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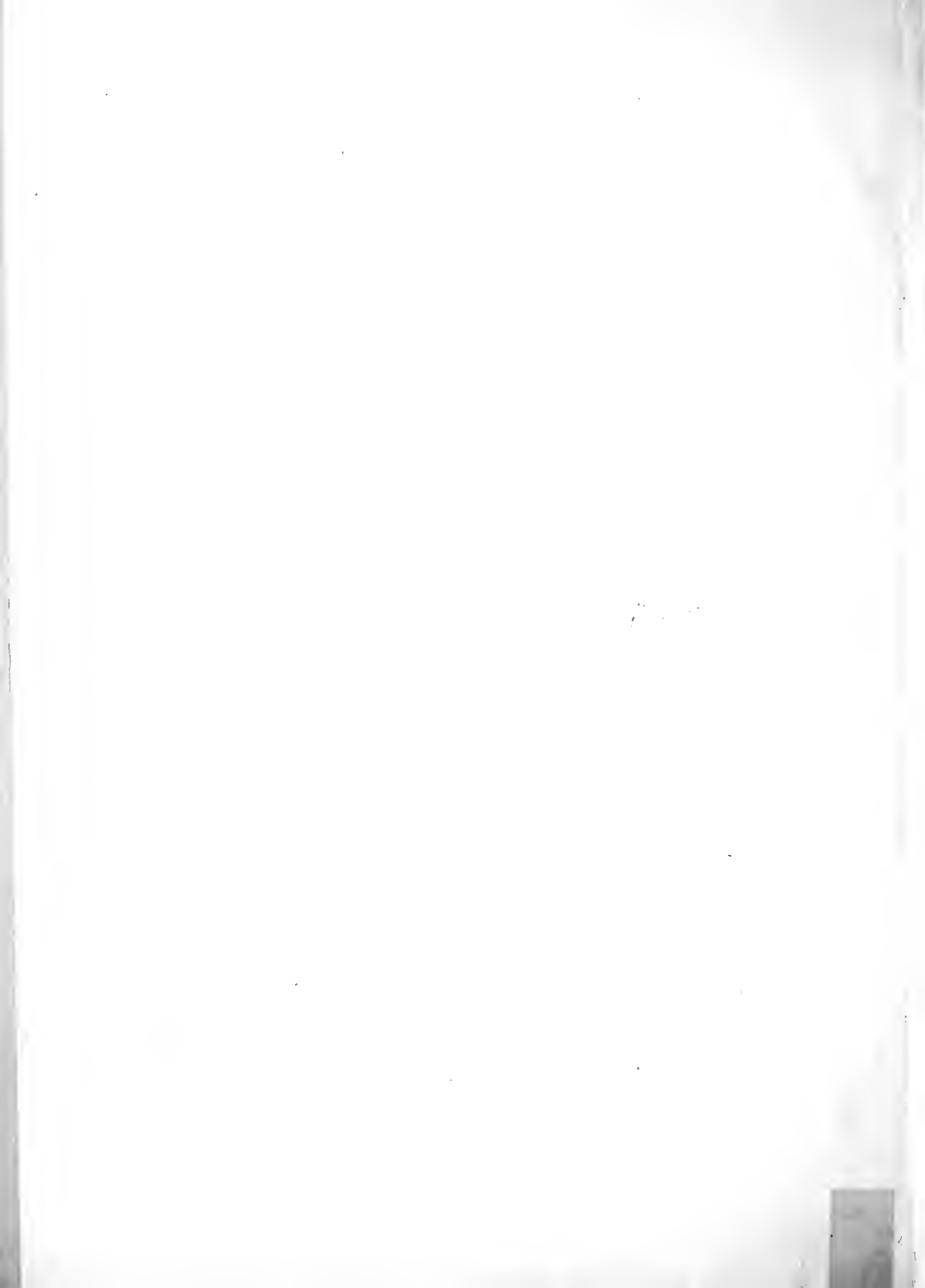
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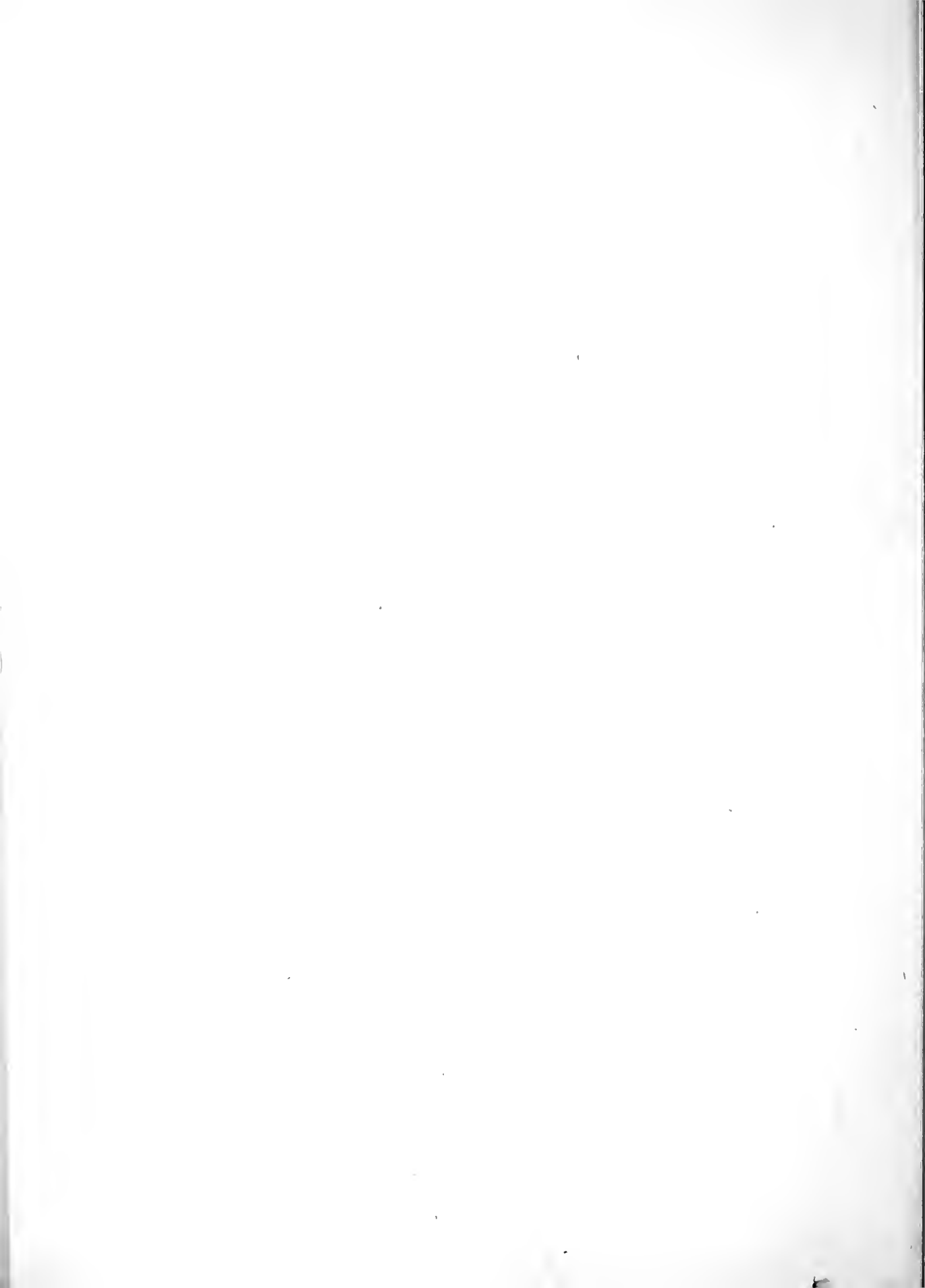
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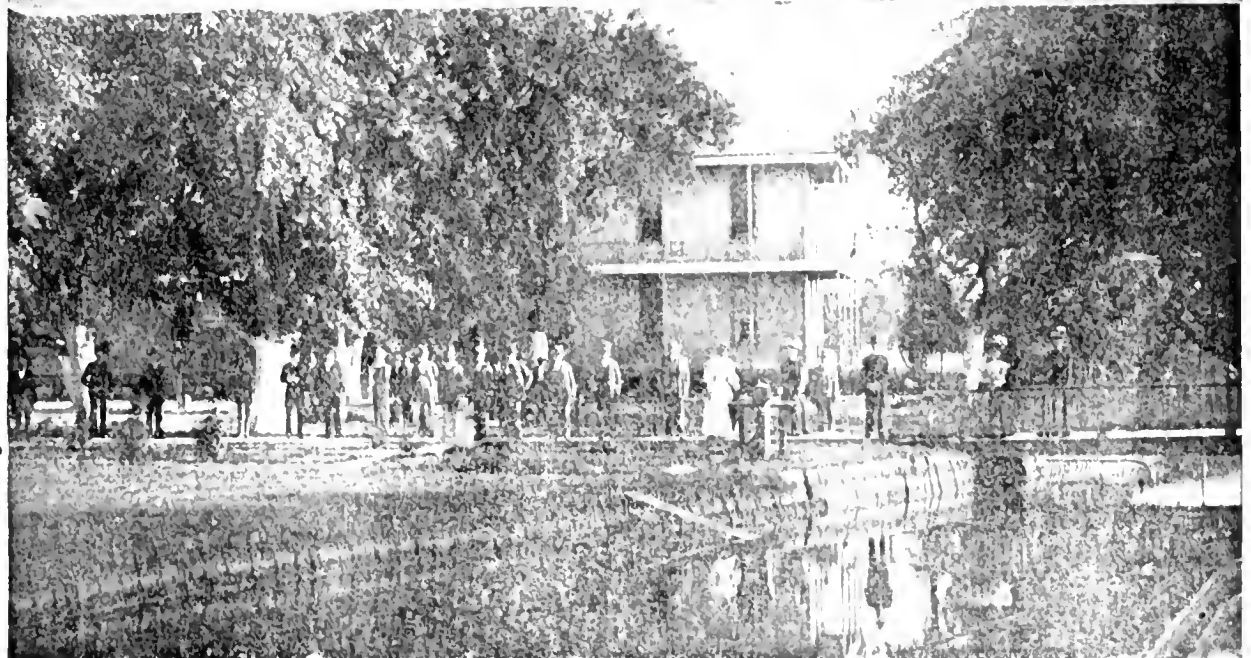
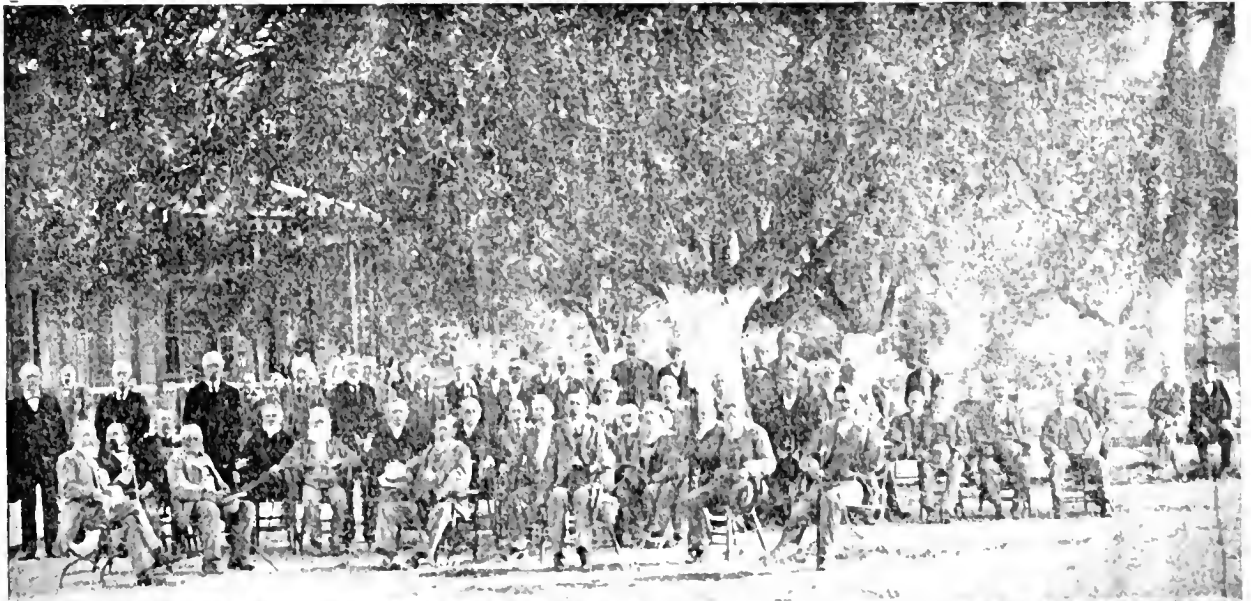
THIS ISSUE UNAVOIDABLY LATE. THE NEXT WILL APPEAR ON TIME.

Vol. 7.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1899.

No. 1.

Confederate Veteran



SCENES AT "CAMP NICHOLS," HOME OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN LOUISIANA, NEAR NEW ORLEANS.

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In writing mention the Veteran.

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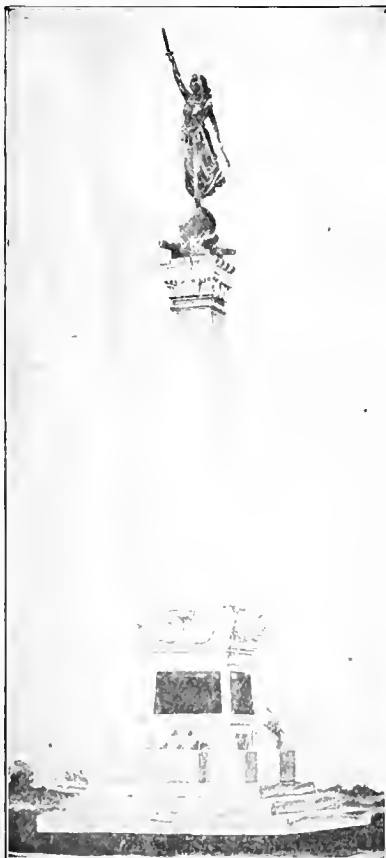
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Helena, Ark.
Helena, Ark.
Macon, Ga.
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Confederate Veteran.

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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.

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR, / VOL. VII,
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. A

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1898.

No. 1. / A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.



THE LOUISIANA SOLDIERS' HOME.

The Soldiers' Home for Louisiana was established near New Orleans. Francis T. Nichols was its first President, in 1883. He was succeeded by Walter H. Rogers, who served through the years 1884-87. Then a wise plan was adopted to have the President serve but one year, and that selections alternate regularly between the two associations, Army of Northern Virginia and Army of Tennessee. By this rule there have been elected Presidents from the Army of Northern Virginia Association as follows: David Table, 1888, also 1890; Wm. R. Lyman, 1892; Edwin Marks, 1894; Wallace H. McChesney, 1896; Blayne T. Walshe, 1898. From the Army of Tennessee Association the Presidents chosen were as follows: Alfred J. Lewis, 1889; Joseph D. Taylor, 1891; John B. Vinet, 1893; Wm. E. Huger, 1895. Charles H. Luzenburg, of the Army of Tennessee Association, was chosen for 1897, but he died in office, and for the unexpired part of term Hugh H. Ward, of Army of Tennessee, was chosen. The Board of Directors for 1898 was as follows: Blayne T. Walshe, President; Charles Santan, President *pro tem.*; Thomas B. O'Brien, Secretary; George S. Pettit, Treasurer; John W. T. Leech, Jehu J. Cumpsten, Patrick J. Flanagan, James W. Guines, Isidore S. Richard, Nicholas Cuny.

The total receipts from all sources for the Home from March 20, 1896, to April 9, 1898—two years—was \$41,643.53, and all but \$702 was expended. Of 138 veterans registered as occupants of the Home the ages run from fifty-one to eighty-seven years. There

are thirteen sixty years old, twelve seventy-five years old, ten each fifty-five and sixty years. Seventy-two are foreign born, and forty-nine of these are Irishmen.

At its recent annual meeting in New Orleans the Army of Northern Virginia Association elected officers for the ensuing year. Comrade John T. Block was elected President without competition. He was during the last year Treasurer, and his report showed disbursements during the past year \$1,248, and receipts \$915.15. This, with what was in the treasury, left a balance of \$1,085.10. The total membership of the Association is 161. The relief committee during the year had paid out \$255. A letter was read from the retiring President, B. T. Walshe, indicating the unanimity of sentiment among the members and their cordial support in what seemed best for the Association.

Gen. Lawson L. Davis, having in charge the funds subscribed for a monument to Gen. Beauregard, stated that he had over four thousand dollars in good interest-bearing securities.

The following members were elected Vice Presidents: John S. Mioton, J. J. Cumpsten, P. J. Flanagan, John T. Henry, and Frank P. Subbs. Washington Hands was chosen Treasurer. T. P. O'Brien and L. A. Adam were elected Recording and Financial Secretaries. Charles Smith, E. L. Lambert, Theo J. Dimitry, and Frank L. Place were chosen as an executive committee. The board of directors for the Soldiers' Home as chosen is as follows: David Table, B. T. Walshe, Walter McChesney, H. H. Ward, and Ewin Marks.

Col. W. R. Lyman reported good progress on the monument to the late Dr. Merkleham, who was Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans. Resolutions were adopted requesting Louisiana Senators and Representatives in Congress to "vote against any proposition to pension Confederate soldiers and care for the graves of their dead comrades."

COL. WILLIAM MILLER OWEN.

In the military annals of Louisiana and upon the record of her soldiers in the Confederacy the name of William Miller Owen stands preëminent. He was a magnificent soldier and ever true to the cause he espoused, laboring till the last hour of his life to preserve untarnished its truthful and glorious history. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, where his father, Allison Owen, a New Englander of Scotch-Irish descent, had settled in 1828. His father and uncle had been Revolutionary soldiers, conspicuously fighting at Tippecanoe and Crown Point. Col. Owen's mother was a native Louisianian, the daughter of Judge Miller, who, emigrating from Pennsylvania, settled in Rapides Parish, La., in 1798, marrying the daughter of Edmond Maislon, Spanish commandant of Rapides. It is of record in the archives of the Louisiana Historical Association that Judge Miller, upon the purchase of Louisiana from the French, was appointed commissioner by the United States in 1804 "to carry into execution the evacuation and surrender of the post of Rapides in concert with the officers of Spain." Judge Miller was also appointed by Gov. Claiborne the first judge of Rapides, and on the landing of the English in 1814 upon Louisiana soil Judge Miller, with a band of his neighbors and friends, at once hastened to proffer their services to Gen. Jackson for the defense of New Orleans.

In 1858 Miller Owen returned from military school in Ohio to his mother State, and entered upon commercial pursuits in New Orleans. He soon identified himself with the Washington Artillery, and when the Confederate war broke out he enlisted. Going on the Baton Rouge expedition, in 1861, he was promoted from private to adjutant. Having gone to Virginia with the battalion of Washington Artillery, in May, 1861, he was mentioned in official reports for gallantry in the battle of Manassas, July 21. He participated in the seven days' battles around Richmond, the second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. After the latter battle he was promoted to major of artillery and sent to Abingdon, Va., to report to Maj. Gen. William Preston, and was placed in command of the artillery at Saltville, the department extending to Cumberland Gap. When the Confederates evacuated Tennessee he was appointed chief of staff to Gen. Preston, and so served in the battle of Chickamauga. The following winter Maj. Owen served under Longstreet in the East Tennessee campaign, commanding the Thirteenth Virginia Battalion of Artillery. When Longstreet joined Gen. Lee in Virginia Maj. Owen was assigned as second field officer to the Washington Artillery, then at Petersburg, Va. At the battle of Drewry's Bluff, May 17, 1864, he was placed by Gen. Beauregard in command of the reserve artillery, and reinforced with his guns, as occasion demanded, different points of the line during the battle. In the intrenchments at Petersburg he participated with the Washington Artillery in that famous siege; and when the mine was exploded, July 30, 1864, and Maj. Gibbs, of South Carolina, commanding the Thirteenth Virginia Artillery, was wounded, Maj. Owen was detached from the Washington Artillery and assigned to the command of Gibbs' Battalion. His guns were in a fruitful position, just to the right

of the crater and where the lines were very close to each other. When standing on the parapet directing his guns Col. Owen was struck in the face by a Minie ball and rendered unfit for duty for a month. Upon recovering he again reported for duty in the trenches, and there remained till the lines were broken in April, 1865, receiving during the winter, upon the recommendation of Gen. Robert E. Lee, his well-earned promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy of artillery. At Appomattox C. H. he surrendered his battalion, paroled his officers and men, and then returned to New Orleans.

Few officers had a more varied experience in the war than Col. Owen, and he was fortunate in receiving the special commendation of Gens. Lee and Longstreet and of President Davis. As an indorsement upon a letter written by Gen. Longstreet at Appomattox to Col. Owen, thanking him for services rendered his corps from the beginning to the end of the war, Gen. Lee wrote as follows: "The commendation of Lieut. Gen. Longstreet of the conduct and services of Lieut.



COL. WILLIAM MILLER OWEN.

Col. W. M. Owen is fully concurred in. For his gallantry and devotion he was twice selected for promotion and to the command of a battalion of artillery."

After the war Col. Owen was active in the reorganization of the Washington Artillery, and for four years, from 1876 to 1880, was its colonel. He was appointed Brigadier and Inspector General of Louisiana upon the staff of Gov. Wiltz, and upon that Governor's death served upon the staff of Gov. McEnery until the close of his term in 1888.

Col. Owen has not only a brilliant record as a soldier, but he achieved renown as an author, writing for many periodicals and papers, North and South. He wrote in a most attractive and interesting form. "In Camp and Battle with the Washington Artillery" received most favorable commendations of the people and press both North and South.

But Miller Owen's laurels were not only as a soldier

and author, for his rare qualities of character and heart won him a host of friends, even in both armies, from Maine to Texas. His was a noble nature—"the lion's heart in battle, the woman's heart in love"—and a fit exemplification of the poet's line: "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." Gentle in disposition, of sunny temperament, unselfish, and generous even to a fault, he was the truest of friends, a high-toned, cultivated gentleman, and an effective public speaker.

At his death—on his birthday, January 10, 1893—his lifelong friend, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wrote his sorrowing family: "My child, I lament, I grieve, for Miller as for one of my own. He was a *beau sabreur*, a dauntless patriot, and a loving friend, father, and husband. My old heart grieves for those boys, who will miss that tender companion," etc.

He truly "built better than he knew." About seven years before his death he wrote to Mr. Frank Howard, one of the trustees of the Howard Library, asking if he could use one of the alcoves in the Library for the preservation of Confederate war records and Louisiana historical matters. Mr. Howard replied at once, not only giving the permission desired, but saying: "I will build a place for the purpose."

Though too young to take part in the struggle between the States, he was the son of a veteran who did his duty bravely during the war. He gave definite shape to Gen. Owen's dream, and a full fruition of their labors came in the Memorial Hall, with its priceless collection of Southern archives, war relics, and precious souvenirs. Let those who visit Memorial Hall and enjoy its collection give thought to the two men—to that heroic soul, Miller Owen, whose noble conception and labor of love it was to gather and preserve these cherished fragments of a glorious day gone by, and of Mr. Howard, who, inspired by a patriotic love of the South and a just pride and veneration for his soldier father, by his munificence made it possible. The father, Charles T. Howard, served in Company I, Crescent Rifles. Look up to the array of tattered battle flags and read the inscriptions emblazoned upon the walls, tributes to the heroic valor of Southern men from the pens of those who were their foes.

The last years of Gen. Owen's life and the last breath of his dauntless soul were devoted to this sacred charge.

LOUISIANA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Maj. Gen. Edward H. Lombard, former commander of the United Confederate Veterans in Louisiana, is a native of West Feliciana Parish, La. His father became a large land owner and planter in the Grosse Tete country of Pointe Coupee Parish, and young Lombard "grew up with the country." He was an expert horseman and a skilled hunter. He entered the Confederate service as orderly sergeant of the famous Pointe Coupee battery May 1, 1861. After serving about a year in this capacity, he was elected to a lieutenantcy.

During the most severe marches of the Army of Tennessee, until his surrender on May 10, 1865, at Meridian, Miss., he was advanced to regimental commander. He was especially mentioned and recommended for promotion by Gens. Loring and Polk at Calloun, Ga.,

for his gallant maneuvers and heroic defense of the rear of Gen. J. E. Johnston's retreating forces, holding in check three lines of battle of Sherman's army, the first check it had received after leaving Resaca on its great march to the sea. The loved and lamented Gen. Polk fell at Lost Mountain a few minutes after having given the order, which was his last, to this young officer, cheering on with his usual kind words his Louisiana "children."

