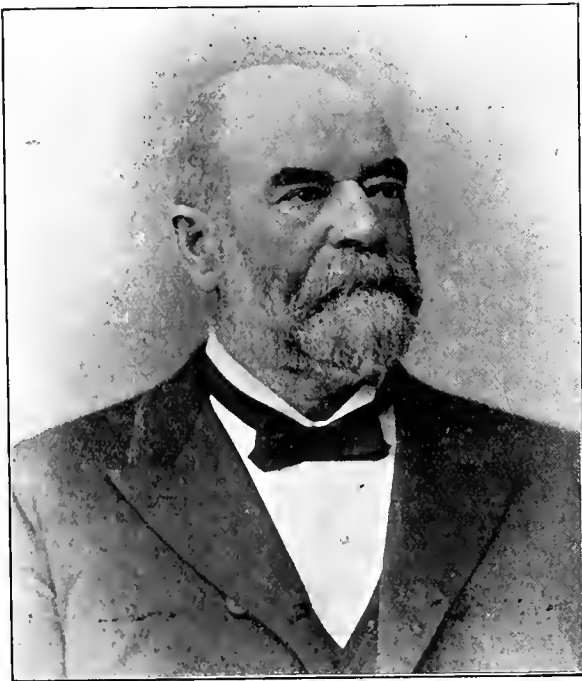
A touching and picturesque spectacle was presented by the funeral cortege, composed of three old men, a wounded Confederate soldier on crutches, and women and children bearing flowers and weeping as they followed the rude, stained coffin. A Baptist minister conducted the religious services, after which the body of Willie Carter was consigned to rest beneath primeval oaks, which stand as sentinels at old Mt. Zion Church. Since the war this church, gray and crumbling with age, has been used by the negroes as a place of worship.

No more does Willie Carter heed the bugle's blare or cannon's roar. "Taps" have sounded; off duty now, he sleeps. In the spring of each year, when all over our sunny Southland floral tributes of loving remembrance are placed upon the graves of our gallant boys in gray, no wreaths shed their beauty above him, save when at night God twines above it the "forget-me-nots of the angels," the tender stars. No flowers bedeck his grave, except such garlands of bloom as nature's fingers weave upon it.

No matter what may have been the lineage and antecedents of this youth, he was a Confederate soldier, a patriot. He was enlisted in the cause of freedom, he wore the gray, he fought under the flag that represented Southern valor and patriotism. Peace to his ashes! Honored be his memory!

A death occurred in Nashville on August 3, 1898, ending the earthly career of a man who served the Confederate cause with such efficiency and in such a way as to deserve liberal record in the VETERAN.

Thomas Sharp, a Pennsylvanian, born July 9, 1831,



THOMAS SHARP.

came South at the age of seventeen years in response to an advertisement to superintend the manufacture of agricultural implements in Nashville. On the day before Christmas, in 1855, he married Miss Martha A.

Smith, of a faithful Southern family. Young Sharp was successful in his profession, and became an ardent devotee to his adopted section.

Early in the preparations for war he was called to a conference in the State Capitol, where representative gentlemen were considering the manufacture of swords for the Confederate army. Gen. W. G. Harding, of the conference committee, leaving Gov. Harris's office, told Mr. Sharp what was wanted, and he said he didn't know how to do it; but, in reply to another question, he said he would "try." Gen. Harding turned to the conference, saying, "That is settled"—a high compliment to his integrity of character and ability.

After the territory of Nashville had to be abandoned, and the manufactories destroyed in consequence, Mr. Sharp became active and efficient in procuring leather to shoe the army. In addition, he engaged in confidential service of the government, and underwent greater peril perhaps than any other agent not in actual battles. His wonderful insight into human nature enabled him to extricate himself when most men would have given up. His boldness when under suspicion in Northern cities saved him on many occasions. Often, while stopping at homes in the Federal lines where husband or sons were in the Confederate army, it was hard to refrain from making known his identity, but his missions were of so much importance that he never would take the risk of letting the truth be known.

Mr. Sharp and Rev. Dr. A. J. Baird, of Nashville, also a Pennsylvanian, were intimately associated, and both were in such close conference with the authorities that money almost without limit was at their disposal. Among Mr. Sharp's papers are evidences of this. Maj. G. W. Cunningham, quartermaster, writing from Atlanta, December 17, 1862, states: "I send by Dr. Baird \$50,000, which I hope you can invest immediately in leather." Mr. Sharp's receipt to Dr. Baird for the \$50,000 is also among these papers, dated at Shelbyville, Tenn., December 19. Other sums, of \$10,000, and as high as \$30,000 at a time, were paid to him. It should be remembered that Confederate money early in the war was of much value, almost equal to gold.

In connection with his perilous trips one is noted wherein Mr. Sharp, with \$50,000, undertook a trip to reach Gen. E. Kirby Smith through East Tennessee. He stopped at night as a citizen, seeing to it, however, that his horse was near by, and he carelessly (?) threw his old saddlebags down by the back door. Hardly had he gotten his supper when "Tinker" Dave Beatty's crowd of outlaws turned in for the night. He held his own in discussion with them for a time, and, on the pretext of getting a drink of water, he secured the money, mounted his horse, and dashed away bare-headed through the rain into the darkness amid a shower of bullets. He was suspected by two soldiers on a train entering Evansville, Ind., and on arrival he was prompt to go to headquarters, and, securing an interview with the post commandant, got advantage of the soldiers by a suspicious wink, and put them on the defensive. He got his pass and departed while they sought identification. Pages of thrilling episodes might have been given, and, though anxious to write them for his family, he deferred it until too late.

Mr. Sharp showed such singular ability in the service of the Confederacy that it was determined, in the spring of 1864, to send him abroad to secure supplies

for shipment through the blockade. Correspondence is at hand telling of his high efficiency in that service. Just before sailing from Wilmington he sent quite a sum of money by express to his wife, advising her to keep certain bank bills until the last, gave her authority to draw his salary of \$150 per month, and directed that Dr. Baird sell a fine horse worth about \$2,000, and added that "if the worst should come" his interest in certain mills be sold, adding: "After serving the government and achieving our independence, nothing on this earth would afford me such pleasure as taking my darlings back to the green hills and pleasant valleys of Tennessee."

In a letter to his wife from Nassau, April 6, 1864. Mr. Sharp states: "We left Wilmington about 3 P.M., and went down Cape Fear River, reaching Fort Fisher, at its mouth, about sundown. There were fifteen Yankee blockade vessels lying off the bar. At dark we started out. It was quite stormy. We passed within one hundred and fifty yards of the Yankee war vessels in the storm unperceived. The storm got worse, and we could hear our ship twisting in every timber. The cotton on deck floated round in the water." In this letter he gave at length a thrilling description of the storms and an interesting account of the people at Nassau. The customs officers were "all negroes, who were civil to Southerners, but didn't hesitate to insult Yankees." In Nassau he found that he must go to England and to France instead of Canada, where he started originally.

While abroad Mr. Sharp did extraordinary service for the Confederacy in procuring shoes and clothing. His position involved the handling of large sums of money, and through it all his persistence for the cause and his absolute integrity are an inheritance well worthy the pride of those who come after him.

He was ever diligent in business after the war, but fate went hard with him. A last desperate move involved the purchase of options upon valuable ore lands, which he secured at great sacrifice; and then the parties who were to furnish funds for erecting a furnace balked at a time when his spirit, long under great tension, broke, and the noble man gave down hopelessly. Ere death claimed its victim good news came, but it was too late. He was a proud man, and for a long time did not attend church, not being able to pay his part to the ministry, but his Bible was his faithful companion. For years, on going by early trains, he never failed to rise early enough to read a chapter before leaving his room.

What a pity our wants can't be made known with propriety. In illustration, there is copied here a note from the most conspicuous railroad and transportation magnate in America. How cheerfully he would have shown practicable sympathy had he known Mr. Sharp's needs! The note, is in itself interesting:

"LONDON, August 27, 1864.

"Thomas Sharp, Esq.:

"Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor of the 26th inst. I have already written to you at Manchester, acknowledging receipt of the package with contents, as requested, excepting the parasol cover, which was not inclosed with others. If you should have received my former note and have written to Mr. F. respecting the cover, all well. If you have not, please do so, and request him to send a cape (to be worn in the house)

with it, together with the Bible, and I will leave the funds with you or remit to Paris, as may be desired. I think the ladies call the cape I desire a pelerme.

"Please accept my thanks for your kind attention in the matter, and believe me yours respectfully.

"H. B. PLANT."

Mr. Sharp's official pardon by Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, bears date of September 27, 1865; and he took the prescribed oath of allegiance, according to certificate by William H. Seward, January 30, 1867. He was a member of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac. His most conspicuous quality of merit was his devotion as husband and father. Letters to wife and daughter, preserved through the decades, beautifully illustrate this, and his life record in that relation is pathetic in the extreme.

William Turner Ellis was born in Jackson, Miss., June 13, 1840; and died in Fort Worth, Tex., February 16, 1898. He was among the first to enlist in the Confederate service, joining Company K, Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, and served faithfully through the war, participating in all the battles in which his command was engaged. For the last fifteen years of his life he was in successful business in Fort Worth as senior partner of the firm of Ellis & Kellner. He bore high reputation for integrity in business. By those who knew him well he was much honored. His death leaves the world the poorer. Quiet and unostentatious in life, the good he did was beyond general reckoning. R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, of which he was a faithful member, acted as escort of honor at his obsequies.

Two members of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, McKenzie, Tenn., have recently passed away. James I. Jackson died at his residence there on June 9, 1898. He was born in Granville County, N. C., and enlisted as a private in Company B, Chalmers' Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry. He was captured in July, 1864, and remained in prison until the end of the war. Comrade J. A. Russell enlisted in October, 1861, in Company I, Sixth Kentucky Infantry, and was wounded twice during his service. He died at his home near Gleason, Tenn., July 12, 1898.

Col. A. B. Jones, of Dyersburg, Tenn., died May 31, 1898. He was born in Southwest Georgia November 6, 1843, and early in the war enlisted in Company E, Eighth Georgia Cavalry, as a private. He was promoted to a lieutenantcy. He lost an eye in a charge near Petersburg, Va. Comrade Jones was one of the organizers and officers of Dawson Bivouac.

W. K. Pilsbury, of Dawson, Ga., who was a member of the Fifth Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., has recently "crossed over the river." He enlisted early in the war, and was engaged in many battles of the Western army.

C. W. Leonard, an old citizen of Bremond, Tex., who served four years under the banner of the Confederacy, has "crossed the divide." He was a member of Camp Townsend—a noble man, and brave to a fault.

## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER IN CHIEF. } Box 397, Charleston, S. C.  
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT GENERAL. }

### ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

P. C. P. THOMAS, COMMANDER. } Bowling Green, Ky.  
—, ADJUTANT. }

### ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

E. B. WILSON, COMMANDER. } Gallatin, Tenn.  
J. T. BASKERVILLE, ADJUTANT. }

### TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

BENNETT HILL, COMMANDER. } Dallas, Tex.  
CHARLES S. SWINDELLS, ADJUTANT. }

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organization of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

The Tennessee Division gives us the first camp of the new year, Camp Isham G. Harris No. 109, Paris, Tenn., which was chartered August 19. We are also glad to report the chartering of the first camp in Louisiana, on August 22, Camp Pierre J. Gilbert No. 110, Napoleonville, La. Thus two new camps have been added to the roll already since the reunion, and one of them in an entirely new division. May the active members of this camp soon secure to Louisiana as thorough organization as her sister States.

There is unusual activity throughout the divisions with regard to the organizations of camps, and about one hundred sets of papers, giving information and instructions as to forming camps, have been mailed upon request of interested parties; so the outlook is bright for the speedy chartering of as many camps.

Mississippi is awakening, and there are several camps in process of organization; one at Holly Springs is practically formed, and will be chartered shortly. At Water Valley, in the same State, a comrade writes us that he will organize a camp of fifty members as soon as the yellow fever scare quiets down.

At Ennis and Waco, Tex., camps are about organized, through the work of Comrade Swindells, Department Adjutant, of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Tennessee also promises a good increase of camps very shortly, and much active interest is being shown throughout that division.

The Virginia Division is being reorganized, and those camps which failed to pay their membership fees to Adj. Cox in 1896 have been aroused and several of them have remitted the long-due fees. On August 10, upon the recommendation of the proper officers, Comrade W. A. Jacob, of Richmond, Va., was made Commander of the division. He has appointed Louis E. Spence, of Richmond, Va., as his Division Adjutant, and they are rapidly pushing the work of reviving the interest of the camps already organized and taking steps to form others throughout the State. A meeting of the division will be held at Culpeper November 4.

On August 10 the Commander in Chief made the following appointments for his official staff for the ensuing year:

Daniel Ravenel, Charleston, S. C., Adjutant General.

L. D. T. Quinby, Atlanta, Ga., Inspector General.

J. Gray McAllister, Richmond, Va., Quartermaster General.

E. P. McKissick, Asheville, N. C., Commissary General.

Jesse W. Sparks, Murfreesboro, Tenn., Judge Advocate General.

Dr. H. S. Persons, Montgomery, Ala., Surgeon General.

Rev. T. J. Nixon, Jacksonville, Fla., Chaplain General.

James A. Hoyt, Jr., Greenville, S. C., Assistant Adjutant General.

In order to thoroughly arouse the smaller divisions and have active men at work in them, aiding the Commanders in the organization of camps, the following Assistant Inspector Generals have been appointed and attached to the staff of the Commander in Chief: Paul M. Gallaway, Dallas, Tex.; J. T. Cunningham, Fayette, Mo.; George B. Myers, Holly Springs, Miss.; Ben Howe, Louisville, Ky.; John C. Lawrence, Marion, Ala.; D. L. Handcock, Orlando, Fla.; M. E. Rogers, Napoleonville, La.

The constitution provides for the appointment of four standing committees, consisting of one comrade from each division, by the Commander in Chief, and the following are announced:

1. *Historical Committee.*—William F. Jones, Chairman, Elberton, Ga.; E. P. Cox, Richmond, Va.; Charles L. Coon, Charlotte, N. C.; A. J. S. Thomas, Greenville, S. C.; R. W. Bingham, Louisville, Ky.; P. H. Mell, Auburn, Ala.; Jesse W. Sparks, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; T. L. Trawick, Crystal Springs, Miss.; William H. Jewell, Orlando, Fla.; J. B. Loughridge, Austin, Tex.; J. T. Cunningham, Fayette, Mo.; P. H. Gilbert, Napoleonville, La.

2. *Relief Committee.*—E. Leslie Spence, Chairman, Richmond, Va.; George D. Crow, Wilmington, N. C.; J. W. Quattlebaum, Anderson, S. C.; L. McD. Garrard, Falmouth, Ky.; Eb. T. Williams, Atlanta, Ga.; L. P. Dawson, Selma, Ala.; Leland Hume, Nashville, Tenn.; George B. Myers, Holly Springs, Miss.; J. R. Matthewes, Ocala, Fla. (Missouri to be appointed.)

3. *Monumental Committee.*—Bennett Hill, Chairman, Dallas, Tex.; Murray Morris, Louisa, Va.; W. S. Ray, Asheville, N. C.; Frank H. Weston, Columbia, S. C.; G. E. Snell, Bowling Green, Ky.; John D. Walker, Sparta, Ga.; Robert W. Greene, Manchester, Tenn.; C. H. Williams, Yazoo City, Miss.; T. T. Stockton, Jacksonville, Fla.; Chauncey G. Sweet, Galveston, Tex. (Alabama and Missouri to be appointed.)

4. *Finance Committee.*—F. H. McMaster, Chairman, Charleston, S. C.; A. T. Ransome, Hampton, Va.; H. A. London, Jr., Pittsboro, N. C.; Thomas R. Morgan, Lexington, Ky.; W. D. Nottingham, Macon, Ga.; W. B. McMullen, Knoxville, Tenn.; W. C. Saunders, Belton, Tex. (Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, and Missouri to be appointed.)

The work of these committees is very important, and they have an opportunity of doing great good for the confederation.

Believing that the most important work of the Confederation of Sons is in seeing that the histories taught in the schools are just and true to the South, the following special committee has been appointed to look into the schoolbook problem carefully and recommend to the next reunion definite steps to be taken with regard to the same: William F. Jones, Chairman, Elberton, Ga.; Charles L. Coon, Charlotte, N. C.; Jesse W.

Sparks, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; A. J. S. Thomas, Greenville, S. C.; D. U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.

The last reunion adopted a beautiful badge to be worn by its members, the official description of which

is as follows: "Section 67: The badge of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans shall be a circular medallion three-quarters of an inch in diameter; the rim a white enamel band one-eighth of an inch wide on face; the center field of gold, and slightly depressed, containing in relief the two battle flags of the Confederacy crossed, and beneath these the date, '1866'; the flags properly enameled in colors; the words 'United Sons of Confederate Veterans' to appear upon the rim in gold letters, in the order shown, and arranged in four equal divisions, formed by four 'buckles' or ornaments of blue enamel. The badge may be worn pendant by means of a red-and-white ribbon attached to a bar, bearing the name and number of the camp, and they shall be ordered through the Commander in Chief." The price of the badge is \$1.50, and fifty cents additional for those desiring the bar and ribbon.



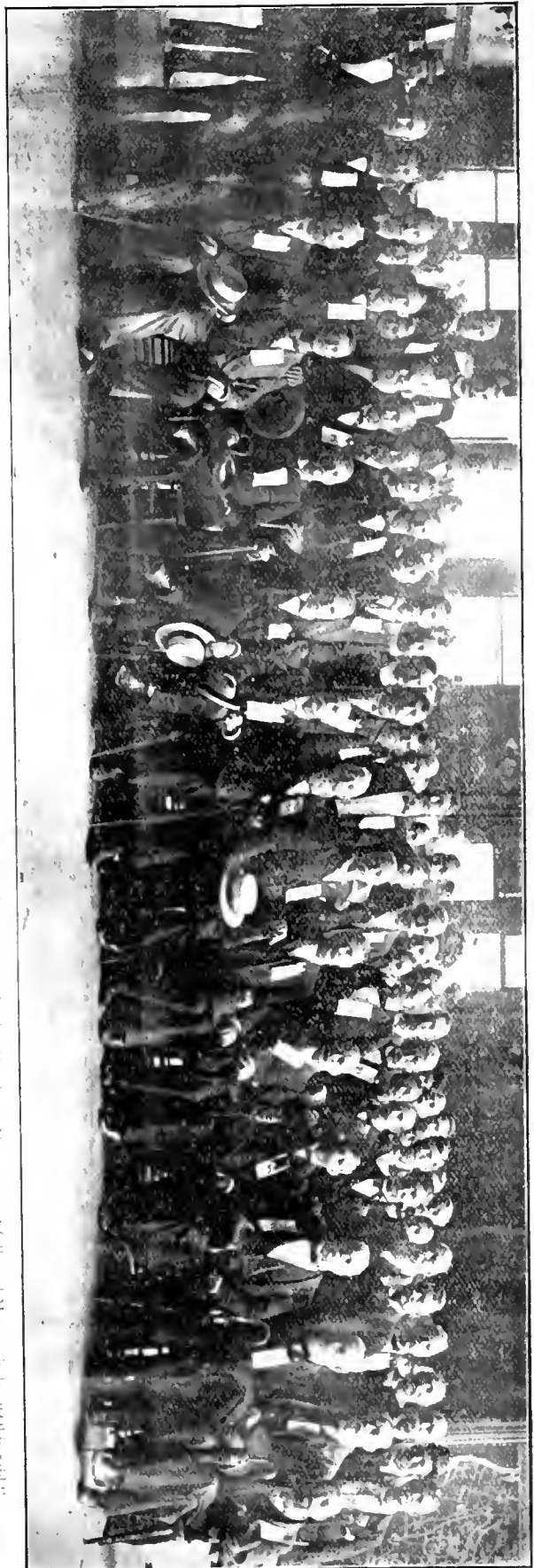
It will thus be seen that the sons of the gallant men in gray have placed their confederation on a firm basis, and have outlined for the coming year practical work to be done for the accomplishment of the desired end, the perpetuation of the true history of the war, and the records of its noble heroes. We trust that all over the South the young men will rally to the support of this noble order and will place themselves in communication with the headquarters, at Charleston, S. C., so as to obtain full instructions and papers for the organization of camps.

Commander Smyth, in General Order No. 11, announces the death of Miss Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy, stating that it "will bring sorrow and sadness to the hearts of every son of those noble warriors in gray who served under her father in the war for State rights." They had learned to esteem and love her for her charming personality and her devotion to the cause of the survivors of the Confederacy. E. Leslie Spence, Jr., and Edwin P. Cox, of Richmond, were appointed official representatives of the United Confederation to participate at the funeral services.

An enthusiastic camp of Sons of Veterans was organized at Paris, Tenn., on the 15th of August, and named in honor of Tennessee's "old war Governor," Isham G. Harris. There are twenty charter members. Horace E. Jobe was elected Commandment and Robert L. Cole Adjutant. The VETERAN was promptly made the official organ of this camp.

G. W. Barr, Aspermont, Tex.: "I had a brother killed at the 'Bloody Horseshoe,' near Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va., on the 12th of May, 1864, and I would like to know if the Confederate dead there were ever removed to any cemetery. They were buried then in the trenches by the Federals, who held that part of the lines. He was a member of Company D, Forty-Eighth Mississippi Regiment, Harris' Brigade."

A group of members of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans in a number of camps, in a photograph taken at a reunion in the Seventh Ohio Cavalry. This regiment followed Major in his Ohio father.



## DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

*General Officers.*

Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, Dallas, Tex., President.  
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 Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, Baltimore, Md., First Vice President.  
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 Mrs. John P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn., Recording Secretary.  
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 Treasurer, Mrs. A. W. Cawthorne, Selma.  
 Registrar, Mrs. M. S. McKissick, Auburn.  
 Historian, Mrs. Amelia Gorgas, Tuscaloosa.

*Chapters.*

Camden, Alabama Charter No. 36.  
 Selma, Selma No. 53.  
 Auburn, Admiral Semmes No. 57.  
 Tuscaloosa, Tuscaloosa No. 64.  
 Montgomery, Sophie Bibb No. 65.  
 Birmingham, Pelham No. 67.  
 Montgomery, Cradle of the Confederacy No. 94.  
 Eufaula, Barbour County No. 113.  
 Opelika, Robert E. Lee No. 142.  
 Mobile, Mobile No. 193.  
 Huntsville, Huntsville No. 195.  
 Athens, Joseph E. Johnston No. 198.  
 Tusculumbia, Tusculumbia No. 201.  
 Troy, Troy No. 236.

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 Historian, Mrs. Wm. Barry, Hot Springs.  
 Registrar, Miss L. E. Clegg, Van Buren.

*Chapters.*

Hope, Pat Cleburne No. 31.  
 Little Rock, Little Rock Memorial No. 48.  
 Hot Springs, Hot Springs No. 59.  
 Van Buren, Mary Lee No. 57.  
 Prescott, Stonewall No. 97.  
 Fayetteville, Mildred Lee No. 98.  
 Mammoth Springs, Winnie Davis No. 122.  
 Batesville, Sidney Johnston No. 135.  
 Morrilton, Raphael Semmes No. 209.  
 Pine Bluff, David O. Dodd No. 212.  
 Clarksville, Felix I. Batson No. 221.  
 Helena, Helena No. 227.

## CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Albert Sidney Johnston No. 79.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, Anna Stonewall Jackson No. 29.

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*Chapters.*

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 Lake City, Stonewall No. 47.  
 Ocala, The Dickison No. 56.  
 Brooksville, Brooksville No. 71.  
 Palatka, Palatka No. 76.  
 Tampa, Tampa No. 113.  
 Sanford, Mary Ann Williams No. 133.  
 Gainesville, Kirby Smith No. 202.  
 Madison, Elizabeth Harris No. 207.  
 Tallahassee, Anna Jackson No. 224.  
 Orlando, Annie Coleman No. 225.

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 Auditor, Miss Mary Hamilton, Athens.

*Chapters.*

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 Atlanta, Atlanta No. 18.  
 Augusta, Augusta No. 22.  
 Covington, Covington and Oxford No. 23.  
 Macon, Sidney Lanier No. 25.  
 Waynesboro, Margaret Jones No. 27.  
 Rome, Rome No. 28.  
 West Point, Fort Tyler No. 33.  
 Gainesville, Longstreet No. 46.  
 Barnesville, Barnesville No. 49.  
 Dublin, Oconee No. 58.  
 Columbus, Columbus No. 60.  
 Waycross, Frances S. Bartow No. 83.  
 Athens, Athens No. 88.  
 Quitman, Quitman No. 112.  
 Milledgeville, Robert E. Lee No. 115.  
 La Grange, La Grange No. 121.  
 Cartersville, Bartow No. 127.  
 Greensboro, Greensboro No. 139.  
 Sparta, Sparta No. 131.  
 Thomson, Thomson No. 137.  
 Brunswick, Clement A. Evans No. 138.  
 Americus, The Americus No. 140.  
 Saundersville, Mary Ann Williams No. 145.  
 Albany, Dougherty County No. 187.  
 Dalton, Bryan M. Thomas No. 188.  
 Eatonton, Dixie No. 210.  
 Griffin, Boynton No. 222.  
 Cassville, Cassville No. 238.  
 Marietta, Kennesaw No. 241.

## INDIAN TERRITORY.

McAlester, Stonewall Jackson No. 40.

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*Chapters.*

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 Richmond, Richmond No. 85.  
 Winchester, Virginia Hanson No. 90.  
 Louisville, Albert Sidney Johnston No. 129.  
 Elizabethtown, Ben Hardin Helm No. 126.  
 Bowling Green, Bowling Green No. 194.

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*Chapters.*

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 New Orleans, New Orleans No. 72.  
 Opelousas, Gordon No. 124.  
 Shreveport, Shreveport No. 237.

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*Chapters.*

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 Bel Air, Harford No. 114.  
 Easton, Admiral Buchanan No. 134.

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*Chapters.*

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 Columbus, Columbus No. 34.  
 Vicksburg, Vicksburg No. 77.  
 Greenville, Ben G. Humphrey No. 82.  
 Aberdeen, R. E. Lee No. 116.  
 Okolona, Okolona No. 117.  
 Jackson, — No. 118.  
 Marion, Stonewall Jackson No. 191.  
 MeComb City, MeComb City No. 196.  
 Yazoo City, Jefferson Davis No. 216.  
 Rolling Fork, Stephen D. Lee No. 218.  
 Mayersville, Ellen Martin No. 219.  
 Port Gibson, Claiborne County No. 233.  
 Greenwood, J. Z. George No. 228.  
 Macon, Walter Barker No. 242.

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*Chapters.*

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 Liberty, Liberty No. 147.  
 Fayette, Richmond Grays No. 148.  
 Kansas City, Kansas City No. 149.  
 Higginsville, Confederate Home No. 208.  
 Lexington, Sterling Price No. 213.

## NEW YORK.

New York City, New York No. 103.

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 Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Martin S. Willard, Wilmington.  
 Treasurer, Mrs. Gaston Meares, Wilmington.  
 Registrar, Miss Lida T. Rodman, Wilmington.  
 Historian, Mrs. Armistead Jones, Raleigh.

*Chapters.*

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 Washington, Pamlico No. 43.  
 Salisbury, Rowan No. 78.  
 Raleigh, Raleigh No. 95.  
 Asheville, Asheville No. 104.  
 Henderson, Vance County No. 142.  
 New Berne, New Berne, No. 204.  
 Winston-Salem, James B. Gordon No. 211.  
 Concord, Dodson Rameur No. 214.  
 Charlotte, Stonewall Jackson No. 220.

## OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

Oklahoma, Oklahoma No. 200.

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 Greenville, Greenville No. 51.  
 Spartanburg, Spartan No. 54.  
 Johnston, Mary Ann Bowie No. 61.  
 Sumter, Dick Anderson No. 75.  
 Abbeville, Abbeville No. 62.  
 Georgetown, Arthur Manigault No. 63.  
 Florence, Ellison Capers No. 70.  
 Cheraw, Cheraw No. 84.  
 Darlington, John K. McIver No. 92.  
 Edisto Island, Edisto Island No. 93.





Cap surmounting the die block and support to shaft of the Kentucky monument soon to be erected on the battlefield of Chickamauga. It will be seen by the two

flags that it is to commemorate the valor of Kentuckians in both the Confederate and Union armies. It is being erected by the Muldoon Monument Company

- Rock Hill, Ann White No. 123.
- Aiken, Edward Croft No. 141.
- Anderson, Robert E. Lee No. 146.
- Newberry, Drayton Rutherford No. 152.
- Summerville, C. Irvine Walker No. 190.
- Laurens, Laurens No. 205.
- Chester, John Bratton No. 222.
- Old Point, Samuel D. Barron, No. 234.
- Blackville, Jefferson Davis No. 235.
- Fort Mill, Fort Mill No. 246.

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- South Pittsburg, South Pittsburg No. 15.
- Fayetteville, Zollicoffer-Fulton No. 16.
- Columbia, Maury No. 42.
- Chattanooga, Chattanooga No. 81.
- Knoxville, Knoxville No. 89.
- Murfreesboro, Murfreesboro No. 91.
- Shelbyville, Shelbyville No. 102.
- Memphis, Shiloh No. 106.
- Memphis, Sarah Law No. 110.
- Lewisburg, Lewisburg No. 111.
- Brownsville, Forrest No. 206.
- East Nashville, William B. Bate No. 215.

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- Waco, Waco No. 26.
- Alvin, Lamar Fontaine No. 33.
- Sherman, Dixie No. 35.
- Ennis, Ennis No. 37.
- Victoria, William P. Rodgers No. 41.
- Lubbock, Sol Ross No. 55.
- San Antonio, Bernard E. Bee No. 86.
- Bryan, L. S. Ross No. 100.
- Belton, Bell County No. 101.
- Austin, Albert Sidney Johnston No. 105.
- Coriscana, The Nevarro No. 108.
- Decatur, Decatur No. 125.
- Elgin, Pat Cleburne No. 129.
- Fort Worth, Julia Jackson No. 141.

- Houston, Robert E. Lee No. 186.
- San Marcos, Lone Star No. 189.
- McKinney, Scott Dixon No. 197.
- Denison, Gate City No. 199.
- Lampasas, Mildred Lee No. 208.
- Comanche, Comanche No. 215.
- Tyler, Mollie Moore Davis No. 217.
- Beeville, Stonewall Jackson No. 226.
- Temple, Temple No. 229.
- Wharton, J. E. B. Stuart No. 230.
- Sulphur Springs, Joseph Wheeler No. 213.
- Bonham, Fannin No. 244.

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- Alexandria, Seventeenth Virginia Regiment No. 41.
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- Pearisburg, McComas No. 66.
- Chatham, Rawley Martin No. 68.
- Lynchburg, Old Dominion No. 69.
- Culpeper, Culpeper No. 73.
- Martinsville, Mildred Lee No. 74.
- Ware Neck, Sally Thompkins No. 96.
- Dublin, The Pulaski No. 99.
- Gloucester Courthouse, Rebecca Loyd Tabb No. 107.
- Wellington, Bull Run No. 109.
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- Waynesboro, Waynesboro No. 160.
- Christiansburg, Montgomery No. 161.
- Harrisonburg, Turner Ashby No. 162.
- Fredericksburg, Fredericksburg No. 163.
- Danville, Ann Eliza Johns No. 164.
- Emporia, Emporia No. 165.
- Golansville, Caroline No. 166.
- Hampton, Hampton No. 167.
- Franklin, Franklin No. 168.
- Bristol, Malinda King Anderson No. 169.
- Leesburg, Loudoun No. 170.
- Washington, Rappahannock No. 171.
- Bluefield, Bluefield No. 172.
- Suffolk, Suffolk No. 173.
- Blacksburg, Dr. Harvey Black No. 174.
- Manassas, Manassas No. 175.
- Pearisburg, Stonewall No. 176.
- Philadelphia (Pa.), Gen. Dabney H. Maury No. 177.
- Pittsburg (Pa.), Pittsburg No. 178.
- Pulaski, Flora Stuart No. 179.
- Abingdon, Anna Stonewall Jackson No. 180.
- Middleburg, Middleburg No. 181.
- Palmyra, Fluvanna No. 182.
- Seven Mile Ford, Smyth County No. 183.
- Winchester, Turner Ashby No. 184.
- Newport News, Bethel No. 185.
- Tappahannock, Essex No. 229.

WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Chapters.

- Shepherdstown, Shepherdstown No. 128.
- Huntington, Huntington No. 150.
- Charleston, Charleston No. 151.
- Leetown, Leetown No. 231.
- Ripley, Ripley No. 240.

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An old physician, retired from practise, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### TRIBUTE TO HEROISM.

Gen. Gardner paid the following official tribute to a young Mississippian:

"General Order No. 57, Headquarters Port Hudson, La., June 26, 1863:

"I, the major general commanding, take pleasure in announcing to the troops the daring bravery of Corporal L. H. Skelton, of Company F, First Mississippi Regiment, who passed outside of the breastworks in daylight yesterday and burned the cotton bales used by the enemy in his trenches, and in returning brought back two Enfield rifles. Where all have been distinguished by noble heroism, it is a particular pleasure to notice an individual act of bravery which stands conspicuous of itself. The cheerfulness and endurance shown by the troops during this long siege is beyond praise, and with such determination we can have no fears for the result."

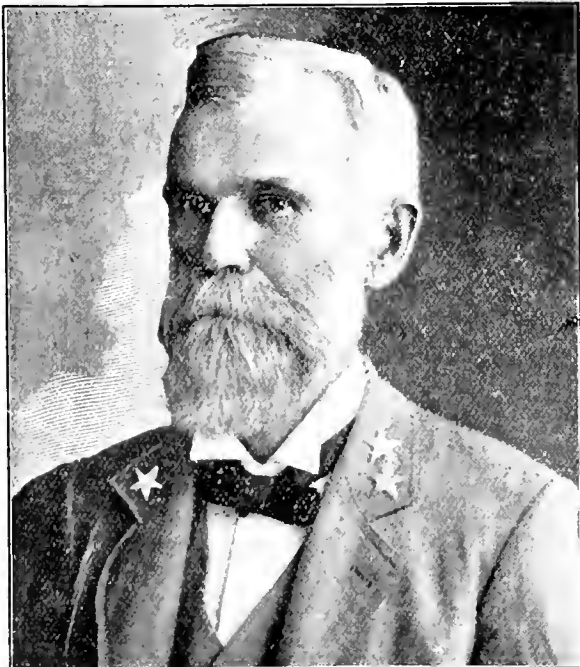


This heroic comrade has gone to his reward. He left a family. His brother, Dr. W. A. Skelton, of Jacksonville, Ala., favored the VETERAN with a copy of the above order.

### JEALOUS OF WELL-EARNED HONORS.

C. R. Orr writes from Prospect, Tenn., August 28:

In the proceedings of the recent reunion in Atlanta, Ga., I see that Gen. Stephen D. Lee presented the flag



COL. LUKE W. FINLEY, MEMPHIS, TENN.,  
On the staff of Gen. S. D. Lee, U. C. V.

of the Forty-Second Georgia Regiment, which he said gained one of the grandest victories at Chickasaw Bayou, where seventeen hundred Federals were killed,



COL. HENRY C. MYERS, MEMPHIS, TENN.,  
On the staff of Gen. S. D. Lee, U. C. V.

wounded, or captured in six minutes. I was very much surprised that Gen. Lee gave all the honor to the Forty-Second Georgia. It was the Third Tennessee that bore the brunt of the fight. I was a member of it, and witnessed the battle. My company was placed to the right and a little in rear of our regiment on a little hill to protect a battery, and saw the entire battle, and I am sure that the greatest number of killed, wounded, and captured was in front of the Third Tennessee. The battle was fought north of Vicksburg, near the mouth of the Yazoo River, December 29, 1862. The Third and Thirtieth Tennessee Regiments, with the aid of some artillery, did about all the fighting. I am willing for the Forty-Second Georgia to have all the honor it merits. Honor to whom honor is due.

Of the Third Tennessee, carried into service by John C. Brown, an eminent Tennessean who was general and afterwards Governor of Tennessee, there were five companies from his county of Giles.

### J. W. MOORE ON ROSTER OF N. C. TROOPS.

How far Gen. Lee was indebted to the regiments from North Carolina for much of his fame was best attested by the mute eloquence of the dead men who lay upon the fields of his greatest success. No one who visited the scenes of carnage after the whirlwind of conflict had swept by ever failed to be struck with the number of North Carolinians that cumbered the ground. The charges of the Fifth Regiment at Williamsburg, the Fourth at Seven Pines, and those of the Eleventh and Twenty-Sixth at Gettysburg, were as bloody as that of any army corps in any age.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Many delightful summer resorts are situated on and reached via the Southern Railway. Whether one desires the seaside or the mountains, the fashionable hotels or the country homes, they can be reached via this magnificent railway.

Asheville, N. C., Hot Springs, N. C., Roane Mountain, Tenn., and the mountain resorts of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina—"The Land of the Sky"—Tate Springs, Tenn., Oliver Springs, Tenn., Lookout Mountain, Tenn., Monte Sano, Huntsville, Ala., Lithia Springs, Ga., and various Virginia springs; also the seashore resorts are reached by the Southern Railway on convenient schedules and at very low rates.

The Southern Railway has issued a handsome folder, entitled "Summer Homes and Resorts," descriptive of nearly one thousand summer resort hotels and boarding houses, including information regarding rates for board at different places and rates to reach them.

Write to C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A., Southern Railway, Chattanooga, Tenn., for a copy of this folder.

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Passengers to and from St. Louis and the East make close connections via Frisco Line at Poteo, via Iron Mountain or Cotton Belt Routes at Texarkana or via Cotton Belt Route at Shreveport. Through sleepers via Q and C. Route from Cincinnati and Chattanooga make close connections in union depot at Shreveport. No transfers via this route.

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Where corn, oats, and cotton, the richest of loam Which yields to the settlers provisions and home, Trees of every description arise on each hand, From alluvial soil to the rich table land.

Here springs are exhaustless and streams never dry, In the season from winter to autumn's bright sky A wide panorama of prairie is seen, Of grasses of all kinds perennially green.

Here millions of cattle, sheep, horses, and goats Grow fat as if stall-fed or fattened on oats. No poverty is found in the mighty domain, To the man who exerts either finger or brain.

Here are homes for the millions, the rich and the poor.

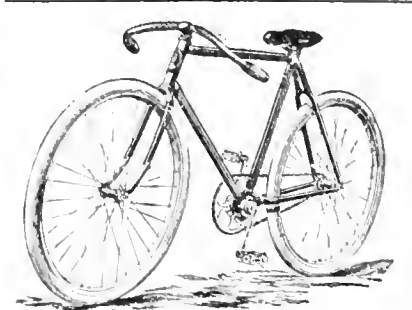
While Texas opens wide her hospitable door, She has thousands of acres—yes, millions—to sell, Yet can point without cost to where promptors can dwell.

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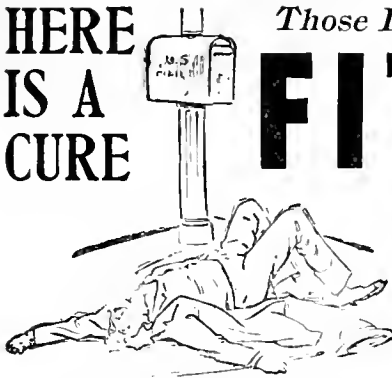
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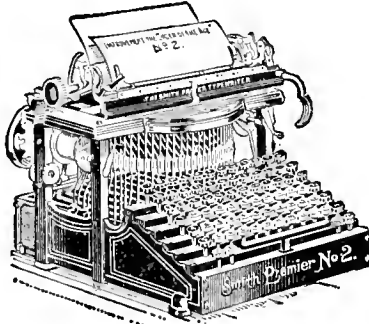
Subscribers to the VETERAN can have any book in above list, post-paid, at half-price by sending one new subscription

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A few years ago it was regarded as next to impossible to procure a copy of "Annals of Tennessee," by Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey. Second copies sold at from \$2.50 to \$5. By good fortune the VETERAN has secured part of an edition, and will furnish them, together with the VETERAN for a year, at \$2.

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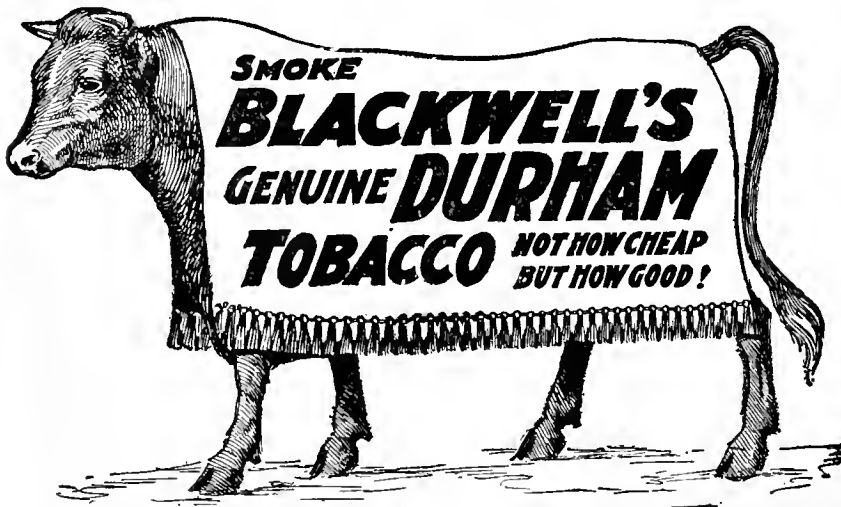
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**EXCELLENT LOCATION.**

Prof. J. F. Draughon Has Leased the "Cole Place," and Will Move in About October 10.

Prof. J. F. Draughon, President of Draughon's Practical Business Colleges, has leased, for a term of several years, the "Cole Place," 710 Church Street. It would be useless for us to say that this is one of the finest and most desirable buildings that Prof. Draughon could have found.

Its attractiveness, both building and yard, is not only well known to the citizens of Nashville, but there are but few persons who visit Nashville who do not know something of the "Cole Place." There is, perhaps, not another building in the South, or, as far as we know, in the North, occupied exclusively by a business college that at all compares with this one.

In addition to its external attractiveness, its interior appointments are magnificent, and make it especially adapted to use for a business college. The building alone cost \$75,000, making the total cost of the building and grounds about \$125,000. While it now has several large rooms and halls, Prof. Draughon has arranged to have some partitions removed, and other improvements made, so as to afford additional hall space and additional comfort, etc. It will be occupied by Prof. Draughon about October 10.

Prof. Draughon also has schools located at Galveston, Tex., and Texarkana, Ark. Send for his illustrated catalogue, sent free.



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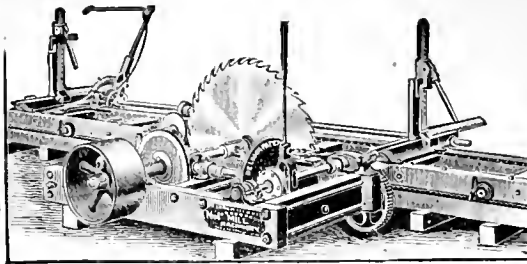
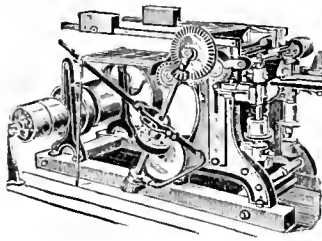
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Practises in the State and Federal Courts in Louisville, and in the Kentucky Court of Appeals at Frankfort, Ky.

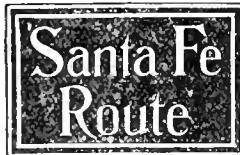
**Governor R. L. Taylor,**  
 THE gifted orator and statesman, whose fame is national in the use of beautiful words and good will, decides to quit politics and devote himself to lecturing. Three of his lectures are in book form:  
 "Fiddle and Bow,"  
 "Paradise of Fools,"  
 "Visions and Dreams."  
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# Confederate Veteran.



OFFICIAL MEMBERS GEORGIA DIVISION U. S. C. AT ROME, OCT. 13, 1898.

Mrs. McCabe,  
*Recording Secretary.*

Miss Rutherford,  
*Historian.*

Mrs. Bonser,  
*President.*

Mrs. Torrey,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

Mrs. Lamb,  
*Registrar.*

Mrs. Madley,  
*Secretary.*

## Confederate Comradeship.

It is doubtless true that no other class of men are so imbued with affectionate regard for each other as Confederate veterans. Fraternities, wherein membership can only be obtained through assured good report, are so bound by secret ties that confidence may be implicit; but there is a fellow-sympathy among Confederate soldiers—the men who suffered from cold, hunger, and other privations, together with the continuous peril of their lives—which breaks away all selfish barriers. This is ever proven when the interests of their faithful comrades are involved. No other tie among men is closer.

There are no other people on the earth now who have

such strong attachment as the men and women who experienced the hardships of the Confederacy. As proof of this, they cooperate, when they understand it, in all respects to successful consummation. The women of the South have demonstrated this even more forcibly than comrades, if possible. The readiness with which funds for the great monument to our chieftain are being procured and the apathy so general in behalf of the Confederate Memorial Institute cannot be cited as evidence to the contrary. Other reasons cause this, which will be understood ere long; they are generally known.

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *h. p.* it ends. For instance, if the *VETERAN* be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 10, W. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.



HONORING SAM DAVIS' MEMORY.

Assembly of Confederates, including Maj. Abernathy and staff, at Pulaski, Tenn., by the spot on which he was executed.

The worthiest of enterprises ever inaugurated in honor of mankind is that of erecting the Sam Davis Monument. It had progressed beautifully, about \$2,000 having been subscribed when the Spanish war began, which so absorbed other interests that it was deemed wise to wait awhile. Of the subscriptions paid in, \$1,500 worth of United States government four per cent bonds have been purchased, so the interest is \$5 per month.

The matter of location is of special concern. If erected on Capitol Hill, a special act by the Tennessee Legislature will be necessary. Grand as is Capitol

Hill, it is generally conceded the United States Custom House grounds in Nashville furnish a better site, the exact location to be on the corner of Broad and Spruce Streets. Congressional action will be necessary to secure that, so the interest and influence of our best patriots are requested.

The bill before Congress in application should specify the dimensions, general character, and the inscriptions. Appeal is therefore made to all friends of the monument to cooperate anew in consummating the great purpose of its erection. Suggestions will be appreciated from those who have subscribed, and their

united influence in presenting the claim of this great cause to others is earnestly sought.

NOVEMBER 27.

Attention is called to November 27 as the anniversary of the date on which Sam Davis honored not only his family and the people of the Confederacy, but the human race, by steadfast adherence to his integrity, when it cost the world to do so. Let the glory of that achievement stimulate every man and woman of the South—and North too, for that matter—to share in the monument to bear his name and to perpetuate the memory of his deed.

The thirty-fourth anniversary of his death comes this year on Sunday. Let us therefore adopt Saturday for cooperation in the monument movement, and let every minister who knows of him adopt for his sermon a



theme whereby he can illustrate the incomparable sacrifice, yet made by a mere man. Thousands of men and women would have made a like sacrifice, perhaps, but they were not subjected to the test.

AT PULASKI NOVEMBER 27, 1863.

Intense feeling was prevalent everywhere among both soldiers and citizens. Families closed their doors and prayed in anguish as the time drew near. Brave soldiers shuddered at the approaching fate. During the last few moments Gen. Dodge sent a messenger on horse to the scene of execution, and just as Davis was ascending the scaffold the officer sprang to his side, placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said: "It is not too late. Only tell us the source of your information, and be free."

Davis hesitated for a moment only; then, straightening himself, declared: "No; if I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here and now before I would be-

tray the confidence of my informer. He is worth more to the Confederacy than I am."

Various opinions prevail as to who the "informer" was. Many have accepted a theory that a Federal officer had supplied the Confederates with the *data*, etc., unintentionally, through his wife, an ardent Southern sympathizer. Again, it is believed that a negro belonging to a Mr. English was the individual spared; but while it is probable that the negro secured the papers, there is hardly a doubt but what the individual whom Davis tried to save was his captain, H. B. Shaw, who was also a prisoner in Pulaski at the time, and that Sam Davis knew of his capture. The Federals would have given a great sum for him, but his identity was not known. Capt. Shaw was sent to Johnson's Island, and survived the war a few years. He was killed by the explosion of a steamboat, as was also John Davis, an older brother of Sam.

WHO SHALL STAND BESIDE SAM DAVIS?

Maj. J. A. Cheatham, brother of Gen. B. F. Cheatham, deceased, writes that the VETERAN "made a mistake" in classing Sam Davis with the gallant John Pelham and Richmond Hobson, for, as he states, "Sam Davis must stand alone," and he analyzes as follows:

Mr. Jackson, who killed Col. Ellsworth for pulling down Jackson's Confederate flag from his house, knew his own death must follow; the hero James Keeling, who defended the railroad bridge in East Tennessee and was so riddled with bullets that he exclaimed, "They have killed me, but I saved the bridge," had time to listen to the siren voice of hope. You may win the fight and live to rejoice in your victory. Gallant Pelham did what hundreds of others have done; did what his fearless, patriotic heart and his quick brain prompted, all in the midst of the driving excitement of battle and under the eye of his superiors. Yet he too had time to listen to hope whispering: "You may live and be praised of men." R. P. Hobson saw a duty, knew danger was in each moment required to do the work, and that death might come; but he was nerved by action, his intense responsibility to his country and his associates, and the intense excitement, until danger or death could hardly be thought of, and he had the hope of success—aye, and the kisses of the women and the praise of men. With Sam Davis, how different! Just grown, his veins filled with warm, dancing blood, his mind filled with beauteous, enticing pictures of a long and happy life; memories of his once happy home, so near to him then, with his loving, devoted mother, anxiously hoping to see him again; his young soul meditating by day and dreaming by night of a lovely maiden, his destiny, whose love drew him with an unseen cord and maybe even pleaded that he surrender the secret and come to her. Live! Live! Live! was heard in every note of the joyous birds, free in the green trees above; seen in every fleecy cloud that floated across the beautiful blue sky; and felt in every stimulating breeze. Sam Davis sat in the midst of all these temptations and against the pathetic appeals of his captors, who dreaded to anticipate having his blood on their hands, and they pleaded with him to "speak and live." Was ever boy so tempted? "I have promised secrecy. Let come what must, I keep my trust."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Origin, History, and Growth of the Organization.

FROM MEMORANDA BY MRS. RAINES, SAVANNAH, GA.

Early in March, 1894, noting the rapidity with which our veterans were passing to the great beyond, it occurred to me that in a few short years we, the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Confederate Veterans' Association, would be auxiliary to nothing, for there would be no Veteran Association. At the next meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary I proposed that we form an independent society under the name "Daughters of the Confederacy," whose work should be the same that we were then doing, and, in addition, that of perpetuating the memories of these men when they should be no more. The ladies responded to the suggestion with great zeal, and authorized me to take the necessary steps to secure a charter and perfect such an organization.

In April, 1894, we applied, through our attorneys, Messrs. Barrow and Osborne, for a charter, which was granted May 19, 1894. On this date we organized our society with the following-named ladies as charter members: Mrs. Anna Davenport Raines, Miss Margaret Dickerson Branch, Miss Mary Appleton, Mrs. Marie E. Branch, Mrs. Pamela Lamar, Miss Mattie Stone Raines, Mrs. Caro Lamar du Bignon, Mrs. Mary S. Huger, Mrs. Cynthia M. Withers, Miss Irene Withers, Mrs. C. J. Barrow, and Miss E. C. Barrow.

After reading the articles of incorporation, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Anna D. Raines; Vice President, Miss Mary Appleton; Secretary, Mrs. Caro Lamar du Bignon; Treasurer, Miss Mattie Stone Raines.

We were then utterly unconscious of the existence of any society bearing the name "Daughters of the Confederacy." A few weeks after we organized I saw in the papers an article stating that dinner had been served at the Soldiers' Home at Nashville, Tenn., by the

Goodlett, their President, replied, stating that they were simply organized as an auxiliary to their Soldiers' Home, and that we had a perfect right to use the name "Daughters of the Confederacy," as the ladies of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Missouri had local societies by the same name. I promptly wrote Mrs. Good-



MRS. JOHN C. BROWN, SECOND PRESIDENT U. D. C.

lett again, outlining my project of a federation of all Southern Women's Auxiliary, Memorial, and Soldiers' Aid Societies into one grand united society, to be called the "Daughters of the Confederacy," and invited her society to unite with ours as a beginning. The ladies of Nashville responded heartily.

An invitation was published in all of the leading papers, addressed to the women of the South, and a convention was called to meet in Nashville, Tenn., September 10, 1895, which resulted in the organization of the "National Daughters of the Confederacy." Nashville Chapter was made No. 1 and Savannah Chapter No. 2, representing the States of Tennessee and Georgia. The following officers were elected: Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, Tennessee, President; Mrs. L. H. Raines, Georgia, First Vice President; Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, Texas, Second Vice President; Miss White May, Tennessee, Third Vice President; Mrs. John P. Hickman, Tennessee, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. B. Lindsley, Tennessee, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. Maney, Tennessee, Treasurer. The badge selected consisted of the stars and bars, encircled by a laurel wreath, with ribbon bow tying same, on the ends the dates "61-65" and the letters "D. C." under the flag.

In dividing up the work, those States lying west of the Mississippi were given to the Second Vice President, Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, of Dallas, Tex., as her



MRS. M. C. GOODLETT, FIRST PRESIDENT U. D. C.

Daughters of the Confederacy. I at once wrote a letter asking if they were a chartered organization and if they had the right to charter other States. Mrs. M. C.

field of labor: those adjacent to the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, to Miss White May, of Tennessee, Third Vice President; while all the South Atlantic States were assigned to the First Vice President, Mrs. Raines, of Georgia.

A constitution and by-laws, in simple form, were submitted by Mrs. Raines, as Chairman of a committee. It set forth the purposes of the society and provided for the formation of chapters. A circular letter was sent to prominent Confederate women in the different States, who responded readily. Another meeting was called at Nashville, Tenn., for March 30, 1895, to make certain necessary amendments to the constitution. A Committee on Revision, composed of the following-named ladies, was appointed, to report at the second annual convention, to be held in Atlanta, Ga., November 9, 1895: Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. W. H. Parsley, Wilmington, N. C.; Mrs. John P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.

At that meeting, the second annual convention, delegates responded from Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, Alabama, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. All of the South Atlantic States were in line. Virginia proudly reported Division No. 1 and Georgia No. 2. The revised constitution was adopted, the most important change being that of the name "National" to "United." The officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, Mrs. John C. Brown, of Tennessee; Vice President, Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Georgia; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, of Georgia; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Isabella Clark, of Tennessee; Treasurer, Mrs. Lottie Preston Clark, of Virginia. A handsome gavel was presented the society by Mrs. Raines, of Savannah,

Ga., which was made of black locust cut from a tree near the house on University Campus, Lexington, Va., in which Gen. Robert E. Lee resided.



MRS. KATE CABELL CURRIE, FOURTH PRESIDENT U. D. C.

On May 12, 1895, Mrs. John C. Brown resigned as President of the society, on account of continued ill health. The office was then filled by the Vice President, Mrs. Raines.

Virginia was the sixth State to come into the United Daughters of the Confederacy, having been preceded by Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Texas. The first Virginia chapter of the U. D. C. was organized in Alexandria February 14, 1895, in the historic old town where Gen. Robert E. Lee spent his boyhood. This Alexandria Chapter was named "Mary Custis Lee," after the noble wife of Virginia's hero, and is No. 7 in the list of chapters. The next State to follow Virginia was Maryland, and Baltimore Chapter No. 8, with its three hundred members, was duly incorporated. After Baltimore there came in succession three other Virginia chapters: Nos. 9, 10, and 11. These were the Black Horse Chapter, at Warrenton, named after the dashing cavalry company of Fauquier; Lucy Minor Otey Chapter, of Lynchburg; and the Appomattox Chapter, located on the spot, it is said, where the great commander Robert Edward Lee surrendered his battle-scarred legions. These four Virginia chapters, the first and last, by a singular chance, represent the beginning and the end of Virginia's part in the drama of the Confederacy—Alexandria and Appomattox. The last day of the society's first year, November 8, 1895, the Anna Stone-



MRS. FITZHUGH LEE, THIRD PRESIDENT U. D. C.

wall Jackson Chapter No. 20, of Washington, D. C., received its charter, with Mrs. E. T. Bullock, President.

About this time the Grand Division of Virginia, Daughters of the Confederacy (Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, President), with headquarters at Charlottesville, declared itself an independent body, although its President had acknowledged receipt of letters and papers from the U. D. C.; and, in a letter to Mrs. Raines, after praising the movement, closed with these words: "Send me all papers, rules, regulations, etc., of your society, and I will gladly organize under your rules."

At the third annual convention, held in Nashville November 10, 1896, a formal proposition from the Grand Division was presented to the U. D. C. to enter the society as a "division only." It was impossible to accept these terms, as they were contrary to the constitution, but a committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions to be sent to the Grand Division, and, if possible, to unite the two bodies harmoniously.

At the annual election in Nashville Mrs. L. H.



MRS. L. H. RAINES.

Raines, who had been acting President from the time of Mrs. Brown's resignation, declined to accept the first place in the association, and resolutions, offered by Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, were passed, stating that,

"Whereas the United Daughters of the Confederacy appreciate the invaluable services she has rendered; therefore

*Resolved:* 1. That we tender to Mrs. L. H. Raines our manifold thanks for her untiring zeal, her true devotion, her self-sacrificing

spirit in managing the affairs of this body.

"2. That as a body we tender these thanks by a rising vote."

The following Board of Officers was unanimously elected: President, Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia; First Vice President, Mrs. G. D. Wright, of Maryland; Second Vice President, Mrs. A. T. Smythe, of South Carolina; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Tennessee; Treasurer, Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, of Georgia; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Kate Mason Rowland, of Virginia.

Baltimore, Md., was selected as the place for the next annual convention.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Miss Sallie Jones is President Alabama Division.

Miss Jones comes of good old colonial stock, her paternal grandmother being a member of the family

of Harrisons, in Virginia, which has given two Presidents to the United States, while her paternal grand-



MISS SALLIE JONES, CAMDEN, ALA.

father was a member of the House of Burgesses, Colonel in the Revolutionary Army, and after the war for many years Speaker of the Virginia Senate.

Miss Jones was elected the first President of the Camden Memorial Association, which erected the second monument in the State to our Confederate dead.

Nearly three years ago she formed the charter chapter of the U. D. C. in Alabama, and was elected President. When seven other chapters were formed, and the first convention met in Montgomery, Ala., April 8, 1897, she was elected President of the State Division, and was reelected at the second convention, held in Birmingham, Ala., February 18, 1898.

The first convention of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., was held in Montgomery, Ala., April 8, 1897, with seven chapters represented, when the following officers were elected: President, Miss Sallie Jones; Vice Presidents, Mrs. William A. Gayle and Mrs. Joseph F. Johnston; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Rose Garland Lewis; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Alfred Bethea; Treasurer, Mrs. A. W. Cawthorne; Registrar, Mrs. M. S. McKissick; Historian, Mrs. Abiella Gorgas.

February 18, the anniversary of President Davis' inauguration, was selected as the date for the next convention, so that only ten months intervened before the annual convention in Birmingham, Ala., February 18, 1898. Thirteen chapters were then represented, and the State officers were reelected. The building of the Semmes monument in the city of Mobile, Ala., and the purchase of the first "White House of the Confederacy" in Montgomery, Ala., was determined upon as Division work. An appeal was made at the reunion of the veterans in Atlanta for aid in purchasing this

"White House," lest the building be removed and the premises sold for business lots. It is earnestly hoped that the Veterans and Daughters of other Southern States will assist the Alabama Division in securing the home occupied by President Davis and family for three months after his inauguration in Montgomery, Ala.

The Tuscumbia Chapter No. 201, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was organized January 24, 1898, by Miss Loutie Johnson, with twenty-five names, charter members. We have now an enrolled membership of thirty-eight, with additional applications.

The objects of our chapter are social and historical, and to aid the Veterans in their work of charity in our own county. Although our organization is not a year old, we feel that we have accomplished a great deal.

Memorial Day was observed with increased interest and feeling, a larger attendance than usual manifesting the fact that the Confederate soldier is still remembered by his comrades and the women of the South.

Our chapter has just finished marking the graves of eighty-five soldiers in Oakwood Cemetery by placing headstones, polished and lettered, over each grave. We are now working to erect a handsome monument in the center of the plot in loving memory of our Confederate dead.

In accordance with Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie's order, our chapter held memorial services in honor of Winnie Davis on Tuesday afternoon, October 4.

Our officers are: Miss Loutie D. Johnson, President; Mrs. J. N. Thompson, Vice President; Mrs. E. L. Goodloe, Treasurer; Mrs. James Jackson, Historian; Mrs. William H. Sawtelle, Secretary.

Mrs. M. A. Kirby, a member of the Tuscumbia Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, makes public that nothing has been done to honor the memory of our brave Southern men who lost their lives in the battle of Shiloh. Mrs. Kirby spends several months each year at Shiloh, and is impressed with the lack of honor shown the Confederate dead in contrast with the Federals. In the National Cemetery, to which the government had the bodies of the Federals moved, each grave is marked with a marble slab. Besides, there are to be many handsome State monuments erected in the National Military Park there by the Northern States. There is nothing to indicate the location of our Southern soldiers, who fought so bravely those two fierce days in April, 1862, but the sunken graves and trenches at various places on the battlefield.

The Tuscumbia Chapter hopes to secure the coöperation of Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the South in starting a monument fund for the erection of a suitable memorial to the Confederate dead, to be placed in the Military Park at Shiloh. The commissioners of the park have offered to help toward the attainment of this cause, so now is a propitious time to inaugurate the movement. The women of the South will find many willing hearts and ready hands to aid them in this undertaking.

The Tuscumbia Chapter expects to put this question before the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Hot Springs, Ark., in November, when it can be more fully considered and some plan set in motion at once.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Corresponding Secretary, writes that the Mildred Lee Chapter No. 98, U. D. C., was organized at Fayetteville, Ark., in March, 1897, by Miss Fannie Scott, Arkansas' Daughter, who went from Van Buren for that purpose. The following officers were reelected: Mrs. A. E. Menke, President; Miss Jessie Lee Cravens, Vice President; Miss Ida Pace, Secretary; Mrs. B. J. Dunn, Treasurer; Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Corresponding Secretary. On the second election, Mrs. J. L. Cravens was elected President; Mrs. W. G. Vincenheller, First Vice President; and Mrs. H. M. Hudgins, Secretary; the other officers being reelected. The membership has doubled since the first meeting, at which there were twenty charter members. The chapter has received and gladly responded to many solicitations for aid in building monuments at different localities in the South, and in other ways has helped to honor our dead heroes.

A long, useful, and beautiful life, replete with loving devotion to friends and family, recently closed when Mrs. Mary E. Scott passed away at her home in Versailles, Ky., August 3, 1898, in her eighty-third year.

Her memory will be kept first in the hearts of the Confederates whom she served and helped so faithfully during the war. Her home was headquarters for



the Confederate army while in that neighborhood. She was mother, nurse, and friend to those who were far from home, and she clothed and fed hundreds of her "boys," as she called them. Repeatedly she was arrested and threatened with imprisonment, but she was never discouraged, and worked on, undaunted, fearing nothing, for the sake of the cause which came next to her religion. It was interesting in after years to hear her relate her many escapes and experiences, and the tears would fill her eyes as she told of her fondest hopes, buried forever with the fall of the Confederacy. Though very modest, she was a woman of the finest information, a delightful companion, generous to a fault, and her friendship was as true as steel.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Mrs. C. A. Forney, President of Arkansas Division: The fifth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will meet in Hot Springs, Ark., November 9, 1898, for which the Southern Passenger Association has given a rate of one fare for round trip. The Southeastern Passenger Association has given a rate of one and one-third fare for round trip.

All Arkansas, through the "Carlsbad" of America, extends a most cordial invitation to all to come and be with us on this occasion.

The State convention of United Daughters of the Confederacy met in Little Rock October 12, 1898, and were entertained in thorough hospital-

ity by the Memorial Chapter of Little Rock. During this year (1898) to date we have had eight new chapters chartered, as follows: Raphael Semmes Chapter, Morrillton, March 20, twenty-four members; David O. Dodd Chapter, Pine Bluff, March 29, fifty-two members; Felix I. Batson Chapter, Clarksville, April 16, ten members; Helena Chapter, Helena, May 9,



MRS. C. A. FORNEY

twenty-four members; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Dardanelle, ten members; Albert Pike Chapter, Nashville, September 25, eleven members; W. L. Cabell, Lockesburg, September 29, thirteen members; Daughters of Confederacy Chapter, Fort Smith, October 1, near two hundred members.

The Helena Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Helena, Ark., was organized March 25, 1898, with fifteen charter members. The officers elected were: President, Miss Frances Allison Barlow; Vice President, Miss Frances Mitchell; Recording Secretary, Miss Jessie Freeman Thompson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Carrie Rainey; Treasurer, Miss Fannie May Moore; Historian, Miss Elizabeth Thweatt. There are two standing committees: an Executive Committee and a Committee on Applications. The Executive Committee consists of Mrs. W. M. Neal, Mrs. R. C. Burke, and Mrs. R. H. Manire. The Committee on Application consists of Mrs. M. M. Rice, Mrs. J. B. Lambert, and Miss Mary Tappan. The objects of this chapter are memorial, educational, benevolent, historical, and social. To accomplish these purposes it will seek to care for the burial grounds of the Confederate dead at Helena, to acquaint itself with the true history of the civil war, to cherish ties of friendship among the members of this society, and to fulfill the duties of sacred charity to the survivors of the war and those dependent upon them, to collect and preserve material for a record of the local events of the

war and the deeds of those that went to the war from Arkansas; to hold special meetings for the purpose of commemorating deeds of noble men and women.

The membership of this chapter is mostly the young ladies of the city, the older ladies belonging to the Ladies' Memorial Association. As the work of these two organizations are about the same, the Ladies' Memorial Association will soon be merged into the Helena Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Winnie Davis Chapter No. 122, U. D. C., Mammoth Spring, Ark., was chartered July 5, 1897, with about thirty members and the following officers: Mrs. Charles T. Arnett, President; Mrs. J. W. Meeks, Vice President; Miss Eva Chadwick, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. C. W. Culp, Recording Secretary; Miss Lizzie Longley, Treasurer; Miss Mollie E. Arnett, Historian; Miss Helen Fryar, Registrar.

At a reunion of the blue and the gray at Mammoth Spring, Ark., in August, 1897, quite a sensation was created by the firm stand this chapter took in regard to carrying the Confederate flag in the parade. A pension agent and a pensioner from West Plains, Mo., went so far as to threaten to shoot the one carrying it. This broke up the association, all the boys in gray and over half the boys in blue withdrawing. The Daughters had a beautiful float in the parade, driven by the oldest ex-Confederate in the county. Upon this float were eleven young ladies, representing the eleven seceded States, bearing small Confederate flags, with the names of the States printed on them. In addition to this, Miss Mollie Arnett bore aloft a very large flag, the stars and bars, and Miss Helen Fryar a smaller one. Master Evan Arnett, seven years old, walked in front of the float, bearing the bonnie blue flag, while behind the float all the boys in gray and over half the boys in blue followed, bearing the national colors. Much praise is due Mrs. Arnett for the firm stand she took in this matter.

In October following Camp Shaver, Confederate



MRS. C. T. ARNETT, MAMMOTH SPRING, ARK.

Veterans, at Salem, Ark., had a reunion of the gray. This chapter went in a body, and one of the most pleasant incidents of the reunion was the presentation of a large Confederate flag by the Winnie Davis Chapter to this camp, at the hands of Mrs. Arnett. Her presentation address was eloquent and full of pathos, there being hardly a dry eye in the large audience, and more especially among the old Confederates. Mrs. Arnett is a native of Bradley County, Tenn., a daughter of that staunch old patriot, D. E. Blankinship, who was a member of the Ninth Tennessee Regiment during the civil war. Her husband was also a Confederate.

At the first call for troops by the President in the Spanish-American war three oldest sons promptly responded—two in the Second Arkansas, with an ex-Confederate, V. Y. Cook, for their colonel, and one with the First Tennessee Regiment, with Col. Smith, who also was a Confederate.

Action concerning the Confederate flag incident mentioned in the foregoing suggests note of the fact that there has rarely been used at Confederate reunions in Missouri that flag that was furled in 1865. In East Tennessee reunions the stars and bars or the Confederate battle flag rarely ever appear.



MRS. J. L. CRAVENS,  
President of the Chapter at Fayetteville, Ark.

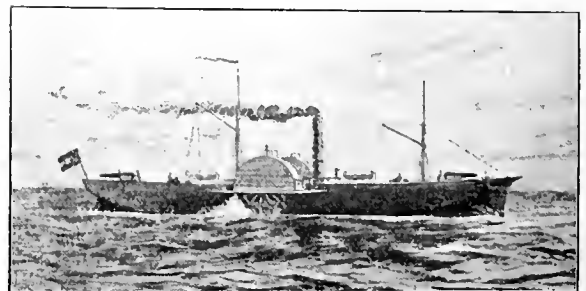
#### TRUTHFUL TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

At the dedication of the Tennessee Confederate monuments at Chickamauga, in May last, Gen. A. P. Stewart delivered one of the most earnest, logical, and eloquent addresses ever heard. Those present, Federals as well as Confederates, knew that Gen. Stewart was a hard fighter (commanding the Army of Tennessee at the final surrender) and a most capable mathe-

matician and accomplished scholar, but were almost lifted out of their seats by his eloquence. His address was full of sentiment, delivered with the ease and grace of the finished orator, and was clothed in purest and strongest English. It was received with the greatest enthusiasm by his audience. This valuable address will be published in full in the report of the Tennessee Board of Chickamauga Park Commissioners. The following extract from his remarks on the noble women of the South will be read with delight:

What shall I say of the women of the Confederacy? When President Garfield lay dying from the effects of that treacherous shot fired at him by the madman Guiteau, with what loving solicitude and tender watchfulness his wife hung over his couch, watching by day and by night, trying to assuage the suffering and pain, and to woo back, were it possible, the life that was slowly ebbing away! How our own country and the civilized world rang with applause of her constancy and devotion! I would not pluck a gem from the crown of glory she won nor cast a shadow to dim its luster. All honor to the faithful wife! But how many tens—yea, hundreds—of thousands of true, heroic, and devoted Southern women, during the war, suffered far more than she did! Not in the glare of the noonday sun nor in the face of the world, but in the quiet, the seclusion, and obscurity, and often amid the desolation of home; no friendly voice to cheer and encourage; brooding in silence over the situation; knitting and spinning, weaving and sewing, toiling to earn support and to keep the men in the army well clad; waiting and watching for news from the army and from the battle, husband gone to the war, son absent in the army; brother, lover—all gone. "Will they ever return?" When news comes, it may be that husband was killed, son wounded, and she could not fly to his relief to nurse him back to life and health! Brother, lover, dead, and she should see him no more!

The Confederate women never surrendered; and when the war was over, and the few men who were left returned to their homes, how bravely the women took up again the battle of life, standing by and encouraging the men, and how cheerfully and uncomplainingly they submitted to the unaccustomed drudgery! I do not think any race of women of whom I have ever read surpassed the Southern women of the Confederate times."



CONFEDERATE STATES STEAMER GAINES.



## GEORGIA DIVISION.

The Georgia Division of Daughters of the Confederacy held its third annual convention in Rome October 12-14, which was presided over by the efficient State President, Mrs. H. A. Rounsaville. The convention was held in the beautiful building known as Odd Fellows' Hall, which had been graciously tendered. When to the mystic symbols on the walls



MRS. HALLIE A. ROUNSAVILLE, ROME, GA.

were added the Confederate colors and a profusion of flowers, the place was indeed a bower of beauty. The weather was auspicious. The citizens vied with each other in courtesy to the visitors, and by their regular attendance at the sessions testified their interest in the deliberations of the body.

There has been steady growth in the number of chapters and enlarged scope of work undertaken by the various organizations at their homes. Georgia has thirty chapters, represented by forty-two delegates at the State convention.

The subjects considered and acted on, although not numerous, were of vital significance. The spirit animating and dominating the convention was (1) a desire to honor our Confederate dead and (2) to honor and comfort the brave men who are still with us. The care of soldiers' graves North and South was carefully considered, and such resolutions were adopted as would best secure the carefully inclosed grounds and well-marked headstones. The subject of the Soldiers' Home was discussed. Some thought the long time which had elapsed since the war between the States made the wisdom of opening the Home questionable, but a resolution was carried that the Daughters of the Confederacy in Georgia pledge their most earnest efforts to have the Home opened and their heartiest cooperation with the Veterans in the endeavor to have it done by legislative enactment. It is needless to say how dear to the hearts of the Georgia Division is the thought of ministering to the old soldiers in the identical building that was provided for them long years ago by a grateful citizenship.

A movement to honor our heroes, both the living

and the dead, was embodied in the hearty indorsement of the plan proposed by Mrs. Irwin, of Athens, that of presenting a bronze cross of honor to each soldier of the Confederate army, which should correspond to the Victorian Cross of England or the Frenchman's cross of honor. It was proposed that the families of those who fell should be entitled to the cross, which would thus become so sacred a relic in the family. Mrs. Gabbett, of Atlanta, was requested to present this subject at the convention of our general order in Hot Springs and urge their adoption of the plan. Surely this is a fitting tribute from the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Contributions were made by delegates for their chapters to the Memorial Hall in Richmond, to which Georgia has already sent many precious relics.

A settled plan of procedure regarding children's chapters in connection with our local chapters was adopted, and will be presented at Hot Springs for the consideration of the U. D. C. It is very important that the same methods should prevail throughout the South, as endless complications will thus be avoided.

A great sorrow had come to us just prior to our convention in the death of our valued Daughter of the Confederacy, Winnie Davis. Memorial services were held, contributions were pledged for the monument which should fittingly mark her last resting place, and committees were appointed to secure a fund which should especially testify to the love of the Georgia Division. This money is to be known as the Winnie Davis Educational Fund, the interest to be used for the education of descendants of veterans until sufficient money has been secured to build some institution which shall be a lasting memorial to the dear departed. And thus the delegates calmly planned undertakings which mean years of work and self-denial to their order. As I saw this manifestation of



MRS. JOHN K. OLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.,  
Vice President Georgia Division, U. D. C.

faith in the cause and self-dedication needed for attaining success, the thought came to me that surely bravery was not a matter of sex. What could be

braver than this decision to accomplish results, when every dollar would have to be raised by hard work?

Not the least interesting feature of the convention was the *personnel* of the body. Many women were present whose whitened locks told that they were here personally to witness the daring deeds of Southern valor which are recorded in our histories. There is something in this memorial work that especially appeals to the woman of middle age. She stands midway between the glorious past and the still alluring future, and it is not surprising that this type was largely in evidence. Then the increased interest among the young women was a most encouraging feature. We know the old women cannot forget the war; the matron of middle age will not; but it is delightful to see the young women who come to learn of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Kate Percy Chestney, Secretary of the Sidney Lanier Chapter, U. D. C., of Macon, Ga., has been many years one of the most prominent and enthusiastic workers in all matters connected with the memories of the Confederate cause. As an officer of the Ladies' Memorial Association, she was indefatigable in assisting to raise the fund through which the beautiful white marble monument was erected, crowned with a typical



MRS. T. O. CHESTNEY, MACON, GA.

Confederate soldier of heroic size, which now adorns one of the most prominent points in the beautiful city of Macon. Later, with other devoted ladies, she was conspicuous in securing marble headstones for the soldiers' cemetery, in aiding veterans, and in other similar work. When the Memorial Association was merged into the Daughters of the Confederacy Mrs. Chestney was elected Secretary of the local chapter.

Her father was Capt. P. U. Murphey, of the C. S. navy (previously of the U. S. navy), commander of the Selma, which was captured after a bloody fight at the battle of Mobile Bay. Admiral Jouett, of the U. S. navy, has lately presented Mrs. Chestney with the sword surrendered by Capt. Murphey on that occasion, accompanied by a letter testifying in high terms to the gallantry of the latter in the action alluded to. Her

husband, Maj. T. O. Chestney, served through the four years of our civil war, and was assistant adjutant general and chief of staff to Lieut. Gen. Ewell during the latter part of the great conflict.

Her personal beauty and engaging manners, in connection with her zealous efforts to promote the success of the Daughters, have made Mrs. Chestney very popular. She is one of the founders of the Home for the Friendless, is President of the Appleton Church Home Society, an active member of the Daughters of the Revolution, and is well known in many benevolent and Christian undertakings.