During the terrible thirty days' fighting around Atlanta Gen. Hood called for an experienced artillery officer to take charge of the Georgia Light Artillery, State troops composed of five batteries, under Gen. Robert Toombs. Gen. Loring sent in the name of Lieut. Lombard with a complimentary mention of his gallant conduct during several years spent in his division. Subsequently Gens. Toombs, Loring, and



GEN. E. H. LOMBARD.

Hood gave ample proof of their satisfaction as regarded the heroic services of the Georgia Artillery and its young commander.

After the fall of Atlanta the Georgia Artillery was ordered to Savannah, and Lieut. Lombard was tendered the permanent command of the fine body of troops, but he preferred to return to his own battery and share the fate of the men to whom he was so warmly attached.

Comrade Lombard was a prisoner of war for five months. President Davis arranged a special exchange for him, and he returned to his command. He served four years and ten days, participating in many of the hardest-fought battles by the Western army. He responded to every call for comfort in sickness, and kept nightly vigils over the stricken or dying heroes of his command.

After the surrender he returned to Pointe Coupee Parish and engaged in planting, of which he took hold with his usual cheerful energy. But the waters of the Mississippi thwarted his ambition, everything for two

years successively being swept away by a *crevasse* near Pointe Coupee.

Leaving his old home, he went to Western Louisiana, locating in New Iberia, where he entered into the real estate business, making a splendid success of it. In 1874 he became the land agent of the Citizen's Bank, and has managed that department ever since with great energy and success.

He won the heart and hand of a beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mississippi, and they were married January 4, 1864, his twenty-third birthday. The wedding was attended by many distinguished officers and soldiers of Loring's division at Canton. Leaving his bride, he rejoined his command promptly, then marching to Georgia, participating in the battles of the memorable march to the sea. The patriotic soldier wife was soon within the lines of the enemy, and shared the terrible experiences of their raids and foraging parties, but they survived the issues to enjoy a happy reunion. They have three children, one daughter and two sons, who are an honor to them.

Adj. Gen. J. Y. Gilmore is of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and for generations his family have had military tendencies. Although born in Pennsylvania, it was always his proud boast that he "had no Puritan blood in his veins." His father having always been a stanch Democrat, his sons were so schooled in politics that "his Southern boy," as he became early in life, was an ardent secessionist when the great issues came.

Coming South in 1859 as a young printer, he secured employment on the *Commercial Bulletin*, published by Col. Seymour, who afterwards sacrificed his life in the Confederate cause. In May, 1860, he was attracted to Mobile by an annual military encampment, and was offered a position on the *Mobile Mercury*, which he accepted. When the election of Lin-

coln was announced, military organization began, and he at once (November, 1860) became a member of the Alabama Light Dragoons, a company organized for State service by Capt. Theodore O'Hara, the talented author of the immortal poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead." The proud-spirited O'Hara had as a striking portion of the equipment a showy helmet with a long, white horsehair plume hanging down the backs of his troopers. Fort Barancas and McRae, at Pensacola, had just been evacuated by the Federals, and Capt. O'Hara and men were sent to Fort McRae to mount heavy pieces. A truce then prevailed, in which both sides had agreed not to make further war preparations, but by spies it was learned that Lieut. Stlemmer, in command of Fort Pickens, opposite, was hard at work mounting cannon. Capt. O'Hara proceeded to do likewise, working inside during the day and having his men shovel sand from in front of the portholes outside at night, so that by the 4th of March, 1861, when Lincoln was inaugurated, Capt. O'Hara fired a broadside with blank cartridges from the heaviest pieces in use in that day, to let the enemy know that he was ready.

As soon as the Confederacy was organized Gen. Braxton Bragg was sent to Warrington, near Pensacola, and the State troops were disbanded. Most of Capt. O'Hara's command immediately reenlisted at the first opportunity in Confederate service, many, like Mr. Gilmore, entering the ranks of the Third Alabama Infantry, composed largely of old military organizations, such as the Mobile Cadets, the Mobile Rifles, the Washington Light Infantry, the Gulf City Guards, the Montgomery True Blues, Metropolitan Guards, of Montgomery; Tuskegee Light Infantry, and other country companies. It was the "crack regiment" of Alabama, and was commanded by a magnificent specimen of physical and chivalric manhood, Col. Tennant Lomax, who was over six feet and well proportioned. The color company (E), or Washington Light Infantry, in which Mr. Gilmore enlisted, was commanded by another and equally handsome officer, the lamented Archibald Gracie, both of whom were subsequently killed in battle.

The Third Alabama was perhaps the first regiment from the South which went to Richmond, and it received a grand ovation everywhere except in East Tennessee, that State not having yet seceded. The Unionists at Knoxville, headed by the notorious "Parson" Brownlow, threatened to attack any Confederates who dared to enter their State, and hence ammunition was issued to the entire command and all guns were loaded to meet any emergency. The United States flag was flying in the public square in Knoxville, and a crowd of hasty young men started to pull it down, which would have precipitated a difficulty, but the officers prevented it.

"The Gosport Navy Yard Burnt," was the last line which printer Gilmore had put into type on the *Mobile Register* when orders were issued to fall in. The destination of the regiment was Norfolk, just opposite the Gosport navy yard. The regiment stopped at Lynchburg, where it was mustered into service, and zouave caps were issued to the men. Thus exposed to the sun, they were soon bronzed so that citizens thought they were a regiment of Indians. The reception given



ADJ. GEN. J. Y. GILMORE.

by the noble-hearted Virginians will never be forgotten. It was the good fortune of the Third Alabama, the First Louisiana, the Louisiana Guards Artillery, the so-called Polish Brigade of Louisiana, to be stationed at that point for the entire first year of the war. All were restless under the inactivity and daily routine of drill and guard duty to prevent an attack of the enemy from near-by Fortress Monroe forces, and repeated petitions were sent to the war department for a transfer to active service. They feared that the war would be over before they had a chance to get into a battle. The celebrated Merrimac, or Virginia, was built at the navy yard there, and some restless spirits were transferred to her, and great was the excitement when that first ironclad of America was launched and did such destruction to the enemy's fleet. A matrimonial fever broke out in camp. It was as hard to resist the charms of those fair daughters of Virginia. Several of the Third Alabama fell victims to that "fever." Among the number was Private Gilmore. When he applied to Col. Lomax for a furlough to get married that gallant man tried to dissuade him, saying "a soldier should never think of marrying." The reply was: "We are not soldiers; we are just playing soldiers. We will never smell gunpowder." The colonel answered: "Why, you don't know how soon Norfolk may be evacuated, when you will be sent into active service, and you may get killed and leave a widow." Gilmore pleaded his case, saying he might not get killed, but perhaps wounded, and then would

batteries soon crippled and drove her back and prevented her advance to Richmond, eight miles above.

Next the Third Alabama with other troops were transferred to the peninsula on the opposite side of James River just before the terrible battle of Seven Pines, which killed and disabled more than one-half of that handsome regiment. After the death of Col. Lomax, Lieut. Col. Cullen A. Battle was promoted, becoming the colonel, and during the seven days' battles the regiment was in Rhodes's brigade, then temporarily commanded by Gen. John B. Gordon, Gen. Rhodes being wounded. During that week comrades and messmates fell all about him, but, perhaps owing to the prayers of the young wife, Gilmore was unhurt until the last day of the seven. At Blavern Hill, on a portion of the field where sixty bristling pieces of artillery were belching forth on the hill top, with two lines of infantry, one stationed so as to shoot over the heads of the other, Gordon's brigade charged, but those who willingly sprang forward with fixed bayonets could not get near enough to the enemy to use them, so terrific was the fire, and commenced to shoot in return. It was an unequal battle, for the Confederate troops were mown down like grass, Private Gilmore falling with a broken leg and a terrific blow on the foot from a spent ball. Conscious of the great danger of the position, and unable longer to use his gun, he attempted to crawl for protection to a piece of timber to the left.

He had not gone far before, coming to a comrade who was shot through both arms, who asked him to take his handkerchief from his pocket to tie up and staunch the wounds, the young man saying he feared he would bleed to death. In the midst of that hailstorm of shot and shell the two men rose to their knees, but being in imminent danger of being killed at any moment, the stronger of the two men advised lying down as a possible means of escaping further injury, saying he would stay with his comrade until the battle was over, as the sun was then on the wane. The two soldiers lay down with their heads close together, but at that moment a fatal bullet passed through the head of one, and the other received a ball which crashed through his right shoulder, paralyzing for the time the right arm, breaking a rib, and entering the lung. Insensible from the blow, he lay there unconscious until sometime in the night, when returning consciousness showed that he was strangling from blood which rushed from his lung as he lay upon his face. With his left hand he managed to reach his canteen, and water relieved the suffocation. What a night of horror!

From the 2d to the 4th of July he lay in the field hospital, having a bullet extracted from his broken leg, but to this day bears the other in his right lung. Taken to his wife, who had with other ladies who had husbands in the army gone from Norfolk to Richmond by flag of truce, the romance was complete when, owing to his faithful wife's good nursing, after months of suffering he was restored to comparative health. He proposed to continue in the service, but the physicians insisted on his taking a discharge, as the hemorrhages from the lung, which followed for years, entirely unfitted him for further military service. Meantime he and Mrs. Gilmore diligently sought the sick and wounded in the hospitals of Virginia and did all they could for them.



MARIE LELIA ESTOPINAL, MAID OF HONOR FOR LOUISIANA.

need a wife to nurse him. His words were prophetic, for such was the case; but poor Col. Lomax was killed (at Seven Pines), and left a widow.

Soon after marriage Comrade Gilmore moved to the hostile front with his command. At Drewry's bluff the shells of the Federal gunboat Galena played havoc in portions of the Confederate ranks, but the Confederate

Comrade Richard Lambert was appointed military storekeeper of ordnance, with rank of captain of artillery, by President Davis in May, 1861, and assigned to the command of the arsenal at Baton Rouge, La., and when Gen. Lovell took command in New Orleans he was ordered on ordnance duty in that city. After the capture of New Orleans he was sent to the arsenal at Augusta, Ga., and from there to Macon as paymaster and military storekeeper, and remained there until the famous Wilson raid. He was then paroled and returned to his home in New Orleans. He was a charter member and one of the founders of the Army of Tennessee Association. He is a veteran of the Mexican war, and served for ten years on the frontier of Texas. He was at Fort Brown, Ringgold Barracks, Laredo, Belknap, Camp Cooper, and several other posts. The name is prominent in the Masonic fraternity, as he is the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, Past Grand High Priest, and Grand Commander.



MAJ. RICHARD LAMBERT.

Maj. L. Perot, Aid on Gen. Lombard's staff, was born and reared at Campti, La. Left his home the day the secession ordinance was being voted upon for Texas, and joined Capt. Lem H. Williams' company, Texas cavalry, organized for the purpose of operating with other Texas cavalry commands against Fort Wichita, in the Chickasaw Nation, held by the United States forces under command of Capt. Crittenden Emery, afterwards a noted United States general. Later he joined Bennett's cavalry company, of Paris, Tex. He was at Pea Ridge with Ben McCullough. After the death of Gen. McCullough he rejoined his company next day at Elk Horn Tavern. From the latter place he went to Memphis and Corinth. At Corinth his company was merged into the Thirty-Second cavalry and formed part of Cabell's brigade, and participated in the battle of Farmington. Gen. C. having

been assigned to the Trans-Mississippi Department, M. D. Ector, Adjutant of the Third Texas cavalry, was promoted to brigadier general and placed in command of the brigade and the name was changed to



MAJ. L. PEROT.

Ector's Texas Brigade. Perot was at Richmond, Ky., in the Kentucky campaign; Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Jackson, Miss.; Chickamauga, and all of the general's campaign and siege of Atlanta. In the famous night march between Atlanta and Chattanooga, when at one time Ector's brigade had possession of Sherman's stores at Altoona, Comrade Perot was mentioned and recommended for valor and meritorious conduct, with request of a position in A. and I. G. regular C. S. A. He was at Decatur, Ala.; Nashville, Tenn.; and Spanish Fort, Ala.; and was paroled at Meridian, Miss. He is a member of A. S. Johnston Camp, Paris, Tex., and Commander of Camp Captain Perot No. 397, U. C. V.

Thomas L. Moore, Adjutant of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, writes the VETERAN:

At the regular monthly meeting of this Camp, held last evening, Comrade W. F. Beasley offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York condemns in unmeasured terms the effort of Senator Butler, of North Carolina, to debauch the manhood of the South by seeking to obtain pensions for ex-Confederate soldiers from the United States, and that any similar effort by any Southern member of Congress will be abhorrent to this Camp and meet with its unqualified condemnation."

This was followed by congratulatory resolutions in approval of the recent language of the President anent the graves of Southern soldiers, and Comrades Joseph Wheeler and J. E. Graybill were appointed a committee to present the resolutions to President McKinley.

REGIMENT CAPTURED BY ONE CONFEDERATE.

Ex-Sheriff Charlie Wells tells a remarkable story of what occurred while the Seventh Georgia regiment was campaigning in the Valley of Virginia. The hero of the wonderful feat is Capt. James L. Bell, a popular conductor who daily takes his train in and out of Atlanta on the West Point road. The story is strictly true, and is known to all the surviving members of the Seventh Georgia regiment. It illustrates how whole bodies of well-disciplined men are liable to sudden and uncontrollable panics.

During Gen. Grant's advance on Richmond the Seventh Georgia regiment, after a day of hard and almost incessant fighting, found itself on the confines of a large field, across the center of which ran a straight deep ravine. The exigencies of the battle had, in a measure, separated the regiment from other commands on either flank, and, although the firing was incessant about them, no enemy was visible in their front. They had just repulsed an attack made by the Nineteenth Wisconsin regiment and a portion of a New York regiment. The latter had fallen back through the field and were lost to view. Dusk was fast gathering. The men of the Seventh were weary with a long day's fighting and were taking a needed rest. It was with these surroundings that Sergt. Bell thought he would reconnoiter, and, climbing over the works, he moved stealthily across the field and obliqued so as to meet the ravine at its head. Here he beheld a sight which almost paralyzed him. The ravine was full of Federals, and he had run full upon them. To retreat would have been dangerous. It was one man against hundreds, and Sergt. Bell determined in a moment to capture the regiment and take the colors with his own hands. Without a moment's pause he dashed boldly forward, firing his musket full into the ranks of the enemy, crying: "Surrender! Throw down your arms!" The Seventh Georgia heard the cries and shot, and dashed across the field, but too late to rob the gallant Bell of the honor achieved by his daring act. Bell had captured them single-handed, and had in his possession the colors of the Nineteenth Wisconsin Regiment. The captured regiment was sent to the rear amid great laughter, and Sergt. Bell became the hero of the hour.

It was the opinion of many that had the regiment appeared across the field it would have been saluted with a volley and an obstinate fight would have ensued; but the sudden apparition of a single wild figure darting out of the gloom, yelling and firing into their midst, so disconcerted them that they yielded to a genuine panic and were prisoners almost before they knew it. When Sergt. Bell dashed at them at the end of the ravine one man arose up and surrendered, then another and another, and in less than two minutes they were all prisoners.

Capt. Bell is a hale, handsome man of about fifty-five, with grizzled hair and mustache. He is as modest as he is brave, and this story comes from the lips of his comrades who were with him and who witnessed the remarkable feat on that October day. In 1884, in conversation with a friend, Capt. Bell expressed a great desire to know the fate of the gallant color bearer whom he had met on the field of battle so long ago.

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The friend, without informing him of his intention, inserted in a Wisconsin paper a little notice to the effect that the color bearer of the Nineteenth Wisconsin regiment, if still alive, would please confer with James L. Bell, Atlanta, Ga. The notice brought from Baraboo, Wis., the following, by Phillips Cheek, Jr.:

"Your card received, and I should have replied ere this, but was at Minneapolis at the National Encampment of the G. A. R., in command of the Department of Wisconsin; hence the delay. John Fallen, sometimes called Fowler, was color bearer of Company A, Nineteenth Wisconsin Infantry. He was captured with his regiment at Fair Oaks, Va. From there he was sent to Libby and Belle Isle, afterwards to Salisbury, N. C., where he remained until they were all released. By the aid of comrades he got home, but was so reduced that his friends did not recognize him, and was mentally an imbecile. He remained so for two months before he was able to recognize his mother. From that time, as a farmer, he did what he could to support his family. The people were very kind to him, and elected him Treasurer of the town of Freedom, Wis., each year for five years, which helped him financially. In May, 1881, he was attacked by a disease which carried him to the other shore. As evidence that he was esteemed, the G. A. R. post of Freedom, Wis., is called 'John Fallen Post.' His early death was the result of imprisonment in the Confederacy. My only brother was a member of this company, and was killed in August, 1864, in the trenches before Petersburg. It is a source of gratification to us, his relatives and friends, to have testimony of his gallant foe of the Seventh Georgia regiment to his gallantry as a soldier. His officers all speak of him as one that could be trusted under the most trying circumstances. I have often heard him tell of the capture of his regiment, and that 'there was no getting out of it.'"

Capt. Bell, whose feelings were deeply aroused by this unexpected reminder of the thrilling episode of Fair Oaks, replied from Atlanta, Ga., August 30, 1884, to Mr. Cheek as follows:

"The bravery of John Fallen is indelibly stamped on my memory. I met him once and spoke to him only to learn his name, but the flight of years can never efface the gallantry he displayed at his capture. He says 'there was no getting out of it,' which was true; but that made no difference; he was game all the same. I never doubted but that John Fallen would come to the front, for he was made of the right kind of stuff. To the Western soldiers' credit belongs for the hardest and best fighting of the war. . . . It is with pleasure that I learn that his name is to be perpetuated by having a G. A. R. post named for him. Please tell the members of that post of a Confederate soldier's admiration for the bravery of their honored namesake."

Application was made for a furlough for Sergt. James L. Bell, Company K, Seventh Georgia Regiment, dated at Fair Oaks, Va., November 30, 1864, in the following language:

"This is to ask leave of absence for thirty days on behalf of Sergt. James L. Bell, Company K, Seventh Georgia Regiment, to visit his home in Atlanta, Ga., because of his having advanced four hundred yards in front of his command, capturing the colors of the Nineteenth Wisconsin regiment, and causing the surrender of many officers and men. For this and other

acts of gallantry I respectfully ask that this application be granted.

"THOMAS WILSON, Lieut. Commanding Co. K."

This application was indorsed as follows: "J. F. Kiser, Major Commanding Seventh Georgia Regiment; G. T. Anderson, Brigadier General; C. W. Fields, Major General Commanding Division; Respectfully approved and forwarded for special gallantry—James B. Longstreet, General Commanding Corps."

"Respectfully approved and returned.

"ROBERT E. LEE."

This is one of the most remarkable feats in history.

REMINISCENCE OF OLD FORT GIBSON.

By Elder J. H. Milburn, Fulton, Ky.

Recently I took a hack at Muskogee, Ind. T., *en route* to Tahlequah, the capital of the Chreokee Nation. The balmy weather, the beautiful pastures, skirts of timber, and interesting scenery made the drive pleasant. Near Muskogee we passed the Baptist Indian University. Thence for some miles fine farms intervened. We reached the ferry on the Arkansas river opposite the mouth of Grand River and a little below the mouth of the Verligre. Traveling two or three miles farther through fine farms on one hand, and cane from two to twelve feet high on the other, we arrived at the old, historic town of Fort Gibson. We spent the afternoon in walking over the old town and long since abandoned United States fort.

This old fort was founded by Gen. Arbuttle in 1820, when this now great government of ours was in a transition period. On the heights of Fort Gibson events interesting and novel occurred before the irresistible progress of the white man and when the Indian held unquestioned dominion. Having been a Confederate soldier caused me to look upon the scenes with keener relish, perhaps, than otherwise I should have done. With what peculiar interest the writer looked at the old, dilapidated, two-story double-roomed, hewed-log structure with windows and fireplace above and cellar walled with stone beneath and massive stone chimneys, in which Jefferson Davis made his headquarters when United States commander of this old fort, may be imagined. Just east of this antiquated building was a large, deep, square cistern walled with stone, which still retains water. All about the place there seemed a grand requiem which will sound along the corridors of time as long as men have honest convictions and the courage to stand for them. From this scene we passed to a humble two-room cottage in which Jefferson Davis' family lived and in which he spent the greater part of his honeymoon with his first wife, the handsome daughter of Gen. Taylor. This once-honored though humble home is now occupied by a family of Indians. The old United States barracks are made of stone and cost probably about \$100,000. This building and other stone buildings reared at a later date are yet in a reasonably good state of preservation. We walked over the old drill and parade grounds on which Jefferson Davis drilled and disciplined soldiers who, together with himself and others, won honors at Monterey and other fields of carnage.

The United States cemetery is about one mile distant from old Fort Gibson, in which are the remains

of soldiers who died while in the service of their country. The cemetery is inclosed by a stone wall. Within the inclosure is a nice residence, the home of the keeper of the place. Old Fort Gibson, which cost the government altogether very nearly \$1,000,000, is now rendered worthless.

Additional interest gathers around these scenes and incidents, especially to Tennesseans and Texans, because it was to this outpost of the United States that Sam Houston retired with sad heart when he learned that his bride loved another man. At Fort Gibson Gov. Houston married a Cherokee Indian lady, who subsequently died, leaving no children. When Gen. Taylor, commander in chief of the United States forces, whose headquarters were at Fort Smith, Ark., and Jefferson Davis, at Fort Gibson, Ind. T., took up their line of march to Mexico, Sam Houston went with Mr. Davis. Returning to Texas at the close of the Mexican war, Mr. Houston entered upon the political arena and was subsequently elected Governor of the great State of Texas.

DARING DEEDS OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

J. J. Montgomery, now of Louisville, Ky., writes:

The idea of being a prisoner had never entered my mind until I heard, Sunday morning, February 16, 1862, that Fort Donelson had surrendered. I could not believe it, as we had been successful in every engagement for three days, both on land and water. The weather was bitter cold, but I lost no time in starting to Dover, a mile distant. The first information I had was that our officers had held a council of war. Gen. Floyd said that he would not surrender himself or men; Gen. Pillow said that he would not surrender; but Gen. Buckner said that he would surrender rather than sacrifice two-thirds of the men to save one-third. I then asked for Floyd, and was told that he had landed his men across the river, and that Col. Forrest had gone also. Having no time to lose, I hastened to the river,



J. J. MONTGOMERY.

where I found the steamer Gen. Anderson waiting to carry off Pillow—horses, negroes, and baggage. I went to headquarters and made every effort to get aboard, but appealed in vain, as they were afraid the boat would sink. However, I saw three horses and two negroes with baggage taken on afterwards. It was then early daylight, and I returned to camp with no hope, only to submit to whatever might happen.

On Monday I took deck passage (?) on a steamboat, not knowing my destination. The weather was still very cold. We arrived at Alton, Ill., the following Saturday, and were marched to box cars, into which were crowded fifty in a car. Eighteen hours afterwards we emerged at Chicago. It was Sunday, and we had no fire and nothing to eat or drink, only a tin cup full of hot coffee for each man at Bloomington, Ill. We were marched to Camp Douglas prison, in Chicago. With what I could steal from the commissary, I did not suffer much from hunger. I did not believe there was any wrong in such stealing. All the time I was planning to make my escape, but was foiled by being stricken down by erysipelas. After getting up I renewed my energies for escape, knowing it an issue of life or death.

Very early on the morning of June 3, 1862, I waked my partner, W. G. Kerr, and told him to get on his clothes, that there were no pickets outside. We went through the kitchen window and over a twelve-foot fence without trouble. Kerr got near the top, when he fell back, but he tried it again, and on reaching the top said: "Didn't I come a climbing?" When over, we were in the commons next to the city. We walked leisurely along until we reached the street car track, and took the first car for the city. Knowing that they published the daily arrivals, we had told some of the boys our assumed names, so they could tell as to our safety. We stopped at the Briggs House, took dinner and supper, and then rode in an omnibus to the Air Line depot, where we bought tickets for Louisville, Ky., taking a sleeping car. We missed connection there, and stopped over until the next morning, when we went on to Nashville, arriving there that evening, and stopped for the night at Dr. Hodge's, corner of Broad and Cherry Streets. Taking a walk, we eluded the pickets, and, avoiding all public roads, went unnoted to Giles County.

It did not take us long to go to work again, joining the cavalry until our regiments were exchanged.

William G. Kerr, my companion, was from Campbell's Station, Tenn., and I could not have found a better man in the Third Tennessee regiment. His courage was extraordinary. I ate my breakfast on the morning of our escape, and, finding the way clear, I waked Bill and told him the conditions. He rubbed his eyes and said: "Are you going in daylight?" To my reply in the affirmative he said: "Well, I am with you." There are yet many living witnesses to our escape.

At Enterprise, Miss., in August, 1863, I was discharged from the army, not being able to serve longer in the infantry. On returning to Tennessee, I found the Federals burning houses, stealing horses, and committing other depredations. It did not take me long to get a cavalry outfit, and I was soon at it again. In October, 1863, the Yankees caught me by surprise.

I reported as belonging to a command, in order to save my neck. They took me to jail at Columbia, Tenn., and from there to the penitentiary at Nashville. I refused to take the oath, and was sent to Louisville, then to Indianapolis, Ind.

My treatment at the other prisons was bad enough, but nothing to compare with Camp Morton. I was first stripped and searched, and everything they found of value was taken from me. Our barracks were the stables built and used for horses. They were made of inch plank standing on end, the cracks partly covered with narrow strips. There was no floor but the ground, and the rooms were from sixty to eighty feet long, each containing two wood stoves. The sergeant who called our roll would sometimes amuse himself by shooting along our line and by beating sick prisoners over the head with his saber. We called him "Bloody H—." I often ate my day's rations at one meal, and have seen men crying for something to eat. I saw men pull up their sleeves and run their hands down into the hospital slop barrels in search of meat, cabbage stalks, etc., which were eaten. I determined to leave the place or die in the attempt, as death threatened if I stayed. Having escaped once, I believed I could do so again. I succeeded by digging a tunnel. About 4:30 A. M., February 11, 1864, W. B. Bell, of Charlotte, Tenn., and John Branch, of Culleoka, Tenn., escaped with me in that way. Branch left us near the prison, and said that he was going to Canada, which he did. Bell urged that he and I go to the depot and take the first train for Canada. I favored going to the best hotel in the city, but I yielded to Bell, as he was much the older. I was to go into the depot about fifteen steps in front of him, and if either one was captured the other was not to know him. I passed the guard all right, but when Bell came to him I heard the guard say: "Halloo, old man! when did you get out?" Bell replied: "Nothing wrong with me, sir; nothing wrong." I then turned toward the side entrance to depart, and on looking around I saw a man from Arkansas, wearing a Confederate overcoat with cape, coming toward me. I shook my head at him, and turned to go out. As I reached the door the guard hallooed: "Halt!" I looked back over my shoulder and saw that he had the man from Arkansas. Not having any further business there, I left the depot, having seen two captured up to six o'clock A. M. Having no overcoat, and the weather being cold, I soon found a Jew clothing store, where I bought a coat, handkerchief, and gloves, which made me look a little more respectable, having had the dirt scraped off my face in a barber shop.

Being now alone, I went to the Depot Hotel and registered under my assumed name, and went back to the fire, where two Yankee sergeants and one corporal were sitting. When the bell rang for breakfast I went with them, and we all ate at the same table. About nine o'clock I walked over to the depot. There were no guards nor any one else to be seen. On my return one of the sergeants asked me if I had heard about a lot of prisoners escaping the night before, and told me that they had caught some of them. I replied that they ought to have caught every one of them and hung them. These Yankees were going to Evansville; so was I. We missed connection at Terre Haute, and

spent the night at the same hotel. Arriving at Evansville the next day, we all stopped at the Washington Hotel. After two days' waiting for a boat to Nashville, I succeeded, and on the fourth day after leaving Evansville I arrived in the Rock City. A friend of mine sent for Misses Kizzie Henderson and Annie Menifee (later Mrs. Paul). They were heroines without fear, for when they heard that I had escaped from prison and wanted to leave the city for the South they lost no time in going after a pass, although it was snowing hard. On their return they had one, which read: "Miss Henderson, sister, and driver." I was the "driver." We had to show the pass three times going out. I bade them good-by twelve miles from the city. I then started South on foot, going from one skirt of timber to another, avoiding all roads, and going into Giles County. I could not go home, but sent word, and got some clothes. I then got hold of a little mule branded "U. S.," which I rode barbeback to the Tennessee River, sixty miles, through a cold, drizzling rain. I had to ford the river about one mile into McKennon's Island, after dark, where I stayed all night; so on the morning of March 1, 1864, I was once more a free man in Dixie's land, something the worse by wear from my ride. I rested two months in North Alabama. In May I recrossed in a skiff, about dark, and walked back to Giles County, where I was soon mounted, and returned to North Alabama with a complete outfit of everything the U. S. government issued to its cavalry. My career afterwards will be appreciated by the following pass from Gen. Wheeler:

"Headquarters Cavalry Corps, Army of Tennessee, near Florence, Ala., September 10, 1864.

"Special Orders: All guards will pass J. J. Montgomery, Lowry's Scouts, at will at all times in and outside of our lines. By order of Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler. E. S. BURFORD, Major and A. A. General."

On September 10, 1898, Gen. Wheeler said: "After thirty-four years the within order, issued by myself on September 10, 1864, is handed to me. I take pleasure in stating that it is authentic."

T. W. COLLEY AS A SOLDIER—1861 TO 1865.

Thomas W. Colley was born near Abingdon, Va., November 30, 1837. He enlisted in the Washington Mounted Rifles April 7, 1861, and did noble service in its ranks till May 28, 1864, when he was disabled by a wound in the left ankle, which necessitated the amputation of his foot. He was esteemed for his courage and unswerving integrity, and was often selected for important posts of duty and to execute plans fraught with danger. He was severely wounded March 17, 1863, a ball passing through his abdomen, and left for dead upon the field. He fell into the hands of the advancing enemy, who cared kindly for him. He rallied promptly, however, from this wound, and soon resumed his place in the company.

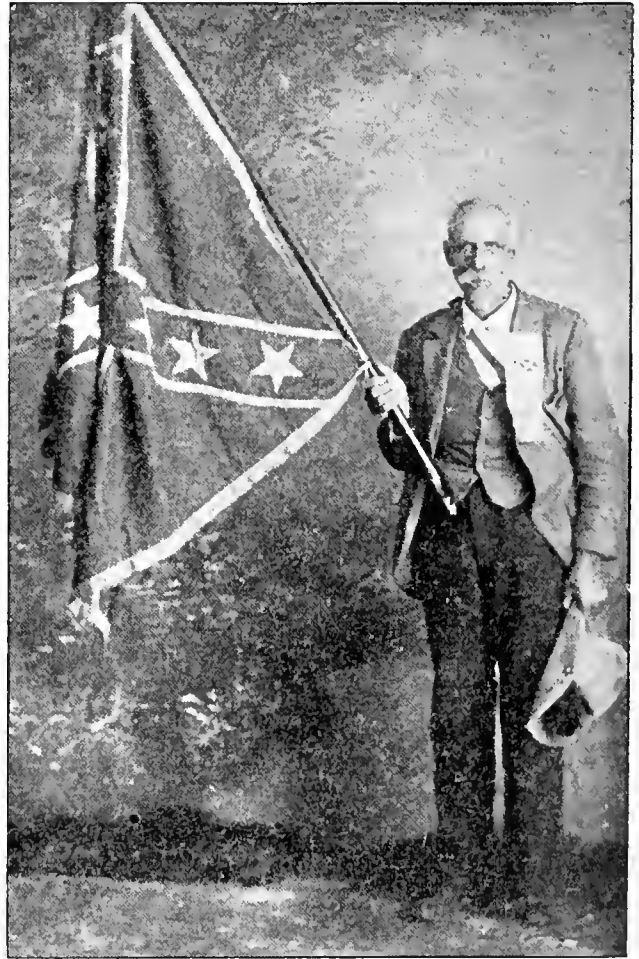
Comrade Colley is ever proud of the personal regard of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee for his men. January 26, 1895, Gen. Lee wrote to him:

"Your kind letter received. I am glad that you are well, and that you take the proper view of life, with its burdens. We are all apt to have business misfortunes and domestic losses and troubles, but with brave hearts and clear consciences we can surmount them. Re-

member me to any of old Company D you may meet. Alas! we are all growing old now, and our ranks are being thinned rapidly, all of which should make us—the old soldiers of the State—cling closer and stand together in all things. I shall always be glad to hear from you."

Gen. Lee wrote again on October 22, 1866: "I am always pleased to hear from and of any of my old soldiers, particularly from those I am able to recall as having proved themselves good ones, and in that class I shall always place you."

Judge R. M. Page, of Abingdon, Va., states that he was a true, courageous, and reliable soldier; that he did his duty well all the time.



THOMAS W. COLLEY AT FIFTY-NINE YEARS OF AGE.

The picture represents Comrade Colley holding the flag of the First Virginia Cavalry, which was concealed by the ensign, Daniel Lowry, on the morning of the surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865, and has been kept as a sacred relic all these years. Colley had carried the flag on different occasions in service. He has kept nearly all of the passes, furloughs, etc., secured during the war. He is a member of the W. E. Jones Camp at Abingdon, Va., and is Adjutant of the C. E. Chichester Camp at his home, Enoree, S. C. At the Nashville reunion he was honored by a seat with one of Nashville's fairest daughters in the parade.

EARLY WAR INCIDENTS ON THE JAMES.

BY LIEUT. J. B. TAPSCOTT, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Although it is thirty-seven years since the boom of artillery and the defiant Rebel yell were heard in the harbor of Charleston at the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and the opening of the war thus inaugurated, the incidents unnumbered, of every shade of interest, which followed in the four eventful years still continue to come forth from the memories of those who were engaged in the mighty struggle, and are being given to the rising generation to preserve as precious relics gathered from "flood and field" in the greatest civil war of which there is any record.

I give an account of the first Federal gunboat which appeared in the inland waters of Virginia as it came under my own observation, as well as that of others who were with me as members of the party of which I was the commanding officer in charge. As first lieutenant in the corps of engineers of the Army of Northern Virginia, I received the following order from Capt. Alfred L. Rives, acting chief engineer of the bureau at Richmond, under date of March 25, 1862:

"Sir: You will form a party or parties at once and proceed to the county of New Kent to reconnoiter and survey the country, especially noticing the streams, woods, marshes, and landings, to determine up to what points the Pamunkey and Chickahominy Rivers are navigable. Examine the rivers also with a view to obstructing them rapidly and at low points, if possible."

The following one was issued, on my personal application by John Withers, A. A. G.:

"The following men are detailed for temporary duty in the Engineer Department, and will without delay report to Lieut. John B. Tapscott, of the provisional engineers, in this city: H. L. Heiskell, Company G, Twenty-Seventh Virginia Volunteers; W. M. McDonald, Company G, Second Virginia Volunteers."

Before leaving for the field my friend, John Harmer Gilmer, Jr., of Richmond, joined the party.

Having been equipped with the necessary instruments and appliances for the work, and having a permit from the provost marshal "to visit West Point and country between James River and Rappahannock, upon honor not to communicate in writing or verbally for publication any fact ascertained, which, if known to the enemy, might be injurious to the Confederate States of America," we proceeded without delay.

Taking the Richmond and the York River railroad to West Point, a distance of thirty-nine miles, I concluded to make a beginning at the Pamunkey river and opposite the Mattaponi, the two rivers forming the York river. Getting a boat, we crossed over to the tongue of land formed by the rivers to examine some defensive works that had been thrown up there. I wrote a report only of their condition, as I knew full drawings of them were on file in the war office.

Returning to the town about noon, I asked a darky if he knew where we could get dinner, and he said, "Yes, sah! right ober dah," pointing to a queer-looking old house having a centenary look in all respects. The first story was of stone, and on this was one of weatherboards, the wood looking old and dingy. Above the cone of the roof an immense chimney top rose, built of English brick brought over as a ballast

in vessels more than a hundred and fifty years ago. It was finished in a very peculiar style, and resembled many others I afterwards saw in other parts of the country. I took a peep into this old rookery before dinner. Imagine my surprise when I saw a clean, sanded floor, with a snow-white cloth spread over a long table, on which was an abundance of dishes and plates nicely arranged and ready to receive the dinner about to be served. In half an hour we sat down to enjoy a feast that I shall never forget. The season was just opening for shad, and we found this queen of all fish on the table, being fried, baked, and boiled; also York River oysters, fried ham and eggs, and all the vegetables of the season, together with different kinds of bread, fresh butter, sweet milk, buttermilk, and winding up with a dessert of custard pie. Ample justice was done this fine dinner.

Having the order to make examinations of the Pamunkey river in regard to obstructing it for the purpose of intercepting Federal gunboats, we commenced the ascent of it, carefully noting everything bearing upon the object intended to be effected. Sketches were made, noting the topography at many points along its banks, also the names of landings and their connections with the main county roads leading to Richmond. These observations were continued until we reached White House Landing, fifteen miles from West Point.

Sundown on the first day found us near a farmhouse, on a little elevation back from the south bank of the river, and, concluding to seek its hospitality for the night, we called on the gentleman, stating our business in that part of the country, and were received most cordially. After a fine supper we were delightfully entertained by his daughters and a couple of young lady visitors from the neighborhood. We had music and dancing, and the hours, winged by pleasure, flew charmingly along, leaving pleasant memories with all.

The next day we reached the head of Cook's Island, two miles below a small settlement called Cumberland. Here was the only point that I considered practicable for placing obstructions for the intended purpose. We then continued the work to the end. Returning to Col. Cook's, whose residence was on the bluff, near the head of the island, I made a survey and sketch of the position, reporting to the department at Richmond: "It appears that the upper end of the island could be easily obstructed. The bottom of the river is composed of mud and sand, and there would be no difficulty in sinking piles. The timber necessary could be obtained along the river, and within three miles of the island—white oak and spruce pine. Near the main elevation, which enfilades the river, is Chestnut Grove Landing. Artillery could be hauled up rapidly by making a rough trackway, or, if the road should be dry, it could be transported over the natural surface. The country presents an irregular profile for some distance back from the river. The landings have roads leading to the ridge roads, and connect with the county and stage roads to Richmond. The rains in April and May would not prevent the advance of the enemy, as the roads dry rapidly, the water being absorbed and carried off in subterranean channels. Caloke Station is twenty-eight miles from Richmond. There are but two mails per week, Wednesdays and Fridays.

The sketch I send is sufficiently clear to enable you to determine the practicability of placing obstructions at the point as designated. Supplies are getting scarce in this region, the army on the peninsula having pretty well exhausted them."

We went from Col. Cook's to New Kent C. H., and began the survey of the county, which occupied the greater part of the month of April. Having received a subsequent order to make a hydrographical survey of the Pamunkey river, beginning at West Point and extending to the railroad bridge beyond the "White House," we did this work, and on its completion returned to Cumberland. Before this Yorktown had been evacuated and an immense quantity of military stores of every description which were there had been loaded on schooners and sent up to White House Station, near the railroad bridge, to be transferred on trains to Richmond. The department at Richmond having been notified that a Federal gunboat had started up York River and would continue its course up the Pamunkey, with a view of destroying the property which had been carried away from Yorktown, it was determined by Gen. Lee to intercept it by obstructing the river at Cook's Island, as suggested in my report, and I received a note from Capt. Charles A. Carrington, of the quartermaster's department, who had been sent to take charge of and secure the same if possible. He wrote: "I ask you to come to this place with all possible speed to aid me." On reporting to him as requested, I received this additional order, dated May 4, 1862: "You are hereby ordered to take charge of any vessels at Cumberland loaded with wood or long forage, and, detailing any force which may be necessary, discharge their cargoes and use them in obstructing the Pamunkey river against the passage of the enemy's vessels. You are further ordered to apply to the farmers to aid you in the discharge of this duty."

Another note from Col. R. T. Cook, which I received at Cumberland, stated: "We are all on our heads nearly. I am just on my feet creeping about the house. We don't know what to do. You are called to the 'White House' by Gen. Lee. A boy came down here after you posthaste. If you come down here, call."

It being arranged to have the vessels unloaded and sent to me at the place to be obstructed, we returned to Mr. Tolers', at Cumberland, to spend the night. The night, I may say, was an eventful one, and the incident which occurred was in striking contrast to those which transpired the three days following it. I bring it forth as an amusing episode which was altogether unexpected. After having enjoyed a delightful supper and the pleasant social intercourse of the family for two or three hours after it, we were shown to our room by Mr. Toler, all bidding us good-night, with wishes for refreshing sleep and happy dreams. We were not long in disrobing. Gilmer got in bed with me, and McDonald in one just opposite. Being pretty well worn out, it was some time before I could settle to an easy position in bed. I heard several low growls coming from the direction of McDonald's bed, and very soon more of them came—when all of a sudden the cover on the bed rose up, and quick as a flash it descended to the floor, with McDonald following it, lighting upon his feet. "What's the matter?" I said. "There are

rats in there," he answered; "and I don't propose to be a bedfellow with them." Gilmer was awakened, and he said: "Let's rout 'em out." I got up, struck a match, and lit the candle, McDonald standing just where he had landed from the bed, and facing it, robed in a red flannel undergarment of very full dimensions; and, unadorned otherwise, he presented a sight that was amusing and picturesque. Gilmer, finding a couple of canes in the room, gave one to McDonald and held the other himself. The bed was pulled out a few feet from the wall, and they went behind it. I got on top, with the candle in one hand to give light, and was to bend the mattress back until the varmints came in sight. All being ready, I took hold of the side of the mattress near them and commenced raising it, and when halfway up I gave it a sudden jerk, and behold! a little pet squirrel came in sight, and sat upon his haunches, pluming his tail and looking at us with his big eyes, as much as to say: "What are you disturbing me about?" The canes were dropped, and Gilmer, throwing his vest over the little fellow, gathered him up, and, finding his box in the room, put him in it, and we then returned to bed, and were soon wafted to the land of nod. The next morning we had a fine breakfast, and, thanking our friends for their kindness, left to begin the work of obstructing the river.

We found two schooners awaiting us, anchored a short distance above the line to obstruct. Raising the anchor of one, we let it float with the ebbing tide to position, dropped the anchor again, to hold it, and ran the bow close to the channel edge by a mud flat which ran out a hundred and fifty feet from the New Kent side of the river and terminated in water fifteen feet deep. We then scuttled the vessel at the water line, midway between bow and stern, and in less than half an hour it filled and sunk to the bottom. The other one was worked in the same way, and in line with the first, extending toward the island. Late in the afternoon five others came, and, although a cold drizzling rain commenced falling about sundown, we worked straight along all night, getting the last one in position about sunrise. While at breakfast my boatman informed me that four more schooners were in sight, making eleven in all, the number necessary to finish the work in the New Kent channel. The rain continued to come down, and it was chilly.

We were now expecting the gunboat at every moment, so we used all the energy within us to sink the remaining vessels, which would finish the most important part of the work, as the pilots knew nothing about the channel on the King William side of the river. Not taking time for dinner or rest, we completed the obstructions as intended late in the afternoon.

Four other schooners were sent down to be sunk in the King William channel. They came about sundown. Taking advantage of the ebb tide, we got two of them in position, after losing a great deal of time in getting around shallows and sandbars at the head of the island. These were sunk before midnight, and the two others left anchored until the flood tide ceased and the ebb commenced again. This would not occur until about nine o'clock in the morning.

We concluded to take a little rest, and went up to Col. Cook's, giving orders to a picket to notify me promptly on the appearance of the gunboat. About

sunup there was a heavy pounding on the door of our room, which I found was made by the picket, who informed me that the boat was coming up the river slowly, and was about a mile distant. We were soon in our clothes, and determined to burn the vessels remaining at anchor, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. Having our boat at shore near by, we started to carry out this purpose, and just as we were in the act of ascending the side of one of the vessels the gunboat appeared, coming around a short bend in the river less than half a mile away. It was a dangerous-looking object. Its hull was painted black and appeared to sit low in the water, and came moving along with dense smoke rolling from its stack. Knowing that we were in short range of its guns, the idea at once suggested itself that our best chance to escape its fire was to deceive the officer in command by making the impression that we were the crew of the vessel instead of Confederates. I told the boys we would return to the shore, but to make no hurried motions in rowing back, to keep cool, and not to look toward the Federals. We moved slowly along, expecting every moment to see the puff of gray from the explosion of the bow gun and hear the hissing of a shell or the screech of grape coming from it; but we got safely to shore, and, pulling the boat up a gulley near a fish house, I told them to remain there and I would go up on the bluff and see what would be done by the enemy. Creeping through the undergrowth and weeds, I got within a few hundred yards of them, getting a full view. They approached the obstructions very slowly, and, seeing an open space of about one hundred and fifty feet where there appeared no vessels had been sunk, they made for it, evidently with the intention of passing on up the river to carry out their purpose of capturing or destroying the military stores taken from Yorktown by the schooners; but this was the mud flat spoken of heretofore, which the tide yet covered, and, going into it before knowing its character, they stuck fast, and puffed and swung around right and left for half an hour before they got off again. Being once more in the channel, they tried to force a way through the obstructions, attempting it at several places, but failed to do so; the vessels would not yield, the work being well done, and they were thus disappointed. This was on the morning of May 7, 1862. A launch was then lowered from the boat, and twenty armed marines got into it, and after making a few soundings they captured a negro on the island, who had been left a prisoner by the tide carrying off his skiff. Taking him to the gunboat, they then crossed the obstructions and started up the river. Having reason to believe that the darky had betrayed us, and as we were greatly in the minority, and having no arms to fight them, we left at once for New Kent C. H., and from thence crossed over to the railroad near White House Landing, and returned to Richmond on a freight loaded with some of the Yorktown supplies that still remained at the station.

I afterwards learned that the two vessels which were not sunk were carried off by the Yankees, and that no further attempt was made by the enemy to force the obstructions after he returned down the river with the captured vessels.

The party now disbanded, having successfully carried out all the orders given, and were afterwards as-

signed to different lines of service. Altogether, we had a pleasant time in the prosecution of the work, and many pleasing incidents in connection with it are still treasured in memory by me, and will never fade from it.

Richard H. Evans, of Cleveland, Ohio, had occasion to gossip with a *Cincinnati Enquirer* scribe as he was going home from a long journey for the holidays, in the course of which he said—after telling of his service on the Union side in the great war, in the latter part of which he was discharged because of impaired health in the service, never asking a pension: "At the second battle of Bull Run I saw a shot or shell from a Confederate cannon strike the earth some distance in front of our ranks, burrow in the ground, come up again, and pass over our heads and on for perhaps a mile. You can see a shell coming through the air and dodge it if you are an 'artful dodger.' At that battle Gen. Stonewall Jackson ran out of shot and shell, and fired bars of railroad iron at us; and I want to say to you that when those ugly things came flying through the air with a rotary velocity and a double whizz of a whirlwind the feeling was very uncomfortable in that immediate vicinity. Wonderful fighters those Southerners. We captured thousands of them that early in the conflict with their shoes worn off, the blood from their feet bespattered on the rough road, and with only parched corn in their haversacks. It was an honor to fight such dauntless men. Marvelous military chieftain was Stonewall Jackson, one of the greatest that ever lived in the history of the world, and the Confederacy had better lost thirty thousand men than that matchless spirit and Chancellorsville. Though our army outnumbered his three to one, he repeatedly drove us from one end of the Valley to the other at will, feeding and supplying his men off us and turning our own captured cannon and ammunition upon us. For a time he won a great victory every ten days, and with a small force he swooped down unexpectedly upon Harper's Ferry, and after firing a few shots captured ten thousand Federal prisoners. He was the genius of battle, the wizard of war."

The Isaac R. Trimble Camp No. 1052 begins the new year with the following officers: Commander, Andrew C. Trippe; Lieutenant Commanders, Winfield Peters, Thomas B. Mackall, James W. Denny, and Dr. Thomas J. Boykin; Adjutant, William L. Ritter, Captain; Quartermaster, M. Warner Hewes, Captain; Surgeon, Dr. John H. Grimes, Major; Assistant Surgeons, Dr. Alexander T. Bell, Dr. Louis W. Knight, and Dr. William L. Morgan; Chaplains, Rev. H. M. Wharton, D. D., Rev. Henry T. Sharp, and Rev. William C. Maloy; Officer of the Day, Marcellus J. Nolley; Paymaster, E. Brison Tucker; Vidette, Henry M. Carter; Sergeant Major, William H. Brent; Color Sergeant, Richard T. Knox; Color Guards, George C. Minor, William H. Johnson, and Myer J. Block.