#### CHAPTER AT MACON, MISS.

Mrs. J. S. Featherstone reports the organization of Walter Barker Chapter, U. D. C., at Macon, Miss., in April, 1898. There were nineteen charter members, and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. A. H. Bush; Vice Presidents, Mrs. W. H. Scales and Mrs. Anna Foote; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mamie Scales; Treasurer, Miss Frances W. Minor; Recording Secretary, Miss Lula Griggs. The various objects of the association are dear to the hearts of these good women, but to none will they lend more willing help than to the educational interests of the descendants of fallen or disabled veterans, realizing that schools are imperishable monuments whose influence widens as the ages come and go.

#### CHAPTER AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Mrs. Laura Morrison Brown, Secretary, writes that a chapter of Daughters has at last been organized at Charlotte, N. C., and called the Stonewall Jackson Chapter No. 220. Mrs. Jackson is President, and Mrs. Barringer, widow of Gen. Rufus Barringer (the veterans' friend, through a substantial legacy), is Vice President. The organization is still in its infancy, but from present membership, about fifty, and the interest manifested, good progress is being made; and it is hoped that their former Memorial Association can be merged into the new confederation, all working together, and at the same time taking a wider scope and reaching into the future so as to perpetuate their work through the younger generation. The first undertaking is the education of a bright young girl, daughter of a veteran, who gives promise of usefulness.

#### THE NASHVILLE CHAPTER.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy originated in Nashville, where the first chapter was organized September 10, 1893. Prior to this time a band of noble and patriotic Southern women of this city constituted the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, and in this capacity did excellent work. To them much praise should be given for their untiring zeal and energy to establish a home for these noble but disabled men who do us the honor to enter this home as our distinguished guests.

To Mrs. Caroline Merriwether Goodlett belongs the credit for the organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Her ambitious interest became the keynote to the success of the U. D. C. It now numbers two hundred and thirty-nine chapters in the South. Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, of Dallas, Tex.,

daughter of Gen. W. L. Cabell, is President, having succeeded Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee. It is most fitting that Mrs. Goodlett should have been elected the first President, and she acceptably filled the position. Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Nashville, has been the only Sec-



MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN.

retary, a compliment she well deserves. Tennessee also appreciates Mrs. Hickman's valuable work by continuing each year to reelect her State Secretary.

In Mrs. William Hume the Nashville Chapter has a most conscientious and devoted President. With a membership of over two hundred, this chapter is doing good and enduring work, and is convincing all those who come in contact with them that this is not an organization entirely of sentiment. During the past year they have been generous in their contributions to monument funds in several of the States and paid a liberal amount to improve the cemetery of the Soldiers' Home for this State. An appeal from the National Relief Association, in Washington, and the Woman's Auxiliary Army of the Christian Commission of this city met ready responses.

Each month a committee of three ladies visit the Soldiers' Home, and the visits have been a source of much pleasure to the soldiers and even more to the ladies. In this way they come home more thoroughly in sympathy with the soldiers and their welfare. They consider it a privilege at any time to aid the trustees. It is the custom of this chapter to send a Christmas box to the home each year, filled with the "fat of the land," for nothing is too good for a Confederate soldier.

Great sorrow has come to this chapter in the death of two valuable members, Miss Mary White May and Mrs. G. H. Ratterman.

As a most fitting tribute to our own beloved Daughter of the Confederacy, Miss Winnie Davis, Nashville Chapter of U. D. C., Frank Cheatham Bivouac, and Joseph E. Johnston Bivouac of S. C. V. united in a beautiful and impressive memorial service Tuesday evening, September 27.

Nashville Chapter is reaching out in her interests, as shown by the new chapter organized by some of her members in East Nashville, known as the William B. Bate Chapter, and having eighteen charter members.

It is largely in the hands of Southern women to perpetuate the glories of the past, aid the suffering of today in the rapidly thinning ranks, and give to the world an accurate history. Let us work as we have never worked before, and we urge all those who are eligible to membership to join at once.

The foregoing is from Miss Mackie Hardison, the very efficient Secretary of the Nashville Chapter.

Touched by the same enthusiasm that extends throughout our beloved Southland, a number of Brownsville representative women met in April for the purpose of organizing a chapter of Daughters, which they called after the noble Forrest. With a present enrollment of sixteen, and the interest of the people aroused in keeping the truth before all generations, the chapter anticipates a bright future. The officers of Forrest Chapter are: Mrs. Carey A. Folk, President; Mrs. T. B. King and Miss Laura Bradford, Vice Presidents; Miss April Mulherun, Recording Secretary; Miss Harriet Moses, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Mary Livingston, Treasurer. Forrest Chapter was a worthy auxiliary in the annual reunion of veterans at Johnson's Lake, and assisted in arranging a most excellent programme. Gen. Bate was the orator of the day, and was presented by the President of the chapter with a handsome floral Confederate flag, made by Miss Mulherun.



MRS. CAREY A. FOLK.

## CHAPTER AT JACKSON, TENN.

At the bugle call in 1861 Madison County responded with more soldiers than she had voters. The farmer left his fields, the merchant left his desk, the lawyer his office, and the schoolboy threw aside his books—all with one accord answering the call of their country and going forth to battle for their homes and firesides. It is but natural, then, that the mothers, wives, and sisters of those men should with unfaltering devotion cherish and hold dear to their hearts the memories and traditions of the Southern Confederacy. They feel that

"No nation rose so white and fair,  
Nor fell so free of crime."

In March, 1895, a number of ladies responded to a call from Mrs. Belle K. Allison to meet for the purpose of organizing a chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy. The organization was effected, and this noble and devoted daughter of the South was chosen President. Under her able and efficient management Chapter No. 5 was started on a mission of good deeds, and has never faltered. The chapter has distributed \$257.55 for vari-



MRS. R. A. ALLISON.

ous purposes, the largest single contribution being \$100 to the Battle Abbey and \$20 for a slab to be placed therein to the memory of the faithful slaves. They sent a contribution for the memorial window to Gen. R. E. Lee, a donation for the purpose of placing stones over the graves of Confederate soldiers buried north of Mason and Dixon's line, and sent aid to the hospital at Camp Alger. Other worthy objects have felt the helping hand of this band of patriotic women. The chapter is in a flourishing condition, and is ever ready to do honor to the memory of our heroes.

## A Daughter of the Confederacy, Knoxville, Tenn.:

Nestled in the heart of the Tennessee Mountains are many true hearts, which beat in unison with all other Daughters of the Confederacy. Responsive to the efforts of a few kindred spirits, led by Mrs. Sansom, daughter of our beloved and lamented Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer—"first in the field, and first in the arms of

the white-winged angels of glory"—Knoxville Chapter No. 89, Daughters of the Confederacy, was organized November 17, 1896, with Mrs. Annie Booth McKinney as President; Mrs. Loulie Zollicoffer Sansom, Vice President; Mrs. Lida Moses Atlee, Secretary; and Mrs. Mary Allison Frierson, Treasurer.

From the first meeting the chapter has been in a flourishing condition, and the interest still increases.

Our President, Mrs. McKinney, acknowledged queen in literary and social circles, never neglects her chapter, and largely to her is due the social features of our meetings, which add much to their real pleasure and attractiveness. She ever keeps a watchful eye on the more enduring features of the organization, and, by leading off with a charmingly told story of her reminiscences, as a little girl, of home life on a Mississippi plantation, during the siege of Vicksburg, she established the unwritten law that every member must read and deposit in the archives of the chapter either her personal reminiscences of "war-times" or those of her mother or grandmother, as handed down by tradition. These papers are all entertaining, and some of them of real historic value.

We work in harmony and fullest sympathy with the U. C. V. camps here, and have recently succeeded in inciting the Sons of Veterans to an interest in Confederate war history, with the gratifying result of the organization of Henry M. Ashby Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, which promises to be a large camp.

## CHAPTER AT GALVESTON, TEX.

The Venne Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Galveston, Tex., after an interesting preamble, adopted the following resolutions, submitted by Mesdames L. B. Dannelly, J. T. Fry, Charles C. Barrell, and Hunter Griffin. The report comes from Miss R. M. Phelps, Secretary:

With hearts oppressed with sorrow and grief, we most lovingly resolve that in the death of our beloved Winnie Davis we have sustained a loss irreparable, and that words are inadequate to express our feelings of sympathy for the dear mother and sister; and we will ever cherish her memory as being the tie connecting our lives as Confederate women with a nation whose life, though brief, developed more grandeur in human character, and more character in human history, than any other period of the world's existence.

*Resolved*, That though the struggle terminated in the going down forever of the weaker forces, the spirit, of which this beloved woman remained the unchanged emblem, perpetuating to the end of her earthly existence the name and personality of the honored and beloved civic head of the Confederate States of America, her virtues, examples, and memory will ever remain to remind the followers and lovers of the cause for which our countrymen gloriously struggled and gave up all.

*Resolved*, That the name of Winnie Davis and its association with Confederate memory will ever be cherished by her surviving countrymen and women.

*Resolved*, That this chapter extend its deepest sympathy to the bereaved mother, and ask of a divine providence its most holy protection of her in her remaining years, and its most benign consolation to her and her only remaining daughter in the extremity of their grief and loneliness.

*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be given to

the press, and that copies be sent to Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Hayes.

*Resolved*, That this chapter wear a suitable badge of mourning for thirty days, and that its hall and portals be draped for the same time.

"Come let the burial rite be read,  
The funeral song be sung,  
A requiem for the queenliest dead  
That ever died so young."

When the Confederate veterans assembled in Atlanta for the great reunion of 1898 the Texas Division was without a sponsor to represent her in that host of fair daughters of the Southland who had gathered in brilliant array. The young ladies visiting from Texas had already been honored with various appointments. The twin daughters of Gen. John B. Hood were present, one of them as sponsor for the Louisiana Division. Hood's famous brigade was composed of Texans, and he was dearly loved by the old command; so it seemed appropriate that his beautiful young daughter, Miss Ida Richardson Hood, should represent Texas, and she was accordingly appointed sponsor for that division. With maidenly modesty and becoming womanly dignity, she accepted the position.

Nine o'clock of the second morning of the reunion was selected as the time to present her to the division at the Texas headquarters, in the Kimball House parlors. When the hour arrived the parlors and hall were filled. Miss Ida was accompanied by Mrs. Currie and Miss Wilson, of Texas, and her sister was escorted by Gen. Lombard, of Louisiana. After she had been presented to the division as their sponsor, Gen. Lombard introduced her sister. Gen. Stephen D. Lee and Gen. W. L. Cabell, who were standing on the right, advanced and shook hands heartily with the

young ladies. This was followed by the delegates in orderly line. As they filed by, the battle-scarred, silver-haired men who followed the knightly Hood tenderly caught up and kissed the gentle hands of these fair daughters and wept over them, saying such as, "I



MISS IDA RICHARDSON HOOD,  
Sponsor for Texas Division, U. C. V., at Atlanta Reunion.

was in your father's brigade, and loved him. God bless you!" "I knew your father well, and am glad to meet his daughters;" "I was your father's friend, and loved him," and many similar expressions were heard. Tears were seen to trickle down the bronzed cheeks of the veterans, and the young ladies became visibly affected. A more touching, pathetic scene did not occur during all the days of that reunion, and will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The Texans will ever cherish the sacred memories that bind them to the past with indissoluble bonds. They loved Gen. Hood, admired his courage, his patriotic devotion, and now they love his children. It is well worth the time and money spent to attend these reunions and witness such scenes. They will deeply impress the younger generation with the patriotism of their ancestors and their devotion to underlying principles.

At the Atlanta reunion a gentleman asked Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., to make some investigations about George Reynolds, who enlisted in the First Kentucky Regiment of Infantry in the Mexican war. Col. Young has secured this information and written to the gentleman, but the letter has been returned to him unopened. He will be glad to furnish the data upon application.

Capt. A. J. Derby died at his home, near Gaston, Ala., on June 3, 1898, in his sixty-eighth year. During the war he commanded Company K, Thirty-Sixth Alabama Infantry, in Clayton's Brigade.



MISS ODILE M. HOOD,  
Sponsor for Louisiana Division, U. C. V., at Atlanta Reunion.

## GRAND DIVISION OF VIRGINIA.

Elizabeth Preston Allen, Historian of the Grand Division, U. D. C., in Virginia:

The first call to the women of Virginia to organize as Daughters of the Confederacy, in May, 1894, came from Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, a Virginian by birth, by rearing, and by marriage. Mrs. Garnett was made President of this first Virginia organization, called the Albemarle Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, and the first meeting was held at the University of Virginia October 15, 1894. Since its formation the Albemarle Chapter and its enthusiastic President have worked untiringly to arouse the interest of Virginia women in this cause, with the gratifying result of the formation, on February 12, 1896, of the Grand Division



MRS. NANNIE SADDEN BARNES, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

of Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia, with twelve chapters. The VETERAN has already published a list of the chapters comprising this Grand Division, with names of officers. When the Grand Division of Virginia joined the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at their Baltimore convention, in November, 1897 (an account of which was published in the December VETERAN), it had increased to thirty-seven chapters, with about two thousand members. There are now forty chapters, and others are forming. The New York Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy was organized through the influence of the Grand Division, as were the Philadelphia and Pittsburg Chapters.

The history of the Grand Division of Virginia, if given in detail, would be a story of charity and helpfulness extended to needy Confederate veterans and their families. Of such work no record has yet been pub-

lished, but exists in the grateful hearts of those whose hard lives are blessed by these efforts. Individual chapters have contributed funds for the marking of Confederate soldiers' graves, erecting monuments to their memory, and beautifying the place of their last, long bivouac, either in home cemeteries or on distant fields. Other chapters have contributed furnishings, glass cases, etc., for the Confederate Museum at Richmond, and have busied themselves in gathering Confederate relics for this Valhalla of the "Lost Cause."

To the Richmond Chapter belongs the honor of starting the monument fund for Confederate prisoners buried in Northern States. Its able President, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, has sent out letters to the chapters and camps throughout the South, asking for help in this sacred work, which should appeal to all Southern hearts. Valuable historical records relating to events of the war have been collected for future use, and the main features of the society are kept in view by the chapters. A record of the work of each chapter is now being compiled, and will be of much interest when completed.

Perhaps the most important work now before the Grand Division, shared with the United Daughters, is the selection of school histories for the children of the South and the rejection of histories seeking sale which misrepresent facts. Even the care of the survivors, the care of sacred graves, and the care of our heroic memories is not so noble a work as guarding the truth; and, alas! only the greatest vigilance can prevent the descendants of our brave soldiers from being taught that their fathers were rebels and traitors. On the committee appointed by the United Daughters for revising school histories Virginia is represented by Mrs. James Garnett, President of the Grand Division.

The badge of the Grand Division is the one originally designed by Mrs. Garnett for the Albemarle Chapter, an open circle of white enamel, bearing in letters of gold the words "Daughters of the Confederacy, 1861-1865," with the first and last flags of the Confederate States crossed in the open center. The seal is the coat of arms of the Confederate States, with the inscription on the obverse: "Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia. Grand Division Organized February 12, 1896."

New Chapters in Grand Division of Virginia U. D. C.

No. 39, Harrison Harwood Chapter, at Charles City Courthouse, organized September 1, 1898. President, Mrs. Sue Ruffin Harrison; Vice President, Miss Agnes Harwood Douthat; Secretary, Miss Virginia Douglas Willcox; Treasurer, Mrs. E. W. Pierce.

No. 40, Cumberland Chapter, at Cumberland Courthouse. Organized September 15, 1898. President, Mrs. Meriweather Vaughan; Vice President, Mrs. Spencer B. Powers; Secretary, Mrs. Thomas Perkins; Treasurer, Mrs. Charles D. Diggs.

Grand Division of Virginia, U. D. C., held its third annual convention in Petersburg October 12, 13. Mrs. Garnett declining reelection, Mrs. S. T. McCullough, of Staunton, was made President. Mrs. Garnett was made honorary President for life and Chairman of three important committees. An account of the convention may be expected in the November VETERAN.

**PATHETIC TIMES IN MISSISSIPPI.**

First Decoration Day, founded April 26, 1865, Jackson, Miss. Miss Sue Landon Vaughan, Glen Garland:

The evening of the 25th of April, 1865, was one of the darkest in the Confederate struggle. There were rumors of disasters and defeat. Gen. Lee had surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's forces were surrounded at Goldsboro, N. C.

The Federals were advancing from Vicksburg to demand the surrender of Jackson. There had been a succession of cavalry combats on our eastern line, but Gen. Adams rallied scattered brigades, heroically turning the tide of advance. Southland realized that her loved banner—baptized in blood and tears—had fallen, draping the last scene in her "Iliad of woes." Brave men, who had fought under hail of bullets and showers of shrieking shells, stood by our defenses on the Pearl. Bugle notes and "Dixie"—the inspiration of the age—echoed along the bannered banks of the river.

Mississippi's devoted daughters were overwhelmed with grief and sorrow for their martyred dead, their afflicted homesteads, and inheritances. Mothers who had with Spartan devotion sent their sons to join the armies of Lee and Jackson raised their helpless hands, invoking heaven to spare the graves of their slain, to restore their desolate heritages, their Gilead, to strengthen Mississippi in the hour of surrender, and dictate the peace of Southland.

The aged on bended knees were "as when a standard bearer fainteth, but they sought Him that "turneth the shadow of death into the morning," acknowledging the blessedness of affliction—God's absolute power in disposing of nations, and supplicating the Father of all comfort to guard and safely gather the remnant of our Confederate legions. The Great All-Giver had seen the desolation and heard the lamentation of our suffering country.

Suddenly, just before that dark midnight of Southland's history, two young Confederate couriers arrived to inform their friends in North Jackson that the "Federals were coming," and that the surrender would take place on the arrival of Gens. Dick Taylor and Canby. A young girl played and sang "Our Banners Are Waving on Vicksburg No More."

Seizing the stub of a Confederate pencil, and tearing a blank leaf from a Grecian history lying on the piano, we appealed to the "daughters of the Southland" to meet the next day, April 26, 1865, at the cemeteries and garland the graves of our fallen braves, in commemoration of their valor and patriotism.

If this patriotic memorial had been perpetuated through all generations, history would glow with another Grecian era—a chain of victories from Milouma Pass to the Acropolis. One of the couriers pinned the leaf to his tattered cadet-gray jacket and ran down State Street to the office of the *Mississippian*, arriving just in time to insert the appeal in the last issue of the paper.

A lovely, typical rose burst of radiance greeted Decoration Day. Before proceeding to the cemetery we wreathed a lone grave on a slope, now Belhaven Hill, overlooking the Pearl. This young soldier boy, "somebody's darling," fell under a leaden rain on the retreat of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army over Pearl

River. He was buried near the line of march, under a forest bower of hawthorns and Cherokee roses, a perfect shrine of shade. The scenes at the cemeteries on that decoration day were mournfully impressive. The entrances were festooned with cedar and bugle blooms. The children—a garland-laden band—were the first to kneel "on the field of the grounded arms," to scatter flowers on Southland's soldier dead.

Every mound was covered with beautiful designs, anchors, harps, crowns, bugles, bucklers, scrolls, and crepe myrtle pillows. Soldiers filled the avenues, gazing tenderly at the wreathed resting places of their comrades. Col. Burt's grave was canopied with jasmine and roses and the battle-stained flag under which he fell at Leesburg, Va. "Fallen on the field of battle" was embroidered in white violets on a buckler that covered his pulseless breast. A group of sisters, with mournful tenderness, wove chaplets over their brother's slab. An aged father moaned wearily over a ridge of roses. Near a leaf-fringed urn a weeping widow mourned her princely boy, who was found on a distant battlefield. Little maidens came from green glades along the Pearl, with their aprons filled with cowslips and bluebells—blue as April's sky. Orphans gathered around a bank of blossoms, an altar of perfume, looking upward to the "shield of the desolate."

Mourners lingered by their dead "with yearnings for faces and voices gone." Choirs of birds, an angel minstrelsy, trilled and chanted vesper hymns under arcades and draperies of vines. Mocking birds sang lyrics of divine rapture, then notes of eland horn, linking bugle calls with bursts of battle and triumphant strains.

The firmament glowed with streaming banners of opal and gold, which fell over the hallowed mounds—heaven's evening benediction of decoration day.

Let us keep the day in dear memorial, in reverent remembrance of our heroes in gray—Southland's heroes of glory.

**COMMEMORATION DAY FOR THE COUNTRY.**

After Southland's third Decoration Day, three years of sacred care of patriot mounds, shrines of prayer and perfume, Gen. John A. Logan, by an official decree entitled "General Order No. 11," issued May 5, 1868, enjoined upon every member of the G. A. R. the sacred duty of decorating the graves of their comrades, Memorial Day, May 30, 1868.



PLACES OF CAPTURE AND BURIAL OF MR. DAVIS.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

It gratifies Southern people generally that they are being vindicated by this faithful and most popular historic periodical that ever espoused their cause. In this connection, however, it may be well to state that there are those in the South who would rejoice in the obliteration of every memory of faith and gallantry, because they did not stand the test when it cost everything save honor. In addition, unhappily, there are many who take advantage of that generous policy which was established in the beginning to send it on application, regardless of payment in advance. There are some unhappy illustrations. A subscription statement was sent to the estate of a deceased general of the Confederate army, who had been much honored by sketches and fine engravings in the VETERAN. With the statement was inclosed a stamped envelope, with return address. His son replied that "Gen. — has been dead for two years," in words as formal and cold as death. A multitude of like unkind and unjust replies might be given.

Personal sketches have been misleading. A comrade who expected an elaborate one proposed to pay the cost of his engraving, provided a copy be sent to him for a year. It is not published as are most periodicals: space in the reading columns is not for sale at any price. Recently the son of an honored Confederate with proud record wrote that he wanted a sketch of his father's C. S. A. service in the VETERAN, and cordial response was made to send it in. The article contained an elaborate account of his ancestry, then his war record, with quite an extensive account of his business career since the war. Two pictures were sent to be engraved, with more than the cost and the offer to pay more still if necessary. The father subsequently was quite surprised that it could not appear without condensation. He was ready to pay any price, and wanted "all or nothing." This circumstance is given to explain that no man's money gives him prominence in the VETERAN, and no article is accepted where the demand attends it that "all or nothing" must appear.

The VETERAN does its duty as fully as possible in all things, and everybody who believes in it should act liberally by it. Northern advertisers seem determined not to patronize it, so the subscriptions *must be paid* faithfully. Comrades, do, please, give attention to what is printed about subscriptions. The best of you will sometimes write a note and ask for a statement of how much you owe, and then you pay it at once and cordially. The date by your name indicates

the time to which your copy is paid; and if you will look at that, and comply, it will save a great deal of labor and expense. To write each subscriber, giving four minutes' time to each letter, would require half the year and cost the VETERAN over \$500. In remitting less than \$1, send stamps; it will save the cost of post office order or check and revenue expense. It is hardly worth while to buy exchange of any kind for one or two dollars. When you have occasion to write the office, always try to send some money. If your own copy is paid for, see if some friend won't hand you \$1 to inclose.

There is great need for diligence and zeal in this great work, so do let us resolve to be soldiers for life! The necessity will never diminish. The good already accomplished through the VETERAN is compensation for all that its management can ever do in the future. But continued success can be had only through the united fervor of those whose children and children's children are to share the reward of your sacrifices. You may grow weary, but remember your dead comrades who fell in battle, and let their honor ever be as incense on fire to direct your deeds. The more diligent you are, the truer patriots will your progeny be.

The publisher deserves sympathy in having to deal with men of extreme views. One man will be sorely offended if his name be erased when a year or so behind; another will remit and express gratitude at the indulgence. Again, such exactions are exhibited as in the following letter from J— B—, Covington, Tenn., in a letter of October 23: "My subscription expired in August; and as I did not renew, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN should have then been discontinued, without my being put to the trouble of writing this notice. I like the VETERAN, but I cannot afford to take so many papers these hard times. Please do *not* send it to me any longer." Thanks are extended for his letter. Others will notify the postmaster. Thousands of unpleasant things occur among the many other thousands of testimonials to the "well-done" tributes from the best men and women on the earth.

Just now the VETERAN is having unpleasant experience in Richmond, Va. A poor woman was given the subscription agency there some years ago, succeeding a venerable comrade who died considerably in arrears, and she not only got seriously behind in remitting, but failed to report collections, thus causing serious confusion in the list. The best solicitor who has ever traveled for the VETERAN went to Richmond in its interest, but met with so much discouragement on this account that her work resulted in actual loss both to her and to the office. This office should not always be blamed for delinquency of agents. Other instances of the kind might be cited where the office gets the blame as unjustly.

The VETERAN for October has been prepared under unusual disadvantages, and the management is disappointed in having to delay much that was intended for this number, especially about the Daughters of the Confederacy. Then there is much about the recent reunion at Pulaski, Tenn., that richly deserves space. Let all friends to the important work of the VETERAN be diligent all the time for its success.



## DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.

SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Much has been said and written concerning a successor to Miss Winnie Davis as "Daughter of the Confederacy," but, as might have been expected, veterans everywhere oppose it, save a few in localities who want to give distinction to some favorite young lady of worthy Confederate ancestry.

The VETERAN has watched the tone of the press closely, desiring, in vain, to find worthy recognition of the other daughter of our beloved chieftain. Since the day that Gen. Gordon presented Miss Winnie Davis as "The Daughter of the Confederacy; Our Daughter," there has been a sentiment even among fairly well-informed people that she was the only daughter of President Davis. To those who knew both, equally attractive, equally gifted and patriotic, it has been painful to observe that the older has been so overlooked because of the distinction given her sister as "The Daughter of the Confederacy."

Let purest bronze testify on her monument that Varina Anne (Winnie) Davis was the daughter of the Confederacy, and let the Southern people everywhere accept the announcement through this official organ of Veterans, Daughters, and Sons in their separate camps and chapters, and unitedly so everywhere, that henceforth Margaret Davis Hayes, the surviving gifted daughter of President Davis and Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis, the mother of their grandson, whose name has been changed by law so that he is Jefferson (Hayes) Davis, the mother of all of their grandchildren and their only remaining child, is the "Daughter of the South."

Let all hail her in this noble title, and henceforth let us honor her and hers as we honored her distinguished sister. She was old enough to intelligently appreciate the fall of the Confederacy and all of its concentrated sorrows. She shared the anguish with her mother by our chieftain's suffering and humiliation in shackles in Fortress Monroe, so that her love and respectful consideration are always given to any Confederate memory.

As daughter, as wife, as mother and friend, as Southern woman, she richly deserves the devotion of all who honor her illustrious family, and henceforth shall be known through the VETERAN as the "Daughter of the South."

For years the editor of the VETERAN has observed with pain the inconsideration shown this elder daughter of President Davis, knowing her high merit to distinction, and he is determined to correct the common error so far as the influence of the VETERAN may do it, and he bespeaks the coöperation of its patrons. The following sketch was furnished by Mrs. Davis:

Margaret Howell Jefferson Davis was born in Washington while her father was Secretary of War under President Pierce. Mr. Davis had so long remained in Washington from one session to another that the family were looked upon as "old residents," always a

title to affectionate recognition among the residents of that kaleidoscopic city. Samuel Emory, the first child of Jefferson Davis, was born seven years after marriage with Miss Howell, of Natchez, Miss., and he died a few months before the birth of "little Maggie," leaving the home childless. She came to the house of mourning like a ray of sunshine, and her beauty and gay temper made her a bright little personage among her many friends before she was two years old. When Mr. Davis was captured the supersensitive, devoted little creature received a shock which has influenced her life. Her father was exceedingly proud of her sprightly mind and distinguished beauty, and was especially ten-



MRS. MARGARET DAVIS HAYES.

der to his then only daughter. His "little Polly," as he always called her in memory of his beloved little sister Mary, who used to be his playmate, was always a source of pride and pleasure to him, and it was a sore cross to him that he could not shield her from the horror of his capture. When he was encompassed by crowds of jeering men, still sitting in the ambulance after his capture, her thin little arms were wound round his neck and she seemed to have no thought but for him, while he whispered well-remembered hymns to her as a comfort in that dark hour. When he went, after the *nolle prosequi* was entered in his case, to En-

gland, his family accompanied him, and it was a sore cross to relinquish his little sensitive child to the good nuns at Antenville, but her homesickness was so great that her health failed and she had to be brought home, and her education was acquired under masters and governesses at home from that time forth.

She grew to be a graceful, charming girl, and was much admired in Memphis, where the last part of her girlhood was passed, and in 1876 she married Mr. J. A. Hayes, a native Mississippian, of an old and distinguished Tennessee family. His grandparents on both sides were of the early settlers in Nashville. His grandfather, Oliver Bliss Hayes, was a lawyer and a Presbyterian minister. He erected one of the first



JEFFERSON HAYES DAVIS.

brick houses in Nashville, and a leading street was named in his honor. His father, whose given name he bears, was a lawyer. Mr. and Mrs. Davis approved of the young man, for he was universally respected and admired. Everything seemed to promise happiness for the young people. However, Mr. Hayes's health, after a long attack of malarial fever, succumbed and he was ordered to Colorado Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes bore the breaking up of their happy home and relinquishment of their valuable investments with admirable fortitude and cheerfulness, and the young pair again put forth their energies to make a home among strangers not of their political faith. Of course there

were many rough places to be surmounted, many new trials to be endured, and here the strength of Mrs. Hayes's character was most conspicuously exhibited. She used a wise economy, cherished a cheerful spirit, and tended her children with an affluence of maternal care and love which directed toward her the respect and admiration of the little community at Colorado Springs.

As time drew on and her dear invalid gained strength and his able management of the First National Bank, in which he was accepted upon the reputation he had achieved in Memphis, Mrs. Hayes identified herself with the charities of Colorado Springs. Whenever an invalid was lonely and in need of kindness she was always ready, and she never refused an appeal for help. She endowed a room in her father's name in the Childs-Drexel United Printers' Home and gave her personal attention, and has now two rooms in the hospital of the Sisters of St. Francis in the name of her first child, Jefferson Davis Hayes, who died in his infancy, and her two brothers, Jefferson and William, to whom she was exceptionally dear. These rooms are furnished with all the care and elegance of a private dwelling, and every graceful addition was the work of her own hands. The poor of the town, now grown a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, know her tender sympathy in the alleviation of their sufferings, and never an old Confederate passes her doors without a loving welcome and such pecuniary help as he may need. When the war with Spain broke out she joined the Red Cross Society, and early and late labored for the soldiers of the whole United States, and gave what she could to them.

Her generosity knows no bounds. She is tender and loving to those near to her, and her heart and hand are ever open to her friends and to the needy, and no one knows better than she how to dispense an elegant hospitality, yet this daughter of the South finds no distinction half so precious as the esteem of the veterans who fought under the banner of the Confederacy, and she treasures every mark of their favor as a priceless gift, "not for a train attendant," but in memory of what they have done to make the name of the South glorious as long as history lasts. To this dutiful daughter, loving wife, and devoted mother, good citizen and lovely woman, the South renders the homage fairly won by Jefferson Davis' worthy daughter, now, alas! the only one left.

In her "Life of President Jefferson Davis," his wife wrote of a summer vacation when they took their two children, Margaret and Jefferson, on a sea voyage from Baltimore to Boston, and visited Portland. In her account of their stay in Portland this paragraph occurs:

"Our little Maggie was a beautiful child of restless activity, and was the light of her father's eyes. She could not be kept in the old-fashioned garden planted with white, red, and black currants in rows under the wide-spreading apple trees, but whenever it was possible would run off to the neighbors, where her brave little spirited ways always made her welcome. She knew every one in the neighborhood. One old sea captain used to tell her wonderful stories upon which she dreamed at night, and the sea serpent was her familiar demon. Not infrequently I heard people in the street designate me as 'Little Maggie's mother.'"

### TRIBUTES TO MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

The Winnie Davis memorial services held throughout the South, and wherever else Confederate organizations exist, indicated the unanimity of sentiment in honoring The Daughter of the Confederacy. Inability to even mention them in this number is regretted. Report of the Nashville meeting would fill pages, but only two of the addresses are given:

ADDRESS OF REV. J. H. M'NEILLY.

*Ladies and Gentlemen and Comrades:* We come together here, drawn by our devotion to a glorious past, to pay our tribute of love and tears to the memory of a noble woman who embodied for us one of the loftiest ideals of that past. She has gone into the silence and mystery of the unseen and eternal world. She has entered into the goodly company of those who died for that ideal; but for us the ideal remains. It is only the clearer, brighter, worthier, because she illustrated it by her life and character. She stood sponsor for the purity of our purpose, the justice of our cause, the courage of our people, the honor of our conduct in the great war which we waged for the independence of the South.

Through four fateful years of strife we contended not only for political rights, but also for social ideals. We fought not only for the sovereignty of the States, but also to conserve a society in which our highest interests and our deepest affections, our most precious memories, and our most sacred duties were bound up together. It was a social life which had developed some of the grandest characters in the history of our race.

That old life of the South, not faultless indeed, was yet far truer, purer, sweeter, and kinder than much that now sneers at it and seeks to take its place under the name of progress. It was an agricultural community, dependent on the kindness of mother earth and recognizing the beneficent providence of God. Living much in the open air, they were familiar with forest and field, with valley and hill. The blue sky above them, with glowing sun and gleaming stars, and floating clouds and changing seasons, poured their benedictions upon them. They were influenced by sighing breeze and flowing brook and songs of birds and all the manifold voices of Nature, until, in communion with her, they drank in her free spirit and were made wise by her home teachings. It was a life of patriarchal simplicity, of large leisure, free from bustle and hurry. There were grave responsibility for dependents, generous hospitality, keen enjoyment of outdoor exercises. The life, moving on quietly, thrilled with quick sense of honor, abounded in kindly charities, in gentle amenities, in stately courtesies.

The center of that old-time social life was the home. Whether that home was lofty or lowly, about it revolved all interests and pleasures. From it went forth sweetest influences, in it were gathered tenderest memories, to it turned the heart's warmest affections. Every true man's soul sought satisfaction not in store nor bank nor shop nor school nor legislative hall, but in the home.

The center of the home was woman. She was its queen, and her presence and ministry gave beauty and attraction. She was to bind together all its multiplied activities into a gracious harmony. To her were

turned the eyes of husband and children and servants. She was to rule by love.

This, then, was the ideal life which we tried to realize as the crown of our social system, a happy home with a loving woman as the center of it. The chivalry of the South was careful of the home and jealous for woman's honor and respect.

The term chivalry has in latter days been applied to us with sarcasm as a reproach, but we glory in it. True chivalry means the protecting of the weak by the strong. It meant in those days that woman was to be shielded from the world's rude strife. She was to be defended not only against violence and oppression, but also from the sharp competitions of business and the eager rivalries of politics. Our civilization guarded her not only as the "weaker vessel," but as the one who must not be cast down from her high place of widest and noblest influence, molding character and purifying life. Surely no higher social ideal could inspire and encourage human effort.

Those who in this day seek to make woman a competitor of man in the struggle of life, in the affairs of business, are lowering the ideal as much as those who regard her only as the drudge for service or the minister of animal pleasures.

In all those weary, testing years of war our women were true to this ideal. By all womanly ways and encouragements did they inspire men to duty. The memory of their teachings or the hope of their approval has given renewed energy to many a fainting spirit, to many a despondent soldier in tented camp or on



MADONNA AND CHILD.

From the "Madonna in Art," L. C. Page & Co., Publishers, Boston.

stricken field of strife. In the home, by their hospitality, and in the hospital, by their soothing ministries, they wrought mightily for our cause. No historian can ever write nor language ever tell the sacrifices of the daughters of the Confederacy to sustain those who fought to keep that order which God designed, in which man is the home winner and woman the home keeper. And those sacrifices were not in vain. The war ended in the defeat of our armies. Our political idea we surrendered, and we accepted the supremacy of the general government as a nation not to be dissolved. But our social ideal we did not surrender. The conduct of our women during the war glorified and sanctified that ideal. To-day we are ready to vindicate the purity of the home, the social supremacy of womanhood. It is true that many forces of this commercial and material age would degrade our ideal and condemn it as mere sentiment. It is true that we have to maintain it under altered conditions of life. It is true that the framework of the old social order has passed away. And yet it is true that these changed conditions find men and women who cherish the same spirit as "in the brave days of old." The true social ideal must direct our efforts to have homes where woman sways by love the coming age,

"To keep the lamp of chivalry  
Alight in hearts of gold."

It is well therefore, comrades, that the chief figure on our escutcheon should be a woman—not clad in ar-



MISS JOSIE OXFORD, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.,  
Sponsor for Camp Jeff Davis at Atlanta Reunion.

mor nor robed in learning's garb, but clothed upon with the tender grace of pure womanliness. It is well that we should embody in her all the sacred memories and the high aspirations for which we fought.

By the suffrages of those who risked their lives and fortunes for the sake of this ideal, Miss Winnie Davis was christened the "Daughter of the Confederacy." The beloved child of our great and only President, she was chosen to express our ideal of noblest womanhood. Well did she fulfill our expectation.

When her father was in prison, suffering for us, she, as a little child, solaced the long days of his captivity by her baby prattle. She grew up to be his constant companion and his ready helper in the arduous work of his latter years while he wrote his vindication of our cause. She made his home bright for his worn spirit and attractive to every visitor by her geniality and courtesy and by an intellect which had been developed by the highest culture. In the communion with her father she imbibed that grand spirit, "pure as light and stainless as a star," which animated him.

After his days were done on earth she bore herself with such gentleness and modesty, such courage and dignity, as to win the respect of all and to fill our hearts with admiration and love. We were proud to have her as the representative of that old order of things in which were bound up our most precious memories and sweetest associations. As the embodiment of our ideal, she brought out of the past the grand spirit of the generations gone, and made it a power in the present. She showed that the things which made life worthy and gave it grace then can be transmitted to the coming time; that one who is true to our ideal of womanhood can ever rule the hearts of men for good. In the years to come let us see to it that in all this Southland such women as she shall abound, and that they shall not lack the reverence, the devotion, the love, which are due and which will crown every home with blessing.

The Daughter of the Confederacy was born in our capital city in the storm and stress of our fearful conflict. The blare of bugle and the roll of drum, with the roaring of the guns, were her lullaby. Now, amid the quiet scenes of a peaceful land, in the stillness of the lovely autumn weather, she is laid to sleep in the city of her birth, and the sad sighing of sorrowful hearts, mingling with the gentle flow of the peaceful river, shall be her requiem.

May the good hand of our God lead those whom she loved to that rest into which her pure spirit hath entered!

ADDRESS OF REV. JAMES I. VANCE.

Sentiment rules the world. It is intangible. It can be neither weighed nor measured, but it outweighs and outmeasures everything else. You cannot touch it with the senses nor reduce it to the world of sight and sound. It refuses to be framed in a political platform or embodied in a dogmatic creed; but, for all that, sentiment rules the world. It may seem to die and be buried, but its sovereign sway is undiminished by death, and it rules the world as easily from the tomb as from a throne.

It is just a sentiment that commands our reverent, loving homage here to-night. All that is left of the lost cause is a sentiment; but that sentiment (purified

by the struggles of war, sanctified by the discipline of the years that followed, and glorified by the new sun of hope that has dawned, clear and radiant, over our Southland) survives and sways our hearts more easily than if a victorious army thundered at its back.

Her body sleeps by the side of that of her devoted father in beautiful Hollywood, but around the personality of Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy, we, in company with the people of all this Southern land, now wrap the robe of this holy sentiment; and, mantled thus, her gentle fame is safer from the harsh hand of time than were the old Pharaohs strongly embalmed and protected in pyramidal tombs.

There is no immortality like the immortality of influence. Crowned with the fragrant wreath of a patriotic and consecrated love for a cause of noble and chivalrous ideals, the Daughter of the Confederacy takes her place in the galaxy of the immortal spirits of that cause.

Falling asleep as she did under a Northern sky and sepulchered in sacred Southern soil, with the people of all the land reading anxiously the tidings from her sick chamber and tearfully the announcement of her death, her last hour was itself a beautiful pledge and token of our reunited country. On her grave the roses of New England kissed the cheeks of the magnolia and jasmine blossoms from Mississippi, and, mingling their perfumes into a common fragrance, laden the air with the message of fraternity and love.

The name of Winnie Davis will always be spoken softly in both Northern and Southern homes, and her grave will be another spot toward which the old soldiers will now and then turn their pilgrim feet.

One lesson will be kept green in the grasses that grow above her grave. It will be the old lesson that is enshrined in every memorial of the lost cause and

which lives in every cemetery where sleeps the dust of a Southern soldier. It is the lesson of unflinching devotion to duty, of unwavering faith, and of invincible



MISS IDENE KEY, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.,  
Sponsor for Camp W. J. Hardee at Atlanta Reunion.

hope. It is the glorious and inspiring example of a spirit, whether incarnate in Southern manhood or womanhood, that prefers to lose everything rather than sacrifice honor. It is the immortal ideal of

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;  
Held we fall to rise, are batted to fight better,  
Sleep to wake."

God keep the South true to this mighty sentiment of the past, and may the shaft which rises above the grave of the Daughter of the Confederacy be another sentinel pointing the faith of the people upward to that which may be intangible, but is eternal!

W. R. McClellan, T. W. White, and W. N. Cameron, committee of the John Pelham Camp, Coleman, Tex., appointed to prepare resolutions upon the death of Miss Winnie Davis, submitted a fitting preamble and resolutions, in which is the following: "Our loved Southland has lost a true friend, one whom we all delighted to honor; and, while we sorrow that we will see her no more on earth, we feel sure that a daughter of so great a patriot, so tried a friend to humanity, so pure a life, will meet with a full measure of reward in the great beyond, where we all hope to meet her when the marches of life are all done. In her death we are admonished that one by one the soldiers of the lost cause are being called up higher. A few more years, and the last of us will answer the last call. Let us be prepared to meet our comrades who have passed over the cold river and rest under the shade of the trees."



MISS EVA MOTES, ATLANTA, GA.,  
Maid of Honor to Miss Josie Oxford at Atlanta Reunion.

The Sidney Johnston Camp No. 70, U. C. V., Paris, Tenn., held a public meeting and passed fitting resolutions in honor of Miss Winnie Davis. Pathetic and appropriate songs were sung and appropriate addresses were delivered by gifted patriots. That of Judge Henry W. Lightfoot was especially interesting and pathetic. It concluded as follows: "She sleeps by the side of her father at Richmond, on the James. The sweetest flowers of grand old Virginia will twine their tender arms about her grave. Those majestic mountains which guard the tombs of Washington, of Jefferson, of Madison, of Monroe, of Davis, of Lee and his grand army of the 'deathless dead' shall look down tenderly upon the spot where she sleeps. We should place there the loveliest monument of them all; the modest white shaft should bear the emblems of a reunited country, and, reaching heavenward, in the true spirit of the South, should be inscribed: 'The Daughter of the Confederacy. On Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men.'"

A committee, W. J. Johnston, George Forrester, and S. J. Sullivan, representing Camp 8, U. C. V., sent the following to Mrs. Davis:

"Chicago, September 22, 1898.

"The members of Camp 8, U. C. V., of Chicago, sympathize deeply with the family of Miss Winnie Davis, whose death the whole country has been so suddenly called on to deplore. Passing across the dark river, her memory will live in the hearts of all the members of this association, and her name take its place as one of the few not born to die. Ushered into the world at a time when the war between the States was nearing its end, she leaves it when the last vestige of sectionalism has been swept away by the Northern and Southern soldiers charging beneath the stars and stripes against a foreign foe. Born the daughter of the Confederacy, she died the daughter of a united

country. May she rest in peace, and may perpetual light shine upon her!"

Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General U. C. V., pays tribute:

I heard with profound sorrow of the death of this noble woman, and feel that my place is rather among the mourners than among her eulogists; and yet I should do violence to my feelings did I not write at least a few lines concerning one whom I knew so intimately, esteemed so warmly, and admired so ardently.

In the summer of 1886, while on a visit to a cottage on the gulf shore just below "Beauvoir," I saw galloping down the beach, mounted on a spirited and beautiful horse, one of the most graceful riders and queenly looking women I ever saw. I needed not to be told who she was, for from the description of her I had received I instinctively recognized her as Miss Winnie Davis, the child of our Confederate chief, whom our chivalric John B. Gordon had introduced to cheering crowds at Montgomery and Atlanta as the Daughter of the Confederacy. She came to tell us that her father would be absent from home for several days, but that her mother and herself would be glad to welcome Mrs. Jones and me to "Beauvoir." We, of course, accepted the invitation so graciously given, spent many happy hours in that beautiful home beside the sea, and were charmed alike by the eloquent conversation of our grand old chieftain, whose lightest utterances were cherished as history, and the graceful, cordial hospitality of Mrs. Davis and her accomplished daughter.

The acquaintance thus formed ripened into warm and lasting friendship, and when, on the 1st of September following, Miss Winnie came with Mrs. Jones to be a guest for six weeks in our home in Richmond, I had opportunity of studying her character and knowing her intimately, and formed an estimate of her which subsequent visits to "Beauvoir" and other meetings only served to confirm and deepen.

Of strong native intellect, thoroughly educated, well read, accomplished, and cultured, she was gentle, amiable, bright, fascinating in her manners, a brilliant conversationalist, and the most charming, captivating woman I ever knew. It was beautiful to witness her devotion to her father and how the grand old man confided in, leaned on, and idolized his daughter. She was his almost constant companion on his rides or walks and in his library. She read to him, wrote for him, and talked with him on topics in which he was especially interested. She studied military movements that she might discuss them with this great soldier. She read his favorite English classics that she might with him "drink deep from wells of English undefiled." The death of her father while she was in Europe was a blow from which she never fully recovered, but she devoted herself to nursing her invalid mother and promoting her comfort with filial love and untiring zeal.

Miss Winnie was one of the most universally popular women among all classes—rich and poor, educated and ignorant, high and low, young and old—whom I ever knew. She was very fond of children, and never failed to capture all of the little people who came within the circle of her influence. She inherited from her father the rare talent of remembering names and faces and recalling pleasant things about people. While on



MISS AGATHA WRIGHT, GAINESVILLE, TEXAS.

her visit to us R. E. Lee Camp presented her at the Soldiers' Home with a beautiful badge and certificate of membership. Gov. Lee, "our gallant Fitz," made the presentation speech in his happiest vein, saying, among other bright things: "If she is the Daughter of the Confederacy, and we are the sons of the Confederacy, then she must, of course, be our sister." I was honored in being asked by her to respond (she was a typical Southern woman of the old school, and did not believe that women ought to speak in public assemblies), and after the speaking was over the veterans of the home came forward and were, one by one, introduced to her. With a gracious word for each, she shook hands with these heroes of the Confederacy, and I presume that not one of us who stood by remembered for an hour a dozen of the names that were called or the earnest faces that greeted so warmly the daughter of their old chief; but I chanced to see Miss Winnie upon several occasions meet some of these veterans, promptly recognize them, and graciously call their names as she extended her hand to salute them. She would be introduced at some receptions to hundreds of people and recognize and call each one by name on meeting them afterwards.

The Veterans from Lee Camp who attended the reunion at Houston, Tex., will remember that we had the honor of being the escort of the Daughter of the Confederacy, and how gracious and charming she was to each one of us, never being at a loss to associate each name and face. No wonder that she was the idol of Confederate veterans and excited the wildest enthusiasm whenever she appeared at our reunions. But I must suppress the thousand memories that come trooping up as I think of this peerless woman.

#### HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Resolutions adopted by the members of the Hollywood Memorial Association in testimony of their grief at the death of Miss Varina Anne Davis and of their loving sympathy for the mother and sister of the Daughter of the Confederacy:

*Resolved:* 1. That this association has heard with the deepest sorrow of the death of Miss Winnie Davis," which occurred on Sunday last at Narragansett Pier.

2. That in her death the daughters of the South have lost one whose name was ever an inspiration to them, and tended to preserve in their recollection the heroism and fidelity of the Confederacy's beloved President, her illustrious father.

3. That by her devotion to the memories of the lost cause, by her loyalty to her people, by her pure and beautiful life, and by her constant discharge of filial duty she drew to herself the affection and admiration of the sons and daughters of the entire Southland.

4. That in the nobility and loftiness of her character she has set an example which will shine in Southern homes and be ever pointed to with pride by Southern matron and maiden, and that the youth of this and future generations shall be taught the story of her heroic life as fulfilling the Southern ideal of true womanhood.

5. That this association will cherish her memory, and that as a further evidence of love and affection each member will wear a badge of mourning for the next thirty days.

6. That the members of this association appreciate

fully and gratefully the motives which prompted the selection of Hollywood as the last resting place of the Daughter of the Confederacy. This association was called into existence to keep green the graves of heroes, and now it will keep vigil over the grave of this beloved heroine—a new and sacred duty.

7. That this association tenders to the noble mother and devoted sister, whose hearts are bleeding, sincere sympathy in their great bereavement.

8. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis and Mrs. J. A. Hayes, and that copies be furnished the *Richmond Times*, *Richmond Dispatch*, and CONFEDERATE VETERAN (of Nashville) for publication.

#### TRIBUTE TO THE DAUGHTER AT GEORGETOWN, KY.

A preamble and resolutions were adopted by the George W. Johnson Camp No. 68, Georgetown, Ky.:

*Resolved:* 1. That this camp records its profound sorrow and regret at the death of one who has so endeared herself to the hearts of her people, and especially to the veterans, the survivors of the civil war; and we do hereby convey to her bereaved mother, sister, and friends our heartfelt sympathy in this great affliction and irreparable loss.

2. That the above resolution be published in the Georgetown papers and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and a copy sent to Mrs. Davis.

A. H. SINCLAIR, *Commander*;  
ELLY BLACKBURN, *Adjutant*.



MISS SUE JOHNSTON, SPONSOR FOR TENNESSEE AT ATLANTA.

Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General of the U. C. V., wrote some time ago: "Mrs. Hayes is every way worthy of her noble lineage, and the future of her four sweet children will be watched with deep interest and fervent prayers that they may prove worthy of the heritage of honor and fame to which they have succeeded."

### PICKETT'S BRIGADE AT GAINES'S MILL.

J. Cooper, Adjutant U. C. V., Fairfax, Va.:

The charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg on July 3, 1863, brought out that heroic commander so prominently as to obscure largely the facts of the charge of his old brigade at Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862, which, I think, equaled, if it did not surpass, it. Never having seen an account of that battle from my standpoint as a participant, I write the facts as they occurred to me.

Pickett's Brigade was composed of the Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-Eighth, and Fifty-Sixth Regiments of Virginia Infantry. He took command of them in March, 1862, while on the way from Centerville to Yorktown. After falling back from Yorktown to near Richmond, Lee's army received orders, on June 25, to cook three days' rations, draw eighty rounds of ammunition, and be ready to march at sound of the bugle. About 8 P.M. that day the or-



GEN. GEORGE E. PICKETT.

der was given to fall in, and a hard night march began. The next morning we were halted on the Mechanicsville pike and near the bridge that crossed the Chickahominy River.

Jackson's troops were then arriving on the north side and rear of Mechanicsville to attack McClellan's extreme right and rear, so as to open the way across the river, which was then covered by the enemy's guns. The battle raged with varied success between Jackson and the enemy from the middle of the afternoon until after dark. At night the enemy fell back, and the way was clear. Then the army, under Lee, moved across the river. By sunrise the next morning, June 27, the two armies of Lee and Jackson were ready for the aggressive, and moved in the following order: Longstreet on the right, parallel with the

Chickahominy, Jackson on the left, and Hill in the center in echelon. Heavy skirmishing was kept up in the front until Cold Harbor was reached, when McClellan formed line of battle, his left resting on the Chickahominy, his right extending in a crescent shape around, so as to protect his base of supplies at the White House and Savage Station, on the York River railroad. His extreme left was fortified by three lines of breastworks, with a line of battle in each one and artillery in their rear, so they could concentrate the fire over their heads to the front and an enfilade with heavy guns from across the river. McClellan and one of his corps commanders, Gen. Fitz John Porter, considered this point impregnable, and it looked suicidal to attempt to carry it, but three brigades were selected to charge it. They were Pryor's, Pickett's, and Kemper's. It was plain that if that stronghold be carried the day was won. The sun shone brightly and the atmosphere was clear, and every move that Lee's troops made could be plainly seen by the enemy. Pryor's line advanced to the attack, and in a short time was almost annihilated. Pickett, with his five regiments, went in on a double-quick, and, being hid by the smoke of battle, approached to within thirty or forty yards of their first line of intrenchment, where, in the intense heat and the dense smoke, they involuntarily threw themselves flat upon the ground and commenced firing. The roar of musketry was so terrific that it was impossible to hear anything else. The men knew, however, that heavy work was intended, as each man had his eighty rounds of ammunition. This continuous firing was kept up, neither side knowing the proximity of the other, on account of the smoke. Finally the firing of the enemy somewhat slackened, and the sun set, as it were, in blood, with neither side having gained any advantage.

At the slight lull in the enemy's fire, Gen. Pickett ordered a charge, to which his brigade responded promptly. The "Rebel yell" resounded over the din of battle, and soon his men were within the enemy's first fortified line, when its occupants surrendered. Then the second gave way and fled, and the other line became panic-stricken and fled also. One battery of four guns, about one hundred yards in their rear, out in a field, gave Pickett a parting salute of shot and shell as his men scaled the last breastwork, and they fled with the others. Twelve guns were parked on the edge of a peach orchard, somewhat in the rear of the Watts house, which the left of the brigade had not yet reached. The Eighth Regiment was below, on the extreme right of the Watts house, in pursuit of the fugitives, and as soon as they got within range, less than three hundred yards, the enemy opened fire with grape and canister from those twelve pieces, which stopped the pursuit; but they killed and wounded more of their own men than of the Confederates. Their terrible fire was of short duration, for as soon as the left of the brigade got close enough those guns were silenced and the fire in Pickett's front ceased, and the day was won.

So strong did Gens. McClellan and Porter think this point in their line that the latter established his headquarters at the Watts house, but hastened away when the lines were broken. The defeat was complete; his left was broken, and the ground held by the Confederates, his right cut off from his supplies by railroad and



York River. McClellan recrossed the Chickahominy under the cover of night with what he had left. Twenty pieces of magnificent-looking artillery were left in Pickett's front, but the horses were either killed or so badly wounded they had to be killed.

I have seen it stated that Gen. Hood's troops carried those fortifications, but that is a mistake. Just as the left of Pickett's Brigade had captured those twelve guns Hood's troops entered the field, marching in column. The writer saw and asked an officer what command it was, and was told by him that it was Hood's. Should that officer be living and see this, he would corroborate this; so would Gen. Pryor.

### U. S. PENSIONS FOR CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, LEE CAMP, FORT WORTH, TEX.

In the September number of the VETERAN is an article on this subject by Hon. John N. Lyle, of Pat Cleburne Camp, Waco, Tex. The gist of the article is justice to the South because of the sacrifices of this section in slave property and other property destroyed in the war of emancipation. He quotes Webster's Capon Springs, Va., speech of 1851 to the effect that, the North having broken the compact inserted in the ark of our covenant for a more perfect union in the constitution of 1787, and carried forward in the laws of Congress, slaves escaping North should be returned, and the constant refusing of the powerful Northern States so to do, the South was thereby absolved from the compact, and was at liberty to withdraw from it on the well-known ground of mutuality of obligations. Webster, as a lawyer, stands foremost of all legal minds our country has ever produced. His argument with Hayne, the South Carolinian, twenty years previous to this, on the integrity of the Union, when South Carolina raised the doctrine of nullification, is a classic, and before the war the Whig boys at school delighted to pit Webster's words against Hayne's on the part of the Democratic orators who sympathized with Hayne's teachings. But they said Webster was bidding for Southern votes for the Presidency was the reason why he was made thus to cross his own path.

Now I am one who believes that Confederates will get pensions in the course of time, and this from the general government, but not in time to relieve the many sufferers scattered broadcast over the Union; for justice is lame of foot, but will prevail. It will come as an act of grace, as it were, in the evolution of things political. However this may be, a fair discussion of the righteousness of our acts will serve to instruct the present generation as to the causes which lay behind our action in the South, and will dispel the illusion which has grown up during the present generation that by some sudden spell of evil hearts the people of the South went wild with sudden rage at the best government the world ever saw and took up arms without a cause. The time has passed when we can satisfy the present generation by saying: "We made the fight, and have nothing to take back." Let us rather convince the judgment of those coming after that the consolidation of these States into a compact government was the result of that evolution which forms by aggregates in State affairs and moves from particulars to generals by the law of gravitation, whereby the lesser is ever attracted by the greater and absorbed in it. It has been

so in all governments, ancient and modern. The English formed Britain by bloody and cruel revolution in Scotland and Ireland. The Grecian Confederacy, under Phillip, was formed by the same law of force. So with the present German Empire, and we might repeat the illustrations *ad infinitum*.

Let us briefly trace the birth of the present power of the States as a whole and rapidly follow its growth. The declaration of independence formed a Confederacy. In 1787 the object was a more perfect Union. The ninth and tenth amendments distinctly averred that all power not expressly yielded up in the constitution, then forming, was reserved to the several States. But the constitution itself (Article IV., Section 3) distinctly avers that fugitives escaping from service or labor from one State into another State should be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor was due. There was a question whether the twelve amendments to the constitution, as made by the several States after the constitution was formed, should be voted on first, or whether these amendments should not be postponed till after the constitution had been adopted. In Virginia Patrick Henry, the genius of the Revolution, whose oratory did as much as any one cause to inspire secession from Great Britain, argued for the adoption of these amendments first, and called attention especially to the importance of directly restricting the power of the general government by the adoption of the ninth and tenth amendments above mentioned; and in the course of that remarkable debate he uttered, in effect, the following words, which, notwithstanding all the precaution taken, were prophetic in their forecast. He alluded to the fact that there were three-quarters of a million of slaves in the Union at that time, every State except New Hampshire owning them, but that the bulk of these (whom he deemed unfortunate people) were in the South, and Virginia alone held title to the great majority. Now, he said, it is already apparent that the Eastern States are not so much interested in this species of property as the Southern States are, for climatic reasons, and it is human nature to rid one's self of what all acknowledge to be a burden rather than a benefit, when the loss will not fall on those acting in the measure. If these amendments are not adopted, our Eastern friends will soon be impelled by the powers of the constitution not thus restricted under the general welfare clause, by a sense of humanity, to do away with slavery. The amendments restricting this power were adopted with the constitution by the States in ratifying the constitutional convention of 1787. Now see how strangely the words of this seer were made good, in spite of this precaution. In the first battle of Manassas, on July 21, 1861, three-score years after these utterances, the first battle of the great civil war over the man in black was waged fiercely around the Henry House, and Mrs. Henry, a descendant of Patrick Henry, was killed in her own home. I was in that battle, and have seen the house. A monument to the dead of that field is erected near that house by the general government—a monument to the care taken by our fathers to prevent following that which followed in spite of all guards the law could afford. It was the higher law of William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, that intervened and set at naught the written law.

When Jefferson was President the embargo act was

passed by Congress. It affected the East very sensibly, in that it virtually locked up commerce and caused great distress among the mercantile class. It was in the nature of a nonintercourse act with Great Britain to bring her to terms on account of her aggravated encroachments on our sailors and shipping interests. All New England was up in arms against this law, and town meetings and loud threats of secession were imminent and threatening, so much so that Mr. Jefferson, acknowledging her tacit right to carry out her threatened withdrawal from the compact, had the law repealed to preserve the Union. In 1814 our war with Great Britain had affected the New England States to such an extent that they held the celebrated Hartford convention with closed doors, and again threatened withdrawal because they were the commercial sufferers. Hayne called Webster's attention to these facts in that debate in the Senate in 1830, when South Carolina was threatening to follow these examples of New England by nullifying the tariff law. Webster treated the embargo actors as spasmodic, and not general; but he could make no answer to the Hartford convention people.

The constitution was licked into its present shape of solidarity as to the States by many circumstances before our final arbitrament of arms. Chief Justice Marshall, who sat so long on our supreme bench, was Federal in politics. He stood with Washington and Hamilton for a strong government, and it was said of that court that it absorbed jurisdiction like a sponge. The recent decisions of that court show it has not yet forgotten its cunning. Story, author of a work on the constitution, was a Massachusetts Democrat in name, but a strong government man. His commentaries on that instrument all go that way without reserve or stint. The reason was apparent. The great North and Northwest were growing in power. The South for a generation had been waning; and what at one time, when circumstances suited the East, was a compact, dissolvable at will, when broken on one side, as held by Webster, no longer was adapted to this growing power.

When the Dred Scott decision was promulgated, in 1858 or the year before, Lincoln and Douglass had their celebrated debate, which resulted in the election of Douglass to the Senate in that contest, but gave Lincoln the Presidency two years later. It was then that Lincoln said his party would not abide that decision; that it would be respected as the law in that case, but no further. This decision was over this same question of fugitive slaves and of carrying them into the Territories as any other property. Then it was that he uttered his celebrated epigram, "A house divided against itself cannot stand;" that this country must be all slave or all free, and that it would ultimate in being all free.

Now let the student of history determine who were the revolutionists. If the South should be crucified for adhering to the law in its pristine vigor, give us the cross of public condemnation; we have already suffered under the Southern cross.

If the higher-law advocates should for all time to come be advanced to the front for breaking what was deemed by them a bad law, a just jury of disinterested ones who come after us will at least accord us who suffered under Pontius Pilate, and are dead and buried, a *posthumous* vindication. Whether it will reach the acute stage of pensions or not, I am in doubt; but cer-

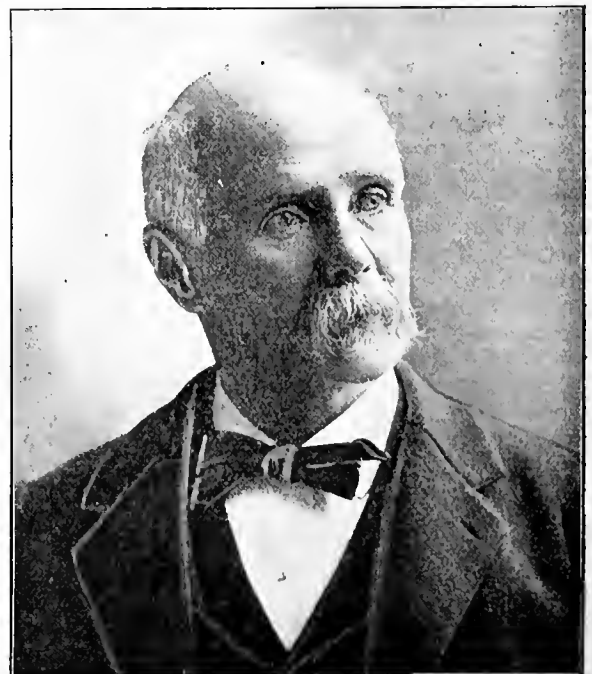
tain it is that time, which makes all things even, will record the story as history rightly made it.

#### ACCURATE HISTORIC EXPRESSIONS.

F. M. Stovall wrote from Augusta, Ga., September 6:

In the August VETERAN Gen. William L. DeRosset makes some timely comments on the way a resolution was "rushed through" the last U. C. V. convention, requesting "the press of the South, in speaking of the great war of the nineteenth century to say the 'civil war between the States.'" He very properly objects to the phraseology of the resolution as being inaccurate and misleading. Indeed, it contains a contradiction of terms. Gen. De Rosset states: "I made every effort to get the ear of Gen. Gordon as soon as he finished reading the resolution, to call the attention of the comrades to the mistake, but it was impossible to make myself heard." Unfortunately, many other delegates to the convention could not be heard. Many were so remote from the platform and so much confusion prevailed in the hall that they could neither hear nor be heard. As a result, several important resolutions were submitted to and voted on *viva voce* by a mixed assembly, composed of both sexes and all ages; whereas a large percentage of the duly accredited representatives of the camps were in ignorance of the action taken.

Gen. De Rosset expresses the hope that the business meetings of the U. C. V. will in future be confined "to those only who are delegated to represent the several camps." This suggestion must commend itself to all reflecting minds. It is also to be hoped our conventions will avoid taking action on all matters that are foreign to the spirit and purposes of the U. C. V. organization. The indorsement of political administrations, whether in time of peace or of war, was never contemplated when the survivors of the armies of the Confederacy associated themselves together; and, if recognized as a precedent, may lead to discord.



ROBERT WHITE, MAJOR GENERAL U. C. V., FOR WEST VIRGINIA.

## PROCEEDINGS U. C. V., ATLANTA.

The convention of the United Confederate Veterans at the Atlanta reunion showed unremitting zeal in the purposes for which the veteran Confederates were organized. The History Committee report had the attention and the consideration that it deserved. Its members have, year after year, sought to impress comrades with the great importance of having the whole truth recorded concerning our great war and the causes that brought it about.

A social feature, very pleasant and to the honor of the Commander in Chief, occurred as follows:

"Gen. Gordon made the personal request," said Gen. Lee, "when the arrangements were being made for this reunion, to have a reception at his home in honor of the veterans, but on account of so many other functions the Executive Committee could not allow it."

"It is true that I did want you at my home," said Gen. Gordon. "I live four miles out of town, but thank God my residence is in the heart of the Southern Confederacy. [Cheers.] I have a big house, big grounds, and a bigger heart. You would not have had much to see in me, but you would have seen the most beautiful woman in the whole world. It was she who followed me from the earliest sound of the cannon in 1861 to the last dying murmurs in 1865, and without her knowledge or consent I am going to present her to you." With this Gen. Gordon retired to the rear of the stage and led Mrs. Gordon to the front. The entire audience rose *en masse*, and the old building echoed with the ringing cheers of the veterans. It was a magnificent ovation they gave Mrs. Gordon.

## TRIBUTE TO GEN. MOORMAN.

A resolution was read and unanimously adopted extending the thanks of the Confederates to Gen. George Moorman, as follows:

"Whereas the success of our organization is mainly due to the patient, untiring, and skillful labor of Maj. Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; and whereas he has persistently refused any salary from this body for the time and labor devoted to its success; and whereas the funds collected here have been barely sufficient to meet the necessary expenses of the office; therefore this body, in appreciation of his disinterested labor on our behalf, recommends the following:

*Resolved*, That each division commander of our organization shall have prepared a silk flag with the colors of his particular State blended with the Confederate colors and engrossed with suitable sentiments, and that said Commander of each division shall forward the said flag to Maj. Gen. George Moorman as a token of the regard and esteem in which he is held by the members of this organization."

One of the divisions to the left then raised an objection against veterans standing between them and the platform, so that it was impossible to hear or see.

"Get a gun and put them out!" cried a voice.

"That would never do," replied Gen. Gordon; "those men are not afraid of guns."

Order was quickly restored.

## IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

The following actions will be read with interest:

*Resolved*, That the expression 'war of the rebellion,' which is frequently indulged by the papers and publishers of the South in alluding to the war between the States, is condemned by this organization, as we deem such expressions a reflection on the patriotism of the Southern people and the cause for which they so heroically fought for four years; and we respectfully request that all such publishers, in alluding to the war, designate it as the 'civil war between the States.'"

## CONFEDERATE WHITE HOUSE IN MONTGOMERY.

"Whereas the Alabama Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy, desiring to purchase the building in Montgomery known as the White House, because it was occupied by Hon. Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederate States during his residence in that city, request the coöperation and approval of the United Confederate Veterans in this purpose; therefore be it

*Resolved*: 1. That the United Confederate Veterans' Association will call the attention of all the camps in the different States and Territories to this object, and ask their earnest and active aid in its accomplishment.

"2. That all the money received and collected for this purpose shall be remitted to Mrs. A. W. Cawthorn, Treasurer, at Selma, Ala."

## AN IMPORTANT RESOLUTION CONSIDERED.

*Resolved*, That the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans be so amended as to provide that all persons elected or appointed to any office in this association shall be designated only by the title indicating the rank he held in the army or navy of the Confederate States."

A point of order was raised on this resolution on account of the fact that the constitution provides that any change contemplated in the constitution shall be made known three months in advance. No notice was given of this.

*Resolved*, That the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans be so amended as to read, 'This association shall be called and known as the Confederate Survivors' Association,' instead of the 'United Confederate Veterans,' and its initials shall be 'C. S. A.,' instead of 'U. C. V.'"

This was also ruled out by the point of order raised on the previous resolution.

"Whereas since its last meeting death has robbed the association of two of its most knightly and honored members—namely, Gen. John S. Williams (Caro Gordon Williams) of Kentucky, and Col. J. M. Sandidge, of Louisiana—therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in their death this association and the country has lost two most gallant and chivalrous soldiers, statesmen, and patriots, and we deeply deplore the sad events; that we tender our sympathies to the bereaved families of Gen. Williams and Col. Sandidge and the members of the families, and direct that a copy of these resolutions be furnished them."

These were passed.

*Resolved*, That the eighth annual convention of the United Confederate Veterans' Association indorse the efforts to establish a national battlefield on the historic battlefields around Petersburg, Va."

D. C. Kelley was Chairman; J. E. Moyler, Secretary.

FROM REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON HISTORY.

The historical committee expressed its gratification on the advance which has been made in securing so many of the great objects for which our general organization was created. Monuments have been built, memories which are of priceless worth have been preserved, valuable records and *data* have been collected, comradeship has been cherished, benevolence has been pointed to worthy objects of active sympathy, pensions have been paid to deserving soldiers and the widows of the dead, homes have been built for needy and desolate veterans, true patriotism has been fostered and the honor and fame of the South have been defended against every attempt to tarnish the first or to dim the luster of the last. In the just war in which our country is engaged our comrades, now living, and the descendants of those who have passed away, have nobly used the opportunity to demonstrate to the world the ardor of their patriotism and their readiness to devote their lives in defense of our reunited country.

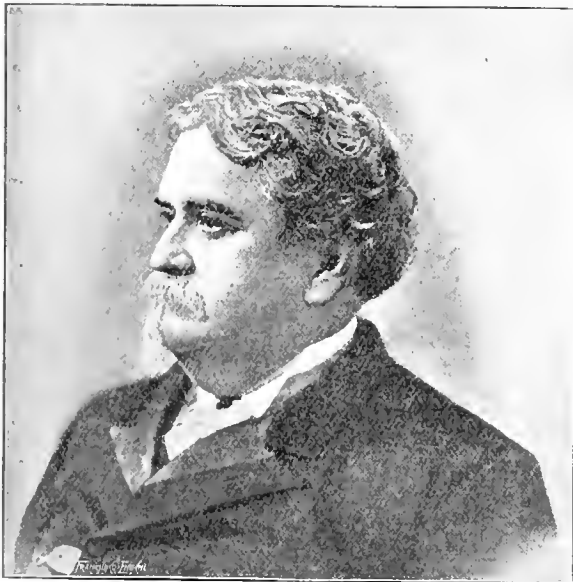
The special subjects committed to the care of the historical committee soon after the origin of the fraternal association of Confederate soldiers and sailors was highly regarded at the beginning, and still holds a place in our esteem not exceeded in importance by any other of the great objects of our organization. The truth of our country's history, the events that transpired during the war in which the Confederate people nobly maintained their cause with unexcelled courage, fortitude, and sacrifice; the true antecedents of that mighty struggle, and the wise course of the Southern soldiery and populace subsequent to the disbandment of the armies, are all subjects of absorbing interest committed to the attention of the historical committee. It is with pleasure that they recall the remarks of Gen. W. H. Jackson, of Tennessee, in the convention of 1896, that "nothing is of more importance to us than history which will give our children the true

facts of what we did in the Confederate army." With equal pleasure it is remembered that the commander in chief, Gen. John B. Gordon, said in convention that "the report now being read brings before the convention its most important business, and that is the business of impartial history." With even greater pleasure than is afforded by these high tributes of the value of worthy Confederate history, the fact is borne in mind that our great body has manifested an increasing concern in the progress of historical research and in the preservation of our people from the ruinous effects of false historical literature.

It was the early trust of the South that the "truth of history" would appear before the tribunals of the world and freely speak with historic verity on its behalf. This confidence in the spirit of truth was indeed sublime and was not betrayed by truth itself, but the Southern people, who were more accustomed to do great things for their country than to publish what they did, were soon surprised and aroused by an invasion of their homes, schools, libraries, bookstores, and news stands, of a horde of war literature so erroneous in statement of principle and fact; so discourteous and unfair in the treatment of the leaders of the people of the former Confederate States; so ungenerous and irritating in language, so insinuating by titles, embellishments, and seductive "mechanical make-up," as to require on their part an immediate defense of their reputation by a prompt refutation of the errors thus widely sown in the minds of their children. It was this early spreading by mercenary agencies of a pernicious literature which brought out Southern writers who, with graceful, honest, and powerful pens, defended the "truth of history" against those who manifestly intended to take its life. Your committee, however, in making this general declaration as to the character of a multitude of offensive publications, do most cordially say that there were numerous exceptions to this rule, and that the Southern people bought and read with pleasure the fair productions of intelligent Northern writers. It is also admitted that not all the works of Southern authors were as temperate in tone as the vast importance of the questions involved demanded.

The Historical Committee called especial attention in the report of 1894 to the unfairness of many of the publications of the Confederate war, and especially to the partisan character of schoolbooks which interested agents of mercenary publishers were diligently placing in Southern schools. The injury to all sections of the country arising from the distribution of these unreliable partisan school histories was plainly set forth in that report and others of the succeeding year. These schoolbooks which thus perverted history by the omission of facts and commission of errors strengthened the sectional spirit, created distrust of all history, and kept aflame the bias and prejudice which all patriots desire to extinguish. The pay to the author, the profit of the publisher, the fee of the selling agent, and the gratification of a sectional feeling did not appear to your committee to be compensation for the loss of public confidence in American history, or the perpetuation of ill will among the people of our whole country which these school histories and other publications were causing.

Recognizing the impracticability of any plan by which any one line of histories for either school pur-



MAJ. LIVINGSTON MIMS, ATLANTA, GA.

On staff duty in war and afterwards business associate of Gen. J. E. Johnston.

poses or other general use could be devised, and acknowledging that certain conflicts of statements of principles and events would occur just as conflicts of law and evidence take place, the urgent appeal was made from year to year in all the annual reports that writers of histories, especially for schools, should avoid unfair omissions, unjust discriminations, irritating epithets, and that they should rise to the nobility of true authorship by presenting accurate history equally fair to all parts of our great country.

The report of 1895 says on this point: "What is needed is history equally fitted for use for North and South, divested of all passion and prejudice incident to the war period, and until a more liberal tone is indicated by Northern histories it is best that their books be kept out of Southern schools. The pressing of these views produced results for which this convention may well express its gratification. School histories were at once brought under special examination by camps and divisions of the United Confederate Veterans and the people of the South and North generally. It was made clear that expurgation and emendation were necessary. Revised editions began to appear. Publishers were made to understand that unfair school history would not be bought or used."

The entire field of history began to be explored, and its neglected facts were more carefully gathered and portrayed. It is now inexpressibly gratifying to the spirit of Southern patriotism that historical verities are more than ever before influencing the mind of the entire people of the United States. Devotedly do we trust that the day has come when the true historical events of the great struggle between the States will appear without exciting any sectional distrust or envies.

A declaration made in the report of 1897, which was unanimously indorsed by the assembled convention of the United Confederate Veterans, is here repeated, to emphasize the view therein expressed: "We recognize that the destiny of the South is inseparably bound up with that of this great republic, and that it is to the interest of the whole nation and our citizens everywhere that coming generations of Southern men should give this Union the same love and devotion which their fathers so freely gave to the United States and then to the ill-starred Confederacy; that Southern men should not hereafter feel themselves in any way estranged from their country or ashamed of any part of its history—stepchildren, as it were, in the national home."

So far as information has been obtained, no denial, North or South, has appeared to this true and patriotic publication of the views and wishes of the Confederate soldiery, and of the Southern people. When we have been painfully made aware that this Southern attitude to the United States government has been misrepresented, whether from ignorance, distrust, or prejudice, our complaint against the injustice cannot be condemned, and our efforts to inform the public of the present generation should be applauded. Our repetition, therefore, of this often stated disposition of the Southern people will be accepted as a continuation of our efforts to remove all prejudices and all ignorance from every mind, in order that our countrymen of this day may investigate without obstacles the great history made by Southern and Northern men in both war and peace. We are pleased to recognize at the North as

well as at the South the growth of this broad American patriotism.