Capt. W. S. Lapham, who served in Company A, Twenty-Fifth Texas infantry, died at Sabine Pass, Tex., November 12, 1898. A committee appointed A. S. Johnson Camp, No. 75, U. C. V., Beaumont, Tex., of which he was a member, passed resolutions in his honor.

AFLOAT—AFIELD—AFLOAT.

Notable Events of the Civil War.

BY GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

(Series Concluded.)

There looms out of a locker near this desk the light of other days. Amid its letters and literary lootings I see the picture of the Confederate gunboat Gaines. This picture and its pen drawing relate back to the pencil sketch of 1864—the work of the Queen of Mobile—when the writer had the choice of three sketches that she made of the Gaines. A pleasing memory of my twentieth year was the kindly compliment awarded me in the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Betty Hagan the day after the battle of Mobile Bay. This lady, wife of Col. Hagan, made a home for the navy, with her husband, of Gen. Forrest's Cavalry, the host of the army thereabouts. Aboard the cutter of the Gaines Mrs. Hagan plied her graceful pencil, and upon completion of her artist task we cheered her as she smiled good-by, her sunshade now threw out its wings, and she sailed away for home under the care of Lieut. Payne.

I reëntered the navy as a midshipman in the fall of 1863, and was assigned to the Gaines in Mobile Bay. It was not until May, 1864, that the finest ironclad of the Confederacy, that swimming citadel of Mobile, floated over Dog River bar by means of "camels." This casemated Tennessee wore the blue flag of Admiral Franklin Buchanan, and when this veteran went down the bay to take a look at the Western Gulf Squadron, under Admiral Farragut, the Gaines and other vessels of war went along. This view of the blockaders was taken in May, 1864. In August following the rival flagships met and "telescoped into" each other.

I noted in my journal how the huge dark hulls of the squadron looked in the sunny weather afar out in the gulf. We had met before. Transferring from the Western waters to the gulf, I stayed some time in Port Hudson, on the Mississippi. I bore a hand the glorious night of March 14, 1863, when the garrison beat back five of the enemy's fleet of seven war vessels. It was here that I studied the lashing of war ships in twos and saw the advantage of the heavier boat being convoyed by the speedier one. I grew well acquainted with hull and spars of the Hartford, Richmond, Monongahela, and also the rear boat going it alone in bringing up the fleet of seven. I saw the old Mississippi drifting down to Profit's Island in a blaze of fire in the early morning, after the ball, and felt the earth and the waters tremble when her magazine exploded. Her executive officer leaped into fame in 1898 as George Dewey—Admiral Dewey, of Manila.

The last dogwatch Thursday, August 4, 1864, bore no sign that the end of the Gaines was but half a day distant. In fact, the very next dogwatch saw us boating it past her wreck under the guns of Fort Morgan, and we were starting to run the gantlet after dark, through the thirty miles patrolled by the vigilant Federal fleet, to Mobile. Our last dogwatch, as it proved, was enlightened, as sailors know, with music from 4 to 8 P. M. The night was quiet and the sea smooth, the light breeze caressing the ripples. At sundown it

had come on to rain heavy, but cleared off. At midnight it grew hot and calm, and when I took charge of the deck in Friday's morning watch a light wind sprang out of the southwest and the tide was on the turn.

From six o'clock till high noon on August 14, 1864, at least the Farragut armada materialized upon us. First a dun cloud in stately compact order hove in sight, steering out of the south from the outer bar, while the darker and more active monitors "chased" out of Sand Island to form the starboard column in advance of the fleet, Sand Island being distant three to three and one-half miles from Fort Morgan. The Gaines was lying at anchor next to the Tennessee, with Morgan and Selma as her mates, at this hour just north of Fort Morgan and east of the channel. At 5:50 A. M. the quartermaster reported the enemy's fleet coming in from the bar, with his monitors slanting in from Sand Island. I ordered him to report to Capt. Bennett, who came upon deck and remarked: "We must put the ship in shape for action and get the men to their guns." While the Gaines, under Capt. Bennett's eye, was clearing for action I repaired to my charge, the two thirty-two pounder broadside guns of the forward division.

At this early hour we couldn't very well analyze the cloud of war into its fourteen wooden ships and four monitors, nor how our little band of four played getting into action. But we may group the enemy's flush pairs—that is, the sloops of war and large craft on the inshore or starboard side protecting their consorts, which must convoy them through in case of crippling. Premising that Mobile lies thirty-five miles north of Fort Morgan, on Mobile Point.

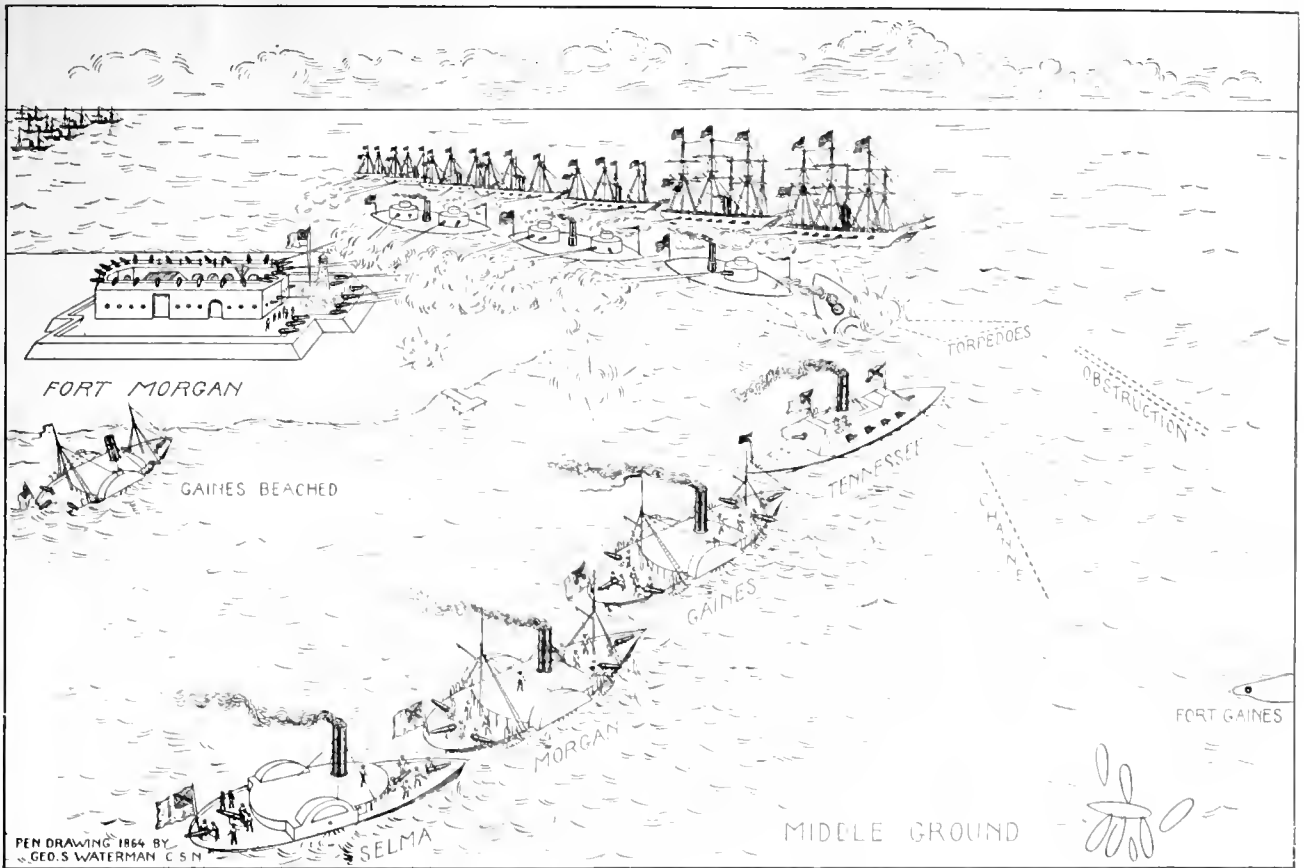
The Confederate forces engaged were: Col. Anderson, with 864 men and 30 guns at Fort Gaines; Gen. Page, with 640 men and 77 guns at Fort Morgan; then the four Confederate vessels Tennessee (flagship of Admiral Buchanan), Selma, Gaines, and Morgan, with 470 men and 22 guns.

The Federal forces comprised four monitors and fourteen other vessels, with 172 guns and 2,700 men.

From Fort Gaines a line of closely planted piles stretched southeasterly along the sand reef in direction of Fort Morgan, where the reef formed the western edge of the channel. Thus vessels could not come in over the flats, and must pass close under the guns of Fort Morgan. A triple line of torpedoes was buoyed across and ended at the famous Red Buoy, less than three hundred yards from the water batteries. Thus, distant more than three miles from the Federal fleet, Fort Gaines could take no active part in the engagement.

It will be noted that the enemy stationed six vessels immediately south and east of Fort Morgan as a menacing or supporting fleet; that Fort Gaines bore a hand early in the morning, but requiring no mention; that the Federal fleet bore northeast by compass from Sand Island until abreast of Fort Morgan, then northwest one-half north until past the Middle Ground, and then north by west; that the line of torpedoes was opposite Fort Morgan on its west front, where the Tecumseh sank.

The Gaines now absorbs my attention, and it is only what I witnessed from her forward division that I am permitted to describe. I find, to begin with, that



the scene of our fiercest fighting has fallen first into poetic hands of the enemy, and reads :

In a sullen ring at bay
By the Middle Ground they lay,
Raking us fore and aft.

The Gaines now heaves in sight, with the sentinel marine on each wheelhouse. Her officers are: Lieut. John W. Bennett, commanding; Lieuts. John A. Payne and Edgar L. Lambert, Past Assistant Surgeon O. S. Iglehart, Midshipmen Eugene Phillips and George S. Waterman, Gunner Z. A. Offut, Second Assistant Engineers Edward Debois and George J. Weaver, Third Assistant Engineers John Applegate and Edwin Weaver, Lieut. J. R. Y. Fendall, Marine Corps, and Paymaster's Clerk Joseph L. Wilson.

While at my post with the forward broadside guns I noted the morning breeze veering more and more to the westward, tending to becloud Fort Morgan, an ominous point; but, having been occupied many nights with Lieut. F. S. Barrett, C. S. A., in laying torpedoes, I knew we had sown these hidden missiles thickly, and I felt proportionately reassured. In some way or other the Lord of battles would provide some kindly issue for our little fleet, and there was much comfort in that old saying that "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong," and in old Puritanic phrase :

Nor is the battell to the peopell
What has the longest guns.

Nor must I forget the impression the enemy's fleet made as I saw the fourteen ships draw near, flying at

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every masthead, as well as at each peak, the national flag.

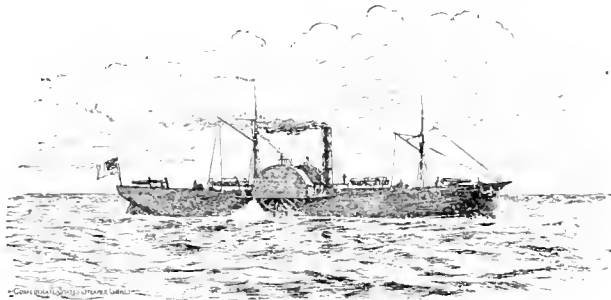
Fire was opened at 6:50 A. M. by the Tecumseh and Brooklyn, and the battle was well on when the splendid artillery of Fort Morgan bore a hand. The audacity of our little fleet against a giant braced us to our work in sheer combativeness. We were not afraid to pit our Tennessee against all the shells and balls and rams of Farragut's wooden ships, and the fight our admiral made down the entire Federal line proved him invulnerable save to monitors. He had in one day broken the prestige of "walls of oak" when he attacked the frigates in Hampton Roads two years before, and to-day he was proof against all the guns of Farragut's frigates. Nothing like blood and iron and the man behind the guns!

Our point of vantage was to pour our fire upon each group of ships while they moved into position to silence Fort Morgan's guns, for while they were in this position they could fire upon only one of us at a time, so that three of us would be masters of the situation. We didn't know for sure but that the Yankees might have learned that we had not sown torpedoes to the east of the Fort Morgan channel. The chief of our engineer department had ordered this space to be kept open for our own ships. From the water battery of the fort to the triple line of torpedoes the distance was two hundred and twenty-six yards. Here was the famous Red Buoy, and as the reader has seen that I was acquainted with the torpedo line, he may well imagine how intensely I watched our admiral from the time he threw out the signal "Follow

my movements" and ran down close on the starboard bows of the leading ships of the enemy. The monitor *Tecumseh*, in the van of the Federal armada, was shaking his horns bull-like at this audacious *Tennessee* entering the barnyard, and these mailed knights glared through the bars of their helmets, eager for the fray round about the Red Buoy. The eager Craven had been expressly commanded to steer *cast* of the easternmost buoy, but he grew suspicious of the narrow channel, and while in this incertitude seemed anxious to lock horns with his antagonist, leaving to the *Tennessee's* superior acquaintance with the torpedo line the time and place of encounter. Now, seeing the *Tecumseh* hesitate, our wily admiral moves to the westward, drawing the enemy on; and the latter, responding to the challenge, swerves just his beam's width to the westward, when

"A moment we saw her turret,
A little heel she gave,
And a thin white spray went o'er her,
Like the crest of a breaking wave."

I felt a vague discredit for even the minor part taken in laying those torpedoes; for this system of warfare did seem, a generation ago, the least bit "off color." We couldn't imagine what made the enemy



set up at this juncture such continuous cheering from the vessels nearest this scene, unless it was that they thought the *Tennessee* had perished; but we set up cheers as heartily as theirs. Never shall I forget the sensation on seeing the monitor rise out of the water and plunge head downward, while her screw revolved wildly in air, and Capt. Craven, with over one hundred men, sank to the bottom of the bay, imprisoned in the hull of the *Tecumseh*. At this juncture the silence and eagerness of all aboard the *Gaines* were fearfully intense, but the expectant officers and men soon discerned the true inwardness. You ought to have heard our yell; it lingers in my ears these four and thirty years. Once before I heard our army yell: it was in front of Jackson, Miss., during the advance of Gen. Sherman upon our intrenchments, on July 12, 1863. I was then a member of Fenner's Louisiana battery, and witnessed the almost annihilation of one-fourth of Gen. Lauman's division, which charged. Out of eight hundred and eighty, including officers, four hundred and sixty were killed, wounded, or captured within twenty minutes. I saw the enemy advance and witnessed the execution done by our Washington artillery and Cobb's Kentucky battery in the ranks of the charging enemy.

The encounter of the rival ironclads at 7:45 A. M. marks the first scene of this drama, while the huge frigate *Brooklyn*, the flagship *Hartford* following (only these of all the fleet wore their topmasts up), were

rounding in on Fort Morgan. Evidently dismayed at the disaster of the *Tecumseh*, the *Brooklyn*, in the van, did not approach the east as duly instructed to do, and then steer north by west to the happy Middle Ground, for there appeared the "black heads," the deadly torpedoes, and the *Brooklyn* hesitated and halted. Now we, not knowing that there was to be but one good torpedo out of the scores we had sown, looked confidently forward to the wrecking of a huge frigate or two, that should barricade the channel against this advancing fleet; but it was otherwise foreordained. We were still lying athwart the channel, just within the torpedo line. There we were out of range of the guns of the fort, and we raked at will the deck of each frigate. While the enemy moved in pairs, we retained our advantage by falling back gradually, bringing all our guns into play until the enemy passed the fort and continued to the Middle Ground. The fort had thirty-eight guns bearing upon the channel; so we played our level best, and thus did our enemy bear us witness in prose and verse:

Trust me, our berth was hot,
Ah, wickedly they shot;
How their death bolts howled and stung!
And the water batteries played
With their deadly cannonade
Till the air around us rung.

But prose, plain prose, carries the meaning best: "As we were getting by the shore batteries we came directly under the fire of the gunboats *Selma*, *Morgan*, *Gaines*, and the ram *Tennessee*; and, being only able to direct our fire on them one at a time, the shots from the other three were delivered with great deliberation and consequent effect."

There was serving aboard the *Brooklyn* an ensign now known in history as Capt. Sigsbee, of the *Maine*, while the last ship in the procession, the *Oneida*, carried an ensign to win renown in Manila Bay, Capt. Gridley, and the flag lieutenant begins a growing as Commodore Watson. Honor to the efficient and brave! Still there is one of this armada who has no monument even at this day, save a ringing buoy, to mark his last resting place.

"In that great iron coffin,
The channel for their grave,
The fort their monument
(Seen afar in the offing),
Ten fathom deep lie Craven
And the bravest of the brave."

It is not known to many that several attempts have been made to raise the *Tecumseh* through appropriations from Washington, but nothing has come from them. The sergeant in charge of Fort Morgan for many years says that no attempt has ever been made which brought the monitor even to the surface of the bay.

When the *Tecumseh* sank the *Brooklyn* was three hundred yards astern, and a little outside of her south and west. The *Hartford* was over one hundred yards on the port quarter of the *Brooklyn*. The *Tennessee* and the *Gaines* lay three hundred yards west of north. Undismayed by the torpedo's work, the monitors steamed ahead, bent on diverting the raking fire of Fort Morgan from the fleet. The *Brooklyn* began to back down, and we saw what we thought was another bit of intervention in our cause: the collision of the *Hartford* and her consort, the *Metacomet*, with the

Richmond and her Port Royal seemed imminent against the halting ships of the van. These four ships were coming bows on, and it did look like huddling through telescoping, and that would have made them an easy prey to our guns. What can straighten out this huddle, and how can the Brooklyn escape being crushed? The fleet must brave the torpedo line at all hazards and advance. We saw the Metacomet back her wheels and the flagship turn her screw ahead, and the pair swept close under the Brooklyn's stern, dashing at the line of buoys. To the warning, "Torpedoes ahead!" the Federal admiral shouted his famous command: "D—n the torpedoes! Four bells [to the engineer, for full speed]! Capt. Drayton, go ahead [to his flag captain]! Jovett, full speed [this to his consort's captain]!"

The Hartford and Metacomet steamed toward the Middle Ground at full speed, and then the Richmond, coming with broadside to the Brooklyn's aid, brought her starboard broadside fairly toward the fort and batteries, on which she kept up a steady and rapid fire at a distance of from three hundred to one hundred and fifty yards, driving our men out of the water battery and silencing it. The enemy commends in his reports their gallant return to the guns, which they were compelled at last to abandon, being at the same time wrapped in a cloud of smoke, which hid her hull and rose above her lower mastsheads. As her topmasts were down, the ship was so completely hidden that we lost sight of her. The later ships and consorts bore rapidly after the admiral, now a quarter of a mile ahead, and so "the procession proceeded." The Gaines blazed away at this bunch of five—Hartford, Brooklyn, Richmond, Lackawanna, and Monongahela—and kept up a raking and most galling fire as they passed by.

The Federal admiral had a boat put out from the Metacomet to rescue the Tecumseh's swimming survivors. This boat, in charge of the ensign from the Metacomet, pulled around under the stern of the flagship, crossed the Brooklyn's bows, and picked up between the fire and the wave seventeen swimmers, while four had struck out for Fort Morgan and surrendered as prisoners. When this lad was about fifty yards from the Metacomet, and under a terrific fire, he pulled a flag out of the sternsheets and fixed it in the socket. The moment his mission of mercy was apparent Fort Morgan diverted its guns from him. Aboard the Tennessee a gun loaded with the heaviest projectile and trained low down was in charge of a lieutenant, who was impelled by magnanimity and elevated his gun, so that the little craft might speed unharmed and gather in the last remnant of the ill-fated monitor's crew. These survivors were put aboard a monitor, and the rescuer pulled away for the last ship of the fleet and there resumed his duties.

When seven hundred yards distant we made a half circle to avoid the enemy's closing in on us, and fired two rounds from our starboard battery. A nine-inch shot from the Hartford came through our starboard bow, striking the deck above the magazine, breaking it in, and raising such dust that Dan Aherne, our quarter gunner, believed it was smoke proceeding from an exploded shell that had set fire to that part of the ship, and reported it at once. When the fire division, with hose and buckets, reached the spot they found that Dan was mistaken.

It will be seen from the picture of the Gaines that her guns had no portholes, but were trained above the railing, or hammock nettings. Our escape from splinters was largely due to this open deck. The boats were lowered from the davits, close to the surface of the water. Scores of the enemy's shots, well lined, fell short and ricocheted over the mark of our ship. In most of these ricochets so close did the balls come that we bowed to the inevitable—that is to say, we all ducked mighty low.

I had brought my starboard gun over to the port side, thus adding the third gun to the forward broadside division. With the two after guns, commanded by Lieut. Lambert and Midshipman Phillips, the Gaines had five broadside guns. But about eight o'clock the guns of the first five ships of the enemy's fleet—the Hartford, Brooklyn, Richmond, and several times the Lackawanna and Monongahela—began to tell upon our slender ship. A shell from the Hartford burst near the wheel of the Gaines and fearfully wounded the two helmsmen and killed Quarter Gunner Aherne, while the wheel ropes were cut and the wheel itself splintered. When the helmsmen were wounded Dr. Iglehart came forward and ministered to them. When poor Aherne was killed our paymaster's clerk, Joseph L. Wilson, came forward and lent a hand most heartily in passing shot, shell, and cartridges, until relieved by one of the gun's crew. The second man killed on the Gaines was M. Vincent, seaman, by a shell from the Brooklyn, which struck near the after gangway. His death was instant. These were the only losses of life aboard the Gaines.

While Lieut. Payne was aft superintending the steering gear, the wheelropes having been carried away, I fired three percussion shells and two bolts of wrought iron from the forward pivot gun, an eight-inch Brooke's rifle. When the first captain of this gun, William McGowan, reported "The forward pivot ready, sir!" I looked at the sight and ordered him to fire, and then I stepped aside in my curiosity to see where one, at least, of my shots told on the Hartford. The second percussion shell reached a forward porthole of the Hartford and made the best of its way into port, exploding in the midst of the busy boys in blue. I could only hear the explosion and see the commotion, and then returned to duty, content with leaving results in the hands of destiny.

We were now steering in nearly parallel lines with the enemy, at distances gradually lessening to within six hundred yards, engaging with our port guns, for the guns of the enemy were too heavy, too numerous, and his crews too well trained to admit closer range. Our fire, directed at first against the bows of the Federal ships, now played along their decks with plunging effect. At no time in this action did our shot and shell pour in with greater accuracy.

At one period in the battle we were frequently able to note the flight of shot and shell, strange as it appears, for we were in direct line of vision. Realizing our danger in one instance, I ordered the gun's crew to lie down close to the deck, myself "suiting the action to the word." While in this prostrate attitude we watched the ball as it left the gun, and we saw it ricocheting directly toward us (we were about ten feet above the water), and it buried itself immediately under the port broadside gun within the heavy timbers in the

angle where deck and side of the ship unite. A nine-inch shell came through the port side just forward of my No. 1 broadside, and extinguished its fuse while passing through the woodwork, and lodged on the berth deck above the forward magazine. A shot from the Brooklyn passed under our port counter, lodging in the after magazine, and a shell from the Richmond struck near the same point on the starboard side, exploding under the water. The Gaines sprung a leak after the explosion of this Richmond shell below water, and this started a flood in our after magazine. This was the most serious blow we sustained after the wheel ropes were carried away.

About 8:10 A. M. the Selma and Morgan hauled off and steamed up the bay, then across toward Navy Cove, with the Metacomet and the Port Royal in pursuit. This brought a very heavy concentrated fire upon the Gaines from all five of the frigates as the enemy passed up. I must bear witness to the zeal and endurance of the engineers, all this time toiling in torrid temperature, nearer to death than any of us and in mortal agony, arising from their proximity to the steam drum, with its scalding of body and inhalation of flame. The Gaines had her heroes in her engineers, and though a generation has rolled by since that day in Mobile Bay their fame deserves plaudits forever. The engineers and fireman stood knee-deep in the water when the bulkheads were cut away so as to give the pumps their range, and it was only when both steam and hand pumps failed to gain on the flood and the grate bars were being lapped by the water that they quit their station.