For illustration of objectionable faults in general history of the sectional war period, intended for popular and school use, a very few examples are here given. Offensive epithets appear in many works wholly useless in writing history and unquestionably irritating. The secession of the Southern States is stigmatized as a rebellion, and the Southern people are offensively called rebels. Nor are the terms used in these Northern writings in the honorable sense in which our American revolution was a rebellion, and George Washington and John Adams were rebels, but in the offensive sense in which Tarlton, the British raider, called Francis Marion, the American defender, a rebel. These epithets, so applied to the course of the Southern States and the conduct of its people, would not be used as reproach by any just jurist, statesman, or historian. Certainly a decent respect for the many millions of Southern people who are a patriotic and powerful part of our reunited country will cause these epithets to be abandoned. Their elimination hereafter from general publications will demonstrate a proper expurgation of sectional feeling. The President of the Confederate States is often referred to in the literature offered for sale in the South as the "arch traitor," notwithstanding the truth that, according to the judgment of jurists, statesmen, historians, and just-minded mankind, Jefferson Davis was in no sense whatever a traitor at any time or anywhere. Every member of this committee and every brave Confederate insists that he himself did all that Jefferson Davis did, and that neither committed treason. Long ago all disrespectful allusions to President Lincoln were condemned by Southern readers, and by none more heartily than by Southern soldiers. Honest public sentiment, North and South, should condemn any efforts of partisan malignity to implant in school literature any vicious treatment of the name of Jefferson Davis, who merits the respect of the world. A further reasonable objection to a part of the war literature issued by partisan publishers is the



THOMAS B. NEAL, ATLANTA, GA.—HE SERVED UNDER FORREST.

statement of Southern motive in secession. It is certainly not true that the destruction of the Union was either the political or the military object of the States which formed the Confederacy. No jurist, statesman, nor historian would stake on such a proposition his reputation for accuracy in statement and definition. The expression should not be used in any allusion to the war waged against the seceded States, because it mistakes the motives of the Southern States and is neither just nor generous nor true in fact or in law. . . .

Tributes to the bravery and patriotic motive of the main body of soldiers and sailors who fought against the South are uttered in hundreds of speeches by Southern orators every year. During the reunion of Confederate veterans allusions in conversation to special instances of Northern valor is a common occurrence. In truth, the true soldiers of both armies entertain very justly a high respect for the brave men whom they have met in battle, and are unwilling to have posterity informed that either side can be impeached for want of personal courage. . . .

The intelligent Southern soldier knows that there is a difference of opinion on the constitutional question at this point, but he is mindful of the truth that this difference can be stated in soberness without recrimination and without impairing the sincerity and cordial companionship in lofty patriotism which should distinguish all American soldiers of the past and of the present war.

To brand such men as Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, or Jefferson Davis as traitors is not to stain the whiteness of their lives, but rather to spoil the word for any useful purpose, to make of traitor a title which Hampden or Washington might have borne as well had the fortunes of war gone against them. As Fox said to Lord North: "The great asserters of liberty, the saviors of their country, the benefactors of mankind in all ages, have been called rebels."

That which your committee fully believes to be the sincere wish of the great body of Confederate men is



MAJ. DAVID G. WYLIE, OF FIRST AND FORTIETH GA., C. S. A.

the elimination from all literature of offensive phrases which are adapted to provoke sectional feeling, and the using of all facts which show accurately, justly, and fully the rise, progress, and termination of the long contention between North and South, which it is now fervently hoped will be definitely ended in this year when South and North are united at home and on the field of battle against our common country's bitter foe. The union of patriots as it is seen in comradeship of Fitzhugh Lee, Merritt, and Wheeler, and of Dewey and Schley, now commanding together in the national uniforms and under our flag, the brave and true men of the United States army and navy from east, west, south, and north, point out most clearly the path of duty, honor, and glory for every American citizen. The South stands by the grave of the gallant Worth Bagley, and, stretching forth her hands in blessing upon the chivalrous Hobson as he emerges from his prison, affirms that on her part the cruel war is over; its prejudices and passions are silent; its shadowy ghosts of ghastly resentments are dead; its evil spirits are exorcised forever, and that it now rests with the North to obey the instructions of Gen. Grant in both the spirit and the letter of its literature: "Let us have peace!"

Here follows endorsement of the VETERAN already published.

Your committee recommend:

1. That chairs of American history be established in all universities and colleges.
2. That boards of education and all others having charge of the selection of histories, speeches, readers, etc., be careful to exclude works that show the partisan, sectional, and unpatriotic spirit.
3. That we urge upon the Legislatures and executives of all the Southern States to adopt measures to have more reliable records made of the sections of their respective States and people.
4. That more attention be paid by division Commanders and corps to the appointment of good, active historians. That historians appointed by camp and division Commanders establish some plan of communication by which they may coöperate in collecting the *data* of history.
5. That every living Confederate be urged, so far as practicable, to make out his record for preservation by his family, and for this purpose a form be adopted for common use which may be obtained by camps or individuals at small expense.
6. That authorship in the South be encouraged by a more liberal patronage of literary productions and by the establishment and support of publishing houses and other societies for developing literary excellence.
7. That State histories be prepared for use in the schools of each State.
8. The committee refrains from making any catalogue of books to be recommended to the people. They urge all Southern writers of books of any class to deal fairly with the subjects about which they write.

Respectfully submitted: S. D. Lee, Chairman; C. A. Evans, Georgia; W. R. Garrett, Tennessee; D. C. Richardson, Virginia; S. G. French, Florida; L. S. Ferguson, Alabama; H. A. Newman, Missouri; John T. Horner, Arkansas; Winfield Peters, Maryland; L. O. Casler, Oklahoma.

## ONE DAY DURING THE WAR.

Miss Mollie Y. Gill (now Mrs. Ogilvie), of Petersburg, Tenn.:

In the summer of 1863 I was going to school in Petersburg, Tenn. One day at recess it was announced that the town was full of Yankees. The next startling thing I heard was that they had my horse, a beautiful roan which my father had given me on condition that I keep her through the war. I stated the case to the teacher, who gave me permission to see if I could recover the animal. Accompanied by a classmate (Sallie Leonard), I went to all the racks in town, but saw nothing of my Kate. Upon turning a corner I saw my mother, and she beckoned us to her. I advanced toward her and saw Kate, among many other horses, eating straw. I ran to her, and said, "Here she is! here she is!" and patted her with one hand, reaching up for the halter with the other. Just then a gruff voice said: "Hold on there! You don't get that horse." I jumped from surprise at being so roughly spoken to, but held the rein and claimed my right.

"Why did you have her hid," asked the man.

"To keep the Yankees from taking her," I replied.

About this time my mother called me, and I reluctantly went to her. She introduced me to Capt. —, and told him that I was the owner of the horse. He arose and extended his hand, but I put mine behind me. He then seated himself, saying: "If you were like a cousin of yours that I know, you could get your horse without any trouble." I replied that I didn't care about my cousin; that what I wanted was my horse. I then asked a soldier if there was a higher officer about there, and he replied: "O yes! but he is asleep out yonder in that yard." I asked the soldier to go and wake him and tell him a schoolgirl wanted to speak to him. A young and handsome officer from Maine responded. When I made my business known to him, he laughed, and asked how his men happened to get my horse. I replied that we had her hid and they found her. Then he asked me if I wouldn't give

her to the Rebels if I could. "Yes, sir," said I; "I wish they had her now." I appealed to him, and asked how he would like for his sister to be in my place. He asked me to quit crying and tell him what other horse I would take for her. I said: "None." He then ordered a man to bring up my horse.

Being supplied with bridle and saddle, I proudly mounted Kate, amid the shouts of many Yankees. A soldier's last words to me were: "I'll follow you and get her back." Kate was scarcely bridlewise, but took me swiftly homeward. On reaching the home of Uncle Tom Moore, he detained me to learn how I had succeeded, and as we were talking we saw two bluecoats coming, and I moved rapidly away. On reaching home I rode into a cornfield and, dismounting, sat on the ground. As I meditated upon my utter helplessness and of our defenders so far away, I feared my pursuers would come suddenly upon me, so I climbed to my saddle and rode to the top of a hill, where I could see two roads, and there I sat and watched the main body leave. Then I thought of the dreadful stragglers. The crackling of a dry limb startled me, and I turned to find within fifty yards of me the two bluecoats I had seen at my uncle's. I changed my position, hoping they had not seen me, and got behind a broad, spreading sycamore tree. As I sat there so anxiously watching I distinctly heard my name called. It was by one of our servants, who was picking cotton near by. She called and said: "The Yankees are after you." I gave Kate the rein, and sped homeward in full view of the enemy as I rode through the cotton and corn fields. My mother opened the smokehouse door, and I hid there. Fearing Kate would make a noise when the other horses came, for those men were on my track, I held the rein with one hand, so that I might cover her nostrils with the other, but she was quiet as they passed. Putting some of the little darkies in the basement, mother followed the Yankees in their search for me. Expecting them at the smokehouse, I had selected a small, hard stick of wood for use if they came. I heard the voice of one of them as he said to the other: "You go and search the barn." After his companion had left he turned to my mother and said: "I know where your daughter is, and have come for her protection." My mother pronounced a blessing upon him, but he never heard my words of thanks; his consciousness of having done right was better pay than I could give.



MRS. J. HARVEY MATHES, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Mr. Bartholdt, Member of Congress from Missouri, in a speech to the House upon the loyalty of adopted citizens of the country, said they would march under the stars and stripes to the inspiring tune of "Yankee Doodle," doing their patriotic duty as brave and consistent American citizens toward the country of their choice. [Applause.] Mr. Gaines of Tennessee, ever jealously watchful for his section, interposed, "They will march under the tune of 'Dixie' as well;" when Mr. Bartholdt replied, "I accept the amendment of the gentleman from Tennessee, because the tunes of 'Dixie' and 'Yankee Doodle' have recently been blended, and the combined harmony is grander. [Applause.] They claim no superiority over others, but yield to none in patriotic devotion to the government."

## THE "FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE" OF THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. NETTIE DEAN TAYLOR.

Owing to the sparse population of the tide-water counties, practically without railroad facilities for meetings and transaction of business, the members of the Sallie Tompkins Chapter of the U. D. C. have not yet been able to do much more than promptly meet their dues. Their present officers are as follows: President, Miss Louise Seawell; Honorary President, Mrs. R. C. Selden; First Vice President, Miss Belle Tabb; Second Vice President and Historian, Mrs. F. L. Taylor; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. William B. Taliaferro; Treasurer, Miss Mollie Jones. This Chapter feels, however, that the Woman's Record in the October VETERAN will be incomplete without special mention of the noble lady whose name it has the honor to bear; a name perhaps more widely known among the old soldiers than that of any other Confederate heroine. Hundreds will recall her as "the soldier's friend." Some sketch of her antecedents and life work will be of interest not only to them, but to the future historian and novelist, who may find fresh inspiration in looking up historic records of this "Florence Nightingale of the South." The West may proudly boast of her Clara Barton, the North exult in the growing patriotism of her Helen Gould, but the South may point silently to her Sallie Tompkins, the prototype of their womanhood in which a reunited country may fully rejoice.

Miss Tompkins comes of patriotic and distinguished lineage, but of her it may be said,

'Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Her father was Col. Christopher Tompkins, an elegant gentleman of the old school, public-spirited, and full of business ability. Her mother was Maria Patterson, daughter of John Patterson, Esq., of Poplar Grove, and his wife Elizabeth Tabb, of Toddsbury, all of Gloucester and Mathews Counties, Va. Mr. Patterson was a navy officer of some distinction, having been brevetted for gallantry on the field of Monmouth by Washington himself, and transferred to the navy by his own request, he being but a lad "in his teens" at the time. Through him Miss Tompkins can claim connection with the only hereditary order in America, "The Cincinnati Society," which has lately made the offer to admit a son of his second daughter in default of male heirs of his name. Though born an Englishman, his intense sympathy with the Revolutionary party was further signified by his naming his homestead "Poplar Grove," the Lombardy poplar being the party symbol of the Whig *versus* the Tory party of his day. Hence the popularity of the somewhat ungraceful Lombardy poplar with the past generations. After retiring from the navy, Mr. Patterson engaged in mercantile pursuits, running to England and the West and East Indies ships which he manned with his own negroes, to whom his captains were ordered to pay British seamen's wages to be expended according to their own will. Thus he acquired what was in that day a very large fortune, which was justly and wisely expended. "Poplar Grove" was long and widely known as one of the typical homes of tide-water Virginia, a

type rapidly fading even from the memory of the few who know something of "the light of other days," and almost inconceivable by those who know only the present. Of that civilization the English historian, Gregg, has written that it has produced the very flower of the Anglo-Saxon race. "Poplar Grove," after the death of Mr. Patterson, passed to Col. Christopher Tompkins, who married his eldest daughter. This noble pair also kept ever-open doors for a large and cultured circle of friends and relations in a home where wealth without ostentation, dignity without arrogance, refinement without self-indulgent luxury, elegance with simplicity, accompanied by unusual piety and practical religious living, combined to make life beautiful and noble. Here, sometime in the thirties, Sallie Louisa Tompkins was born, the youngest of a band of brothers and sisters all more or less notable in their several lines of life. Patriotism came readily to a child who knew that her father had once equipped a company at his own expense, devotion as easily in seeing her sister consecrate her means to the building of Christ Church, Kingston Parish, Mathews County, Va. After her father's death the family removed to Richmond, and "Poplar Grove" passed out of their possession. It has since become quite a well-known summer resort.

But the keynote of Miss Tompkins' life was sounded when the guns of the invading army sent sudden death and suffering among the heroes of the Southern Confederacy. We might almost say that all Southern women felt as she did; but few, if any, had the matchless power of organization, fortitude, physical endurance, and ample means which it was her delight to give. The banner of the Red Cross Society had not yet risen above the blood-stained fields of the Franco-Prussian war. She had to be a whole Red Cross Society by herself, and she hastened at once to throw open her doors to sick and wounded soldiers, each one of whom she nursed and superintended as if he were a member of her own family, passing from bed to bed with the necessary nourishment or medicines, not forgetting to bestow spiritual comfort from her Bible ever at her hand. It was noted by the authorities that a larger proportion of men were returned from her hospital than from any other. They sent her then the most desperate cases, hoping she might save when others failed. Those were dark days for "the little lady with the milk-white hand" (as her soldiers called her), for she had to lead a forlorn hope, so to speak, against death and suffering. But right bravely she bore up, and President Davis gave her a regular captain's commission in recognition of her services, and also to give her the right to issue orders and draw rations to add to her own liberality, then almost exhausting her once





ample fortune. It is on record that she returned over thirteen hundred men to the field. Her hospital became the social gathering place of the old, the young, the beautiful, and the cultured of many Richmond families, who forgot all thought or self in helping to nurse the sick and dying soldiers under Miss Tompkins' able direction.

Mrs. Maguire's valuable "Diary of a Refugee" gives some idea of this and an account of her going with Miss Tompkins after the evacuation to entreat the Federal authorities not to remove her soldiers from her care, according to the general orders issued. They had some trouble, and the officer declared he would issue her no medicines or rations. Old soldiers will smile as they read how the imperial little lady assured him "nothing of the sort was necessary;" that she "had but five men left, all desperately wounded, whom she could take care of without asking help." The officer said, somewhat abruptly, that he would see about it, but the soldiers were not removed. So triumphs the human heart when "a touch of [noble] nature makes the world akin."

Suffice it to say that Miss Tompkins' work for her kind did not end with the war. Even during the Confederate reunion at Richmond, in 1896, she rented a house for the occasion, having no longer a permanent home there, and the proclamation went forth that her doors and hospitality were free to any Confederate soldier who could find no other refuge in the crowded city. Then, as during the war, she said: "My house can never be too full to take in a man from Gloucester or Matthews Counties." During the reunion she held an almost constant levee. All that was left of them—left of the thirteen hundred men—came to her doors, guided by the Confederate flag and the word "Welcome" at the entrance, to renew old memories and to find their names, rank, duration of illness, etc., carefully noted in her old hospital book of records.

Just one word for the young and lovers of romance: "When the cruel war was over" Miss Tompkins' mail basket was almost unmanageable. There were letters of gratitude, of anxious inquiry from friends (new and old), from men of all ranks and conditions of life, and not a few begged to share their lives and their all with her whom they remembered with tenderest emotion.

Among honors shown her, the Lane-Diggs Camp of late requested a portrait of her, which now hangs in their hall at Mathews Courthouse. There she stands, a little lady clad in a black gown as simple as the habit of a Charity sister, with her medicine belted to her side, her hands folded upon her Bible, as ready for service as a modern man of war with decks cleared for action.

#### DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN ST. LOUIS.

Mrs. P. G. Robert, of St. Louis, wrote for the VETERAN last year as follows:

I have before me a copy of the first annual report of the Secretary of the D. O. C. of Missouri, Mrs. E. R. Gamble, dated February, 1892. The second paragraph reads: "One year ago—viz., January, 1891—Mrs. A. C. Cassidy conceived the idea that the ladies of St. Louis could—and would, if given an opportunity—contribute their mite in aid of the Confederate Home of Missouri. Her first step was to select a fitting name, and the next to find a President to fit the name and

whom the women of the city would delight to follow. Both selections were happy. The name 'Daughters of the Confederacy' appealed at once to all who had suffered for the cause for which so many heroic loved ones had laid down their lives, and the venerable Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, then eighty years of age, was requested to accept the leadership. . . . A meeting was called in the parlors of the Southern Hotel on January 27, 1891."

#### NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Official notice comes from Gen. W. L. DeRosset, Wilmington, N. C., August 19, 1898:

The General commanding thanks the members of his staff who have so cheerfully and satisfactorily assisted in the work connected with our late reunion.

The following will serve as his staff for the current fiscal year: Col. Junius Davis, Wilmington, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Col. W. J. Woodward, Wilmington, Chief Quartermaster; Col. Theodore E. Davidson, Asheville, Inspector General; Col. Cicero R. Barker, Salisbury, Chief Commissary; Col. John Gray Bynum, Greensboro, Judge Advocate General; Col. Joseph Shepard, M.D., Wilmington, Surgeon General; Col. A. B. Williams, Fayetteville, Chief of Artillery; Col. W. C. Stronach, Raleigh, Chief of Ordinance; Lieut. Col. Nathaniel Harding, Washington, Chaplain; Maj. James A. Blum, Winston, Assistant Quartermaster; Maj. Henry A. London, Pittsboro, Aide de Camp; Maj. Matthias Manly, Newbern, Aide de Camp; Maj. H. C. Wall, Rockingham, Aide de Camp; Maj. John Badger Brown, Baltimore, Volunteer Aide de Camp. The appointment of Color Bearer is yet to be made.

Mrs. W. M. Parsley, of Wilmington, N. C., an honored friend of the VETERAN, copies for its columns from the daily *Wilmington Journal*, published in 1864, the following extracts from a letter of Gen. Lee to Gov. Vance complimenting the North Carolina troops for their glorious victory achieved at Reams Station. This tribute from our great hero is the highest honor that could be paid to North Carolina soldiers:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,  
August 29, 1864.

I have been frequently called upon to mention the services of the North Carolina soldiers in this army. Their gallantry and conduct were never more deserving of admiration than in the engagement at Reams Station on the 25th inst. The brigadier generals, Cook, McRae, and Lane, the last under temporary command of Gen. Connor, advanced through a thick abatis of felled trees, under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, and carried the enemy's works with a steady courage that elicited the warm commendation of their corps and division commander and the admiration of the army. On the same occasion the brigade of Gen. Barringer bore a conspicuous part in the operations of the cavalry, which were not less distinguished for boldness and efficiency than those of the infantry. If the men who remain in North Carolina share the spirit of those they have sent to the field, as I doubt not they do, her defense may be securely intrusted to their hands. I am with great respect your obedient servant,  
R. E. LEE, General.

## REUNION OF TENNESSEANS.

## Address of Welcome by Miss Ethel Moore.

*Confederate Veterans:* In the name of the John H. Wooldridge Bivouac, I welcome you to Pulaski. To you and to us this has become historic ground, the scene of a tragedy at once sorrowful and dear to us: the cruel death of one of your comrades, who met it like a hero.

In the eyes of Southern people all Confederate veterans are heroes. It is you who preserve the traditions and memories of the old-time South—the sunny South, with its beautiful lands and its happy people; the South of chivalrous men and gentle women; the South that will go down in history as the land of plenty and the home of heroes. This beautiful, plentiful, happy South engendered a spirit of chivalry and gallantry for which its men were noted far and near, and as gallant gentlemen we welcome you to Pulaski.

The hearts of the young people of this generation swell with pride over the praises of Confederate veterans, which so many have sung. We are proud of you; we are proud of our inheritance. We are proud of you because you fought for the Confederacy and because you fought like the heroes you were; for we know that you but followed the dictates of a conscience created by a true construction of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. You violated no law, and your foes stood aghast at the undaunted courage with which you contended for your rights; for, brave as some of them were, they could but doff the hat to the "Johnny Reb," who showed them how a gentleman could fight. It was the same spirit which led Gen. Wheeler on to astound the Spaniards with his distinguished bravery that you and he displayed when you fought so desperately for a sacred cause.

Put away by loving hands and preserved with tenderness ever since, we find sometimes an old gray coat. Its very raggedness brings tears of pride to our eyes and makes it far dearer than any coat of mail would be. It tells silent stories of hardships that were heroically endured, of heartaches that were never given utterance to, and of bravery that made the heart of many a loved one swell with pride. There are marks of bullets in some of these old coats that speak of the shedding of noble blood and of countless tears. And we cherish the old hats and caps that you wore. Mere wrecks they are, but they serve to remind us that the crown never became too tattered nor the brim too torn to be lifted to a woman.

And you have not forgotten how to pay reverence and devotion to your women. There needed only to be bestowed the title "Daughter of the Confederacy" upon a young woman to endear her to every man who fought or shed blood for the cause; and last month, when Confederate veterans throughout the whole Southland with beautiful sentiment paid touching tribute to the memory of Winnie Davis, it was but proof to all Southern women that in your hearts are monuments to them that speak out at times more effectively than the tallest shaft of marble would.

It has been said of you that you never forget. You do not forget your heroes, and it is very fitting that

while here you should do special honor to the memory of Sam Davis. It is very right, too, that you should pay reverence and devotion to the times which brought you so closely together, and it is our dearest wish that only the pleasantest memories of those times be re-



MISS ETHEL MOORE, PULASKI, TENN.

vived during your stay here, and that you may always retain pleasant associations with Pulaski, one of them being that your presence was a delight to all the members of the Wooldridge Bivouac, in whose name I again bid you welcome, welcome, welcome to Pulaski.

FROM PREPARED ADDRESS BY J. B. O'BRYAN.

As the years go by and the Confederate soldiers decrease in numbers and increase in years, their reunions (small or large) increase in interest both to them and to the sons and daughters of the South. New Confederate associations, bivouacs, camps, and Daughters of the Confederacy are being organized each year, which proves the statement just made. All this indicates that the spirit of the Confederate soldier, which was devotion to execution of duty, as appeared to him, regardless of consequences, will never die, but will increase in strength and beauty among the people of our beloved South. The result of this spirit has been prominently shown to the world in the Cuban war. May our young men and young women carefully read and study Confederate history, and be so imbued with this spirit that they will teach it to coming generations!

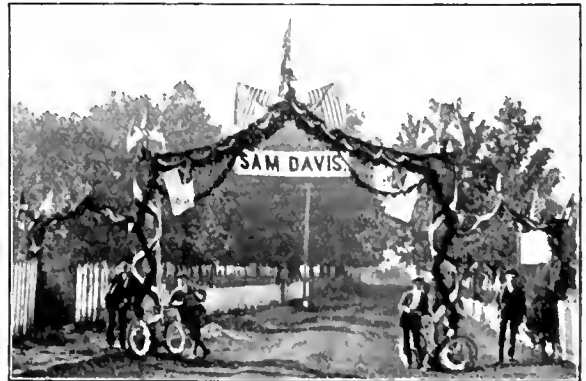
It is said that true history is not written till after its generation has passed. However this may be, we

now see that even many of those who opposed us are beginning to appreciate the high principle and courage displayed by the Confederates. Where does history furnish such a sight as the world now witnesses—Wheeler and Lee, the only two Confederates given places where they had opportunities—receiving the plaudits not only of the people of the South, but throughout our beloved country, even from New England? . . . Look at some of the leaders of the Confederate armies: Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, and last, but not least, "Old Joe," otherwise known as Joseph E. Johnston. Where does history show such men leading an army? It was here in Pulaski that the noble Sam Davis suffered death before he would betray a friend. What a lesson to the young men of to-day!

It has been the custom in organizing Confederate bivouacs and camps to name them in memory of some dead Confederate, but Giles County has very properly acted contrary to this custom and given the name in honor of Lieut. John H. Wooldridge, who is still alive and with us to-day. Why this departure from custom? Because this man of your own community, whom many of you know from personal observation to be as gallant a man as was ever engaged in battle, while charging the enemy at Perryville, thirty-six years ago, fell at his post of duty, and was taken from the field, thought to be mortally wounded. Well do I remember, after spending all the night on the battlefield gathering up the wounded of Cheatham's Division and sending them to the rear, coming at daylight and going back to the Goodnight Hospital, some three miles in the rear, finding Lieut. Wooldridge lying on the floor with a cloth over the upper part of his face, the sight from both eyes gone forever to this world.

May God bless him in his last days, and may his heart be full of good things during this reunion!

At the recent reunion of Tennessee Confederates at Pulaski an arch was erected over the street near the place of Davis' execution, and many of the thousands

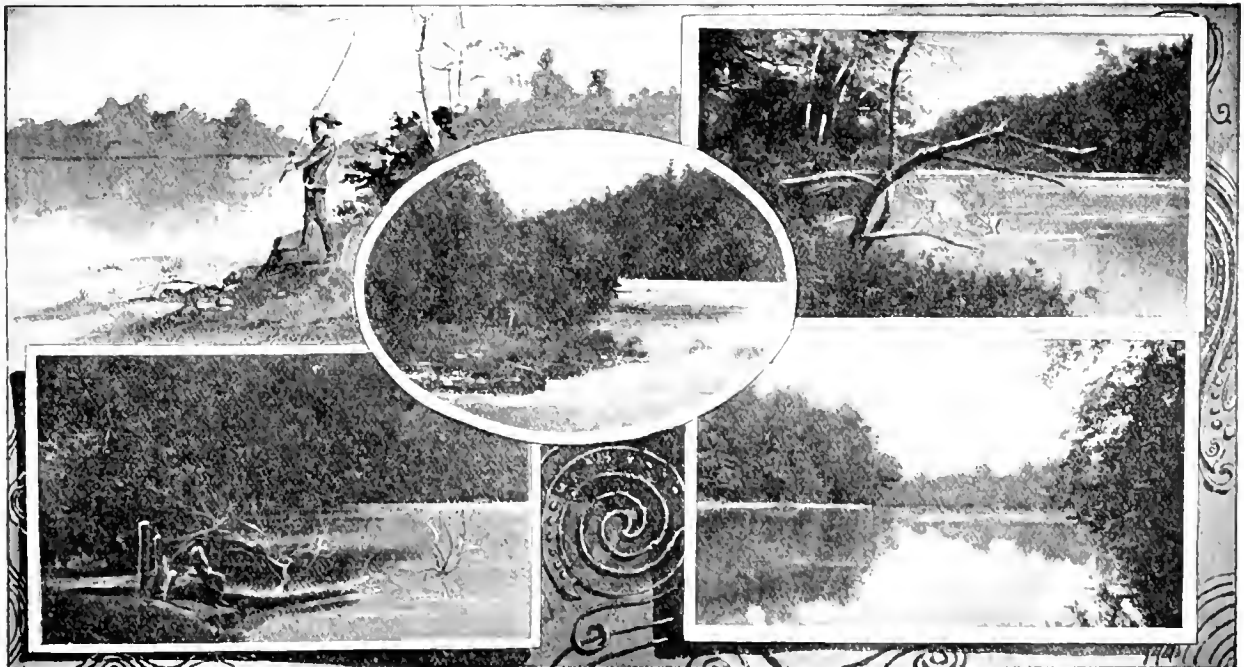


instinctively removed their hats in passing under the arch. The name, made of holly leaves on a white banner, which was stretched across the arch, now adorns the VETERAN office.

The following tribute is by the wife of C. B. Vampelt, South Bend, Ind., whose pathetic and interesting tribute was published in the VETERAN for November, 1897. In a personal letter Mr. Vampelt states that his wife loved Sam Davis' memory through his oft recounting the sad story.

From the plain above the river,  
Where the golden sunbeams quiver,  
Passed a hero to his rest,  
Who shall sing in rhythm glorious  
Of a boy's pure heart victorious,  
Giving all that men deem best?

All of life's fair promise scorning,  
Yielding gladly youth's bright morning,  
Climbed he heights beyond the stars.



ON THE OUCHITA RIVER NEAR HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

None may know his soul's clear vision  
Of the blessed fields elysian,  
Far removed from cruel wars.

Sound, Sunny South, thy fair knight's glory!  
Echo back, O North, the story  
Of a shining, golden deed.  
Carve in stone a loving token  
For a loyal trust unbroken  
In the hour of honor's need.

"Called of God"—thus stands the meaning.  
Write it plain, in letters gleaming,  
'Neath the name of Samuel.  
Naught can dim its golden dower,  
Naught can sway its royal power—  
Myriads will the story tell.

Sweet the peace that follows striving;  
Bright the star of hope, reviving  
In our hearts the dawn of love.  
Though men fall for wrong or right,  
After darkness cometh light,  
Shining purely from above.

MARION BENNETT VANPELT.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's tribute to Sam Davis may well be reproduced. Its reperusal by those who have seen it will profit, while the many new readers of the *VETERAN* will greatly treasure this contribution by the gifted and patriotic author:

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes  
To stand before his face,  
O, many a name unknown to fame  
Shall ring from that high place!  
And out of a grave in the Southland,  
At the just God's call and beck,  
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes  
And a rope about his neck.

For men have swung from gallows  
Whose souls were white as snow.  
Not how they die nor where, but why,  
Is what God's records show.  
And on that mighty ledger  
Is writ Sam Davis' name.  
For honor's sake he would not make  
A compromise with shame.

The great world lay before him,  
For he was in his youth.  
With love of life young hearts are rife.  
But better he loved truth.  
He fought for his convictions;  
And when he stood at bay  
He would not flinch or stir one inch  
From honor's narrow way.

They offered life and freedom  
If he would speak the word.  
In silent pride he gazed aside  
As one who had not heard.  
They argued, pleaded, threatened—  
It was but wasted breath.  
"Let come what must, I keep my trust,"  
He said, and laughed at death.

He would not sell his manhood  
To purchase a priceless hope.  
Where kings cast down a name and crown  
He dignified a rope.  
Ah, grave! where was your triumph?  
Ah, death! where was your sting?  
He showed you how a man could bow  
To doom and stand a king.

And God, who loves the loyal  
Because they are like him,  
I doubt not yet that soul shall set

Among his cherubim.  
O Southland, fling your laurels!  
And add your wreath, O North!  
Let glory claim the hero's name  
And tell the world his worth.

In this connection it seems fitting to recall a tribute by that charming writer, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Gilmer, of the *New Orleans Picayune*, at the time of her visit to Nashville during the Centennial Exposition:

"If we had a poet laureate in this country who was elected on Democratic principles by popular vote, the chances are he would be a woman and his name would be Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Mrs. Wilcox may not write poetry for the critics, but she writes the kind of poetry the most of us like—with rhymes at the end and sense in the middle. She knows what we would like to say when we are in love. She sees the grain of fineness in common clay, and can sing the praise of the everyday man just the same as if he had worn a coat of mail, instead of a frock coat. It's her verses we cut out of the newspapers and paste in scrapbooks, and love for the music and melody of them, and there was probably more real interest in her appearance than any one else, but she was shy. A charming elocutionist recited one of her poems, and when the audience clamored for a sight of the poetess of passion she slipped out through a side door, but not before many of us had a glimpse of a pretty, slight woman in a smart blue gown."

Continuing, Mrs. Gilmer wrote of the occasion:  
"Colemere" is a baronial country seat, six miles out of Nashville, on one of the beautiful pikes that stretch like white ribbons out in every direction. The road



MRS. ELIZABETH MERIWETHER GILMER.

lies between dimpling vales and gentle hills, and is fringed on either side by rolling fields of blue grass. The crisp October air was like molten gold, the sumac and wild grape scented the air, the frost had turned oak and sweet gum into a painted glory, but these things I knew but dimly. Who can be eyes and ears at once. Mr. S—C—, the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, had asked me to go out with him, and of his guests were Mrs. John A. Logan and Mrs. Roebing, the wife of the man who built the Brooklyn bridge—nay, more, the woman who, when her husband fell ill, took up his work and for ten years carried on and completed the greatest engineering feat of our times.

In publishing a list of U. C. V. officials in the July VETERAN, some unfortunate omissions occur in the North Carolina Division. Gen. F. M. Parker should have been given as Commander of the Third Brigade, and Brig. Gen. James M. Ray as Commander of the Fourth Brigade of that division.

### THE LAST ROLL,

MAJ. ALBERT WYNNE HARRIS.

On Saturday morning of July 23, 1898, when thousands of his comrades were en route to their homes from the Atlanta reunion, Comrade Maj. Albert Wynne Harris, of Nashville, died. He had driven into the city from his country residence, and soon after enter-



ing the American National Bank, of which he was Cashier, expired quite suddenly. He had been in ill health for several months, but his death was a painful shock to the community. He was a gentleman of refinement and so well-balanced in mind that he rarely ever exhibited any degree of excitement.

One of the city papers gave this brief account of his career as a soldier: "Early in 1861 he enlisted as a private in the First Tennessee Regiment. He was

later assigned to staff duty with Gen. George Maney, and was promoted to the rank of major through gallantry in battle." Maj. Harris worthily represented an honored Virginia family, who came from Hanover County before his birth. He was the eldest of four sons, all of whom—Temple O., John W., and Dr. J. E. Harris—together with a sister, Mrs. E. H. Pigue, survive him, as do his wife, a daughter, and two sons.

In the passing away of Mrs. J. Coleman Gardner at her home in Springfield, Mo., August 21, a good friend to the Confederate cause is lost. Hundreds of Confederates will remember her as Mrs. Shackelford, whose table and purse were at their disposal when it was not safe to let it be known. Clothing and medicine sent through the lines to the scantily clad and sick Confederates is remembered by many of them who yet survive. No more loyal Confederate could be found than her husband, whose zeal for the VETERAN has continued through the years of its existence.

James G. Holmes, of Charleston, Adjutant General of South Carolina Division, U. C. V., writes to the *News and Courier* a worthy rebuke of *McClure's Magazine* for so unjustly ignoring the highly important services of Gen. Wheeler about Santiago. Every Confederate veteran ought to stay on guard to see that the truth is given as long as he lives.

### REUNION AT CHARLESTON—DATES NAMED.

Headquarters United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La., October 29, 1898.

*General Order No. 200:*

I. The General Commanding announces that, under the resolution passed at the late reunion held at Atlanta, Ga., and under the custom established by the association, leaving the date of the next annual meeting and reunion—which is to be held in the city of Charleston, S. C.—to the General Commanding and the department Commanders, by unanimous agreement and at the desire of "our host" the next reunion will be held at Charleston, S. C., upon the dates May 10, 11, 12, and 13, 1899, respectively—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

On account of the rapid growth of the association and the immense accumulation of important business which demands urgent attention at the coming session, four days will be given, unless the business is sooner disposed of by the delegates.

With pride the General Commanding also announces that eleven hundred and seventy camps have now joined the association, and applications have been received at these headquarters for over two hundred more. He urges veterans everywhere to send to these headquarters for organization papers, form camps at once, and join this association, so as to assist in carrying out its benevolent, praiseworthy, and patriotic objects.

J. B. GORDON, *General Commanding*;

GEORGE MOORMAN, *Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff*.

## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER IN CHIEF. } Box 397, Charleston, S. C.  
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT GENERAL. }

### ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

P. C. P. THOMAS, COMMANDER, } Bowling Green, Ky.  
—, ADJUTANT, }

### ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

E. B. WILSON, COMMANDER, } Gallatin, Tenn.  
J. T. BASKERVILLE, ADJUTANT, }

### TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

BENNETT HILL, COMMANDER, } Dallas, Tex.  
CHARLES S. SWINDELLS, ADJUTANT, }

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organization of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

Two new camps have been chartered since last month. The Hall McConnell No. 113, organized at Clarksville, is the first camp of Sons to be chartered in the State of Arkansas. Camp Sam Davis No. 112 is the second new camp in the Tennessee Division since the reunion. They have certainly chosen a worthy name in that of the hero Sam Davis.

Some changes have occurred in the Division Commanders. Mr. W. A. Jacob has been appointed Commander of the Virginia Division and Mr. Ben Howe of the Kentucky Division. The former Commander of the Virginia Division is at present in the United States volunteer army; and Mr. R. C. P. Thomas, having been elected Department Commander, it was necessary to fill his place. We are sorry to announce the resignation of Commander P. H. Mell, of the Alabama Division, but a good and active comrade has been secured in his place in the person of Hon. Thomas M. Owen. Comrade J. Gray McAllister, the efficient Quartermaster General, is at present studying for the ministry, and has therefore found it necessary to resign his position. Comrade E. Leslie Spence, Jr., of Richmond, Va., has been appointed in his place.

The confederation joins in the expressions of deep sorrow at the death of Miss Winnie Davis. Official General Order No. 2 was issued on September 19, concerning Miss Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy," in which suitable tribute is paid: "It is therefore not only the duty of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, but their sad privilege, to give expression to the sincere grief that is felt by the entire South at the untimely death of this gifted lady. The United Sons of Confederate Veterans hereby extend to her mother and sister their deep and heartfelt sympathy. Comrades E. Leslie Spence, Jr., Edwin P. Cox, W. A. Jacob, and W. R. Walden, of Richmond, are appointed the official representatives of the United Confederation to take part in the last sad rites at her funeral ceremonies, and thus testify by their presence our desire to honor her memory."

At the burial services Comrades Spence and Cox were among the active and Comrades Jacob and Walden among the honorary pallbearers.

Definite steps have been taken by the confederation

to aid in the erection of a monument to her memory. The Commander in Chief submitted a plan for the work to the various Department and Division Commanders, requesting their approval, and they all replied, indorsing the movement and pledging the efforts of their divisions for its success.

The enterprise is placed in the hands of an Executive Committee, consisting of Robert A. Smyth (*ex officio*), General Chairman; Edwin P. Cox, Richmond, Va., General Treasurer; L. D. Teackle Quinby, Atlanta, Ga., General Secretary; the three Department Commanders and each of the Division Commanders. The Division Commanders are to appoint subcommittees from each division, consisting of the Commandants of the various camps and such other comrades as they deem necessary, the Division Commander to be the Chairman of the subcommittee. It is desired that the funds be voluntary contributions from the members of the confederation and such patriotic friends and societies as wish to aid the local camps in their undertaking. No public solicitations of funds will be undertaken. The funds, when collected by the Commandants of the camps, are remitted to the division headquarters, and thus each division will raise a fund separately in its own territory; and it is thought worthy rivalry will greatly promote the work and increase the fund. Division Commanders will remit the amounts direct to the headquarters of the confederation, and from there they are placed in the hands of the General Treasurer.

The official order setting forth this plan urges that the work be commenced immediately, so that a sufficient fund may be raised by the first of the year, so that the confederation may cooperate with the Daughters of the Confederacy, who have already raised quite a little sum for the erection of a suitable monument. A meeting of the Executive Committee may be called this fall in Richmond to confer with a committee from the Daughters to arrange for the design and other necessary details.

An opportunity is at hand for all to show their devotion to the cause, as in honoring Miss Davis her father's memory is honored and the cause of the Confederacy immortalized. The honor of remitting the first fund in the United Sons of Confederate Veterans belongs to Camp Moultrie No. 4, of Charleston, S. C., as they raised at their meeting on October 12 some \$15, and a committee was appointed to increase the contribution.

We hope that the friends and patriotic societies who desire to help in this work will give their aid to the local camps of Sons, for it is most fitting that the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Veterans should erect this monument, as Miss Davis was of them and of their generation. A great work will have been accomplished when there shall stand by the grave of the Daughter of the Confederacy a tall marble shaft, thus showing that the younger generations of the South are true in their desire to honor those who represented the cause for which their fathers fought.

In the roster of Sons of Veterans published in the July VETERAN the Commander of J. L. Brown Camp, Orlando, Fla., was given as William H. Jewell, when it should have been B. C. Abernathy.

**THE HEROINE EMMA SANSOM JOHNSON.**

Miss Ollie G. Woodliff, Gadsden, Ala.:

The same spirit that animated the men of the South in the war of 1861-65 was manifested by the women where opportunity offered. Our heroines, it will be well to remember, had nothing but the spirit of true patriotism to prompt them to deeds of daring. They were not aspirants for promotion to office, but acted solely from a love of country and of home. Such was the case of Emma Sansom, a fifteen-year-old girl, who volunteered to face the bullets and shells of Gen. Streight, riding behind Gen. Forrest at Black Creek to show him a ford where he could cross the stream after Streight had burned the bridge across the creek to delay the pursuit of Forrest's command.

In the last days of April, 1863, Gen. Streight, of the Federal army, started with about twenty-four hundred men from Tennessee to raid North Alabama. He crossed the Tennessee River near Decatur, Ala., and crossed Sand Mountain via Brooksville, in Blount County, and Walnut Grove, in Etowah County, entering the Coosa Valley at Gadsden—all in Alabama—on the 2d day of May, 1863. When he reached Black Creek, two miles west of Gadsden, he crossed his army over and fired the bridge behind him. One or two days after Streight left Tennessee Gen. Forrest heard of his raid, and at once started in pursuit, taking with him parts of two or three regiments, three hundred and fifty men in all, and two pieces of flying artillery, and overtook Streight at Black Creek after the bridge had been fired. Mrs. Sansom, a widow, lived on the road near the bridge, and after Streight had passed her house she saw smoke rising from the bridge. She at once started with her fifteen-year-old daughter, Emma, to extinguish the flames, but as she neared the bridge she found that it was guarded by pickets. Returning toward her home she met Gen. Forrest, who advanced to the brow of the hill, thus drawing the pickets' fire, and one of his men was killed. Forrest then asked Mrs. Sansom if there was any speedy way of crossing the stream. To this inquiry Miss Emma promptly stated that she knew where there was an old ford above the bridge, and that she would show him where it was, volunteering to mount behind him on his horse and show him the way. Her mother protested against this, as the bullets and shells were flying thick along the route that she would necessarily have to go in order to reach the ford; but, nothing daunted, Miss Emma climbed the corner of a rail fence and mounted behind Gen. Forrest, who rode swiftly across the field in plain view of the enemy, by her direction, to the old ford, and, finding it satisfactory, rode back through the hail of shot and shell. He delivered Miss Emma back to her mother, remarking to Mr. Gabriel Hughes, who had just arrived, that the young lady's brave and courageous act was unparalleled, and that she deserved the gratitude of the country and a pension from the government. By this act of Miss Emma's pursuit was facilitated by at least two hours, and it enabled Forrest to overtake Streight, who was within twenty-five miles of Rome, Ga., and attack and capture him, with his twenty-four hundred men.

The main object of Streight's raid was to burn the iron furnaces in Cherokee County, Ala., which he had done, then to destroy the public works and the city of

Rome, Ga.; and it is not doubted that but for Miss Sansom's heroic service he would have succeeded in completing his purposes.

It has been stated that Miss Sansom received a large donation of land from the State of Alabama. The Legislature of Alabama did pass an act donating to her a section of land, but she never obtained a title to it, and at the surrender of course all public lands in Alabama belonged to the United States government. It is a fact, confirmed by the statement of Mrs. Emma Sansom Johnson (that is her name now) to the writer, that she has never received one dollar from any source in consideration of the circumstances related.



MRS. EMMA SANSOM JOHNSON.

Mrs. Johnson is a widow with several children, and is in feeble health. She is not blessed with the comforts of life which she richly merits. She now lives at Calloway, Tex. She was impelled by a love of the cause, of her country, and her home, having four brothers fighting under the "stars and bars" at that time.

The brave men of the South owe to Mrs. Johnson material assistance commensurate with the assistance she so cheerfully and daringly rendered unto our great cause. If our men do not respond to her needs, I feel that the Daughters of the Confederacy will take the matter in hand and give her the material aid that she needs and so justly deserves.

**A BALLAD OF EMMA SANSOM.**

BY JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE, COLUMBIA, TENN.

[In the spring of 1864 the Federal general Streight, with some two thousand mounted infantry, made a rush from the Tennessee River near Florence, Ala., to destroy the iron works belonging to the Confederacy at Montevallo, Ala., and Rome, Ga. The Confederate general N. B. Forrest, the "Wizard of the Saddle," with about the same force as Gen. Streight, was front-

ing Gen. Dodge; but, quickly realizing Streight's intentions, he left some eight hundred in front of Gen. Dodge, and with about twelve hundred more started in hot pursuit of Streight. The brilliancy and intrepidity of this running fight of four days and nights, scarcely stopping, is one of the heroic things of the war. They fought day and night. The first night they fought four battles in the mountains—one at eight o'clock, one at ten, one at twelve, and one at two in the morning—Streight retreating on Rome all the time, and Forrest trying to annihilate him. It is a matter of history how Forrest, on the second day, had to drop all his men but six hundred on account of their broken mounts, and with these followed and fought Streight day and night till he finally forced him and some seventeen hundred of his men to surrender almost in sight of his destination. The heroic deed of the girl, Emma Sansom, at the Black Creek bridge, as related below, caused the Governor of Alabama to have struck for her a gold medal, and the Legislature of the State granted her, by special act of that body, a section of public land.—THE AUTHOR.]

The courage of man is one thing, but that of a maid is more; For blood is blood and death is death, and grim is the battle gore;

And the rose that blooms, though blistered by the sleet of an open sky,  
Is fairer far than its sisters are who sleep in the hothouse nigh.

Word came up to Forrest that Streight was on a raid—  
Two thousand booted bayonets were riding down the glade.  
Eight thousand were before him—he was holding Dodge at bay—

But he turned on his heel, like the twist of a steel, and was off at the break of day.

Six hundred troopers had he, game as a Claiborne cock,  
Tough as the oak root grappling with the gray Sand Mountain rock;

And they charged like young Comanches, by the flash of the Yankee gun.

And they fell at the ford and shot as they rode, and fought from sun to sun.

But Streight went whirling southward, with never a limp or lag.

His front was a charging huntsman, but his rear was a hounded stag.

And the gray troops followed after, their saddle blankets wet  
With the bloody rack from their horses' back, and Streight not headed yet.

A fight to the death in the valley and a fight to the death on the hill,

But still Streight thundered southward, and Forrest followed still;

And the goaded hollows bellowed to the bay of the Rebel gun,  
For Forrest was hot as a solid shot when its flight is just begun.

A running fight in the morning and a charging fight at noon,  
Till spurs clung red and reeking around their bloody shoon.

The morning star paled on them, but the evening star rose red  
As the ruddy tinge of the border fringe that purpled the path of dead.

A midnight fight on the mountain and a daybreak in the glen,  
And when Streight stopped for water he had lost three hundred men;

But he gained the bridge at the river, and planted his batteries there;

And the halt of the gray was a hound at bay, and the blue a wolf in his lair.

And out from the bridge at the river a white-heat lightning came

Like the hungry tongues of a forest fire with the autumn woods aflame;

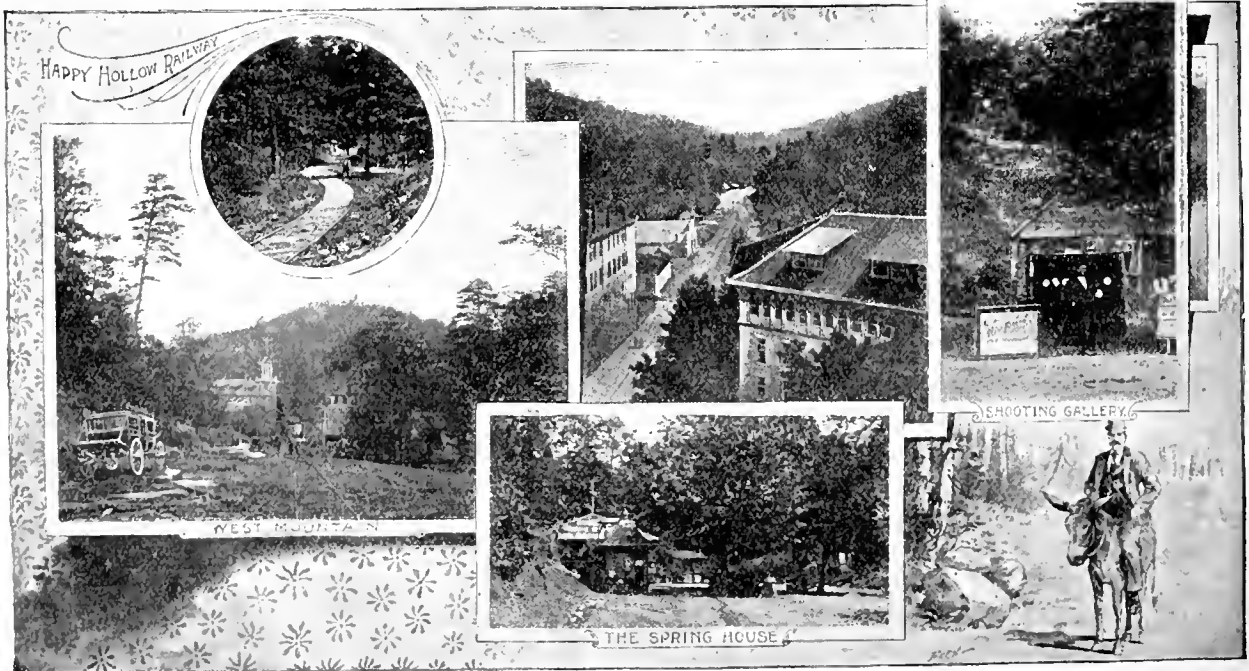
And the death smoke burst above them and the death heat blazed below,

But the men in gray cheered the smoke away and bared their breasts to the blow.

Should they storm the bridge at the river, through melting walls of fire,

And die in the brave endeavor to plant their standard higher?  
Should they die at the bridge on the river or die where they stood in their track,

Like a through-speared boar with death at his door, but tossing the challenge back?



HAPPY HOLLOW, IN VICINITY OF HOT SPRINGS ARK.



"To the ford! to the ford!" rang the bugle; "and flank the enemy out!"  
 And quick to the right the gray lines wheel, and answer with a shout.  
 But the river was mad and swollen—to left, to right, no ford;  
 And still the sting of the maddened thing at the bridge, and still the goad.

"To the ford! to the ford!" rang the bugle; "to the ford! Retreat or die!"  
 And still the flail of a bullet hail from out a mortar sky.  
 And they stood like a blue bull wounded in wallowing mud and mire,  
 And still the flash from a deadly lash, and still the barbs of fire.

Then out from a near-by cabin a mountain maiden came,  
 Her cheeks were banks of snowdrifts, but her eyes were skies of flame;  
 And she drew her sunbonnet closer as the bullets whispered low  
 (Lovers of lead, and one of them said: "I'll clip a curl as I go").

Straight through the blistering bullets she fled like a hunted doe,  
 While the hound guns down at the river bayed in her wake below;  
 And around their hot breath shifted, and behind, their pattering feet,  
 But still she fled through the thunder red and still through the lightning sleet.

And she stood at the General's stirrups, flushed as a mountain rose  
 When the sun looks down in the morning and the gray mist upward goes.  
 She stood at the General's stirrups, and this was all she said:  
 "I'll lead the way to the ford to-day. I'm a girl, but I'm not afraid."

How the gray troops thronged around her! And then the Rebel yell!  
 With that brave girl to lead them they would take the gates of hell.  
 And they tossed her behind the General; and again the echoes woke,  
 For she clung to him there with her floating hair as the wild vine clings to the oak.

Down through the bullets she led them, down through an unused road;  
 And, when the General dismounted to use his glass on the ford,  
 She spread her skirts before him—the troopers gave a cheer—  
 "Better get behind me, General, for the bullets will hit you here."

And then the balls came singing and ringing quick and hot,  
 But the gray troops gave them ball for ball and answered shot for shot.  
 "They have riddled your skirts," the General said; "I must take you out of this din."  
 "O, that's all right!" she answered light; "they are wounding my crinoline."

And then, in a blaze of beauty, her sunbonnet off she took;  
 Right in the front she waved it high, and at their lines it shook.  
 And the gallant bluecoats cheered her—ceased firing, to a man—  
 And the gray coats rode through the bloody ford, and again the race began.

Do you wonder they rode like Romans adown the winnowing wind,  
 With Mars himself in the saddle and Minerva up behind?  
 Was ever a foe confronted and captured by such means  
 Since days of old and warrior bold and the Maiden of Orleans?

The courage of man is one thing, but that of a maid is more;  
 For blood is blood and death is death, and grim is the battle gore;  
 And the rose that blooms, though blistered by the sleet of an open sky,  
 Is sweeter far than its sisters are who sleep in the hothouse nigh.

It is a wish of many that a monument be raised to the women of the Confederacy. Mrs. Thomas B. Beall, President Rowan Chapter, Salisbury, N. C., suggests that a room of the Battle Abbey be dedicated to them. Mrs. Beall (who was Miss Bettie Howard)



MRS. T. B. BEALL, SALISBURY, N. C.

presented the flag to the Iredell Blues (Capt. A. K. Simonton, killed at Seven Pines), the first company that left Iredell County for the war, in the spring of 1861. She was married to Capt. J. B. Beall, of Company I, Fourteenth North Carolina, in the stormy days of 1863, he coming home on a "matrimonial furlough." The twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding was celebrated.

The Ellison Capers Chapter, Florence, S. C., now has thirty members, has contributed to every object asked for, and on the whole is getting on well. This chapter has sent a number of relics to the museum in Richmond, among them the saddle used by Gen. Capers during the war, kindly loaned by him.

During the war the women of Cheraw established an aid society for our soldiers, and worked most faithfully to the end, making all sorts of clothing, knitting socks, taking care of the hospital, and sending two ladies every week to the hospital at Florence to give all aid and comfort possible to the soldiers after Sherman's raid. Many soldiers died in the hospital at Cheraw and lie buried in the cemetery of the Episcopal Church. Soon after the war closed the women began working for a monument, which was placed where they rest. Though a small place, Cheraw was full of patriotism.

## WHERE THE U. D. C. WILL MEET.

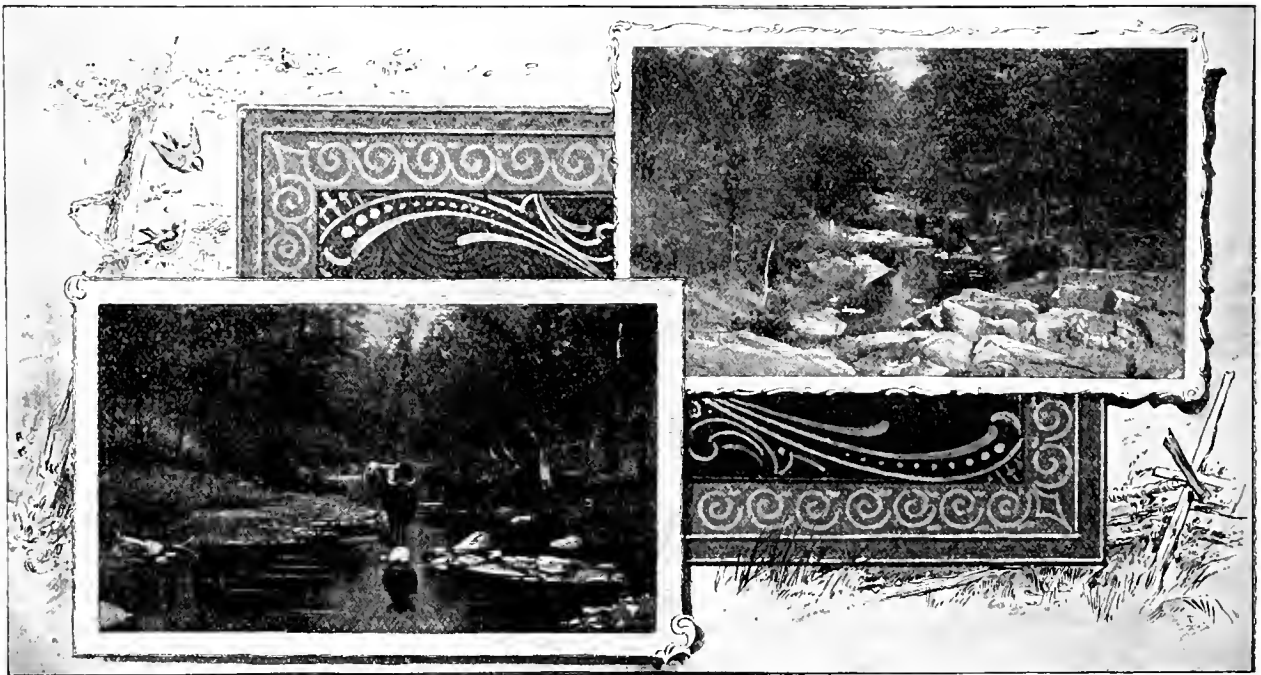
## Uncle Sam's National Resort, Hot Springs of Arkansas.

It will interest the many readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to know something about the place where they will meet on the coming 9th of November. This will be of interest not only to the members of the society, but to all who will avail themselves of the low rates made by the railroads to visit Uncle Sam's great health and pleasure resort.

From a lofty staff on the southeastern slope of the Hot Springs Mountain the American flag flashes its beautiful folds in the sunlight with every breeze that wanders through the Ozarks, proclaiming to the fifty thousand people who annually seek health or recreation at the "American Carlsbad" that during their stay they are the guests and patients of Uncle Sam, M.D. It was as long ago as 1832 that the National Govern-

thongs. Consequently the government leased the ground adjacent to the Hot Springs and sold outright other property not a part of the Hot Springs Reservation proper for the building of hotels and bath houses, reserving to itself, however, the absolute control of the springs themselves and a strict regulation and supervision of the methods employed for using the hot water. The conduct of the reservation is accordingly placed in charge of an officer of the Interior Department, who, with his corps of assistants, enforces the rules, superintends the management of the bath houses, and executes the plans adopted for the improvement and adornment of the surroundings. For the efficient discharge of these duties he is held responsible by and reports directly to the Secretary of the Interior.

In the work of improvement, both by erection of substantial and handsome buildings and by developing and beautifying the natural attractions of the locality, the government has expended princely sums. The crown-



ON THE GULPHA, NEAR HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

ment, in addition to its other functions, assumed the character of family physician to the country at large. In that year Congress enacted a law setting apart the mountains from which the Hot Springs of Arkansas flow as "a national park and sanitarium for all time," and formally dedicated the same to the people of the United States. For a number of years Uncle Sam's practice was of meager dimensions. In those days the Hot Springs were too remote from the large centers of population, and were accessible only by stage-coaches, and after journeys so tedious and rugged that few invalids could bear them. With the comparatively recent advent of the railroad and the Pullman car, however, these conditions have been eliminated, and the trip to-day is made from every city or section of the land with rapidity, comfort, and even luxury.

The enormous increase in patronage resulting from these facilities made it necessary to provide suitable and comfortable accommodations for the visiting

ing feature of this work is the National Army and Navy Hospital, which is the only institution of the kind in America, and is by far the largest, best-appointed, and most striking, architecturally, in the world. Another important and valuable institution is the Free Bath House, in which the hot-water treatment is administered to those who satisfactorily prove themselves to be unable to pay for the baths elsewhere. The official medical records of these two institutions have demonstrated the efficacy of the waters beyond question and completely justified the action of the government in its ownership and official indorsement of this resort. The Army and Navy Hospital, at which the War Department maintains a corps of expert army surgeons, reports an average of over ninety per cent of cures, with the remainder greatly benefited; while the Free Bath House, whose patrons also depend almost entirely upon the hot water alone, not having the means to pay for medical advice or medicine, make the

wonderful showing of over eighty per cent of cures. As a physician, therefore, Uncle Sam is a pronounced success.

The scenic improvement on the Hot Springs Mountain Reservation has transformed it into a beautiful park, with broad, smooth driveways, horseback and bicycle paths winding around and over the mountains, handsomely paved and shaded boulevards, wide concrete promenades, and a wealth of trees, flowers, and shrubbery, which only the salubrious, semitropical climate of these Ozark Mountains could produce. On what is known as Whittington Avenue Reservation an extensive inclosed park and pleasure grounds have just been completed, containing two charming artificial lakes, music pavilions, tennis grounds, and other facilities for the amusement of visitors.

There are seventy-two of the hot springs, ranging in temperature from ninety-six to one hundred and fifty-seven degrees Fahrenheit, and having a combined flow of half a million gallons daily. The secret of the marvelous efficacy of these hot waters has recently been made a subject of careful and thorough investigation by a number of prominent physicians and chemists of our large cities, and the consensus of the conclusions reached by them is that the water owes its peculiar virtue to its natural heat, its absolute purity, and consequent powerful solvent and eliminative action, together with the presence of hydrosilicic acid and free carbonic acid gas in large quantities, the former acting as a pronounced tonic and stimulant and the latter rendering it so palatable and exhilarating that it can be drunk *ad libitum* at a temperature at which all other known waters, either naturally or artificially heated, would be nauseating.

The bath houses at Hot Springs are mostly located on the Government Reservation Park, at the base of the Hot Springs Mountain. They are unquestionably the most elaborate and generally admirable establishments of this kind in the United States. Those at-

tached to the large hotels are particularly palatial in their arrangements and furnishing, and the most absolute cleanliness and order pervades all alike, under the watchful supervision of the local representative of the Secretary of the Interior. Every visitor to Hot Springs takes the baths. The climate at the National Sanitarium is frequently compared to that of Italy. The springtime is long and delightful; the summer, owing to the high altitude, the pure mountain air, and the constant breezes, is notable for its moderate mid-day temperature, and cool, refreshing nights; the autumn is exhilarating and rich with flaming color; and the winter is mild, with an abundance of sunshine.

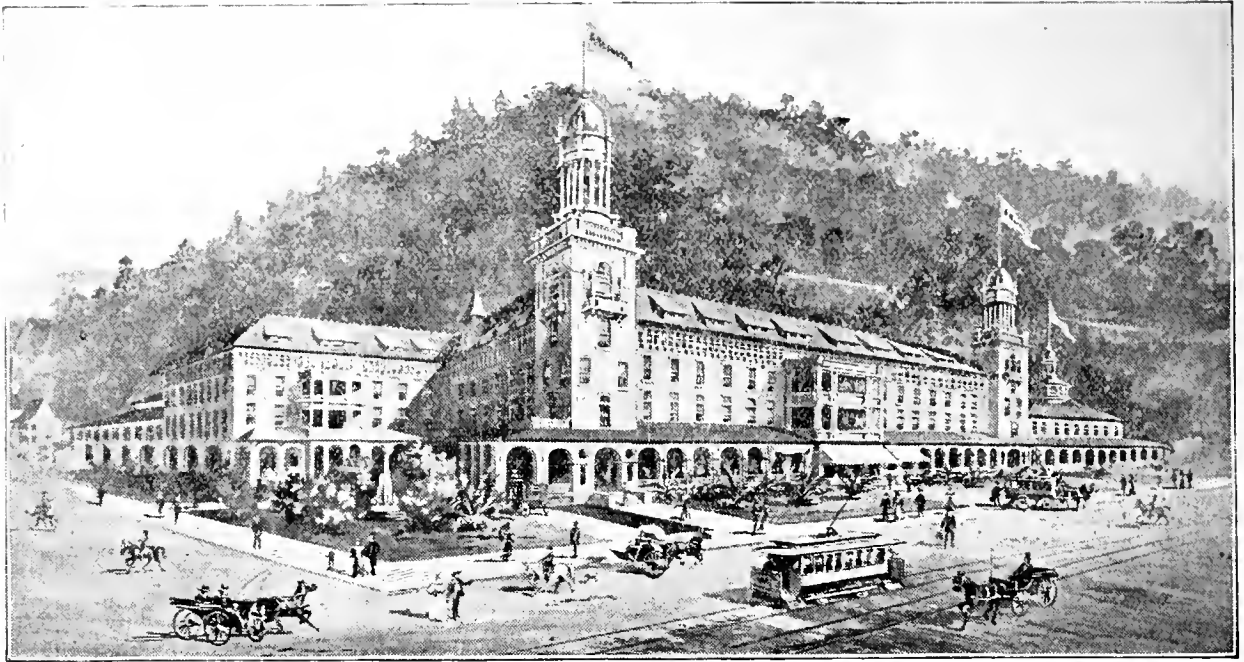
In the matter of hotel accommodations Hot Springs is prepared and equipped to receive and entertain all sorts and conditions of men, in almost any number. The Arlington, Park and Eastman represent investments amounting to two millions of dollars, can accommodate 2,000 guests, and have few equals and no superiors in this or any other country as superbly appointed and admirably conducted hotels of the highest class. The Arlington is open the year round, the Eastman and Park during the busy season, beginning in January. These hotels are patronized by the wealthier classes, and their registers bear the names of prominent representatives of every walk in life.

The Avenue, Pullman, Waukesha, and Great Northern Hotels in capacity, appointments, and service rank next to the three hotels above named. The Avenue, Waukesha and Great Northern have bathing departments in connection, while the other one is convenient to many individual bath houses. Following these come some fifty other establishments which are classed as hotels, about one hundred and fifty boarding houses, and rooming houses galore, ranging from those accommodating seventy-five guests down to the omnipresent cottage with its inevitable sign: "Furnished Room for Rent."

Ample opportunity is afforded at Hot Springs for



HOTEL EASTMAN, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.



ARLINGTON HOTEL, HOT SPRINGS, ARK., MEETING PLACE FOR THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

all kinds of outdoor recreation. The vicinity is a paradise for the equestrian and the bicyclist. To every point of the compass shaded roads and paths meander away over mountain and plain, through wooded dells and across sparkling streams.

It is only necessary to add to this account of the model sanitarium and pleasure resort that since the erection of the Eastman, Arlington, and Park Hotels, with their superior and luxurious accommodations, the majority of the patrons of the "American Carlsbad" come from the ranks of the best and most refined people of the country.

The great hotels and all the others will make reduced rates to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and baths at the magnificent bath houses will be free to them during their stay, and many other courtesies will be extended in addition to the entertainments that have been arranged for.

C. F. Cooley, Secretary of Business Men's League of Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

An impression has gone abroad that the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to be held at this place has been postponed on account of the yellow fever quarantine. This is an error which your valuable publication can help to correct. The convention will take place as advertised on the 9th of November.

Mrs. J. M. Keller, President of the Hot Springs Chapter and Chairman of the committee, sends out official notice of opening day for the U. D. C., November 9, and adds:

The Committee of Arrangements is glad to state that through the kindness of H. C. Townsend, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Missouri-Pacific System of Railroads, it has been arranged to have the rates of travel one fare for the round trip over said roads, with an assurance from Mr. Townsend that he will endeavor to have the same reduction made on all

roads connecting with his lines. The hotels have agreed to charge from \$2.50 down to \$1.50 per day, and boarding houses at even a less price.

The Arlington Hotel has very kindly offered the use of its palatial parlors and dancing hall, and all rooms necessary for the meetings of the various committees, and will therefore be considered as headquarters for the delegates, who, on arrival, will be furnished all necessary information as to such quarters as they may desire. The sessions of the convention will be limited to morning hours, unless its business should demand the afternoon. The evenings will be devoted to receptions and social entertainments.

No labor or expense will be spared by the local chapter to make the occasion enjoyable and eventful, and aim that it may not suffer in comparison with any past or future meeting of the national chapter; and it is earnestly hoped and expected to have a larger delegation than has ever before attended a meeting.

We have a lovely, picturesque little city and many natural attractions of great interest, and in the name of all Arkansas we beg you to get ready to come and bring your friends, assuring you that our people will do all they can to make you happy.

"How It Was, or Four Years among the Rebels." Mrs. Irby Morgan gives vivid recollections, after thirty years, of her experiences during the days that tried the souls of men and women, and what she tells is intensely interesting. Price, \$1. With the VETERAN one year for \$1.50; or sent as premium for three subscriptions. Secure new subscribers, knowing you will do them a special service.

"Hancock's Diary: a History of the Second Tennessee Cavalry," by R. R. Hancock, who fought under Forrest and kept a faithful record of all events of interest in which he participated. Price, \$2. With the VETERAN, \$2.25; and free for five new subscribers.

"The Civil War," by Mrs. Ann E. Snyder. A condensed history of the war from a Southern standpoint. Especially suitable for schools. Price, \$1. With the VETERAN for \$1.50; or as premium for three subscribers.

**WILL SCALP NO MORE TICKETS.**

**MURRAY ESCAPES SEVERE PUNISHMENT BY PROMISING TO LEAVE NEW JERSEY.**

The sentencing yesterday at May's Landing, N. J., of Stephen Murray, of Atlantic City, for scalping railroad tickets, is another instance of the inexorableness of Jersey justice, and the futility of hoping to tamper with railroad tickets with impunity.

On the evening of August 5 Murray was arrested in Atlantic City for scalping Pennsylvania and other railroad tickets. He pleaded "not guilty," but was committed to jail in default of \$800.00 bail. He was brought into court yesterday under four distinct indictments, and unexpectedly pleaded guilty under all. He was sentenced under one indictment, and to pay a fine of \$20.00 and costs. He also promised to leave the State and never to engage in ticket scalping again. The other three indictments are held over his head as a further assurance of good conduct.

The prosecution of this case was founded on information furnished by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. This company has been instrumental in bringing other violators of the ticket scalping law to justice, owing to the deceptions practiced on their patrons, and the annoyances and inconvenience which they are consequently put to.

The practice of scalping railroad tickets is a nefarious one, and it is to be hoped that the Pennsylvania Railroad will continue its good work until the insidious and palpable evil is entirely eradicated.—*Philadelphia Record, September 24.*

**COME TO TEXAS.**

The "Lone Star is waving"—the flag of the free—Then strike for Texas if men you would be,  
No idlers are wanted, the thrifty and wise,  
To wealth and high station can equally rise.

Where corn, oats, and cotton, the richest of loam  
Which yields to the settlers provisions and home,  
Trees of every description arise on each hand,  
From alluvial soil to the rich table-land.

Here springs are exhaustless and streams never dry,  
In the season from winter to autumn's bright sky  
A wide panorama of prairie is seen,  
Of grasses of all kinds perennially green.

Here millions of cattle, sheep, horses, and goats  
Grow fat as if stall-fed or fatteoned on oats.  
No poverty is found in the mighty domain,  
To the man who exerts either finger or brain.

Here are homes for the millions, the rich and the poor,  
While Texas opens wide her hospitable door.  
She has thousands of acres—yes, millions—to sell,  
Yet can paint without cost to where preceptors can dwell.

Her terms will be easy with those whom she deals,  
While security, all, in their title can feel.

Buy land while 'tis cheap, and the finest select,  
'Twill, young man, prove a fortune when least you expect.

Old man, for your children, buy, file it away;  
A Godsend 'twill prove on some rainy day.

For a handsome book free, fully describing this wonderful country, address E. P. TURNER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Texas and Pacific Railway, Dallas, Tex.

**NEW BOOKS.**

The Seaboard Air Line has issued this season three handsome illustrated booklets, "Winter Excursions," "Southern Pines" and "Sportsman's Guide." These are now ready for distribution and will be sent free of cost to any address. Their "Winter Excursions" gives full information in regard to Rates and Routes to the best Winter Resorts in the country. The "Sportsman's Guide" is one of the handsomest and most complete books of its kind ever seen by us. Its make-up is artistic from cover to cover, and it contains not only information in regard to hunting grounds, guides, dogs, hotel rates, etc., but a digest of the game laws of the States covered by it and some actual experiences of hunters along the line of the Seaboard Air Line. The "Southern Pines" booklet is also very artistically gotten up, and the information contained covers every point. Any or all of these will be mailed upon application to Mr. T. J. ANDERSON, *General Passenger Agent, Portsmouth, Va.*

**CHEAP RATES TO ARKANSAS AND TEXAS.**

On September 20, October 4 and 18, November 1 and 15, December 6 and 20, 1898, the Cotton Belt Route will sell round-trip tickets from St. Louis, Cairo, and Memphis, to all points in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma, at one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Stopovers will be allowed on going trip within 15 days, and tickets will be good to return within 21 days from date of sale.

The Cotton Belt passes directly through the best portions of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, and this will be a splendid opportunity for home seekers to secure a good location.

For full particulars, as to rates, etc., and for free copies of handsomely illustrated pamphlets about Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, write to W. G. ADAMS, *Traveling Passenger Agent, 215 North Cherry St., Nashville, Tenn.*, or E. W. LABEAUME, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

**A MAGNIFICENT PUBLICATION UPON THE SOUTH.**

The wonderful progress which the South has been making in all lines of industrial, commercial, and intellectual development has been most fittingly set forth in a magnificent volume, which, after months of careful preparation, has just been issued by the Southern Railway.

This book, the title of which, the "Empire of the South," conveys an idea of its character, is beyond question one of the most comprehensive and at the same time artistic publications ever issued from the press. It contains nearly two hundred octavo pages, over four hundred exquisitely printed illustrations, and makes a

presentation of Southern interests in all lines of human activity, which for thoroughness of treatment has never been approached.

The opening chapter of the book under the caption of the "South, Yesterday, To-Day and To-Morrow," discusses in a broad and forcible manner the present and future of the Southern States, treating at considerable length the various interests, such as agriculture, cotton, tobacco, iron, coal, resorts, climate, etc. Following this are chapters devoted to each of the States south of the Ohio and Potomac, and east of the Mississippi Rivers.

These give a brief, interesting sketch of the early history of each State, and then touch upon all its important activities, showing the progress being made not only by the State itself, but by the leading cities.

The author of the work, Mr. Frank Presbrey, is a close student of Southern progress, and in the collection and preparation of the immense amount of important information given in the book, has had the cooperation of the officials of the Southern Railway. The distribution of this magnificent volume will do an incalculable amount of practical good in calling the attention of the world to the South, and the Southern Railway has demonstrated its faith in the future of that section by the expenditure of the many thousands of dollars which this great work must have cost. Those who are fortunate enough to receive a copy of this edition *de luxe*, which is sent with the compliments of the company, will prize it as a most valuable addition to their library.

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**The Late Confederate Veterans' Reunion in Atlanta.**—Reviewed, and illustrated with scenes during the reunion, and a magnificent half-tone engraving of each of the fair sponsors.

**The University of Virginia.**—Every Alumni, and everybody interested in higher education in the South, will read with much pleasure this entertaining historical sketch of the grand old University established by THOMAS JEFFERSON. Elegant illustrations.

**A Bachelor's Hobby.**—A charming little romance, of special interest to Nashville people and Middle Tennesseans, as the scenes are in that city and vicinity.

**Uncle Dick.**—A sketch of the Old Virginia Gentleman, of a type that is fast disappearing. Charmingly told, and sure to interest.

...The December Number...

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Mr. Edwards, as many know, is one of Miss Davis' most sincere friends, this fact, and his established reputation as one of the South's most distinguished writers, will make this one of the most valuable contributions to modern literature, and should be read in every Southern home. Superbly illustrated from her latest photographs, and hand finished-half-tone engravings.

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We will send the *Southern Review*, beginning with the November number until Jan. 1, 1900, fourteen months, and a beautiful half-tone engraving of Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, or Miss Winnie Davis, size 10x14, ready for framing, for \$1.00, or we will send the magazine and both pictures for \$1.25. We will guarantee these pictures to be equal to a photograph or steel engraving, and well worthy of a place in every home. To any one sending us five subscribers and \$5.00 we will send the magazine to the one sending the club 14 months and the picture free. This is an exceptional offer, and you should send your order in at once.

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The Cotton Belt passes directly through the best portions of these States, and is the best route for the intending settler, as it is the only line running comfortable chair cars and Pullman sleepers

through from Memphis, to Arkansas and Texas without change. If you are thinking of moving, write for free copies of our handsomely illustrated pamphlets—"Texas," "Homes in the Southwest," "Truth about Arkansas," "Glimpses of Southeast Missouri, Arkansas and Northwest Louisiana," and "Lands for Sale Along the Cotton Belt." They will help you to find a good location.

W. G. ADAMS, E. W. LaBEAUME,  
Trav. Pass'r Agent, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt.,  
NASHVILLE, TENN. ST. LOUIS, MO.

**EXCELLENT LOCATION.**

Prof. J. F. Draughon Has Leased the "Cole Place," and Will Move in About October 10.

Prof. J. F. Draughon, President of Draughon's Practical Business Colleges, has leased, for a term of several years, the "Cole Place," 710 Church Street. It would be useless for us to say that this is one of the finest and most desirable buildings that Prof. Draughon could have found.

Its attractiveness, both building and yard, is not only well known to the citizens of Nashville, but there are but few persons who visit Nashville who do not know something of the "Cole Place." There is, perhaps, not another building in the South, or, as far as we know, in the North, occupied exclusively by a business college that at all compares with this one.

In addition to its external attractiveness, its interior appointments are magnificent, and make it especially adapted to use for a business college. The building alone cost \$75,000, making the total cost of the building and grounds about \$125,000. While it now has several large rooms and halls, Prof. Draughon has arranged to have some partitions removed, and other improvements made, so as to afford additional hall space and additional comfort, etc. It will be occupied by Prof. Draughon about October 10.

Prof. Draughon also has schools located at Galveston, Tex., and Texarkana, Ark. Send for his illustrated catalogue, sent free.



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# Confederate Veteran.



ASSEMBLY OF UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, IN FRONT OF ARLINGTON HOTEL, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, NOVEMBER 10, 1898.