With the magazine raided by the waves the Gaines began to reel and stagger on her way. The gunner, Z. A. Offutt, seeing how rapidly the water was invading his domain, called for a detail to lift his ammunition to the cabin. He was very wet. He grew used to wading, and when he emerged from the magazine he swam a distance; but he had rescued the larger part of the treasures of his cavern. Up to this time Nos. 1 and 2 broadside guns of my division had fired fourteen ten-second and sixteen five-second shells, seven solid shot, one shrapnel, and one grape.

All makeshifts and devices were resorted to to prevent sinking. The after port battery was run over to starboard in hope of listing the ship, so that we might

reach and stop the leak. The carpenter's mate was lowered over the ship's side in the dinghy and examined the counter. He found a shot had broken into the outer planking under the port counter at water line, and a shell had made itself felt under the starboard counter, having glanced toward the sternpost and exploded below water and started the timbers. But this could not be got at.

Meantime cascades of water rippled down the sides of the Gaines. Soon the steam and hand pumps were losing their grip, although working at the rate of two hundred and eighty-six gallons per minute. Slowly, surely, the water crept to the engine room, and at this instant we saw exchange of signals between the Hartford and the consort ships, followed by loosening of the lashing, evidently for the pursuit of our three gunboats. The Tennessee charged down the long line of the armada from Hartford to Oneida and then proceeded to Fort Morgan.

Our engineers and firemen had battled their bravest, but had to send up word that the Gaines was approaching her doom, for the water was washing up toward the very grate bars and must soon invade the fires. Capt. Bennett determined to retire from action and beach his vessel under the guns of Fort Morgan. At this crisis the kindly obscurity of a rain squall mantled our reeling ship, which was steered mostly by her paddle wheels. It must be that the "ship's poet" of the Hartford had kept one eye on the Gaines all day, for he sings:

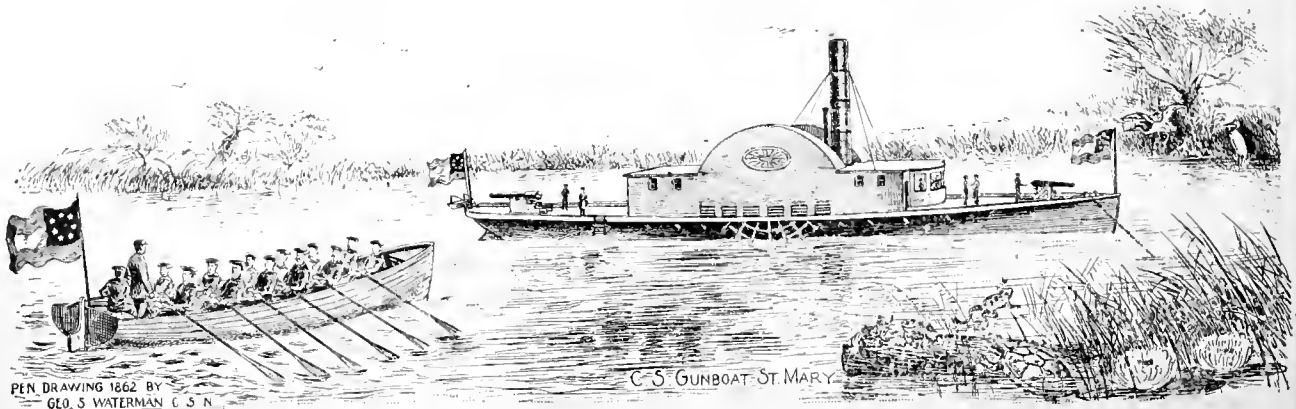
And one, all torn in the fight,
Runs for a wreck on the beach,
Where her flames soon fire the night.

The poet might have moralized on the beneficent work of nature for us all. The gentle dame understands herself—at least her rain squalls. When

The dead were laid to port,
All arow, on our deck.

the raindrops moistened the lips of those dying and dead aboard the Hartford, and this same squall, with its embracing shadow and soothing tears ministered to our stricken vessel. We were pavilioned by this rain squall—our last sight being the pursuit of the Selma by the Metacomet, with the Port Royal casting off from its frigate Richmond to join in the chase.

At 8:10 A. M. orders were given to cease firing.



The Gaines was run ashore four hundred yards east of the fort, and orders were issued to prepare for leaving the ship. Marines were stationed at the boats' falls, but the Gaines's crew were too old man-of-war's men to huddle, and they moved orderly and quietly.

The Gaines received seventeen shot through her hull. Our dead and wounded were first cared for. Our more valuable personal effects were secured, the arms, munitions, etc., were cared for, and our boats pulled for the shore. We had left the guns aboard unspiked, so near Fort Morgan. Game to the last, the little Gaines fired her last shot from the beach, where she sank in twenty feet of water, her flag flying above the waves. We delivered to Gen. Page, of Fort Morgan, our shot, shell, and ammunition, but he had no occasion for our services. When we arrived at the fort the Tennessee alone, our admiral aboard, was charging the Federal fleet, which had anchored four miles up the bay. The Selma and Tennessee had been compelled to yield to superior forces. The fort was to sustain a land and naval attack and surrender August 23. We learned that the enemy had turned the Tennessee and the Selma against Fort Morgan during this second siege by army and navy.

The Morgan had the felicity of burning the disabled Philippi, of the Federal fleet. The Gaines was now beached as the Morgan passed by, and we called out to her about this disabled vessel, and thereupon the Morgan proceeded to the wreck and burned it. The Morgan subsequently had the good fortune to make her way through the Federal fleet and reach Mobile.

The rain cloud enveloped our ship as we turned toward the beach. The last seen of the Selma she was sailing to the north and east up the bay. She was in for it all day. The convoying ships, Metacomet and Port Royal, had not fired a gun before this juncture, and each was heavier and fresher than the Selma. We saw the enemy was looking for "three of us," and the Metacomet, being nearest and perhaps the fleetest in this armada, made for the Selma. The Metacomet carried four nine-inch Dahlgren and two one-hundred-pound Parrott guns. Murphy engaged her, although he saw and knew that a second vessel, Port Royal, was making her way to support his enemy. He fought, being severely wounded in the left arm. His first lieutenant, J. H. Comstock, was killed, also Master's Mate Murray, a schoolmate of mine. He had lost his best gunner earlier in the day. As the Port Royal drew nigh it became the commander's duty to his men to resist no longer the hopeless odds. Amid his dead, eight in number and seven wounded—the deck a slaughter pen—he hauled down his colors.

Our wounded remained with us. We buried our dead with brief, simple ceremony in the afternoon. This took place in the quiet little graveyard of the fort. The coffins of our brave were prepared by the carpenter's mate. The flag these men had died for twined above them in mute sympathy, and at last rested in the earth with them. Plain headboards marked for a long time after the war the last resting place of

D. AHERNE,
QUARTER GUNNER
C. S. S. GAINES,
AUG. 5, 1864.

M. VINCENT,
SEAMAN
C. S. S. GAINES,
AUG. 5, 1864.

Capt. Bennett now prepared to row up to Mobile in the night, having secured two boats left behind by the

Tennessee. These boats, with our four (one boat was lost in action), conveyed the blankets, bags, small arms, pikes, and cutlasses of one hundred and twenty-nine men. It was a run of more than thirty miles, a veritable gantlet running for our boats through the Federal line. The fleet-footed Morgan might be said to have convoyed us, seeing that she too ran the same gantlet, but she was a source of constant anxiety to us, for the enemy, pursuing her, might come upon us "all unknown" to him. The lights, too, thrown out to detect the Morgan might betray us too. The frigates cruising in quest of us carried their howitzer launches, and the moment a glimpse of us was caught away they would be lowered in pursuit of our flotilla. With their ample arms and full equipment our boats would have had a fierce encounter. We should have had to make a running fight of it for the shore, and then march overland, taking to the woods, to Mobile. At one time the enemy came so near us—yet unaware of our proximity, owing to our sitting low in the water—that Capt. Bennett felt constrained to drop overboard the leaded "signal code." But fortune favors those who help themselves, and we reached Mobile Saturday morning at seven o'clock and reported for further service. Our command was ordered by Commodore Farrand to proceed below the city on the bay and take charge of Battery Buchanan, which mounted four heavy rifled guns.

On reaching Mobile we learned at headquarters that our admiral, severely wounded in the leg, had fortunately escaped amputation, and by agreement between the Federal admiral and Gen. Page was removed, with many of his officers, to the hospital at Pensacola. The crews of the Selma and Tennessee were transferred to New Orleans. From several of these men my parents learned that the Gaines had been destroyed, and that I was last seen only the day before the battle. So near to New Orleans, and yet so far!

Having run the gantlet successfully from Fort Morgan to Mobile, bringing through the wounded with his entire command, Capt. Bennett called for the court of inquiry customary in loss of a ship. To this Hon. S. R. Mallory replied as follows:

"Against the overwhelming forces brought to bear upon our little squadron defeat seems to have been inevitable, but the bearing of our officers and men has snatched credit even from defeat; and, mingled with deep regret for the suffering and captivity of the brave old admiral and the loss of our men and ships, is the conviction that the triumph of the enemy leaves the honor of our service untarnished. The court of inquiry for which you ask is deemed unnecessary. Such a tribunal could but strengthen the public verdict, in which the department fully concurs: that the loss of your ship resulted from no want of courage, skill, or judgment on the part of yourself, your officers, or men."

The end came in May, 1865, after the close of the siege of Mobile. During the surrender and paroling at Nanna Hubba Bluff, up the Tombigbee river, the Morgan, sole survivor of our little fleet of the previous summer, was on hand, having won no little distinction during the siege under Capt. Joseph Fry. I shook hands with the commander, who approved my reappointment to the navy in the fall of 1863, and I then returned to my native New Orleans, after three years "afloat—afield—afloat" in the Confederate service.

MAJ. GEN. WILL H. TUNNARD.

New Commander Louisiana Division, U. C. V.

Will H. Tunnard, of Louisiana, is one of the Confederate privates who have been given distinction in the U. C. V. organization. He had previously been appointed to two positions upon the staff of the Major General of the Pelican State.

Comrade Tunnard is a native of New Jersey, born March 14, 1837, but in his infancy the family moved to Baton Rouge. He is of French and English ancestry. At the age of fifteen years he entered Kenyon College, Ohio, graduating in 1856. Out of his class of ten, eight served in the great war on one side or the other, and they have kept up with each other by correspondence since. His father was captain of the Pelican Rifles, State militia, when the war broke out. He himself was second sergeant, while one brother, W. E. Tunnard, was first sergeant, and another was of the



MAJ. GEN. WILL H. TUNNARD.

drum corps. This company became Company K of the Third Louisiana infantry, and W. F. Tunnard was elected its first major. In the battle of Oak Hill, with comrades shot all around him, he got off with a mere scratch. Will Tunnard served as orderly on the battlefield of Elk Horn, was engaged in the battle of Farmington, in skirmishes about Corinth, in the battle of luka, and in the siege of Vicksburg.

Commander Tunnard is an enthusiastic veteran. He is ever zealous for maintaining the honor of his fellows and helping those who may be in need.

Cooksey Harris Hardwick, Cleveland, Tenn., is anxious to find a sword lost by his father, N. M. Harris, during the civil war. "James Pittman, Revolutionary Soldier," was on the handle. N. M. Harris made up a volunteer company somewhere in Georgia, and went as their captain. He died in 1862.

EXPERIENCES OF MISSOURIANS.

BY T. A. SCOTT, OF MILLSAPS, TEX.

Having been a reader of the *VETERAN* and ever interested in accounts of comrades in Northern prisons, I give an account. During the latter part of 1861 quite a number of recruits were mustered in Northern and Central Missouri for Price's army, which was in the extreme southwestern part of the State. About December 15 some six hundred of us, having rendezvoused at Grand Pass, Saline County, started south under command of Col. Frank Robertson. One company of sixty men under Capt. Terry Walker were mounted; the others were infantry. In this command were men who were prominent before and others who have been since that time. We left Grand Pass about 9 A. M., marching all day without resting, and kept it up through the night until 4 A. M. The next morning we camped on Blackwater, in Johnson County, having traveled at least fifty miles. As nearly every man in the command was unused to walking, you may imagine our "tender feet." About one o'clock that night we passed a farmhouse in the yard of which a number of horses were tied to the fence. Col. Robertson, with about fifty men, went to the house and demanded admission, but an old man refused to open the door, claiming that there were only women and children inside; but we were close to the Kansas border, and we were very suspicious. Finally one of Robertson's men knocked the door off its hinges, when the old man came out and assured Col. Robertson that there were no others in the house than women and children, and that one woman was sick, whereupon Col. Robertson withdrew with his men. Our camp was in a bend of the creek nearly a mile above a covered bridge. We spent the day like recruits, generally cooking, eating, sleeping, cleaning our arms and firing them off. About mid-afternoon the picket at the bridge fired a volley and came running into camp, followed by two hundred and fifty Federal cavalry, who came close enough to our camp to have more than twenty saddles emptied. One of our scouts reported to Col. Robertson that the Federals numbered six thousand. The cavalry formed west of our camp and then came a summons to surrender from Gen. Jeff C. Davis, of the Federal army. In the meantime we could hear the artillery coming up, and some of the artillery officers went down to the creek just opposite us. Our captain would not allow us to fire on them.

After a hasty council of war Col. Robertson surrendered the command. Gen. Davis treated us magnanimously, not allowing his troops to take our knives and permitting us to retain our train loaded with the best provisions and clothing Central Missouri could supply. Soon after crossing the bridge we went into camp for the night. The next day was gloomy indeed, with light snow. We were marched all day, and camped between Georgetown and Sedalia. That night and the next forenoon a heavy snow fell. Our only wood was green post oak, hard to keep burning, but we used freely our lard barrels and chunks of lard. About 1 P. M. we were marched to Sedalia and put into stock and box cars to be shipped to St. Louis. It was 4 P. M. when we were locked in, forty-eight prisoners with two guards to the car.

In St. Louis we saw the old man at whose house we were told there were only women and children. He gave me to understand that Gen. Davis knew where we were camped, and that he had given the information. I suppose he had been well paid for so doing, as his homespun had been replaced by clothing unsuited to him. The old fellow gloated over the misery he had caused us.

Miss Bessie Henderson, daughter of Hon. J. S. Henderson, of Salisbury, N. C., is Secretary of the chapter of Daughters in Salisbury,

N. C., and was appointed as their delegate at the convention held at Hot Springs, Ark., November 9, 10. Miss Henderson was sponsor for her State at the Birmingham reunion in 1895, and represented the First North Carolina Regiment at the reunion in Charlotte last May. She was also to represent this regi-



MISS BESSIE HENDERSON.

ment at the Atlanta reunion, but was prevented from attending. This fair daughter of the old North State is interested in everything pertaining to the Confederacy.

NATIONAL PARK AT GETTYSBURG.

Maj. William M. Robbins writes from Gettysburg, Pa., January 5, 1899:

The United States government has declared the Gettysburg battlefield a national park, and directed that the positions of every command in both armies shall be located and marked with monuments and memorial tablets; also that avenues be constructed along the lines of battle as may be needed to render all parts of the field accessible.

The Secretary of War is carrying on this work through a commission here, consisting of three old soldiers who were in this battle—Col. J. P. Nicholson, of Pennsylvania; Maj. C. A. Richardson, of New York, on the Union side; and myself, Major of the Fourth Alabama infantry, on the Confederate side.

The Northern States erected monuments to most of their commands before the government took charge.

The main work yet to be done pertains to the Confederate positions. We are pushing this as rapidly as possible with the moderate appropriations made by Congress; but more liberal appropriations are needed,

as most of the lands on the Confederate side are yet owned by individuals and must be acquired by the government. My colleagues on the commission, and all other Union veterans I meet, most earnestly desire to see the Confederate side of this field marked with monuments and memorials to our gallant Southern soldiers. We of the South, both people and press, need to be aroused on this subject.

I hope that you will write, and get other citizens and old soldiers to write, to your member of Congress and other Congressmen, urging them to insist upon liberal appropriations for this great work at Gettysburg.

The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York gave its ninth annual banquet in honor of the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee in the large dining hall of the Windsor Hotel. The hall was taxed to its utmost, about three hundred and fifty people being present. One peculiarity about the dinner was the presence of ladies seated at the tables with the gentleman.

The dinner was presided over by the Commander of the Camp, Edward Owen. Among those present were Bishop Henry C. Potter; Right Reverend J. B. Cheshire, D. D., Bishop of North Carolina; Hon. J. Hampden Robb; Hon. Hugh S. Thompson; Col. and Mrs. John C. Calhoun; Hon. and Mrs. William McAdoo, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Lient. Gov. Timothy L. Woodruff; Maj. S. Ellis Briggs, Commander of the "Old Guard;" Hon. John C. Hertle; Dr. William M. Polk; Edwin B. Hay, of Washington; Mr. and Mrs. John F. Block; John C. Breckinridge; Thomas S. Brennan; Hon. M. T. Daly; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dishon; Mr. and Mrs. Preston Hix; Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Caskin; Mrs. Edward Owen; Miss M. M. Owen; Miss Edith Rhodes; Hugh R. Garden; Dr. and Mrs. J. Harvie Dew; J. Crawford Stevens; Miss M. C. Stevens; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goin; Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Parker; Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Pemberton; B. R. Smith; Miss Smith; Walter S. Logan; Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Day; James Swann; Mr. and Mrs. Stephen W. Jones; Marion J. Verdery; W. L. McCorkle; Eton S. Hobbs; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Norris; Mr. and Mrs. William F. Owens; T. P. Ochiltree; Abner McKinley; George Gordon Battle.

The decorations were a profusion of flowers, corsage bouquets for the ladies, and *boutonnieres* for the gentlemen. Palms and plants were placed about the room. The camp flag and the national flag were displayed behind the guests' table.

Up to the morning of the dinner Gen. Joseph Wheeler was expected to be present and respond to the toast, the "American Soldier," but he was detained in Washington. His speech was read by Hon. J. E. Graybill.

The toasts and programme are omitted.

The "Creole Love Song" was beautifully rendered by Miss Carrie Bridewell, formerly of Birmingham, Ala., now solo contralto in Dr. Parkhurst's church.

Mrs. Henry J. Gielow, formerly of Greensboro, Ala., recited in dialect the "Surrender of Cornwallis—By an Eyewitness," in her usual facetious manner, etc.

Reports from many of these anniversary gatherings have been reported, all containing *dota* of merit and much interest.

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 individual responsibility connected with this publication is a matter of such deep concern to its founder that he makes comment to his comrades and other patrons. It was undertaken by his own voluntary action; no other person was concerned in its existence. The initial number of thirty-two pages was launched in January, 1893. The size of the page has never been increased nor diminished. A prospectus had been sent out, but only forty-three subscriptions had been received. Of this small number, twenty-one were from West Point, Va., sent by W. W. Green, of that place.

The enterprise has ever been of a personal nature, but the action of multiplied thousands in approving and cooperating for its maintenance has lifted its good influence until it has become of concern to everybody who is interested in the history of the Southern people through that trying period of the years 1861-65. The responsibility has far exceeded any relation of personal concern. To illustrate: Suppose, for instance, that some person of large means should desire the publication discontinued, and offer to reimburse every one who has paid subscription in advance, and then to offer thousands more than the pecuniary value of the good will, the founder and owner would not consider the proposition. It may be expected that nothing short of physical inability will deter him from laboring in this field until his name appears in the "last roll."

In this connection explanation and apology are made concerning date of issue. The large facilities for the work by contractors have been heavily taxed for a year, and the error in not having a particular day of issue, as against weekly periodicals required to appear on a particular day, is the cause of irregularity. Increased facilities, however, now being put in, assure that this publication will not in the future suffer in this way. Every friend of the VETERAN may know that nothing is ever willingly neglected to have it appear on time and to comprise the best that is possible to include in its pages. If every person whose name is on this list will see to it that the subscription date is kept ahead, the result will be a credit to those who established record for patriotism and integrity of character unequalled among men.

GAME OF CONFEDERATE HEROES.

Some months ago the VETERAN gave an account of the preparation of a study on the order of "game of authors," by one of the most capable students of

Southern history—a lady who labored for months to perfect the study so as to popularize the history with children and very young people. Her desire was to aid in the important study of Confederate history and to augment the fund for a monument to the heroic Sam Davis. The VETERAN makes this proposition: If all who would like to purchase this game, or study, will remit price of the game, fifty cents, and the orders do not justify the outlay of \$1,000, then a subscription to the VETERAN will be credited to any friend they may direct. In any event this would be a good thing. As many as two orders will be accepted from one person in this way. Does this proposition interest you?

During 1898 Mrs. Nettie Smith, of Atlanta, began the most successful canvass that has ever been undertaken for the VETERAN, visiting Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas in the spring, and going to Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia later on.

She will go over this territory in 1899, and any assistance that may be given in advancing her work will be appreciated as if for the VETERAN itself. Mrs. Smith is a most efficient and worthy representative, and her work is a credit to the VETERAN.

Among other efficient solicitors now actively engaged for the VETERAN is Miss Mattie Davis, who was a prize winner on behalf of the VETERAN a year ago. Miss Davis will visit the larger cities of Florida during the next two months.

Miss Isabel Kilgour, of New York, writes:

The November VETERAN afforded me much pleasure, and my heart was full when I read the accounts of the different camps (as you call them in lieu of our posts here), for it brought to my mind the many chats which I enjoyed with my dear father about the "Johnny Rebs," as he always called the Southern soldiers. He had none but the very kindest things to say about the Confederate army, and I know were he here to-day he would read and welcome the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as much as his daughter does now. . . . The daughter of a Union soldier extends her hand across her father's grave to all the comrades of the Confederate army, and wishes them God's best blessings.

In a note Col. A. Moore writes from Krebs, Ind. T.:

Never stop my VETERAN. I served during the war, a private in the Fourteenth Mississippi regiment, and was captured at Fort Donelson. After exchange, I was transferred to the Thirty-Fifth Mississippi regiment, and served in it as sergeant and lieutenant, and was captured at Vicksburg. After the surrender at Vicksburg I served as captain of Company F, Armistead's cavalry regiment, the balance of the war. We were in Georgia during the "one hundred days' fighting;" then with Hood until he crossed the Tennessee river. I was on outpost and scout duty during all the fighting around Mobile. I met Gen. Canby's adjutant general under flag of truce, and we arranged the meeting for Gen. Canby and Gen. Taylor, where the surrender of Taylor's department was effected.

I am no lukewarm veteran, and I am greatly interested in our true history.

CONCERNING PENSIONS FOR CONFEDERATES.

Reports of the action of camps sent this office concerning the Butler resolution to pension Confederates by the United States government would fill an edition, and hence cannot be used. One of the first reports published was by the camp in Nashville, and the resolution offered by Capt. J. B. O'Bryan is used as a sample. Gen. George Moorman, adjutant general and chief of staff, writes of this report to its author:

My Dear Friend and Comrade: I received a copy of the *American* which you sent me, with the splendid resolutions offered by you. They are the best concentration of ideas upon this subject, and suit my views better than any resolution I have read out of the many received at these headquarters. They are dignified, patriotic, and appropriate, can offend no one, and maintain the dignity of the Southern soldier up to the highest standard. I thank you for your splendid effort, and you deserve, and I have no doubt will receive, the thanks of veterans everywhere.

The O'Bryan paper is as follows:

Resolved: 1. That Frank Cheatham Bivouac, Confederate soldiers, does hereby express its gratification that President McKinley, in a speech at Atlanta December 14, 1898, expressed the opinion that the time had come when the United States government should share in caring for the graves of the Confederate dead; and

2. That we do not approve of any action having for its object the pensioning of the Confederate soldiers by the United States government, nor would we accept a pension under any circumstances; that many of the individual Southern States are cheerfully caring for the Confederate soldiers who are not able to care for themselves, and we regard that any government pension for those who are able to care for themselves would be placing a money value on the patriotism of those who were willing to give their all, and their lives, if necessary, in defense of their Southern country.

We point with patriotic pride to the conduct of the Confederate soldier not only during the war between the States, but continuously since the war, in having accepted the situation at the surrender of the Confederate army, and since that time been loyal citizens of our united country.

The *Outlook* says of the South and pensions:

The suggestion made in some quarters that ex-Confederate soldiers should be added to the pension list is grateful as a sign of the final passing of ancient animosities and the final triumph of the feeling of nationality; but the Southern press is showing great wisdom in putting aside, almost without exception, the suggestion as improper. All that remains of the lost cause is a splendid tradition of heroism. That tradition is of priceless value to the South. It enriches the life of the Southern people by the sentiment and poetry which come with it; and to put the Confederate veterans upon the pension list would go a long way toward destroying that sentiment and blurring the memory of heroism which the South now sacredly preserves. The indiscriminate extension of the pension system in the North has cost the country an enormous amount of money, but it has cost the North still more in the sacrifice of a noble sentiment. It has

gone far to blur the fair memory of the heroisms of thirty-five years ago.

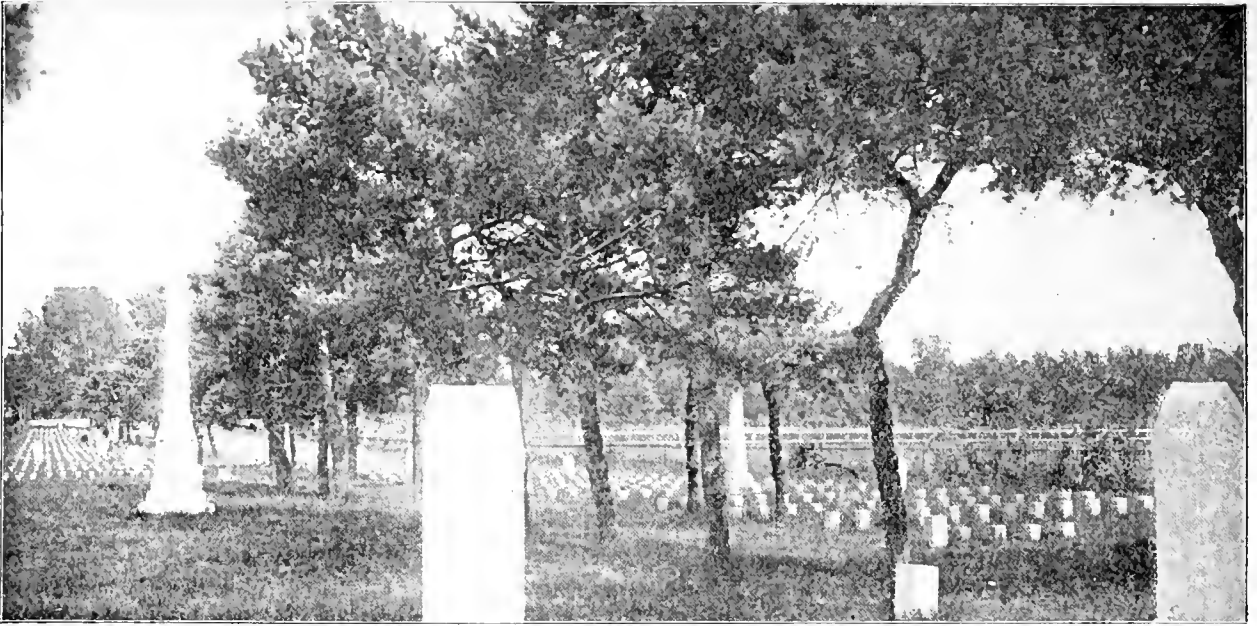
That there ought to have been a generous provision for those who were in any way disabled in that tremendous struggle may be taken for granted—but this country is never otherwise than generous—but the mechanical and unscrupulous way in which the pension business has been handled, the vast commercial element which has entered into it, the condition of semipauperism which in too many cases it has introduced, have wounded the country at a very sensitive point. We may be rich enough to pay \$145,000,000 a year on the pension account; we are not rich enough to capitalize in money that heroism and sacrifice which are the expression of the spiritual life of a people. We have done a host of men irreparable injury, as those who know anything about the practical working of the system realize, and we have lacked the courage to deal honestly and frankly with the whole matter. Leading public men have all along said privately about the system what they have not dared to say publicly. When Senator Hawley declared that the pension system would make wars so expensive as to end them he held out a gleam of hope which, unhappily, has not been realized. The same wholesale business methods which have degraded the idea of the pension and have gone far to vulgarize the position of the pensioner will undoubtedly be applied in the case of the men who have served in Cuba and Manila. It is not too early to raise a voice of protest, and to call for a sound, wise, honorable pension system which shall make, by its discrimination, every bestowal of a pension a badge of honor.

Dr. H. W. Hill, Mooresville, Ala.:

In sending my renewal for the VETERAN I am proud of the opportunity to express full indorsement of your leader in the December number on national dignity and Confederate honor, every line of which rings of the true metal. Of pensions to the truly meritorious (although I still believe the North misguided in coercing the South), I have no protest to offer. But the dispensing of such is evidently very lax. I am reliably informed that over ninety negroes within a radius of five miles of this place are on the pension roll, and I doubt that half a dozen of the number are disabled in any particular.

Theo F. Allen, of Cincinnati, whose vivid description of following Gen. John Morgan in his famous Ohio raid has written an interesting account of the eccentric Wolford, who commanded the First Kentucky cavalry, and much of the time a brigade of Federals. Capt. Allen states that his commands to the troops were altogether "homemade" and improvised, and had not the slightest resemblance to those in the textbooks. His commands were exceedingly simple, and given in the ordinary tone of voice, but the soldier was never in doubt as to what the Colonel meant. In advancing the skirmish line, the Colonel's order was: "Scatter out." When he was ready to make the attack, or to meet the attack from the enemy, his command, in steady tone, was: "Huddle up."

J. Rennie Paw, of Mine Creek, S. C., asks if any one can direct him where to procure a life of John Wilkes Booth written by a Southerner.



McGAVOCK CONFEDERATE CEMETERY. Shaft in Corner is for Florida, other large one cut off is Kentucky.

One of the most beautiful Confederate cemeteries in the South is that near Franklin, Tenn., in which are buried 1,484 Confederate soldiers. This was done by Col. John McGavock, an old-time Southern gentleman, whose heart was always overflowing with kindness. His acts of thoughtfulness for the Confederate soldiers will never be forgotten, and to his noble wife, that true daughter of the Confederacy, we are indebted for a copy of every name and the grave of every soldier buried there.

The beautiful marble headstones were secured through McEwen Bivouac, of which George L. Cowan was chairman and treasurer. The amount necessary to complete these beautiful stones was three thousand dollars—about two dollars for each grave. The committee issued an address to the States who had dead buried there, asking for the amount to complete the work, but only three out of the twelve responded.

South Carolina, through the efforts of that Christian soldier, Gen. (afterwards Bishop) Capers, appropriated from the State treasury for that purpose, \$125; Mississippi also appropriated out of her treasury \$900; and Louisiana's brave sons did not wait for their State to be called on, but the Society of the Army of Tennessee (headquarters at New Orleans) promptly sent \$55.50, and have since given \$50 to repair and repaint the fence. This amount, with about \$700 from all sources by the committee, is all that has ever been collected, which leaves about \$1,200 yet to raise to put the cemetery out of debt.

The committee announce that if those States who have not yet contributed anything will supply their part—viz., Alabama, with 120 buried there, \$260; Arkansas, with 104 buried there, \$210; Georgia, with 60 buried there, \$140; Missouri, with 130 buried there, \$260; and Texas, with 80 buried there, \$180, they feel safe in asserting that the cemetery will be put beyond the want of aid from any government. In an appeal the committee say: Will not the old soldiers take this

in hand before they shall have all passed away, and see that the graves of those who laid down their lives for the cause for which all fought are kept green?

The handsome iron fence was principally secured through contributions personally solicited by Miss M. A. H. Gay, of Decatur, Ga.

Confederates buried in McGavock Cemetery are given by States, in addition to those enumerated above, as follows: Mississippi, 424; Tennessee, 230; South Carolina, 51; Louisiana, 19; Kentucky, 6; Florida, 4; North Carolina, 2; unknown, 225.

In addition to their part in this Confederate Cemetery, the Daughters of the Confederacy of Williamson County have decided to erect on the Public Square in Franklin a handsome monument, with appropriate designs about the base, and surmount it with the life-sized figure of a Confederate private soldier, and they cordially invite the cooperation of the public. They are asking one hundred good men to contribute fifteen dollars each for that purpose, and that each volunteer



THE McGAVOCK RESIDENCE.

will notify Mrs. W. H. Gillespie, Treasurer (Arlington Hotel), Franklin, Tenn., before April 1 next.

The monument committee are: Mrs. George L. Cowan, Mrs. Newton Cannon, Mrs. W. H. Gillespie, Mrs. Thomas F. Perkins, Mrs. Mary Nichol Britt, Miss Annie Claybrooke.

THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

J. C. Dean, Burnt Mills, Miss.:

I belonged to Company H, Third Mississippi regiment, Lowrey's brigade, Cleburne's division. The regiment was raised by Gen. Lowrey, and when he was promoted to brigadier it was commanded by Col. H. H. Tyson. He was in command at Franklin. Our company, E and H consolidated, was commanded by Capt. W. W. Nance, a brave soldier still living near Ripley, Miss.

Our entire command realized beforehand that the battle of Franklin would be a bloody affair. We saw their formidable works surmounted by artillery and supported by strong lines of infantry. About 3 P. M. the advance was ordered. I distinctly recall seeing Gen. Pat Cleburne on going into the charge with us. He was mounted on a large light bay horse; was dressed in full uniform, and wore the magnificent sword presented him by his old regiment, the First Arkansas. No knightlier soul ever lived than Gen. Cleburne.

As we swept forward the fire of the enemy's skirmishers became hot, but we brushed them from their outside line of rifle pits and pressed onward. When we had crossed over this first line of real breastworks there began that deadly hail of lead and iron which made Franklin's field a scene of unparalleled carnage. Men fell at almost every step, but onward we pressed across line after line, until our ranks were sadly decimated and we were forced to halt. It was here that the brave Gen. Cleburne fell. He was about sixty yards from me when he was killed, being riddled by a volley. He had in one hand his sword, and in the other a pistol.

Our line stopped against the line of works until daylight, when it was found the enemy had fallen back. Our loss was frightful. Of our company, only two men were uninjured, and these were myself and T. G. Paden, who is now my neighbor and family physician.

I cannot close this sketch without paying a tribute to Gen. Lowrey. He was a Baptist preacher of singular earnestness and power, and no braver man ever followed the flag of the Confederacy. After the bloody battle of Chickamanga, in which he bore a distinguished part, he was presented to Gen. Bragg by Gen. Hardee with these words: "Gen. Bragg, here is the bravest man in the Confederate army." He never forgot that he was called to preach the gospel, and during seasons of rest from active campaigning would preach to his command with zeal and power.

TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The Committee on Pensions and the Confederate Home for Tennessee state that "Tennessee furnished to the Confederate army one hundred and thirteen thousand soldiers." Her dead sleep upon every sanguinary

battlefield, and her indigent, maimed, and decrepit soldiers are scattered throughout every county of our State. But for our pension and home laws, our poor-houses would be overrun by the grandest heroes that ever went to battle. Most of the States of the South, although they did not furnish to the Confederate army near so many soldiers as did Tennessee, are making larger annual appropriations: Alabama appropriates annually \$100,000; Georgia, \$195,000; North Carolina, \$100,000; Texas, \$250,000; Virginia, \$145,000.

Tennessee now has 549 pensioners, with 96 inmates in the Home; and there are now pending before the Board of Pension Examiners 1,103 applications for pensions, at least 400 of whom come within the purview of the pension law. These Confederate soldiers, Tennessee Division, memorialized the General Assembly to increase the appropriations for pensions from \$60,000 to \$100,000, annually.

They petitioned further that said General Assembly continue the appropriation of \$8,500, annually, for the support and maintenance of the Soldiers' Home. W. S. Jennings, Chairman; W. J. Hale, John W. Morton, S. P. Claybrooke, John P. Hickman, Committee on Pensions and the Home.

Dr. J. B. Cowan is President of this Association.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.

BY JUDGE HENRY H. COOK.

In the *Century Magazine* for December, 1885, is an article purporting to have been written by Gen. U. S. Grant, called "The Siege of Vicksburg." On page 758 this language is used: "The enemy used in their defense explosive musket balls, thinking no doubt that bursting over our men in the trenches they would do some execution. I do not remember a single case where a man was injured by a piece of one of these shells. When they were hit, and the ball exploded, the wound was terrible. In these cases a solid ball would have hit just as well. Their use is barbarous, because they produce increased suffering without any corresponding advantage to those using them."

I have diligently sought, but have not found a Confederate soldier who ever saw an "explosive musket ball." I write this in order to call attention to this question of "explosive musket balls."

After Bushrod Johnson's brigade fell back from Dr. Friend's house to a shorter line around Drewry's Bluff, I am sure that Gen. Butler's Sharpshooters, stationed in tobacco barns in our front, used explosive musket balls. I heard at least twenty bullets explode over my company the day before the battle of Drewry's Bluff. I saw one man with four wounds in his face, and he told me that a musket ball exploded near his face. I saw another man with two wounds in his face and two wounds in his right hand, and he stated that a bullet had exploded in front of him.

Many Confederate soldiers have stated to me that there never was such a thing as an explosive musket ball, that the tin or zinc wipers would often fly off of the ball and separate into three or four pieces and create the impression that the ball had exploded.

It is contended by many well-informed persons that no explosive bullet was manufactured until after 1861.

CONFEDERATE COURIER FOR GEN. JOE WHEELER.

I. F. Bush, near Nashville, Tenn.:

Through the VETERAN I should like to hear from an enemy and then a friend, Lieut. Col. James B. Kerr, of the Seventy-Fourth Illinois regiment. In the fall of 1862 Capt. H. Blackman moved his company from Nolensville to LaVergne, where Gen. Joseph Wheeler had his headquarters. Capt. Blackman asked me to serve as courier, and ordered me to report to Gen. Wheeler. I did so, and he gave me a dispatch to Col. Napier, at Waverly, Tenn. I went without delay, and while returning with a reply I was going up Little Harpeth River at a point where the Granny White pike crosses that stream. I rode into the creek, and as my horse began to drink I heard a clattering of horses' feet. Quickly turning my head, I saw four Federal officers

coming rapidly upon me, so I spurred my horse severely and darted off by the side of McGavock's rock fence. At the turn of the road I got off of my horse and turned him loose, and he went toward the Franklin pike, just as I wanted him to, when I secured a safe position behind the stone fence. Lieut. Col. James B. Kerr



I. F. BUSH.

had gained on me rapidly, and when near enough I demanded his surrender, having a close bead upon him. He accepted the situation, throwing his hat and pistols over the fence. I did not have time to get them, as his regiment was just behind, but I had the Colonel move very promptly and rapidly on foot to the Franklin pike, while I rode his horse. When in front of Buck Davis' house I made the Colonel catch my horse, and we moved them for Hollow Tree Gap, which place was picketed by Col. Baxter Smith's regiment. The pickets were slow to let us through, but when they saw me it was all right. I learned that Col. Smith was out on the ridge, and I went to his quarters and showed him my prize. I asked the Colonel for a guard to help me that night, which was quickly furnished, and we started across the country. While on the road I told Col. Kerr that he had spoiled my pleasure for that night by bringing the attack on me, as I had expected to spend the night with my beloved wife. He then suggested many ways in which I could accomplish my wishes, but I told him that he had put me to too much trouble. Then he told off and said that his saber cost \$75 in gold, and was presented to him by the regiment; that he had just married, and that his wife's last request was for him not to be killed in any small skirmish, but in some big, fair, open battle; that he had just reached Nashville that evening, and had left the city with one thousand men, and at the sight of me he and his colonel and two other officers pursued me; that as they ran

across Little Harpeth one of the horses fell on the slick rock and broke the leg of his rider. I was afterwards told by Mr. Sawyers, an eye-witness, that the colonel rode up to him and asked where his lieutenant colonel was. Mr. Sawyers told him that he did not know, but that he saw a big man out there fighting a little man, and the last time he saw them the little man had the big one going down the lane as fast as he could.

Well, we went from there to Horton's headquarters, on the Nolensville pike, and reported about ten o'clock at night. Horton said he could do nothing for me, that I was under Gen. Wheeler; but he would advise me to stop over that night, as the enemy had advanced that day, and I might get in trouble. I heeded his advice, and spent the night at old John Page's, on the Nolensville pike. We occupied the parlor; Col. Kerr slept on the sofa and we boys on the floor. After a good breakfast we started for LaVergne, and reached there about nine o'clock. The General and a number of officers came out, and my prisoner was dismounted and turned in. I was ordered to return to my company, but Col. Kerr looked at me and I at him. Then he asked Gen. Wheeler with such-kind words for permission to be accompanied by the same detail that the General countermanded his order, and I was permitted to go with him to Gen. Bragg's headquarters.

I could not say too much for that noble hero, Gen. Bragg. He had a kind word for everything, made many kind offers, and gave me a letter of recommendation and an order to Gen. Wheeler to turn over horse and equipment, including saber, to me. His kindness is ever before me.

Bragg's headquarters were at Murfreesboro, and then and there I left my friend James B. Kerr a prisoner of war. He was exchanged in about ten days, I understand. The last account I had of him was that he had been mortally wounded on Kennesaw Mountain.

I often think of Gen. Wheeler, and at the reunions at Houston, Richmond, and Nashville I sought for him, but in vain.

John Moore, Waco, Tex., reports the following list of Confederates buried in Waco during the past year: Gen. Sul Ross, Dr. J. W. Cocke, James Halpain, Capt. E. G. Haurick, John R. Spann, William R. Boyett, Emil Hebert, G. W. Goodwin, Dr. J. H. Mullens, L. C. Branch, and J. P. Blessington. The latter died on December 19. He served in the Fifteenth Texas regiment during the war, and wrote a history of Walker's division.

T. J. Lamons, Farmer, Tex.: "If William Mays, of Company A, Third Kentucky cavalry, Morgan's command, is still living, I should like to hear from him. He wrote me from the Palmer House, Chicago, in 1864, under a fictitious name, while I was in prison at Camp Douglass, but I recognized him by the phrase, 'Who stole the beef liver?'"

Mrs. A. H. Conboye, Brockton, Mass., is anxious to secure some information of her father, Gen. John Harrison, in Confederate service. He has not been heard of since he came South in 1847.

[This may have been Brig. Gen. J. E. Harrison, who served on the Western frontier for a time.—ED.]

TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

Readers of the *VETERAN* will recall the enviable record of Col. A. G. Dickinson, residing in New York, who was long the Commander and has been the steadfast patron of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York. Col. Dickinson had been a great sufferer from gout, and sought relief by a long tour. So, leaving children and grandchildren, he and Mrs. Dickinson journeyed around the world. The trip was of benefit, yet he is not fully restored by it. He writes:

Change of scenes did me good in the end, and I came home feeling greatly benefited, but not entirely well. Our trip was a great success. We went through many strange lands, we met many strange people, and we were brought face to face with many of the greatest wonders of the earth. Such knowledge as we possessed of ancient history, such information



COL. A. G. DICKINSON.

as we had acquired of the old world—of its rulers, of its builders, of its influence, and its power—were revealed to our mental vision and forever impressed upon our memories. To see and touch what we had read of and thought of from youth to age was a privilege and pleasure not to be forgotten! What a revelation it was to walk along the roads over which the sacred mother and the Holy Child had traveled; to stand under the tree where the holy family had rested; to drink water from the same little stream in which the mother washed the garments of the infant Jesus; to go into the very church where they obtained care and shelter while fleeing into Egypt from the murderous Herod; to stand near the spot where Moses was rescued from the bulrushes on the Nile by Pharaoh's daughter; to see the remains of the oldest and grandest cities in the world, Memphis and Thebes; to see the last resting places of the most ancient monarchs of

the earth, who made the world's history and immortalized themselves in pyramids of stone! But this was only Egypt and the wonderful Nile, about which volumes and volumes have been written and will yet be written. However, we were then only in the beginning of our Eastern travels, which, continued, carried us to the island of Ceylon, over a great part of India, China, and Japan, and numerous islands of the China Sea, on to Honolulu, and back home to San Francisco, the Yosemite Valley, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and over the continent from Vancouver via the Canadian Pacific railway—fifty thousand miles, seventy-five days and nights at sea, without an accident or a disagreeable incident worthy of mention.

We were traveling just nine months to the day. Going first over the United Kingdom of Great Britain, we crossed the continent of Europe from Paris to Constantinople, thence to Greece, thence to Egypt, and so on to the East. We enjoyed it all, but most of all we enjoyed India, where we sojourned seven weeks, traveling over five thousand miles by rail in that wonderful country. The subject of the dynasty of the Moguls is one full of romance and incident. The cities in which they built their palaces and their tombs, and from which they governed that once powerful country, are wonderfully interesting. They have left behind them objects of great beauty, their palaces and tombs never having been surpassed in any country. This is surprising when we remember their origin. The dynasty started with Barber, the son of Tamerlane, a Tartar, and ran through six long reigns from father to son, occupying about one hundred and thirty years, during which period India was at its best in wealth and power. Everything about India seems to be on a grand scale. The cities are immense; the mountains are the highest and grandest in the world; the rivers are numerous and long, watering vast areas of territory, but not so deep as rivers in our own country; the plains are more extensive than our prairies and very fruitful and productive, but uncertain, by reason of droughts, sometimes causing famine. But the country is populated even beyond its immense extent, as it is said to contain three hundred million people. The roads are perhaps the finest in the world. I traveled on a road running from north to south that I was told ran straight, or nearly so, for two thousand miles, and was always in perfect order. This was a carriage road. The railroads are all under English management, and are well administered. Travel is made very comfortable, although there are no Pullmans. You must carry your own bedding, but after a while you prefer it; your servant relieves you of all trouble.

The government, under English domination, seems eminently satisfactory. The people need a firm government, and England gives this, as well as justice and ample protection. I cannot imagine a government more suitable to that people. No country on earth today understands the true principles of colonizing as England does. The nearer we imitate her in this respect in the new and trying ordeal that is before us the easier will be our task and the more satisfactory the outcome. I studied this matter closely, and I trust our government has already investigated the matter or will do so before committing unnecessary blunders.

Col. Dickinson is kind enough to state:

I hope you continue successful with the VETERAN. You have done wonders in gathering so much reliable history of the war. The South owes you a debt of gratitude for your intelligent performance of this work.

COL. W. M. BARBOUR.

BY COL. H. A. BROWN (OF N. C.), COLUMBIA, TENN.

Of all the hosts of heroes who offered their lives upon the altar of their country, there was none more freely given than that of Col. William M. Barbour, of the Thirty-Seventh regiment, North Carolina troops. Fearless and generous, he was a true type of the Confederate soldier, and by his devotion to principle and duty he has left a priceless legacy to his country and kindred. From the beginning his success was assured in any undertaking, for so much energy and determination as he possessed was rarely seen in any individual.



COL. W. M. BARBOUR.

Col. Barbour was a native of Rowan County, N. C. He graduated at St. James College, Md., in 1853. He studied law, and settled in Wilkesboro, N. C., and soon became one of the leading lawyers of Western North Carolina. In 1859 he married Miss Ada S. Alexander, of Mecklenburg, a charming woman who proved a helpmeet indeed.

At the beginning of the war he raised a company and joined the Thirty-Seventh regiment, then forming at High Point, N. C., and was elected lieutenant colonel. C. C. Lee, a West Pointer, being elected colonel. The regiment, one of the best in the service, was first in Branch's brigade, and afterwards in Lane's, A. P. Hill's light division, Army of Northern Virginia. Col. Lee having been killed at Frazier's farm, Lieut. Col. Barbour succeeded to the colonelcy of the regiment, and with his regiment participated in all of the principal battles in which that army was engaged.

He was ever ready and able to take the lead in battle, and was complimented for gallantry on many bloody fields by several general officers, and especially by Gen. A. P. Hill. He also served with distinction as judge advocate of his division. On May 12, 1864, at the battle of Spottsylvania, Col. Barbour was captured by the enemy, and with "the six hundred Confederate officers" was taken to Charleston, S. C., and afterwards to Savannah and placed under the fire of the Confederate batteries at those places.

After enduring this savage mode of warfare for many days, which was equaled in atrocity only by the acts of the Duke of Alva in the low country, the Spanish Inquisition, or the march of Sherman and his bummers to the sea (in whose wake the echo of the widows' wail and orphans' cry will be heard for many generations to come), he was finally exchanged, and, although very much weakened and emaciated by the brutal treatment that he had received at the hands of the enemy, he

rejoined his command and entered at once upon his duty with extraordinary vigor. Col. Barbour was wounded at Frazier's Farm, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and received his mortal wounds on September 30, 1864, at Petersburg, while gallantly leading Lane's brigade, from which he died on October 3, after suffering intense agony.