## SONG FOR UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

(Composed by Mrs. C. M. Galy, Secretary Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Los Angeles, Cal., and sung at opening of the chapter.)

AIR: BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

We are a band of sisters  
Gathered here to-day  
In mem'ry of the olden time  
Now passed so long away.  
Then to each other we'll be true  
In thought and word and deed,  
And try when stormy weather comes  
To help them in their need.

Then we will meet in unity,  
And never fall apart,  
Till death with unrelenting hand  
Shall still our throbbing heart.  
And when we meet then Love and Peace  
Shall take us by the hand,  
We'll all remember this: a house  
Divided cannot stand.

*Chorus.*—Hurrah! hurrah! for the Southern sisters dear,  
We'll raise on high our voices clear  
In love and friendship here.



CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332; '97, 194,110; and for '98 it will have been 229,200.

# Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the post office, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. It is important.

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

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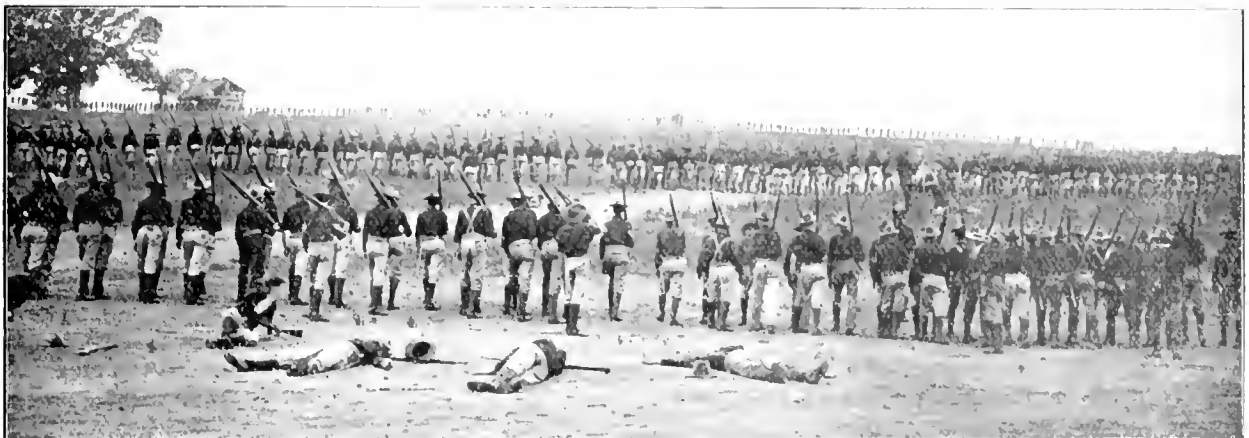
The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR; Vol. VI  
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 11, / A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.



SNODGRASS HILL, CHICKAMAUGA BATTLEFIELD

The Second Kentucky Infantry, U. S. A., on the day of a slant battle, 1868. Here the last charge was made by the Confederates. See December *VETERAN*.

## APPEAL FOR CHANGING THANKSGIVING FROM THURSDAY TO SATURDAY.

The *VETERAN* suggests a change of day in the week for national thanksgiving from Thursday to Saturday, and hopes it may be accomplished. Many of the other holidays could not be changed—the Fourth of July must remain as it is, as must Washington's birthday and Christmas—but Thanksgiving day, set apart by the President, ought to be changed to Saturday. Its nature suggests that the family board be occupied as fully as practicable; that members especially endeavor to assemble and revive reminiscence of other happy days.

Besides, it ought to be arranged in the most economical way possible, and if scattered families could unite for Saturday and Sunday jointly it would be much better. Mammoth business enterprises could be stopped for the two days together much more practically. Many drummers would be diligent to spend the two days with their families; while as it is they can't travel

far to spend Thursday and then resume their labors for the other two days of the week. If Saturday were the day, the world's workers would hasten to get things in order Friday evening, and Thanksgiving day would be ushered in with increased zest, because it would promise all that its adoption implies; and the blending of it with Sunday would make both the more sacred. It would be welcomed by servants with all the greater happiness, for then they could have Sunday off sure, as the cold turkey and multitude of other good things of like kind, considered along with depleted appetites, would be helpful indeed to cooks and other servants.

There are many good reasons for the change. If you concur in the suggestion, write to your member of Congress or direct to the President. Let the *VETERAN* know also that you have done it. If this suggestion be taken up, it will be a blessing to the many millions of people who observe that day.

### UNITED DAUGHTERS AT HOT SPRINGS.

It is impossible to give the report intended of the meeting of United Daughters of the Confederacy at Hot Springs, Ark., in this number. The disappearance of some *data* that was prepared and failure to secure other notes in time were unavoidable.

The meeting was one of the best ever held, and the delegation of nearly one hundred members was a credit to the unequalled cause in behalf of which women were ever organized. To present the proceedings of that convention so that they might be seen as enacted would make a history worthy to be read in every home in America. In reviewing it and in recalling members present, the same sad reflection comes that attends all meetings of veterans—viz., that a multitude of those whose hearts were in the work were absent, many of them having gone to the reward of the patriot and the Christian. Some record is made, but the patriotic fire and the soothing testimony to and of a people who had done as did the woman with her two mites are only a memory to those present, who will ever be the more zealous and the more loyal to the highest considerations that belong to the race.

It seemed odd to select a place so nearly cut off from the balance of the world, and yet the convention was never held in a more delightful or more suitable place. The great hotel, the Arlington, was spacious enough to make room for all the delegates in assembly and in apartments with every conceivable comfort at hand. Then the historic spot where nature's best gift is perpetual in volumes of hot water, which imparts untold blessings, added an interest that could not have been excelled.

The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, Dallas, Tex.; Vice Presidents, Mrs. C. A. Forney, Hope, Ark., and Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta, Ga.; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary F. Mears, Wilmington, N. C.; Treasurer, Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Atlanta, Ga.

Richmond was chosen as the place for the next convention, on the second Wednesday in November, 1899.

### BRONZE MEDALS FOR OUR VETERANS.

At the Convention of United Daughters of the Confederacy at Hot Springs a topic was discussed at length which well deserved consideration, but the patriotic women having the enterprise in hand seemed to have a poor conception of its magnitude. The cost was not regarded as considerable, and they reckoned on having a thousand or so made. It is expected that this matter will come up again at the Richmond Convention. While these remarks are only introductory to an address by Mrs. Gabbett, of Georgia, the suggestion is embodied that it would require hundreds of thousands and cost a great deal of money to procure bronze medals for the veterans living and the families of those who are dead. In such undertaking it would be very desirable to number them, and for a record to be kept in accordance therewith. In her address Mrs. Gabbett said:

After hearing the resolutions just read, it appears

like gilding refined gold for me to make any remarks on the beauty of the idea presented. However, I ask your attention for a few minutes. We are all educated women, and need not to be told of the various medals and crosses of honor given by kings, generals, and governments to those whom they delight to honor. Aye, even the geese which saved Rome and the wolf which nursed Romulus and Remus have transmitted their honors down the ages. At the present day a model of the goose is in the capitol of Rome, while the wolf and babes form the seal and "badge" of the S. P. Q. R. and of the Eternal City.

True, we have no government to confer honors on our brave soldiers, but we are the U. D. C.—as I heard a young "Daughter" say yesterday, "We are the uncrowned queens."

The Bishop of Illinois once said before a crowded audience: "Give me one good woman, and I can build as many churches as I wish." So the U. D. C. can as a unit decide to give to our veterans, and to the descendants of those who, having done their duty in this world, now rest from their labors, the Cross of Honor in recognition of their service of valor and fidelity.

The word "badge" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *baer*, "a bracelet." The Danes when they invaded England wore holy bracelets, on which they took their solemn vows. The word "medal" is the material used to make the prizes given to those who had proved themselves worthy of all honor. These medals were intended to preserve the memory of brave deeds, grand achievements, a faithful performance of duty. They were in reality memorial coins. The cross is the universal symbol of the highest dignity, honor, and self-sacrifice.

When all these are combined, have we not a token worthy of being received by our brave soldiers from the hands of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, united indeed in our veneration for this remnant which remains of our noble army?

Why need I here press upon you the claims of our veterans? We feel them to the very center of our being. They swore to defend their country, to maintain their "State rights." They gave up their homes, offered their lives. Most faithfully they carried out their vows. Do they not deserve the badge of honor? Have they not performed great deeds, made tremendous sacrifices? Do they not deserve that their faithful performance of duty should forever be preserved in the memory of the present and past, or to the coming generations? Do they not merit their memorial coins? They bore themselves with the highest dignity, the greatest self-control. When all was lost but honor they were compelled to surrender to overwhelming numbers. Do they not deserve the cross, the symbol of the highest dignity and self-sacrifice?

The United Daughters of the Confederacy is essentially a memorial and historical association. It is, therefore, our duty to keep the records of our noble army, both of men and women. I include the women with confidence, for never did women bear a more glorious part than the women of the Confederacy.

We have in this cross of honor a powerful lever in our work, for we require the credentials of every person who desires to receive it; we must examine their records. Can you even imagine the glorious, heart-stirring events which will be brought to us—accounts

of personal sacrifice and heroism, of deeds which make history—now neglected, finally to be forgotten, were it not for the stimulus given by the offer of the Southern cross? I do not believe that there is a man who will not joyfully receive and honor what he can leave to his son as a proof of having done his duty.

When this project was adopted by the convention of Georgia, your Vice President, Mrs. Plane, desired me to prepare the design. I beg to offer a sketch of the Cross of Danneberg. A beautiful story is attached to it. When the coffin of Queen Dagmar was opened, after six hundred years' burial, an exquisite cross lay upon her breast. *Dagmar* means "the light of day." So may the light of day reveal the heroism and self-sacrifice of our dead as well as the living!

During the time of Henry VI. of England, Maximilian, Emperor of Austria, being hard pressed in the wars he was waging, sent to his friend Henry for help. Henry sent him a regiment, the "Yeomen of the Guards." One of my husband's ancestors was in this regiment. He rescued the Austrian flag in battle. The emperor loaded him with honors, and gave him the right to carry the Austrian arms—the split eagle—as his crest. To this day our family use the crest on our houses, our silver, our seals, and I wear a signet ring with the split eagle, in memory of my husband. I know not what rank my far-away ancestor had. He may have been a private; he surely was a gallant man.

Since it has become known that a cross will be given by the U. D. C. to the veterans, I have received many touching letters, one especially worthy of mention. The writer says: "I do not know if you intend this for the privates as well as the officers. Gen. Hill, in his report, commended for gallantry a color bearer who, in the thick of the battle, carried his flag, riddled with bullets, until the shaft was shattered by a Minie ball. I am old, but I would like to leave it to my little grandson, who bears my name. I wish him to know that his grandfather did his duty." So I am thoroughly in sympathy with the writer of the letter.

"Honor the private! 'Tis work well done,  
He sleeps for aye upon that tropic shore;  
Bring forth his name from shadow that the sun  
May gild and hallow it for evermore.  
'Tis the true hand that did the work ordained,  
Honored enough that he could toil and bleed;  
Give him full share of every triumph gained,  
Whose act made possible each brilliant deed."

### ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Miss J. G. Woodruff, Recording Secretary, writes:

In compliance with instructions I forward to you the following report of the convention held in this city on October 12, 13, hoping that you may be able to publish all or part of it in the issue this month.

The Arkansas Division of U. D. C. met in annual convention in Little Rock, on October 12, 13, by invitation, at the Aesthetic Club rooms.

On Wednesday, October 12, at 3 P.M., Mrs. James R. Miller, President of Little Rock Memorial Chapter, read an address of welcome. Mrs. C. A. Forney, State President, responded, adding a few words of advice to the convention in regard to the work before it. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. C. A. Forney,

State President. The roll call of chapters was responded to by delegates from fourteen chapters and letters of greeting from two others. A telegram from the President of the United Daughters, Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, was received and reply sent. Reports from different chapters proved interesting and showed a rapid growth of the work in our State. The Arkansas Division intends erecting a monument in Little Rock to the memory of its Confederate dead, and has accumulated quite a fund through the assistance of the *Arkansas Gazette*. We are very anxious to begin the work immediately, feeling assured that it will elicit increased interest as the work progresses.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. C. A. Forney, of Hope, President; Mrs. J. M. Kellar, of Hot Springs, First Vice President; Miss Fanny Scott, of Van Buren, Second Vice President; Miss J. G. Woodruff, of Little Rock, Recording Secretary; Miss F. A. Barlow, of Pine Bluff, Treasurer; Miss F. Van Valkenburgh, of Pine Bluff, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Barry, Hot Springs, Historian; Miss L. E. Clegg, of Van Buren, Registrar.

A resolution was adopted condemning any effort to elect or appoint a successor to Miss Winnie Davis as Daughter of the Confederacy. The convention adjourned to meet by invitation at Pine Bluff, on the third Wednesday in October, 1899.

Mrs. Stella P. Dinsmore is a Texan and a true Daughter of the Confederacy. When the first gun of secession was fired she was five years old. She is President of the Joseph Wheeler Chapter of the U. D. C., which has recently been organized in Sulphur Springs.



MRS. S. P. DINSMORE.

Tex., with quite a large membership. Gen. Joseph Wheeler is an honorary member. He has written to Mrs. Dinsmore his high appreciation of the honor paid him in naming the chapter.

## TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Clark Chapter No. 13, U. D. C., was organized at Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., October 29, 1895, with a charter membership of sixteen. In casting about for a chapter title the names of many Southern heroes crowded upon our memories, but we naturally turned to that of a family which, within the borders of our own county, furnished four brave soldiers to the Confederate cause.

The Clark brothers were born and reared in this county, at the old Clark residence on Station Camp Creek, and descended from a highly respected family. At the first trumpet blast of war they sprang to arms.

Reuben Douglas Clark, the eldest, was born January 28, 1834, and first enlisted in Baker's Company (C), Hatton's Seventh Tennessee Infantry. He served as ordnance master under Gen. D. S. Donelson, and later as adjutant general under Gen. Tyree H. Bell. He received a wound at Murfreesboro, from the effects of which he soon died.

Charles Clark, the second son and only survivor of the four, was born May 8, 1835, and enlisted in Capt. Webber's Company, Morgan's Regiment. He served with distinction throughout the war, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865.

The third son, David Fulton Clark, was born July 16, 1842. When the war broke out he was teaching school in Panola County, Miss., where he enlisted, and was continually in the service until killed at Raymond, Miss., May 12, 1863.

Edward Green Clark, born April 28, 1844, enlisted with his oldest brother in Capt. James Baber's Company (C), Hatton's Seventh Tennessee Infantry, and was continually in the service, never losing a day or an engagement until killed at the second battle of Manassas.

This is the record of the men whose memory we cherish and whose names we delight to honor.

The membership of Clark Chapter has grown since its organization from sixteen to forty-two, and we hope to double this number within the next year. As daughters of Confederate soldiers, the object of our organization is to labor for survivors in need and to secure a true and impartial history of the war and the causes that brought it on. Clark Chapter has contributed to the Tennessee Soldiers' Home over \$200 in money, and, by the assistance of friends, has given to the same about one hundred head of live stock. Besides, it has recently refurnished the Sumner County room in this home.

Let every Confederate daughter in the Union attach herself to our national organization with a determination to do her duty as we have tried to do ours, and no poor Confederate soldier need ever suffer for comforts in his declining years.

Mrs. E. A. Clark, President of Chapter No. 5, U. D. C., Jackson, Tenn., is zealously proud of her ancestry, having descended from Scotch-Irish patriots who emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky and to Tennessee. Her grandfather was in the Revolutionary war, and during the great civil war her every male relative wore the gray. One brother was captured, and died in prison; and another, belonging to the Sixth Tennessee

Regiment, under Cheatham, was severely wounded at Perryville. She is a niece of Judge G. B. Black, an eminent lawyer of this State, who was colonel of the Fifty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment.

Although too young to take an active part in caring for the soldiers, Mrs. Clark is "unreconstructed." She



MRS. E. A. CLARK.

married Maj. E. A. Clark, of the Fifty-First Tennessee Regiment, who was captured at Fort Donelson. Mrs. Clark is an enthusiastic Daughter of the Confederacy, and under her able administration the Jackson Chapter has increased in numbers and interest. She is fond of literary work and a facile writer, but in her contributions to newspapers and magazines she does not use her name.

A Daughter of the Confederacy, who gives no other name, writes from Waco, Tex., sending a cleverly written poem upon Miss Winnie Davis as the "Daughter of the South," to which there can be no succession. She confuses the title given by the VETERAN to President Davis' other daughter, and in not giving her name it will be impossible to write to her and correct her error.

Mrs. Charles L. Fildes, Historian, writes of the E. Kirby Smith Chapter, U. D. C., of Gainesville, Fla.: "On the 3d day of February, 1898, a number of ladies of this city met for the purpose of organizing a chapter of U. D. C. Mrs. John W. Tench presided, and Mrs. T. L. Stewart acted as Secretary. A charter membership of twenty-six ladies was enrolled promptly. On motion of Mrs. Fildes, the name of E. Kirby Smith was selected for the chapter, and at a subsequent meeting a permanent organization was effected. The officers are: Mrs. John W. Tench, President; Mrs. Horatio Davis, Vice President; Mrs. C. L. Fildes, Historian; Mrs. T. L. Stewart, Recording Secretary; Mrs.

B. F. Gordon, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. B. Taylor, Registrar; Mrs. H. H. McCreary, Treasurer. The membership now comprises fifty-seven names, and



MRS. J. W. TENCH.

is being augmented at each succeeding meeting. Mrs. Tench, the President, is the wife of John W. Tench, a gallant Confederate officer of the First Georgia Cavalry under Gen. Wheeler. All officers and members are diligent to promote the objects of the order. The Historian has read before the chapter an elaborate and very interesting biographical sketch of the great soldier Edmund Kirby Smith, and a comprehensive paper upon the subject of secession. At the August meeting of the chapter ten dollars was appropriated to the Confederate Veterans' Home at Jacksonville."

#### MOTHER OF GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

The illness of Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee a few weeks ago was so serious as to be alarming and to create deep sympathy for her distinguished husband. Hardly had the family been congratulated on her recovery ere his venerable mother fell and broke her hip. Her advanced age was not sufficient to withstand the shock, and on Thursday morning, November 3, she died near Fredericksburg, at the residence of her son, Capt. Daniel M. Lee. Gen. Lee was called from Richmond when her condition threatened dissolution, but he failed to reach her bedside before her death. A sketch in the *Richmond Times* contains the following:

George Mason, one of the great statesmen of our early American history and one of the framers of our American constitution of liberty, was at the time of his death possessor of large tracts of land in Virginia and numerous slaves, so that each one of his children came to a handsome property. His third son, John, inherited Analoatan Island, with other property in Virginia. There he built a beautiful home and furnished it with luxury and comfort, making the grounds around it a perfect bower of flowers and beauty. Thither he

brought his young wife, *née* Munay, from the eastern shore of Maryland, and this lovely island home soon became the center of attraction, where wealth, aristocracy, and genius crowded its halls and partook of its generous hospitality.

To this couple, nearly ninety years ago, was born their youngest child, Anna Maria, the subject of this sketch. Brought up on almost the outskirts of Washington, she used to tell many interesting stories of those days when our national capital was comparatively new and insignificant. As a schoolgirl she was the intimate friend and confidante of Louise Morris, the darling child of a proud and wealthy family, and during that school time her little friend eloped with "Billy" Corcoran, then poor and unknown, afterwards the great philanthropist, who, for the sake and love of his girl wife and her daughter, founded that beautiful charity, the Louise Home, and enriched Washington with his grand art gallery. She was also friend and neighbor of the unfortunate Mexican exiles, the Iturbides, of whom she had much to relate, and also of the escaped nun, Sister Agnes, who, after fleeing the convent walls, renounced her faith and entered the city's social whirl.

One of the most interesting stories she told of those days was that on one occasion her father, Gen. Mason, who had spent much of his life in France, brought home with him in his carriage two young Frenchmen, whom he introduced as Messieurs Egalite. Her mother and the older members of the family were requested to treat them with great consideration and honor. After several days spent pleasantly, the young men left, with sincere thanks for kindness received. Nothing more was thought about it, as guests in those days were no uncommon occurrence, old homes being centers of abundance, hospitality, and welcome. Some years after, the French Minister drove up to their door, and, after entering, desired to meet the entire family, and to them tendered the thanks of Louis Philippe and his royal brother for the generous kindness they received as Messieurs Egalite. He also presented in their name to Gen. and Mrs. Mason a substantial and exquisite service of silver.

Anna Maria grew up to be the "beautiful Nannie Mason of the island." She spent many of the happy days of her girlhood at "Mt. Vernon" and "Arlington," and it was at the latter place that she met Lieut. Sydney Smith Lee, of the United States navy, elder brother of Robert E. Lee, who was at that time married to Mary Custis, of "Arlington." This meeting resulted in courtship and marriage, the ceremony being performed in old Christ Church, Alexandria, Va. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was one of their groomsmen, and afterwards remarked that "there never stood before a minister a more beautiful couple." During Buchanan's administration Capt. and Mrs. Lee were intimate friends and frequent guests of Miss Harriet Lane, then the accomplished and graceful mistress of the White House. When the young Prince of Wales paid that long-remembered visit to the United States of course the President had to give him a State dinner. Mrs. Lee, being one of the guests, went in on the arm of the Duke of Newcastle, and was seated next to the Prince. She related many amusing incidents of that dinner, of Albert Edward's boyishness and *gaucherie*. He greatly desired to have a dance afterwards, but the President had to politely decline, as it was not customary.

At their country home, "Claremont," near Alexandria, on the 19th of November, 1835, their eldest son was born, and named Fitzhugh after a beloved friend, Mrs. Fitzhugh, of "Ravensworth." Five other sons were born to them, and all grew to manhood and were gallant soldiers and sailors during the civil war. When the civil war commenced, Capt. Lee resigned in the United States navy, and, like his illustrious brother, offered his sword to his native State. Mrs. Lee went with him to Richmond, leaving all their property in the hands of the enemy. During those four years of hardship, honor, and carnage Mrs. Lee was never despondent. Always bright and hopeful, she was the comfort and sustainer of all around her. Robert E. Lee often spoke with great admiration of her courage and brightness in those gloomy days, and called her the "star of hope." With her sons and husband and many other beloved relatives in the front of battle, she never once lost heart. James Mason, so long prominent as a United States Senator, was her brother, and during the war was sent as the Confederate Minister to England, and was engaged in that famous escapade, "the Mason and Slidell affair."

When the war ended she returned with her husband and sons to a country home in Stafford County, Va., and with the same cheerful endurance commenced a life far different from what she had been accustomed to. Literally, the sword had to be turned to the plow-

share. Fitzhugh, with his pair of mules, bearing the big names of John the Baptist and Rebecca at the Well, would follow the plow with as much pluck and bravery as he had led his gallant legions in the charge of battle. Capt. Lee did not live long to enjoy the days of peace, and Mrs. Lee spent many years in the quiet dignity of widowhood at old Richmond, on the Potomac. When her son Fitzhugh became Governor of Virginia she made her home with him in Richmond, and once more became a charm in society. She was ever keenly interested in the political issues of the day, but unfortunately a severe cold settled on her eyes. After intense suffering, borne with her usual fortitude, she submitted to a painful operation, which, however, failed to give relief, and she became totally blind.

Again in the dark hour of trial her great courage never failed, and no manner of complaint or repenting over such a dreadful misfortune ever crossed her lips. Though blind and helpless as a baby, she was bright and cheerful, and spent most of her time recalling the happy days of long ago. She lived far more in the past than in the present, and indulged in many a merry laugh as she related incidents of those olden days.

Surrounded by her loving children and grandchildren, she serenely approached the dark river, but without a fear, and with childlike faith and patience, waited for the end of her long, varied, and eventful life.

#### THIRD CONVENTION GRAND DIVISION OF VIRGINIA.

The third annual convention of the Grand Division of Virginia was held in Petersburg October 12, 13, at the A. P. Hill Camp Hall, which was handsomely draped with Confederate and Virginia flags and bunting. The President, Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, called the body to order at eleven o'clock, and the convention was opened with prayer by Rev. H. L. Derby. Mrs. Robert T. Meade, President of the Petersburg Chapter, delivered an eloquent address of welcome. Mrs. Garnett responded, in the absence of Mrs. Meredith, of Manassas. She paid a warm tribute to the historic city of Petersburg and its brave sons and daughters. Both addresses were well received. About fifty delegates were present, though eighty were due.

The usual business—appointing committees, calling the roll of chapters and delegates, reading the minutes, and hearing the reports of committees and of chapters, together with the President's annual report and address—consumed the first morning's session.

Ten new chapters have been added since last convention, as follows: No. 31, Pittsburg, Pa.; No. 32, Abingdon; No. 33, Flora Stuart, at Pulaski; No. 34, Middleburg; No. 35, Palmyra; No. 36, Smyth County; No. 37, Turner Ashby, at Winchester; No. 38, Essex, at Tappahannock; No. 39, Harrison Harwood, at Charles City Courthouse; No. 40, Cumberland Courthouse.

The reports showed that splendid work had been done by all the chapters in caring for the Confederate living and dead, building monuments, collecting war records, and using every effort to have proper histories used in Southern schools. It is a matter of pride that Virginia has adopted for use in her public schools the histories written by one of our Virginia Daughters, Mrs. Susan Pendleton Lee, of the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Lexington, Va. These histories were



MRS. OWEN NORRIS, OF MARYLAND DAUGHTERS.



warmly indorsed by the History Committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, on which Mrs. Garnett represents Virginia.

No afternoon session being necessary, the time was spent in pleasant drives around Petersburg, by which the visitors had an opportunity of viewing the many points of interest about the city. At night a handsome reception was given the Daughters to meet the A. P. Hill Camp, with whom the ladies had much pleasant talk.

On Thursday morning the Rev. Dr. J. M. Pilcher opened the session with prayer. The unfinished business and new business, together with resolutions of sympathy and respect for Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Gen. Stuart, on the deaths of their daughters, occupied the first part of the day.

The convention voted against any successor to Miss Winnie Davis, the first and only Daughter of the Confederacy. The matter of union between the two divisions in Virginia was again brought up, and for the third time in three years a cordial invitation was sent to the First Virginia Division to unite with the Grand Division, so as to have but one body in the State, the chapters in Virginia now representing more than one-fourth of the whole United Society. A committee was appointed to lay the matter of union before the convention of the First Virginia Division, which met at



Appomattox October 21. Miss Wiseman, of Danville, acted as proxy for Mrs. Garnett, who was appointed by the Grand Division, with Mrs. Watkins, of Petersburg, to bear friendly greetings and urge union, as all now belong to the same general society and the aims and objects are exactly the same. The request that a committee be appointed from the First Virginia Division to confer with the committee from the Grand Division, so as to arrange the union before the next U. D. C. convention, at Richmond, Va., was "declined," and the matter "referred to the several chapters, to report next autumn." The Grand Division stands ready for union in the State, as she has ever done since its organization, offering equal rights and privileges to all. The fact that "the Grand Division is twice as large as the Virginia Division" seems a strange reason to give against union in the State. As will be explained later, in the "reply to Mrs. Raines," it was an accident that two divisions were formed in

Virginia, and because no response was sent to Mrs. Garnett's offer to organize for the general society, though the President stated a year later that she had ordered it to be done.

The election of new officers closed the second day's session, with a vote of thanks for the charming hospitality tendered by the Petersburg Chapter.

Mrs. Garnett, having filled the office of President of the Grand Division since its beginning, declined reelection, and was then made Honorary President for life. She expressed her pleasure at having her name always enrolled with the officers of the Grand Division. Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Richmond, and Mrs. R. T. Meade, of Petersburg, also declined the presidency. Mrs. S. T. McCullough, of Staunton, was elected. Mrs. McCullough is a daughter of Maj. Hotchkiss, an efficient and favorite staff officer to Stonewall Jackson. She is an officer in the "Jeb" Stuart Chapter at Staunton. Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, still refusing the presidency, for which she is each year nominated, retains her place as First Vice President. The other Vice Presidents are Mrs. R. T. Meade, of Petersburg; Mrs. J. N. Barney, of Fredericksburg; and Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Richmond. Mrs. Virginus Hall, Richmond, is both Recording and Corresponding Secretary. Mrs. Samuel B. Walker, of Lexington, is Treasurer. Mrs. Col. William Allan, of Lexington, is Historian. Richmond was selected for the next convention, which will be the day before the annual convention of the U. D. C. A beautiful tea was given the ladies at 5 p.m. by the hospitable President of the Petersburg Chapter. The greatest harmony prevailed among delegates, as it ever has among the chapters and individual members.

Mrs. Garnett paid a tribute to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and earnestly suggested that each chapter should subscribe to it, and so keep in touch with Confederate work at large.

#### CONFEDERATES OF LEXINGTON, KY.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the John C. Breckinridge Camp, Confederate Veteran Association, of Lexington, Messrs. Hart Gibson, James B. Clay, and R. S. Bullock were appointed a committee to draft appropriate resolutions in memory of Miss Winnie Davis, and the following report was adopted:

The death of Miss Winnie Davis severs the strongest and the dearest personal link between the Confederate veterans and their heroic leader. She was their adopted daughter, born within hearing of the guns of the hostile armies that invested the capital of her country, and reared in the shadow of all the personal and national humiliations of the succeeding years, she lived to witness the long and heroic civil struggle for personal liberty and the final and peaceful triumph of her countrymen. Her birth, her beautiful life, and untimely death were typical of the cause with which her name will be forever associated.

James Monroe Green, of the Confederate Home at Higginville, Mo., desires to hear from Lieut. Henry T. Walker, Company H, Ninth Missouri Infantry, or Col. Richard Gaines, of the same regiment. Address him care of the Home.

### TRIBUTE TO SAM DAVIS.

A former tribute, together with a liberal contribution to the monument fund, may be recalled in connection with the author of the following letter of November 23, 1898, from Mr. C. B. Vannelt, of South Bend, Ind.:

I have read with much interest the *VETERAN* for Oc-



MONUMENT AT SAM DAVIS' GRAVE ERECTED BY HIS FATHER.

tober, and find many references to the hero Sam Davis. I have a longing desire to see Pulaski and stand near the spot where his noble life went out and shed a tear on that consecrated site as a meager tribute to his lovely memory, having shared all of his boyhood sympathy in his hour of trial. I am so solemnly interested in the oft-told story that there comes to me now, on the near approach of that dread anniversary, a still stronger feeling of love for the dear boy hero. I think of him as he was: noble, brave, and true, a veritable hero, too loyal to be false to his cause and too brave and heroic to be a coward. In those bright days of youth, with that inborn spirit of mother's love so deeply impressed upon the heart of every young hero, Confederate or Federal, there outcropped that spirit to do his country's bidding which simply discredits history. Sam Davis, a pure and glorified martyr, on that November day, 1863, stepped to his death from a point of view based upon loyalty to the cause of the Confederacy and his personal honor. I think of him as I knew him, of the tears we shed in common love and sympathy, and that last night before his entrance into a glorified future, where he now stands, the peer of all those who have departed this life in the heyday of youth, inspired wholly and solely by that sense of patriotism

which can be only God-given. I think of many interviews we had when my heart was almost broken through affectionate sympathy, and of my prayers for the preservation of his life, that some act of Providence might intervene whereby he could in honor to his country, his family, and himself go free.

The fatal day arrived, and then came the end of a young manhood replete with all the endowing attributes worthy of the unstinted admiration of the American republic. May we, North and South, vie in the monument enterprise to be dedicated to the memory of Sam Davis!

### GEN. R. E. LEE TO COL. FERGUSON.

One of the finest tributes to a Confederate officer on record is that which follows. The original is in Nashville. It was intrusted by Col. Ferguson to the late Thomas Sharp, of Nashville, when both were in England, in 1864, and they never met again:

HEADQUARTERS, ORANGE COUNTY, April 22, 1864.

*My Dear Major:* I duly received your letter from England of November last, and have often wished to thank you for your kind sentiments and high appreciation of the Army of Northern Virginia. The difficulty of communicating with you has prevented, but I can no longer resist the desire to express to you my gratitude for your well wishes and prayers for our safety and deliverance. I heartily unite in your petition to the Giver of all victory that he may graciously guide and direct us in all our operations and give us peace with our enemies and peace with him. That he may bless you in your labors and restore you in safety to your family and friends is my fervent prayer. I am very much obliged to you, my dear Major, for the uniform and blanket you so kindly sent me. I beg you will not add to your troubles by administering to my comfort.



COL. J. B. FERGUSON,

Who represented the Confederate States in England, 1861-65.

We have, partly owing to your efforts and partly to the exertions of our people, everything we actually want; all else we can dispense with.

Truly and gratefully yours,  
Maj. J. B. Ferguson, C. S. A.

R. E. LEE.

## SIXTEEN FAITHFUL CONFEDERATES.

Some incidents of prison life at Camp Chase, Ohio, are given by W. O. Connor, Cave Spring, Ga.:

I was a gunner in Corput's Battery of Johnson's Battalion of Artillery, of the Army of Tennessee. Johnson's Battalion was composed of Corput's Battery (Cherokee Artillery, of Rome, Ga.), Rowan's Battery (Third Maryland, of Baltimore), and Marshall's Battery of Tennesseans (I think from Nashville).

In April, 1865, after having recuperated from the effects of Hood's disastrous campaign into Tennessee to join Johnston's army, this battalion of artillery was halted for a few days at Salisbury, N. C., where the Confederates had an extensive arsenal for the manufacture of ordnance stores of various kinds, and also a prison for the captured Federals, but from which the prisoners had been removed. The place was attacked on April 12 by Gen. Stoneman, who had made his way around to the rear of Johnston's army with six or eight thousand picked cavalry. An attempt was made by Gen. Gardner to defend Salisbury against this attack with a command made up of Johnson's Battalion of Artillery, the only regular Confederate troops present; a battalion of "galvanized" Yankees, made up of men who had joined the Confederate army from the prison at Salisbury; a battalion of men from the Confederate arsenal, and a battalion of militia gathered from the surrounding country, I presume (and any old Confederate knows what kind of material generally constituted such militia)—numbering in all probably fifteen hundred men. Having no fortifications, of course this force offered but little resistance to the impetuous onslaught of Stoneman's disciplined cavalry. The "galvanized" Yankees threw down their arms and refused to fight as soon as the Yankees made the charge on our lines, and they, with nearly all the rest of the command, were captured by Gen. Stoneman.

From here we were marched across the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains to Johnson's Station, on the old East Tennessee and Virginia railroad, the first stretch being forty-eight miles before a stop was made, with the exception of about two hours at Statesville. On the way we were told that Gen. Lee had surrendered, but of course we did not believe it until we saw numbers of his soldiers on their way home. We were carried to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, where we arrived on May 3. On the way we stopped a day and night in Nashville, being quartered in the Tennessee penitentiary. The galvanized Yankees who were held as prisoners with us had been very abusive in their treatment of the Confederates on this long, arduous march, and when we were marched into the penitentiary they were placed in an upper story of the building, and boasted of their superior treatment; but when we were marched out the next day to take the train they were left locked up in this building, and then it was our time to crow and tell them that the last one of them were going to be shot for desertion. Arriving at Camp Chase, we were marched into Prison No. 3. There were about one thousand of us. As we marched in the roll was called, with instructions that the answer to our names should be either "oath" or "exchange." This meant that our names would be entered as being willing to take the oath of allegiance or remain in pris-

on until exchanged. Knowing that Lee had already surrendered, about half the men signified by their answer that they were willing to take the oath of allegiance. We found in Prison No. 3 from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred men, who had been there various lengths of time. A few days after our arrival the roll of the entire number of prisoners, old as well as new, was called, with the same instructions given as when we marched in—that is, that our answer should be "oath" or "exchange." Sixteen of this entire number of prisoners still answered "exchange." Private J. Courtney Browne, now a prominent Baptist minister at Aiken, S. C., and I, members of Corput's Battery, were two of the sixteen; and when I gave my answer one of the soldiers on the parapet, a sergeant, I think, remarked: "Yes; we will exchange you in hell."



W. O. CONNOR.

I had the honor of being elected cook for my mess. The cooks were allowed an extra meal a day for their services. Each of the sixteen men who wanted to be exchanged was ordered to report at the gate with knapsack and one blanket, prepared for marching. During these three weeks all sorts of rumors were circulated as to what would be done with us, one being that we would be put in irons in the Ohio penitentiary for life; another being that we would be shot, in retaliation for something the Confederates had done. Every man who has ever been in a military prison is familiar with the absurd rumors that will somehow get into circulation. Our comrades gathered around us (and there were about forty-five of the members of Corput's Battery present) and bade us farewell, many of them with tears streaming down their bronzed cheeks; and we marched out, the bluest-looking men that had ever been gathered together, and not one of us would have

been surprised if we had been placed in front of a file of soldiers and shot down. Instead of this, however, we were marched along the side of the prison wall a short distance, a gate was thrown open, and we were turned into Prison No. 1, where we found seventy-five or eighty Confederate officers and citizens, some of whom I knew. Instead of a barracks accommodating two hundred men, we were given rooms arranged for twelve men each. In each room was a cooking stove, with necessary vessels, and our rations were issued directly to us, so that each man could prepare his food to suit himself. Consequently we were much more comfortably situated and fared better than we had in Prison No. 3. When the time came for liberating the prisoners all of the sixteen were liberated with the others, except one little fellow from West Virginia—I never knew his name—who still refused to take the oath, giving as his reason that he had promised his father that he would never do so without his consent. No explanation was ever given us as to why the change was made from Prison No. 3 to No. 1, nor was there a word spoken to us in regard to the matter.

If this meets the eye of one or more of these sixteen men, I should be pleased to hear from him or them.

#### CAPT. CHARLES W. McLELLAN.

Wallace H. McChesney wrote to Capt. A. N. Cummings, of New Orleans, as follows:

*Dear Comrade:* You having asked that I give you a synopsis of the military life and character of my friend Charles W. McLellan, it affords me much pleasure to comply with your request. Charles William McLellan was born May 9, 1842, at Thomaston, Me. He enlisted in the Crescent Rifles, Seventh Louisiana Regiment, in May, 1861, at the age of nineteen years, and was stationed at Camp Moor, La. He was offered second lieutenantcy in the Askew Guards, commanded by Capt. Andrew Brady, and, accepting, was duly transferred to that company. In the formation of the Third Louisiana Battalion the Askew Guards became Company B. There were four companies of the Askew Guards in Louisiana in the Confederate service. Capt. Brady's Company, being the oldest, was designated as Company A. It was mustered into service June 30, 1861, and departed for Richmond, Va., August 9, 1861. After the battles around Richmond in 1862, June 26 to July 1 inclusive, the command moved to Gordonsville, Va., when, about July 15, all Louisiana troops were brigaded together. The Crescent Blues and Catahoula Guerrillas, belonging to St. Paul's Battalion, were assigned to the Third Louisiana Battalion, which assignment made it a full regiment, and it was numbered as the Fifteenth.

After the battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862, Capt. Andrew Brady was promoted to major; First Lieut. David T. Merrick, Company A, was promoted to the captaincy, and Charles W. McLellan was made first lieutenant September 30, 1862. After the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., September 16 and 17, 1862, Charles W. McLellan, for conspicuous and gallant conduct in that battle, was recommended by Gen. Stonewall Jackson for promotion. He was appointed to a captaincy October 1, 1862, and assigned to the command of Company F (St. James Rifles), Fifteenth Louisiana Regi-

ment, which company had lost all of its officers from death and otherwise.

Capt. McLellan participated in the following engagements: Mechanicsville, June 26, 1862; Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; Frazier's Farm, June 30, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862; Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862; Groverton, August 29, 1862; second Manassas, August 30, 1862; Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862; Chantelly, September 16, 1862; Sharpsburg, September 16 and 17, 1862; Fredericksburg, December 11-16, 1862; Chancellorsville, May 1-5, 1863; Winchester No. 2, June 13-15, 1863; Mine Run, November 26 and December 6, 1863; Wilderness, May 5-7, 1864; Spottsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864; North Anna, May 23-27, 1864.

In the vicinity of Meadow Bridge, on June 1, 1864, about ten o'clock, he was killed by a sharpshooter sta-



CAPT. C. W. McLELLAN.

tioned in a tree. The ball first passed through the shoulder of George Bowers, of the Crescent Blues, and striking McLellan in the back of the head, killed him instantly. His only expression at the time was: "O Lordy!" He was buried beside the road leading to Mechanicsville, between two of the enemy. I marked his grave with a board, and wrote his name and regiment on it, and moved on with the command. A few days after, I was granted leave to go to Richmond, where I met Mr. Sol Davis, who was ever kind and obliging to all Louisiana soldiers, and was personally acquainted with Charlie. I related to him the circumstances of Charlie's death and where he was buried, and asked him as a favor to procure a coffin and take him up and transfer his remains to the Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond. He acquiesced heartily, and asked that I draw a map of the country and place where

Charlie was buried, and said that he would give the matter his personal attention that day, which he afterwards told me he did.

Charlie McLellan was a brave, genial soul, just to his men, full of enthusiasm, and always eager for the fray. He was to me as a brother, and we kept our clothes together. Although young, his character was a living example of Christian parents. Lofty aspirations and generous impulses, coupled with an ever due consideration for the feelings of others, were among the many attributes of his noble character. I omitted to mention that he was once wounded in the arm, and I think it was at Mine Run, November 26, 1863.

Referring to the battle of Sharpsburg (or Antietam, as called by the Federals), September 17, 1862, Stonewall Jackson found it necessary to protect his left flank, and ordered a detail of skirmishers from the Second Louisiana Brigade (Gen. Starkes). McLellan was put in command. To reach the point indicated, it was necessary to pass through a narrow valley, called by the Louisiana brigade the "Valley of Death," over which the enemy were pouring shrapnel and shell to such an extent that it seemed impossible for any one to go through alive; yet McLellan, with his men, gained the point, amid the cheers of his comrades and to the evident delight of Gen. Jackson, who thereupon recommended him for promotion; and it was the first instance where an officer of the line in the volunteer service received a commission direct from the President.



Mr. Alden McLellan writes from New Orleans:

Capt. McLellan's body was removed from Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., in 1867, and placed in Lafayette Cemetery No. 1, at the base of a marble monument erected to his memory by our parents. The mound is the family burial place of William H. and Leonora McLellan, our parents. The figure standing alongside of the mound is that of our father.

#### TRIBUTE TO CAPT. MAGRUDER AND WIFE.

Andrew J. Baker, Commissioner of the General Land Office, Austin, Tex., writes the following:

A few years ago I endeavored to bring to the public attention the fact, which until then seems to have been overlooked, that a part of Heath's Division, commanded by Gen. Pettigrew, was also in the third day's charge on Cemetery Heights as well as the division of Gen. Pickett. In that communication I reproduced

the table given in the records of the rebellion, in which it was shown that Pettigrew's and Davis' Brigades lost a larger per cent of their command than did any other brigades in that celebrated charge. There is, however, one incident connected with that charge which I have never seen referred to, and the letter of Gen. Ray in the June VETERAN calls my attention to it. As it was somewhat connected with the gallant troops of the Twenty-Second North Carolina, I will present it.

When we had reached to within perhaps one hundred yards of the plank fence, which stood on the opposite side of the road passing the cemetery to that of the stone fence, the officers of the Eleventh Mississippi had been largely killed or wounded, and the officer who seemed to be in command was Capt. John V. Moore, of the University Grays. He was then in front of Company D, endeavoring to hold the regiment back in line with the troops on our right. I hallooed to him, saying: "John, for heaven's sake give the command to charge." He replied that he could not take the responsibility. I then, without authority, gave the command myself, which was promptly repeated and responded to, at which time a run was made for the fence and over it. Just after getting over the fence, and when about halfway across the road, I was shot down. The balance of the command which had not been killed or wounded rushed on and jumped the stone fence, charging rapidly on to the top of Cemetery Ridge, in line with the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina on the right. Just after I had fallen I looked to my right, where a little house stood, just against which the end of the stone fence rested on either side. From my recollection, it presented the appearance of being built in a gap of the stone fence. Behind this house some ten or twelve of the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina boys for a moment halted, when Capt. W. T. Magruder, who had been formerly a colonel of cavalry in the U. S. army, and who had resigned after the emancipation proclamation and had joined our army, said to them: "Men, remember your mothers, wives, and sisters at home, and do not halt here." All responded in a moment, and rushed on to rejoin the regiment, then going to the top of Cemetery Heights. Capt. Magruder himself leaped the stone fence on the western side of the house, and was shot down at once, either as he went over the fence or just after getting over it. It is to put in writing this incident in connection with the last heroic act of Capt. Magruder that this is written. His wife afterwards never ceased to do all in her power to succor the Southern prisoners of war in Fort Delaware, sending them clothing, as well as barrels of pickles and other antiscorbutics, during their long stay in prison. I felt it due to her and her gallant husband that this circumstance should be brought to light in the VETERAN.

I wish to add, with Col. Ray, that at least a part of Gen. Joe Davis' Brigade fell on top of Cemetery Heights in line with those of the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina, and that no other troops in that charge went as far beyond the stone fence as did these.

B. M. Hughes, of Luling, Tex., wishes to learn the whereabouts of Joe H. Clements, of Capt. Veale's Company, Parsons' Regiment, who went from about Waxahachie, Tex.

### DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

#### Grand Army Veterans Who Escorted Her Remains.

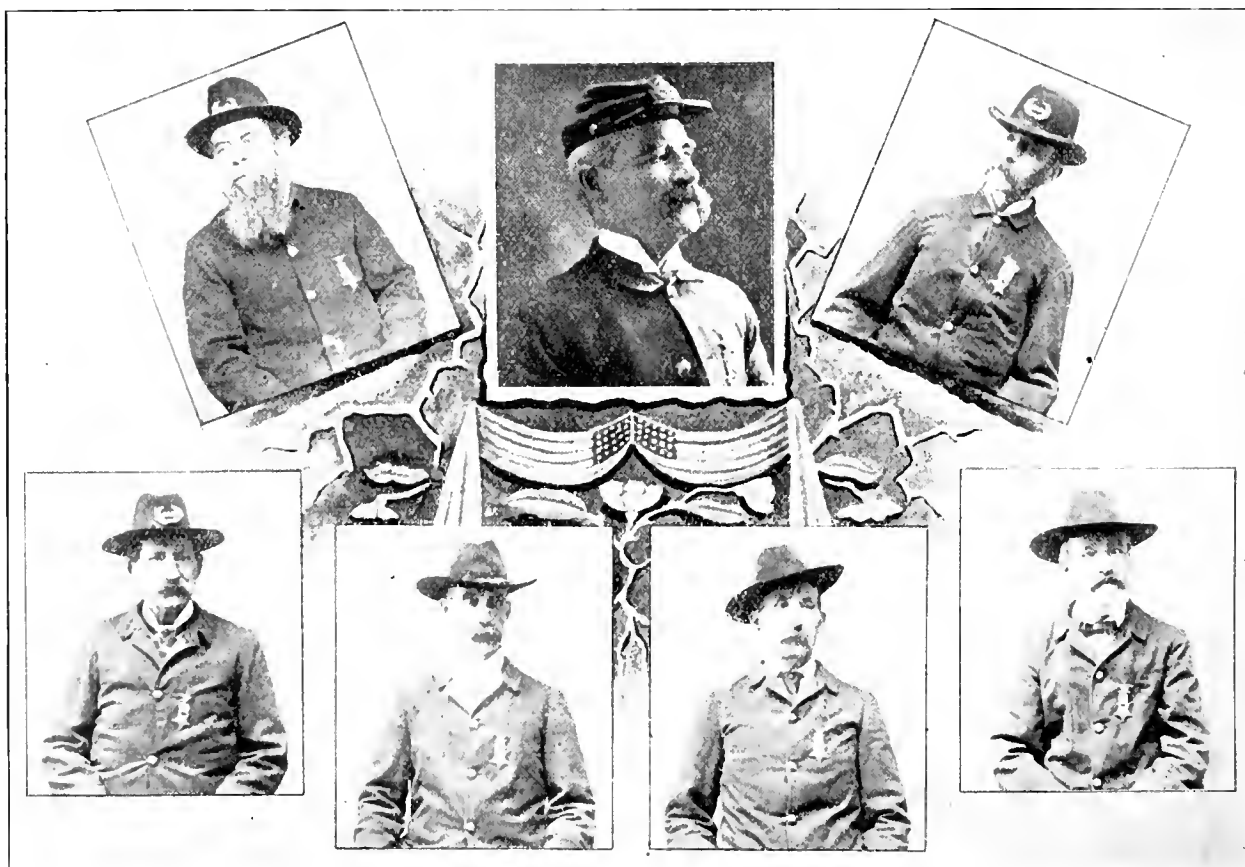
Acting upon the impulse to acknowledge the worthy tribute to the beloved daughter of Jefferson Davis by the G. A. R. Post at Wakefield, R. I., by publishing their pictures in the VETERAN, that fact was made known to Mrs. Davis, and it so touched her grateful heart that she wrote:

I am glad to know that a tribute is to be paid to them for the perusal of our dear veterans. I went to Narragansett very ill and feeling contact with people distinctly inimical to me and mine, but forced to go there as the nearest available place to which I could go in my very weak and exhausted condition. I was sometimes conscious of an unspoken prejudice in the minds of one or two people there, native Rhode Islanders; but, after a three months' residence there with my daughter, a distinct sense of good feeling and neighborly kind offices pervaded my heart, and from the time I took up my quarters with Mr. J. G. Burns, proprietor of the Rockingham Hotel, for the six years I lived there in summer, I could not have been more kindly or efficiently served in my own house; and we looked forward to it throughout the whole winter as a kind of holiday without a drawback. When my child was ill there was nothing too much to ask of Mr. and Mrs. Burns. After their house was definitely closed

and all the guests gone, their attentions were as those usually rendered by one's family, and their grief was in the same proportion. I feel deeply indebted to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Burns, also to Dr. Bert B. Burns, and I cannot but hope that our countrymen will show them their preference when they visit the place where their Daughter of the Confederacy was esteemed and beloved by the people of Narragansett Pier almost as much as at home. The offer of an escort from the Grand Army Post of Wakefield was especially grateful to my feelings, and I hope they will know how sincerely our whole family appreciate the delicately conceived compliment. They proved my husband's theory: that the men who fought the war on neither side are the irreconcilables.

Mrs. Davis having made known request for pictures of the brave men who honored themselves and the South as well as the Daughter of the Confederacy, a committee—composed of William C. Clarke, George F. Holland, and J. G. Burns—responded for the Sedgwick Post No. 7, G. A. R., Wakefield, R. I., October 23, 1898:

*Dear Sir;* By request of Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, we inclose photographs of the seven Grand Army men who escorted the remains of Miss Winnie Davis from the Rockingham Hotel to the railroad station at Narragansett Pier, R. I. Their names and the commands to which they belonged during the war are herewith given. All are members of Sedgwick Post:



JOHN P. CASE.  
SOLOMON H. HALE.

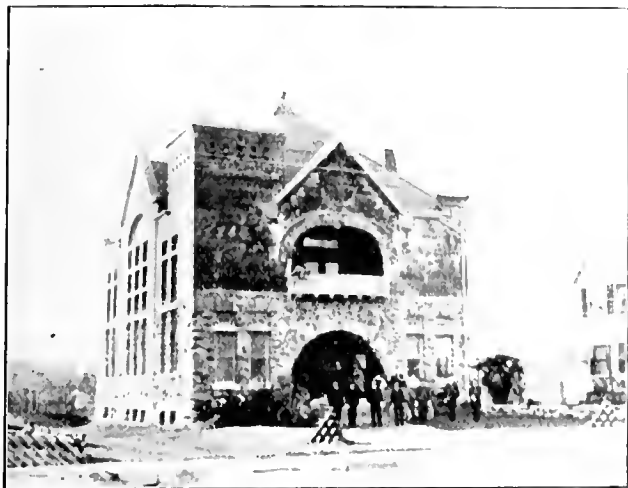
J. G. BURNS  
RICHARD A. HARRALL.

DAVID HUDSON.  
GEORGE F. HOLLAND.

THOMAS L. REILLY.

Commander, John P. Case, Company B, Second and Twenty-Sixth Connecticut Volunteers; Past Commander, George F. Holland, Company E, Second Rhode Island Volunteers; Solomon H. Hale, Company A, Eighth Massachusetts Volunteers; Thomas L. Reilly, Company B, New York Cavalry and Sixty-Ninth New York; Richard A. Harrall, Fifth Unattached Massachusetts Volunteers; David Hudson, Company E, Fourth Rhode Island Volunteers; James G. Burns, Company I, Second New Hampshire Volunteers.

We also send you a photograph of Memorial Hall,



MEMORIAL HALL, G. A. R., WAKEFIELD, R. I.

at Wakefield, R. I., two miles from Narragansett Pier. This building is built of rustic stone and brick, at a cost of over \$12,000, and is owned by Sedgwick Post, encumbered, however, with a mortgage debt of \$3,500. Nearly \$9,000 was raised by subscription of members of the post and Women's Relief Corps. The building was begun in 1887, and was dedicated in 1893, and the members of the post are exerting themselves to relieve the indebtedness.

At a meeting of this post held on the evening of October 27, 1898, Comrade J. G. Burns read a communication from Mrs. Davis requesting the photographs of the seven members of the post who served as escort on the occasion of the removal of the body of her daughter, as before noted, and it was unanimously voted that the photographs be furnished, and that James G. Burns, William C. Clarke, and George F. Holland be appointed by the Commander to perform that duty. And it affords us great pleasure to perform such duty, thereby evidencing the fact that with us, old soldiers and citizens of the North, the sectional feeling between those who wore the blue and the gray is wiped out.

Edwin C. Bereh, 334 N. High Street, Columbus, Ohio, November 12, 1898:

I wish to secure, if possible, the address of a young officer of a Georgia infantry regiment who guarded Union prisoners at Atlanta in January, 1863. My memorandum book was lost in the vicissitudes of war, and I desire to again meet the officer referred to, if alive. I was sergeant major of the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, Army of the Cumberland, and was captured

on the evening of December 31, 1862, by Gen. Cheatham's pickets, at the battle of Stone's River, near Murfreesboro, and near the spot where now stands a monument to the Regular Brigade.

Together with about four hundred men captured in that battle, I was sent to Chattanooga, thence to Atlanta, thence to Montgomery, and then back to Atlanta, it having been decided to send us to Richmond. About January 12, 1863, we reached Atlanta. We had been traveling in box cars, and I was most forlorn. The captured "Yanks" could not be quartered in Atlanta, and it was necessary to provide a place of bivouac in a field on the outskirts of the city. It was cold, threatening weather, and I was marching at the head of the column, which was in charge of the young Georgia lieutenant, and was impressed by his conversation, his frankness, and bearing. There was an affinity between us. It was truly "love at first sight." But little was said of the war. He said that he wished me to join him after we had reached the place of bivouac and he had established the guard. He then said he wished me to go to town with him. I had not the slightest inkling that I was to be his guest, but assumed that I was to be interrogated as to matters pertaining to our army. However, I was clear off, for nothing of the kind occurred. We went to a hotel, had a splendid supper, and I was assigned to a room. We went about town during the evening, and I was entertained graciously. I expected to be permitted to pay my hotel bill, but was not. In the morning I was taken to the place of bivouac, and marched in with the others. I may have been watched, but nothing in my treatment caused me to feel that I was under surveillance. That experience is of fragrant, delightful memory.

Theodore F. Allen, Cincinnati, wrote the VETERAN:

The reunion of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry with our old opponents, "Morgan's Men," was in every way pleasant and agreeable, without a single unpleasant incident. Now that "Morgan's men" have gone home, I am receiving letters from them expressing their appreciation in a warm degree for our pleasant meeting. In relation to the return of the battle flags, my information is that it was the generally accepted opinion that our government would be urged to provide a building in which all battle trophies captured by either side could be stored and preserved as a common inheritance. I believe it a good suggestion made by the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City that the better plan would be to provide a separate building, under charge of the general government, for the preservation of the battle trophies of either or both sides.

The *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune* said of the reunion: "There is nothing in the great record of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry more noble and more inspiring than this hearty welcome to Morgan's raiders on the same day when the old fires of 1861 are naturally re-kindled in the memory of the survivors. It is notable, by the way, that whenever the soldiers of the North and South grasp hands in hearty fellowship the men who wish to bury the past are invariably those whose bravery was conspicuous on the battlefield. The cheers that greeted Morgan's men yesterday came from the most loyal Union throats. They echoed the spirit of the nation whose power and influence has no limit."

### "THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH."

#### A Stage Performance that Educates Correctly.

A happy thought induced the preparation of an evening of pleasure and profit at Pulaski during the reunion of Tennessee Confederates held there last month. It is so clearly a stage presentation of much historic value that a liberal account of it is here given. The play was composed and prepared for the stage by Miss Mary V. Duval, teacher of English in Martin College, Pulaski, Tenn. As presented before the reunion of the Tennessee veterans on the evening of October 12, 1898, it was received with much enthusiasm. Gray-haired men laughed and wept by turns, and at the final superb scene, where the choice of queen is made, the pent-up feelings of the veterans found relief, at the suggestion of Capt. J. B. O'Bryan, in the old-time, never-to-be-forgotten Rebel yell.

Thirty or forty beautifully costumed girls, carrying Confederate flags and other symbols of the Confederacy, united in a contest as to which of all the brilliant galaxy of Southern States deserved to be crowned as the worthiest. A white-covered throne in the center of the stage served as the seat of honor for Miss Pearl Booth, the beautiful young lady who acted in the capacity of presiding genius of the South, holding her court for the purpose of making the award of a queenly crown. Miss Booth is a stately brunette, a native of Pulaski, and a typical representative of the South. Her clear voice was well modulated, and her words were heard distinctly by the multitude present. She represented this character most happily, and her dramatic rendering of some of the most thrilling passages



MISS MARY V. DUVAL.

of the drama added much to the success of the entertainment.

Just before the entrance of Miss Booth, a military

band played a brilliant overture, and at its close the Herald, represented by Miss Martha Rivers, an-



MISS PEARL BOOTH.

nounced the name of each fair contestant, who advanced for the coveted prize. Miss Rivers is a fair blonde, a native of Giles County, and a descendant of one of the oldest Virginia families. Though young, being still a schoolgirl, she displayed excellent composure and rendered her difficult part remarkably well.

The States contending for the prize were represented by the following young ladies: Virginia, Miss Mary Reynolds; Texas, Miss Louise Rhea; North Carolina, Miss Eva Moore; Kentucky, Miss Florence Wilkes; Georgia, Miss Sadie Abernathy; Maryland, Miss Effie Butler; Louisiana, Miss Mary Trigg; Florida, Miss Bessie Braden; South Carolina, Miss Florence Oakes; Alabama, Miss Virginia Carter; Mississippi, Miss Blanche Crawford; Arkansas, Miss Agnes Ezelle; Cuba, Miss Margaret Dupont; Tennessee, Miss Sadie Ballentine. Each presented the best possible record for her State under the circumstances.

In compliment to the Tennessee veterans, the real ending of the play was altered, so that the Volunteer State might receive the reward, which she claimed so beautifully and, as the veterans of course considered, so justly. This part was taken by Miss Sadie Ballentine, another fair daughter of Pulaski, who played the queen right royally. She is a handsome blonde of dignified but animated appearance, and her voice, in speaking, was so well modulated as to be heard distinctly by every one present.

After each one had pleaded her cause, reciting the achievements which made her State glorious, the



South, descending from her lofty eminence, placed the laurel crown upon the fair brow of Tennessee. The delight of the audience was manifested in long-continued applause, which was only hushed by the upris-



MISS SADIE BALLENTINE.

ing of the curtain on the beautiful tableau "City of the Dead," in which the statue of the martyr hero Sam Davis was the principal figure.

The evening will long be delightfully remembered, and Miss Duval has been heartily congratulated upon the success of her play.

#### BROWN'S MISSISSIPPIANS AT LEESBURG.

W. T. Moore writes from McKinney, Tex.:

On page 431 of the VETERAN for October, 1898, Judge C. C. Cummings, in giving a description of the Leesburg (Va.) fight (Federal commander, Gen. Stone; Confederate, Gen. Nat Evans), states that about an hour before sunset his command, the Seventeenth Mississippi, Col. Featherstone commanding, dashed in at the nick of time to finish the stroke and drive the Federals over the bluff, capturing seven hundred and twenty-nine prisoners and killing and drowning many more as they attempted to cross the river. I have often heard Capt. A. G. Brown (ex-Governor and U. S. Senator from Mississippi), who commanded Company H, Brown Rebels, Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment in that battle discuss it, and say that his company was in front and pursued the Federals to the brink of the river; also that he had the honor of receiving their surrender. My brother, Serg. J. T. Moore, captured Col. Cogswell. Judge Cummings was evi-

dently present and participated in the engagement, as he says. Let all the facts be known.

Gov. Brown and my brother are dead, and I don't know that there survives a man of that company who went into the fight at Leesburg. I have often heard others state that Brown's Company, Eighteenth Mississippi, was in the advance, and that Serg. Joseph T. Moore captured Col. Cogswell. Serg. Moore was one of the escort that accompanied Col. Burt's remains home to Jackson, Miss. I served with two of Col. Burt's sons for more than three years in Company A, First Mississippi Light Artillery. The elder one, Louis Burt, was a sergeant; and after our disastrous fight at Big Black, May 17, 1863, he got an Enfield rifle, and bushwhacked from there to Vicksburg, and my impression is that he killed or disabled about twenty-five of the enemy. He determined to avenge his father's death. I have never heard from him since we were paroled, near Jackson, Miss., May 4, 1865.

I do enjoy the VETERAN, and wish for its coming.

#### PATRIOTIC MOTHER AND HER SEVEN SONS.

Claude G. Rives, Shreveport, La.:

The 8th of April, anniversary of the battle at Mansfield, La., always bring back happenings at that time. My mother, a widow with two children, my sister and myself, lived five miles in a northwesterly direction from Mansfield. Only a day or so before the battle, when the soldiers broke camp to go and meet Banks, some Confederates came to my mother's gate. One came in and asked mother if she would take care of a sick soldier, to which she willingly consented. His physician, who was of the party, left some medicine, telling mother how to give it, saying that the soldier was a very sick man, and there was very little hope of recovery. My uncle came the next day, and, seeing how sick the soldier was, told mother what to do and where to bury him, and gave the principal negro men on the place instructions about digging the grave, etc. However, the soldier recovered, after a long sickness. He was one of seven brothers who lived on the Brazos River, in Texas. One of the brothers had but one eye, and when he was about to leave for the army some of his mother's friends told her to keep him at home, as she already had six boys in the army, which was her full share. To this she replied: "No; go on. His having only one eye will make him get closer to the Yankees." I wish to learn the name and fate of this family. My mother has forgotten the name.

Miss Virginia F. Drake, of Marion, Ala., has composed a song entitled "My South," which has been well received and favorably criticised by able musicians as having "living qualities." It was to have been sung at the Atlanta reunion, but was crowded out of the programme. Copies have been placed on sale in different cities, or can be had by addressing the composer.

Holmes County Camp No. 398, U. C. V., reelected R. H. Baker as Commander and F. A. Howell, Adjutant. Comrade Baker has also been appointed Aid de-Camp on the staff of Gen. D. A. Campbell, commanding Mississippi Division, U. C. V.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The VETERAN has not had much to say of the Spanish war. The fraternism so emphasized by our fellow-citizens of the North cause those who did not know so before to imagine that the Southern people have suddenly become loyal to the flag and to the Union. It is well for them to realize just what has been the fact all the while: that the Southern people have for thirty years been just what they are now in this respect. They made sacrifice for the principles of the government established by the blood of their ancestors. With similar motives they fought to maintain those principles from first to last, and when it was settled that they could not succeed they then did the next best thing possible: they accepted the situation with as much loyalty as they now maintain. They do not feel honored in the gush of Northern people in exultation over these evidences of restored fraternity to the Union, because these facts should have long since been accepted upon the oaths and the consistency of Confederates and their sons, who have grown up in this knowledge. Fitzhugh Lee, Joseph Wheeler, and the multitude who enlisted under the flag of Washington would have done so at any time since the war of the sixties. If anybody doubts this assertion, let him ask any of them. Statistics have not been procured from the Southern volunteer soldiers in general, but those of the Second Arkansas Regiment happen to be known, and they are that ninety-six per cent of that gallant command are of Confederate stock. This, as an illustration, is hardly exaggerated. These Southern people understand each other perfectly, and the VETERAN, in these assertions, does not expect a demurrer.

In this connection it may be well to remember that the Southerners are as loyal to the old slaves as they are to each other, and they will provide for them until the last white kink is decently buried under the sod and the dew; but they are determined upon a white man's government, and when race riot begins they may be counted and recounted to a man to maintain their part of it, and in doing which neither cost nor privation will be considered. This reference is incidental, but those who don't know about it may accept this fact as unchangeable, anxious as is the South for justice to all.

Our noble women who are not going to be "reconstructed," but who have sons, husbands, and others dear to them in the volunteer army, have gone about providing for their comfort, just as might have been expected; yet in all they have done and are doing there

is the same undying devotion to Dixie and its sad yet glorious memories.

A condition about this devotion to the sacred events of that great war is that the farther from the time the prouder are the participants, and in death they ask no greater homage than that their comrades bury them. "Wrap the old flag about me" is the greatest honor that many can ask or conceive. It is without stain.

The December VETERAN will be largely devoted to Confederate work in Louisiana. Various sketches and articles have been held over from month to month, so as to make that a special issue, and there is no doubt but that comrades and friends will be pleased with the record of what has been done in the Pelican State. Let whatever else may be desired for that number especially be sent in as early as practicable.

Most gratifying assurances come from nearly every section of the South, and renewed zeal is pledged to all who regard this important work as sacred. Such letters as the following do much good. Clem McCulloch, of Boonsboro, Ark., writes: "Please send to Capt. Tom Marler, Mulberry, Ark., and to the U. C. V. headquarters sample copies of the VETERAN. They have just organized with forty-two members, and I have hopes that you will get a nice club there. They are all well to do." Comrades, this labor is to be perpetual.

More humor is desired for the VETERAN. Comrades who gave and enjoyed such diversion during the war would do well to tell it now. Capt. Pat Griffin, of the Tenth Tennessee Infantry (Irish) gives an example of the kind of incidents desired. In their first battle, that of Fort Donelson, where they fought as veteran soldiers, Tim referred to the passing bullets as "mosquitoes," and was informed that they were "bullets;" when he exclaimed: "O God! we will all be kilt!" A rejoinder was that "God is good;" when another, whose calling and election had not been confirmed, wishing to make favor that would help him, ejaculated: "The devil is not bad!"

R. D. Brown, Pearl, Tex., October 16, 1898:

*Comrade and Friend:* I received yours of late date, reminding me of arrears to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Will say that you have been very generous to me. On the 29th of last June I had my house and everything I had burned. One of my hands was nearly burned off trying to save my daughter, who was burned to death. I am now not only an object of charity, but of pity. I am left penniless and a cripple for life. I intended to pay for the VETERAN when I could, but now I can't. It is losing my best friend to part with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, but such are my circumstances that I can't help it. I will ever appreciate your kindness, and, if I was able, would gladly send you the money and renew. I never found any fault with the VETERAN, and will love it as long as I live. O how I will miss it in the future! I am seventy years old and a cripple. My friend Jo Dixon, of Evant, Tex., told me he would like to see a copy of the VETERAN, and I believe he would subscribe for it.

## GIFTED SOUTHERN AUTHOR.

John Trotwood Moore was born at Marion, Ala. He is of old Scotch-Irish stock, and inherited many of the prominent traits of that sturdy race. His father, Hon. John Moore, is a distinguished judge and lawyer. He is at present judge of the Black Belt Circuit, an office he has filled for twenty years. They are descendants of Gov. James Moore, first Governor of South Carolina, and of Judge Alfred Moore, one of the first judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Trotwood's talents were first directed to journalism and later to law, but he was too full of poetry to care much for either. In 1885 he removed to Columbia, Tenn., his present home, and is now thoroughly identified with that rich section; yet the pine woods of Alabama and the blue grass of Tennessee's Middle Basin are rivals to his Muse. While an Alabamian by birth,



JOHN (TROTWOOD) MOORE

a Tennessean by adoption, he is a big-hearted American citizen. His fondness for fine stock, which he takes great pleasure in perfecting on his farm near Columbia, brought him flattering offers from the *Horse Review*, of Chicago. Here he began to write of nature and pastoral things some of the most fanciful and delicate bits of verse, while some of his best prose stories have appeared in the *Review*, until "Trotwood" is a household name wherever the horse has a friend. He has become known to the magazine and literary world by such poems as "The Lily of Fort Custer," "Wearing the Gray," "The Bell of Atlanta," "The Blue Grass Plat," "The Sweet Pea," "Longin' fur Tennessee," "Sam Davis," and many others. Of these, it has been said that no Southerner since Father Ryan has sung so sweetly. Of his stories, "Ole Mistis,"

"Miss Kitty's Fun'ral," and "Gray Gamma" are probably best known. "Ole Mistis" is already a classic in the land of its birth. Some of his inimitable dialect sketches are "Brer Washington's Consolation," "How the Bishop Broke the Record," and "Little Miss Fiddle." Says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*: "As a painter of negro type, he has no equal save, perhaps, Thomas Nelson Page; and what Page has done for the Virginia negro Trotwood has done for his prototype in Tennessee."

His book, "Songs and Stories from Tennessee," was a success from the first, and is now in its second edition. It has taken a permanent place in Southern literature. His publisher, John C. Bauer, of Chicago, will soon have out another edition of it.

Trotwood's poem on Sam Davis is republished. The Tennessee Centennial Exposition management had it framed and hung on the bust of Davis in the History and Parthenon Buildings. The sentiment of the poem is worthy the great theme, while literary critics have given it exalted position from a professional point of view.

## SAM DAVIS.

"Tell me his name, and you are free,"  
The general said, while from the tree  
The grim rope dangled threateningly.

The birds ceased singing—happy birds,  
That sang of home and mother-words,  
The sunshine kissed his cheek—dear sun,  
It loves a life that's just begun.  
The very breezes held their breath  
To watch the fight 'twixt life and death,  
And O how calm and sweet and free  
Smiled back the hills of Tennessee!  
Smiled back the hills as if to say:  
"O, save your life for us to day!"

"Tell me his name, and you are free,"  
The general said, "and I shall see  
You safe within the Rebel line;  
I'd love to save such life as thine."

A tear gleamed down the ranks of blue  
(The bayonets were tipped with dew);  
Across the rugged cheek of war  
God's angels rolled a teary star.  
The boy looked up—'twas this they heard:  
"And would you have me break my word?"

A tear stood in the general's eye:  
"My boy, I hate to see thee die.  
Give me the traitor's name, and fly."

Young Davis smiled as calm and free  
As He who walked on Galilee:  
"Had I a thousand lives to live,  
Had I a thousand lives to give,  
I'd give them—nay, I'd gladly die—  
Before I'd live one life a lie!"  
He turned, for not a soldier stirred:  
"Your duty, men; I gave my word."

The hills smiled back a farewell smile,  
The breeze sobbed o'er his hair awhile.  
The birds broke out in sad refrain;  
The sunbeams kissed his cheek again;  
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,  
They shook his name among the stars.

O stars, that now his brothers are,  
O sun, his sire in life and light,  
Go tell the listening worlds afar  
Of him who died for truth and right,  
For martyr of all martyrs he  
Who dies to save an enemy.

## SOUTHERN SIDE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

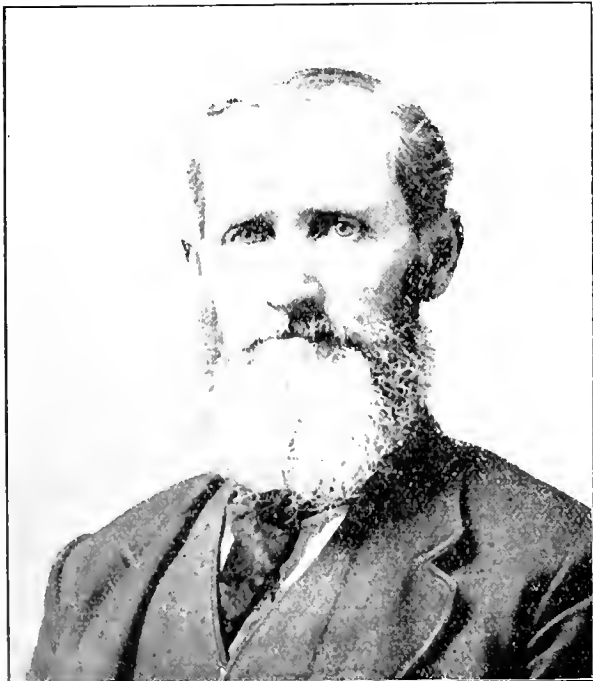
BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

## ARTICLE II.

We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Near sixty thousand strong.

The morning of the 19th opened cloudy, but the sun soon lifted the veil to look down upon the awful scenes in progress—of man's inhumanity to man—the country now up and down, and about the West Chickamauga comparatively level and a heavy woodland with dense undergrowth, interspersed with occasional fields and habitations. It extended four miles square. This was grand for the soldier, for a tree, and even a twig, was often invaluable to turn the course of a well-directed bullet. Reed's Bridge, and Alexander's and Glass's Mills, and the fords where the Southern army crossed, and Crawfish Springs, the Widow Glenn's house, Lee and Gordon's Mills, the Kelly and Dyer fields, and the McAfee Church, Lafayette and other roads of Federal position, although obscure now, were soon to be as memorable in American history as Namur and Ligny and Quatre Bras and Wavre at Waterloo.

Gen. Bragg gives a condensed statement of the disposition of his army. "The movement," says he, "was resumed at daylight on the 19th; and Buckner's Corps, with Cheatham's Division of Polk's, had crossed and formed, when a brisk engagement commenced with our cavalry under Forrest on the extreme right, about nine o'clock. A brigade from Walker (Wilson) was ordered to Forrest's support, and soon after Walker was ordered to attack with his whole force. Our line was now formed, with Buckner's left resting on the Chickamauga, about one mile below Lee and Gordon's Mills. On his right came Hood, with his own and Bushrod Johnson's Divisions, with Walker on his ex-



JAMES M. LEE, OF THE FIRM OF LEE &amp; GORDON.

treme right. Cheatham's Division being in reserve—the general direction being a little east of north. The attack ordered by our right was made by Gen. Walker in his usual gallant style, and soon developed a largely superior force opposed. He drove them handsomely, however, and captured several batteries of artillery in most gallant charges. Before Cheatham's Division, ordered to his support, could reach him he (Walker) had been forced back to his first position by the ex-



MRS. JAMES M. LEE.

tended lines of the enemy assailing him on both flanks. The two commands, united, were soon enabled to force the enemy back again and recover our advantage, though we were yet greatly outnumbered. These movements on our right were in a direction to leave an opening in our line between Cheatham and Hood. Stewart's Division, forming Buckner's second line, was thrown to the right to fill this, and it soon became hotly engaged, as did Hood's whole front. The enemy, whose left was at Lee and Gordon's Mill when our movement commenced, had rapidly transferred forces from his extreme right, changing his entire line, and seemed disposed to dispute with all his ability our effort to gain the main road to Chattanooga, in his rear. Lieut. Gen. Polk was ordered to remove his remaining division across at the nearest ford and to assume command in person. On our right Hill's Corps was also ordered to cross below Lee and Gordon's Mills and join the line on the right. While these movements were being made our right and center were heavily and almost constantly engaged. Stewart, by a vigorous assault, broke the enemy's center and penetrated far into his lines, but was obliged to retire in the face of heavy reinforcements confronting, which threatened his flank and rear, for want of sufficient force to meet the heavy enfilade fire which he encountered from the right. Hood later engaged, advanced from the first fire, with Stewart, and continued

to drive the forces in his front until night. Cleburne's Division of Hill's Corps, which first reached the right, was ordered to attack immediately, in conjunction with the force already engaged. This veteran command, under its gallant chief, moved to its work after sunset, taking the enemy completely by surprise, driving him in great disorder for nearly a mile, and inflicting a very heavy loss. Night found us masters of the



CRAWFISH SPRING (GA.) AT PRESENT DATE.

ground, after a series of very obstinate contests with largely superior numbers. The remaining forces on our extreme left, east of the Chickamauga, had been ordered up early in the afternoon, but reached the field too late to participate in the engagement of that day. They were, however, put into line for a renewal of the battle on the 20th. Information was received from Lieut. Gen. Longstreet of his arrival at Ringgold and departure for the field. Five small brigades of his corps (about five thousand effective infantry, no artillery) reached us in time to participate in the action—three of them on the 19th and two more on the 20th."

This much of the report gives the general movement on the 19th, and explains the shifting of Bragg's army, which was facing to the west to encounter Rosecrans' change. Thomas brought on the battle in an endeavor to use up a lone brigade that had been sent to support Forrest (Wilson). The volcano was fairly bursting when Liddell, with Goyan and Walhall, went also to Forrest's support. Walker's whole force then opened up, and the onslaught continued in detail, each side overlapping, until the whole army of Rosecrans, from left to right, became engaged. Thomas was mystified when he discovered that Walker was in his flank, and Rosecrans was dismayed when, instead of turning Bragg's right, the tide of battle swept with demoniacal energy from his left to his right, and his stubborn charges were met by reluctant surges from the lines of gray. Brannon, Palmer, Baird, Reynolds, and Johnson went in and, like the swaying of the waves, pushed on and receded with the onslaught of repellent forces, led by Walker, Cheatham, Stewart, and Cleburne.

At 10:45 Thomas said to Crittenden: "If another division can be spared, send it without delay." At 3:30 P.M. the enemy was pressing Palmer, very hard fighting, and he asked for Vancleve to come to his assistance. At 7:10, sunset, an attack on Johnson threw him into great confusion, and he wanted re-

enforcements to support his left. Thomas then had Baird, Brannon, Reynolds, Palmer, Johnson, and Vancleve, and was restless, even with Gordon's Granger reserves to support him. In the meantime Bragg's line, now two miles long, was forcing the battle. Like meeting clouds in the darkness of the storm, the smoke from the firearms in that dense woodland almost concealed the combatants. Thunderbolts shot forth in flashes from the lines like forked lightning from the clouds, and seemed to sweep death and destruction before them. When Stewart was sent to fill up the gap between Cheatham and Hood, in the center, with unabated fury "the death shot was rattling and the dark thunder clouds did burst."

From Thedford's Ford, from west brigade front directly to the right, east of north, the march of Stewart began. Wounded men and mangled horses were soon met. Field surgeons and litter forces were becoming busy; but the spirits of none flagged, but increased with the raging torrents of shot and shell. One man, as he was borne off on a litter, passed us with bowels protruding, yet with animated fervor waved his hat and cried: "Boys, when I left we were driving 'em!" Limbs were falling, Cheatham's left was being flanked, the sweep of the battle was becoming more terrific and the sound like the roar of the river and the roll of the thunder. The column hurriedly increased into a quick-step, until there, ready, and rushing with the shouts of onset, the division went in, only to encounter walls emitting lava of bullets and sulphurous flames and forcing from victims the shrieks of agony. At the south of Brotherton's field our line was going in beautifully. On our right banners and guidons were flying, borne by Cheatham's reserves, marching to the music. A young staff officer of Wright's (Harris) met us with the statement that Wright's Brigade was much cut up by an enfilade fire; that Carnes's Battery had been lost, and help was wanted. As quick as told,



GEN. HENRY D. CLAYTON.

Clayton, forming Stewart's first line, was obliqued to the left and vigorously rushed to the rescue.

Did you ever note the thickness of raindrops in a tempest? Did you ever see the destruction of hail stones to growing cornfields? Did you ever witness driftwood in a squall? Such was the havoc upon Clayton. Four hundred of his little band were mown



CAPT. W. W. CARNES, NOVEMBER, 1862.

down like grain before the reaper. It was his first baptism of fire, but he stayed there until out of ammunition. J. C. Brown then went in, and was greeted like Clayton. The booming of the cannon, the thinning of the ranks, the thickness of dead men, the groaning of the dying—all were overcome to recapture that battery. Thirty-two horses of Carnes's had been shot down, and amid their writhings the close quarters had set the woods on fire. The shot and shell were raging in the tempest and ramrods flew by us, but Brown drove back the hordes and got Carnes's Battery out of the cyclone. Another surging wave after a while brought him back upon the reef. Then Bate came into the arena, and with his crack brigade and prompt movement vied with his compeers in deeds of valor. He rescued the colors of the Fifty-First Tennessee Regiment, and captured several pieces of artillery. Tennessee and Georgia and Alabama tried themselves, and from two o'clock till dark beat and battered the walls of blue, buffeting the storm clouds, charge meeting charge with sanguine success, until nothing would stand before them.

If you want a proper conception of the battle, visit the cyclorama of Gettysburg, and Pickett's charge will only impersonate that of both armies for two entire days at Chickamauga.

Stewart here penetrated the enemy's center, threatened to cut his army in two, drove Vanclève beyond the Lafayette road to the tanyard and the Poe house,

and carried dismay to Rosecrans, to the Widow Glenn's. Later, Hood and Johnson on our left followed it up, until from the Brotherton to the Poe field we pierced his line. Added to the horror of the galling fire, the generals and staffs encountered a number of yellow jackets' nests, and the kicking of the horses and their ungovernable actions came near breaking up one of the lines. Blue jackets in front of us, yellow jackets upon us, and death missiles around and about us—O, the fury of the battle, the fierceness of the struggle over Carnes's Battery! From two o'clock until an hour after dark it was war to the knife and a fight to the finish.

About sunset Gen. Pat Cleburne, the Augereau of the Army of Tennessee, came gliding up behind us. He was told that Brown's and Bate's Brigades were in front of him and not to fire upon them. Cleburne right obliqued his division to get into line, and drove Johnson's Federal division for nearly a mile. The pencil has yet to paint the scenes of that afternoon. Thomas became overawed and Rosecrans dumfounded. In the meantime Hood and Johnson, to our left, were driving Davis and Sheridan, and when night came Rosecrans found himself driven out of position and absolutely whipped. Here is what he says: "On the night of the 19th, at the close of the day, we had present but two brigades which had not been opportunely and squarely in action, which assured us that we were greatly outnumbered, and that the battle next day must be for the safety of the army and the possession of Chattanooga." In the consultation at the Widow Glenn's house that night it developed that Thomas had drawn in his attenuated lines, that the center had been penetrated and the right driven, and that a realignment was necessary; that the casualties were fearful, Thomas asking for more reënforcements to take care of his left. C. A. Dana wired to Stanton at



MRS. CAROLINE THIEDFORD, OF HALL'S FORD,  
Near the field headquarters of Gen. Bragg on September 19.

5:20: "It now appears an undecided contest. The firing did not cease until an hour after dark. The enemy's attempt was furious and obstinate. The ground fought over was left with Bragg's army." From the time his center was penetrated Rosecrans became fevered with apprehension and panicked with horror at the adverse tidal wave. Here are the pointers: "Lafayette Road, September 19.—Gen. Burnside: Johnston is with Bragg with a large portion of his force, and reinforcements have arrived from Virginia. We need all we can concentrate to oppose them. Let me hear from you." Again he dispatches: "It is of the utmost importance that you close down this way to cover our left flank. We have not force to cover our flank against Forrest now; we may want all the help we can get promptly."

While Rosecrans is thus harassed our army is drawn back and put into position for to-morrow's onslaught. No fires allowed; the night cold and chilly; the moon, although shining, sends a meager light through the dense woodland. Dead and wounded all around us, friend and foe writhing in pain; litter bearers worked to exhaustion for their comfort; cries for water from the wounded rending the air, and yet a threatened night battle. A Federal officer rides into our immediate lines: Col. Vonschrader, of Thomas' staff. Soon it is whispered that our Gen. Preston Smith is dead, and Hegg and Baldwin (Federals) killed. The work now begins of throwing up log breastworks; at the same time the sound of the ax indicates that the enemy is doing likewise. We find a few nubbins out of Brotherton's field for horses, yet nothing for the hungry man. A comrade turns over a dead man and gets some crackers out of his haversack, his lifeblood sprinkled upon them; this is chipped off, and to the hungry palate they are delicious. A cavalryman, unaccustomed to infantry, in the battle to-day saw a whole line fall to reload. Every hair stood on end, and his exclamation, "Great heavens! have they killed all of them and left me here?" was one of the amusing incidents. An old soldier said that he had been out there watching a human vampire overlooking a victim who was going to die. The man had on a fine watch. To the doomed man he gave a drink of water, but when the lifeblood ebbed away the fellow ran his hand into his pocket, relieved him of his watch, and disappeared. Such is the history of all battlefields: stragglers and ghouls ready to rob the dead.



RESIDENCE OF JAMES M. LEE,  
Headquarters of Gen. Rosecrans.

And now the death of dear ones is whispered to us, the fearful mortality in our ranks—the death, they say, of honor on the field of glory. The moral effect wrought by such a picture makes my feelings revolt with the idea of a depravity in the human heart that must be curbed, so that humanity will brand the infamy



S. B. DYER, DYER FIELD, FOND SPRING, GA.

of man's shooting his fellows. O that unhappy night of the 19th at Chickamauga!—sleep overcome with fear that to-morrow might be the last on earth. Longstreet has come, and the army is to be divided into two wings, Polk to command the right and Longstreet the left. The enemy is in a state of unrest—Crittenden confused because Thomas has also his command, McCook palsied because his corps is scattered. The agitation, together with magnified reports of Bragg's reinforcements swelling his forces to one hundred and twenty thousand, put the Army of the Cumberland in a state of fermentation and bewilders Rosecrans, whose blushing honors up to this had not seen a frost, but who from this moment finds his full-blown pride breaking under him and a serious threatening of a long farewell to all his military fame.

(To be continued.)

CAPT. W. W. CARNES'S BATTERY AT CHICKAMAUGA.

T. L. Massenburg, Macon, Ga., writes of it:

Seeing that your correspondents seldom write of the meritorious deeds of the artillery of the army, and having served in that branch, I desire to pay tribute to Capt. W. W. Carnes's Battery at Chickamauga, which furnished the most conspicuous example of gallantry that I saw during the war:

In the fight of Saturday, September 19, Carnes's

Battery served with Cheatham's Division, being engaged upon the left of the line, and without support in the rear. The woods through which they advanced were so dense with undergrowth that it was almost impossible to keep the battery up with the infantry line. The infantry struck the enemy first, and as soon as Carnes could clear the ground of undergrowth, which he had to do with a detail of men armed with axes, he put his battery in position, and opened on the advancing Federals with canister. In the heavy fighting which immediately followed, many of the men and horses were soon killed or disabled; and Carnes, seeing the impossibility of saving his guns if our line should be pressed back, sent his orderly to report the situation to the division commander and ask for help.

Receiving reply to hold his ground as long as possible, Capt. Carnes dismounted his officers and sergeants and put them and the drivers of the disabled horses at the guns to replace the cannoneers as they were shot down, and, giving the enemy double charges of canister at close range, drove back the line in his front; but as he had no support on his left, the Federals swung around the battery until it was almost surrounded. Finding it impossible to hold out longer, Carnes sent his few surviving men to the rear and, with his sergeant, fired his left gun a few times as rapidly as possible to keep back the fast closing lines, and then he and his sergeant jumped to their horses, which were tied near by. The sergeant, mounting first, was riddled with bullets from a volley that passed over the Captain as he was in the act of mounting, wounding his horse. Making a dash for the now narrow opening to the rear, Capt. Carnes escaped capture by being well mounted and a good rider. His horse was struck a number of times, and could barely carry his rider till he reached the support coming from the rear, and fell just after he passed through the advancing Confederate line.

Of that left gun detachment, the Captain informed me that only one man besides himself was known to have gotten out, and he (a German corporal) was so badly wounded as to be permanently disabled. Of the battery horses, forty-nine were left dead on the ground, while thirty-eight men and officers were killed and wounded—a total of nearly fifty per cent of the men carried into the fight, and in an engagement of less than an hour. Gen. Bragg afterwards viewed the position. He complimented Capt. Carnes highly, and made him commander of a battalion of four batteries.

The terrible slaughter in and around Carnes's Battery was the talk of the army, and the writer, with many others, visited the spot and saw the men and horses lying dead about the guns. In one place there were thirteen horses touching one another. I learned from the Captain that this pile contained the full teams of one gun and caisson and the saddle horse of the sergeant of the piece. Early in the action the limber chest was exploded, blowing the wheel driver from his horse and burning the horses so badly that they ran away. The lead driver turned his horses to the rear and ran into the caisson, locking the wheels of both. The sergeant dismounted and gave his horse to the driver to hold, and all were shot down where they stood.

Can any cavalry dash or infantry charge exceed this exhibition of sublime courage and devotion to duty? The position of the battery on the field is marked by an

official tablet, placed by the Commissioners of Chickamauga Park, and by brass field pieces located a short distance in front of the handsome monument of Beatty's Brigade.

Capt. Carnes survived the war and the ravages of intervening years, and now resides in Memphis, Tenn.

### HIGHLY PRIZED JEWELRY.

Jefferson Davis Miller married Miss Louise Marmelstein, of Savannah, Ga., the only daughter of Capt. A. F. Marmelstein, signal officer of the famous "Alabama." At the birth of their first child Jeff's mother brought a small case, in which lay a set of corals with gold clasps, to the young mother, and told her their story. In the fall of 1865, when Mr. Davis was imprisoned in Fortress Monroe, Mrs. Davis started to see her husband. On reaching Savannah, she herself was taken prisoner and a guard put over her at the Pulaski House. During her stay she heard of the young Sa-



GEORGIA AND JESSIE MILLER.

vannian who bore her husband's name, and she asked to be permitted to see him. The officers who held her consented to that innocent pleasure, and Jeff Davis Miller was brought to her. She became much interested in the child, and before he was taken away presented him with a beautiful coral necklace and bracelets which belonged to her infant daughter, Winnie. Jeff now has two little daughters, each having the honor of wearing this highly prized relic. They were on exhibition at the Atlanta Exposition.

Mrs. Miller is a member of the Savannah Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Mr. Miller belongs to the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

John H. Levy, of Columbus, Ohio, writes that Mr. Clyde S. Ferrell, of that city, has in his possession a Confederate canteen brought home by his father, who was assistant surgeon of the Seventieth Ohio Regiment. The canteen is of cedar, and has this inscription cut in the wood: "Thos. Joyce, Private Co. G, 11th Tenn. Volunteers." Mr. Ferrell will gladly return the canteen to Mr. Joyce or any member of his family desiring it. Address him at the General Freight Office, P. C. C. and St. L. Ry., corner High and Naghten Sts.



**BATTLE OF CHICKASAW BAYOU.**

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Agricultural and Mechanical College, Miss., replies to criticism of an address by him:

*Dear Comrade:* In the September number of the *VETERAN* Comrade C. R. Orr has an article headed "Jealous of Well-Earned Honors," in which he takes exception to some remarks made by myself in presenting the flag of the Forty-Second Georgia Regiment at the reunion at Atlanta. The remarks were of a general character, and intended merely to be complimentary to a gallant regiment which had done good service at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, under my command. I was certainly unfortunate in my language if I conveyed the idea that the Forty-Second Georgia alone was entitled to all the credit for the victory gained at Chickasaw Bayou. My intent was to recall the gallant services of that regiment under my command in that particular battle. Several flags were presented at the same time, one to the Thirty-Ninth North Carolina Regiment by Gen. Gordon, in which he stated that that regiment had been in fifty-seven engagements and "had won fifty-six of them." Certainly Gen. Gordon did not intend to convey the idea that that regiment had done all the fighting and won all the glory of fifty-seven battlefields.

The official report is the one which always makes up the record, and I refer Comrade Orr to Vol. 17, Part 1, Series 1, in the record of the Union and Confederate armies, published by the government, to be found on pages 680-684. My report says: "About 9 A.M. (December 29, 1862) he (the enemy) attempted to throw a pontoon bridge over the lake to my left; . . . as soon as the attempt to pontoon the lake was discovered my line of battle was pushed to the left by two regiments, to throw them in front of the threatened point. The two regiments were the Forty-Second Georgia and Twenty-Eighth Louisiana. . . . About 10 A.M. a furious cannonade was opened on my position by the enemy. He at the same arranged his infantry to storm my position. At 11 A.M. his artillery fire ceased, and his infantry, 6,000 strong, moved gallantly up under our artillery fire (eight guns), crossing the dry lake at two points, one being in front of vacated pits and the other 200 yards from my line. Here our fire was so terrible that they broke, but in a few moments they rallied again, sending a force to my left flank. This force was soon met by the Twenty-Eighth Louisiana, Col. Allen Thomas, and the Forty-Second Georgia, Col. R. J. Henderson (sent to the left in the morning), and handsomely repulsed. Our fire was so severe that the enemy lay down to avoid it."

In the same volume the following is found in Col. Allen Thomas' report, who commanded the two regiments, the Twenty-Eighth Louisiana and the Forty-Second Georgia: "At about 11 A.M. I observed the enemy crossing the bayou in large force and forming line of battle with evident intention of storming our works. At the same time he threw out a force across the fence to your left (S. D. Lee's), opposite my extreme right, for the purpose of turning your flank. I immediately advanced the remaining companies of the Twenty-Eighth Louisiana and Forty-Second Georgia, and compelled the enemy to retire with considerable slaughter. By this time you had completely routed his column which had attacked your center." This ex-

plains the gallant action of the Forty-Second Georgia, which I alluded to in presenting the flag. My report further says: "The troops under my command behaved with great gallantry, officers and men. . . . Besides the regiments already mentioned for gallantry I would mention the Third, Thirtieth, and Eightieth (Sixty-Second) Tennessee Regiments, occupying the pits where the enemy made his most formidable attack. They displayed coolness and gallantry, and their fire was terrific." Further in the report, among the officers mentioned by name I find Col. C. J. Clack, James J. Turner, Third and Thirtieth Tennessee, and Col. J. A. Rowan, Eightieth (Sixty-Second) Tennessee.

I was in a position to see the effect of the fire from the center of my line of battle where the Tennessee regiments were, and also the fire from the Forty-Second Georgia and Twenty-Eighth Louisiana to the left of the Tennessee regiments. The fire of these two latter regiments into the flank of the enemy, which was deploying to their right (to my left), and to the left of the Tennessee regiments, was the decisive and culminating feature of the battle. The terrible fire of the regiments in the center, coupled with the equally terrible fire of the two regiments named taking the enemy's troops in the flank in the act of deploying, was so terrific that the entire body of Federal troops lay on the ground.

The loss to the enemy was 200 dead on the field, 21 commissioned officers and 311 noncommissioned officers and privates were taken prisoners, four stands of colors and 500 stands of arms were captured. My report puts down their loss at about 1,000. Reports of the Medical Department of the Federal army place their loss at over 1,700 killed, wounded, and prisoners.

I hope that Comrade Orr will be pleased with these extracts from the official reports, and that he will generously consider, if he thinks the Third Tennessee bore the brunt of the fight, that there were other regiments on the field entitled to some credit also. He says further that the Third and Thirtieth Tennessee, with the aid of some artillery, did about all the fighting. These two gallant regiments did splendid fighting, but he is in error when he thinks they "did about all" of it. My report will show that all the regiments and artillery engaged were entitled to full credit for that splendid victory. Certainly the prevention of pontoons being thrown across the lake to my left, and the firing into the flank of the enemy in the act of deploying was a most important feature of that battle. I would not do wrong to any Confederate command of soldiers if I knew it. I am proud of being a Confederate soldier myself, and I am proud of being a comrade of the gallant men not only of the Third and Thirtieth Tennessee, but of all the commands I had the honor to serve with.

Mrs. J. T. Tunnell, President, Comanche, Tex., writes that Comanche Chapter, U. D. C., No. 215, has been organized about two years, but did not apply for charter until last spring. It has nearly thirty members, and one of the good deeds of these noble women was to erect marble tablets over the graves of Confederates buried in the cemetery there. They also expect to contribute to the Winnie Davis Monument Fund. Their memorial meeting to the Daughter of the Confederacy was for October 30, in conjunction with the John Pelham Camp of Comanche.

## "THE WAR OF CONQUEST."

Rev. P. G. Robert, chaplain of the Thirty-Fourth Virginia Infantry, of St. Louis, Mo.:

The October number of the VETERAN is the best you ever got out, but then I believe I think that of each one that comes. It contains likenesses of the prettiest women I ever saw. In truth, the Southern women are just the dearest and most graceful and most beautiful of any in the world. I have seen them all over this land and the greater part of Europe. God bless them!

My health forbade my being present at the last annual meeting of the U. C. V. Indeed, I have virtually retired from the active duties of the priesthood, and have had to turn my parish over to my associate, who bears the grand name of Robert E. Lee Craig.

I do not exactly understand the position of Comrade Stovall (page 474) respecting the resolution that was "rushed through" requesting "the press of the South, in speaking of the great war of the nineteenth century, to say the 'civil war between the States.'" Does he object to the "civil war" part of it, or "between the States?" The only proper title of our war is "the war of conquest." I always speak of it so. To call it a civil war is to acknowledge that the States, which are now merely counties of a government at Washington, were not the sovereignties they were until 1865. Then we had a "Union" based on "the consent of the governed;" now we have a "nation," founded on force, like the monarchies of Europe. "Civil war," therefore, does not express the truth. If England and France go to war (which may God forbid!), would it be called a "civil war?" Nor the war between the sovereign States of the North against the Confederate States. Neither let us speak of the "Union troops" and the "ex-Confederates." Are we not now just as much Confederates as ever? I don't like the "ex." "X" is an unknown quantity; and the world knows our quality and found out how small was our quantity when it was discovered that with only six hundred thousand men, all told, we kept out of Richmond for four years twenty-five hundred thousand of the other nation. Let our war be known as what it was in reality, the "war of conquest."

And then the profile of the world-renowned hero, Sam Davis. There was never any greater. Those of us on the field were shot down in the excitement of battle and with the *gaudia certaminis* flushing the cheek and glistening the eye; he, with the cool determination of the hero and the inspiration of his high sense of honor, fearlessly met death. May the monument which will honor us who build it soon rise to mark the highest ideal that the chivalry of the South has ever reached!

I was some time chaplain of the Second Louisiana Infantry, but surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse as chaplain of the Thirty-Fourth Virginia Infantry, and am still "P. G. Robert, C. S. A."

A. M. Chandler, of West Point, Miss., writes that it was through publication in the VETERAN of the list of Confederate dead at Camp Chase that D. R. Osborn learned the fate of his father. This list appeared just two weeks after his mother died. Other pathetic incidents have occurred through the publication of that list.

## FAITHFUL UNCLE DAVE HATCHER.

Capt. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C.:

Dave's master was James Hatcher, Esq., of Edgefield County, S. C., and Dave, in slavery times, was his "driver"—head man of the plantation when no overseer was employed. Dave had the confidence of the



white family, for when the body of the young master was brought home from the terrible battlefield of Chickamunga he mourned with them, for "de only boy had done gin up his life a fitin' iur de Souf." When Dave's fidelity was tested, he stuck by "de fambly;" and during the reign of terror, when noble men of the South equiesced in the loings of the Kulkux Klan to strike awe and fear to the hearts of the newly

enfranchised and their carpetbag leaders, Dave was still faithful and true. When his master was to be arrested as one of the Klan, Dave carried the news to him, having learned of it from other negroes. When secure in his retreat, Dave was the bearer of news, etc., to him from home. This fidelity caused his arrest, and at the headquarters of the Federal garrison he was hung up by the thumbs for a long, long time, that the authorities might extort from him the whereabouts of the fugitive; but they did not know Dave, for he said: "I was jes agwine to die hung up befo' I would tell on 'im." Dave was let down at last and turned loose, but to this day does not like that blue uniform, and wonders why "our young sodger people wear it instid of de gray." Dave still holds his own, has reared a "likely set of chillun," and has acquired a little property. He has forgiven the United States government for its indignity of long ago sufficiently to accept a branch of the Star Mail Route, which he faithfully runs, although his "fumbs are a little bit crooked and weak yit."

P. D. Stephenson, Woodstock, Va.: "Does any one know what became of 'Gib,' or 'Goose,' of the Thirteenth Arkansas Regiment? He was wounded badly July 22, 1864, at Atlanta, and I have never heard of him since. He was 'a fellow of infinite jest,' the soul of wit, and true as steel; faithful to duty, always to be counted on in camp and on the battlefield. Any survivor of the Thirteenth Arkansas will remember him."

In the list of contributors to the Sam Davis Monument Fund the name of Comrade J. D. Murtagh, of Pine Bluff, Ark., was spelled incorrectly.

## HUMOR IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

M. N. Blakemore, of Van Buren, Ark., sends a lot of humorous stories to the VETERAN, some of which have been published.

The generation that has grown up since the war cannot possibly understand the privations and hardships undergone and the heroism displayed by the women of the South during the war. While their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons were at the front fighting the battles of their country, they were at home taking such care as they could of their Lares and Penates, nursing the sick and wounded, feeding the hungry stragglers, and in a hundred ways helping along the cause as best they might. They cheerfully, though tearfully, spared their loved ones to serve their country. No sacrifice was too great for their beloved Southland. At Appomattox and Greensboro the heroes of the army succumbed to overwhelming odds and laid down their arms; but the women of the South—God bless them!—have never surrendered yet. There are some amusing anecdotes of the women of the war as well as of the men.

When Gen. Kelly commanded the Federal troops occupying the country around Front Royal, Va., he was very severe in impressing all the live stock he could find. Among others, he impressed a cow belonging to an old man, John Arnold. This was about the last piece of property that previous depredations had left the old man, and her milk was almost the only resource left him and his daughter for food. The next morning after the loss of the cow Miss Sue Arnold, the daughter, went to Gen. Kelly's headquarters and applied to him for the release of the cow. Gen. Kelly turned around in his chair, and, in his most pompous manner, said: "Miss Arnold, this rebellion must be crushed!"

Miss Arnold, with eyes flashing and arms akimbo and defiance in her attitude, replied: "Gen. Kelly, if you think you can crush this rebellion by stealing old John Arnold's cow, just steal her and be d—d!"

She got the cow.

## EVIDENCE OF TRUE COURAGE.

As a Georgia regiment was about to enter a battle which threatened to be sharp and bloody, the colonel, very pale, rode along the line, and as he passed, one of his captains looked up and remarked: "Colonel, you are as pale as death. I believe you are afraid."

"Yes," said the colonel, "I am afraid; and if you were half as much afraid as I am, you would run."

An army made up of such stuff as this colonel, who was brave from a sense of duty and of patriotism, may be crushed by numbers, as ours was, but when all else is lost it can say in the words of the celebrated French general: "All is lost save honor."

During one of the long and rapid marches which so often fell to the lot of Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry" two of the boys belonging to the old Stonewall Brigade, which always held a warm corner in the heart of its old commander, fell into conversation. One of them remarked to the other: "Bill, I wish all those d— Yankees were in h—."

"I don't," replied Bill.

"Why not?" asked Jim.

"Because, if they were, old Stonewall would order the First Brigade to go after them."

Having mentioned the name of Stonewall Jackson, I am loath to leave it. There is a charm in it which brings back vividly the stirring scenes of Confederate times. Who can hear his name mentioned without recalling that marvelous career of the almost unknown professor at the Virginia Military Institute who in three short months fought and defeated five separate armies, each numerically superior to his own?

A few years after the war the writer met Gen. Shields at Carrollton, Mo., where he resided. On being introduced to him, I said: "Gen. Shields, I have always admired your character and honored your military record, but I am especially glad to have the honor of meeting you after having heard you in a speech during the last campaign refer in glowing terms to my hero of heroes."

"What, sir? Stonewall Jackson?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "Stonewall Jackson."

"Give me your hand again," said the General. "I loved him as a brother. He was the greatest man that ever lived."

He then went on to say that in the same political campaign of which I had spoken he referred, in his speech at a certain town, in the same eulogistic terms to Stonewall Jackson, when a hot-headed fellow in the crowd called out: "Aren't you the Gen. Shields who whipped Stonewall Jackson at Kernstown?"

"No, sir," replied the old general; "the man that whipped Stonewall Jackson never lived; but I have the honor of saying that I gave him a drawn fight at Kernstown; and no other man can make as proud a boast."

And yet, dear VETERAN, our histories tell us, and our sons and daughters are taught to believe, that Shields whipped Jackson at Kernstown. Who should know better than Gen. Shields himself?

The General then went on to illustrate the feeling that existed between worthy foemen by saying that on one occasion, a year or two previous to this conversation, he was taking a party of friends to see a circus. As there was a great crowd around the ticket wagon, he concluded that he would try paying at the door of the tent. As they approached the entrance, one of the party happened to address him as "Gen. Shields." A one-armed, military-looking man, who was taking the tickets, looked up quickly and said: "Are you the Gen. Shields who fought in the Valley of Virginia?"

"I am, sir," replied the General.

"Pass in with your party, General; you can't pay a cent here."

"Thank you, my friend," said the General. "I see you have lost an arm. I presume you were one of my soldiers in the Valley."

"Well, no, not exactly, General; I was the next thing to it, though; I was one of Stonewall Jackson's men."

No series of anecdotes of the war would be complete without some which display the wit of the Irishman. During one of the battles in the earlier part of the war

a line of troops was lying down waiting for the proper moment for action. Bullets were flying rather fast overhead, and an Irishman was observed by one of his comrades holding his hand as high in the air as he could reach.

"What are you doing there, Pat?" asked another.

"Bedad, and I'm faling for a furlough."

Just then a bullet grazed his hand, and he said: "Bejabbers, I've got it!" Another bullet struck him in the wrist before he could fairly get his hand down. "Och! Begorra! and I've got thirty days extinsion."

During another battle the firing had become so hot that some of the men concluded they had very urgent business in the rear, and among them was an Irishman. His captain noticed him starting for the rear, and commanded him to come back. Pat paid no attention to this, but kept on. The captain drew his pistol and threatened to fire if he did not stop. The Irishman, without stopping, looked back over his shoulder, and yelled: "Shoot and ——! What is one bullet to a bucketful?"

Every one agrees that discipline is absolutely essential in an army, but in the Confederate army some of our soldiers had a queer idea of discipline. While the private soldier would obey his officer's commands with the utmost exactness, he never for a moment acknowledged the superiority of the officer socially. He would fight like a hero and work like a stevedore, but he never gave up or forgot his manhood. On one occasion Gen. Cheatham found one of his men, an Irishman, committing some act of which he did not approve. He reprimanded him in the most forcible manner, and, in fact, it is said that the language used was so forcible that the air turned a beautiful cerulean hue. When he stopped to get his breath, the Irishman said: "Bedad, General Cheatham! if you wasn't a general, you wouldn't talk to me that way."

Gen. Cheatham was like the hero of Conan Doyle's novel, the "White Company:" he was always willing and anxious to accommodate any gentleman who was looking for trouble. He pulled off his coat and threw it on the ground, saying: "There lies Gen. Cheatham, and here is Old Frank. Now pitch in."

The Irishman did pitch in, and it is related that for once in his life Old Frank didn't get the best of a fight.

But as memory carries us back to those days and we are reminded of the soul-stirring scenes through which we passed, of the light hearts with which we marched, the jests of the bivouac, we cannot help also remembering that our roll call is every year decreasing; that "taps" have been sounded the last time for most of that gallant army. May their "reveille" have been sounded in a world where they have met a rich reward for their many virtues!

Thomas J. Speck, Morristown, Tenn.: "On page 369 of August VETERAN, in description of Tennessee monuments at Chickamauga, 'Buckner's' Legion is given, when it should be 'Rucker's.' I personally knew Col. Rucker and many of the Twelfth Battalion. Since the war I met Col. (now Gen.) Rucker at Tate Springs. He lost an arm. His home is at Birmingham, Ala."

Miss Anna Maud McGowan, sponsor for Missouri at the Atlanta reunion, is the daughter of County Clerk R. J. McGowan, of Nevada, in that State, who was a gallant Confederate soldier of Morgan's famous Ken-



MISS ANNA MAUD M'GOWAN, NEVADA, MO.

tucky Cavalry. He was with Jefferson Davis and his family on their flight from Richmond and to within a few hours of their capture. Miss McGowan is one of the most intelligent and beautiful Daughters in Missouri.

William L. Ritter, Baltimore, Md., wrote in September, 1897: "I read with much interest and considerable amusement Buford McKinney's account of the Third Tennessee's rooster, Jake, although I tried in vain to recall this historic roster. McKinney says Col. John C. Brown commanded the Third Tennessee, which was captured at the surrender of Fort Donelson. This explains the matter, for the Third Tennessee I knew was commanded by Col. John C. Vaughan, and was in East Tennessee when Fort Donelson was captured. So you see there were two Third Tennessee Regiments, commanded respectively by Col. John C. Brown and Col. John C. Vaughan. Brown was afterwards promoted to major general and Vaughan to brigadier general. This will explain why the boys of Vaughan's Third Tennessee never knew anything of Rooster Jake's brave deeds and funny exploits. Vaughan's Regiment was recruited by the following-named persons from East Tennessee early in 1862: Lieut. Holmes Erwin, Corps. John C. Pendley, William T. Sykes, Solomon Hylton, W. P. B. Mills, Privates J. A. Bushong, S. Chafin, J. S. Casson, J. J. Cotter, A. Fleenor, Ben Barst, James Ham, H. Kitzmiller, G. W. Monteith, M. Monteith, J. M. McGovern, J. P. O'Shields, F. M. Newton, J. Simmons, Isaac Zimmerman. They were gallant and brave soldiers."

## THE TRAGEDY OF BUCK ISLAND.

Extracts from the *Baldwyn (Miss.) Indicator*:

Almost any day about train time a modest gentleman may be seen sitting in front of the post office waiting for the mail. So quiet and unassuming are his manners that when you engage him in conversation you readily perceive the qualifications of the true Southern gentleman. The gentleman is Mr. C. L. Hardecastle. In 1892 Mr. Hardecastle wrote this story for Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York:

"On the 21st of December, 1863, I was at home on furlough. My people were living in Marshall County, Ala., on the northern side of the Tennessee River. About ten days before the expiration of my leave of absence we were alarmed by the sudden appearance in our neighborhood of the notorious Ben Harris and his gang of marauders. Knowing that if we were caught we would in all probability share the fate of many others who had been killed by this murderer, I, with James M., F. M., and Porter Roden and others, sought refuge on Buck Island, where Ben Roden had already driven his cattle and constructed a rude cabin for himself and family in case of necessity and in order to prevent his cattle from being stolen by various parties of foragers. At this place of concealment we were joined by old Mr. Ben Roden. We remained in supposed security until the morning of December 27, when, about two o'clock, we were aroused from our sleep by a knocking at the door and a demand for our surrender. To our dismay, we found that we were in the hands of Ben Harris. He demanded to know the place where we had concealed our boat, and we were promised our lives if we would aid him and his men in raising the boat, which we had sunk after ferrying the stock from the island to the north bank of the river. He was accompanied by a squadron of men in the uniform of the United States cavalry, but they were not enlisted in the Union army. After we had accomplished this work we were taken a few hundred yards down the river bank, and were then informed that we had to be shot.

"It so happened that old Mr. Roden had long been acquainted with Capt. Harris, and he asked him to step aside that he might speak with him privately; but his plea for our lives was in vain. When he returned he told us that our case was hopeless, that we were condemned to be shot. We realized that the object of Harris in shooting us was to prevent it being known afterwards that he had taken cattle and property belonging to Mr. Roden. Harris stated that if any of us wanted to pray we could do so, and that if we had anything we wished to send to our people they would carry it to them for us. Porter Roden gave them several things to carry back to his wife and little children. I have since learned that they never gave these things to the widow they had made.

"In looking back over this horrible experience, it still seems to me that the prayer Porter Roden made for himself and for all of us as we stood there within a few minutes of eternity was one of the most earnest appeals to the mercy of the eternal Judge of man that ever fell from mortal lips. When he had finished we faced them, and as we stood in line it so happened that I was the last one at the end of the line. Harris and his men began the shooting from the head of the line, and shot them all from two to four times each with

their pistols. I, being at the foot of the line, was the last one, and at the flash of the first pistol shot aimed at me at close range I fell to the ground as if dead. I turned sideways to them as they shot, and the ball passed through my right arm, cutting the artery. When they were dragging our bodies to throw them into the river they stopped to feel my pulse, but, fortunately for me, the pulsation of the wrist was absent, and they threw me with the others into the river like so many hogs. As I was plunged into the water, unfortunately I became slightly strangled and coughed. Some one said, 'Stick your saber into his d——d body,' but I had floated out from the bank beyond reach of this weapon. They shot at me again, but missed me. As they fired I held my breath and sank under the water, and they turned and left me for dead.

"I floated under some driftwood which had caught in the trees on the bank of the river, and under this brush I succeeded in concealing myself where I could get air until they left. I was so greatly weakened from the cold (for this was winter) and from loss of blood that I was scarcely able to reach the bank and crawl up out of the water. How long I remained upon the ground I scarcely know, but it seemed like a long time before I was able to travel about one mile to the house of my brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Stearns, and there got some stimulants, food, and dry clothes. My friends then ferried me to the other side."

Despite this wound and two others received in battle Comrade Hardecastle survived to give to the world an account of this horrible massacre, only one of many of like ferocity which swept men to untimely death and left mothers and wives and children helpless and broken-hearted. Such was our war; such are all wars.

Miss Mary Pagan Davidson, sponsor at the Atlanta reunion for the Walker-Gaston Camp, of Chester, S. C., is a daughter of Col. J. S. Davidson, who served



with distinction in the Mexican war and also in the civil war from 1861 to 1865 as colonel of the Seventh North Carolina Regiment.

## CONCERNING LAST CHARGE AT APPOMATTOX.

BY WILLIAM KAIGLER, OF DAWSON, GA.

I see a communication in the June VETERAN, pages 262-264, claiming that the last charge and last gun fired at Appomattox were by the North Carolina soldiers. To prove that there is some mistake about the matter, I refer the writer to Gen. Longstreet's "History of the War," pages 623, 624, and 627. It will be seen that Gen. Gordon commanded the advance of the army that morning, with Gen. C. A. Evans' Brigade in front. Gen. Lee, on the morning of the surrender, sent Col. Venable, of his staff, to the front to ask Gen. Gordon if he could break through the lines of the enemy, who had hemmed us in. At the point where Gordon decided to cut through the fighting was done by Gen. Evans' Georgia Brigade, with Gordon's sharpshooters thrown out in front. While we were engaged Capt. Sims brought a message from Gen. Longstreet to Gordon stating that Gen. Lee had gone to meet Gen. Grant to arrange for the surrender of the army. After delivering the message Capt. Sims was sent to call the truce. All firing along the lines then ceased, and Gen. Custer, with flying locks, rode by our front to where Capt. Sims was, to find out by what authority he was acting in the matter. When told, he rode in haste to where Gen. Longstreet was, and demanded a surrender.

I also refer to Derry's "History of the Civil War," page 413, which will show that Gen. Evans' Georgia Brigade formed the left of Gordon's line of advance and in front, and had pushed out the sharpshooters in advance of his line of battle. Notice of the surrender had not been received by him. The skirmishers were forwarded, capturing a battery with a number of prisoners, and drove our assailants from the field. Gen. Custer came riding up to Gen. Evans, saluted, and stated that a surrender had been agreed upon. A few minutes afterwards Evans received official notice of the surrender, and slowly drew back his command toward Appomattox. We were unconscious of what was transpiring elsewhere, and had gained one more victory, and the last, for the falling Confederacy in Virginia.

As further evidence, I here inclose a copy of a letter written by Gen. C. A. Evans on the same line over twenty-five years ago, when matters were fresh in the minds of those who were present at the surrender of Gen. Lee's army; also a clipping from the *Philadelphia Times* of January 13, 1883.

To show that there is some discrepancy, I call attention to the fact that in the article on page 262 of the VETERAN of date mentioned it is claimed that the last charge at Appomattox was made by a North Carolina brigade, led by Gen. Grimes; while on page 264 it is claimed that the charge was made by Gen. W. R. Cox.

Other sources of authority could be furnished.

GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS' LETTER.

ATLANTA, GA., August 5, 1872.

Capt. William Kaigler.

*My Dear Captain:* Yours of the 1st inst. inquiring about the latest attack made by the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox has just been received. I reply with great pleasure that there is no question in my mind of the truth that the last shot fired and the last capture by the army of Gen. Lee were through you and

your picket corps of sharpshooters. On the morning of the surrender I received orders to attack on the line that crossed the road to Lynchburg. We moved forward, driving before us for nearly or quite a mile the enemy in our front—most of this in open field. At a certain point we were suddenly threatened by a new line bearing down on our right, which would have taken us in the flank if any further forward movement was made. At that juncture it became necessary to charge front under fire, a most difficult maneuver, as all know; but it was done promptly and without confusion. At the same time your sharpshooters, thrown out on flank and front, were brought into collision with a body of the enemy and made captures that surprised all. Just then orders came to me to withdraw at once. Communicating the orders to you, and covered by your line, the command moved back in perfect order without any loss. The firing all ceased after the falling back began on your part. As we passed the point from which we made the attack Gen. Custer, bearing a white flag, came galloping past with the final note. The surrender had taken place while we were engaged. Your prisoners were brought in, and I remember well that in the midst of our grief at the surrender we boasted of having fought to the last moment and that the last fight of the brigade was a victory. I never saw such spirit in my brigade as was shown that morning, and you know that I was with the command from first to last. It is one of the proudest of my thoughts that we were shooting with all our might when the army was surrendered. I have not the slightest doubt, Captain, that you burned the last grain of powder and directed the last Confederate bullet from the great old army of Gen. Lee.

The *Philadelphia Times* contained the following:

On the morning of the surrender Gen. Evans was ordered by Gen. Gordon to place his division in order of battle across the Lynchburg road. Capt. Kaigler, commanding the division skirmishers, moved in front, and the division itself followed soon after. In their advance they encountered a line of dismounted cavalry and drove them back. Once more they were suddenly threatened in flank, when Evans changed the front of one brigade under heavy fire and made an attack, supporting Kaigler, who made a dash and a capture. This occurred after orders were issued for their return to camp, but which had not been received. Receiving the orders, they returned to camp and found that Lee had surrendered.

P. E. Hockersmith, Bowling Green, Ky.: "We frequently see published that the First Texas lost at Antietam eighty-three per cent, that the Twenty-First Georgia lost at Manassas seventy-six per cent, the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina at Gettysburg seventy-two per cent, and that these were the greatest losses sustained by any Confederates during the war. Did not the Third Mississippi Battalion lose one hundred per cent at Franklin, Tenn.? It is my recollection that not one man escaped from that engagement. Being with Gen. Cleburne in that fight, and situated at the gin house, we saw that brave battalion lying on the field, with not one of their number to tell the tale. I have heard that there is a monument erected to this battalion with the inscription that none were left."

**A CORRECTION EXPLAINED.—GOV. I. G. HARRIS.**

BY COL. E. T. SYKES, COLUMBUS, MISS.

In the *VETERAN* for September, 1897, I corrected a vital historical error in an interview contributed by Col. George W. Adair to the *Atlanta Constitution* of August 1, 1897, and reproduced in your August (1897) number, entitled "Gov. Harris at the Close of the War." My communication was necessarily long, or I would then have made correction of another equally glaring misstatement by Robert Adamson in the purported interview of Col. Adair. An article appearing in the last issue of the *VETERAN* (August, 1898), page 374, by Gen. John M. Claiborne, of Rusk, Tex., commenting upon the errors in Col. Adair's interview, is my excuse for supplementing my former contribution—viz., to give the place, time, and circumstances connected with Gov. Harris' leaving the Confederate army and the country.

After stating that Harris did not, as Adair says, leave Grenada, Miss., directly for Mexico at the time stated, Gen. Claiborne mystifies the situation by adding: "Instead of leaving Forrest at Grenada for Texas, he came with Forrest to Hood, at or near Florence, Ala. (if with Forrest at all)." The words in parenthesis, "if with Forrest at all," imply doubt by Gen. Claiborne as to the whereabouts of Gov. Harris after Hood's Tennessee campaign.

Gov. Harris did not go with the Army of Tennessee from Northeast Mississippi to North Carolina, but he remained with the army of the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, commanded by Lieut.



COL. E. T. SYKES.

Gen. Richard Taylor, and was a valued and ever acceptable guest at the headquarters of Forrest's cavalry corps. From the front of the division headquarters (W. H. Jackson's) tent, about three miles southwest of Gainesville, Ala., Gov. Harris addressed the assembled Tennessee cavalymen on May 9, 1865, following their surrender, counseling them to return to their respective homes and to become, as he felt they would prove, good and loyal citizens of the restored Union, and which would, he was assured, give them every protection. But he said, as for himself, the conditions were different, and that he must, on account of his civic prominence, seek safety in flight; that he would attempt to join the Trans-Mississippi Army, under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and, failing in that, would take refuge in foreign lands. Bidding all an affectionate farewell, he mounted his horse, held in waiting, and started on his long and eventful journey. At that time the writer was assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. W. H. Jackson, commanding a division in Forrest's cavalry corps, and was present and heard all that is above stated.

In this connection I will add that Jackson's division scouts, known as "Harvey's Scouts," also Lieut. Ewing, drillmaster on the staff of Gen. W. H. Jackson, declined to surrender, and left the same day for the Trans-Mississippi Department; but before crossing the great "Father of Waters" they abandoned their purpose, and most, if not all, of them finally accepted their paroles.

Lieut. Ewing was an Englishman, and strictly a soldier of fortune. He was a sergeant in W. H. Jackson's old company out West at the time that officer resigned his commission and came East to tender his services to the Confederacy. Subsequently Serg. Ewing was, for gallantry in an engagement in Texas between his company and Confederates under Gen. Van Dorn, made lieutenant. Afterwards, when Jackson had been promoted to the command of a division of cavalry and was operating in North Mississippi, and Ewing's company was near Memphis, Tenn., he deserted his Federal command and came into our lines. Before Gen. Jackson could be communicated with, Ewing was carried as a suspected prisoner to Richmond, but later, with that officer's consent, he was ordered to report to Jackson for duty on his staff, and from then to the close of the war proved to be worthy of his general's confidence. Being a deserter from the Federal army, he reasonably feared that he would not be treated as a prisoner of war and be protected by his parole; hence his leaving. He decided, however, before leaving the Mississippi River, to accept a parole and take the chances of a discovery of his former identity. Until the day of his death, which occurred in Okolona, Miss., in the early eighties, he was wedded to his roving nature and its attendant dissipations. I have been told that a potters' field is his resting place.

The Everett Lewis Camp, U. C. V., Gonzales, Tex., pays fine tribute to their deceased member, R. F. Nicholson, who died May 18, 1897. Comrade Nicholson was a native of Hines County, Miss. His father, Judge Nicholson, died when he was a lad.

At its annual meeting in March, Camp Horace King No. 476, Decatur, Ala., reelected W. H. Long Commander and W. R. Francis Adjutant.

## SENTIMENT, BY A CONFEDERATE.

The following private letter is so expressive that it is given publicity without permission having been asked. It is from Col. G. W. Baylor, Ysleta, Tex.:

I thank you for the kind notice in the VETERAN. Next to seeing my old comrades *in propria persona* is seeing their photos and a little sketch, such as the VETERAN contains. I recognize many a face that joined us at Bowling Green, Ky., long since pale in death. It serves a good purpose and helps to keep alive the love and friendships formed in days gone by.

I have attended but few reunions since the war, my path in life having led me out on this extreme boundary of grand old Texas and given me six years more of war as a Texas ranger; but I hope to get to Atlanta and once more meet those few that still live and knew me in 1861. It may be a disappointment. I attended the unveiling of the equestrian statue to my old chief, Albert Sidney Johnston, at New Orleans, with the hope of seeing some of the staff officers; but alas! not one was there to take me by the hand and greet me. If there be one alive to-day, I do not know it.

\* You gave me a very pleasant surprise in the same number of the VETERAN. With my own was a sketch of Mrs. Newsom, of Arkansas, now in Washington City; also her photo. I well remember her sweet young face, her love of country and Dixie. My old general said to me one day: "Why don't you make love to the young widow? She is intelligent, educated, pretty, and rich, and her heart is in our cause." Being a shy young "sub.," I could only glance at her out of the corner of my eye; and in the meantime there came up from Nashville a bevy of pretty girls to give a concert for the hospital fund, or some such purpose, and among them was one "not a sister." She played a perfect second on the piano to my violin—"Sounds from Home," a sweet old duet. I can close my eyes and still hear her sweet birdlike notes, and she trilled the "Echo Song." There was no safety for me after that; and when "there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream" finished the performance, I was done for too. Later on, when we had to retreat through Nashville, I took time to call, and she sang with exquisite pathos "The Long, Long, Weary Day." I took her hand and bade her farewell. There were tears in her eyes and in mine. Yes, sweet Mollie B.

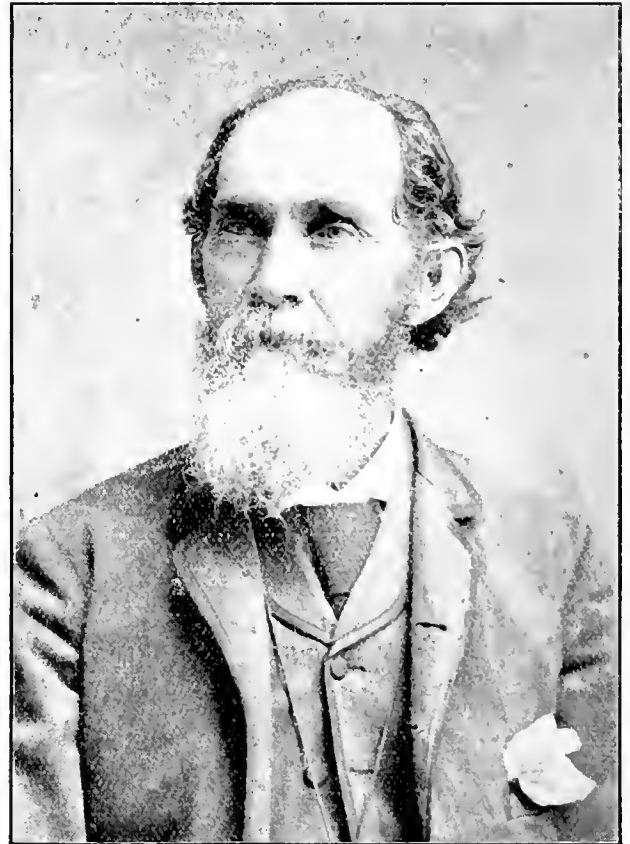
Ah, well a day, the sweetest melody  
Could never, never say  
One-half my love for thee.

I was told my sweetheart had given her hand to "John Happy," yet she did not marry him.

I don't know why I should scribble all these by-gones to you. Let it be an echo of all we hoped for, all we fought for, all we lost.

When Lee surrendered I began to doubt the power of prayer, and there was just a cloud for a while over my faith in God's mercy and justice. How plain it is now that "he doeth all things well!" With a divided country we might meet the fate of Poland; now we can hold our own on land or sea against any one power;

and, should all the balance of the world turn against us, we may rest assured our old Mother England will stand by us and prove that blood is thicker than water, and speak in no uncertain tones through the mouths of her heaviest guns. So mote it be! A boy may rebel against the discipline of home, wander off, make and spend fortunes; but let sorrow come and dark clouds of despair gather around him, he has only to turn toward home, and he will find the mother's arms outstretched to welcome him as of old. So will it be with old England. The day will come when the red, the blue,



COL. GEORGE WYTHE BAYLOR.

and the gray will stand shoulder to shoulder, and it will mean good government and religious liberty to all the world. We are working out the Master's golden rule.

I have tried hard to get into the service, having through Hon. James D. Sayers offered my services to President McKinley, through Senator Horace Chilton to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and lastly to Gov. Culbertson; but my age (sixty-six next August) seems to bar the way. I have had experience in just such warfare as the Rough Riders had to meet, and understand the Spanish language, have no fear of yellow fever, and hoped to be of service by reason of experience, having gone through the Indian war before our civil war, through that, and six years as a Texas ranger. Well, I must be content as Aid to Gen. A. S. Johnston, as my uncle, Col. George Baylor was to that other great Rebel, Gen. George Washington; and, having commanded a brigade of Confederates under fire of American soldiers, that is glory enough.



**COL. C. C. BLACKNALL, 23D N. C. VOLUNTEERS.**

The Blacknalls have ever been quick to draw the sword in defense of right. The family sent all of its male members—two youths, John and Thomas Blacknall—into the war for American independence. With ten males of military age, it sent twelve members into the Confederate ranks and gave five lives for Southern independence.

Charles Christopher Blacknall was born in Granville County, N. C., December 4, 1830. Through his grandfather, Thomas Blacknall, a soldier under Washington at sixteen, and his great-great-grandfather, the Rev. John Blacknall, one of the first Episcopalian clergymen to officiate in North Carolina, his ancestral line has been traced back through many generations of English country gentlemen of note to the Blacknalls of Wing, Buckinghamshire, whose armorial bearings were old enough in 1400 to enable them to intermarry with the noble and exclusive Norman family of Harcourt.

When the South was driven to stake all upon the sword, Charles Blacknall, responding to the first call for troops, raised and was commissioned captain of the Granville Riflemen, which became Company G of the Thirteenth, known later as the Twenty-Third North Carolina Volunteers. In June, 1862, he was promoted to major, and in August, 1863, to colonel.

From the first Manassas, to which he was ordered just too late to take part, till in the waning of the Confederacy he met death at the mouths of Sheridans' carbines, camp, field, and prison were his home. Five times wounded, three times severely, thrice captured, his career was probably as eventful as that of any other North Carolinian. Concerning his experience, it is practicable to touch only upon its most salient points.

On the retreat from Yorktown, and while yet an unseasoned soldier, he saved his men in the rifle pits from capture by exposing himself alone to the concentrated fire of the Federal sharpshooters. At Williamsburg, while in advance of the line of battle, he encountered and captured two Federals after receiving the fire of one at close range. Unable to walk at Seven Pines, owing to a painful abscess on the knee, rather than miss the battle he procured a horse and rode with the firing line. The horse was killed, falling on him, his clothes pierced by many bullets, and he received painful wounds, disabling him for weeks.

His regiment led the van in the famous march around Hooker at Chancellorsville. A piece of hostile artillery suddenly unmasked in the brush, double-shotted with canister, fired point blank, striking down the head of the column, and, from its suddenness and unexpectedness, disconcerting brave men. Maj. Blacknall, with characteristic self-possession, seized a company bodily, as it were, threw it into line, and sprang forward with the bayonet, capturing the gun just as the lanyard was being tightened for a second discharge. Taking part in the series of desperate onslaughts that followed, he was the next morning, by an overwhelming flank attack of the enemy, surrounded and captured with part of the regiment in a redoubt which he had just carried.

Exchanged in time for Gettysburg, his regiment formed part of Iverson's devoted band, which on the first day—outnumbered, outflanked, and enfiladed

from both sides—almost literally died in its place in the line of battle. Maj. Blacknall was severely wounded through the mouth and neck and captured on the retreat through the mountains. He escaped on Kilpatrick's own horse, but, owing to pain from his wounds, was taken again. While immured in Fort McHenry lots were cast to select a Confederate major to be hung in retaliation for a Federal officer about to be executed in Richmond as a spy. Maj. Blacknall drew the fatal number, but was, for some reason, spared, though only after long suspense.

A long and rigorous winter imprisonment on Johnson's Island followed. Driven to desperation by cold and hunger, the eighteen hundred Confederate officers there planned an escape to Canada. Col. Blacknall, well known to be ever forward in the charge, was elected one of the officers to lead the forlorn hope in the assault on the guard with brickbats. But there was in their midst a Federal spy disguised as a Confederate



COL. C. C. BLACKNALL.

officer. Their plans were betrayed, and the guards so heavily reinforced that men even as desperate as they were could see no hope of success.

After Col. Blacknall was exchanged, although in shattered health, he took command of his regiment just in time to go with Early when his slender force was thrown forward into the Shenandoah Valley and finally sacrificed in the vain hope of relieving the pressure on Richmond. In all the battles of this memorable campaign he took part, including the famous march on Washington, a member of his original company having, it is said, fallen nearer the works of the Federal capital than any other Confederate soldier.

When, at dawn of September 19, 1864, Sheridan moved in overwhelming strength against Early's depleted force at Winchester, the Twenty-Third Regiment occupied as a picket the extreme outpost, and received first that resistless blow. As they were driven in, stubbornly resisting the encircling horde of Federal

horsemen. Col. Blacknall received his mortal wound. When the Confederate retreat uncovered Winchester he became for the third time a prisoner, till death, the great liberator, set him free. Dying in the home of a Washington and on the site of Washington's ancient fort built in the French and Indian war, his death was in keeping with his picturesque career.

Courage and command of faculty under fire distinguished Col. Blacknall, even among Confederate officers, where the standard of manhood was as high as the world has seen. It is to be doubted if any officer of like rank in Lee's army had in greater measure the love and confidence of the private soldier. Handsome, eloquent, intellectual, gifted with singular charm of manner, and beloved by all men because his heart was as big as humanity, he has been termed by a comrade who knew him well in all the trying vicissitudes of a soldier's life as the ideal Confederate officer, and by another as one of the most chivalrous men he ever knew.

COL. JOSEPH V. BIDGOOD, RICHMOND, VA.

Joseph V. Bidgood was born in Portsmouth, Va., educated at William and Mary College, and entered the Confederate service as private in Col. C. Simms's Brigade (afterwards Corses's), Magruder's army, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps: was promoted to



COL. JOSEPH V. BIDGOOD.

sergeant, major, and adjutant of his regiment. He was wounded and captured at Sailors' Creek in April, 1865, and was in prison until the latter part of June, 1865. Col. Bidgood assisted in forming the First Regiment Volunteers, Company C, and was promoted from captain to major, lieutenant, and colonel of the regiment. He is now on the retired list of state officers.

LIEUT. COL. LAUNCELOT MINOR, NEWPORT, ARK.

To survivors of the Confederacy, and especially to

all lovers of that higher order of American citizenship, it will be interesting to note a sketch of one whose bravery in time of war and whose benevolence in time of peace has given him a place in history.

Col. L. Minor was born at Charlottesville, Albemarle County, Va., in 1845, and was the third son of Dr. Charles and Lucy Walker Minor, who reared a family of twelve children. He was at Brook Hill preparatory school when the war broke out, after which he joined the Rockbridge Artillery, in Stonewall Jackson's Brigade, where by his courage he distinguished himself in many fierce fights. In an article entitled "The Last Victory of the Lost Cause," published in the July (1894) number of the *Blue and Gray*, Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, wrote of Col. Minor: "Conspicuous for gallantry was a young artilleryman not out of his teens, who, when not engaged with his cannon, would borrow rifles from the infantry, stand up while others were protected by breastworks, and with deliberate aim fire at his man, regardless of the continuous shower of bullets to which he was exposed. Finally he was shot down, desperately wounded, and was borne to the hospital, where for three days he was without surgeon or nurse."

Col. Minor left Virginia in 1867, under the old adage of Gen. Jackson, "Forage among your enemies." He straightway went to Kansas, where he remained until 1870, when he removed to Jackson County, Ark., where he has since lived. He is no less an enterprising citizen than he was a gallant soldier. He has been attorney for the Missouri Pacific Railway Company since 1872, and is at present land agent for this extensive railway system. He was in command of the State troops that helped to quell the great strike of 1896. He came to Newport when its inhabitants numbered a few more than a baker's dozen, and by his sterling energy has helped to make it one of the best towns in the State. He is a member of Gen. Horner's staff.

OFFICIALS OF SEVENTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

Robert Hatton, first colonel Seventh Tennessee Infantry—promoted to brigadier general; killed at Seven Pines May 31, 1862.

John F. Goodner, first lieutenant colonel—advanced to colonel on promotion of Gen. Hatton, and resigned in spring of 1863.

John K. Howard, first major—promoted to lieutenant colonel on advancement of Col. Goodner; shot through the lungs at Cold Harbor June 28, 1862, and died at Arlington Hotel, Richmond, about a month later.

Capt. John A. Fite—promoted to major in succession to Maj. Howard and to lieutenant colonel on death of the latter; to colonel on resignation of Col. Goodner.

Capt. Samuel G. Sheperd—promoted to major on advancement of Col. Fite, and then to lieutenant colonel.

Capt. W. H. Williamson—promoted to major on Sheperd's advancement to lieutenant colonel.

Col. Fite was captured at Gettysburg; Maj. Williamson lost his right arm at Gettysburg, and was captured; Lieut. Col. Sheperd commanded the regiment from Gettysburg to Appomattox.

## BRIG. GEN. TYREE H. BELL.

Tyree H. Bell was born September 6, 1815, and was reared in Sumner County, Tenn. In 1858 he moved with his family to Dyer County, same State. At the beginning of the war he raised the first company of volunteers that went from Newbern, in his adopted county, and was elected captain. At Jackson, Tenn., they were organized into the Twelfth Tennessee Infantry, and Capt. Bell was elected its lieutenant. Robert Milton Russell, of Trenton, Tenn., was chosen colonel.



GEN. TYREE H. BELL.

This regiment fought at Belmont, the first battle in the West at least, and Lieut. Col. Bell was in command of the regiment (Col. Russell being in command of the brigade). Two horses were shot from under Col. Bell in this battle. In the battle of Shiloh he commanded the regiment (as Col. Russell was still in command of the brigade). In this battle, in which his regiment was constantly engaged, he lost three horses, all shot from under him while he escaped unhurt, except that the first horse (that was shot from under him) fell on one of his legs, which lamed him for a short time; but he was soon remounted, and continued through the battle.

In the reorganization of the army at Corinth, Miss., the Twelfth and Forty-Seventh Tennessee Regiments, the latter number becoming obsolete, were consolidated and Bell was elected colonel. He led his command in that famous raid into Kentucky under Kirby Smith, and was in all of the engagements. His regiment fought a brigade at LaVergne, Tenn., and it was also in the great battle of Murfreesboro under his leadership. In the LaVergne fight he completely routed the enemy, capturing many prisoners. After this he was sent as a recruiting officer into West Tennessee, where he raised a brigade of cavalry. With it he reported to Gen. N. B. Forrest in the fall of 1864, and was soon commissioned as brigadier general. From that time he "was with Forrest on every raid and in every battle that was fought during the remainder of the war." Although in many battles, he only received one severe wound. That was in the breast and face, at Pulaski, Tenn., from the explosion of a bombshell. That disabled him for only a few days, when he resumed command again. With that exception he was on duty throughout the entire war, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., with his brigade, May 14, 1865. In 1875 Col. Bell moved to Fresno County, Cal., with his family, where he now resides, hale and hearty in his eighty-fourth year.

O. D. Hinkley, McMinnville, Tenn., who was a member of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, inquires for John M. Johnson, a son of Dr. John M. Johnson, of Kentucky, who, it is thought, was a member of a Mississippi regiment, and was wounded and captured at Selma, Ala., by Wilson's Cavalry.

## CAPTURE OF THE MAPLE LEAF.

A. E. Asbury (now a banker), Higginsville, Mo.:

Comrade John B. Wolf, of Cameron, Tex., in the August VETERAN makes inquiry for survivors of those who participated in the capture of the United States steamer Maple Leaf. The writer was held, with others, as prisoner of war at Fort Norfolk in June, 1863. On the morning of the 13th of June we were taken from the fort and placed upon that steamer, which was carrying about seventy-five Confederate officers, prisoners of war, from New Orleans to Fort Delaware. We steamed out and passed Fortress Monroe. In the late evening the Confederates, at a given signal agreed upon, surrounded and overpowered the Federal guard, and took possession of the boat. I and others were sick in the hold of the vessel when the mêlée occurred. The first we knew of it a Confederate captain came to us and announced: "We have possession of the boat." We all rushed to the cabin of the vessel, and had a rousing demonstration. The vessel was continued in its course, and late in the evening those who could travel left the vessel off the Virginia coast, and made their way to Confederate lines. Our party from Fort Norfolk numbered twenty-six; those who were already on the vessel about seventy-five, making a total of about one hundred. I was sick, and did not know many of the men. Capt. Fuller, who had been the captain of the Queen of the West or Star of the West, a Confederate vessel at New Orleans, was put in command; a Col. Witt and Capt. Semmes were also active in the capture. An arrangement was made with the Federal officers of the Maple Leaf for us not to burn the boat, provided they would care for the sick, and continue on their journey to Fort Delaware; and they were not to communicate the event till they arrived there. An oath was administered to the Federal officers to that effect, which was violated by them after the Confederates gave them possession and retired to the shore. The Maple Leaf was turned back to Fortress Monroe, and about midnight we who remained aboard (Capt. Fuller, who was not able to travel, with us) found ourselves at Fortress Monroe, where Capt. Fuller was put in irons and taken from the vessel. Next day we were sent to Fort Delaware. This was one of the most daring acts of the war—one hundred officers, one-third of them sick, taking and overcoming an armed guard of fifty soldiers and one of the Federal government's largest and best transports, releasing her, and making their way one hundred miles through the enemy's lines, and arriving safely at Richmond, which I learned on my return to Richmond, after my imprisonment of thirteen months. Federal cavalry and infantry were dispatched that night for their recapture, yet not one was retaken. I have never met but one who participated: Lieut. Samuel S. Asbury, of Farmington, Mo. Every State of the Confederacy perhaps was represented by their officers, and but few perhaps are living at this time. Those were stirring times. We did not have chicken pie and ice cream every day for dinner.

"Poems of Fact and Fiction," by Rose Heath, will be issued by the Editor Publishing Company, at Franklin and Cincinnati, Ohio, and ready for the fall trade.

## MAJ. GEN. MARTIN L. SMITH.

BY A. L. HULL, ATHENS, GA.

This distinguished officer has not received the recognition to which his merits entitled him. A graduate of West Point and a classmate of Gen. Longstreet, he rose to the rank of captain of engineers. He was brevetted for gallant conduct at the capture of the City of Mexico, with Lieuts. Beauregard, Bee, and U. S. Grant, Capts. Joseph Hooker and Robert E. Lee, and Lieut. Col. Joseph E. Johnston. Lieut. Smith was one of the founders of the Aztec Club.

Upon the evacuation of the City of Mexico, Lieut. Smith was detailed, at the request of the Mexican government, to remain and establish a system of drainage for the city. In 1853 he was ordered to Washington and placed in charge of the U. S. Coast Survey, with the rank of captain.

At the breaking out of hostilities between the States Capt. Smith resigned his commission in the U. S. army, and, having tendered his services to the Confederate government, was appointed major of engineers. He was assigned to the defense of New Orleans, and planned the defenses of that city. During Farragut's attack he had command of two batteries at Chalmette, with as many guns as the enemy had ships, and disputed the advance of the fleet until the last round of ammunition was exhausted.

After the fall of New Orleans Col. Smith was commissioned brigadier general and ordered to Vicksburg. On May 12, 1862, he assumed command. He found there one regiment, one battalion, and three batteries complete. The Federal fleet was at Baton Rouge, but such was Gen. Smith's energy that six days after his arrival, when the enemy appeared and demanded the surrender of the city, he was secure in his refusal. Behind the magnificent defenses of Vicksburg he kept at bay the fleets of Farragut and Porter with seventy-seven ships of war, aided by five thousand troops on land; and, though twenty thousand charges of shot and shell were hurled against the Confederate garrison, only seven were killed and fifteen wounded. For this gallant defense Gen. Smith was promoted to major general and given a command comprising the Fifth Louisiana and Third Mississippi Regiments, two batteries of artillery, and one regiment of cavalry. With this force he held Vicksburg until the arrival of Gen. Pemberton. In the meantime he laid out the defenses on the Yazoo, and in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou defeated Gen. W. T. Sherman, with a loss of two thousand killed and wounded.



GEN. MARTIN L. SMITH.

Of Gen. Smith's work at Vicksburg, Gen. Pemberton wrote to the President: "To Maj. Gen. M. L. Smith the defenses of Vicksburg have been intrusted, and he is entitled to the highest credit for the disposition of his troops and the arrangements for defense, which rendered the places almost impregnable." Gen. Grant, too, complimented the skillful system which enabled a comparatively small force to defend such an extended line. After the arrival of Gen. Pemberton, Gen. Smith's Division occupied the northern lines during the second siege—lines which were never broken, although thinly manned, until the surrender of the city.

After his exchange Gen. Smith reported to Gen. Lee, in the spring of 1864, and was made chief engineer of the Army of Northern Virginia. He established the lines on which the battle of the Wilderness was fought, and all the battles from the Wilderness to Petersburg were fought upon Gen. Smith's lines. At the Wilderness he was asked by Gen. Longstreet to find a route by which he might flank Hancock, and was then ordered to lead the attack. That flank movement rolled up Hancock like a blanket, and was one of the most brilliant strokes of the war. At Spottsylvania the "Bloody Angle" was on a part of the line which Gen. Smith had advised should be abandoned for a stronger one in the rear. Gen. Lee seemed to coincide with this view, but the officer in command of that point opposed the change. Gen. Lee yielded, and no change was made beyond the preparation of the new line to the rear. It was from this new line that two days later Lee drove back twelve thousand Federals before they got within rifle range of the works.

At Petersburg Gen. Beauregard sent a paper to Gen. Lee pointing out the danger of the enemy's breaking through his lines, and suggesting certain additional defenses. The paper was referred to Gen. Smith as chief engineer. His views were different from those expressed by Gen. Beauregard, and involved a complete withdrawal of the artillery from that point, placing it elsewhere, and substituting infantry. The reasons assigned were so conclusive that his views were accepted in every particular. Inasmuch as both Gens. Lee and Beauregard were accomplished engineers, this decision must have been peculiarly gratifying. Letters written by Gen. Smith several days before the explosion of the Crater show an accurate knowledge of the progress of the mine, as well as perfect confidence in the preparations made to meet the results.

When Gen. Johnston was relieved at Atlanta, President Davis said that he wished to surround Gen. Hood with such ability and experience as would insure success, and desired Gen. Lee, if possible, to spare Gen. Smith to be sent there. Gen. Lee, in assigning him to duty as chief engineer of the Department of the West, referred to him as a valued officer from whom he parted with regret and who had done his whole duty.

Gen. Smith was one of the handsomest of men—tall, erect, and a typical soldier. He was married in 1846 to Miss Sarah E. Nisbet, of Athens, Ga., and after the surrender he returned to that place, where his family had made their home. While chief engineer of the Alabama and Tennessee Railroad, he was elected professor of engineering in the University of Georgia, but had not assumed the duties of the office when he died, after a brief illness, on July 29, 1866.

## ARMY CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

One of the greatest agencies for the help and comfort of soldiers in the volunteer army against Spain was the Woman's Auxiliary of the Army Christian Commission.

When the call came to the women of Tennessee from the State Committee of the Y. M. C. A. they at once freely and gladly offered their services, and early in June, 1898, organized for the purpose of soliciting funds to be applied by the State Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association in their work among the soldiers.

Mrs. H. B. Buckner, of Nashville, was elected President of this organization, and to her untiring zeal and wise management the success of the work was largely due. She proved herself most efficient, both as a presiding and executive officer. She was untiring in her efforts until the auxiliary was released from further obligation to the State Committee.



MRS. H. B. BUCKNER.

It was intended to publish the good work of the Tennessee women at the same time as that of the Georgians, but they had not progressed quite so well at that time. Mrs. Buckner has a highly prized souvenir of the undertaking in a beautiful gavel presented by the ladies of the Army Christian Commission. It is made of mahogany from Manilla. A silver plate on one end contains a seal of the State of Tennessee. It is the more particularly appropriate, as that seal was designed by her great-grandfather, Mr. Charles McClung. A silver plate on the handle contains her name and the date of the presentation.

An outgrowth of this local Christian Commission is the Army Comfort Circle, which was placed under the management of Mrs. H. F. Beaumont, and it is still in service.

## FLAG TO THE HOME AT AUSTIN, TEX.

Presented by the Barnard Bee Chapter, of San Antonio.

The presentation of the battle flag at the Confederate Home November 2 was a most beautiful service. The exercises began with music by the pupils of the Blind Institute, followed by "Dixie," rendered in song by the pupils. Dr. J. A. McDonald then invoked divine blessing. The beautiful and patriotic song, "Tenting To-Night," was next rendered by the pupils of the institute, and that was followed by an address of welcome by Dr. Beeton to members of the Barnard E. Bee Chapter, U. D. C., who had come from San Antonio to take part in the presentation exercises. The address elicited much applause.

In her presentation address Mrs. A. W. Houston, President of the Barnard E. Bee Chapter, of San Antonio, said to the Confederate Veterans: "In the name of Barnard E. Bee Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I have the honor to present to you, for the adornment of the Home so generously provided for you by our beloved State, a slight token of the affection and esteem in which you and all the noble men who wore the gray are held by the women of the South. In choosing this beautiful emblem of your valor, the last flag of the Confederacy, we mean no disloyalty to our common country. . . . Take it and preserve it as a gift from those who love to do you honor."

As the sweet tones of the distinguished lady's voice died away the "old Confeds" gave their hearty approval in an encore.

Gen. Henry E. Shelley responded on the part of the old veterans, saying: "*Ladies of Barnard E. Bee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy:* Standing this morning in the sanctuary of this retreat for the maimed and decrepit Confederate soldiers of Texas, I accept this beautiful banner which stands for what they stood, and I assure you that it will ever be kept as a sacred reminder of those others, which, though rent and torn by shot and shell, and finally conquered, never trailed in the dust. To the living belongs the duty and the pleasure of perpetuating the heroism and valor of those who in four years of strife that has hardly a parallel in the world's history showed not only their belief in the righteousness of their cause, but their willingness to uphold it at the cost of their lives. So far behind us, is that time that many of us who now participate in this scene hold this gift as a sacred reminiscence, around which cluster the gayest, the saddest, the sweetest, and the bitterest memories of that heroic age of our country's history.

After Gen. Shelley, Miss Dancy sang the "Bonnie Blue Flag," accompanied in the chorus by the pupils of the Blind Institute. Miss McDonald then recited a new patriotic poem, in which was related the sinking of the "Merrimac" by Hobson. Her rendition was indeed very beautiful, strong, and impressive.

The name of the writer of the article about Miss Sallie Tompkins, the Florence Nightingale of the South, should have been given as Mrs. Nellie Deans Taylor. In the list of officers of the chapter named for Miss Tompkins the Registrar was unintentionally omitted, she being Miss Sallie Jones, a most able and satisfactory officer.

## SKETCHES OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

LIEUT. COL. RICHARD P. LAKE.

Few men born as late as 1848 (January 10) have attained distinction through a Confederate record. Richard Pinckney Lake is a son of William Lake, a wealthy merchant and an early settler of Grenada, Miss., who was descended from an English family that settled at Eastern Shore, Md., about 1658. His great-grandfather, Henry Lake, was commissioned May 10, 1776, as captain of a company in Brig. Gen. Henry Hooper's Corps, of the Maryland line.

Although only thirteen years of age at the outbreak of the war, Comrade Lake joined the Confederate forces, and was elected second lieutenant of a military company of boys. In 1864 he served as second lieutenant of a cavalry company under Col. Fisher, and later, in special service, was in command of the dismounted men in a brigade of Mississippi State troops.

The war over, he set to work to recover the fortunes of his family, and soon became a successful merchant, planter, and banker. For several years he was Chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee, but when the question of negro supremacy was settled he withdrew from active politics.

Comrade Lake is general manager of a life assurance company for two States, with headquarters in Memphis. He is a member of the Confederate Historical Association of Memphis, and is Aide-de-Camp, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, on the staff of Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee. In January, 1878, Comrade Lake was married to Miss Stella McKnight



Hoffa, of the Donelson and Martin families of Tennessee, a relative of Rachel Donelson Jackson, wife of "Old Hickory."

Maj. Ernest Fain, A. D. C. on staff of Maj. Gen. A. J. Vaughan, commanding Tennessee Division, U. C. V., is a descendant of Huguenots and Cavaliers. His great-grandfathers were Revolutionary soldiers, and his



grandfather was commissioned major by Tennessee's first Governor, 1809 to 1814. Both Maj. Fain and his father served the Confederacy, the former enlisting as private in Company C, Sixty-Third Tennessee Infantry, in April, 1862. This regiment belonged to Gracie's Alabama Brigade until after the battle of Chickamauga, and then was attached to Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, and went through Eastern Tennessee to Virginia with Longstreet's Corps. Comrade Fain missed only one battle (Bean's Station) in which his command participated; never was wounded, and was always ready to draw rations. Though not a commissioned officer, he was often in command of the company as first sergeant, and at Appomattox was second in command of regiment.

Brig. Gen. M. Jeff Thompson, on Johnson's Island:

Old soldiers of the Trans-Mississippi Department will readily recall the author of this poem. It was penned in prison at Johnson's Island, Ohio, and preserved by Col. James W. Bowles, of Morgan's Cavalry. It has been shut up in a scrapbook ever since the great war:

Though prison bars  
My freedom mars  
And glittering bayonets guard me round,  
My Rebel soul  
Scorns such control  
And dwells with friends on Southern ground.

My heart is light  
And spirits bright,  
And hope, with her enchanting hand,  
Gives visions fair,  
And free as air  
I roam at will in "Dixie Land."

## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Robert A. Smyth, Commander in Chief, Daniel Ravenel, Adjutant General, Charleston, S. C. This department is conducted by Mr. Smyth.  
 ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.—P. C. P. Thomas, Commander, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.—E. B. Wilson, Commander, J. T. Baskerville, Adjutant, Gallatin, Tenn.  
 TRANS. MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.—Bennett Hill, Commander, C. S. Swindells, Adjutant, Dallas, Tex.  
 Veterans are urged to commend the organization of Sons.