At his death the heart of the great Lee was touched, and he afterwards wrote a letter to his little son, Eddie Barbour, now a distinguished lawyer of Springfield, Mo. Read it, young men of the South, for it is worthy of your consideration. Henceforth the extract is the common property of all Confederates of the younger generations

"Permit me to urge upon you to study in your youth the precepts of the Holy Bible, to practice virtue in preference to all things, and to avoid falsehood and deception of every kind, which will be sure to debase the mind and lead to every vice and misery." "Keep constantly in mind the conduct of your father and endeavor to equal him in goodness, though you may fall short of him in greatness." Col. Barbour was rather low of stature, frank and decided in his manner, generous and noble in his disposition. With a countenance beaming with intelligence he made friends everywhere. North Carolina sent no truer patriot than he.

Rev. J. W. Cullum, of Noah, Tenn., writes:

While sending a renewal of my subscription I also send items for the VETERAN.

I read again to-day the account of Gen. Streight's raid in the October VETERAN, reading aloud to my family the poem written by John Trotwood Moore on the brave deed of the fifteen-year-old girl, Emma Sanson, who sprang up behind Gen. Forrest and, amid a hail of bullets from the enemy, piloted him to a ford where he could cross his men after the Federals had burned the bridge.

I was then living in North Alabama, and nearly in sight of the road Streight traveled. On that morning I had been called to conduct a funeral service over the remains of a very dear friend, Thomas Barbee, a brother of Rev. Dr. J. D. Barbee, of Nashville. I had nearly reached the place, a distance of eight miles, when I encountered an old and wealthy citizen, who was under great excitement, moving his mules, horses, cattle, bacon, and negroes out into the woods. Upon asking him what was up he cried out, "Yankees, Yankees!" and told me that three thousand had camped at Daniel Hodge's the night before. Of course our funeral congregation was broken up. On arriving at home I saw that my wife and a half-grown negro boy had our old blind gray horse and were trying to move to a place of greater security some shelled corn which we were saving for bread. A sack had come untied and the corn had spilled, and they were standing over it in a good deal of trouble. It was good news that the Yankees had swept by and that Forrest was close after them.

I was chaplain of the Twenty-Fourth Tennessee regiment, and greet all the old boys who may see this, wherever they are scattered.

W. M. Wagner, of Newport, Tex., asks that Capt. J. W. Irvin, Company G, First Confederate Cavalry, gives a sketch of their ups and downs for the benefit of his boys.

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.

The year 1898 was a memorable one in the annals of our Confederation. The interest aroused in its purpose and work gives promise of steady growth. Owing to the holidays, no camp organizations were reported during the past month, but general activity is manifest throughout all the States. Active work in organizing camps is important, so they will be in thorough touch with the confederation and be represented at the next reunion in Charleston.

In Mississippi and Louisiana many camps are in process of organization which we expect very soon to charter. West Virginia is also being aroused, and is interested in organizing camps, so we hope soon to see the confederation established in that State.

Through the influence of the VETERAN a number of veteran camps are urging the organization of camps of Sons in their respective towns, and we again desire to express the hearty thanks to the VETERAN for its help. Gen. Moorman is also actively interested in seeing camps of Sons formed in every city, and through his kindly efforts the headquarters of the confederation have been placed in communication with a number of parties in the Western States through whom we hope soon to accomplish the formation of camps.

The work of the executive committee in charge of the Winnie Davis Monument Fund, U. S. C. V., is progressing slowly but surely, and some contributions have been received from camps of Sons, while others write that they expect to be able to contribute their full share at the time of the next reunion. Commander Randolph is pushing the work in Georgia, and reports that his division expects to make quite a handsome contribution. This is a work in which every camp of Sons should take a keen and active interest and should feel it their solemn duty to raise their full share of the funds for the purpose of erecting this monument. The Daughters of the Confederacy are meet-

ing with great success with their fund, and surely our confederation cannot afford to be behind them in this work.

The camps of the Confederation are reminded that in accordance with the constitution their per capita tax of ten cents a member should be paid this month in order to avoid the fine imposed. All the camps should attend to this important duty promptly, so that they will be in good standing and be entitled to representation at the next reunion.

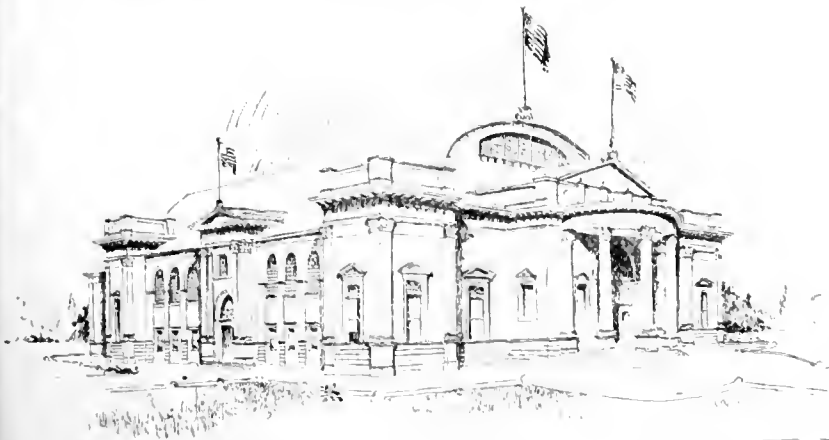
We would again earnestly urge the united and hearty support of every son of a Confederate veteran in the South for the establishment of camps and the work of perpetuating the memory of the gallant soldiers who fought for State rights. The officers can do nothing unless they receive the cooperation of the private members, and we would urge that this help be given now.

HEROIC DEED IN PENSACOLA BAY.

Col. W. S. Lovell, of Palmyra, Miss., writes to the *Picksburg Herald* as follows:

In 1861 I obstructed the channel of Pensacola harbor between Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island, Fla., and Fort McRea by sinking four vessels chained together. The distance between the forts was about three-quarters of a mile. I towed the vessels out with two steamers on a dark night, and passed nearly one hundred guns on the battery along the beach on Santa Rosa Island. It was so close we distinctly heard the sentinel sing out: "Two o'clock, and all's well." Gen. Bragg, in command of the army at Pensacola, and other officers said it was impossible to obstruct the channel without being discovered. I said: "General, I think I can do it." He said: "Go ahead." I did obstruct the channel without a shot at me, and all got back to the Pensacola navy yard. I refer to Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, U. S. A., who was on the head steamer with him, and Capt. Lyman Aldrich, of Natchez, who was in command of the guard I took out. Gen. Chambers also accompanied me. I invited a number of other officers to go out as my guests. There is no doubt that, had we been discovered by the enemy, we should have been blown out of the water with grape and canister.

After it was decided to hold the next reunion at Charleston, S. C., the city council appropriated \$7,500 to be added to the Thomson bequest to the city and build an auditorium to seat 7,000 people. A committee was appointed, and plans were asked for. Quite a number were submitted from various cities. The committee selected this design as being the best offered. Working plans were made, and the contract was awarded to Robert McCarrel, of Charleston, at his bid of \$34,500. It will be completed by May 1, 1899. An electric light plant will be put in, so as to work day and night until done. It will be 150 feet by 350 feet by 50 feet high, with a large stage 75 feet by 100 feet, galleries, and committee rooms.



AUDITORIUM FOR REUNION UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, 1899.



B. H. Martin, Tulip, Tex., answered the last roll on July 3, 1898. He was a member of Company L, Twelfth Louisiana infantry. He died in his eightieth year.

Jacob J. Haney, a member of N. B. Forrest Camp No. 4, U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn., died of apoplexy on December 19, 1898. He was a native of Virginia, born June 23, 1833. He had a fine war record, serving on Gen. Sterling Price's staff and afterwards in the Fourth Tennessee cavalry.

Dr. P. H. Adams, of Phoenix, S. C., passed away on December 9, 1898. He was of Edgefield County, and graduated at South Carolina College before the war, and then at the Philadelphia Medical College. He entered the Western army as lieutenant of Twenty-Fourth South Carolina regiment, and was severely wounded at Chickamauga. On recovering he was made surgeon, and served to the end. He was a beloved physician and friend.

Maj. Charles F. Vanderford, a member of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, Nashville, Tenn., for some years officially connected with the State University at Knoxville, died in that city January 3, 1899, in his sixty-sixth year. He served in the Forty-Fifth Tennessee infantry. He was severely wounded and discharged, but afterwards commanded a battery of artillery. He was again wounded, and then transferred to the ordnance department, under Gen. J. E. Johnston.

Capt. Maurice M. Langhorne, the hero of a hundred fights, yielded to the enemy of life at his home, Independence, Mo., in July, 1898.

He was born in Buckingham County, Va., July 22, 1834, and while he was very young his parents moved to Lexington, Mo., where he was educated and served an apprenticeship as a printer. The family removed to Independence in 1849, and young Langhorne joined the army of adventurous men bound for the California gold fields. For ten years he traveled back and forth, and had many adventures. He also went to Alaska, and traveled over much unexplored country. He returned to Independence in 1859, and when the war opened he entered the Confederate army as a private. His dashing bravery on the field brought him unstinted praise and promotions until he was a captain under Gen. Shelby. He commanded Company E, of Shank's regiment, which was selected for Shelby's escort. The company was beautifully uniformed, armed with sabers and revolvers alone. The company served as couriers and as rear guard also, and often was required to do some desperate fighting besides, as at Independence, Westport, Mine Creek, and Newtonia.

In Edwards' "Unwritten Leaf of the War" is an

account of how Langhorne held Waxahachie, Tex., against a mob that was attempting to seize army stores. Capt. Langhorne married Miss Annie M. Wallace, of Independence, on October 12, 1859. Four children were born to them: Mrs. Mamie Leach, of Kansas City, Shelby Langhorne, Miss Annie Langhorne, and Samuel Langhorne, sergeant in a California battery with the first expedition to Manila.

Capt. Langhorne was also prominent as a Mason, and was buried under the auspices of McDonald Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and an escort from Palestine Commandery No. 17, Knights Templar.

H. F. Young, of Sulphur Springs, Tex., writes of the passing away during the last year of two devoted Confederates and zealous friends of the VETERAN. Such notices come, alas! too frequently now:

Rev. B. F. Stephens deserves mention in the VETERAN. He was as brave and daring as any who wore officer's uniform, and contributed his share in the heroic deeds which crowned his brigade with military glory. Wounded through the thigh in the Holly Springs raid, he refused to be left, but clung to his horse during some of the most skillful and dashing movements of the war. Grant's cavalry ceased to follow us south of Ripley; a heavy rain set in, and we halted for the night. On going to the house where Gen. Van Dorn's headquarters were, to see about getting shelter for Stephens, I found the General and his staff in the dining room at supper, the lady of the house presiding at the table. She positively refused to furnish shelter; but the General rose from the table, and, turning to me, said: "Bring the brave soldier in; never shall a wounded soldier of mine, especially such as Stephens, be exposed to such a rain as this while I have shelter." The result was dry clothes, a comfortable room and bed, with Gen. Van Dorn for his nurse, and the chief surgeon to dress his wound. When the war closed comrade B. F. Stephens devoted his life to preaching the gospel. He was very popular, especially with the children, who were always glad to see "Uncle Doc," as they called him. He died of paralysis, February 27, 1898, at his home in Cumby, Tex. He had no children, but leaves a wife whose noble qualities ever shed a luster on all around her.

Maj. H. C. Dial, the last of the field officers of the Ninth Texas Confederate cavalry, died near Sulphur Springs, Tex., December 4, 1898, in his sixty-sixth year. He was a man of sterling integrity, and always maintained perfect control of his men without any friction; obedience was secured through love and esteem, rather than from force of military authority. He was always cool and calm in the greatest danger, and consequently never made a mistake in forming and executing his plans. Though believed to be mortally wounded at the battle of Corinth while leading his company (K) in the hottest of that terrible assault, he recovered and was soon again at his post. A few days after the fall of Atlanta, the good and noble Lieut. Col. Berry, of the same regiment, was killed, and H. C. Dial was promoted from captain of his company to major of the regiment, in which capacity he served until the close of the war, having the confidence and high esteem of every man in the regiment. When the war closed, he returned to his farm, became a devoted Christian, and

lived a spotless life to the day of his death. At all Confederate reunions he was sure to be, and no one in all Northeastern Texas was more devoted to extending the circulation of the VETERAN. He leaves two sons—his only children.

Capt. A. C. McKissack, of Holly Springs, Miss., died in Memphis, Tenn., September 28, 1898. From a memorial prepared by a committee of fellow-members of Camp Kitt Mott No. 23, U. C. V., the following is taken:

He was a native of Pulaski, Tenn., and a graduate of Yale College. He made Marshall County, Miss., his home in 1856. When the call to arms was made, in 1861, he was among the first to respond, enlisting as a member of the noted Jeff Davis Rifles, commanded by Col. Sam Benton, and upon the organization of the Ninth Mississippi regiment he became its color bearer. Afterwards, when the term of service of the Ninth regiment had expired, Capt. McKissack was called to the command of a company of cavalry under the immortal Forrest, in which capacity he served until the close of the war.

Having done his full duty, Capt. McKissack again sought quiet in his country home, a peaceful citizen ever; a patriot, whose highest aim was his country's welfare; a philanthropist, whose creed was based on the immaculate law of fraternal love and charity. The committee was composed of J. B. Mattison, Addison Craft, and S. H. Pryor.

LIEUT. COL. RICHARD CHARLTON.

Of all the heroic sons that the gallant State of Mississippi gave to our great cause, Lieut. Col. Richard Charlton was the peer of the best in all that constitutes true and noble manhood. He was born in 1825, near Gallatin, Tenn., the son of James and Rachel Charlton. He attended the country schools and "Sylvan Academy." His military career began at the age of twenty years, in 1847, when he volunteered at Gallatin, Tenn., in Company I, of the First regiment of Tennessee volunteers for service in the Mexican war. Capt. W. M. Blackmore commanded the company, and Richard Charlton was fourth sergeant. This regiment was in the battles of Monterey, Cerro Gordo, and in the siege of Vera Cruz. Charlton did his whole duty in that war, and he returned to his home respected by every soldier of that command.

In 1861, at the call of duty, he went into service for sixty days from Raymond, Miss., where he was then living, at the expiration of which time he raised a company known as the "Charlton Rebels," in February, 1862, which formed a part of the Forty-Fifth Mississippi infantry regiment. This regiment was commanded by Col. Hardcastle, with Richard Charlton as lieutenant colonel. Hardcastle was disabled for duty soon after the regiment was organized, so that it was virtually commanded by Col. Charlton during the war. This regiment participated in the following battles: Perryville, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Franklin and Nashville, Tenn.; Ringgold Gap, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Marietta, Atlanta, and Jonesboro, Ga.

This war-worn remnant of a regiment surrendered with the shattered battalions of Joseph E. Johnston, at Greensboro, N. C., on April 26, 1865.

During the entire war, from its inception to its end, Lieut. Col. Richard Charlton, of the Forty-Fifth Mississippi, was engaged in active field duties, rendering conspicuous service in battle and on the march, and as a Christian gentleman in camp. He was wounded twice. After the war he returned to his home, and resumed his business. He died at Hot Springs, Ark., about fifteen years after the war, and his body was taken to Raymond, Miss. Peace to his ashes.

LIEUT. COL. NATHAN BRANDON.

Lieut. Col. Nathan Brandon, C. S. A., was born in Stewart County, Tenn., January 20, 1820. His grandfather was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, emigrated from North Carolina to Stewart County about 1800. Col. Brandon opposed secession, but when President Lincoln called for troops to put down the rebellion he at once organized a company for the Con-



COL. NATHAN BRANDON.

federate service and was elected captain. It became Company E, of the Fourteenth Tennessee infantry. At the organization of the regiment, at Clarksville, Tenn., in June, 1861, Capt. Brandon was elected major, and in November following, at Green Brier, Va., he was elected lieutenant colonel to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Lieut. Col. M. G. Gholson. He served with the regiment through the Virginia campaign of 1861, and was at home on a furlough visiting his family at Dover, Tenn., during the battle of Fort Donelson. Being perfectly familiar with the topography of the country for many miles around Fort Donelson, he tendered his services to the commanding generals, Pillow and Floyd; and while leading the Confederate left wing on Saturday morning, February 15, 1862, his horse was shot from under him, and Col. Brandon fell, seven times wounded, making him a cripple for life, and thus rendering him unable to do further military duty. Three of the bullets that struck him that day he carried to his grave.

At the close of the war Col. Brandon resumed the

practice of law and farming, which he pursued successfully. He was a member of the Tennessee Constitutional Convention of 1870; was three times a member of the lower branch of the Legislature, and three times a State Senator.

Col. Brandon died at his home, near Dover, Tenn., April 20, 1891. The following children survived him: J. P. Brandon, Nashville, Tenn.; Morris Brandon, Atlanta, Ga.; T. J. Brandon, W. M. Brandon, and Mrs. J. W. Stout, Dover, Tenn.; Mrs. S. W. Cooley, Mayfield, Ky.; and Mrs. E. H. Morrow, Clarksville, Tenn.

Comrade James F. Brown died at Pikesville, Md., January 27, aged fifty-seven years. Death resulted from Bright's disease. He was born in Jefferson County, Va., July 9, 1841. In his childhood the family moved to Washington County, Md. He was educated at St. James College, near Hagerstown. Late in May, 1861, when the Federal General Patterson made his first move into Virginia, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, then colonel of the First Virginia Cavalry, met and captured part of his advance forces and drove the balance back into Maryland. Comrade Brown at that time joined the First Virginia Cavalry, and was at once made a courier for Gen. Stuart, in which capacity he served until the Stuart Horse Artillery was formed, and he went with Capt. James Breathed into that branch of the service, where he remained throughout the war except the nineteen months that he was a prisoner, having been captured at Hagerstown, Md., July 13, on the retreat from Gettysburg. He was taken to Fort Delaware. During his confinement there he was ill with typhoid fever, and was the only man out of all in the ward that survived. After his recovery he was transferred to Point Lookout, and while there was taken ill with smallpox. He was exchanged in March, 1865, just in time to take part during the "last days of the Confederacy." Joining his battery, he served with his old college mate and comrade in arms Maj. James Breathed to Appomattox. His younger brother, R. E. Brown, was killed September 19, 1864, at Winchester, at sixteen years of age, with First Maryland Cavalry. A wife and one daughter survive him.

COL. JOHN OVERTON.

Rev. James H. McNeilly, his comrade and pastor:

The death of this noble man will bring a sense of personal loss to great numbers of the veterans of the Confederacy, for they never had a truer or more self-sacrificing friend.

He died at his home, "Traveler's Rest," a few miles south of Nashville, on the twelfth day of December, 1898, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

He was a man of the strictest integrity and of wonderful kindness of heart. His neighbors all loved him. The poor found him always ready to help in need. The well to do sought his counsel and sympathy in their perplexities, and never in vain. The old soldiers of the Confederacy had a place in his heart and a claim upon his bounty which he recognized as sacred.

He was a man of genuine piety, modest, humble, and unostentatious. He was a ruling elder in the Glen Leven Presbyterian Church from its foundation, and

its beautiful house of worship is largely a monument to his liberality. His great, loving heart found sweetest pleasure in mingling with his brethren there. He looked upon every true honest man as a brother. But to the readers of the VETERAN it will be of special interest to recall his connection with the cause we all hold so dear.

In 1861, when the war began, he espoused the cause of the South with all his soul. His traditions were all Southern. His family both on his father's and mother's side was identified with the history of Tennessee from its earliest days. His father was Judge John Overton, eminent as a lawyer and judge at the beginning of this century. His mother was the daughter of Gen. James White, of Knoxville, and a sister of Hugh Lawson White, Tennessee's incorruptible Senator and candidate for the Presidency.

Col. Overton inherited a very large estate, which had grown by his judicious management of it until he was



COL. JOHN OVERTON.

one of the wealthiest men in the State. When Tennessee stood with her Southern sisters, he with characteristic enthusiasm offered to Gov. Harris not only himself, but pledged also his whole estate to support the cause; and he meant it, as his subsequent course proved. He spared no pains nor expense in the service of his country. When Fort Donelson fell and Nashville surrendered to the Federal armies, of course a man of such prominence could not remain within the Federal lines.

When Gov. Johnson was appointed military governor of the State he sought diligently to have Col. Overton arrested, and made heavy requisitions on his estate as a punishment for his devotion to the South. His property was taken for Federal use, and everything was done to reduce him to poverty.

Thenceforward his life was in the Confederate lines. Whenever a battle was to be fought in reach of him he was on hand, to serve on staff duty or to minister to the wounded. He was in the battle of Shiloh near to

Gen. Johnston when he was mortally wounded, and heard the stirring address of that great leader as he urged the men to the charge. Col. Overton spoke with admiration of the grand appearance of the General as he sat upon his horse, the face flushed with eagerness, the light of battle flashing in the eye, the whole figure of heroic size seeming a very incarnation of victory. When there was no call for service in the field Col. Overton was to be found wherever he could minister to the wants of the soldiers. In the camp, in the hospitals, or wherever his influence or his means could contribute to the comfort or efficiency of the army, there he was to be found. He was always ready to interview an official or to nurse a sick soldier or to provide for the needy family of a faithful Confederate, if by any means he could help the "boys." He wore himself out in the service.

Finally, when Gen. Hood came into Tennessee Col. Overton came with him, reaching his home after long absence. The headquarters of our army were established at his house, and the disastrous battle of Nashville was fought on his land. As ever, he put everything at the disposal of our army, and did everything he could to help. When our cause was lost he took the oath of amnesty and accepted the situation, determined to do the best he could for his people under the new conditions.

He set himself to save what he could out of the wreck of his estate. He was the object of much petty persecution, but in all he bore himself with dignity, firmness, and moderation, and on to the end he never lost an opportunity to help an old Confederate soldier or his family.

When he went to Washington to have an interview with the President, Andrew Johnson, who then occupied that high office, met him in a roomful of other callers, and went out of his way to vent his personal resentment, and with an oath called him an aristocrat and oppressor of the poor. With that a distinguished Presbyterian minister, Dr. Lyon, of Mississippi, who was personally unknown to Col. Overton, stepped forward and said: "Mr. President, you are mistaken in your man. He is known all over the South as a friend of every one in need. He is no aristocrat in the sense you use the word. He does not hold himself aloof from the poorest, if they are honest." Col. Overton himself, with perfect coolness and boldness, answered the insult by saying that of course the President had the power to imprison him, which was threatened, but could not bring him down from a gentleman to the level of his insulter.

Of course the loss of property and of money was immense. The government made small compensation for all that had been taken for its use, and that pittance was much reduced by the dishonesty of the officials through whose hands it passed before it reached its rightful owner.

From that time forward Col. Overton and his noble wife were constantly doing something for the veterans of the cause for which they had sacrificed so much. "Traveler's Rest" kept open doors, and none were turned away. Help was given to start many a one in life, and no one else ever knew of it. The great desire of this devoted pair was to see a monument to the Confederate dead of Tennessee and a home for the helpless survivors of the war. Both wishes were grat-

ified before Col. Overton's death, and he was an important factor in securing both monument and home.

It was touching to see at our reunions or on some great Confederate memorial occasion many an old grizzled veteran stop Col. Overton's carriage and take his hand to remind him of some kindness done in the days of storm and stress, and such a remark as this was heard: "There goes old John, bless his old soul!"

His death was sudden, although he had been growing feeble for some time past. He anticipated the end, and was ready. He said a few weeks ago: "I don't think I'll be here much longer; but as to the future, I not only think, I know all is well." To me it is hard to write briefly of one whom I knew so well and loved so dearly. But I am persuaded that many a reader of the VETERAN will be glad to read something of one who did so much for our cause and people. We of the South are proud of him as a type and specimen of the old-time Southern gentleman. Modest, brave, true, courteous, gentle, kind, the judgment day alone will reveal the extent of his charities and the full beauty of his character. May he rest in peace!

The Frank Cheatham Bivouac, of which Col. Overton was an honorary member, passed resolutions expressive of the exalted regard in which he was held by the membership. In the preamble they say:

We remember his sterling qualities as a man, as a citizen and friend, his strict integrity of character, and his innate courtliness. . . . But it is as a Confederate and a friend of the Confederate soldier that we especially desire to commemorate his name and good works. In time of war he gave his energies and his means, and after the struggle he was constant in his efforts and by his generosity to aid Confederates.

"His shivered sword is red with rust,
His plumed head is bowed,
His haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now his martial shroud."

Another Southern hero of the civil war has joined the innumerable host beyond the river in the death of Robert Crow, November 21, in Oklahoma Territory.