We report this month Camp Joe Wheeler No. 113, organized October 20, at Tampa, Fla. This camp starts off with a charter membership of fifty, and a Veteran of Tampa writes that they have prospects of increasing it promptly to over one hundred. The interest in the Florida Division is being animated through the untiring efforts of the Hon. D. U. Fletcher, its Commander, and we expect very soon to issue other charters for camps in Florida.

Activity in the Tennessee Division is also very pronounced, and there are in process of organization many new camps. May all these efforts be successful, and a number of camps be chartered ere long! Commander Sparks, through his personal popularity and energy, is doing effective work in his division.

The Texas Division has now been reorganized, and on October 17 Special Order No. 37 was issued, appointing Mr. Samuel B. Cantey, of Fort Worth, as Commander. This division has seven camps already on the roll. Never having held a meeting to elect a Commander, the appointment of Comrade Cantey was made.

The Arkansas outlook is promising. We have reported heretofore the chartering of the first camp in that State, which is located at Clarksville. Comrade A. M. Ward, who was appointed Assistant Inspector General on the staff of the Commander in Chief, is actively interested in the work, and writes that he expects soon to organize other camps.

With the lifting of the quarantine regulations, Mississippi and Louisiana are expected to commence active work for the forming of camps of Sons of Veterans throughout their borders. Quite a number of letters have been received at these headquarters from parties in both States to this effect. Assistant Inspector Gen. George B. Myers, of Holly Springs, Miss., is active for his division, and writes very encouragingly. In Louisiana, Assistant Inspector Gen. M. E. Roger, of Napoleonville, is also doing good work. In this latter division Gen. Moorman is proving a valuable champion and friend. His help is much appreciated and is of great benefit.

Thus it will be seen that the work of the various divisions is being advanced. In a month or so we hope to see the fruits of these general efforts. Anyhow we will certainly hear from them before the next reunion.

The work of the Executive Committee of the Winnie Davis Monument Fund, U. S. C. V., is progressing slowly but surely, and the divisions are taking considerable interest in it. A copy of General Order No. 12 was sent to Gen. Moorman, asking his advice in regard to the movement, and he replied: "You ask my opinion about the movement of the Sons of Veterans to erect a monument to the memory of the Daughter of the Confederacy. There can be but one opinion, and that is that it is not only proper for you to do so, but I

consider it the bounden duty of the survivors of the Confederacy and for the Daughters and Sons to unite in building a chaste and beautiful monument to show their love and affection for the memory of this grand and faultless woman. These headquarters will esteem it a pleasure to assist you and your comrades in your noble efforts to accomplish the sacred purpose." We trust that all the Veterans, private members as well as officers, will give active assistance in accomplishing this worthy undertaking.

Mr. Ben Howe, the recently elected Commander of the Kentucky Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, is enthusiastic about the work of the organization, which has three camps in the State fully organized and two more about to be. They are raising funds for the monument to Miss Winnie Davis, and intend to have a meeting of all the Sons of Veterans throughout the State in Louisville at an early day.

Gen. M. J. Bulger, Jackson's Gap, Ala.: "When Rousseau was on his raid through Alabama in 1864, it was learned at Dadeville that Gen. Clanton was in his rear trying to force him into a fight, which Rousseau was avoiding by rapid marching. A young Capt. Brown, from Mississippi, in Dadeville on official business, conceived the idea of sinking the flat on the Tallapoosa River and otherwise embarrassing his crossing until Clanton could come up and give him battle. With that idea Brown gathered up a posse of straggling Confederates and such old men and boys as could be armed, and started for the ferry. When a mile from the river he was surprised by running right upon the Yankee pickets, part of the command having preceded him. The pickets fired on the posse and killed Brown, leaving his body in the road, where he was found by neighbors. They were unable to get such information as would enable them to mark his grave, and I write this thinking it would be a sad pleasure to his friends to know that he died an honorable death, and to enable them to mark his last resting place."

Van Buren DaLee, of Bissell, Miss., who belonged to Company K, Seventeenth Illinois Volunteer Cavalry, writes: "In 1864 I had control of several hundred Confederate prisoners at Alton, Ill., among whom was one Pettit, who acted as my sergeant. He soon escaped in company with two others, one of whom was named Raglan. I had become warmly attached to Pettit, who was a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of supreme honor. He gave me an open letter to a cousin of his, in which this sentence occurred: 'If he should be so unfortunate as to be taken prisoner in this war, I want him treated just as he treats us.' He told me in the event of being taken prisoner to mail that letter and it would raise up friends to me, and added: 'If I am free, I will come to you.' I lost my baggage in St. Louis and the letter with it, and in the turmoil and excitement of the time I lost the address. I have advertised in several papers for information of him, but without result. Our squad, of which he called the roll, was No. 5, and I am the man who gave him the ride on the 'buckskin' horse. He would readily recall me should he see this notice. I should like to see him."



Another good soldier has fallen in the passing of F. M. Cantrell, of Thomas Hobbs Camp No. 400, Athens, Ala. Comrade Cantrell served in the war as a member of Company E, Fiftieth Alabama Regiment, and was a soldier who never shirked any duty that fell to his lot. He was one of the three men of his regiment who first scaled the breastworks of the enemy at the battle of Franklin. He was a good citizen and neighbor.

Capt. John H. Hood, of Ripley, Tex., reports the death of Capt. W. R. M. Slaughter on October 18. He volunteered in 1861, was made captain of Company I, Sixth Alabama Regiment, Rodes's Brigade, and served through the war in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded on the battlefield of Chancellorsville. Capt. Slaughter was a brave, true soldier; was much loved and respected by his men.

J. G. McReynolds, Neches, Tex.: "Comrade W. S. Robertson died November 10, and was buried at Kickapoo, Tex. He enlisted in the Cobb Legion Cavalry, Georgia Volunteers, from Atlanta, in 1861; was wounded in the hand and disabled for duty in the field, perhaps, in 1862. 'Billy' Robertson will be remembered by many of the original members of that legion. He was 'only a private in the ranks,' but no more generous and faithful friend or braver soldier wore stars or bars on his collar. His only known relative now living is a niece, Mrs. King, who moved from Galveston, Tex., to Georgia or Tennessee."

Capt. J. T. Hamm died at his residence in Will's Point, Tex., April 21, 1897, leaving a wife, four sons, and one daughter to mourn their loss. When the war began he was a strong Union man, but was among the first to volunteer in defense of his country; joined Alfred Hudson's battery at Batesville, Miss., June 10, 1864; was in the battles of Shiloh, Corinth, Coffeeville, and the siege of Vicksburg; afterwards made lieutenant and then captain of a company of cavalry with instructions to operate behind the enemy's lines, and it was then that he distinguished himself for great bravery and daring, having had several hand to hand combats and coming out victorious. In battle he always said: "Follow me."

T. G. Harris, of Westmoreland, Tenn., writes that William T. Harris, who died September 27 at Westmoreland, was a native of Sumner County, Tenn., and son of Rev. G. C. Harris, of the Missionary Baptist Church. He received a fine business education in the public school; enlisted in the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, Confederate army, in June, 1861, serving as private for a time, when he was promoted to First Lieutenant of Company K. He was a brave and courageous soldier, and ever active in defense of the cause

for which he enlisted. He was wounded at Shiloh on April 6, 1862; and on January 16, 1864, was captured in the battle of Nashville. He was taken to Johnson's Island, where he was confined till the close of the war. On returning home he reengaged in mercantile pursuits, and maintained the respect of his fellow-men. He left a wife and two daughters, who share the esteem of his many friends.

J. I. J. Adams, Erin, Tenn., writes of Joseph Nesbett, who died some time since at the Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, Tenn.: "He was a member of my regiment, the Eleventh Tennessee, commanded by Col. James E. Rains. Though not in the same company, we volunteered together on the same day in April, 1861, at Charlotte, Tenn., he going into Mallory's Company and I into Green's. He was then over forty-five years old, and served only one year, when, at the expiration of that time, he was discharged on account of being over age, but I shall always remember him as a participant in our first battle, at Wild Cat (or Rock Castle), Ky., under Gen. Zollicoffer. While we were engaging the enemy he saw what he supposed to be the colonel of a Yankee regiment, too far off for his old flintlock musket. He asked for my Enfield, as he desired to shoot at him, but I could not let him have it, so he decided to put in two charges of powder and try him. He said he did not know whether he killed him or not, but that he "moved" him. I remember also that every time he shot he would blow the smoke out of his gun, as was his custom when squirrel shooting at home. He was a noble-hearted man through life, and I hope to meet him at the "last roll call up yonder."

During the Atlanta reunion a sad death occurred in Nashville—sad indeed to all Confederates who knew Miss White May. She was not only the favorite of a



MISS WHITE MAY

large circle of friends and relatives in Tennessee, but her acquaintance extended throughout the South; and wherever she went, whether seated around the fireside or a conspicuous figure at a brilliant social gathering, her presence always shed sweetness and light. With a manner pleasing and unaffected, a disposition naturally cheerful, a heart full to overflowing with kindness, she won all—young and old, rich and poor—who came within the influence of her magnetic spirit. These graces of manner had, however, nothing of weakness, for she was a strong character, sincere and candid, never flattered to please, and always acted on her conviction of right and justice. Feminine in every point and aspect which adorns the nature



of a true woman, she had the courage of a man when the emergency demanded resolute and decisive action.

The name of this most excellent lady deserves a place in the memory of every one who fought under the stars and bars. Most earnestly and effectively did she labor by expenditure of time, labor, and means to provide for the comfort of every Confederate soldier, whether in garrison, in the field, or languishing in a Northern prison. A guest at the home of her uncle, Col. John Overton—where Gen. Hood made his headquarters during the battle of Nashville, and which was later between the lines of the contending armies—she was an eyewitness of the heroism of the Confederate soldiers. She beheld the charge and the retreat, and you may well conceive how sad were her feelings, how deep her sorrow, when the order for retreat was given. She lived and died a true Confederate.

Hon. George R. Sage, recently retired Judge of the United States District Court of the Southern District of Ohio, died November 19, 1898, at his home in Lebanon, Ohio. He had been in ill health for months. Judge Sage had held the office the required number of years to permit him to retire under the law last August. It seems fitting to make this record here. Judge Sage was a staunch friend of the VETERAN, and though it had been published two years before he knew it, he was diligent to secure every back number. That staunch Daughter of the Confederacy, Miss White May, whose death occurred on the closing day of the Atlanta reunion, reported with pride a remark to a group of friends, that when he carried the back numbers home and put them on a table he was asked, "What do you want with that?" and he replied, "The time is coming when that will be the most valuable book in our library."

Gen. Don Carlos Buell died at his home, Airdrie, Ky., November 19, 1898. Although he served the Union instead of the Confederate side during the great war, his character was so exalted and his mode of warfare so honorable it seems fitting to pay tribute to his memory in the VETERAN, to which he had been a steadfast patron almost from the beginning. Don Carlos Buell was born near Lima, Ohio, March 23, 1818, and entered West Point July 1, 1837. His appointment stands in the army register credited to Indiana. On the 1st of July, 1841, he was graduated from the Military Academy, No. 32 in his class, and became Brevet Second Lieutenant of the Third Infantry. Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war he was promoted to First Lieutenant June 18, 1846, winning the brevet of captain at Monterey, and that of major at Contreras and Cherubusco, where he was severely wounded. After the war closed he was transferred to the staff and served in Washington in 1848-49, and as chief of various departments until 1861. In May, 1861, being then chief of staff in the Department of California, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and on the 17th of the same month to colonel. In July, 1861, he was made brigadier general of volunteers, and major general on March, 1862; honorably mustered out of service May 23, 1864, and resigned June 1, 1864.

Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, of Louisville, wrote in the *Courier-Journal* several weeks ago:

The military career of Gen. Buell covered a period of the greatest activity and responsibility, and, although he had to combat many jealousies and much opposition where he should have received the support to which his ability, patriotism, and worth entitled him, he maintained his good name in spite of much detraction and rose superior to, as he outlived, nearly all his persecutors.

In an early period of the war, when Kentucky was still distracted by the political throes which preceded its occupation by the Federal army, Gen. Buell was made commander of the Department of the Ohio, which included Kentucky, with his headquarters at Louisville. Its first commander for a month had been Gen. Robert Anderson, and its second for the same time Gen. W. T. Sherman. The latter, after a brief experience, was brought to a comprehension of the magnitude of the undertaking before him and gave it as his opinion that it would require 200,000 troops for the successful invasion of the South. Failing to meet expectations of the authorities at Washington, he was superseded by Gen. Buell November 15, 1861.

The defeat by Gen. Thomas of Gen. Crittenden at Fishing Creek (Mill Spring), January 19, 1862, was the preliminary blow which opened the way to Nashville. The movement of Gen. Grant up the Tennessee and the Cumberland on the other flank, and the battle of Fort Donelson, with the capture of that place on the 16th of February, ended the Bowling Green campaign. When Gen. Buell ascertained that Gen. Johnston had weakened his force by sending Gen. Buckner and Gen. Floyd with 8,000 men to reinforce Donelson, he advanced from Green River and occupied Bowling Green without loss of life February 14, as the rear guard of Gen. Johnston evacuated it. Thence he advanced to Nashville, which he occupied on the 25th.

His command then came within the department of Gen. Halleck, and in the movement of Gen. Grant up the Tennessee he was ordered to march via Columbia, Tenn., to form a junction with that officer at Pittsburg Landing. How he executed that order is matter of history. Gen. Grant was lying in camp near there with a sense of perfect security, when on the 6th of April he was attacked by Gen. Johnston, and the day was only saved by the arrival of Nelson's Division of Gen. Buell's command, whose timely arrival late in the afternoon saved the remnant of Gen. Grant's army from annihilation or capture. Next day Gen. Grant was reinforced by his three other divisions, and the Confederate army fell back to Corinth. Early in June Gen. Buell was reassigned to the command of the District of Ohio, and directed to move from Corinth, Miss., through North Alabama and Middle Tennessee to the occupation of East Tennessee.

His initial movement was to send Gen. G. W. Morgan with his division to Cumberland Gap, which he occupied July 14. Delayed by the reconstruction of railroads and bridges, Gen. Buell was about to invade East Tennessee by way of McMinnville and Altamont, when Gen. Bragg, transferring his army from Tupelo to Chattanooga, organized his Kentucky campaign and started for that State. Gen. Kirby Smith, flanking Cumberland Gap, and leaving Gen. Morgan in his rear,

marched rapidly into Central Kentucky with 12,000 men, and, defeating Gen. Nelson at Richmond, August 29, came practically into possession of all the State east of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. Gen. Bragg, with a larger column of 25,000 men, marched north from Chattanooga upon Buell's right flank under cover of the mountains, and, entering Kentucky by way of Sparta, Tenn., occupied Glasgow on the 13th of September, and threw himself between Gen. Buell and Louisville at Munfordsville by the capture of the garrison at that place, September 17. Gen. Buell, meantime, had concentrated his force at Nashville, and, leaving a garrison there, advanced toward Munfordsville, when Bragg, looking to a junction with Kirby Smith, drew off on the 20th to Bardstown, believing that Buell would not march direct to Louisville, and expecting with his combined force to capture that place.

But Gen. Buell, with a boldness for which he has never received due credit, pushed on to Louisville by the shortest route upon Bragg's flank, and reached there with his advance on the 24th, and had his entire army there in safety on the 29th. He was there met with an order from Washington superseding him and placing Gen. Thomas in command, but upon the urgent protest of the latter the order was rescinded. Again he gave another instance of his energy when he reorganized his army by the addition of other commands awaiting him, and on the 1st of October marched to attack Bragg at Bardstown. His force, about 54,000 men, consisted of three corps of about 18,000 each, commanded respectively by Gens. McDowell, Gilbert, and Crittenden. He moved up five roads, four of which, after diverging from Louisville, converged on Bardstown. So rapid was his movement, and such the skill of his dispositions, that Gen. Bragg was wholly unprepared, and his plans thrown into confusion by mistaking the feint of one division, which moved toward Frankfort, where Bragg was personally with Kirby Smith's command, for a movement in force upon that city as the objective point. Gen. Polk, who was at Bardstown, in command of his own and Hardee's Corps, upon Butler's approach fell back to Perryville to cover Bragg's line of communication with Cumberland Gap.

Bragg's army was thus divided, with a long intervening distance between its two wings, and they never effected a junction in time to meet Buell advancing rapidly upon Perryville. Bragg, still in ignorance of his plans, repaired in person to Perryville, and attacked Buell's two corps—McCook's and Gilbert's—on the 8th of October, with three divisions of his army, about 15,000 men, under the impression that it was but a fraction of Buell's army, when, in fact, the latter's third corps—Crittenden's—was rapidly marching to that point, and actually reached there the night of the battle. The result is well known. It was a bloody battle, in which the aggregate loss of the two armies was near 8,000, each side claiming a victory. But next morning Gen. Bragg withdrew to Harrodsburg, and, Buell moving toward Danville and threatening his communications, Bragg continued his retreat, and under cover of a greatly superior force of cavalry retired from the State through Cumberland Gap.

At first Gen. Buell received the congratulations and

thanks of the government; but, failing to capture Bragg's army, the long pent-up vials of wrath which had been fomented and nursed by the extreme local faction in Kentucky, which had never forgiven Buell for the respect which he had shown for the law and his refusal to sanction the persecution of noncombatants and the confiscation of property in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama, were emptied upon him, and he became a ready sacrifice. While he was engaged in moving his army to the protection of Nashville and the reoccupation of Middle Tennessee, he was met by an order to turn over the command to Gen. Rosecrans and to report at Indianapolis. He was relieved of command by Gen. Rosecrans October 30, 1862.

This was the end of his military career. A military commission was appointed, before which he was summoned, and for many months he was subjected to a severe inquiry into all his military acts, his trial having all the features of a court-martial, without the formal arraignments and specific charges. Its proceedings occupy over seven hundred closely printed pages of the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." The report of the commission was submitted to the Secretary of War April 25, 1863, and, beyond a criticism upon some of Gen. Buell's movements, resulted in nothing affecting his honor or military standing. The indorsement of Gen. Halleck upon the report of May 29, 1863, says: "As the commission has reported no charges against Maj. Gen. D. C. Buell nor recommended any further proceedings, I respectfully recommend that the commission be dissolved, and its officers, as well as Gen. Buell, be ordered to duty." But its work had been effected. Gen. Buell's good name had been aspersed, he had been relieved of his command, held under military arrest for seven months, and the vindictiveness of his enemies satisfied. From that time their political influence sufficed to keep him from further assignment, and at his own request he was honorably mustered out of service May 23, 1864. His resignation bears date of June 1, 1864.

At the close of the war Gen. Buell took up his residence in Kentucky, and maintained the exalted regard of his countrymen. He was one of the Shiloh Battlefield Park Commissioners.

Several women served as soldiers in the great Confederate war. A chapter on this subject would be interesting. G. N. Saussy, of Tallahassee, Fla., writes in such connection: "The misfortunes of war made me a guest of the United States for eighteen months. While enjoying the hospitalities of Point Lookout, Md., there was brought into our prison one day a captured Confederate, a member of the Pittsylvania, Va., Battery, who revealed to the authorities the female sex, and gave her real name as Jane Perkins. Arrangements were made for her release, and she was removed from the prison; but whether sent back South or retained within the Federal lines, I never knew. Who can tell further about her?"

The post office address of Thomas J. Surran, who sent subscription to the VETERAN recently, is desired.

## ESCAPES FROM PRISON—FLAG OF 32d TENN.

R. T. Moore writes from Tullahoma, Tenn. :

The flag of the Thirty-Second Tennessee was presented to the regiment by the ladies of Franklin while we were camped at Bowling Green, Ky. It was carried by me with the regiment to Russellville, and then via Clarksville to Fort Donelson, and into the fight on the hill outside of the works on Saturday morning, February 15, 1862, when we were ordered to capture a battery that was severe upon us with shot and shell; but we failed to take it.

Some think that the blue battle flag only was carried into the fight in the woods on the hill, but this same flag was with the regiment until it surrendered, February 16, Sunday morning. When it was known that we were prisoners, or soon would be, I pulled the flag off its nice cedar staff, rolled it up, and put it in my bosom, where I kept it concealed for several days. While on the Ohio River, just before reaching Cairo, Col. Cook, having learned that I had it, asked for it, whereupon I delivered it to him. The flag was never captured nor surrendered, but I am told that it was stolen from Col. Cook. The history of how Mr. Cunningham, editor of the *VETERAN*, procured it from a pawn broker in Ohio is known to its readers.

After landing at Cairo the commissioned officers were separated from the noncommissioned officers and privates, and we (the latter) were taken first to Lafayette, Ind., kept there about four weeks, and then taken to Camp Morton, Indianapolis.

On the night of July 13, 1862, J. H. Harrelson, of the Forty-First, and R. M. Franklin and I, of the Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiments, scaled the tall plank fence during a downpour of rain. However, the guards saw and shot at us. The rain drowned the noise we made in climbing the wall and in jumping to the ground, and that allowed us to get well under way before the guards discovered us. The "halt!" rang out and bullets whistled, one of them passing close to my head. After running across an opening and away from the light, we ran through a cabbage patch, which was ankle deep in mud and water from the rain. Harrelson fell over a large cabbage head, and I tumbled over him. Franklin thought we were both shot. You may imagine how we suffered with cold after running ourselves down. We were all perfectly wet; even the matches were too wet to burn. We went out about five miles on the Cincinnati railroad, and, after concealing ourselves in a brier thicket, we huddled together like little chickens to keep warm.

About eight or nine o'clock, to our great joy, the sun came out, and soon warmed us. We got some sheaves of wheat from a field near by, which served for beds and food. At night we went back to the city, arriving there in time to get a lunch before train time. Having purchased tickets, we boarded a northbound train at 10:20 P.M., July 14, and started for Canada, passing out in plain view of the lights in Camp Morton. To avoid suspicion, we bought tickets to local stations *en route*. On July 16, at about 2 P.M., we reached the "promised land," having safely crossed the Detroit River and landed in the flourishing town of Windsor, Ontario. We crossed in a skiff rowed by one Mr. Cunningham. There we were under the British flag.

True, we were far from home, but were free from guards with guns and bayonets, and free to work or starve, for we were without a dollar in the world and our clothes were nearly worn out. Mr. Franklin had a sister in Pennsylvania, who, with her husband, Mr. McEntyre, visited him soon after our arrival. I hired out to do farm work a couple of months, during which time I engaged to teach a country school. The next three years I taught in the village, or town, of Leamington, and courted the girls and had a good time generally. What changes! I married in December, 1865, and came back to Tennessee in 1867. Franklin lives at Mt. Dora, Fla., while Harrelson is somewhere in Texas, if living. He left Canada in January, 1863, and worked his way through the Federal lines and joined a Capt. Gray, near Fort Donelson.

The following officers were elected by the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York at a meeting held October 25, to serve during the ensuing year: Commander, Edward Owen; Lieutenant Commander, Clarence Cary; Paymaster, Stephen W. Jones; Adjutant, Thomas L. Moore; Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Granberry; Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dew; Executive Committee, William Preston Hix, Samuel B. Paul, Frederick C. Rogers, Davis H. Bryant, J. B. Wilkinson.

There has certainly never been more said and written in honor of a young woman in America than since the death of Miss Winnie Davis, who is ever to be remembered as The Daughter of the Confederacy. It would require the entire space of the *VETERAN* for several months to contain the tributes.



EVIDENTLY A CONFEDERATE PRISONER. WHO CAN TELL?

## OUR SOUTHERN GIRLS.

BY JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN.

[This poem, by Mrs. Cappleman, was recited by her before the U. D. C. at Hot Springs, Ark. The author is now of Okolona, Miss., but she is of Kentucky stock, and graduated at the Franklin Female Institute.]



MISS JOSIE F. CAPPLEMAN.

Greeting, daughters of the Southland,  
 'Tis a plea to-night I bring;  
 From the fullness of my feelings  
 Of our Southern girl I'd sing;  
 From the realms of truth and glory,  
 With their rich and radiant flowers,  
 A wreath I'd cull and crown her,  
 This Southern girl of ours.

Waken, soul, and let me paint her—  
 Paint her picture with my pen,  
 Even as I sometimes see her;  
 In the mazy walks of men;  
 'Tis a face all pink and dimpled—  
 A cameo set in curls,  
 With eyes the brightest, shyest—  
 One of our Southern girls.

She's a well-poised, queenly creature  
 As she moves to tune and time,  
 And graceful as the lily  
 Of her own soft, sun-kissed clime;



WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF MR. WILLIAM  
 CHILDS, DAUGHTER AND GRAND-  
 DAUGHTER OF SENATOR  
 W. B. BATE.

With an air half pride, half pathos,  
 A voice like brooklet's purl;  
 With ways that haunt and hold one—  
 Our gracious Southern girl.

Hers a heart as pure as star gleams,  
 And fresh as heavenly flowers,  
 Whose fragrant pearly petals  
 Mark the ages—not the hours;  
 'Tis a heart sweet-tuned, responsive,  
 A heart that throbs and thrills  
 With the tenderest emotions  
 A Southern bosom fills.

Hers the mind for plan and action;  
 Hers the will to dare and do,  
 Hers the courage of conviction,  
 Hers the soul of all that's true.  
 On the page of art and science  
 Her bright-winged thoughts unfurl,  
 Keeping mental pace with masters—  
 Our brainy Southern girl.

Duty calls, and soft she cometh,  
 Not, O men, to take your place;  
 Not unmaidenly and mannish  
 Would our girl with you keep pace;  
 Not her wish to rule or rob you,  
 Nor one right to take away,  
 But she needs to work as men do,  
 And as *men* to win her pay.

Then O aid her in her efforts;  
 Ward off the rude and rough,  
 And kindly smooth and soften—  
 The road is hard enough;



MISS EMILY A. LONG, ENFIELD, N. C.

In the shop, the store, the office,  
 The printing room's mad whirl,  
 Stand by and guard and guide her—  
 Our brave-souled Southern girl.

## WILLIAM B. TATE.

BY MRS. NANNIE M'FARLAND WILLIAMS.

William Tate! There comes to mind  
 A noble deed, a deed most kind;  
 The like of which 'tis hard to find.

No trumpet blast of fame  
 Does his humble name  
 On the nation's roll proclaim.

But long as a Southern heart shall beat  
 And old gray veterans meet,  
 Honor and cheer shall greet

The name of William Tate.  
 Kind his heart, low his estate;  
 A farmer, modest, brave, sedate.

He thought it right  
 To give twenty thousand dollars bright  
 To those who were with him in the fight.



MISS BESSIE WHITAKER, ENFIELD, N. C.

O noble it was and grand!  
 And for all time he shall stand  
 Enshrined in the hearts of the South-  
 land.

The Confederacy lost the fray;  
 Though grateful, were unable to pay  
 A rich reward each pension day.

So he remembered his old comrades  
 scattered,  
 Their lives and limbs all shattered,  
 So poor, so sorry, and tattered.

Of his plentiful store  
 He determined to pour  
 A generous share at their door.

To the wounded ones and weak,  
 Though they did not ask or seek,  
 He gave in spirit kind, benevolent, meek.

All honor to the name of William Tate,  
 A farmer, modest, brave, sedate;  
 He helped the poor and lifted up the  
 desolate.

Morristown, Tenn.

MISS JONES, A NORTH CAROLINA  
"SPONSOR," TO WED.

Miss Nannie Branch Jones, daughter of  
 Mr. and Mrs. Armistead Jones, of Raleigh,  
 North Carolina, and Mr. Thomas Martin  
 Ashe are to be married on Wednesday,  
 November 30, in Christ Church, Raleigh.

Miss Jones was Sponsor for the "Old  
 North State" at the reunion of United  
 Confederate Veterans held in Nashville  
 in June, 1897, and won many friends here  
 by her charming grace and culture. The  
 bride elect has for years enjoyed univer-  
 sal popularity. An admirer writes that  
 "perhaps there is no young lady in North  
 Carolina so well and favorably known,"  
 and that "the groom elect certainly de-  
 serves the highest congratulations from  
 his friends in winning one of the fairest  
 and loveliest women in his native State."  
 They will make their home in Raleigh.

## TO ENCOURAGE HORTICULTURE.

Fruit and berry growing and truck farming are rapidly becoming extensive industries along the line of the Cotton Belt Route. The early fruits and vegetables from this section of the country have already supplanted similar products from Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, in the markets of St. Louis, Memphis, Chicago, and Kansas City, and many other points, owing to the accessibility to these markets and the fact that the products can be placed in the markets earlier in the season than the products from Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. Persons who have engaged in this industry along the Cotton Belt have been able to reap a good return upon their investments.

Realizing the possibilities of this industry, the Cotton Belt has taken steps to encourage its growth, and has secured the services of Mr. A. V. Swaty, who will serve as Horticultural Agent for the road. He has had many years' experience in the raising, handling, and marketing of fruit, berries, and truck farm products generally, and it will be his duty to teach persons now engaged in this line of industry, or about to enter it, the best improved methods for conducting horticulture, etc. His services will be free to all parties in the territory contiguous to the Cotton Belt Route, and persons contemplating engaging in horticulture or truck farming will receive valuable information by addressing Mr. Swaty.

His address will be ME. SELMAN, TEX.

## THE ALKAHEST NOVEMBER PRIZE NUMBER.

The November number of the *Alkahest* comes with an artistic cover design, by Mr. Larned, of the *Atlanta Journal*, representing the reunion of the North and South, and contains a prize oration, "Reunited," by the gifted Tennessee poet, John Trotwood Moore, which is compared with Henry Grady's. It was delivered by request before the Columbia Post (Chicago) G. A. R.

The prize poem contest resulted in a tie between Tom F. McBeath, Jacksonville, Fla., and Alonzo Leora Rice, Ray's Crossing, Ind., with Robert Loveman, Dalton, Ga., close behind.

The *Alkahest's* new contest closes in January in which a gold medal will be given to the artist furnishing the best cover design. A gold medal to college students for the best 1,500 word production, a cash prize for the best poem, and another for the best short story.

The *Alkahest*, Atlanta, Ga., \$1.00 a year.

## COME TO TEXAS.

The "Lone Star is waving"—the flag of the free—  
Then strike for Texas if men you would be,  
No idlers are wanted, the thrifty and wise,  
To wealth and high station can equally rise.

Where corn, oats, and cotton, the richest of loam  
Which yields to the settlers provisions and home,  
Trees of every description arise on each hand,  
From alluvial soil to the rich table-land.

Here springs are exhaustless and streams never dry,  
In the season from winter to autumn's bright sky  
A wide panorama of prairie is seen,  
Of grasses of all kinds perennially green.

Here millions of cattle, sheep, horses, and goats  
Grow fat as if stall-fed or fattened on oats.  
No poverty is found in the mighty domain,  
To the man who exerts either finger or brain.

Here are homes for the millions, the rich and the poor,

While Texas opens wide her hospitable door,  
She has thousands of acres—yes, millions—to sell,  
Yet can point without cost to where preceptors  
can dwell.

Her terms will be easy with those whom she deals,  
While security, all, in their title can feel.

Buy land while 'tis cheap, and the finest select,  
'Twill, young man, prove a fortune when least you  
expect.

Old man, for your children, buy, file it away;  
A Godsend 'twill prove on some rainy day.

For a handsome book free, fully describing this  
wonderful country, address E. P. TURNER, General  
Passenger and Ticket Agent Texas and Pacific  
Railway, Dallas, Tex.

## NEW BOOKS.

The Seaboard Air Line has issued this season three handsome illustrated booklets, "Winter Excursions," "Southern Pines" and "Sportsman's Guide." These are now ready for distribution and will be sent free of cost to any address. Their "Winter Excursions" gives full information in regard to Rates and Routes to the best Winter Resorts in the country. The "Sportsman's Guide" is one of the handsomest and most complete books of its kind ever seen by us. Its make-up is artistic from cover to cover, and it contains not only information in regard to hunting grounds, guides, dogs, hotel rates, etc., but a digest of the game laws of the States covered by it and some actual experiences of hunters along the line of the Seaboard Air Line. The "Southern Pines" booklet is also very artistically gotten up, and the information contained covers every point. Any or all of these will be mailed upon application to MR. T. J. ANDERSON, General Passenger Agent, Portsmouth, Va.

## A MAGNIFICENT PUBLICATION UPON THE SOUTH.

The wonderful progress which the South has been making in all lines of industrial, commercial, and intellectual development has been most fittingly set forth in a magnificent volume, which,

after months of careful preparation, has just been issued by the Southern Railway.

This book, the title of which, the "Empire of the South," conveys an idea of its character, is beyond question one of the most comprehensive and at the same time artistic publications ever issued from the press. It contains nearly two hundred octavo pages, over four hundred exquisitely printed illustrations, and makes a presentation of Southern interests in all lines of human activity, which for thoroughness of treatment has never been approached.

The opening chapter of the book under the caption of the "South, Yesterday, To Day and To Tomorrow," discusses in a broad and forcible manner the present and future of the Southern States, treating at considerable length the various interests, such as agriculture, cotton, tobacco, iron, coal, resorts, climate, etc. Following this are chapters devoted to each of the States south of the Ohio and Potomac, and east of the Mississippi Rivers.

These give a brief, interesting sketch of the early history of each State, and then touch upon all its important activities, showing the progress being made not only by the State itself, but by the leading cities.

The author of the work, Mr. Frank Presbrey, is a close student of Southern progress, and in the collection and preparation of the immense amount of important information given in the book has had the cooperation of the officials of the Southern Railway. The distribution of this magnificent volume will do an incalculable amount of practical good in calling the attention of the world to the South, and the Southern Railway has demonstrated its faith in the future of that section by the expenditure of the many thousands of dollars which this great work must have cost. Those who are fortunate enough to receive a copy of this edition *de luxe*, which is sent with the compliments of the company, will prize it as a most valuable addition to their library.

## CHEAP RATES TO ARKANSAS AND TEXAS.

On September 20, October 4 and 18, November 1 and 15, December 6 and 20, 1908, the Cotton Belt Route will sell round-trip tickets from St. Louis, Cairo, and Memphis, to all points in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma, at one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Stop-overs will be allowed on going trip within 15 days, and tickets will be good to return within 21 days from date of sale.

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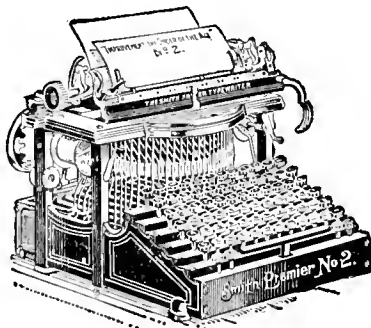
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Accredited solicitors for subscriptions and advertisements to the VETERAN are given liberal commissions. Write for terms.

Let your list for periodicals to run through the new year—the last of the century—include the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and if you want to do it a service send your order for any other publication through the VETERAN, deducting 10 per cent from the whole amount.

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Every known honorable method that may induce friends of the VETERAN to solicit for it is adopted. Nearly every premium offered in the past for clubs may be supplied still. The watch advertisements, extremely liberal, are revived.

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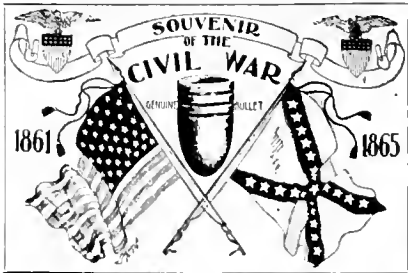
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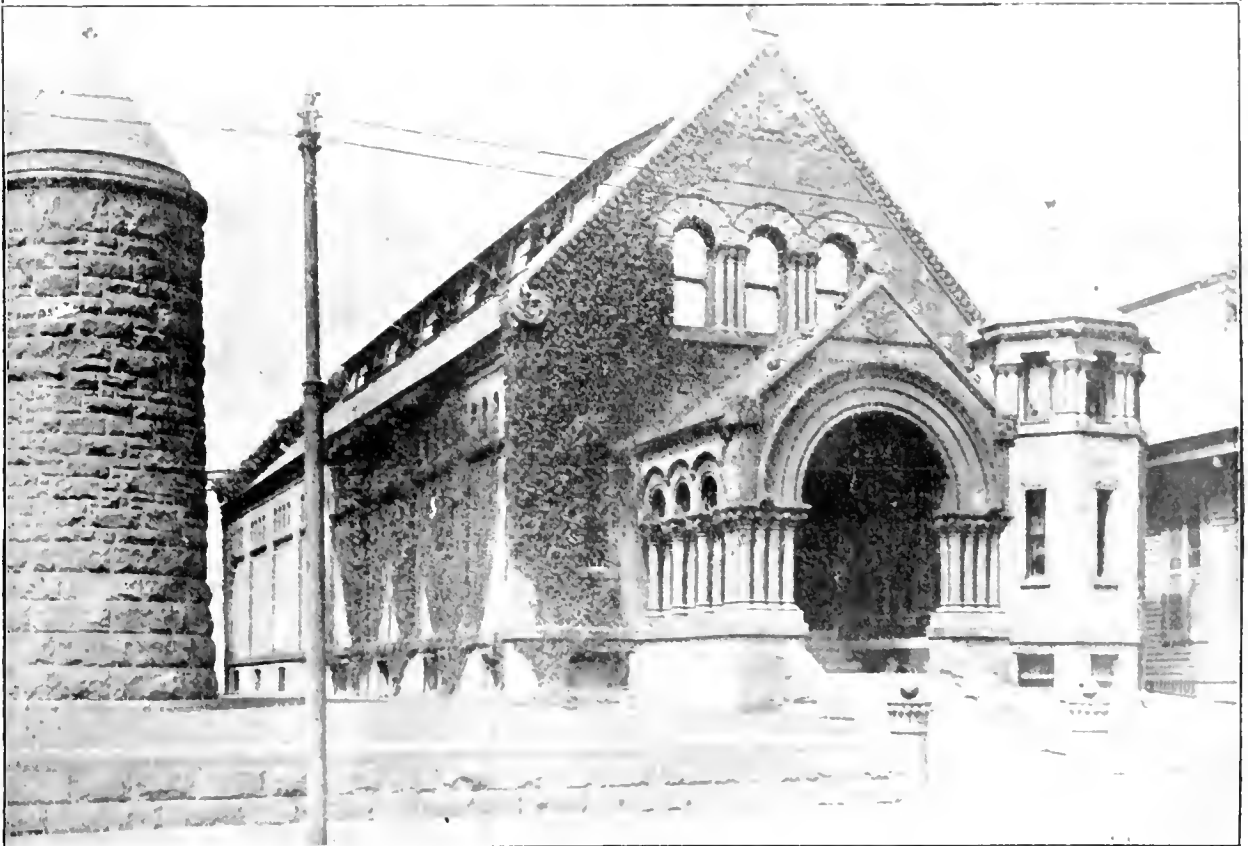
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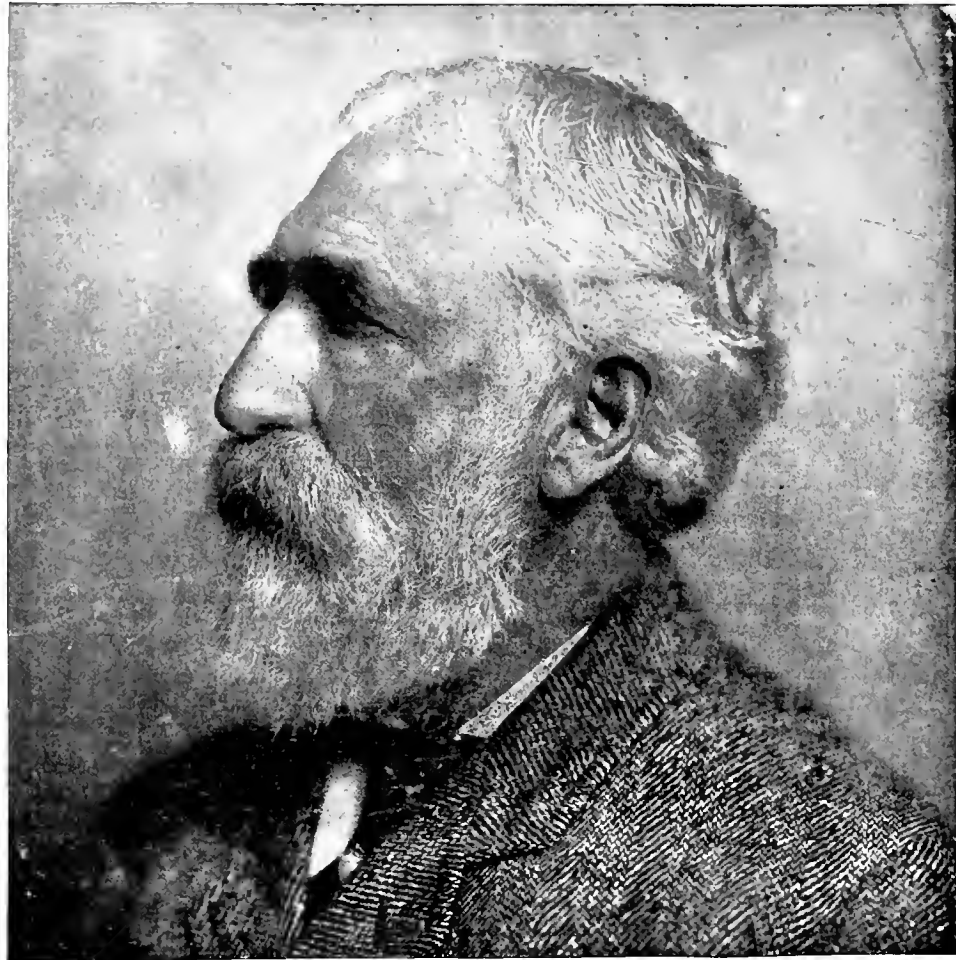
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Request is made now, in the close of the sixth year, to every person who knows the VETERAN and believes in its high merit to enlist others; so, won't you send to the office names of two or three persons who are not subscribers, that specimen copies may be sent to them? Make this your New Year's gift.



CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL, NEW ORLEANS, LA.



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The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 12, N. V. CUNNINGHAM,  
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INTERIOR OF CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

## NATIONAL DIGNITY AND CONFEDERATE HONOR.

A sensation was created in his address before the Legislature of Georgia, during a recent visit to Atlanta, when William McKinley, President of the United States, said: "And the time has now come in the evolution of sentiment and feeling, under the providence of God, when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."

The editor of the VETERAN, in reading this part of the President's speech to some friends, was checked by a faltering voice. Southern people have prayed for such "evolution of sentiment" through all the decades intervening between the surrender and now; they have watched closely the course of Mr. McKinley through the trying period of his reign, and entertain sentiments of gratitude for his wise administration. Save in excessive special regard for his "brother in black," it is earnestly conceded at the South that he has been nearer a President for the whole country than has any chief executive of his party, gratefully as is remembered President Rutherford Hayes. Other men of his party, however, have acted in this regard. Away back in 1885 a fellow-Republican of his own Ohio, Gov. J. B. Foraker, secured an appropriation from Congress to clean up the grounds where the Camp Chase prison dead are buried and inclose them with a stone wall and an additional appropriation from a public fund of his State to clean up the grounds annually, which was maintained for several years. Provision was also made for caring for the graves of Confederates who died on Johnson's Island. In his plea the Governor stated that at Camp Chase, near Columbus, "the fence that incloses the lot is in a dilapidated condition and the entire burial place is grown over with weeds, thistles, and briars;" also that "these men heroically and valorously contended for the convictions they entertained." As a sequel an appropriation was made by the general government, the ground was cleaned up, and a stone wall built around the twenty-two hundred graves at Columbus, and a State appropriation of \$100 was paid annually for several years, after which generous, noble Union veterans, under the leadership of Col. W. H. Knauss (ever honored be his name!) took their care and annual decoration in sacred charge. [We pray the President in his next message on this line to suggest to Congress an appropriation of \$1,000 for needed repairs to the stone wall at Camp Chase Cemetery.]

All honor to the President for his noble expression concerning graves of our Confederate dead! but O, how sad that it has required a third of a century, in the face of just such loyalty to the government as has been exercised in this year of 1898 by the Confederate element in the South, for the dominant party to realize that we were and have been all the while honorable and true to our oaths of allegiance! In this period, longer than a generation of men, trees are going into decay that sprouted and grew, nurtured by the blood of Confederate soldiers, who fought for the principles that inspired the original Revolutionists, and during which period two-thirds of those who survived that great war went down to death deprived of the comfort that such tribute to their nobility would have given.

It is fitting here to quote the language of Gen. S. G. French, a West Pointer, who wore the gray as faithfully as he had worn the uniform of a United States officer before the struggle, on this subject:

"Now when the war ended the Federal government, with commendable zeal, very humanely collected most of their dead and had their remains removed to their beautiful cemeteries, and there keep green the sod and fresh the flowers on their graves.

"There was no Confederate government to collect and care for the remains of the Confederate dead. Along the banks of the Father of Waters for more than a thousand miles the inhabitants tread unawares over the unknown graves of those who battled for the South; along the shores of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, and the James wave the golden harvests on soil enriched by their blood and moldering dust; from the capes of the Chesapeake adown the stormy Atlantic, and trending around the gulf rest thousands of our dead; or go to the heights of Allatoona, to Lookout's lofty peak, or Kennesaw Mountain's top, and you may seek in vain where the dead rest. Time, with the relentless forces of the elements, has obliterated all traces of their graves from human eye; but they are known to Him who can tell where Moses sleeps in 'a vale in the land of Moab.' The forgotten are not forgot; the Hand that made the thunder's home comes down every spring and paints with bright colors the little wild flowers that grow over their resting places, and they are bright on decoration day."

Henceforth let Presidents of the United States and all others in its authority labor not only to do justice to the memory of the Confederate dead who fell in battle and to those who have since died, but let them recognize in the living the tribute that is due them; let them glory as Americans in the record made by every man who served the Confederacy, from its chieftain to its humblest private soldier. That "evolution of sentiment" will come—it must come—and why not let it come now? Nothing could have been more fitting than that the Grand Army of the Republic, at its annual convention in Cincinnati, when the pulse of the country was throbbing with excitement over the perils and hardships of the United States army at Santiago—comprised in good part by Confederates and their sons, who did well their part, as did others—should give expression of their appreciation of such loyalty and patriotism. Next time may the G. A. R. do better!

This expression of the President, late as it is, will do much to cement the sections; but must these tributes, so long deferred, come now in "piecemeals," or will Congress, dominated by men of the North, blot out every semblance of sectional issue and make amends, as far as possible, for the calamity to the country in partisan legislation against the purest Anglo-Saxonism of America? The graves of Confederates cannot now be wrested from oblivion, save in localities where survivors have been the more prosperous and in exceptional cases like that of the good woman of Madison, Wis., who, though taken from the South in childhood, was blessed with the mind and means to care for more than one hundred of them. But such action promises for their posterity such government as they were taught to revere by their ancestors. Let this not be construed as an appeal for financial aid.

Do "LET US HAVE PEACE" now!

## MEMORIAL HALL, NEW ORLEANS.

Among the many foundations in which New Orleans takes a very legitimate pride none is more valuable sentimentally and none will be of more lasting benefit to her people and to the South than Memorial Hall. The ardent Confederate spirit of Louisiana's veteran sons and citizens—grandly proclaimed by deeds and suffering during the war, and since by imperishable monuments of their raising, of granite, of marble, and of bronze, to the chieftains of the South and to their comrades—has here turned its endeavors and energies to the collection and preservation of the relics, the *data*, the mementos, reports, accounts, documentary evidence, pictorial reproduction of actors, as well as the publications of the press (both journalistic and in book form), the music and poetry that then appeared, and all other printed or written matter that will show the thought, the temper, the energy, the fortitude, the process of adaptation of the Southern people to the extraordinary demands upon their virtues, their talents, their ingenuity to meet the duties of the hour, to create the wherewithal to carry on so gigantic a war, and to accomplish such unparalleled deeds against such odds, in the face of such lack of preparation, of appliances, and of supplies.

Having commemorated their love and devotion for their leaders and comrades, having provided assistance for the survivors who composed their ranks, they felt that their duty to themselves, to their comrades, to their leaders, to their cause, to their State, to the South, was unaccomplished if future generations were left uninformed, if posterity was not provided with the best evidence they could gather in their day, and leave to be produced at its bar in the ever-memorable case of the war between the Northern and Southern States of the United States of America, on which impartial history has yet to sit.

Early in 1869 this duty had strongly appealed to the Confederates in New Orleans, and the Southern Historical Society was the outcome of this sentiment, with Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer as President and Dr. Joseph Jones as Secretary.

But more vital matters then arose to claim every energy of the Confederates of Louisiana. A more insidious and revolting war than the one her soldiery had just emerged from was now waged upon them by their former foes to subject and debase them to negro and carpetbagger rule and bayonet despotism. For ten years the battle was waged, and on September 14, 1874, the veterans of Louisiana sealed with their blood the overthrow of Radical rule by as complete a victory as ever freemen won over tyrannical rule.

In the meantime the Southern Historical Society had languished, and had finally been removed to Richmond, much to the regret of the veterans of Louisiana. The Confederate Associations of New Orleans, that had been dispersed and prohibited from meeting by Gen. Sheridan while in command, but now free to act, soon resumed their labors of commemoration, of relief, of collecting relics and historical documents. Each association gradually collected many articles of historic value, which, kept separate and not open to the view of the other association or the public, interested only the members of the association that held them, and were exposed to the danger of loss

by fire or of removal. The disadvantages of this treatment of valuable relics and papers was soon apparent, but could not be remedied until 1887, when the associations in New Orleans took up the matter in earnest.

In 1887 the Association of the Army of Tennessee asked a conference of the Confederate associations of New Orleans on the subject; and the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, the Veteran Confederate States Cavalry Association, and the Washington Artillery Association, by concerted action, brought the purpose into definite shape, encouraged by a patriotic offer of aid from a noble and public-spirited Louisianian, Mr. Frank T. Howard, of New Orleans, the son of a gallant Confederate soldier, who agreed to erect at his own expense a suitable and handsome fireproof building, to be dedicated perpetually to the uses of a museum of Confederate relics and historical papers and matters of Louisiana and of the South.

To meet this princely assistance, an organization was formed, and chartered on April 11, 1889, under the title of the Louisiana Historical Association, managed by a Board of Governors of twenty-five members—five taken from each of the associations that had brought about the organization and five taken from the Board of Directors of the Howard Memorial Library. Mr. Howard proceeded immediately to carry out his offer; and, pending the completion of the building, the Howard Memorial Library tendered to the Louisiana Historical Association for their meetings and collections a compartment of the Library.

By the beginning of 1891 the beautiful building was completed. It stands adjoining the Howard Library, facing on Camp Street, near Delord, almost within the shadow of the shaft of large proportions from which the bronze figure of Robert E. Lee looks down upon the city.

On the 8th of January, 1891, the building was dedicated and turned over to the Louisiana Historical Association by Mr. Frank T. Howard. The occasion was made memorable by the veterans and the people of New Orleans. The building is of hard, tinted brick, completely isolated, and thoroughly fireproof. Its architecture is in keeping with that of the Howard Library, which is one of the master productions of the famous architect, H. H. Richardson. In the past year Mr. Howard has added to Memorial Hall an annex, to meet the pressing need for room from the daily increase of the collection. This annex takes the shape of a splendidly lighted gallery the full length of the hall, which is practically a vault, where every part is brick, marble, iron, steel, and glass. The cases are of steel, with glass tops, shelves, and sides. The munificent donor has already spent fully \$40,000 in fulfillment of his offer, and his interest in Memorial Hall increases with his benefactions to it and the augmentation of its precious collection. At the first organization of the Board of Governors Mr. Howard was made President, and was yearly reelected until he asked to be retired, when he was made honorary President.

The association, at the start, was fortunate in having the enthusiastic services of Col. William Miller Owen, who organized its labors and directed its first steps. To him is due the greatest measure of the success that has attended the establishment of Memorial Hall.

As soon as dedicated, Memorial Hall became the

headquarters of the several associations that had been instrumental in bringing it into existence. They moved to it their relics, their banners, their paraphernalia, and monthly since they meet under the shadow of their torn and tattered battle flags to devise for the welfare of their body, the relief of their needy members, to recall the glorious deeds of the Confederate soldier, to commemorate his fame and that of his leaders, to pay tribute to daily dropping comrades, and to breathe again the atmosphere of the Confederacy that pervades the hall.

To meet its necessary expenses these associations give monthly from their own funds. The hall is free to the public, and, until the adoption recently of the present State constitution, had no other support but this voluntary contribution from its parent associations. Now the State Legislature is compelled to make an appropriation of an annual sum of not less than \$1,200 for its maintenance. The benefit of this State assistance has just begun to be felt. An endowment fund has also been started, and promises to become ample for the future purposes of the Louisiana Historical Association.

Steadily since the opening of Memorial Hall there have come to its cases and archives relics, documents, flags, and personal mementos of Confederate generals, officers, privates, sailors, statesmen, and distinguished citizens of the South as gifts or as deposits, for nothing in the collection has been bought, but everything has found its way there from the abundance of patriotic motives—like the building itself, a heart offering on the altar of Confederate memories and vindication. Thus has Memorial Hall already attained the distinction of a Parthenon of Southern glories. Its collection now contains over eight thousand articles of the greatest value and many of the most precious nature. Among these are 51 Confederate battle flags and guidons; 4 captured Federal flags; 29 framed oil paintings; 210 framed lithographs, engravings, and crayons; 300 and more photographs and daguerreotypes; 600 volumes of Jefferson Davis' library, besides all of his official papers, his cradle, his swords and field glass, his Washington relics, and many other of his personal effects; the bust of Gen. Beauregard, his official papers, uniform, sword, and other personal effects; those of Gen. Bragg and of several other of our generals; the sword of Albert Sidney Johnston and 58 swords and sabers of general field and line officers; 35 guns and pistols; 36 cannon balls and shells used in battle; 49 uniforms and hats; 1,900 miscellaneous relics; 70 pieces of war music; 1,700 volumes and pamphlets on the war; 300 maps and views of battlefields; 200 muster rolls of Confederate troops; and more than 3,000 documents, manuscripts, books, letters, orders, and other military papers, as well as many other articles of value that cannot here be enumerated. A very complete and handsome catalogue is just now in course of preparation.

The hall is perfectly kept, and many additions to its beauty and advantages have been made, and others are contemplated. The annex, still incomplete in its interior ornamentation, will be decorated with shields bearing the coat of arms of each Southern State, with the date of its secession and *data* of its troops and acts during the war. Around these will be grouped the

relics, mementos, and documents pertaining to the State each represents.

Such is Memorial Hall to-day. In beauty, in completeness, in security, in the extent and value of its collection, in its accessibility to the largest number of survivors of the Confederate armies and navy, in the fostering care of the most enthusiastic Confederates of the South, in the midst of a population unsurpassed in devotion to the principles for which we fought, in the metropolis of the South—it stands unique in the estimation of all visitors, a Parthenon indeed. It has become also the meeting place of the following ladies' Confederate organizations: The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association; the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Jr.; the New Orleans Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Through auxiliary committees these ladies' associations lend gracious assistance and enthusiasm to the objects that Memorial Hall aims to accomplish. It is the headquarters and place of meeting of the Louisiana Division of the United Confederate Veterans. It is the depository of the archives of the general headquarters and of the organization of the United Confederate Veterans. The body of Jefferson Davis has lain in state within its walls and has consecrated them forever. In no spot in the South has so much Confederate thought, sentiment, glory, and historical material been concentrated, and in none will it be longer perpetuated.

To the security of its keeping, to the publicity of a great city, to the appreciation of an intensely Confederate community, for the enjoyment of the largest number of survivors of the armies and navy of the Confederacy, for the education of the Southern youth of the day, for the enlightenment of generations to come as to our motives and deeds, the Board of Governors of Memorial Hall invite the gift or deposit of war relics and documents of every description from surrounding States, from the whole South, from all who wish to preserve the mementos and material from which history will draw its facts concerning the Southern Confederacy of America, its purposes, its resources, its people, its soldiers, its deeds, its rise and fall.

The officers of the association are: Col. E. A. Palfrey, President; Frank T. Howard, Esq., First Vice President; Col. Douglass West, Second Vice President; J. A. Chalaron, Secretary and Treasurer.

"During the war," writes "R. H." to the VETERAN, "a young Confederate, while on a visit to his sister in Southern Kentucky, was taken prisoner by the minions of the notorious Gen. Paine, and without trial was shot as a spy. His remains rested in the grave where the Yankees left him over thirty years, when they were exhumed by a band of Confederate veterans and received Christian burial. On the day of this funeral an old-time sympathizer who had seen the first procession and heard the murderous guns was looking over her flowers with a view to using them as an offering for the casket, but, deciding there was not a sufficiency, left them alone. A young Republican saw her. Later, when seated in the audience, what was her dismay to behold the Republican walk toward the bier and deposit her own flowers thereon, accompanied by a significant wag of his head toward her, as if to say: 'I fetched 'em!'"



**LEE MONUMENT—LEE CIRCLE, NEW ORLEANS.**

Lee Monument stands in Lee Circle, one of the most central points in the city of New Orleans, from which radiates several of its most beautiful avenues and streets. Along these and over the thousands of Confederate homes that line them the majestic statue of Robert E. Lee, that surmounts it, looks down upon the metropolis of the South.

The monument is a Doric column of marble 106.8 feet high, 7.2 in diameter at the base, tapering to 5.6 under the capita, with spiral stairs interiorly that lead to a compartment just beneath the statue, where apertures allow of an extended view of the city.

The pillar rests on a shelved pyramid of granite that rises from a mound sloping off around to the circumference of the circle, which is 188 feet in diameter. The statue is of bronze, fifteen feet high. It was designed by a (then) young sculptor, Alexander C. Doyle, of New York, and its plaster model was executed by him in New Orleans under the eyes of the officers and directors of the Robert E. Lee Monumental Association of New Orleans. The general design of the monument was prepared by a distinguished home architect and old Confederate soldier, Capt. John Roy.

The Robert E. Lee Monumental Association of New Orleans, under whose auspices and by whose endeavors it was undertaken and erected, "had its origin in that grand outburst of tributary grief at the death of Lee, which, while it covered his tomb with votive offerings of the good and wise of all civilized nations, prostrated the people of the Southern States of this Union in peculiar and unutterable woe." The association was organized November 16, 1870, with the following officers: William M. Perkins, President; Gen. G. T. Beauregard, First Vice President; Col. A. W. Bosworth, Second Vice President; W. S. Pike, Treasurer; Thomas J. Beck, Recording Secretary; Col. James Strawbridge, Corresponding Secretary. Twenty-one other prominent citizens composed the Board of Directors.

Those were dark days with every citizen of Louisiana, and poverty and anxiety sat by every honest hearthstone in New Orleans. Subscriptions came, but not as the hearts of the people would have given if able, and the enterprise languished. In 1876 the overthrow of radicalism and negro rule in Louisiana was about accomplished. There was a rift in the dark cloud that hung like a pall upon New Orleans, and a reorganization of the association was effected on the 18th of February of that year. Eleven members of the first board had died in the meantime, and the following

officers were then selected: Capt. Charles E. Fenner, President; Gen. G. T. Beauregard, First Vice President; M. Musson, Second Vice President; S. H. Kennedy, Treasurer; W. I. Hodgson, Recording Secretary; Col. William M. Owen, Corresponding Secretary. With these were twenty representative citizens of New Orleans as directors. Col. E. A. Palfrey was made Chairman of the Building Committee. The fund that had been accumulated by the first efforts of the founders of the association was now steadily increased in volume, and the board determined to begin the monument as the best means of assuring its completion. The contract for the foundation and mound of earth, made with Mr. John Roy, provided that his

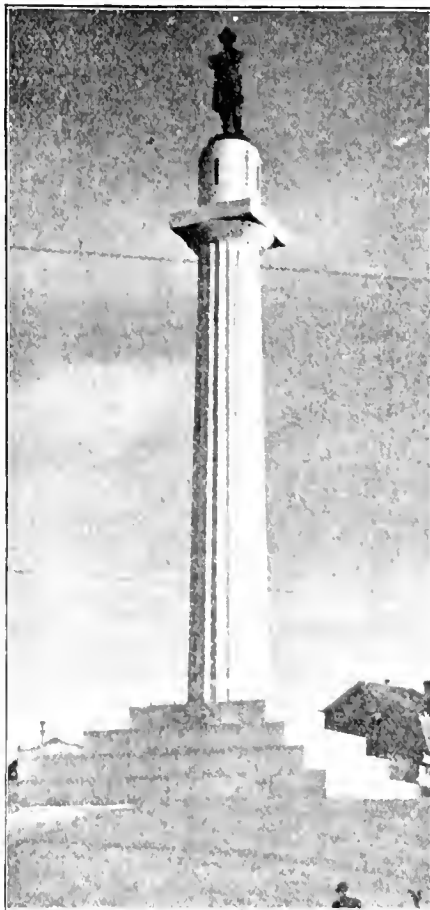
work should progress just as fast as the means of the association would allow, stopping when the treasury was empty and proceeding when it was replenished. Thus, surely, though slowly, stone was piled upon stone, until, when the capstone was set upon the lofty pillar, the whole was paid for.

When the statue was completed the board selected the anniversary of the birth of Washington, February 22, 1884, as an appropriate occasion for the ceremonies of unveiling. The day was made a great one in the annals of the city. Among the many distinguished persons in attendance were the President of the Confederate States, Jefferson Davis, his daughters, and Misses Mary and Mildred Lee, daughters of the great soldier and patriot in whose honor the monument was erected. The Associations of the Armies of Northern Virginia and Tennessee, the militia of the State, and a large delegation from the Grand Army of the Republic honored the occasion by their presence. After delivering a magnificent address the President presented the monument to the city of New Orleans through its Mayor, Gen. W. J. Behan. Bishop Galleher, of the Episcopal Church of Louisiana, pronounced

the benediction on the work. The Battalion of Washington Artillery fired the salute of one hundred guns.

The whole work has cost over \$30,000. The city has recently appropriated some \$6,000 for repairs to the base and mound, and these will soon be carried out. The monument casts its shadow upon Memorial Hall, which rises near by, preserving in its sacred precincts over eight thousand of the most precious war relics and mementos of the South, among which are several given by the daughters of the great soldier the monument commemorates.

The circle in which the monument stands is in charge of a Board of Commissioners appointed by the city, of which board several members are old Confederate soldiers.



### CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN NEW YORK.

The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York was organized April 11, 1890. The original starters of the movement were Stephen W. Jones, Rev. W. W. Page, J. R. McNutty, John F. Black, W. S. Keiley, Joe H. Stewart, and Edward Owen. At the organization there were twenty-one veterans present. Immediately the camp began to grow, until it soon had some two hundred members, some of them prominent citizens in financial, legal, journalistic, business, and social life.

Its object is to perpetuate the memories of our fallen comrades, to minister to the wants of needy and worthy Confederate soldiers and sailors and their widows and orphans, and to maintain and preserve the sentiment of fraternity that was born amid the pleasures, hardships, and dangers of the march, bivouac, and battlefield. The camp has done a great amount of good in its short life, aiding needy veterans and their families, and returning to their homes a large number of veterans stranded in this city. Its medical staff, in charge of Dr. J. Harvie Dew, is ever ready to render assistance to the sick.

The camp has a burial plot of over four thousand square feet in Mt. Hope Cemetery, a beautiful place in the vicinity of the city. This was presented to the camp by the cemetery company. Comrade Charles Broadway Rouss presented the camp an exceedingly handsome shaft of granite sixty-two feet high, which is erected in our plot. This monument cost him \$5,000. The dedication ceremonies on May 22, 1897, were very grand and impressive; and on May 22, 1898, memorial services were held there by about two hundred veterans and ladies, and the graves of the dead comrades located about the foot of this mighty shaft were literally buried in flowers. Those now sleeping their last sleep there are Gen. Thomas Jordan, formerly on Beauregard's staff; William E. Florence, formerly in Battalion of Washington Artillery, of New Orleans; W. W. Tayleure, formerly in Twelfth Virginia Regiment of



MAJ. EDWARD OWEN.

Infantry; W. P. Fowler, formerly of Twenty-Fourth Alabama Regiment of Infantry.

The camp has a Mortuary Fund on special deposit in the State Trust Company, which is only used for the purpose of burying comrades and their families.

The Past Commanders of the camp are Col. A. G. Dickinson, Col. A. R. Chisolm, Dr. J. H. Parker, Dr. George Tucker Harrison, and Col. Charles E. Thoburn. The present officers of the camp, elected October 25, 1898, for 1898-99, are: Commander, Edward Owen; Lieutenant Commander, Clarence Cary; Paymaster, Stephen W. Jones; Adjutant, Thomas L. Moore; Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Granberry; Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dew; Executive Committee, Frederick C. Rogers, J. B. Wilkinson, Samuel B. Paul, Davis H. Bryant, William Preston Hix.

Gen. John C. Moore writes from Mexia, Tex., October 25, complaining of the condensation of his account of the battle of Lookout Mountain, and says:

I am glad to learn that you are able to see now the omissions, etc., in my lately published article. I candidly confess, however, that all of what the reader will readily perceive as errors, should he be familiar with the locality, did not result from your revision. I now realize that I made an egregious error respecting points of the compass, which are about half reversed as written, the north being spoken of as east, and so on. This error now seems to me an important psychological lesson. When a small boy and first studying geography at school, I was seated with my face to the east, and my book told me that the top part of the map pointed north when held in a horizontal position. This statement, with my position at the desk, led to forming in my mind an imaginary picture of the maps with all points of the compass out of proper place. I am now nearly seventy-five years old, and yet those early contracted errors have never been fully eradicated. When the article was prepared, after an interval of nearly thirty-five years, and being obliged to trust to memory, I made my mortifying mistake.

Eli Perkins, whose real name is Melville D. Landon, was found meditating seriously: "I was on Gen. Chetlain's staff. One day we were scouting down into Mississippi when we saw a gang of contrabands running right toward us. They were hatless and shoeless. 'Whoa, boys!' I shouted, holding up both hands. 'Where are you going?' 'Goin' to liberty, sah!'

"I remember," continued Eli, "when they began to have the first freedmen schools around Memphis in 1864. Several Massachusetts tutors were teaching the freedmen the new doctrine of political equality. The negroes, you know, can never separate political equality from social equality; so when the teacher said, 'We are all born free and equal,' Clarissa Sophia broke in, 'Wa' dat yo's sayin' now? Yo say I'se jes as ekal as yo is?' 'Yes,' said the teacher; 'and I can prove it.' 'Ho! 'tain't no need,' replied the lately disenthralled. 'Reck'n I is, sho' nuff. But does yo say dat I'se good as missus, my missus?' 'Certainly you are, Sophia,' said the teacher. 'Den I'se jes gwine out yere rite off,' said Sophia, suiting action to word. 'Ef I'se good as my missus, I'se goin' ter quit, fer I jes know she ent 'so-shiatin' wid no sich wite trash as you is.'"

## UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

## FIRST DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

From records kept by Capt. P. M. Savery:

On May 10, 1865, at Baldwyn, Miss., near the battle ground of Tishomingo, a few loyal men and women strewed flowers over the graves of the Confederate soldiers who fell in that bloody battle. The next year, May 10, 1866, at that place, the Confederate Memorial Association was organized with a ladies' department as an auxiliary. On May 10, 1883, the name of "Daughters of the Confederacy" was given to this ladies' department by Capt. P. M. Savery, who was organizer and Grand Commander at that time of the entire body, and who is still the recognized leader, although Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, of Okolona, is the official President of the department known as the "Daughters of the Confederacy."

## UNITED DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY IN VIRGINIA.

Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Registrar Virginia Division, U. D. C., sends the following interesting account of the convention held at Appomattox in October last:

In the historic city of Alexandria, in the autumn of 1895, the four chapters then comprising the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, met in their first convention: Mary Custis Lee, charter chapter, appropriately leading the ranks of the Daughters as the father of Mary Custis led their fathers in the long gone days of the sixties; Black Horse, worthy representative of that dashing and courageous command; Lucy Mina Otey, proud to bear the beloved name of this noble and self-sacrificing daughter of Virginia; Appomattox, the Omega of the Confederacy, loyal to her past.

In the four years since organization Virginia has not been backward, as was clearly demonstrated in the recent convention, only two of the twenty-two chapters of the division failing to send representatives.

This year's convention was held at Appomattox—not the Appomattox of the past, but of the present, her future symbolized by the beautiful new courthouse in which the Daughters met. The interior of this building had been appropriately decorated by the loving hands of the members of the Appomattox Chapter with Confederate colors, flags, and portraits of our noble leaders. Prominent among these was that of Col. Kirkwood Otey, largely the promoter of Appomattox Chapter, and whose name the former Lucy Mina Otey Chapter now bears.

Mrs. Edwin A. O'Brien, of Alexandria, President of the Virginia Division, called the convention to order on the morning of October 21, and the proceedings were opened by the Rev. P. M. Bell, of the M. E. Church, South, in a most impressive prayer. A hearty address of welcome was extended the delegates by Mrs. J. R. Atwood, President of Appomattox Chapter, which elicited a beautiful response from Mrs. Edwin A. O'Brien, who said:

"In response to the gracious, kindly words of welcome so ably delivered by your representative, permit me, in the name of the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to thank you. We are here from many parts of our beloved State. From the

waterside comes Portsmouth, with her many links already welded in her chain of love; Norfolk, where the glorious Pickett-Buchanan unite to do homage to the famous poet-priest of our Southland; Gloucester sends us Sallie Tompkins with her title of honor so nobly won, the Confederate soldiers' friend, and faithful Rebecca Lloyd Tabb; Alexandria, with her well-known cry, 'All quiet along the Potomac,' as Mary Custis Lee joins the noted Seventeenth Virginia Regiment in honoring her Confederate soldiers, whose monument to their dead comrades is so fittingly surmounted by 'Appomattox'; Bull Run, the chainless old Bull Run, a name linked with song and story, Fauquier's Daughters, Black Horse, and Gov. William Smith, synonyms of heroism and gallantry, noted names in our State; Culpeper, whose sons are everywhere renowned and whose 'minute men' are famous; Shenandoah and Mt. Jackson, with their wonderful deeds of valor and their graveyards of hundreds of our boys in their jackets of gray; while from far off our Western border the much loved McComas, ably sustained by Mildred Lee, keeps pace with the well-remembered Wythe-Gray, and the oft-quoted Pulaski Chapter, closely followed by the hero of Gettysburg, Rawley Martin. Most of these met in the lovely 'City of the Hills,' and there joined by the gallant Kirkwood Otey, with hands firmly grasped by the loyal Old Dominion and bearing in our midst our infant chapter, the Robert Edward Lee, we have come trooping down to Appomattox to meet with old-time, world-renowned hospitality and to join in a simple, sincere heartfelt 'Thank you.'

Miss Wiseman, of Danville, a representative of the Grand Division of Virginia, being present, was introduced to the President and convention, and extended a cordial greeting.

In a short address to the convention Mrs. O'Brien spoke feelingly of the historic ground around us, of the glorious valor of our fathers, and exhorted all to even greater earnestness and zeal.

After the presentation to the division by Miss Ruth Early, of Lynchburg, acting for Mrs. J. R. Atwood, of a gavel cut from the tree under which Gen. Lee stood when making his farewell address to the army, the chapters composing the division reported through their representatives. All the reports displayed progress and fidelity to duty, many had worked in different ways, some in the historic branch gleaming from the records of the past in behalf of correct history; some honoring the dead, raising monuments, and otherwise endeavoring to keep sacred the spots where our heroes lie buried; the earnest efforts of the chapters in this direction have been richly rewarded. Culpeper this year unveiled the monument erected by that chapter. The monument at Chatham, Va., in which the Rawley Martin Chapter is interested, has been built and will be unveiled in the early future. Pickett-Buchanan invites the Daughters to the laying of the corner stone of her tribute to the Confederate dead; Wythe will so honor her "Grays" in the near future; Old Dominion and Kirkwood Otey unite to pay homage to Lynchburg's dead; Pulaski and many others are rapidly progressing in this noble work, while Bull Run, Mt. Jackson, Appomattox, and Shenandoah, with their graves of the "soldier boys," realize the important work awaiting them. Others are caring for the living

—indeed, in connection with whatever work the Daughters undertake, charity is ever first. In this work Pickett-Buchanan stands the banner chapter, annually supporting twenty-three Confederate widows.

Two most interesting papers were presented the convention, one by Mrs. O'Brien, the other by the State Historian, Mrs. Charles M. Blackford, of Lynchburg. Mrs. O'Brien, reviewing the work of the past year, spoke of the progress made, of the increased interest displayed by chapters, and praised her staff for their efficient service, neglecting only to add that the commander in chief was ever the inspiring element. Mrs. Blackford's address was on the importance of historical work, so the coming generations may feel not only the honor of so bloody a war, but may recognize that it was fought in defense of home and honor.

Mrs. Leigh, Treasurer, in an up-to-date report—no delinquents—had throughout the year kept the finances in admirable condition. Miss Wysoo, Recording Secretary, gave a report short and to the point, substantiating what she had already proved herself to be, equal at all times to the arduous duties of her office. Mrs. Merchant, Registrar, reported a membership in the Virginia Division of 1,117, an increase of 234 since last year. Various amendments to the State constitution were dispatched in the usual businesslike manner of the President. An earnest appeal from Mt. Jackson was presented asking the aid of the chapters in marking the graves of 353 wearers of the gray buried near their town. Chapters were urged to contribute to the Jefferson Davis monument. Many have already done this, but the importance was emphasized, as was also the celebrating of President Davis' birthday with appropriate ceremonies.

Resolutions indorsing the histories of Mrs. Susan Pendleton Lee and Dr. William Jones were passed, as was also a resolution indorsing the action of U. C. V. in preferring the term "war between the States" to "war of the rebellion."

The officers for the ensuing year are Mrs. Edwin H. O'Brien, Alexandria, President; Miss Ruth H. Early, Lynchburg, Vice President; Miss Gertrude Howard, Lynchburg, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Thomas Perry, Alexandria, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. James T. Leigh, Norfolk, Treasurer; Mrs. Charles M. Blackford, Lynchburg, Historian; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chatham, Registrar.

An hour of the second day's session having been reserved for memorial service in honor of Winnie Davis, a touching address was delivered by Mrs. J. E. Alexander, of Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Alexandria, of which Miss Winnie Davis was a member. Her application for membership was shown, bearing as her credentials simply: "I am the daughter of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy." Votes could not so much have recommended her to our love. Resolutions passed by the Mary Custis Lee Chapter at the time of the death of the "Daughter of the Confederacy" were read and approved, and the Secretary was instructed to forward same to Mrs. Davis. The delegates were unanimous that the title "Daughter of the Confederacy" should not be perpetuated, but rest in the grave of this true Daughter.

This service was continued as a memorial for all Daughters of the Virginia Division who during the year had "passed over the river to rest in the shade of



the trees." While practiced at this convention for the first time, it is a beautiful and fitting tribute to our sisters, and will doubtless be continued. After the acceptance of the cordial invitation of Portsmouth Chapter to meet with them at the next annual convention, the meeting adjourned to be called October 25, 1899.

As we turned our faces homeward with pleasant, grateful memories of the hospitality shown us during our three days' stay, my thoughts reverted to that other throng, which thirty-three years ago, weary, worn, depressed, well-nigh broken-hearted, turned from the same spot toward whatever homes the ravages of war had left them, to take up the burden of life it would have been far easier to render at their country's call.

#### DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN VIRGINIA.

Concerning the First Virginia Division and the Grand Division in Virginia, a member of the First Division writes:

The writer of the article in the November VETERAN entitled "Third Convention, Grand Division of Virginia," makes a singular statement, likely to be misleading to those unacquainted with the circumstances. The statement is as follows: "The matter of union between the two divisions was again brought up, and for the third time in three years a cordial invitation was sent to the First Virginia Division to unite with the Grand Division, so as to have but one body in the State," etc. The Italics mark the misleading phrase. The Grand Division of Virginia has only been in the U. D. C. one year. How was it possible for the First Virginia Division to unite with it for the two years that the Grand Division of Virginia refused to enter the U. D. C.? The resolutions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy through which the Grand Division of Virginia entered stipulated: "That, if so desired, the Grand Division in joining us preserve its organization intact, the United Daughters of the Confederacy recognizing two divisions in Virginia, the First Division and the Grand Division, so long as it is the desire of the majority of the chapters [in each division] to remain apart." It should not now be made to appear that the First Virginia Division is doing anything churlish or unfriendly in remaining apart from the Grand Division, as provided by the above agreement. In the United Confederate Veteran Association there is a Virginia Division and there is also a Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans in Virginia, consisting of camps corresponding to our chapters, many of them chartered, as I understand, by the U. C. V.

The First Virginia Division, U. D. C., is proud of her place as the first division formed in the society. She is attached to her own constitution, based upon the model of the U. D. C. Divisions in general—in fact, her constitution formed the model of all those that followed. She is unfamiliar with the peculiar construction of the Grand Division, and not willing to come under its provisions. Is the Grand Division ready to give up *her* organization and *her* name? These are some of the reasons likely to keep the two divisions apart; but a sort of federation might be adopted, bringing the two Virginia divisions together in State conventions or convocations and enabling them to work together on important occasions—such, for instance,

as that of the convention of the U. D. C. in Richmond next November. Let us try this first.

And the fact should not be forgotten that the Grand Division of Virginia is "twice as large as the Virginia Division," because its officers persistently maintained that they had formed in the Albemarle Chapter of the Grand Division the first chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy in the United States. This opinion was doubtless held by them in good faith, but it was a mistake; and by this "mistake" the U. D. C. suffered in its Virginia Division and the Grand Division recruited its ranks. I may add also that a number of instances could be pointed out where the First Virginia Division would have obtained chapters that are now in the Grand Division had not the latter appealed to State pride and pointed to the Albemarle Chapter as the first or charter chapter of Virginia. In this way it was made to appear that the First Virginia Division—or, as it was then called, the "Virginia Division, U. D. C."—was not quite so "patriotic" as a purely State society. In making attempts to form chapters, to be chartered by the U. D. C., the Virginia Division constantly met with this obstacle put in its path by the Grand Division.

But the Grand Division is now one of us, and appreciates, we hope, the tie of sisterhood, bringing together all the State societies in the U. D. C., a bond which once seemed of so little value to her. For the future, then, "let bygones be bygones" and all work unitedly for the good and sacred cause to which we are pledged.

#### DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN KENTUCKY.

Miss Florence Hall, Recording Secretary of the Ben Hardin Helm Chapter, at Elizabethtown, was made chairman of the committee to report the proceedings of the State convention, and sent the following report to the VETERAN:

The second annual convention of the Kentucky Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was held in Louisville on November 18 at the assembly room of the Y. M. C. A. building. The session was opened with prayer by Mrs. Laura Talbott Ross. Mrs. H. W. Bruce, President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Louisville, delivered the address of welcome. Her speech was short, but sparkled with wit and overflowed with cordiality; every word could be distinctly heard all over the hall. The response of Mrs. J. M. Graves, of Lexington, the President of the State Division, was most eloquent. Her sweet face and voice won all hearts. She thanked the Louisville Chapter for their warm welcome; reviewed the work done by the women of Kentucky from the close of the struggle until the present day, and closed by urging the members of the convention to bend every energy to the erection of the Memorial Hall proposed by Gen. Boyd, in which he offers his valuable collection of relics on condition that the Memorial Hall should be placed in Lexington, Ky.

After Mrs. Graves's address the reports of the State officers were read. Mrs. Jennie Catherwood Bean, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Charlton Morgan, Corresponding Secretary; and Mrs. C. D. Chenault, Treasurer of the State Division, made brief but satisfactory reports of the work done during the year. Reports of the different chapters were next submitted and were as follows:

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Louisville, was organized in July, 1897. Miss Henrietta Johnston, one of the charter members, was granted the privilege of naming the chapter in honor of her father, whose death wound was received at the battle of Shiloh, and whose memory is emblazoned upon the hearts of the nation. This chapter is the largest in the State, numbering one-hundred and fifty members. The officers are, Mrs. H. W. Bruce, President; Mrs. R. H. Thompson and Mrs. W. N. Haldeman, Vice Presidents; Miss Jeannie Blackburn, Recording Secretary; Mrs. W. J. Hardy, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Charles Semple, Treasurer. The Relief Committee has done noble work in aiding Southern women and children. The memorial days have been observed and resolutions of sympathy have been sent Mrs. Davis, on the death of her daughter, Miss Winnie, the beloved Daughter of the Confederacy.

The Richmond Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, No. 85, was organized October 10, 1896, with thirty-four members. There are now forty-one members. The officers are, Mrs. Bettie Ewing Poyntz, President; Mrs. Maria Stoner Lynn, Vice President; Mrs. Bertha Smith, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. Myrtice French Todd, Registrar; Miss Mary Tribble, Historian; Miss Minette Jones, Corresponding Secretary. We have contributed to aid in the removal of bodies of dead Confederate soldiers; also to memorial window in memory of Jefferson Davis. We attend the funeral of Confederate Veterans, and look after the needy of those who served in the Confederate States of America. We are a live, working chapter, and are looking forward to the entertainment of the State Division next year.

The Lexington Chapter is a large one: Mrs. A. M. Harrison, being President; Mrs. Charlton Morgan and Mrs. H. S. McChesney, Vice Presidents; Miss Maggie LeCompte, Recording Secretary. This chapter has been most active during the past year in aiding the families of dead and disabled Confederate soldiers. Six girls are being educated by this chapter, and endeavors have been made to secure legislation that will cause the birthday of Robert E. Lee to be appropriately observed by the children of the public schools. The Lexington Chapter heartily advocates the plan of Gen. Boyd to establish a memorial hall in Lexington, Ky.

Virginia Hanson Chapter No. 90, Winchester, Ky., was organized in December, 1896. It had existed previous to that as an auxiliary to the Clark County Veteran Association. Our veteran camp is called Roger W. Hanson Camp, in honor of Clark County's noble son; so we, to perpetuate the noble sacrifices and life of one he loved best, called it for his wife, Virginia Hanson. We have twenty-four members. The officers are: Miss Carrie Lee Hathway, President; Mrs. Mayme Tracy Scobee, Vice President; Mrs. Jennie Catherwood Bean, Secretary and Treasurer; Miss Rachael Ecton, Historian. Our chapter is in good order; we have done what we could for the alleviation of friends in distress. If we have donations to make, it is done in love, not charity, to those who braved the storm of battle for our protection. We have visited the sick, ministered to the dying, cheered the broken-hearted, assisted the helpless, and trust in the Good Father for the accomplishment of much good.

The Franklin Kentucky Chapter was organized in October, 1898. Mrs. Jane M. Walker is President. It can hardly be said to be in working order yet, but its members have gone enthusiastically to work.

The Bowling Green Chapter was organized January 26, 1898, with enrollment of fifty-two charter members. The officers are: Mrs. Mary B. Thomas, President; Mrs. Alex Duvall and Mrs. John E. DuBose, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Charles Vanmeter, Recording Secretary; Mrs. James A. Mitchell, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. A. Cook, Treasurer. Mrs. Mary B. Thomas resigned as President, and Mrs. Gen. N. F. Perry was elected to fill her place. The meetings of the chapter, monthly, are interesting and profitable. We now have forty-six members, whose ages range from three to eighty years. Mrs. W. A. Cook resigned as Treasurer, and Mrs. S. T. Breeding was elected in her place. We celebrated memorial day with flowers and speeches, and we heartily indorse the proposition of Gen. Boyd.

The Ben Hardin Helm Chapter, of Elizabethtown, Ky., was organized July 16, 1897. The name was given in honor of the brave and gallant soldier who gave his life for the cause which we hold in our hearts and memories. We have forty-two members, whose ages range from seventeen to seventy. Our officers are: Mrs. Ben



MRS. BEN HARDIN HELM.

Hardin Helm, President; Mrs. Isabella W. Shacklette, Mrs. H. A. Sommers, and Mrs. Squire H. Bush, Vice Presidents; Miss Florence Hall, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Freeland S. Culley, Corresponding Secretary; and Mrs. Emily Helm Marriott, Treasurer. Our chapter is in good working order. We have assisted in placing the memorial window in honor of Jefferson Davis in

Richmond, Va., and have observed the memorial days. All are anxious for the erection of the memorial hall at Lexington, Ky.

The rest of the afternoon was devoted to business discussions and to the appointment of various committees. Mrs. W. N. Haldeman gave a delightful reception to the visiting delegates and Daughters of the Confederacy in Louisville on Thursday evening. The house was beautifully decorated in red and white, and all spent a charming evening.

On Friday morning the reports of the different committees were heard. Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, as Historian of the State Division, made an address and a plea for the memorial hall. Mrs. Helm's beautiful face and dignified bearing enhanced her address, breathing as it did eloquence and sublime pathos, yet full of courage and cheer.

The election of State officers resulted as follows: Mrs. Basil W. Duke, Louisville, President; Mrs. A. M. Harrison, Lexington, Vice President; Miss Jones, Franklin, Recording Secretary; Mrs. W. E. Grant, Louisville, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Mitchell, Bowling Green, Treasurer; and Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, Elizabethtown, Historian. Mrs. Duke made a graceful speech of acceptance saying she hoped to make as faithful an officer as had her predecessor, Mrs. Graves, of Lexington.

The convention adjourned, after selecting Richmond, Ky., as the place for the next meeting.

Mrs. E. C. Pendleton, of Richmond, Va., is a daughter of Dr. W. W. Humphreys, who moved from South Carolina to Mississippi in 1825, settling in Columbus.



MRS. E. C. PENDLETON.

Dr. Humphreys was a wealthy slaveholder and planter, of a distinguished family. He married Miss Jones, a noted beauty and belle of Huntsville, Ala., daughter of Capt. Friley Jones, who was also a planter of Alabama

and Mississippi. Through her mother Mrs. Pendleton is related to many distinguished families of North Carolina, Virginia, Alabama, and South Carolina. She was born in Columbus, Miss., and educated principally there. In 1890 she was married to Edmund C. Pendleton, a member of that distinguished Ohio family. The first five years of their married life were spent in traveling over the States.

Mrs. Pendleton has written a great deal for the Southern press, and is now engaged on an article entitled "The Progress of the South from 1860 to 1898." A few months after removal to Richmond she represented Mississippi at the opening of the Confederate Museum, February 22, 1896. She was then made a member of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, and afterwards honored with the Vice Regency.

#### MISS DUVALL'S "QUEEN OF THE SOUTH."

Capt. Charles P. Jones, of Pulaski, a member of John H. Wooldridge Bivouac and a participant in the happy reunion of old Confederates at Pulaski in October, offers a word of praise for the beautiful allegory presented at the Opera House by the pupils of Martin College, in which he says:

The lifelike presentation of "The South and Her Daughters," designed by Miss Mary Duval, its rendition by our young ladies, and its enthusiastic reception by our old veterans, elicited our pride and gratitude. Each fair daughter of the South worthily presented her claims for guiding the helm of State and ruling as sovereign over our dear Southland. The author, Miss Duval, who was formerly one of Mississippi's fairest belles, and is now a teacher of English language, literature, and history in our justly celebrated institution of learning, wrote a school history of Mississippi, which has received the stamp of public approval, and an exhaustive work entitled "Civil Government," which has also been adopted as a text-book in the public schools of her native State. After the presentation of this play, a vote of thanks to Miss Duval—proposed by Capt. O'Bryan and adopted by a rising vote, and emphasized by the Rebel yell—attested the appreciation of the audience.

If three million Democrats could have heard that grand old Confederate general, John B. Gordon, last night in his lecture on "The Last Days of the Confederacy," it would not have been surprising to see that many Republicans leave the hall at the close. His address was as stirring an appeal to patriotism as is ever man's good fortune to hear.

The foregoing is from the *Marshalltown* (Iowa) *Times-Republican*. It is apt to be read with constructions to suit, and different ones by different persons.

Mr. George DeVaney, of Swisshelm, Ohio, writes the *VETERAN* November 16 on the subject of national pensions to Confederates: "I desire every Confederate soldier and every true friend of theirs to know that during two years' correspondence with every G. A. R. Post I have not found a single Federal soldier that has expressed any objections to pensions for Confederate soldiers. They desire to tender the gray every honor and protection of a nation now so loudly preaching humanity in Cuba."

## SOUTHERN SIDE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

## Art. III.

"Great God of heaven, say amen to all."

And now comes the twentieth—the weather clear but crisp. Every arm in readiness for a "hand all around" battle. The enemy sheltered behind his breastworks; Bragg still to force the fighting. The attack to commence on the right, and to be followed in quick succession on the left. Breckinridge, Liddell, Gist, Walker, and Cleburne, with Cheatham in reserve, forming Lieut. Gen. Polk's command, with Forrest's Cavalry; whilst Stewart, Bushrod Johnson, Hood, McLaws (under Kershaw), and Hindman, with Preston in reserve, with Wheeler's Cavalry forming the left wing.

At daybreak the troops are under order, ready. A lone horseman, without staff or escort, approaches



HIRAM VITTETOE.

from the rear—shakes hands with Stewart, in the center; his overcoat hides his stars and wreath. Soldiers wonder who the stranger can be! It is Longstreet, meeting his old West Point roommate. He had come to say that Stewart would form the right of the left wing and be under his command to-day. Just behind him came some of his troops—McLaw's two brigades, just gotten up, dressed in new clothes (something new to Bragg's army), and guying us with such remarks as: "Boys, the Army of Virginia will show you how to fight to-day." It is to be "hilt to hilt" and "breast to breast" now, with Western Yankces, never met by them before, and soon taught them, as we had learned, that we were of the same blood and meeting foemen worthy of our steel.

Six o'clock came—seven—no movement of our army—eight—even nine, and Bragg and staff were dashing restlessly along the lines. Maj. Pollock B. Lee rode by in search of Gen. D. H. Hill and Gen. Polk.

Soon he came back, having found Gen. Polk, whose heart overflowed with anxiety for the battle to commence, but a message had just reached him from Gen. Hill that he was rationing his troops. In the meantime Longstreet's message to Gen. Bragg, "Had I not better make my attack," drew forth the command from Bragg, through Maj. Pollock B. Lee, to "go to every division and brigade commander, and tell him to throw his force at once against the enemy." O fatal hour! that so often blights brilliant prospects in battle and turns them to blasted hopes! The heart grew sick at the delay, which was death to hundreds who would be living to-day had orders been obeyed and the enemy routed sooner. It came near losing to Bragg the battle. Rosecrans says, in substance, that he rode his lines at 6:40, and to his astonishment found in many places gaps, that threatened destruction to his army. C. A. Dana, Federal Assistant Secretary of War, says that "Rosecrans was frantic with the disposition of McCook's elongated lines." Had our attack been made at dawn, these gaps would have been penetrated—the enemy's army dismembered, and Bull Run repeated by Southern arms.

But now about 10:30 o'clock the battle opens—it is a charge of breastworks for four long miles. The din of musketry is like the unintermitted sound of packs of lighted firecrackers, the terrific cannonading so deafening that the eyewitness stands aghast at the idea that he is living through it; the Northman and the Southman standing to the racket like gladiators, forgetful of everything but the mastery; the Army of the Cumberland trying to parry a foe whose dogged persistence rumor has told their bewildered commander is now one hundred and twenty thousand, but who, from the records, show his army about seventeen thousand superior and on the defensive.

When I read of the "Old Guard," generaled by Cambronne, at Waterloo, and see the charges of the entire army of Bragg, from 10:30 A.M. until the rout after 5 P.M., the picture is not overdrawn with a parallel at Chickamauga. When breastworks were not carried, or commands disconcerted, it was a rally, reform, and charge again, without a murmur. No panic amongst the troops, no shirking from duty nor falling out of line; no stragglers, but a reorganization to administer the final stroke.

About 10:30 o'clock, Thomas finds Breckinridge and Forrest threatening his rear on his left. Again he asks for another division. The Federal management have been impressed that the left must be protected if it takes the whole army, and yet Rosecrans wonders how he is to do it. While this is going on, Longstreet is thundering on the enemy's right, Hindman popping it to Sheridan, Hood sprinkling Davis, McLaw's command peppering Vancleve, Johnson chugging Brannan, and Stewart driving Reynolds, leaving the right wing to pound and batter the massed minions confronting them. Gen. Pat Cleburne, forming the left of Polk's right, is fighting by our side to-day; one of his generals, Deshler, killed, and Lucius Polk's Brigade struggling to rescue his body. Farther on we hear of Helm's death and the wounding of Adams, of Breckinridge's Division. To our left, Maj. Gen. Hood is wounded and worlds of subordinates submerged in the fiery vortex. In front of us, the Federal Gen. Lytle,



Col. King, and others fall, and the dance of death goes bravely on. Thomas is now heard from again, and the same old entreaty comes: "Send me more reinforcements without delay." He has already two-thirds of his army, yet Rosecrans withdraws Sheridan and starts him. Longstreet seems moved by a kind of intuition with the necessities of the moment. He has been battling over the burnt house (Poe's) and the vineyard, and gradually wheeling with Johnson and Hood and Hindman on his left, the alignment being kept up with Stewart. Like the breaking of a levy and the rushing in of the tide, they penetrate a line that runs into Sheridan and the crevasse widens until a confused mass of fleeing bluecoats threaten their army's complete overthrow.

I quote from C. A. Dana again to give you the condition at this time: "Never in any battle I had witnessed was there such a discharge of cannon and musketry. I sat upon the grass, and the first thing I saw was Gen. Rosecrans crossing himself—he was a very pious Catholic. 'Hello!' I said to myself: 'if the General is crossing himself, we are in a desperate situation.' I was on my horse in a moment. I had no sooner collected my thoughts, and looked around toward the front where all this din came from, than I saw our lines break and melt away like leaves before the wind. Then the headquarters around me disappeared—the graybacks came through with a rush, and soon the musket balls and cannon shot began to reach the place where we stood. The whole right of the army had apparently been routed." Mr. Dana reports further that the night before Gen. McCook, after the council of war at Rosecrans' headquarters, regaled them with the song of the "Hebrew Maiden"—but now, with Hindman at the vineyard, and Longstreet's whole command in conjunction, the "Hebrew Maiden" is forgotten in the sound of Dixie's whistling tunes of shot and shell—one of which in the medley, on the part of Rosecrans' right wing, is the never-to-be-forgotten air of "H—'s broke loose in Georgia." Rosecrans left his army, and did not stop short of Chattanooga, thirteen miles; Crittenden following, then McCook, and even the Assistant Secretary of War, who, upon arrival, telegraphs to Stanton that the name of Chickamauga is "as fatal to Northern arms as was Bull Run."

At the opening of the Chickamauga Park it was highly amusing to me to hear some of our Northern visitors slightly allude to "retiring" from Chickamauga, and wind up with exaggerated accounts of the famous battle above the clouds, which at most, viewed by us from Mission Ridge, from base to summit, was a lightning bug skirmish; and then go wild over the grand charge of Missionary Ridge, which was nothing more than a stampede of our army, confronted by four or five times its number, on a flying report that the enemy were getting in our rear. All the world knows that an old soldier will fight an enemy to the finish in front, but get in his rear and, like the panicked herd on the prairie, he'll run from fear of capture.

Look at the mortality reports of commands amongst Federals, and the history of Northern valor at Missionary Ridge is nipped in the bud. When Rosecrans left the field he thought his entire army was routed. As Wellington, at Waterloo, clamoring for Blucher—Rosecrans was longing at Chattanooga for Burnside or for night. Dispatch after dispatch was sent him. Two

and one-half hours from the attack the commanding general and two of his corps were gone.

Had we commenced at daybreak on the elongated lines of McCook, we would have crushed and broken up the Army of the Cumberland. But now, in the desperate charges, whilst we are driving on the left, about twelve o'clock our lines give way on the right, and the confusion continues until stopped by Stewart.



HON. JAMES D. RICHARDSON,

An incident touching our present Congressman, James D. Richardson (adjutant Forty-Fifth Tennessee), comes upon me as an illustration of composure among all troops. He was coming back slowly in this break. His remark to me, "This is hot; isn't it?" impressed me as very cool and deliberate.

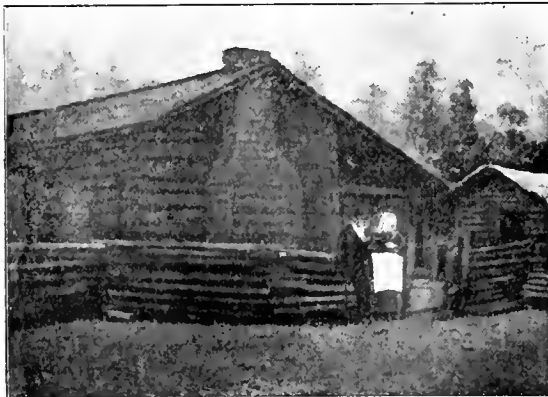
Near one of the trees, behind which several were sheltered, a soldier came up. Richardson and S. H. Mitchell asked his command. The soldier uttered, "Thirty-Eighth Ala"—and before completing the word a cannon ball took half of his head off, the blood spattering them.

During the reformation of lines Bate, Brown, Clayton, Stewart, and staffs nearly all received contusions from spent grape and canister.

Longstreet now directs Stewart to go no farther, until he can whip around with the left of his wing. And now comes the tug! Hindman and Law (in Hood's place, Hood wounded) and Johnson and Kershaw put on the war paint in earnest, and conjure up the most masterly fight of the day. The reports graphically detail it—charge after charge is made, and brigade after brigade is sent them, until through the Dyer and Kelley fields the famous Snodgrass Hill looms up, a frowning fortress, almost impregnable to attack. Every pass is guarded, and the hill, the grand Federal rally for the final struggle. Manigault and Deas, Gregg and Fulton, drive the enemy beyond, and rush into the Vittetoe house. Ere the fleeing foe leave it, the planks of the floor, as if moved by some unaccountable cause, begin to fly up. It was the Vittetoe young ladies emerging from their cellar, where they had been for two days, while the battle was raging around and about them. On the impulse of the moment, when our boys appeared, they shouted, "Glory halleluiah!" and asked for guns to help us.

Hindman, Law, Kershaw, and Johnson are now whacking away at Snodgrass Hill. Nature has fortunately intervened to protect our foe from the severe castigation. Forrest, on the right, had for hours been holding Gordon Granger's reserves at bay, and had been fighting his cavalry as infantry, but now Granger's corps of Federals wade through Rebel bullets to save his army. Like Dessaix, at Marengo, he hoped to hurl in 10,000 fresh troops and turn the tide of the battle,

but disappointment overcame him. Longstreet has in reserve a division (Preston's) that had never seen a general battle up to this time. They are crazy to go in. The order comes, and, in conjunction with Johnson and Hindman's other forces, the struggle is the most unprecedented in the annals of war. Col. Bollin Hall's color bearer, Second Alabama Battalion, Robert A. W. Hiatt, got eighty-three balls through his battle flag. He planted his colors on the hill, was three times wounded, his flagstaff three times shot away, yet he carried his charge to the end. They give us the bayonet, but every thrust is parried and every inch of ground disputed in the desperate struggle. The climbing of King's Mountain, the storming of Chepultepec, even of Sebastopol, were pigmies now to the stubborn charges up Snodgrass Hill. In the meantime the fearful mortality is overcome with a flush of victory. The object now is to dislodge the enemy from that hill. Thomas has his lines in a horseshoe, and O what desperation to hold us back till he can escape under cover of night. Polk, on the right, has made five successive charges to-day, the enemy massed in his front behind breastworks, and Longstreet can get no help there. Two of Longstreet's staff, Cols. Sorel and Manning, make to him a suggestion that is at once set in motion: "Let the whole left wing attack, and Stewart will flank them out of Snodgrass Hill." The idea is communicated to Bragg, who enlarges it to the whole army, and the hour set for five o'clock. It was whispered that we would rout them this time, and victory for Southern arms seemed intuitively to permeate every mind. The order "Forward!" finally came, and, like the restless racer chafing for the "Go!" the Army of Tennessee leaped the breastworks, climbed the hill, and frantically sealed the fatal name of Chickamauga to Northern arms. Longstreet says: "Preston dashed gallantly at the hill; Stewart flanked a reënforcing column and captured a large portion of it. At the same time the fire from twelve cannons, established by Gen. Buckner, struck terror to the force under it, Johnson, Hindman, Kershaw, and Law acting in conjunction. Preston's assault, although not a complete success at the onset, yet, taken in connection with the other operations, crippled the enemy so that his ranks were badly broken, and by a flank movement and another advance the



MR. AND MRS. SNODGRASS,  
At their home on Snodgrass Hill.

heights were gained. About the same time of my advance the right wing made a gallant dash and gained

the line that had been held so long and obstinately against it. A simultaneous and continuous shout from the two wings announced our complete success."

Every command did its duty, and can point to its episodes in the great battle. The laboring oar was on all



THE LATE MRS. DR. ELDER,  
Daughter of the Widow Glenn whose house became famous by the battle.

to win the victory. Seventeen charges were made up Snodgrass Hill before we got it. The Confederate loss in the battle was about sixteen thousand; Federal loss, about seventeen thousand. Reports conflict. As a member of Stewart's Division I find a notable fact recorded. Gen. Bragg reports that Stewart penetrated the center and broke the first general lines at Chickamauga. Longstreet witnesses that the movement of Stewart's Division on the last charge resulted in the beginning of the general break through the enemy's lines. Bate attests that the Eufaula Battery of Stewart fired the opening and closing shots of the general battle.

And now, since the United States government has made a park of the battlefield, and marked the spot of Northern prowess for coming ages to look upon, we employ Gen. Bate's tribute in dropping a silent tear over Southern valor: "While I recount the services of the living I cannot pass unremembered the heroic dead; the cypress must be interwoven with the laurel. The bloody field attested the sacrifice of many a noble spirit in the final struggle, the private soldier vying with the officer in deeds of high daring and distinguished courage. While the 'river of death' shall float its sluggish currents to the beautiful Tennessee and the night wind chant its solemn dirges over their soldier graves, their names, enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen, will be held in grateful remembrance as the champions and defenders of their country, who had sealed their devotion with their blood on one of the most glorious battlefields of our revolution."

## EPISODE AT A KENTUCKY CONFERENCE.

BY REV. GEORGE D. FRENCH.

As field agent of the American Bible Society for the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana, it was my good fortune to attend the late session of the Kentucky Conference of the M. E. Church, South, opened at Flemingsburg, Ky., September 14, 1898. Among very many other pleasant things which occurred, one day a Mr. Collins arose, named the location of his residence, and said that he desired all the old soldiers, Federal and Confederate, of the civil war to dine with him the next day. I am not an "old soldier," but belonged to the Confederate army, and so resolved to be present. Dr. Hoss, of the *Christian Advocate*, though never a soldier, was invited and attended. We were welcomed by our kind host and his charming daughters after the manner of Kentucky hospitality, and when we had time to count noses it was ascertained that there were present two Federals and ten Confederates, including Dr. Hoss.

A few moments' delay in the spacious parlor gave time for introductions and for each to ascertain to which army and to what regiment each of us belonged. In fact, we had no sooner met and grasped each other's hands than we felt a strange sense of comradeship, and good-humored reminiscences began at once. At this juncture dinner was announced. As good soldiers, we obeyed orders immediately. Was there ever a "Confed" who would not promptly obey such an order? The table was loaded with good things. As my eyes took in that tempting repast I could not help thinking what it would have been to a "Johnny" in 1864 or 1865; but in 1898 we did full justice to that dinner. As we lingered over that feast of fat things thrilling experiences were related of hairbreadth escapes, rich humor, and heroism by old friends and foes. It seemed almost incredible that we had met each other on the battlefield, but the conversation revealed the fact that we had met and had given each other warm receptions. Such a convocation as this, dominated by such a spirit, is hardly possible anywhere else on this earth but in free America. Thank God the real soldiers on both sides of the war grounded their arms long ago and made peace, real peace! Is it not time that all do so?

But all good things in the world must end. At the proper time Dr. Meek, of the *Central Methodist*, moved that Dr. Hoss be requested to express our appreciation of the kindness of our host, which he did most happily. Dr. Hoss claimed to be peculiarly fitted for the task imposed upon him. He said that his father was an East Tennessean and an old line Whig, and did not take kindly to the doctrine of secession; and one day when he mentioned to his father that he desired to join the Confederate army he was given to understand that any suggestions of that character in future would demand a settlement of a very unpleasant character. Then, a little later on, when the Confederates had put his father in jail, he wished to join the Federal army; so, having come so near belonging to both armies, he was the right man to address an audience composed of Federals and Confederates. Suddenly his transition from the humorous to the serious was effective. He was glad of the spirit exemplified in the meeting; it was the spirit of Christ. Then, with much feeling, he in-

formed us that, while we of the gray and blue had grounded our arms in our conflict, yet soldiers for Christ are still engaged against most potent forces, and that we cannot afford to lay aside our armor till the great Captain calls us from conflict to rest and reward, when we shall meet at the general roll call.

With thankful hearts our comradeship ceased for a time, and we adjourned to meet—when? where?

L. C. Balch, born in Panola County, Miss., is the son of R. C. Balch, Captain of Cavalry under Forrest, and grandson of John Bloomer Balch, who was a private in the Confederate service. He is a great-grandson of Amos Balch, a soldier from North Carolina in the Revolutionary army. Comrade Balch enlisted as a private in the "Sardis Blues" May 8, 1861, which was company E of the Twelfth Mississippi Regiment, thus making three generations serving the Confederacy at one time. He was severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, which confined him to his bed for two months. From this wound he is now a cripple. He himself cut the Minie ball out with his pocketknife in December,



MAJ. L. C. BALCH.

1865, and soon thereafter went to work. Although a constant sufferer from this still unhealed wound, he has never felt that he would exchange places with the man who refused to fight for his country.

Comrade Balch married Miss E. F. Walker in Copiah County, Miss., July 3, 1867, commenced the practice of law in 1871, and moved to Little Rock in 1881. He is a member of Omer R. Weaver Camp, U. C. V., of this city, and of the Sons of the American Revolution. He was a member at large of the Domestic Control Committee of Mississippi, and took part in the campaigns in that State from 1875 to 1880; was a member of the Lower House of the General Assembly of Arkansas in 1887, and was the originator of the railroad commission bill in that State.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The first number of the VETERAN was issued for January, 1893. There were only forty-three paid subscriptions, but 5,000 copies were printed. It grew rapidly from the start, and the total circulation that year was 79,430 copies. Its growth since has been so nicely accelerated that the aggregate figures are given—viz.: For 1894, 121,644; 1895, 154,992; 1896, 161,332; 1897, 194,110; and for 1898 it has been 229,200. The first half of the year now closing was by far the finest in its history. The chaotic conditions at the Atlanta reunion and the diversion occasioned by the Spanish war, however, created anxiety concerning ability to maintain its standard. In this connection friends who are ever zealous for the VETERAN are informed that, although the advertising has diminished, an increase of sixteen pages to each number was made nearly three years ago, involving an increased expenditure with the present circulation of over \$100 each issue. This increase came not of demand or complaint from any source, but through the desire, which has been steadfastly maintained, to do the best possible all the time in the sacred cause espoused.

Comrades, your attention is called to the situation of the VETERAN in a spirit so earnest that you must not fail to be concerned. Many of you have ever been diligent in your coöperation. You have helped the VETERAN at personal sacrifice that you could not well afford. In doing so, however, you have secured most grateful appreciation; but you who are members of camps have not worked in an important way that is now commended and urged. In the order of business there ought to be incorporated in every camp or association of Confederates the VETERAN. Each issue should be considered by the Committee on History, and it ought to be commended or criticised. Then the question of business should have the same earnest attention. A report should be taken in the business session of the camp as to who are subscribers and whether or not the subscriptions have been paid.

The VETERAN is of more important concern to Confederates than any other publication in existence, and every association of the men who fought for Dixie is personally interested. It is now a great responsibility, and there should be zealous coöperation. Every man who fails to pay for the VETERAN brings indirectly reproach upon his cause, even upon the memory of his comrades who went down to death in battle. The reason for this is that the periodical has been espoused by surviving comrades to the degree that should it become impecunious it would reflect upon its supporters. The publication is an individual enterprise, it is true, but the proprietor is so profoundly im-

pressed with duty to the principles involved that he cannot fail to be steadfast any more than when a soldier in battle. The VETERAN is of so much importance that general interest should be taken in its perpetuity. Bequests from those who are dispensing with means with which they have been blessed could not be more appropriately applied?

This earnest plea comes from the profoundest sense of obligation and the great need of thousands to take the place of thousands who wrote and talked for this same VETERAN, but have already gone into the beyond. In meditating upon these responsibilities, and how much help could so easily be furnished, the spirit cries out for coöperation. The help yearned for would enable the management to improve it, to secure the aid necessary in condensing every sentence, so that more and more of truth may be recorded in handsome print for the thousands who bind their copies for unborn generations. Contributors could save the office largely by care in preparing articles. When they have written they could revise and shorten, so that as much of the truth as possible be embodied—truth that will make our fellow-men and women the more patriotic.

Circumstances cause many persons to discontinue their subscriptions to the VETERAN. The proportion is not largest from the North, and it is gratifying to have in these the kindest expressions. Here is an illustration from Albert C. Andrews, of Gloucester, Mass., who was a first sergeant in the Thirty-Second Massachusetts Infantry in the Confederate war: "Please discontinue sending the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I do not care to renew. However, I earnestly wish you success." Again, a lady writes from Washington, D. C.: "You will please not send the VETERAN to me any longer. For its continued success and welfare you have my earnest wishes."

Will friends to the VETERAN bear in mind that to maintain its present standard renewals of fifty every day are necessary? How kind it would be, when subscribers must discontinue, if they would see to it that a new one is substituted! Then its natural growth would be a blessing to the country.

It has been impossible to complete the Louisiana tribute as designed in this number of the VETERAN. Delay of merited *data* induces a continuance of important features to the January issue.

Part of the comment on the battle at Gaines's Mill is unavoidably omitted, and in the vigilance to advance publication day, which surely will progress in the new year, an unfortunate break in make-up of the articles on that subject in this issue will be excused.

Patrons of the VETERAN are not only requested, but urged, to emphasize to advertisers that they saw so and so in the VETERAN. It will help more than they imagine. Some publishers pay to have notices sent to advertisers. For instance, they will supply agents with quarters to send for trial samples, and the advertiser concludes that Mr. Jones's magazine is a good "puller." With the new year let every friend of the VETERAN give it zealous attention, adding to its subscription and its business columns.

### TENSHUN!

John W. Tench, Gainesville, Fla., who was major of First Georgia Cavalry:

Do you recognize it? Very well. Then heed what an old officer has to say. True he no longer has the stars on his collar, nor the braid on his sleeves, but for the good of the South it is as important that you should obey as it was when in front of the enemy during the early sixties. For years before the great American conflict and for the thirty-five years since a fierce and ignominious war has raged in the North against the South; a relentless war of calumny, misrepresentations, and abuse, and we, while having plenty and to spare of accomplished officers and well-trained men, have ignominiously neglected to furnish for our army munitions to repel the foe.

But enough of metaphor. Prior to the war between the States not a single magazine could live in the South beyond a year or two at most, and not five newspapers south of the line of Mason and Dixon paid ten per cent upon the cost of plant. During all this time we were raising cotton to enrich the New England owners of white slaves and cotton mills and nurturing with our cash *Harper's Weekly*, the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, and publications, buying whole editions of such dirt as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and other such authors saw fit to dump across the border.

Has the situation improved during the years since the war? Not a whit. We are still abused and misrepresented by nearly all the magazines, all of the radical newspapers, and by the Democratic papers North whenever a negro is hanged for outraging a white woman in the South, and still we go on taking them because they are "great journals" and paying our money to make them great. Gen. D. H. Hill, that grand old North Carolina hero and fearless illustrator and defender of the South (not Henry Grady's new South), founded and for a time barely kept alive *The Land We Love*, a monthly devoted to the defense of Dixie and to bruising the heads of her defamers. This magazine could and should have had the support of the Southern people if they had been true to themselves. Heedlessly, however, they were induced to patronize scurrilous and defamatory Northern concerns, which still fatten upon Southern patronage.

"Tenshun!" In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., we have what may—by a little sacrifice, just a little self-denial by old soldiers, of a few cigars or a few drinks—become a thing of beauty and a joy to each and every veteran while he muses in the lengthening shadows of the afternoon of life.

There are still living, perhaps, one hundred thousand Confederate veterans, each one of whom can spend \$1 for so much value to himself and his children and grandchildren as he and they will receive in return by reading the VETERAN. Don't tell me that you are too poor. If you do, I will put you in the guard tent for willful, downright falsehood. You know that if you only but indicate to that boy of yours that you would like to take the VETERAN, as sure as he is the son of his father the dollar will be forthcoming. The States pension twenty-five thousand or more, and even these pensioners can, without doubt, spare the small sum of \$1 at the beginning of each year for so laudable a purpose: the building of a strong fortress for Comrade Cunning-

ham, from which, without danger of financial wounds, he will build our history on a base of bronze that will defy alike detractor and iconoclast. This has been demonstrated every month for six years.

Hark! the bugle sounds the charge. Right about, double-quick, march! Now, then, good women, fair and bright women, who did so much and who suffered so much for Dixie—yea, who gave the lives of so many loved ones for Dixie—you have the chance of rendering yet still as great a service to your much-loved South, the land of sunshine and of showers. And you, young women, who inherited such ardent devotion to these sacred memories; you, fair and beautiful daughters of the mothers of heroes, in this stronghold of American civilization, this land of Dixie—you can do all you wish accomplished. "How? how?" I hear you eagerly cry. Vary your amusements for a while; even only once a year will do. Go into your kitchens and cook some nice dishes; those of you who are handy with the needle make up some useful article and sell it to your best young man at the festival, and the next month and every one of the twelve months thereafter reap entertainment from *your* CONFEDERATE VETERAN and learn the true history of your much-loved Southland. Do try your hand in this patriotic cause. There should be two hundred thousand *bona fide* subscribers to the VETERAN; it should grow to two hundred pages, having tens of thousands of dollars' worth of advertisements, and be adorned with hundreds of fine photographs each month; it should be sought for at home and abroad. In it the South has a willing, able, and fearless vindicator. All this can be done with as little trouble, time, and self-denial as it has cost me to write this unsolicited and voluntary article, every line of which has given me pleasure in the thought that possibly I may have aroused our people to a sense of their greatest need—i. e., one great magazine to defend her name and transfix her deeds of heroism, to make patent her innocence of crime against the nation, and to exhibit her greatness continually to the civilizations of the earth.

With a fervent God bless you, my comrades and noble women of Dixie! I am yours for the right.

Capt. Frank M. Smith, who was of Hood's Texas Brigade, writes from Norfolk, Va.: "The article on first page of October VETERAN in regard to the erection of the Sam Davis monument should thrill the heart of every old Rebel. I cannot pass it without bestowing tribute to such heroism from my native State."

Thomas Johnson, Bryan, Tex., wishes to hear of Col. H. M. Ashby, or of some one who belonged to Company D, Second Tennessee Cavalry.



## WALTHALL ON THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT.

J. P. Smartt, of Chattanooga, sends the address of Gen. E. C. Walthall on the battle of Lookout Mountain, which was delivered at the dedication of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Military Park, of which he is the assistant historian.

"As Gen. Walthall's Brigade bore a conspicuous part in that much misunderstood battle," says Comrade Smartt, "and as he had frequently visited the grounds and had carefully considered the reports of both sides, he was most competent for the undertaking. It has always been a source of great satisfaction to me that this article has been preserved to history, and I hope for the sake of this splendid brigade, as well as all other troops engaged on this occasion, and to the truth of history that you will publish this review in your universally perused and popular VETERAN."

Perhaps no conflict of the civil war, so important in its results, is so imperfectly understood by the general public as that at Lookout Mountain on the 24th of November, 1863. An outline of the operations at that point in which it fell to my lot to participate on that day may be a contribution of some interest and possibly of some value to the literature of the so-called "battle above the clouds." The explanation of this poetic name, I may as well say here, is found in the fact that during most of the day in question a dense fog enveloped the sides of the mountain and hung above the valley, so obscuring the view from below that nothing could be seen of the occurrences above except the flashes from the guns which gleamed through the darkened space around the scene of the conflict.

The outline I offer must be general, but it is intended to be harmonious with the substance of the official reports on either side when considered together. My statement will be better understood if prefaced by a brief reference to some topographic features which will figure in it and to some antecedent movements of both armies. Lookout Mountain abuts on the Tennessee River opposite Moccasin Point. The declivity is so abrupt at the water's edge that it was a great triumph of engineering skill to make room for the track of the Nashville and Chattanooga railway between the mountain and the river. Considerably above the railroad a wagon road runs westward from Chattanooga across the northern slope of the mountain. Above this road, about midway between the river and the mountain top, is a comparatively level space, inclining toward the river from the perpendicular cliff where it begins. On this "bench of the mountain," as it has been called, and at the eastern end of it, stands the white house, in plain view from Chattanooga, just where the historic Craven's house stood thirty years ago. This bench extends, with the cliff on one side and the steep and rugged descent to Lookout Valley on the other, from the north end of the cliff around the mountain on the western side, with enough open space upon it for a garden and a small field west of Craven's house. A road, but a very rough one, from Craven's house around the eastern side of the mountain intersects the road then known as the Summertown road, leading from Chattanooga to the summit.

Lookout Mountain extends southwestwardly from

the river across the northwest corner of Georgia and into Alabama, and Raccoon Mountain lies west of it and parallel to it in its general direction. Between the two is Lookout Valley. On the eastern side of this valley is a succession of hills, and between these hills and the mountain runs Lookout Creek, which empties into the Tennessee at the northern end of the mountain opposite Moccasin Point. Moccasin Point, so called because of its resemblance to an Indian's shoe, is a peninsula formed by a loop which the Tennessee makes in reversing its southward course when obstructed by Lookout Mountain about two miles from Chattanooga, as the city was in 1863. The ankle of the Indian shoe represents the neck of the peninsula at its narrowest point, the distance being about a mile across from Brown's Ferry, which is on the farther side of the peninsula from the city.

Chattanooga is situated in a bend of the Tennessee River and on its left bank. In 1863 a line drawn eastward from Brown's Ferry would have touched the southern outskirts of the city. Brown's Ferry was the key to the outlets from Chattanooga, both by wagon roads and river.

After the battle of Chickamauga the Union army was retired to Chattanooga and formed in front of the city. The right of the line, on the left bank of the river, rested northeast of Lookout Mountain, but on the opposite side the Union forces occupied Moccasin Point and planted batteries there and picketed the stream down to Brown's Ferry and beyond. The defenses at Chattanooga, already strong, were improved, and when the Union line had been covered by rifle pits the position seemed so secure against assault that when Bragg came up he decided not to attack Gen. Rosecrans, but to besiege him. For this the topographic conditions seemed favorable, and, with the dispositions which Bragg made of his force, the investment for the time seemed complete and effective. His right rested on the river above Chattanooga; his left, under Longstreet, was at a point on the river west of Lookout Mountain and below Brown's Ferry. Gen. Rosecrans could not supply his army by either the railroad, the river, or the wagon roads along its banks on either side.

Gen. Grant says: "The artillery horses and mules had become so reduced by starvation that they could not have been relied on for moving anything. . . . Already more than ten thousand animals had perished in supplying half rations to the troops by the long and tedious route from Stevenson and Bridgeport to Chattanooga over Walden's Ridge. They could not have been supplied another week."

This was the condition on the 27th of October, when by a skillful movement, perfect in conception and execution, the Union forces seized the hills covering the outlets by Brown's Ferry, and held them, and bridged the river at that point, as well as at a point on the opposite side of the peninsula next to Chattanooga. Thereafter the army in Chattanooga had uninterrupted communication with Stevenson and Bridgeport and a much shorter route by which reinforcements could be sent to Lookout Valley than the Confederates had, and the siege was ended; but for some reason the partial investment was kept up, though wide open at its most important point.

Early in November Gen. Longstreet was withdrawn and sent with his command to Knoxville, and Bragg's

force was further weakened by sending other troops to join him. The Confederate line was so drawn in that no troops were left in Lookout Valley west of Lookout Creek, which was picketed by an outpost brigade. This command, on the 15th of November, I was ordered to relieve with a brigade less than fifteen hundred strong. With this force it devolved upon me to occupy a picket line extending about a mile up Lookout Creek from a point near its mouth, and then up the mountain side to the cliff. From the creek up to the bench of the mountain the surface was so broken that the rapid or orderly movement of troops was impossible. The batteries on Moccasin Point commanded at easy range the only route by which troops could come to my support or my own could retire upon the main army. These batteries were trained to sweep the slope of the mountain from the wagon road to the palisades. Communication with my superiors on the mountain top was difficult and slow, the route by which messengers must travel being circuitous, as well as rugged.

Such was the isolated and exposed position of this outpost brigade on the 23d of November, with orders, if attacked by the enemy in heavy force, to fall back, fighting over the rocks. In view of the movements of the Union army on that day, this command was ordered under arms at daylight on the next, and through the night of the 23d a working force was employed in deepening a rifle pit across the most exposed point near Craven's house, to serve as a covered way, affording some shelter against the fire of the twenty-pounder Parrott guns on Moccasin Point.

On the morning of the 24th an infantry force crossed Lookout Creek a mile or more above the point where my picket lines turned up the mountain from the creek and formed across the western slope, with its right resting on the palisades, and was ready by nine o'clock to move upon my left flank and rear, the main body of my command being posted behind some rude breastworks of logs and stones, which the command that occupied the ground before me had constructed on the mountain side parallel to the creek. Batteries on the hills beyond Lookout Creek and several pieces in the valley opened fire on my position. An infantry column forced a passage across the creek, and soon my command was under a heavy fire in front and pressed on the left flank by a force of more than three times its own number. In the dispositions made for resistance two regiments were employed against the flanking force, but the slender lines along their whole length were overborne by the heavy masses which assailed

them from two directions. Gen. Thomas, in his report, says "the resistance was obstinate;" and Gen. Bragg, in his, that it was "desperate;" and there is abundant support for the statements in the reports of subordinate commanders.

That the entire command, instead of the larger part of it, was not captured may be ascribed to the rugged field and the scattered condition of the troops, stretched out over a long, attenuated line; and that the remnant was able to retard the progress of such a force was chiefly due to the shelter the crags afforded the retreating troops while they kept up their fire upon the advancing columns. When these troops reached the ridge running down the northern slope of the mountain the guns on Moccasin Point soon rendered any further resistance impossible, and they made their way in confusion past Craven's house under a sweeping artillery fire, some taking advantage of the covered way already described. After passing Craven's house about four hundred yards they were reformed in a strong position at a narrow point on the east side of the mountain, without the range of the guns on Moccasin Point, and there, about one o'clock, checked the advancing force. Gen. Pettus came to my support with three regiments of his brigade in time to save the position, which my depleted command, whose ammunition was almost exhausted, would very soon have been forced to yield. At nightfall the Confederates were still on this line, which covered the Summertown road, the only avenue of communication between the troops on the top of the mountain and the main army, and were never driven from it. About eight o'clock my brigade and two regiments of Pettus having been relieved by Holtzelaw's brigade, were withdrawn to the Summertown road. During the night Bragg withdrew all his troops from the mountain, and in the morning the United States flag was floating at Lookout Point—the result of Gen. Hooker's demonstration.

Gen. Hooker says in his report that his orders were "to take the point of Lookout Mountain if my [his] demonstration should develop its practicability." His aggregate force for this purpose was nine thousand six hundred and eighty-one, in which were included a small detachment of cavalry and two batteries of artillery, with the guns on Moccasin Point to cooperate in the movement. Whatever troops may have been "available to oppose him," but one brigade, numbering fourteen hundred and eighty-nine men, was interposed between him and his objective point. Whatever dispositions ought or ought not to have been



ORCHARD KNOB, GRANT'S FIELD HEADQUARTERS.



GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

made; whatever blunders, if any, were committed on the Southern side, on that day or before—it takes nothing from the credit of the gallant troops who attacked the forbidden position that during the two and a half or three hours which elapsed between the commencement of the firing and their occupancy of the point at Craven's house they were confronted by no stronger force. About two hundred men picketing at the northern end of the mountain, without fault of their own or their commander, but because my troops could not hold the ground on their left and in their rear, were taken in reverse and captured before their position was approached in front. These men belonged to the brigade commanded by Brig. Gen. Moore, which gallantly held its ground on the right of the position, where Pettus found me in the afternoon. Gen. Bragg is supported by the reports of his subordinates when he says the heavy assaulting force "was met by one brigade only (Walthall's), which made a desperate resistance, but was finally compelled to yield ground;" and the accurate and impartial park historian, Gen. Boynton, in his "Historical Guide," from the official reports on each side, deduces this: "Walthall's Brigade, which fought stubbornly and unassisted, except by sharpshooters and some artillery firing from the summit—which, on account of the fog, was of little consequence—was forced about four hundred yards east of Craven's house."

This brigade, if I may be pardoned a digression, was the same which, on the morning of the first day at Chickamauga, after a fierce conflict with King's Brigade of Regulars, took its battery (H, Fifth United States Artillery) and held the six guns until the division it belonged to, consisting of but two brigades, was overwhelmed by two brigades of Brannan's Division in front and one on its left flank; and all that remained of it after the Lookout Mountain fight (about six hundred men) was on the afternoon of the next day formed, while under fire, across Missionary Ridge at a narrow point, to protect Hardee's left flank, and there held its position until after eight o'clock at night, when under orders it was withdrawn in good order.

Returning to my theme, I respectfully submit that the so-called "battle above the clouds" was not a battle

in the common acceptation of that word; and, borrowing an expression from a writer in the *New York Tribune*, I may add "there were no clouds to fight above; only a heavy mist, which settled down and enveloped the base of the mountain." In the forenoon the combat was between Gen. Hooker's force and a single Confederate brigade, and in the afternoon between that force and the remnant of the same brigade, three regiments under Pettus and the brigade commanded by Gen. Moore.

My statement will surprise no military student or other person who has investigated the subject with care; and those whose impressions have been derived from the versions furnished by the Northern press at the time are invited, if they would test its general correctness, to consult the official reports and maps which have been published since by the government. But for these, I might hesitate to oppose my statement to the popular opinion which prevailed at the North before the government made these publications, although Gen. Grant once said, as we learn from high authority, that "the battle of Lookout Mountain is one of the romances of the war. There was no such battle and no action even worthy to be called a battle on Lookout Mountain. It is all poetry." These are his words, according to Hon. John Russell Young in his book, "Around the World with Gen. Grant." But the fact that the great Union general considered the affair on Lookout Mountain a mere combat, as distinguished from a general engagement, does not imply that he undervalued the fighting done there or the importance of the results which followed Hooker's success.

Application was made to Gen. Walthall to send another print of this address for the VETERAN soon after its delivery, and in a letter from Grenada, Miss., September 19, 1896, he stated: "The loss of the clipping was unimportant. The extract was perhaps as widely circulated as it deserved." In this letter the General was kind enough to write upon another subject: "I am glad to know you approve my views on the —. I have many letters to the same effect, but none gratified me more than yours." The South may ever well be proud of this soldier statesman.



GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.



GEN. BRAGG'S HEADQUARTERS ON MISSIONARY RIDGE.



## GAINES'S MILL—PICKETT AND HOOD.

George T. Todd (captain of Company A, First Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade) writes from Jefferson, Tex., November 22, 1898:

Adj. J. Cooper, of Fairfax, Va., has an article in the October VETERAN about Pickett's Brigade at Gaines's Mill. I make reply to his concluding paragraph, which is as follows: "I have seen it stated that Gen. Hood's troops carried these fortifications, but that is a mistake. Just as the left of Pickett's Brigade had captured those twelve guns Hood's troops entered the field, marching in column. The writer saw and asked an officer what command it was, and *was told by him* [Italics mine] that it was Hood's. Should that officer be living and see this, he would corroborate; so would Gen. Pryor."

My attention was called to this article by Comrade M. Jacoby, now of Woodville, Miss., a member of First Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, who lost his leg on that bloody field, and who feels indignant over this heedless statement of Comrade Cooper.

Far be it from me or any of Hood's old soldiers to pluck a single leaf from the glorious laurel wreath of Pickett and his old brigade. I saw them in their glorious charge at Gettysburg, crouching as the tiger for his leap, and witnessed them capture the crest of Cemetery Heights. Hood's Brigade was there, waiting only the order to rush to their support. Had Meade and Hancock dared to follow Pickett as his thinned and bleeding line sullenly retired, Pickett's repulse would at once have been turned into Longstreet's victory. Neither Lee, Longstreet, nor Pickett were defeated, and but for want of ammunition, especially for artillery, Lee would have continued his advance to Baltimore.

Upon the triply embattled hill at Gaines's farm the name and fame of Pickett and his brigade surely need not to borrow the glory of Hood to add to their own glorious record. In generous, patriotic, and noble emulation, each may feel proud that they were in and formed part of the gallant line that struck the crowning blow which resulted in loosening the deadly anaconda grip of McClellan and in driving the invaders to the shelter of their gunboats at Harrison's Landing.

Let us note briefly Comrade Cooper's statement:

First, he was in the ranks, as was this writer, and amid the exciting scenes occurring after hours of furious and bloody effort, when the sun was sinking and darkness gathering, rifle and cannon crash, the Southern yell, the grand Federal cavalry charge in vain endeavor to cover their rout, how could he or I recognize or note any "troops marching in column?" There were no such troops within two miles of that glory-crowned crest; lines of battle only, and they in all positions, penetrating abatis, leaping on captured works, and shooting at the cavalry; flying horses, empty saddles, dying men! No "marching columns" or dress parade that glorious eve. Nay, verily! Who was the "officer" that informed Brother Cooper? What his rank, and how could he—or Gen. Pryor either, for that matter—recognize the particular columns marching on that field? "I have seen it stated that Gen. Hood's troops carried those works." Yes, brother; I expect you have, and that, too, by official reports of all who

commanded on that field and by the cool record of the historian. Let us see briefly this record:

1. "The dead and wounded marked the line of their intrepid advance, the brave Texans leading, closely followed by their no less daring comrades." (President Davis' "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," Vol. II., page 138.) No Texans but Hood's were there.

2. "The day was now drawing to a close, and Lee decided to end the conflict by a charge of the whole line. The word "Charge!" as it passed along the line, was responded to by a wild shout and an irresistible rush on the Federal position. The Texas brigade, led by the gallant Hood, was the first to penetrate the Federal works. It was immediately followed by other regiments, and in a few minutes the whole position was carried and the plateau was covered with a mass of fugitives. The Federals were in full flight, pursued by the Confederates, who delivered deadly volleys at every step." ("Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," by Gen. A. L. Long, his Military Secretary.)

I regret that I have not Gen. Lee's official report, but will show by Gen. Longstreet's letter to him, here-in quoted, that he reported substantially as Gen. Long.

3. Gen. Stonewall Jackson reports as follows: "In this charge, in which upward of a thousand men fell, killed and wounded, before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of Gen. Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns." ("Advance and Retreat," page 28.)

We come now to the evidence for Gens. Pickett and R. H. Anderson, as well as for Hood, by Gen. Longstreet, and I take pride and pleasure in giving it:

4. Gen. Longstreet says (see "Manassas to Appomattox," page 128 *et seq.*): "But Hood, with his Fourth Texas Regiment and Eighteenth Georgia (then part of his brigade), obliqued to the right behind that [Whiting's] brigade, and closed the interval toward Anderson's left, leaving his other regiments, the First and Fifth Texas, on Whiting's left. Hood clambered over the deep ravine with his two regiments and maintained position with the assaulting columns, while the balance of Whiting's Division followed in close echelon. As the advanced lines of Pickett, Anderson, and Hood reached and crowned the stronghold of the enemy, Anderson and Pickett moved up in pursuit of the broken lines, and were almost in possession of their massed reserve artillery—had it under easy musket range—when a dash of cavalry admonished them that their ranks, while in order for following the infantry lines, were not in proper form to receive a charge of cavalry."

I desire to say just here that Gen. Hood also comments on this desperate cavalry charge, as shown below; and this writer, who was with his company in the First Texas, was eyewitness to the charge and slaughter of cavalry. The First Texas was then to the left and rear of the Fourth Texas, on whom the charge was made. We all were over the topmost breastworks and on the level plateau. The scattered troops of several regiments, including the First Texas, repulsed this charge.

Gen. Longstreet continues as follows: "The divisions of Ewell and D. H. Hill advancing at the same time, the general break seemed almost simulta-

neous, and was claimed by all." Again he says (page 129): "All the Confederate commanders except A. P. Hill claimed credit for the first breach in Gen. Porter's lines, but the solid ranks of prisoners delivered to the general provost guard and the several batteries captured and turned in to the ordnance department show the breach to have been made by the columns of Anderson, Pickett, and Hood's two regiments."

Anderson, Pickett, and Hood!—South Carolina, Virginia, and Texas! *Tres parces nobile fratres!*

I give also an extract from a letter of Gen. Longstreet to Gen. Lee after the war, March 20, 1866: "To go back to history and the war. There is a portion of our records as written that I should like corrected: the battle of Gaines's Mill. Your report of that battle does not recognize the fact that the line in my front—that is, the enemy's line—was broken by the troops that were under my orders and handling. A part of Jackson's command, being astray, reported to me just as I was moving my column of attack forward—Whiting's Division (this included Hood)—and I put it in my column of attack, as stated in my report. I think you must have overlooked my report on this point and have been guided by Jackson's." ("Manassas to Appomattox," Appendix, page 656.)

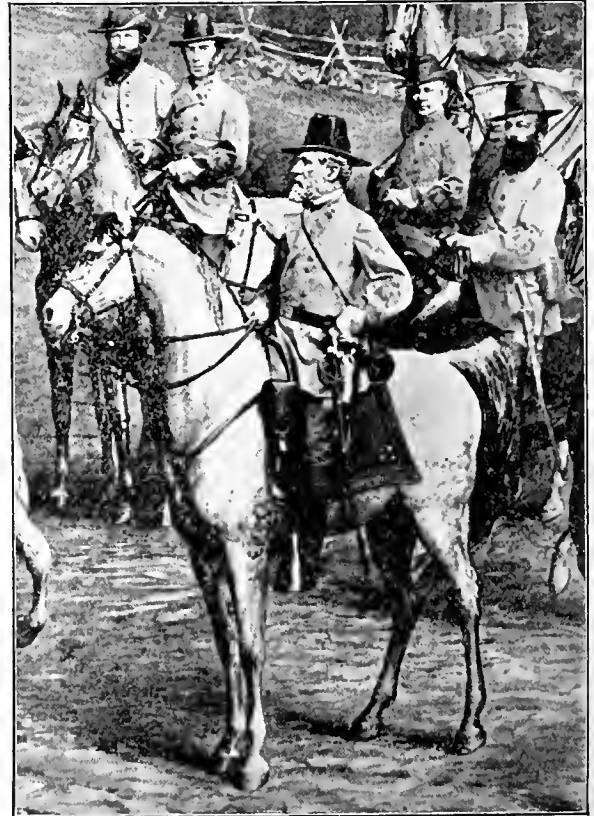
Thus we have the full evidence of "the old war horse," embalming in fame not only Hood, but Anderson and Pickett. In point of fact, while Hood's Brigade was constructively under Jackson at Gaines's Mill, yet in reality it was handled by Longstreet, under whom it ever afterwards remained. As part of Longstreet's Corps, it made all its subsequent and glorious record—at second Manassas, Sharpsburg (Antietam), Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and the Wilderness (May, 1864), where it forced Lee to the rear, restored his broken lines, and saved the day—a record the most brilliant, I deliberately say, of any and of all brigades on either side.

5. As to the respective merits of Pickett's and Hood's Brigades at Gaines's Mill, I now appeal to the test of blood and the death roll. I quote from Federal, but official authority, "Regimental Losses of the Civil War," by Col. W. F. Fox, U. S. V., President of the Twelfth Army Corps and member of the New York Historical Society. On pages 562, 563 we have the record of Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862: "Fourth Texas, Hood's Brigade, Whiting's Division: killed and wounded, 252, and only one missing. Eighteenth Georgia, Hood: killed and wounded, 142, and 3 missing." Pickett has only one regiment reported: "Eighteenth Virginia, Longstreet's Division: killed and wounded, 113; missing, 5." By the same authority, page 556, the First Texas heads the list of all regiments for greatest loss in a single battle. Its killed and wounded at Sharpsburg (Antietam) was eighty-two and three-tenths per cent, with not a man missing; and Hood's (Wofford) Brigade in same battle (page 558) was sixty-four and one-tenth per cent, with only sixty-two missing. What surpasses or equals this record?

Col. Fox says, page 550: "If each regiment in the preceding list had fought no other battle than the one mentioned in connection with it, the record would still be a heroic one; but the battle mentioned was one of a score of bloody contests, in each of which the gallant command was decimated."

At Gaines's Mill the record of loss in the Fourth Texas Regiment was over fifty per cent, as shown by Gen. Hood.

I hope the value of the evidence here presented as a compilation will excuse the length of this article, which I shall close with the testimony of Gen. John B. Hood himself. (See "Advance and Retreat," pages 26 *et seq.*) After describing the strength of the position of Gen. Porter substantially as Brother Cooper has done, he says: "In a moment I determined to advance and make a strenuous effort to pierce the enemy's fortifications, and, if possible, put him to flight. I therefore marched the Fourth Texas by the right flank into this open field, halted and dressed the line while under fire of the long-range guns (over eight hundred yards), and gave positive instructions that no man should fire until I gave the order. I announced that I would lead them in the charge. We moved at a rapid, but not double-quick, pace. My regiments on the left had advanced to the front through the wood and swamp. . . . Soon we attained the crest of the bald ridge, within about one hundred and fifty yards of the breastworks. Here was concentrated upon us from batteries in front and flank, a fire of shell and canister, which plowed our ranks with deadly effect. Already the gallant Col. Marshall (Fourth Texas), together with many other brave men, had fallen victims in this bloody onset. At quickened pace we continued to advance, without firing a shot, down the slope, over a body of our soldiers lying on the ground, to and across Powhite Creek, when, amid the fearful roar of musketry and artillery, I gave the order to fix bayonets and charge. With a ringing shout we dashed up the steep hill through the abatis and over the breastworks upon the very heads of



the enemy. The Federals, panic-stricken, rushed precipitately to the rear upon the infantry in support of the artillery. Suddenly the whole joined in flight toward the valley beyond. I halted in an orchard beyond the works [this was near the Watts house, mentioned by Brother C.] and dispatched every officer of my staff to the main portion of the brigade in the wood on the left, instructing them to bear the glad tidings that the Fourth Texas had pierced the enemy's line, and to deliver orders to push forward with utmost haste. . . . Meantime the long line of blue and steel to the right and left wavered, and finally gave way as the Eighteenth Georgia, First and Fifth Texas, and Hampton's Legion gallantly moved forward from right to left, thus completing a grand left wheel of the brigade into the very heart of the enemy. Simultaneously with this movement burst forth a tumultuous shout of victory, which was taken up along the whole Confederate line. I rode forward and found the Fourth Texas and Eighteenth Georgia had captured fourteen pieces of artillery, while the Fifth Texas had charge of a Federal regiment which had surrendered to it. . . . On the following day, as Jackson surveyed the ground over which my brave men charged, he rendered them a just tribute when he exclaimed: "The men who carried this position were soldiers indeed!" Maj. Warwick, of the Fourth Texas, fell mortally wounded near the breastworks. Over one-half of this regiment lay dead or wounded along a distance of one mile."

Again, after telling of Maj. Haskell, of South Carolina, reporting to him at this time for staff duty with one arm shot entirely off, he says: "After the capture of the artillery on the hill in rear of the Federal line, a strange and interesting incident occurred: the Second Cavalry, my regiment in U. S. service prior to the war, gallantly charged the Fourth Texas, the regiment I had organized and commanded in the Confederate army. Maj. Whiting, who was captain of my company on the frontier of Texas, commanded the former in this bold attack to recapture these guns. His horse was killed under him, and he fell, stunned, though unharmed, at the feet of my men and was taken prisoner."

Now, Brother Cooper, are you satisfied as to where Hood's troops were and what they did at Gaines's Mill?

N. B. Hogan, Springfield, Mo.:

The article in the *VETERAN* for October from the pen of Comrade J. Cooper, of Fairfax, Va., in regard to the troops participating in the terrific battle at Gaines's Mill is so misleading that I cannot let it pass unnoticed. Virginia Confederates show a disposition to extol Gen. George E. Pickett and his brigade and other brave Virginians above all troops of the Confederacy. I am an Alabamian, but if I were going to erect a higher monument to the troops of any one State than those of another for deeds of valor and desperate fighting, it should tower high above the graves of the gallant Tar Heels. The spotless record of men from the old North State surely sustains me in the choice. I glory in the fame of the glorious sons of the grand Old Dominion, whose soil drank so much blood of heroes; but I would make no invidious comparisons.

While Pickett was leading his immortal heroes at Gettysburg, where were the veterans of Anderson and

Wilcox and those of other patriotic commanders of Lee's army? Thousands of living participants tell us that their flaming swords and glistening bayonets were in the forefront of the storm which furiously raged on the heights of Little Round Top and Cemetery Ridge. And yet, in reading some of our histories and accounts of the battle of July 3, 1863, one is led to believe that Pickett and his men were the chief actors in that bloody drama. Fair-minded comrades will bear with me in this friendly criticism. It is true history that we want, and every veteran when writing should confine himself to *actual* facts as he saw them or obtained them from the most authentic sources.

Comrade Cooper says that Pryor's, Pickett's, and Kemper's Brigades fought the battle of Gaines's Mill. The surviving veterans of the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Fourteenth Alabama Regiments, commanded by that grand old hero, Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox, wonder when they read the *VETERAN*, why they are left out by Comrade Cooper. Here is the death roll of my own company (A, Eleventh Alabama) on that sanguinary field, and yet Comrade Cooper knows nothing of our presence there: C. W. Doss, L. Daniels, Jesse Daniels, Ben Elmore, Nathan Eskridge, A. A. Johnson. On that glorious field, with my own eyes, I saw the life of our lieutenant colonel, Stephen F. Hale, ex-member of U. S. Congress from Alabama, snuffed out. Col. Hale lost a young son about the same moment or just a little before he fell. Ex-Gov. Sydenham Moore, our colonel, had been killed at Seven Pines a few days before, and Col. Hale took our regiment into the battle at Gaines's Mill.

On the morning of the day of the battle—Thursday, June 27, 1862—Wilcox's, Pryor's, and Pickett's Brigades, in the order named, from right to left—thus throwing Wilcox nearest the Chickahominy—took up the march in line of battle, with a cloud of skirmishers covering the entire line and some two or three hundred yards in advance. In this order we swept the intervening distance between our bivouac of the night before, near the battle ground of the preceding day, at Mechanicsville, and the field of Gaines's Mill. The enemy retreated promptly before our deliberate advance, burning everything they could not carry away. We saw great piles of army stores of every description which had been fired, and great red flames, high as the trees, consumed everything in reach, and great volumes of smoke floated skyward.

About 2 P.M. the sizzling buzz of a rocket startled the advancing line, which was immediately halted and the ranks closed up for action. The skirmishers were called in and given their places in line. The whole line was then moved forward to open ground and halted on a long ridge. Across a deep, open ravine some three hundred yards in front, we could plainly see three lines of Federal infantry—one at the base, one about midway up, and one near the top of the opposite hillside from where we lay. Each one of their lines was protected by an abatis of heavy timber, which had been felled for their protection.

Looking across the Chickahominy, to our right and about three-fourths of a mile distant, we could see huge pieces of siege guns with their black muzzles pointing down our lines and blue-coated men standing ready for action. Before the furious storm began they threw a

few huge shells along our lines, but did no damage. We lay flat on the ground, and it seemed to be an age, being in ranks and not knowing the cause of delay. At length the furious Rebel yell was heard away to the left of our three brigades, and looking in that direction I could see a long line of infantry swinging into position for advance. Word came down the line that Stonewall Jackson had just arrived from the Valley. Our men could be restrained no longer. With a wild, unearthly yell the whole line sprang forward, and with a few bounds were upon the first line of the enemy, who, without much resistance after their first discharge, gave up the fight with very little effort to escape. We pressed on without halt to the second and the third line, carrying everything before us. How we got through that tangled mass of timber so rapidly has ever been a mystery to me, but we did it. We made most of those three lines of Federals our prisoners, and as we advanced into the open ground twenty pieces of artillery confronted us in the edge of a peach orchard. In quick time we killed the horses and captured the guns and most of the men.

But a new danger instantly confronted us. Across the open field a brigade of cavalry dashed into view and halted. That halt, brief as it was, saved to us our glorious but dearly bought victory. Gen. Wilcox, an experienced officer in the Mexican war, was now, as ever, at the front. He instantly rallied his Alabamians, formed them in squares, and as that magnificent brigade of regulars came thundering down upon us he ordered us to withhold fire until they were nearly upon us, and then such destruction I never want to see again. We were told that that brigade was so nearly annihilated that it never attempted to rally.

Hood's Texans were in the thick of that fight. They were with us at the capture of the guns in the peach orchard, swinging in upon our left as we reached the battery, and were in the dying struggle of that glorious June day.

At last night closed in. The stormy music of the battle's voice was hushed, and we were right among our dead and dying. The fight, though short, was desperate and bloody. Every brigade, regiment, company, and every man, including Hood's and Pickett's Brigades, pressed on and on into the very jaws of death, and won a glorious victory.

All battles have their amusing incidents, ever enjoyed by participants in after days, and I will conclude this sketch by relating one which occurred at Gaines's Mill while in line of battle before the attack. My position was in the rear rank near the foot of the company. Fred Sollie, now of Luther's Store, Ala., was my front rank man. Just as we got to our feet the Yankees poured a murderous volley into us. One of the Minie balls tore off the first joint of Fred's right forefinger and imbedded itself in the fleshy part of his thigh. He instantly fell on his back, hoisted his feet and hands in the air, and exclaimed: "Boys, for God's sake don't tramp on me!" Fred was always a funny fellow, any way, but the anguish of pain or fright, or whatever it was, as depicted on his face and the manner of his request and the position he was in was most amusing.

George Wise, Alexandria, Va.:

The article, "Pickett's Brigade at Gaines's Mill," by Comrade J. Cooper in the October VETERAN brings

vividly to my mind some of the incidents connected with that gallant charge. The clash of battle clearly rings in my ears as the scene of that terrible conflict opens up to the mind's eye, and the Southern yell, like a blast from the lower depths of Hades, again awakens the echoes along the hills of the Chickahominy.

It is a great pleasure to find another comrade who corroborates the fact that it was Pickett's Brigade who first broke the gallantly defended lines of McClellan at Gaines's Mill. The writer was a member of Kemper's Brigade, which supported the charging Confederate troops at the point named, the extreme left of the Federal line, near the Chickahominy. Fortunately for Kemper's men, the charging columns did such good work, and drove the enemy so far back from their lines of defense that they were not needed to finish the job. The Texas Brigade was a part of Brig. Gen. Whiting's command of Jackson's army, and they moved forward on the left of Pickett, "but on the right of the Third a brigade (Pickett's) was moving gallantly up." (Gen. Whiting's Official Report.)

Thus it was that Pickett's Brigade, joined by Anderson's, and supported by Kemper's, accomplished the grand work of that day's battle. Jackson's guns were speaking in stentorian tones upon the enemy's right and flank; the Hills, assisted by portions of Jackson's command, were manfully at work in the center, when the order came for Pickett's little brigade to storm the works directly across the open field of oats and sedge in its front. Several attempts had been made, and each time with severe loss to our brave men, to capture this point, regarded at that time as the key to the situation. Personally directing their movements, the gallant Pickett placed his men in position and charged in line of battle, full brigade front, at double-quick across the field, over the ravine, into the very ranks of the enemy on the side of the hill. The Federal skirmish line was hidden in the grass, and in this advance was literally run over. As the brigade reached the center of the field the fire of the opposing batteries and small arms was terrific, sweeping off scores of officers and men, but the lines closed at once and on they rushed. Just before reaching the ravine the advancing column was joined by Anderson's Brigade, and all pushed forward into the chasm and up the slippery cliff, studded with timber, into the Federal lines. It was glorious, and in token thereof came again that echoing yell from many thousand throats, for the day was ours.

In confirmation that this point, the skirt of woods on the enemy's left, was first broken, see "McClellan's Reports," page 248, of which the following is an extract: "About 7 P.M. they threw fresh troops against Gen. Porter with still greater fury, and finally gained the woods held by our left. This reverse, aided by the confusion that followed an unsuccessful charge by five companies of the Fifth Cavalry, and followed, as it was, by more determined assaults on the remainder of our lines, now outflanked, caused a general retreat from our position to the hill in rear overlooking the bridge."

There is an error in Comrade J. Cooper's article which should be corrected for history's sake. The troops who fought on Thursday evening and night (26th) were not those of Gen. Jackson, but the division of Gen. A. P. Hill, then known as the Light Division.

Jackson's men, though expected to attack the enemy's right that evening, did not arrive in front until the afternoon of the 27th, after the battle of Gaines's Mill had fairly opened. They were in the vicinity, but in moving to the front had taken a wrong road and had to make a retrograde march, which caused the delay.

That Pickett's charge at Gettysburg was a most brilliant affair no one doubts, but that his gallant attack at Gaines's Mill brought success to the Confederate arms is a question that many kick against. Nevertheless, it is true, and can be proved by living witnesses as well as by official reports of both Confederate and Federal officers. Fourteen hundred prisoners were captured by the men of Pickett and Anderson in that charge, turned over to several companies of the Seventeenth Virginia, Kemper's Brigade, and escorted that night to the headquarters of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

#### PICKETT'S DIVISION AT GETTYSBURG.

Charles A. Patch, in the *Bay State Monthly*, gives an account of the Confederate attack on Cemetery Hill, on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg, from which the following is copied by the *Boston Traveler*:

Lee called a council of his generals at Longstreet's headquarters, and the plan of attack was formed. The attack was to be opened with artillery fire to batter and demoralize the Federal line, and was to be opened by a signal of two shots from the Washington Artillery. At 1:30 the report of the first gun rang out on the still summer air, followed a minute later by the second, and then came the roar and flash of one hundred and thirty-eight rebel cannon.

Almost immediately one hundred Federal guns responded. Shot and shell tore through the air, crushing through batteries, tearing men and horses to pieces, and the very earth seemed to shake and the hills to reel as the terrible thunders reechoed among them. For nearly an hour every conceivable form of ordnance known to modern gunnery hissed and shrieked, whistled and screamed, as it went forth on its death mission, till, exhausted by excitement and heat, the gunners slackened their fire, and silence reigned again.

Then Pickett and his brave legion stood up and formed the death struggle: remnants of Garnett's Brigade, the Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-Eighth, Fifty-Sixth Virginia; Armistead's Brigade, the Ninth, Fourteenth, Thirty-Eighth, Fifty-Third, Fifty-Seventh Virginia; Kemper's Brigade, the First, Third, Seventh, Eleventh, and Twenty-Fourth Virginia. Their tattered flags bore the scars of a score of battles, and from their ranks the merciless bullet had already taken two-thirds of their number.

In compact ranks, their front scarcely covering two of Hancock's Brigades, with flags waving as if for a gala day, they stood. Gen. Pickett saluted Longstreet, and asked, "Shall I go forward, sir?" but it was not in Longstreet's heart to send those heroes of so many battles to certain death, and he turned away his head; when Pickett, with that proud, impetuous air which has earned him the title of the Ney of the Rebel army, exclaimed: "Sir, I shall lead my division forward!" The orders now rang out, "Attention! attention!" and the men, realizing the end was near, cried out to their comrades: "Good-by, boys! good-by!"

Suddenly rang out on the air the final order from Pickett himself, and his saber flashed from its scabbard, "Column forward! guide center!" and the brigades of Kemper, Garnett, and Armistead moved toward Cemetery Hill as one man. Soon Pettigrew's Division emerged from the woods and followed in echelon on Pickett's left flank, and Wilcox, with his Alabama Division, moved out to support his right flank—in all about fifteen thousand men.

It was nearly a mile to the Union lines, and as they advanced over the open plain the Federal artillery opened again, plowing great lanes through their solid ranks, but they closed up to "guide center," as if upon dress parade. When halfway over, Pickett halted his division amidst a terrible fire of shot and shell, and changed his direction by an oblique movement, coolly and beautifully made. To those who have ever faced artillery fire it is marvelous and unexplainable how human beings could have advanced a mile under the terrible fire of a hundred cannon, the atmosphere being laden with the missiles of death; but in splendid formation they still came bravely on till within range of the musketry, when the blue line of Hancock's Corps arose and poured into their ranks a murderous fire. With a wild yell the Rebels pushed on, unflinchingly crossed the Federal line, and laid hands on the cannon. Men fired in each other's faces. There were bayonet thrusts, cutting with sabers, hand to hand contests, oaths, curses, yells, and hurrahs. The second corps fell back behind the guns to allow the use of grape and double canister, and as it tore the Confederate ranks at only a few paces' distance the dead and wounded were piled in ghastly heaps. Still on they came, up to the very muzzle of the guns. Men were blown away from the cannon's mouth, but the line did not waver. Pickett had taken the key to the position, and the glad shout of victory was heard as, the very impersonation of a soldier, he still forced his way to the crest, Cemetery Ridge. Kemper and Armistead broke through Hancock's line, scaled the hill, and planted their flags on its crest.

Just before Armistead was shot he placed his flag upon a captured cannon and cried, "Give them the cold steel, boys!" but valor could do no more. The handful of braves had won immortality, but could not conquer an army. Pettigrew's weak division was broken, fleeing, and almost annihilated. Wilcox, owing to his great mistake in separating his column, was easily routed, and Stannard's Vermonters, thrown into the gap, were creating havoc on Pickett's flank.

Pickett, seeing his support gone, his generals—Kemper, Armistead, and Garnett—killed or wounded, every field officer of three brigades gone, three-fourths of his men killed or captured, himself untouched, but broken-hearted, gave the order to retreat; but, band of heroes as they were, they fled not, but amidst that still continuous, terrible fire they slowly, sullenly recrossed the plain—all that was left of them, but few out of fifteen thousand.

Thus ended the greatest charge known in modern warfare—made in a most unequal manner against a great army and amidst the most terrific cannonade known in wars; and yet so perfect was the discipline, so audacious the valor, that had this handful of Virgin-

ians been properly supported they would, perhaps, have rendered the Federal position untenable and possibly have established the Southern Confederacy.

While other battlefields are upturned by the plow and covered with waving grain, Cemetery Ridge will ever proudly uphold its monuments telling of glory both to the blue and the gray, and our children's children, while standing upon its crest, will rehearse again the story of Pickett's wonderful charge.

W. D. Reid, Holladay, Miss.:

In the VETERAN for October J. Cooper, Adjutant U. C. V., Fairfax, Va., claims that Pickett's Division captured the breastworks and the enemy's artillery at Gaines's Mill, or Cold Harbor. Now, I handled a rifle on that occasion. High privates didn't see much in engagements, only that part taken by regiment and company, but that much they generally knew, and knew well. I was one of the Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, and do know that this regiment was in that charge along with the other regiments of Whiting's Brigade, composed of the Fourth Alabama, Sixth North Carolina, Second and Eleventh Mississippi, and Hood's Texas Brigade. These two brigades composed the division General Whiting commanded, with Col. Law, of the Fourth Alabama, commanding our brigade. The Eleventh Mississippi was in the charge that captured those works, and I verily believe that the balance of our brigade and Hood's brigade were also, and that this division did the work.

As we went into that charge we passed over a regiment lying in the weeds in an old field. They claimed to be Georgians. We next came to and passed over a regiment not a great distance from the Georgians. They, too, were lying flat in the weeds, and claimed to belong to Pickett's Division and were Virginians. After passing over this last regiment we made the charge on down a hill, crossed a deep ditch by helping one another out, then on up through fallen timber, and drove the enemy from their works, and beyond the works, in an orchard, captured the artillery. We were then charged by cavalry, and, though very much scattered and disorganized, we repulsed them with great loss of both men and horses.

I will quote from Gen. T. J. Jackson's report of this battle, as given in a book entitled "R. E. Lee, Soldier, Citizen," etc., which says: "On my extreme right Gen. Whiting advanced his division through the same dense forest and swamp, emerging from the wood into the field near the public road and at the head of the deep ravine which covered the enemy's left. Advancing thence through a number of retreating and disordered regiments, he came within range of the enemy's fire, who, concealed in an open wood and protected by breastworks, poured a destructive fire for a quarter of a mile into his advancing line, under which many brave officers and men fell. Dashing on with unflinching step in the face of those murderous discharges of canister and musketry, Gen. Hood and Col. Law, at the heads of their respective brigades, rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, while exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the intrenchments, these brave and determined men

pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well-selected and fortified position."

Gen. Lee's report of the battle, given in this same book, corroborates Gen. Jackson. And strange as it may seem, Gen. Pickett or his division is not mentioned in either of these reports; yet how often do you see that of Whiting and his division mentioned in both!

T. G. Dabney, private Company A, Twelfth Mississippi Regiment, writes of Featherston's Brigade:

If in the contribution of J. Cooper in the last VETERAN, about "Pickett's Brigade at Gaines's Mill," "Featherston" had been substituted for "Pickett" and "Mississippi" for "Virginia," he would have presented a record that Featherston's Mississippians would have recognized as the record of their own command, at least in the afternoon fight at Cold Harbor.

On the morning of June 27 Featherston's Brigade (Hill's Corps, I think) went into action about daybreak at what was called Gaines's Mill. The first movement was to charge down a hillside into a small open valley, where we were aligned along a small creek, the Federals being posted behind breastworks on the opposite ridge. Here we remained for two hours firing into a dense mass of fog and smoke, which concealed everything in front from our view. All the while we were exposed to a destructive fire from the Federals, who were above us. The enemy finally retired, in consequence of a flank movement, as was then understood.

Later in the day we advanced some six or seven miles, and about 4 P.M., while marching in column of fours, we encountered Pryor's Brigade in disorder and seeking cover, having just suffered a repulse. Featherston's Brigade advanced in column with trailed arms and deployed by the order "On right by file into line" on the crest of an open ridge and under a galling fire of artillery and infantry. As soon as this awkward maneuver (which resulted in undue exposure of the men) was accomplished we charged down the hill in front and encountered the enemy's fortified lines on the opposite hillside. The remainder of the action was as described by Mr. Cooper.

In the early morning fight the Twelfth Mississippi lost all its field officers, and the command was assumed by Capt. S. B. Thomas, of Raymond, Miss. Capt. Thomas was the colonel of the Twelfth when Lee surrendered. It was then understood by us that Stonewall Jackson did not come into the action until the afternoon fight was on, and then turned the tide of battle by attacking the Federal right flank.

This recital is not intended to impugn any statement made by Mr. Cooper, as he doubtless narrated the events as he saw them. The writer, although only seventeen years old then, retains a distinct recollection of the events which came under his observation on June 27, 1862.

Mrs. Mary A. Horne, Reville, Ark.: "I would like to ascertain what company Capt. W. W. Horne belonged to during the civil war. He was a native of Missouri, and left that State under Shelby, and was also under Price. By the laws of Arkansas his widow is entitled to a pension, could she prove her right. Will appreciate any assistance in securing this information."

## TREATMENT OF PRISONERS AT CAMP MORTON.

BY ELDER J. K. WOMACK.

That den of misery a little north of Indianapolis, known as Camp Morton, was constructed as a fair ground. Temporary stables for horses were erected in long rows. These were converted into barracks for Confederate prisoners.

In the fall of 1863, soon after the battle of Chickamauga, Gen. Joe Wheeler made a raid into Middle Tennessee, during which event Joel Womack, Jim Hood, Pete Donald, Jeff Barlow, Josh Dillon, Will Pickett, and I were captured, near Cainsville, Tenn. We were first placed in jail at Murfreesboro, sent from there to the penitentiary in Nashville, thence to the barracks in Louisville, and finally to Camp Morton. There was not a bunk in the division, so our bed during that winter was an oilcloth spread upon the earth in the aisle of these barracks. Those who had preceded us were in much want. They were dirty, pale, emaciated, ragged, and lousy. Only a few had a change of clothing. We slept in our clothing every night to keep from freezing. There were two hundred and fifty prisoners in No. 7, and about four thousand in the prison. Those who had occasion to be up at night walked upon us unavoidably, as we slept in the only outlet. We were often spit upon at night by comrades who had colds. Camp life as a Confederate soldier was hard, but prison life in Camp Morton was harder. Daily rations were eaten immediately upon being issued. We were supplied with one loaf of bread and one small piece of beef, and nothing more. It happened occasionally that we would draw this about eight o'clock in the morning, and then not get any more until the following day, late in the evening. When this was the case we became so hungry that we would stand and look for the wagons to come through the gates with our bread. Sometimes, by stealth, we would pick up potato peelings thrown out from the cook rooms, roll them into balls, and cook and eat them with a relish. The beef bones were broken into small pieces, boiled in clear water, the grease dipped off and poured into a saucer, and sold as bone butter at ten cents a half cake. Crawfish were caught in the ditches, boiled, their pinchers pulled off when hot, and then converted into most excellent soup. A sutler's dog, killed and barbecued, furnished food that we relished.

Every man who was able to walk was required to fall in line for roll call about sunrise each morning. The Yankee sergeant who called the roll for our division was named Fiffer. I never heard a kind word fall from his lips. He was about grown and really a demon in human flesh. I have seen him walk through our barracks with a heavy stick in his hand, striking right and left on the heads, faces, backs, or stomachs of the poor, starving prisoners, as though they were so many reptiles, crying out: "This is the way you whip your negroes." I dislike to write this, but it ought to go down in history.

Our division was not the only one that suffered from inhuman treatment. Division No. 12, near the center of the camps, had a sergeant named Baker. One bitter cold morning while we were standing in line stamping the earth to keep from freezing a pistol shot was

heard, and immediately the piteous cries of a prisoner were wafted to our ears. The poor fellow had stepped a little out of line at roll call, and for this crime (?) was shot down. I saw Fiffer strike prisoners over the head with a loaded pistol.

Death had thinned our ranks so much during the first winter that we had a bunk the next. We were packed in like sardines on our sides in spoon fashion. When one became tired he would cry out, "Turn!" when all would turn from right to left or left to right. We existed in this condition, with the thermometer below zero, in open stables without door shutters, hungry, and shivering with cold, having only one stove for two hundred and fifty men. How good a piece of corn bread from home would have been at that time! While memory lasts I can never forget the great war and that cruel prison.

Capt. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C., sends this sketch:

Old Jim Wheeler commenced his career as a war horse at Greeneville, East Tenn., and served much in and around Rome, Ga. From there he went with Pique's Cavalry to Atlanta, and then with Wheeler's Cavalry through Georgia as that command harassed the outposts of Sherman's army to Savannah; thence to Aiken, S. C., where, on February 11, 1865, he was wounded in the neck by a rifle ball, which was cut out



by his last owner, Mr. W. J. Williams, who gave it to the writer. His rider, Lieut. McMahon, was shot at the same time, rider and horse coming to the ground together. The Lieutenant died, and lies buried in the family cemetery of Mr. Williams, who nursed the horse to recovery and had him for many years afterwards in service, and when enfeebled by age tenderly cared for the old veteran until he died, August 19, 1866, aged thirty-seven years.

J. R. Brown, of Gatesville, Tex., inquires the whereabouts of Lieut. R. M. Fletcher, of Company F, Second Louisiana. Both were captured at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va., May 12, 1864; were then separated, and have never met since.

## COL. JOHN M. SANDIDGE.

John M. Sandidge, born in Franklin County, Ga., January 17, 1817, removed to Madison County, Ala., in boyhood. He was married to Miss Mary E. Gilmer in 1839, and some years later moved to Mobile, and thence to Bossier Parish, La., where, with his unflinching energy, he acquired a fortune in land and negroes. Appreciating his marked ability, his fellow-citizens chose him to represent them in the Convention of 1852, the purpose of which was to form a State constitution. From that time he was almost constantly in the service of the people, acting as Speaker of the House in the State Legislature. He was elected to Congress at the beginning of the great antislavery crusade, and served as Chairman of the Committee on Land Claims. Traveling in the North during this time, he knew better than most Southern men the immense resources of the country, so when the final



COL. JOHN M. SANDIDGE.

struggle came as to whether the South should fight for her rights in the Union or withdraw, he joined the opponents of secession, but when Louisiana seceded he hastened to prepare for what he knew would be a struggle to the bitter end. He went to Washington, and, finding, in conversation with Lincoln and Seward, that the whole power of the government would be exercised to preserve the union intact, he expressed the hope that the government would not invade the South with arms, but in that event his gun was in Richmond and he would be found among the first to resent the invasion. He was accorded every respect by the government and given a pass to return South. From Richmond he wired his agent in Louisiana to prepare for at least three years of war, being firmly imbued with the idea that the struggle would be fierce and of long duration. In April of 1861 he was joined in Richmond by his wife and two sons, and for some weeks all were kept busy making the first center-fire

cartridges produced in the South for their guns—Morse rifles—they having secured one each at a cost of \$150 apiece in gold. His inventive mind was also exercised in devising the "infernal machine" for the purpose of destroying vessels on the Potomac and elsewhere. As it was contrary to the rules of war to allow private enterprises of this kind, the work was discontinued and the apparatus turned over to the War Department, and Col. Sandidge joined Capt. Phillips' Virginia Cavalry. They went to the peninsula of Virginia as scouts, and at early dawn in June Col. Sandidge and his eldest son, George, and two others, fired on a party of Federal officers just outside the lines of Newport News. This resulted in the killing of one officer and wounding and capturing two others. It is historical that this was the capture of the first Federal officers and flag in Virginia.

Col. Sandidge was taken sick after the battle of Bull Run, and returned to Louisiana, where in the spring of 1862 he organized the Bossier Cavalry, which with a company from Claiborne Parish formed the First Louisiana Squadron. He refused any command in this, serving with his two sons as privates. He remained with the command till his health failed, and afterwards served on the command of Gen. Ruggles, who was in command of the Department of Mississippi. He was recalled to Louisiana by Gov. Henry W. Allen, the shattered hero of the Fourth Louisiana Regiment, and was made Chief of Ordnance for the State. His work in this capacity was so satisfactory that when the end came he was selected by Gov. Allen to surrender the archives of the State to the Federal authorities, the Governor going into exile in Mexico, where he died from the effect of wounds received in the war.

Having given up everything to promote the interests of his country, Col. Sandidge at the age of fifty had to begin life anew. His business prospered, and of late years he had led a quiet but useful life. The end came in August last in Bastrop, La., at the ripe age of eighty-one.

The battlefield of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, is receiving much attention. The general government has constructed some fine roads and affixed tablets showing the positions of various bodies of troops during the battle. Soon after the close of the war a national cemetery was established on a portion of the field, and in it was erected one of the grandest and most imposing of all our war monuments. Various regiments which took part in the battle have erected memorials of their comrades who fell there, and some of the monuments are massive and handsome. The appearance of the field has greatly changed since the war by the cutting away of trees and changes of roads and fencing, but the natural beauty of the scenery is nowise impaired. The battle of Antietam was one of the bloodiest and most stubbornly contested engagements of the war, and one of the most important in its results. The repulse of Lee's advance saved the national capital from capture. But it was a drawn battle, and for this reason, perhaps, among others, it has not been as much of a resort for sight-seers as Gettysburg, which, though also only a repulse, had a more important bearing upon the final result of the war.



## CAPTURE OF THE INDIANOLA.

James Thurston, who was an officer in the Confederate navy, writes from Baltimore in July:

On page 250 of the June VETERAN Capt. E. C. McDowell uses these words: "Gen. Gardner, in command at Port Hudson, called for volunteers. An old ferry-boat, barricaded with cotton bales and manned by brave spirits, . . . joined by a similar expedition from Vicksburg, went in search of the Indianola. The combined expedition found the Indianola, sunk her, and captured her crew, with all her supplies."

Lieut. Gen. Dick Taylor, in his book, "Destruction and Reconstruction," states, after speaking of the capture of the Queen of the West by Fort De Russey, on Red River: "We barely had time to congratulate ourselves on the capture of the Queen before the appearance of the Indianola deprived us again of the navigation of the great river (Mississippi), so vital to our cause. To attempt the destruction of such a vessel as the Indianola with our limited means seemed madness, yet volunteers for the work promptly offered themselves. Maj. J. L. Brent (afterwards brigadier general) took command of the expedition, with Capt. McCloskey (staff quartermaster) on the Queen and Charles Pierce, a brave steamboat man, on the Webb. On the 19th of February, 1863, Brent went down to De Russey with the Queen mechanics still working on repairs, and there called for volunteer crews from the garrison. These were furnished at once—sixty for the Webb, under Lieut. Handy, and seventy for the Queen, on which boat Brent remained. These were five and twenty more than desired, but in their eagerness to go many Texans and Louisianians smuggled themselves aboard. In the night of the 22d of February the expedition, followed by a tender, entered the Mississippi and met a steamer from Port Hudson with two hundred men, sent up by Gen. Gardner to destroy the Queen of the West, the capture of which was unknown. This, a frail boat without protection for her boilers, could be of no service, but she followed Brent up the river, keeping company with his tender. Arriving in the afternoon of the 24th at a point sixty miles below Vicksburg, Brent learned that the Indianola was but a short distance ahead with a coal barge lashed on each side. He determined to attack in the night to diminish the chances of the enemy's fire, for it was certain that a single shell from one of the enemy's eleven or nine inch guns would destroy either of his boats. At 10 p.m. the Indianola was seen some one thousand yards distant, and the Queen, followed by the Webb, was driven with full head of steam directly upon her. The momentum of the Queen was so great as to cut through the coal barge and indent the iron plates of the Indianola, disabling by the shock the engine that worked her paddles. As the Queen backed out the Webb dashed in at full speed and tore away the remaining coal barge. Both the forward guns fired at the Webb, but missed her. Returning to the charge, the Queen struck the Indianola abaft the paddle box, crushing her frame and loosening some plates of armor, but received the fire of the guns from the rear casemates. One shot carried away a dozen bales of cotton on the right side; the other, a shell, entered the forward porthole on the left and exploded, killing six men and disabling two field pieces. Again the Webb followed the

Queen, and struck near the same spot, pushing aside iron plate and crushing timbers. Voices from the Indianola announced the surrender and that she was sinking. As she was near the western shore, not far below Grant's army, Maj. Brent towed her to the opposite side, then in our possession, where, some distance from the bank, she sank on a bar, her gun deck above water. Thus we regained control of our section of the Mississippi, and by an action that for daring will bear comparison with any recorded of Nelson or Dundonald."

Comrade Thurston adds:

It will be observed that the troops from Port Hudson on the steamer were very properly only spectators of the fight. To Maj. Brent and the officers of the Webb and Queen belongs the glory of one of the most brilliant actions of our civil war, unsurpassed in daring by anything done either in ancient or modern times. Honor to whom honor is due.

Washington Hands (Baltimore Light Artillery, Maryland Line, A. N. V.), New Orleans, La., sends to the VETERAN a poetic tribute written in February, 1865, soon after the burial of his comrade, Henry Inloes Jackson, a youth of eighteen years, a native of Baltimore and a member of the Baltimore Light Artillery, A. N. V. Comrade Hands states: "After the fights at Fisher's Hill and Marysville, Va., where we lost our guns, in October, 1864, and after camping near Fishersville until December, our command, with several other batteries, was moved to Giles County, W. Va., to recuperate both men and horses. The battalion was under command of Maj. Preston Johnston, and our camp pitched near the bank of Walker's Creek. Young Jackson died from typhoid pneumonia brought on by exposure in that bitter winter of 1864-65. I learned that after the surrender a brother, an engineer in the Confederate navy, had the body removed to Maryland and placed in the family tomb."



MISS ANNIE TUCKER STUBBS,  
Maid of Honor for Louisiana at Atlanta Reunion.

**CARING FOR CONFEDERATE GRAVES NORTH.**

Capt. Franklin H. Mackey, of Washington, D. C., but formerly of Madison, Wis., wrote months ago:

I have your favor of the 2d inst., regarding the monument our Washington Camp No. 171 is endeavoring to erect at Madison, Wis. We have made a strong appeal to the Confederate camps, especially those in Alabama, to help us in this, but so far we are not meeting with the success the appeal deserves. Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of the Richmond committee, writes me that only twenty-five camps (twenty of them from Virginia) have responded to her appeal for funds as yet to erect these simple shafts which the Monument Association is struggling to obtain. What is the matter? Is it that everybody's business is nobody's business? Thousands of our devoted dead are buried around Northern military prisons, while the people for whom they suffered and died not only neglect, but seem even to forget them. In this way we do not dishonor them, but ourselves. Their martyrdom in prison has secured for them a halo of renown.

I believe our camps will yet bring the matter to the front and secure such action that ere long we will not find it necessary to explain to the people of the North this seeming neglect of our martyred dead upon their soil. Let it be remembered these men died not in the short, sharp call of the glorious battlefield, but perished in lingering agony in the enemy's hospital. God, in his wisdom, planned the part which they were to take in our struggle, and they were faithful to their trust as men, as soldiers, as heroes. Can we that are left do less than to bestir ourselves in helping to pay to them these tributes of our love?

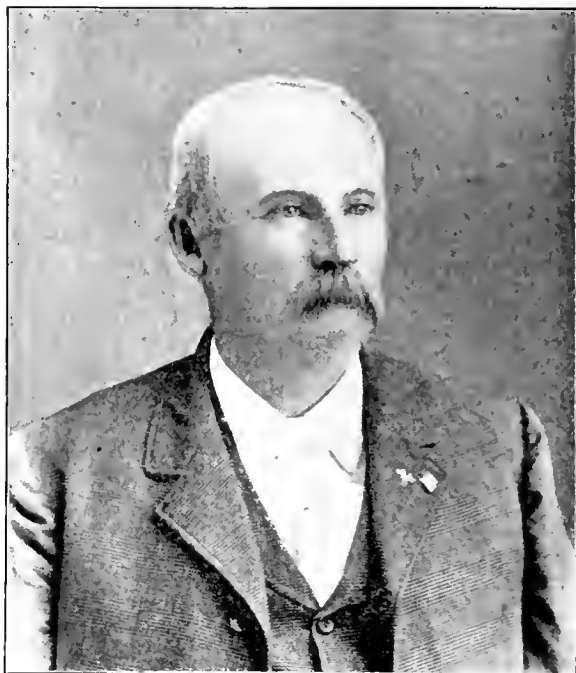
**SKETCHES OF VETERANS—LOUISIANA DIVISION.**

John S. Summerlin enlisted on the 10th day of February, 1863, at Bastrop, La., the day he was seventeen years old, and joined the Twelfth Louisiana Infantry



MISS MARY GILMORE,  
First Maid of Honor Louisiana Division at Atlanta Reunion.

at Port Hudson. He was in Port Hudson at the time of the bombardment, and witnessed the burning of the United States gunboat Mississippi. He was in the



JOHN S. SUMMERLIN.

fight at Champion Hill, Miss., and in all the Georgia campaign from Resaca to Atlanta; in the fight at Resaca, Peach Tree Creek, and Atlanta; was wounded at Atlanta in the right thigh on the 22d of July, and was sent to the hospital and furloughed. He rejoined his command the day before Hood started on his Tennessee campaign, was in both days' fights at Nashville, and was wounded in the right shoulder on the last day. He was paroled at Montgomery, Ala., in June, 1865.

Comrade Summerlin organized Richland Camp, No. 152, in April, 1892, was elected Commander, and has been reelected every year since. He was appointed aid on Gen. McGrath's Staff, Louisiana Division, in 1897; also on Gen. Lombard's Staff in 1898, and is now Aid on Gen. Tunnard's Staff. He is now serving his third term as Clerk of Richland Parish.

Albert Estopinol, a descendant from Spanish colonists of Louisiana during the Spanish dominion, was born in January, 1845. His grandfather was an active participant in the battle of New Orleans. He enlisted in the Twenty-Eighth Louisiana Volunteers, Col. Allen Thomas, early in March, 1862, and saw active service in all the engagements around Vicksburg leading to that famous siege. He was sent out of Vicksburg the same day on which was fought the battle of Big Black, or Baker's Creek, with Lieut. Sprague and a detail of men to convey to Richmond the Federal prisoners then in Vicksburg. The men captured with the two famous gunboats Queen of the West and Indianola were among the number, and were delivered safely at Libby prison.

Sergt. Estopinol was in the siege of Jackson, Miss., under Gen. Johnston after the fall of Vicksburg. After-

wards he became a member of the Twenty-Second Louisiana Volunteers, commanded by Col. I. W. Patton, and was in all the engagements around Mobile,



COL. ALBERT ESTOPINAL.

including the siege of Spanish Fort. He surrendered to Gen. Canby on May 13, 1865.

Frank Adair Monroe, second son of Victor Monroe and Mary Townsend Polk, born at Annapolis, Md., August 30, 1844, is mainly of Scotch-Irish descent. His father's family settled in Virginia about the middle of the seventeenth century, and his mother's in Maryland somewhat later. His paternal grandfather was judge of the United States District Court in Kentucky for many years, and his maternal grandfather was an officer in the United States Navy.

Frank Monroe was a cadet at the Kentucky Military Institute at the breaking out of the war, and after the Commencement in June, 1861, assisted in recruiting men for the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, which was organized at Camp Burnett, Tenn. He left Frankfort, Ky., on his seventeenth birthday to join that command, and served with it at Bowling Green during the winter of 1861-62, and on the march South, upon the evacuation of Kentucky. When the army reached Decatur, Ala., he found that he had been discharged upon the application of his mother, on the ground that he was under eighteen years of age, she having obtained this order from Gen. Johnston so as to enable him to enter the cavalry, for which he had expressed a preference. A day or two after his discharge he joined Scott's First Louisiana Cavalry, and served actively as a private in Company B of that regiment until March 30, 1862, when he was badly wounded and captured in a fight near Somerset, about forty miles below Danville, Ky. He remained a prisoner, confined to his bed in Kentucky for six months, was then sent to Baltimore and incarcerated in a hospital prison, where he remained

until exchanged two months afterwards. Being permanently disabled for field service, he thereafter served upon special detail by order of the Secretary of War. He was paroled at Abbeville in September, 1865; came to Louisiana, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1867. He was appointed assistant to the City Attorney in New Orleans, and in November, 1872, was elected Judge of the Third District Court in that city. He held this position, however, for but one month, when, in common with the entire State administration, he was ousted by the United States government; but in 1876 he was reelected to the same position. In 1880 he was appointed Judge of the Civil District Court, and has since been reappointed by Govs. McEnery, Archives, and Foster. He is now the presiding Judge of that court. He served as a member of the Convention of 1868, which adopted the present constitution. For ten years Judge Monroe has been a member of the law faculty of the Tulane University of Louisiana. He was an original member of the Association of the Army of Tennessee (now



COL. FRANK ADAIR MONROE.

Camp No. 2). He has served as Vice President and President of that organization, and as a member of the Board of Directors of the Soldiers' Home of Louisiana. He was married in 1878 to Miss Alice Blanc, and they have nine children.

CAPT. B. T. WALSHIE, A GALLANT CONFEDERATE.

Capt. Blayne Townley Walshe, one of the best-known men in New Orleans, was born in New Ross County, Wexford, Ireland, in 1840, came to New Orleans in 1853, and at the breaking out of hostilities entered active service as a private in the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, of which company he was a member. Later he was elected second lieutenant of Company A, Irish Brigade, Sixth Louisiana Regiment, afterwards being promoted to the captaincy. This regiment had four field officers killed instantly in bat-

tle: Col. I. G. Seymour, at Gaines's Mill; Col. Henry Strong, at Sharpsburg; Col. William Monaghan, near Shepherdstown; and Maj. Arthur McArthur, at the first Winchester battle.

Capt. Walshe participated in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged, commencing with the first Manassas and until he was severely wounded in the ankle at Gaines's Mill in the seven days' fight before Richmond. When unfit for field duty he was appointed chief of passport office at Richmond. In this important work he had a lieutenant and twenty-six clerks under him. When able to dispense with crutches he was assigned by the War Department, through Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, as provost marshal of the parishes of Livingston, St. Tammany, and Washington, La. Afterwards the district was enlarged, and he was made chief provost marshal on the staffs of the several commanders of the District of South Mississippi and East Louisiana. In February, 1865, a subdistrict was created, the Lake Shore, and he was placed in command; and, though having only two companies of cavalry, he succeeded in breaking up the trading with New Orleans, and remained on this duty until the close of the war.

Capt. Walshe, and other Confederate infantry soldiers wounded like himself, sought to form an independent cavalry command, like that of Mosby's Rangers, to operate within the enemy's lines; and, with this object in view, Capt. Walshe received from Col. William Monaghan, commanding the Sixth Louisiana Regiment, a letter to James A. Seddon, Secretary of War, indorsed by Gen. Harry T. Hays and Lieut. Gen. R. S. Ewell, as follows:

"Capt. B. T. Walshe is a gallant and efficient officer, and led his company in all the fights in the Valley in the campaign we made under the lamented and heroic

fighting command and put into active service a force of scarred veterans who are now comparatively useless—men who are pining in and around the hospitals, who are not able to serve as infantry soldiers, and who



MISS ELIZABETH Q. WALSH,

Sponsor for Camp No. 1, U. C. V., La. Div. A. N. V., at Atlanta Reunion.

would hail with pleasure such an opportunity of serving their country."

Gen. Harry T. Hays wrote:

"Capt. B. T. Walshe is a gallant and efficient officer, and will do good service for the Confederacy in whatever position he may be placed."

Lieut. Gen. Ewell approved the above application, and requested that it be granted. Gen. R. E. Lee, however, did not think well of organizing more independent cavalry commands, and the papers were never presented.

After the war Capt. Walshe served as a clerk until 1868, when he engaged in business for himself and became a prominent merchant in the Crescent City. In 1880 he was elected Administrator of Finance, and afterwards reelected for a second term. Officially he was Mayor *ad interim* of the city, and rendered conspicuous service as Chairman of the committee which settled its indebtedness. The credit of the city was re-established, and its bonds, which had been selling at thirty-five to fifty cents on the dollar, became above par, and some are now selling for over 200. He is now filling his second term as State Tax Collector for the Sixth and Seventh Municipal Districts of New Orleans.

Capt. Walshe is at present the Commander of Camp No. 1, U. C. V., and President of the Benevolent Association of the Louisiana Division of the Army of Northern Virginia. He is also President of the Board of Directors of the Soldiers' Home of Louisiana.

D. E. Burton, Rosser, Tex., asks about some of his messmates of Company C, Forty-Third Alabama Regiment, among whom were B. F. Snell, Sam Colvin, and A. R. Davis.



CAPT. B. T. WALSH, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Jackson in 1862; also the fights around Richmond, always acting with superior gallantry. . . . From what I know of the Captain, I am sure it would be a

GEORGE HINMAN PACKWOOD, AID-DE-CAMP.

George Hinman Packwood is a Louisianian, born in St. Helena Parish June 10, 1833, and has lived in the State during all these years. Both of his great-grandparents on the paternal side, Packwood and Hinman, came from England to America prior to the Revolutionary war. Capt. Packwood was an officer in the



GEORGE H. PACKWOOD.

Revolutionary army, and Commodore Hinman served in the American navy.

When the great war between the States began, fired with the spirit which actuated his ancestors in the days of 1776, George H. Packwood tendered his services to his State, and was commissioned by Gov. Thomas O. Moore. He first drilled and prepared men for service, which was done most efficiently. Later on he received instructions to raise a full company of volunteers for the Confederate army, and soon had it enrolled. He then resigned his commission, and took his place in the ranks, but was at once, by acclamation, elected captain, and in his honor the company was named the Packwood Guards. His company was enrolled as Company K in the Fourth Regiment, and was in various brigades until it finally became a part of Gen. Randall L. Gibson's Louisiana brigade, Army of Tennessee.

Capt. Packwood experienced hard service. He was twice slightly wounded, and was captured in a hand to hand engagement near Atlanta, Ga., whence he was taken to Johnson's Island and confined until the war ended. He then returned to his home in Clinton and engaged in mercantile business.

When Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army reached Kennesaw Mountain Capt. Packwood was placed in command of two hundred men, one hundred each from the Fourth Louisiana and First Alabama Regiments, with orders to place the heavy Parrott guns, with necessary ammunition, on the summit of Big Kennesaw. When Capt. Packwood reported "the duty performed" he was complimented by the commanding officer for the success of his daring feat.

Because of his splendid military and civil record, Maj. Gen. W. J. Behan, U. C. V., in 1892, appointed him to a position on his staff, with rank of lieutenant colonel, and again Maj. E. H. Lombard appointed him to a position on his staff as aid-de-camp.

In 1854 Capt. Packwood married Miss Martha A. Wheat, one of the belles of St. Helena Parish, of which union there have been seven children. Capt. Packwood is a prominent Mason of Louisiana, having served as Deputy Grand Master for six consecutive years, then as Grand Master for two years.

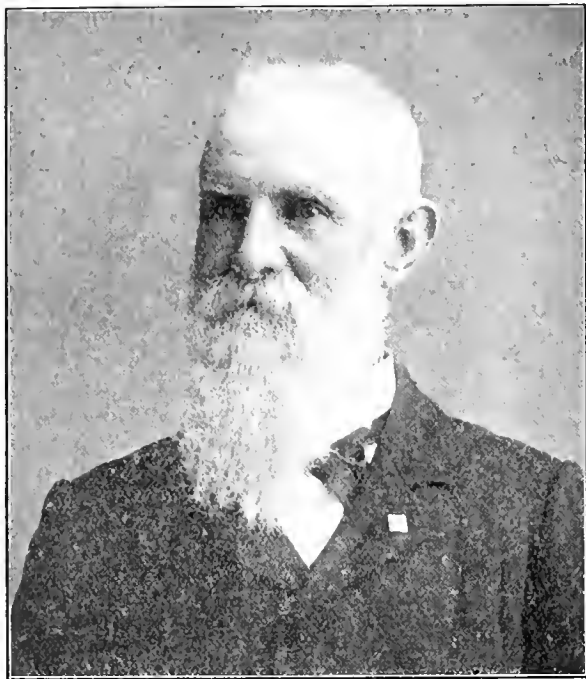
Dr. John Joseph Scott, of Shreveport, La., was born October 23, 1837, at Scott's Ferry, Savannah River, Edgefield District, S. C., of patriotic ancestors. He is the great-grandson of Samuel Scott, who settled on the Savannah River at the place still known as Scott's Ferry, S. C., and who, in the Revolution, cast his lot with the colonists in their struggle for liberty. He was known as "Ready Money" Scott, and, being too old and infirm to do active service, aided the struggle with his money. The great-grandmother, Joyce Scott, rode fifty miles on horseback to inform the Americans of the whereabouts of the Tories, and for this act all their property at Scott's Ferry was destroyed and she was severely punished by a "ducking" in the river. He is also a great-grandson of Joseph W. Collier, a captain in the Revolution.

Dr. Scott commenced the study of medicine in 1854 and attended two courses of lectures at the Medical College of Georgia, at Augusta, from which he graduated March 3, 1856. In the fall of 1857 he received the appointment of surgeon to Gen. William Walker's expedition to Nicaragua, which, however, was abandoned in New Orleans, and from 1858 to 1861, inclusive, he practiced in Red Land, Bossier Parish, La. In the fall of 1861 he volunteered his professional services to the Confederate government, and was stationed at Camp Moore (instruction), Tangipahoe, La. He served without pay and furnished his own medicine and



MISS BIRDIE SCOTT, MAID OF HONOR FOR LOUISIANA.

instruments. In January, 1862, he was made acting surgeon of the Sixteenth Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers. During his stay with the command, Rugles' Brigade, he had entire control of all the sick located in the government barracks below the city.



DR. JOHN JOSEPH SCOTT.

Later he enlisted as a private in Bossier's Cavalry. In the battle of Farmington he was detailed as Gen. Marmaduke's orderly. By order of Gen. D. H. Maury, he was discharged from the ranks, and was made acting assistant surgeon of the squadron June 3, 1862. He was afterwards made surgeon of the post at Delhi, La., and later of the Sixteenth Texas Regiment, Walker's Division. He holds Parole No. 535.

At the close of the war Dr. Scott returned to Bossier Parish and practiced medicine there until 1870. Since 1874 he has practiced at Shreveport. He is a member of the Shreveport Medical Society, has held the offices of President and Vice President, and is a member of the Louisiana State Medical Society, a member of the Medico-Legal Society of New York; he is a Mason, a Knight of Pythias, member of and Medical Examiner for the Ancient Order of United Workmen, Select Knights A. O. U. W., American Legion of Honor, Knights of St. John and Malta, and a member of Gen. Le Roy Stafford Camp No. 3, of Shreveport.

#### ORGANIZATION OF UNITED DAUGHTERS.

Comment upon Mrs. Raines's "Memoranda of the Origin of the United Daughters of the Confederacy:"

The reference to the Grand Division of Virginia, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in Mrs. Raines's history, etc., in the October VETERAN was a surprise to some of its readers who are familiar with accounts of the early work done by the Grand Division of Virginia. Mrs. Raines alludes to the proposition of that body to enter the society as a division only, and says that it was impossible to accept these terms; but why did she not

state further that more than a year ago the terms were accepted, with slight amendment, and that the Grand Division joined the United Daughters of the Confederacy "as a division only?" Anything short of this is misleading. [Mrs. Raines's report only purported to be to the Baltimore meeting.—EDITOR VETERAN.] Also, as the Grand Division was originally, though by accident, formed independently, there was no occasion for it "to declare itself an independent body," as Mrs. Raines states that it did, giving the impression that it had withdrawn from the general society.

Mrs. Raines must have mislaid some of her "memoranda" in the shape of letters from the President of the Grand Division, but the latter has on file the letters of Mrs. Goodlett, Mrs. Raines, and other officers of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, written during 1895 and 1896. These letters show conclusively that when the Albemarle Chapter No. 1 was organized in Virginia, in May, 1894, under the name of "Daughters of the Confederacy," about the same time the first steps were taken in Georgia and Tennessee—each unconscious of the other's work. Mrs. Garnett did offer to organize for the general society, but, receiving no response, she then exercised the right of the first chapter in the State to organize other chapters from the initial one, which was as formally an organized society as that of Georgia or of Tennessee. The following facts are now printed for the first time:

The Albemarle Chapter, as already mentioned, began the work in Virginia in May, 1894, under the name of "Daughters of the Confederacy," and enrolled members during the summer. The first regular meeting was delayed by request till October 15, 1894. The first news that any other society of the same name had been formed appeared in the October VETERAN, issued October 31, giving an account of the Nashville meeting of September 10, 1894. Inquiries were at once made by Mrs. Garnett through a letter to Mrs. Lindsley, Corresponding Secretary of the National Society, Daughters of the Confederacy. A few months later Dr. J. William Jones, then Chaplain at the University of Virginia, handed Mrs. Garnett some papers from Mrs. Raines that were wrongly addressed to him at Lexington, Va., with the request that she give them to some representative Confederate woman. The national constitution and by-laws requiring lineal descent, and excluding at first even sisters' and nieces, prevented the Albemarle Chapter from joining the general society.

Mrs. Goodlett, first President of the National Society, wrote Mrs. Garnett on March 11, 1895, that "the constitution would certainly be amended," and invited her to send delegates to confer with them on the 30th of March, when a meeting for revision would be held in Nashville. She also stated: "My friend and Secretary, Mrs. Lindsley, did not answer your letter, as she should have done, as soon as she received it, but sent it to me in February." Mrs. Goodlett added that sickness prevented her answering sooner.

Mrs. Raines, First Vice President, having charge of the work in the South Atlantic States, wrote March 5, 1895, in answer to Mrs. Garnett's account of the Albemarle Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy: "Your local organization of Daughters of the Confederacy could not be recognized as such under that name, unless it came into the National Daughters of the Con-

federacy." However, the work was "recognized" by others, and continued with such success that in a few months a division could have been formed had not the chapters already organized waited for other chapters that were forming, which wished to take part in this first convention. By this delay the First Virginia Division was formed before the Grand Division, although the latter had double the number of chapters even at that early date.

Mrs. Raines wrote July 1, 1895, that when she went to Nashville on March 30 she "found the Albemarle charter between two books, and dispatched it on its way rejoicing." She asks: "Did you establish the Alexandria Chapter?"

Mrs. Garnett explained that the Albemarle Chapter had received no charter from the National, nor had she received any response to her offer to organize for it, and that the Alexandria Chapter, Mary Custis Lee, was formed in January, 1895, by the N. D. C.

As soon as the Grand Division was formed, on February 12, 1896, Mrs. Garnett wrote to Mrs. John W. Brown, then President of the N. D. C., giving account of the work done in Virginia by over a dozen chapters, and their willingness to join the general society. No reply was sent to this letter, though it excited interest and comment was made on it to Mrs. Garnett by a Nashville Veteran who had been allowed to read it.

On February 17, 1896, the week after the Grand Division was formed, Mrs. Raines wrote again: "Let me know date and number of your charter. I sent it last March while in Nashville [apparently forgetting the answer to her letter of July 1, 1895, on the same subject], and feel almost confident yours was the first charter granted in Virginia and gives you precedence in the State. I wrote this to the other division of Daughters of the Confederacy, when asked which was the charter chapter." Mrs. Garnett again explained the facts, and Mrs. Raines replied that on March 2, 1895, when the request was made for paper to organize for the National Daughters of the Confederacy: "I wrote a request to headquarters and asked that full authority be granted, which I thought had been done."

Quotations from the above letters show that from the beginning of the work in Virginia Mrs. Garnett was in correspondence with the U. D. C. officers; that the chapters of the Grand Division might have been originally formed for the general society, instead of joining it as a division several years later, and that Mrs. Garnett did her full duty in respect to the matter.

## RELIGION IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY REV. G. W. ANDERSON, NASHVILLE, TENN.

I suppose that no war campaign of four years' duration has ever been fraught with such signal displays of gospel triumphs and religious fervor and such success in winning souls to Christ as was that in the Confederate army. As the Israelites at every stop were wont to set up the tabernacle and offer sacrifices to the God of battles, so at every stop (especially with the infantry) Confederates would arrange at once for religious worship—their sacrifices the souls of brave men, who might fall in battle the next day, offering themselves to God by faith. Doubtless thousands were born of God.

Chaplains of all Churches forgot their creeds and stood shoulder to shoulder in this great work. Men would be converted and send their names for membership back to the church of their choice at home, many of whom failed to return to the house made with hands, but went to their eternal home.

In 1863 I was pastor of the Methodist Church at Bellbuckle. An Arkansas brigade, under Gen. Liddell, was camped there. It happened that every chaplain in the brigade had gone home on furlough. On a certain Sabbath I went there to preach. The citizens, awed by the presence of the army, failed to attend church, but soldiers crowded the house. At the close of the service many were affected and came forward for prayer and instruction. I was forcibly impressed with the importance of active ministerial labor, so I engaged Dr. F. S. Petway, a chaplain then at Wartrace, to assist me. I was forcibly impressed with the marked contrast in the decorum between this and camp meetings. From the highest officer in rank to the humblest private, all were silent and serious, although the large arbor was packed to its utmost capacity. The meeting lasted nearly three weeks, and there were about one hundred and thirty conversions.

I have witnessed many thousands of souls converted, but the results of that meeting gave me more abiding consolation than any work of my life. Those poor fellows were called soon after to the Battle of the Gaps, the last fought before the general retreat South; and these men fought at Liberty Gap. It was a great slaughter, and doubtless many of those who fell were converted at that meeting. I have no doubt that Dr. Petway has already received many stars in his crown, placed there by brave men who gave their hearts to God in that meeting, their lives to their country in that battle, and went home to heaven from Liberty Gap.



MISS EDNA SIDONIE DE LA HOUSSAQUE,  
Sponsor for Camp No. 2, Army of Tennessee Association, New Orleans.

The description of Chickamauga, by Capt. Ridley, concluded in this number, was given before the Cheat-ham Bivouac, of this city, several months ago. It was so true and accurate to those old soldier participants that by a rising vote they thanked him, and solicited its publication in the VETERAN. It will be warmly received by the Southern side and, in the main, by the other side also. Errors occurred in his article for November in naming the picture of Mrs. Elizabeth Vitte-toe for "Mrs. Caroline Thedford, of Hall's Ford." Mrs. Vittetoe was in the cellar of her home when the Confederates captured the place, and is one of the most historic characters of that section. The mention of "S. B. Dyer, Dyer Field, Pond Spring, Ga.," may mislead. "Pond Spring was used to indicate his post office address.

Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson was in Nashville recently, and the reception given to him was all that his ardent admirers could have desired. In a public address before an audience of thousands, and the front seats occupied by Confederates in gray uniform, he paid a magnificent tribute to his section. There was enthusiasm in regard to him, ladies being anxious to grasp his hand, but there was no kissing.

An error occurred in listing officers of the Grand Division, U. D. C., by making Mrs. Randolph Vice President, when it should have been that Miss Virgin-ius Hall and Mrs. N. V. Randolph were made Corresponding and Recording Secretaries.

Hon. Andrew J. Baker writes from Austin, Tex.:

On reading my communication published in the November VETERAN on page 507, I discover that I made a mistake in saying that the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina was on our immediate right. I should have said, "Behind this house some ten or twelve of the Fifty-Fifth North Carolina troops had halted," instead of the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina. It is true that the Twenty-Sixth was on our right, but there were three regiments, at least, between the Eleventh Mississippi and the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina, if not more. These three were the Fifty-Fifth North Carolina and Forty-Second and Second Mississippi, in the order named, beginning with the Fifty-Fifth immediately on the right of the Eleventh Mississippi. Capt. Magruder was the adjutant general of the brigade.

#### ABOUT THE GAINES'S MILL BATTLE,

R. J. Harding, Jackson, Miss., writes as follows:

In Pollard's "History," page 287, the Texas brigade is given credit of capturing the heights with artillery. In Gen. Lee's official report of that battle he makes the

following statement: "The line being now complete, a general advance from right to left was ordered. On the right the troops moved forward with steadiness, unchecked by the terrible fire from the triple lines of infantry on the hill and the cannon on both sides of the river, which burst upon them as they emerged upon the plain. The dead and wounded marked the way of their intrepid advance, the brave Texans leading, closely followed by their no less daring comrades. The enemy was driven from the ravine to the first line of breastworks, over which our impetuous column dashed up to the intrenchments on the crest. These were quickly stormed, fourteen pieces of artillery captured, and the enemy driven into the field beyond. Fresh troops came to his support, and he endeavored repeatedly to rally, but in vain. He was forced back with great slaughter until he reached the woods on the banks of the Chickahominy, and night put an end to the pursuit."

In his official report Gen. Jackson states: "The Third Brigade was sent to support Gen. Whiting's attack upon the enemy's left, but reached there only in time to witness the evidences of a bloody triumph and the guns of the enemy in possession of the gallant Texas brigade. On my extreme right Gen. Whiting advanced his division through the same dense forest and swamp, emerging from the wood into the field near the public road and at the head of the deep ravine which covered the enemy's left. Advancing thence through a number of retreating and disordered regiments, he came within range of the enemy's fire, who, concealed in an open wood and protected by breastworks, poured a destructive fire for a quarter of an hour into his advancing line, under which many brave officers and men fell. Dashing on with unflinching step in the face of those murderous discharges of canister and musketry, Gen. Hood and Col. Law, at the heads of their respective brigades, rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, while exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the intrenchments, these brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well-selected and fortified position. In this charge (in which upward of one thousand men fell, killed and wounded, before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment were captured) the Fourth Texas, under the lead of Gen. Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns. Although swept from their defenses by this rapid and almost matchless display of daring and valor, the well-disciplined Federals continued in retreat to fight with stubborn resistance."

In none of the official reports is there mention of Pickett's Brigade in connection with the battle of Gaines's Mill, and in the thirty-six years which have elapsed this is the first time that the reports of Gens. Lee and Jackson have ever been attacked. I had relatives and schoolmates in Pickett's Brigade, and would not withhold any credit due them, but in justice to comrades who fell in that same struggle and victory and to the few remaining veterans of Hood's Texas Brigade—composed of the First, Fourth, and Fifth Texas and Eighteenth Georgia Regiments—I feel impelled to correct Comrade Cooper's error.



## PATRIOTIC MISSISSIPPIANS.

Maj. William H. Morgan, of the Third Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A., was born at Clinton, Miss., and now resides at Sheppardtown, Letlore County, Miss. He is a graduate of the Kentucky Military Institute, at Frankfort. He entered the Confederate army soon after he left school, and was with his regiment in all of its battles, and often went out sharpshooting with his battalion. Maj. Morgan left home as captain of the Sunflower Dispersers. He served on the gulf coast, was in Hood's campaign, fought along the Yazoo River with a detachment of Ferguson's command, marched out of Vicksburg with Loring's Division, and surrendered in North Carolina. At Franklin, Tenn., and at Chickasaw Bayou he was conspicuous for his bravery and other meritorious actions. He was known as "Morgan, the Sharpshooter." Maj. Morgan's ancestry was colonial, his parents and grandparents being from North Carolina and Virginia. He was a personal friend of President Davis and family. He resides on his Mississippi plantation. Except having served as a delegate to the constitutional convention of his State, he has never held political office.

Mrs. Will S. Green (*née* Miss Sallie B. Morgan), of Colusa County, Cal., is a native of Hinds County, Miss., and sister of Maj. Morgan. She was educated at the old Female College, Nashville, Tenn., of which Dr. C. D. Elliott was so long President. She was making blue cockades behind her desk when the first gun of the civil war was fired. Returning to her plantation home in Mississippi, she knit socks, scraped lint, and aided in cheering the boys on in the defense of their much-loved land. Her two brothers were in the war—Maj. William H. Morgan, who is still living,

known during the war for numerous daring rides through the lines to aid the cause. She had narrow es-



MRS. WILL S. GREEN.

capas at the time gunboats ascended the river and the balls were flying over the parapets of Forts Pemberton and Loring. When the war was over this noble lady gave her energies and means to aid those who needed them most. She resided several years near Beauvoir, Miss., and was a close friend of the Confederate family so beloved by the South. She was an active factor in building the Confederate monument in the State capitol inclosure at Jackson, Miss. On the top of the monument is the statue of a Confederate soldier fifteen feet high. In the vestibule of the base is a white marble statue of Hon. Jefferson Davis. On the inner wall of the monument is inscribed the name of Miss Sallie B. Morgan, President of the association, together with the names of the other lady officers. It was dedicated June 3, 1891, the birthday of Mr. Davis. The following September Miss Morgan was married to Gen. Will S. Green, of Colusa, Cal., present Treasurer of that State, a nephew of that well-known statesman Gen. Duff Green.

## PATRIOTIC TENNESSEANS.

Col. I. J. Dupree wrote to the *Kennesaw Gazette*, of Atlanta, August 1, 1860, an interesting account of the battle before Atlanta July 22, 1864, in which Gen. W. H. T. Walker was killed, and he added the following about a well-known Memphian, then a boy soldier:

That night when I had already gone to sleep on a hillside, perhaps a mile from the mill pond, I was aroused by surgeons and the driver of an ambulance containing the body of a youthful soldier. They were



MAJ. WILLIAM H. MORGAN.

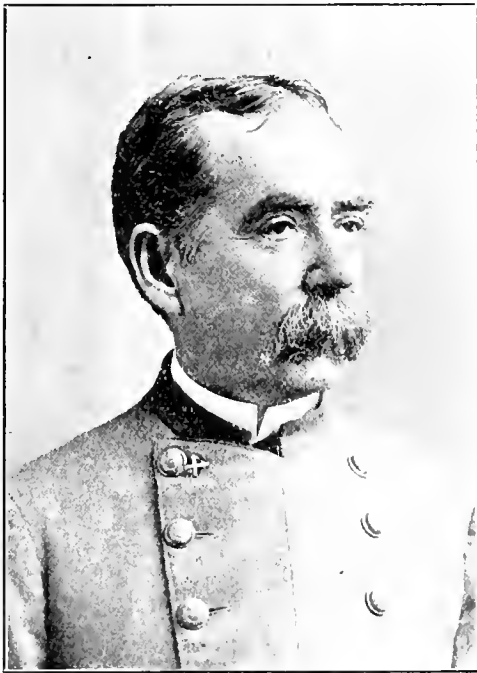
while Lewis Sharkey Morgan was killed at Collierville, Tenn.; November 3, 1863. Miss Sallie B. Morgan was

looking for an open place in the woodland at which to perform a surgical operation. I went to inquire whose fate interested them so deeply. A smooth-faced boy, slender and of deathlike pallor, was tenderly taken from the wagon and deposited on a blanket. I was asked to hold the boy's head, which I did, and I learned that his name was Harvey Mathes, a great favorite among the men and officers. His leg had been shattered by a shell that killed his horse, and he seemed wholly unconscious. We lifted him on his blanket back into the ambulance, thinking that was the last of him. We dug a hole in the ground and buried Harvey's foot in that solitude, and I confess I was sorry to leave that much of so good a youth in the sand and gravel of so sterile a hillside. It was a sad and terrible day, and dreary night came down upon me like a heavy pall drawn by starless night and insufferable fatigue over limbs and senses, wearied beyond the possibility of resistance to sleep. When I awoke next morning the garish hot sunbeams of July fell in my face, and Harvey still breathed. He still lives, to conduct the *Memphis Ledger* and to tell to his grandchildren the story of the day when Walker and McPherson fell.

Comrade Mathes has erected for himself an enduring monument in his book, "The Old Guard in Gray."

JUDGE J. S. GALLOWAY.

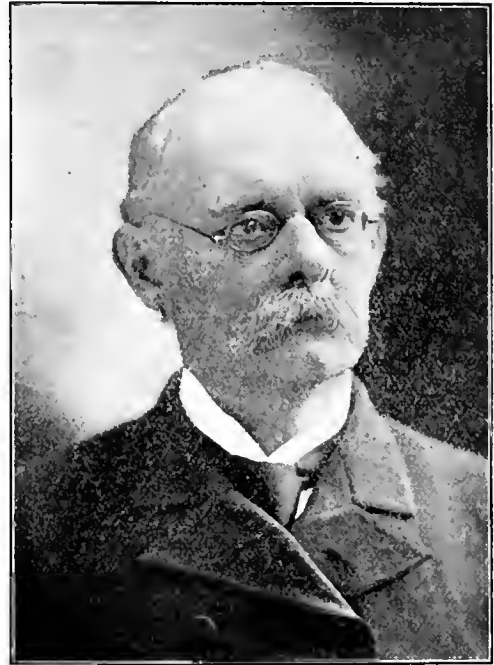
Jacob Scudder Galloway, Major and Aid-de-Camp on the staff of Gen. A. J. Vaughan, U. C. V., is a native



J. HARVEY MATHES.

of New Jersey, born February 14, 1838. His father, a Pennsylvanian of Scotch-Irish ancestry, was a graduate of Princeton College and Theological Seminary, professor of mathematics in Lafayette College, and the author of several notable works. Prominent among his relatives were Cols. Nathaniel and William

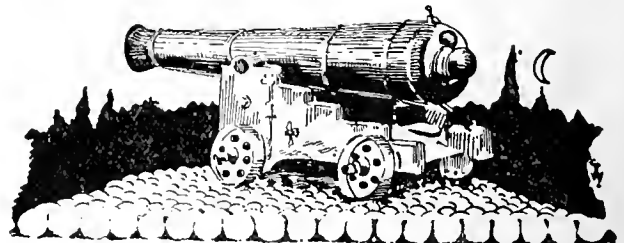
Scudder, both of whom were colonels of New Jersey troops. In the Revolutionary war Nathaniel was a member of the Continental Congress, and was killed at



JUDGE J. S. GALLOWAY.

the battle of Black Point, N. J., October 16, 1781. Judge Galloway's maternal great-grandfather, Col. Arclibald McClean, of Pennsylvania, was associated with Messrs. Mason and Dixon in running the "line" thereafter known by their names.

Jacob S. Galloway graduated from Princeton College in 1858; removed to Eatonton, Ga., where he taught school for two years, and thence to Memphis, Tenn., where he taught until the outbreak of the civil war. In 1861 he enlisted in the Fourth Tennessee Infantry, and served in all the engagements of his regiment. He was severely wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and was then assigned to duty in the enrolling department, with rank as first lieutenant, where he served to the close of the war. After he returned to Memphis he read law in the office of Col. Luke W. Finlay and Gen. Albert Pike, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. As a State Senator he introduced the bill providing for the construction of the splendid turnpikes that are now of so general benefit. He is now Judge of the Second Circuit Court of Shelby County. Personally he is genial, and commands the love and respect of men of all shades of political belief. He has been twice married to descendants of Col. Robert Ruffin, who was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1741.



## LAST ROLL.

Mere mention is made in this issue of the VETERAN of the death of Col. John Overton, who deserves liberal tribute. He was the most conspicuous Confederate benefactor in Tennessee, a man who was ever zealous for the honor of Confederates dead and for the comfort of Confederates living.

It will bring sorrow to many hearts to learn of the death of "Charley" Herbst. He was "only" a private, but he was perhaps the most widely known soldier of that class in the Confederacy. He served as sergeant major later in the war, but he was proud of being a private. Charles Herbst was born of German parentage at Mayfield, Ky., about 1824. When the great Confederate war broke out, in 1861, he was in business in New York City, but was prompt in making his way South and joined the Second Kentucky Infantry. This magnificent command was in the battle of Fort Donelson. Mr. Herbst was of the prisoners who were sent to the Camp Morton (Indianapolis) prison. Ere long, because (it is presumed) of his great efficiency in every particular, he was detailed as a clerk in the prison post office. He aided in the arrangement of the letters, and then it was his business to stand on an elevation in front of the little building and call off the addresses. His articulation was so good and his eye so keen and ready that the two or three thousand prisoners who would assemble about the spot could all hear, and the music of his voice in announcing the fortunate recipients will be a treasured memory until the last of them shall have answered "Here!" on the other shore. He was so devoted a friend to the writer (editor of the VETERAN) that in camp or in hospital he was ever supplying the best procurable delicacies, while in his home



CHARLES HERBST.

pictures and bric-a-brac ornamented every room. When taken to the hospital with several wounds inflicted he wrote that as he had better opportunities he would write two letters for each one received by him. His concluding words were "Yours always."

At his funeral (Sunday), although the day was very disagreeable, his comrades and Daughters of the Confederacy were well represented. The floral tributes were profuse and exquisitely beautiful. An expected account of the funeral has not been received at this writing, but the columns of the VETERAN will ever be open to honor the memory of one of the truest Confederates and one of the most faithful men in his integrity that ever lived. This brief notice must not be concluded without a word for Maj. T. O. Chestney, Capt. R. E. Park, of Macon, and their families for unfailing kindnesses to him in his long and severe affliction. He was ever devoted to little children.

Capt. David Thomas, of Black Rock, Ark., died July 30, 1868, at the age of sixty-two years. Capt. Thomas was born at Frankfort, Ky., but resided in New Orleans for many years. He was of French and Welsh ancestry, a relative of Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame. Capt. Thomas served in the Confederate army and navy. He was on the Jeff Thompson at Fort Pillow and Memphis. After the fall of Memphis he and some of his comrades took to the swamps to avoid capture. He subsequently went up Red River, in Louisiana, where he joined the steamboat cavalry, Cassidy's Company, doing active service until the close of the war. He had four brothers in the Union army, one of whom was wounded and died in the hospital at Nashville. Capt. Thomas was married to Mary Adams, of Alexandria, La., in January, 1865. After the war Capt. Thomas returned to New Orleans, where he was a successful trader on the Mississippi and Red Rivers. Later he removed with his family to Memphis, where he lived thirteen years, but for ten years before his death his home was at Black Rock, Ark. He died in the Catholic faith. A widow, two sons, two daughters, and several grandchildren survive him. Capt. Thomas was a member of Tom Hindman Camp, U. C. V., and a faithful patron of the VETERAN.

## DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.

At the forty-fourth session of the International Typographical Union, held at Syracuse, N. Y., October 10-15, 1868, the following resolution of sympathy to Mrs. J. A. Hayes was introduced by Delegate Hugh Marsh, of Indianapolis, and adopted by a rising vote:

"Whereas the good friend and patron of the Childs-Drexel Home for Union Printers, Mrs. J. A. Hayes, of Colorado Springs, Colo., has recently suffered bereavement in the death of her beloved sister, Miss Winnie Davis; be it

"Resolved, By the International Typographical Union, in convention assembled, that this body respectfully tenders Mrs. J. A. Hayes its profoundest sympathy and continued friendship in her sad bereavement.

"J. W. BRAMWOOD, Secretary."

## NORTH CAROLINA'S QUOTA OF SOLDIERS.

GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS, ATLANTA, GA.

The following extract from a carefully compiled paper by Professor D. H. Hill, of Raleigh (1898), exhibits the patriotism of the old North State in the Confederate war:

"Adjutant and Inspector General Cooper reports (probably a close estimate) that 600,000 men were, first and last, enrolled under the Confederate flag. What proportion of these ought North Carolina to have furnished? The total white population of the eleven seceded States was 5,441,320. North Carolina's was 629,942, and it was third in white population; hence North Carolina would have discharged to the letter every legal obligation resting upon it if it furnished 62,942 troops. What number did it actually supply? On November 19, 1864, Adj. Gen. R. C. Gatlin, a most systematic and careful officer, made an official report to the Governor [of North Carolina] on this subject. The following figures, compiled from that report by Mr. John Neathery, give the specific information: Troops transferred to the Confederate service, according to original rolls on file in this office, 64,636; conscripts between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, as per report of commandant of conscripts dated September 30, 1864, 18,585; recruits that have volunteered in the different companies since date of original rolls (compiled), 21,608; troops in unattached companies and serving in regiments from other States, 3,103; regular troops in State service, 3,203—total offensive, 111,135. To these must be added junior reserves, 4,217; senior reserves, 5,686—total in active service, 121,038. Then organized and subject to emergency service in the State, home guard and militia, 3,962. Total troops armed, equipped, mustered into State or Confederate service, 125,000.

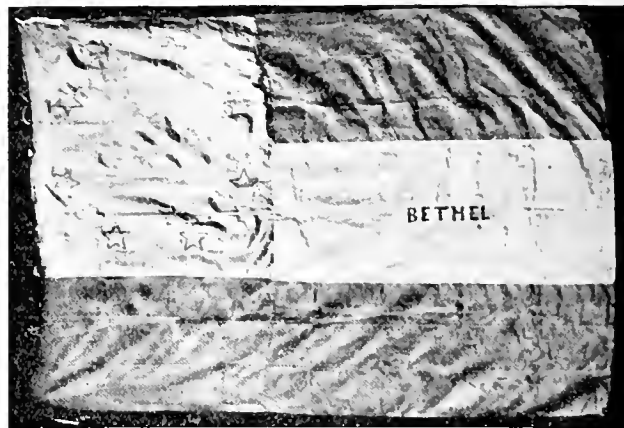
"From these official figures it will be seen that, estimating the offensive troops alone, North Carolina exceeded her quota 41,715 men. Including the junior and senior reserves—who did active duty in garrison, guarding prisoners, and on occasion good fighting—the State exceeded its quota by 51,618. Taking all, it went over its quota by the large sum of 55,580. This number of troops far exceeded the State voting population."

These statistics exhibit the remarkable patriotism and State pride with which North Carolinians sustained to the point of exhaustion the Confederate cause. It is probable that the numbers only approximate the real strength furnished by the great old State, since the doubling of names may have occurred in some instances by various reenlistments or changes of commands. Yet, with this considered, it remains true that the sister Confederate States must pay to North Carolina the tribute of praise which she well deserves as the leader of all in furnishing fighting men to the Confederacy. And now that these statistics are given, will not some other competent comrades enter the field and give to us through the VETERAN the contributions in men and means of their respective States?

"As shown by the census of 1860, the total number of men in North Carolina between the ages of twenty and sixty, the extreme limits of military service, was 128,889. Subtract from this number the number of troops furnished, and it reveals the extraordinary fact

that in the whole of North Carolina there were only 3,889 men subject to military duty who were not in some form of martial service. Most of these 3,889 were exempted because they were serving the State in civil capacity as magistrates, county officers, dispensers of public food, etc. So, practically, every man in the State was serving the State or the Confederacy. It may well be doubted whether a more striking evidence of public devotion was ever recorded."

THE BETHEL FLAG.—The following is a copy of the resolution by the State Convention, June 17, 1861, authorizing the First North Carolina Regiment to inscribe "Bethel" on its colors: "*Resolved*, That this convention, appreciating the valor and good conduct of



the officers and men in the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, does, as a testimonial of the same, authorize the said regiment to inscribe the word 'Bethel' upon their regimental colors."

Charles Coffin, Esq., of Walnut Hills, Ark., in an address at Sedalia, Mo., made the following points:

The Confederate authorities, it seems, have never been able to satisfy the minds of the people of the Northern States in regard to the treatment of Federal prisoners confined in Southern prisons, and especially in the prison at Andersonville, Ga. They have always held it as a blot on our record, and we have been unable to inform them fully of the facts.

The Federal prisoners received the same rations that the guards over them did and the same kind and quantity of rations that the Confederate soldiers in the field had. True, they were confined in large numbers in a small area, necessarily, and they were in a climate to which they were not accustomed and to a diet to which they were not accustomed. Besides, they were without hope of early release, condemned to imprisonment during the war by their own government. The Confederate government was not responsible for failure to continue the exchange of prisoners. The Federals were wise enough to know that the Confederacy had only so many men out of whom it was possible to make soldiers, and if they could succeed in capturing and holding them, it was only a question of time when the war must end. The doctors have no antidote for nostalgia — homesickness — the direst of all diseases, because it comes from that hope deferred which makes the heart sick even unto death.

At the Hot Springs (Ark.) meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy the delegations were authorized to cast the following votes: Alabama, 14; Arkansas, 30; Florida, 19; District of Columbia, 1; Indian Territory, 2; Georgia, 68; Kentucky, 19; Louisiana, 8; Maryland, 32; Mississippi, 32; Missouri, 10; New York, 6; North Carolina, 22; South Carolina, 46; Tennessee, 43; Texas, 87; First Division of Virginia, 50; Grand Division of Virginia, 56; West Virginia, 32—total 577, represented by 93 delegates.

**THE NAME OF OUR WAR.**—Professor J. H. Brunner, of Hwassee College, Tenn., writes the VETERAN: "You have lit it at last in giving the right name to the conflict of 1861-65 when you call it 'the great Confederate war.' There are objections to the other names sometimes used—'civil war,' 'war between the States,' 'war of conquest,' 'abolitionary war,' 'war of the sections,' 'war of the rebellion,' 'the late war,' and the like. A clear-cut name that differentiates that conflict from all others is what the true historian wants, and that is the one you have given: 'the great Confederate war.' Like the definition given by Euclid to the circle, it includes all that is needed, and nothing more. Let it so stand."

A. B. Foster, of Comanche, Tex., inquires about comrades who were prisoners in Camp Chase, Ohio:

I wish to know if Ed Rankin and Billy Grissom, who were in Prison No. 3, are still living. I left the prison March 14, 1865. Billy Grissom had the smallpox, and was to go to the pesthouse that day. I think Grissom and Rankin lived near Nashville, Tenn.

Five brothers, including myself, volunteered from Jackson County, Ala. Two were killed at New Hope, Ga.; another lost a leg at Peachtree Creek, Ga., and was captured and taken to Johnson's Island, and kept until after the surrender. Three of us are still living. We were in all the general engagements from Murfreesboro, Tenn., to Atlanta, Ga. I have been in Texas twenty-four years, and have been sheriff of Comanche County eight years.

The excellent pictures of young ladies printed in connection with the Tennessee reunion at Pulaski were the work of James S. Patterson, who served in the famous Rock City Guards, First Tennessee Regiment, throughout the war. He served as operator in the old Giers Gallery, Nashville, for eighteen years, and has been in the same business at Pulaski the past fourteen years.

**A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT FOR CHILDREN.**

This book, originated and compiled by Katherine Wallace Davis, is a compilation of lullabies of all lands, and a more successful entertainment for children has never been produced. The book contains full directions for staging and performing the entertainment, and each lullaby is illustrated with the photogravure of a child dressed in the costume depicting its respective nation, and instructions are also given for making the costume. The book is also extremely interesting simply as a collection of lullabies. It is beautifully illustrated, and printed on extra quality paper, making it a most fitting volume for gift purposes. Price, \$1. Published by Clayton F. Summy Company, 220 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"A COMMON LOT."—Mrs. Kate Speake Penney, of New Decatur, Ala., daughter of Judge Speake, of Huntsville, who served the Confederate cause as major in field service, has written a book under the title "A Common Lot," which is heartily commended by the press South, and North too, for that matter. The story is intensely interesting, yet it is sad, inasmuch as it



MRS. KATE SPEAKE PENNEY.

tells of an accomplished woman who believed she could reform a drunkard, "a drinking man," and in order to make the attempt untrammelled she became his wife. Of course in the South it would be expected that an old darkey in negro dialect would be introduced, so it has its share of humor, and the moral is well worthy the gifted author's effort. It is gratifying to see that the Northern press regards the story with much favor.

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LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Lieut. Col. G. F. R. Henderson, Professor of Military Art and History, the Staff College, author of the "Battle of Spieheren," "A Tactical Study," and the "Campaign of Fredericksburg," has written a life of Stonewall Jackson, with two portraits and thirty-three maps and plans. Two volumes, 8vo. Vol. I, pp. xvii-550. Vol. II, pp. iii-641, \$10.

*Contents.*—Volume I: West Point—Mexico 1846-47—Lexington 1851-61—Secession 1860-61—Harper's Ferry—The First Battle of Manassas or Bull Run—Romney—Kernstown—McDowell—Winchester—Cross Keys and Port Republic—Review of the Valley Campaigns. -Volume II: The Seven Days, Gaines's Mill—The Seven Days, Frayser's Farm and Malvern Hill—Cedar Run—Groveton and the Second Manassas—The Second Manassas—Harper's Ferry—Sharpsburg—Fredericksburg—The Army of Northern Virginia—Winter Quarters—Chancellorsville—Chancellorsville (Continued)—The Soldier and the Man—Index.

*A Review in Literature.*—"Henceforward it will be unnecessary for readers desirous of acquainting themselves with the meteoric career of a great soldier to look to any other source of information than Col. Henderson's exhaustive volumes. . . . Our last words must be that Col. Henderson's 'Stonewall Jackson' is one of the most successful biographies ever written."

*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*—"The two volumes, of 600 pages each, before us are not only a monument to the memory of Jackson, but a monument to the industry and the genius of Col. Henderson for analyzing and presenting clearly the science of strategy. His work, aside from being a life of one of the world's greatest heroes, is the most important and comprehensive commentary on the strategy developed in our civil war that has so far been written."

*The Chicago Inter-Ocean.*—"Col. Henderson, with an abundance of personal information at hand, in addition to that given in official records, writes with a fullness and authority not attained by any predecessor."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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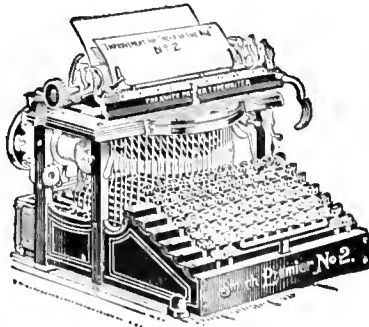
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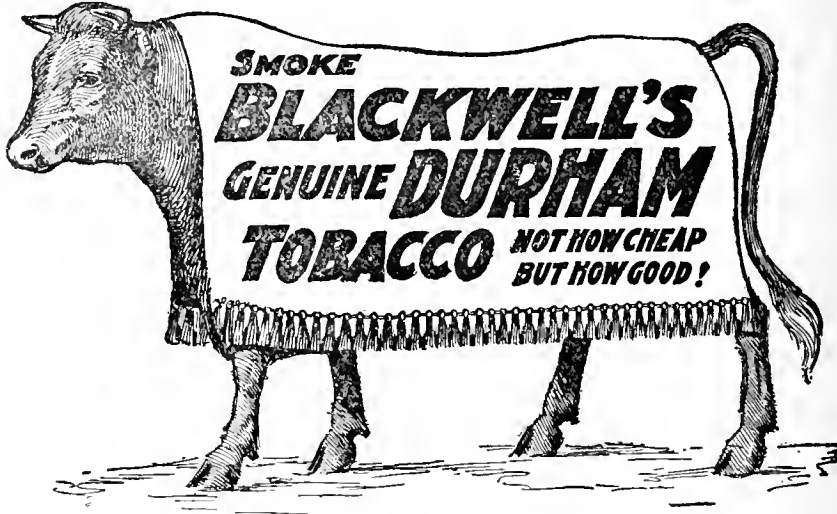
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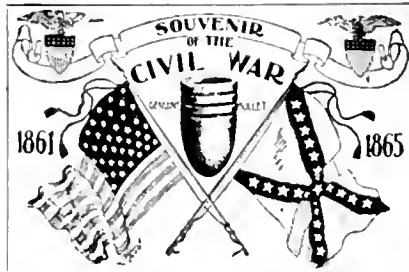
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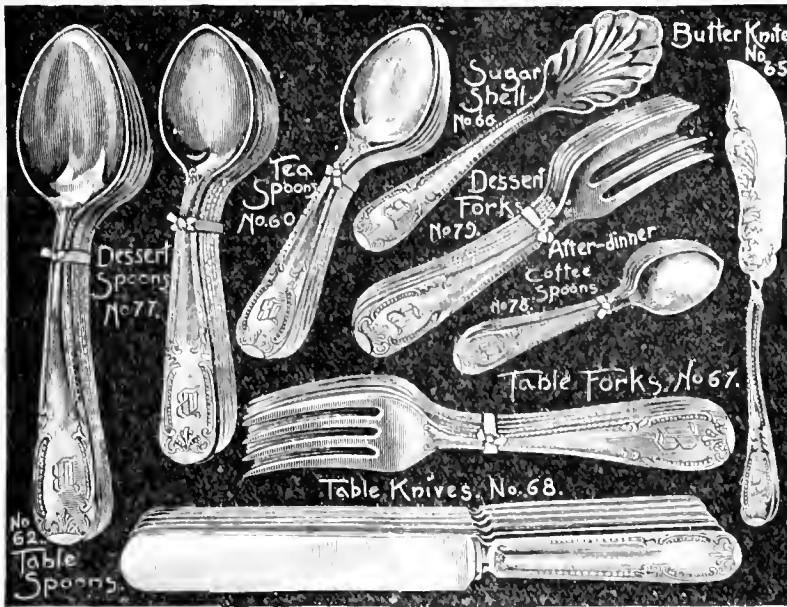
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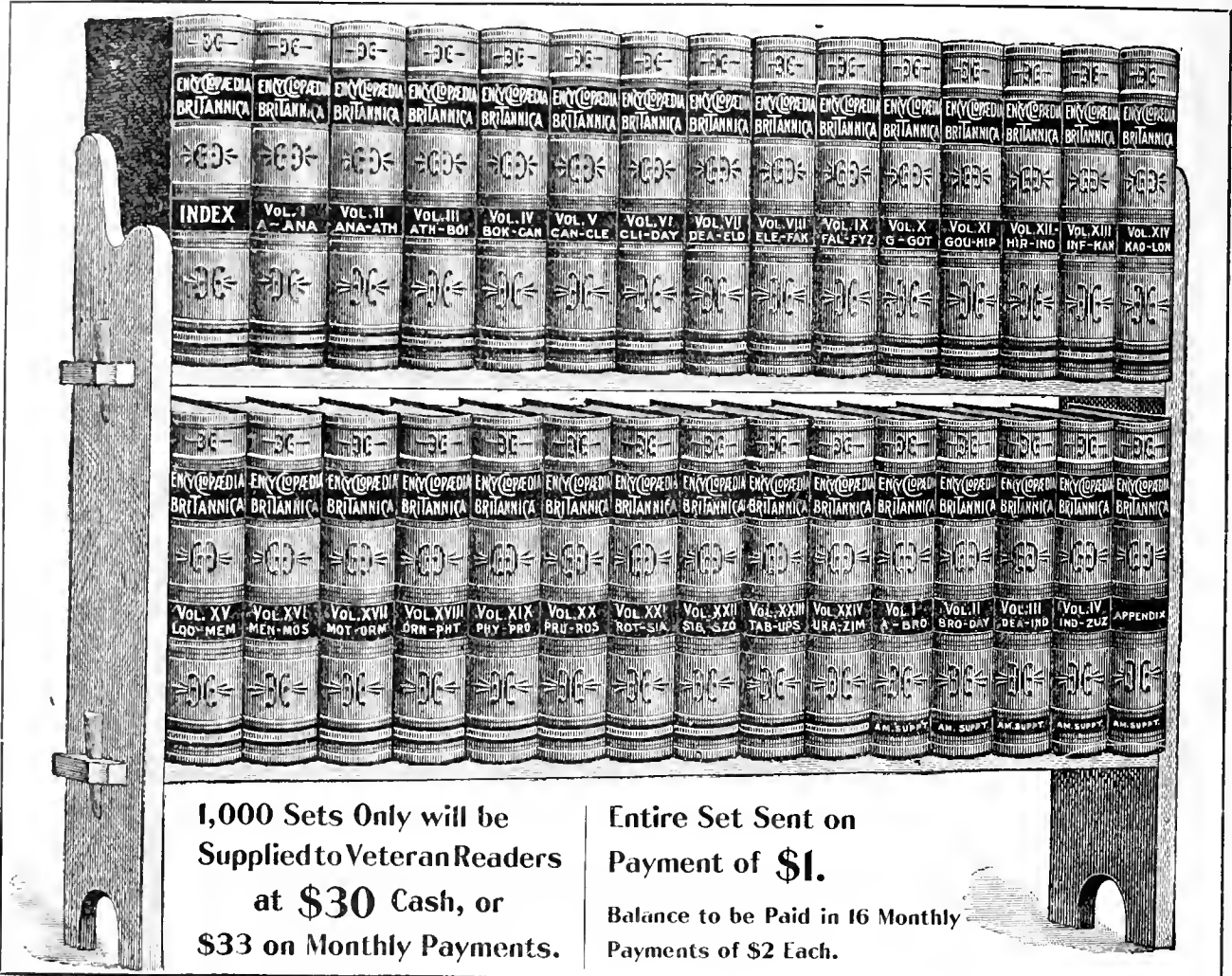
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