Comrade Crow was born and raised in Fayetteville, N. C., and volunteered in 1861 in a cavalry company from that place, gallantly serving during the entire war. In 1865 he returned to his old home, but, remaining only for a short time, he went to Brenham, Tex., and engaged in business with his brother. After his brother's death he left Texas, and no one knew of his whereabouts for twenty-five years, until a few weeks before his death. . . . His father, Capt. John Crow, came from Scotland years ago and settled in Fayetteville. Capt. Crow left three children: a daughter, who married Dr. Kenneth A. Black, and two sons, Peter, who went to Texas before the war, and Robert.

Many are the incidents related of his bravery during the four long years of strife. In one of the many cavalry skirmishes in the valley of Virginia, when our boys were overwhelmed by numbers and lost nearly all, save honor, this hero managed to escape with his tattered flag, which it seems he retained to the day of his death, and requested that it should not be separated from him even then. His wishes were complied with, and he now sleeps within its folds. "A warrior taking his rest, with the Southern colors around him."—*W. C. McD., in Fayetteville Observer.*

FOR UNIVERSAL AND LASTING PEACE.

At Nashville, Tenn., there was held the first mass meeting known in this country to memorialize the President of the United States in behalf of the movement proposed by the Czar of Russia for universal peace. The movement was suggested and earnestly presented to some friends by that noble woman whose husband was made chairman of the committee.

"Believing that the realization of the hope expressed by the Czar of Russia in his request for an international peace conference will make for the happiness and well-being of mankind, we, the citizens of Nashville, Tenn., assembled in mass meeting to the number of four thousand, do hereby respectful petition his Excellency, President William McKinley, to take such steps as may be necessary to have the United States of America represented in the world conference that shall meet to consider the terms on which may be secured universal and lasting peace."

A committee was appointed to present the memorial to the President, consisting of the following named gentlemen: E. W. Cole, Chairman; James I. Vance, G. P. Thruston, G. N. Tillman, S. A. Champion, S. A. Cunningham, A. W. Wills.

The committee also issued the following address to the people of Tennessee:

At a meeting of the citizens of Nashville, held on January 17, 1899, to consider the proposition of the Czar of Russia for an international peace conference, the forgoing resolution was unanimously adopted.

As a committee on correspondence appointed by that meeting we respectfully but earnestly request that similar mass meetings be held in all the cities and towns of Tennessee, and we express the hope that every citizen of the Volunteer State will give a hearty response to this call in behalf of the interest of humanity.

Prompt as were the Southern people to volunteer in the war against Spain after the Maine was blown up, they respect President McKinley for his reluctance to declare war above any other consideration.

A CORRECTION.

Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, U. D. C., Baltimore:

As organizer of the Grand Division of Virginia, U. D. C., and President until October last, and therefore perfectly familiar with its affairs, Mrs. Garnett desires to correct the statement in the December VETERAN with regard to "why the Grand Division of Virginia is twice as large as the First Virginia Division," made by a member of the First Virginia Division. No such "representation," as stated, was ever made, and the "member" has been misinformed. On the contrary, it is well known that several chapters once belonging to the Grand Division are now in the First Virginia Division, our chapter numbering over two hundred members. Albemarle Chapter No. 1, from which the Grand Division of Virginia was organized, claims only, since facts about chapters in other States have been brought to light, the distinction of being "the first society in Virginia to bear the name 'Daughters of the Confederacy,'" and it is so stated in the preface to its constitution, based on that of the Grand Camp of Virginia, Confederate Veterans. There is no "Virginia Division" among the Virginia veterans, as stated by the Virginia "member," exclusive of the Grand Camp of

Virginia, Confederate Veterans, which is composed of some camps belonging to the United Confederate Veterans, and some that do not belong to that body.

Though aware that even the *appearance* of controversy should be avoided among Confederate Daughters, bound together by such sacred ties, yet in the interests of *justice* and of *history* this correction is made in a kindly spirit.

Col. John L. Williams, of Winchester, commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia veterans, appoints Capt. Thomas Ellett Adjutant General. He appoints on History Committee Dr. Hunter McGuire, in place of William L. Royal, resigned; Carter R. Bishop to succeed James M. Garnett. As chairman of committee to look after legislative matters he names Norman V. Randolph.

The general officers for the Grand Camp are:

Grand Commander, John J. Williams, Winchester.

Lieutenant Grand Commanders, Stith Bolling, Petersburg; Richard L. Maury, Richmond; and Thomas W. Smith, Suffolk.

Quartermaster General, Washington Taylor, Norfolk.

Inspector General, Thomas C. Morton, Staunton.

Chaplain General, Rev. B. D. Tucker, Norfolk.

Surgeon General, Dr. John S. Powell, Occoquan.

Appointments made by the Grand Commander: Adjutant General, Thomas Ellett, Richmond; Aid de Camps, A. Moore, Jr., Berryville, and Thomas D. Ransom, Staunton.

Col. Williams rebukes the indifference of comrades for lack of attention to Confederate organizations, because through such is the greatest hope of caring properly for comrades who are destitute, and who but for organized comradeship may expect eventually to be cared for in poorhouses.

An entertaining story is told in the *Thomasville* (Ga.) *Times-Enterprise* of a young man who, on starting to the great war from the State University of Georgia, buried in an Athens yard a bottle of whisky. It was afterwards taken up by a member of his family and carried to Thomasville, Ga. When the heroic soldier returned, he decided he would not open that bottle until his "youngest son" became of age. In the seventies a cat, in leaping to catch a rat, knocked the bottle over and broke it. The writer refers to Sam Hayes, of the Thomasville National Bank.

S. J. Benton, Kershaw, S. C.: "Will some member of the Second Alabama battalion kindly inform me through the VETERAN if they were the troops that came up on the left of Kershaw's division in the charge at Snodgrass Hill?"

J. M. Justice, Mansfield, Tex., wishes to learn something about the Capt. Ben Harris, one of the murderers of that party on Buck Island, what State he was from, and his present whereabouts, if living.

Answering the inquiry of O. D. Hineckley about John M. Johnson, son of Dr. John M. Johnson, of Kentucky, and later of Atlanta, Ga.: After the war he attended school in Athens, Ga., then went West, and died about 1870.

There was a distinguished gathering of military and naval heroes in the chapel of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., on Sunday morning, when a handsome memorial tablet was unveiled in honor of the late Lieut. William Jenkins, who lost his life in the Maine disaster. The memorial is of massive bronze and sea-green marble. A perfect model of the unfortunate ship is carved in high relief above the inscription, which reads as follows:



The memorial was designed by Charles Rollinson Lamb, and executed by J. and R. Lamb, of New York.

THOUGHT WE HAD ARTILLERY ENOUGH.

In February, 1865, and only a short while before the surrender of Gen. Lee's army, the Federals made a heavy demonstration on the Squirrel Level road. Gen. Heth was sent in that direction with his division to counteract their movement. Far down on that road they found the enemy secure behind formidable works, with a battery of artillery well posted on an eminence. Gen. Heth halted his division in front of this battery and rode up to Gen. McComb, commanding Archer's Tennessee brigade, and asked for — Harris, commanding the sharpshooters for his division. On the officer's approach he informed him that he was going to charge that battery, pointing to the ugly-looking guns frowning over the embrasures, saying he wished him to throw the sharpshooters well to the front, to pick off the enemy's gunners so that they could not operate their pieces while the brigade was making the charge. Gen. Heth then, turning to Gen. McComb, gave specific and very emphatic instructions, winding up with: "We must take that battery." When he had

finished, a long, lank fellow named Jim Tunnage, of Foster's company, C, Seventh Tennessee, and known as "Pickles," who had been an attentive listener to the conversation between these two generals, with much trepidation asked Gen. McComb if we "sure enough had to take that battery." The General quietly said, "Yes, Tunnage;" and he replied, "General, don't you think we have got artillery enough? I will go and tell 'old Heth' that if you say so."

Illustration of Southern Sentiment in the Sixties:

Maj. Robert Donnell, of the Twenty-Second Alabama infantry, and son of the eminent theologian and Cumberland Presbyterian minister, wrote as follows:

CHATTANOOGA, August 5, 1863.

My Dear Mother: Ed Friend will leave in the morning for Athens on furlough. I did not know until a few minutes ago that he was going, therefore my letter will be short. I will keep Clara supplied with money. Do not have any uneasiness on her account: I will be her guardian. . . . Our rations are very short indeed, but I am willing to live on acorns for seven years or longer to gain my freedom and independence. Our army is in fine health and in good spirits, and we are determined, with the help of God, to be free. God alone can chastise us. We adopt for our motto an old saying of one of the Revolutionary fathers of '76 that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." I hope the people of Athens will not despair or give up. You must encourage the desponding and vacillating; tell them to trust to our valor and to God. You must write to me whenever you can. Tell grandma to write. Give my love to all the children and servants. Tell Jack and Cesar that my confidence in them is unbounded, and I expect them to take care of everything. I want some of Aunt 'Bitha's bread.

Your affectionate son,

ROB.

John L. Boatner, Calvert, Tex., inquires of Lieut. W. S. Pratt, of the Seventeenth Mississippi regiment, who lost an arm at Chickamauga. When last heard of he was living in De Soto County, Miss.

An error was made in the name of the beautiful sponsor for Army of Tennessee Association at Atlanta, whose picture appeared in December VETERAN—Miss Edna Sidonie Delahoussaye, of New Orleans.

J. K. Moore, Luling, Tex., desires to hear from or of the three men who were with him in escaping from prison at Pittsburg Landing in 1862. One man was named Cartwright; another, Bibb; the third is forgotten. Mr. Moore was a member of the Twenty-Eighth Alabama.

John L. Odom, second sergeant Company D, Sixtieth Alabama, Sulphur Springs, Tex.: "In 1863 the Sixtieth Alabama regiment, Gracey's brigade, left Knoxville, Tenn., for Chickamauga. Company D, through Lieut. Butler, left its flag with a widow in that city, whose name I have forgotten. The flag was of silk, and had the letters 'C. M. B.' on it; had been used as the regimental flag. Will appreciate any information of it."

HEROISM IN BATTLE.

J. H. Eason, Chisholm, Ala.

In the last Confederate reunion, at Atlanta if I mistake not, the question of who were and who were not veterans was discussed to some extent. A very important question, and one that I think ought to have been discussed and acted and decided upon years ago! In fact, I think there ought to have been a record kept by each regimental and company commander of those who fought and those who did not—I mean those who actually belonged in line of battle; not teamsters and others. At the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam) I fought nearly all day. About 4 P. M. I was wounded, and of course went to the rear. Imagine my surprise when I got to the little village of Sharpsburg to find it filled with *soldiers* who during the day had deserted the battlefield, shirking from duty they had volunteered to perform, and it is quite probable that few of them had fired a gun during the battle. Staff officers and others were begging and pleading with them to go back to the front, that Gen. Lee was being sorely pressed, etc., yet not one of them did I see respond. Those men to-day are considered veterans, if living; if dead, their graves are annually strewn with flowers as a memorial.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, early Sunday morning, my captain ordered me to take one Ben — into the battle. He had up to that time never fired a gun at the enemy, yet he and hundreds of others like him are veterans, so called. I for one protest that it is not right nor just that such cowardly men who volunteered to go forth and fight for their country be honored and classed as veterans with those who did their duty honestly, faithfully, and fearlessly during the four years of the war.

In 1863 I was appointed sergeant of the ambulance corps, whose duty it was to carry off the wounded to some point to meet the ambulances. I then had an opportunity of seeing those who did not fight, and they were not confined strictly to privates and noncommissioned officers. At Cedar Run, where Gen. Early early in the morning won "glory enough for one day," and his army was scattered in every direction before night, I remember seeing back in the rear, hiding behind trees, logs, ditches, and any place that would afford some protection to their precious (?) bodies, a colonel, a major, and other commissioned officers—a beautiful example! Then if our army was so fortunate as to drive the enemy off, you would see those same men, who were too cowardly to assist in driving the enemy off, robbing and plundering the dead and wounded. If those men are veterans, then I am not one, though I volunteered, fought, bled, and nearly died in the faithful discharge of my duty as a soldier. I was wounded three times, and was hit by two spent balls.

J. H. Clark, of Lubbock, Tex., would like to hear of any old comrades of the Twenty-Fourth regiment, Tennessee Volunteers, Company H. The colonel of this regiment was R. D. Allison. The captain of Company H was C. W. Beal, and his first sergeant was H. C. Campbell. Company H was afterwards consolidated, and became Company I. The second first sergeant was Joe Holmes, and J. H. Clark was the third first sergeant. He enlisted at Nashville on July 22, 1861.

John C. Portis, Union, Miss., desires to know if a Mr. Castleman, who lost his arm at Chickamauga, is living. He thinks he belonged to the First Tennessee regiment, and lived in or near Nashville. Also wants to hear of Vint Tatum, of Capt. Baker's company, from Lincoln County, Tenn.

John W. Stebbins, Department Commander Virginia and North Carolina G. A. R., writes from Broad Creek, Princess Anne County, Va.:

I met in Norfolk a lady who was getting subscribers to your magazine. I am not a Confederate veteran, but a general officer of the G. A. R. The lady (who, by the way, was of very pleasing address) was anxious for me to subscribe, and held out as an inducement that the magazine was to contain the fact in regard to the "Great War;" and when I demurred she insisted that it was bound to contain the exact truth, because the



JOHN W. STEBBINS.

Confederate veterans were to write the articles. I felt that such unbounded confidence ought to meet with its reward, and, regardless of the fact that fishermen and soldiers are well known to be awful "spinners of yarns," I subscribed, remarking that I had long desired to read the truth from a Confederate standpoint, freely admitting my skepticism, but saying that I was not one of those blind fellows who would not see.

A. K. Miller, Lebanon, Tenn., is chairman of a committee to care for graves of nine of Morgan's men killed in a fight at Lebanon in 1862, and desires to ascertain their names, States, etc.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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The equipment of the modern railway service is growing better every day. The highest point of excellence is reached in the "Pacific Coast Limited," a new train now operated between St. Louis and Los Angeles and San Francisco, via the "True Southern Route."

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We have representatives in the principal cities, whose chief pleasure is in furnishing information to all who will take the small trouble to address an inquiry, either in person or by letter, to any of them; or descriptive literature will be sent on application to R. S. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

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.

OUR PAST.

BY NINA M. ROGERS.

As down the vista of long years
I sadly cast my eye,
The past, with all its hopes and fears,
Its breaking hearts, its blinding tears,
Comes sweeping slowly by.

I see the hostile ranks arrayed
In our once peaceful land,
Fair happy homes in ruins laid,
A mournful desolation made
By war's relentless hand.

I see the slain on every field
Bathed in a crimson flood;
Gallant and brave, they could not yield;
Loyal and true, their faith they sealed
With their most noble blood.

I see the fair old Southern life—
That life of love and mirth—
Perish amid the bitter strife
And change, with which the air was rife,
And vanish from the earth.

And now new ways on every side,
And faces new I see;
Like useless seaweed flung aside,
Or drift cast up by ocean's tide,
The old has come to be.

Yet hold the past life something worth,
For it was good and fair;
It brightened up this dull old earth,
And gave some gallant heroes birth,
Whose names we could not spare.
Florence, S. C.

THE FINEST CALENDAR OF THE CENTURY.

Those who receive the new Calendar for 1899 given by the *Youth's Companion* to all new subscribers will be ready to allow that the publishers have pretty nearly accomplished their object, which was to produce the finest calendar of the century. The subject of the exquisite color piece which forms the center is the "Ideal American Girl," and it is depicted in the most delicate tones as well as the most brilliant shades. The calendar is so designed that no printing appears on the lithographed panels, and they may be preserved as permanent ornaments suitable for the prettiest corner of the house. This calendar is a gift to all subscribers to the 1899 volume. A beautiful illustrated announcement of the principal contributions engaged for the 1899 volume will be sent free to any one addressing the *Youth's Companion*, 211 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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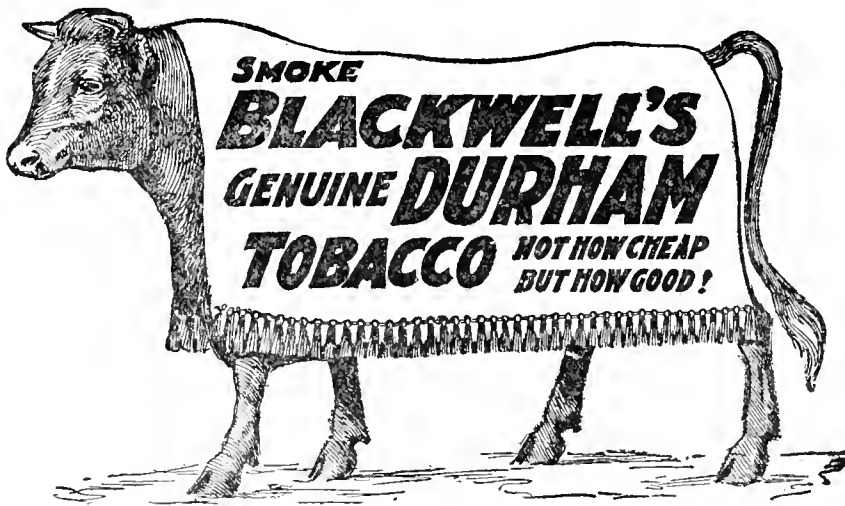
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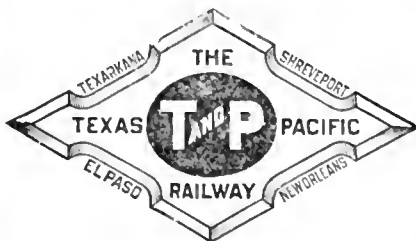
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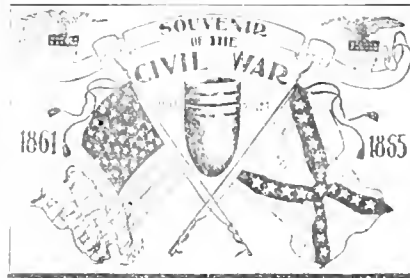
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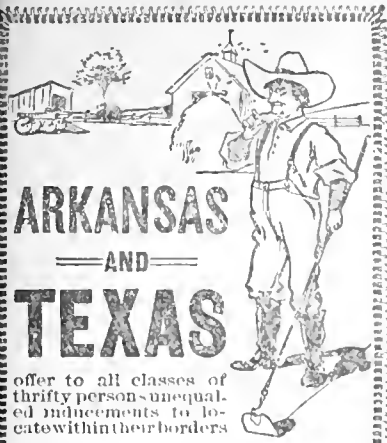
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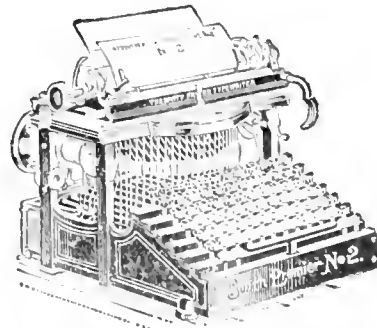
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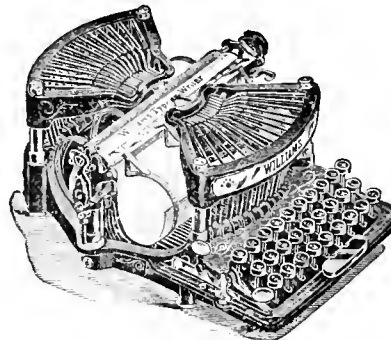
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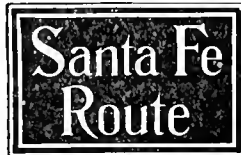
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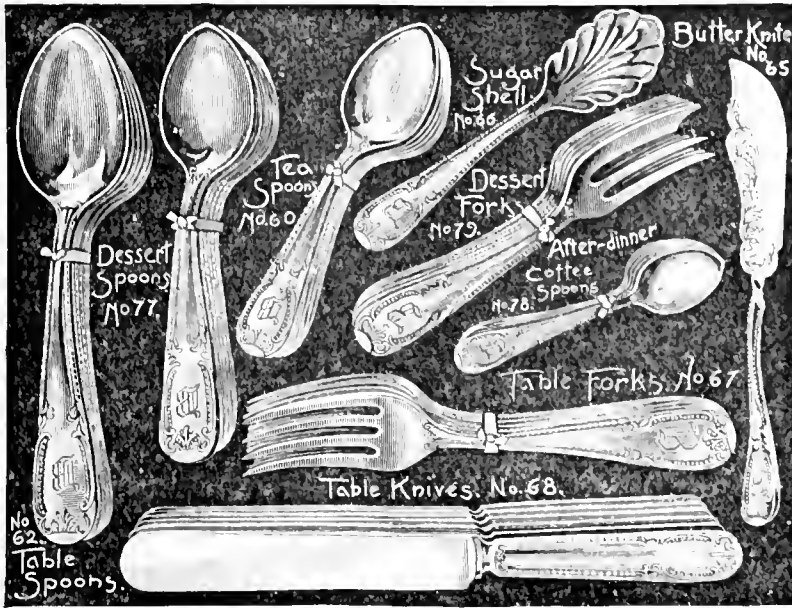
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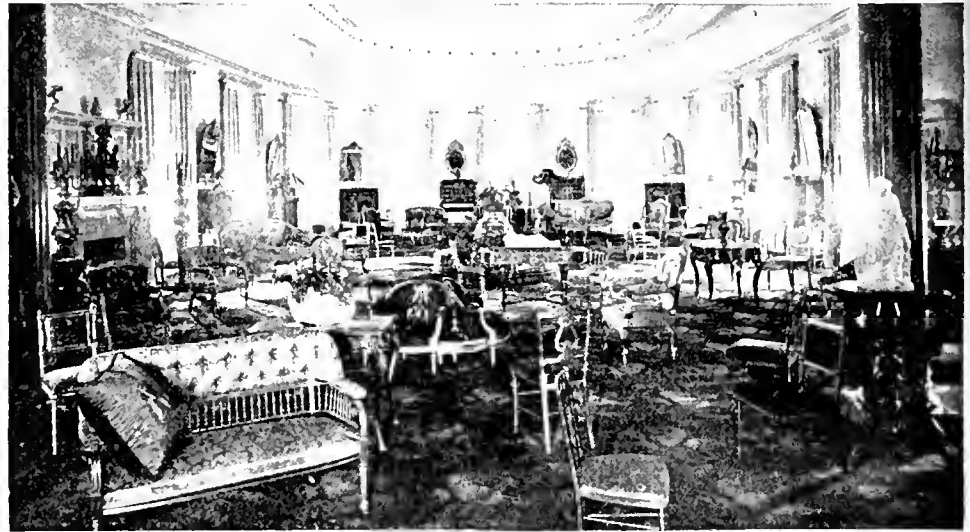
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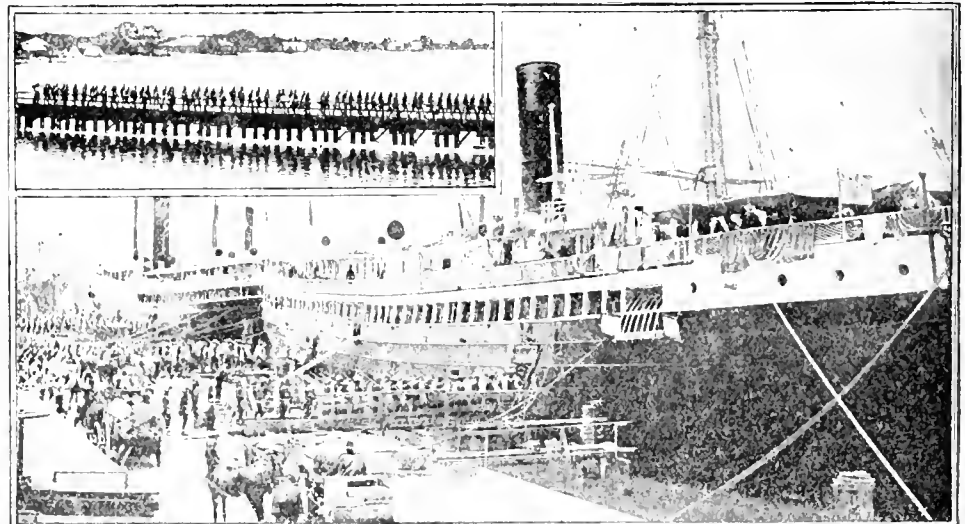
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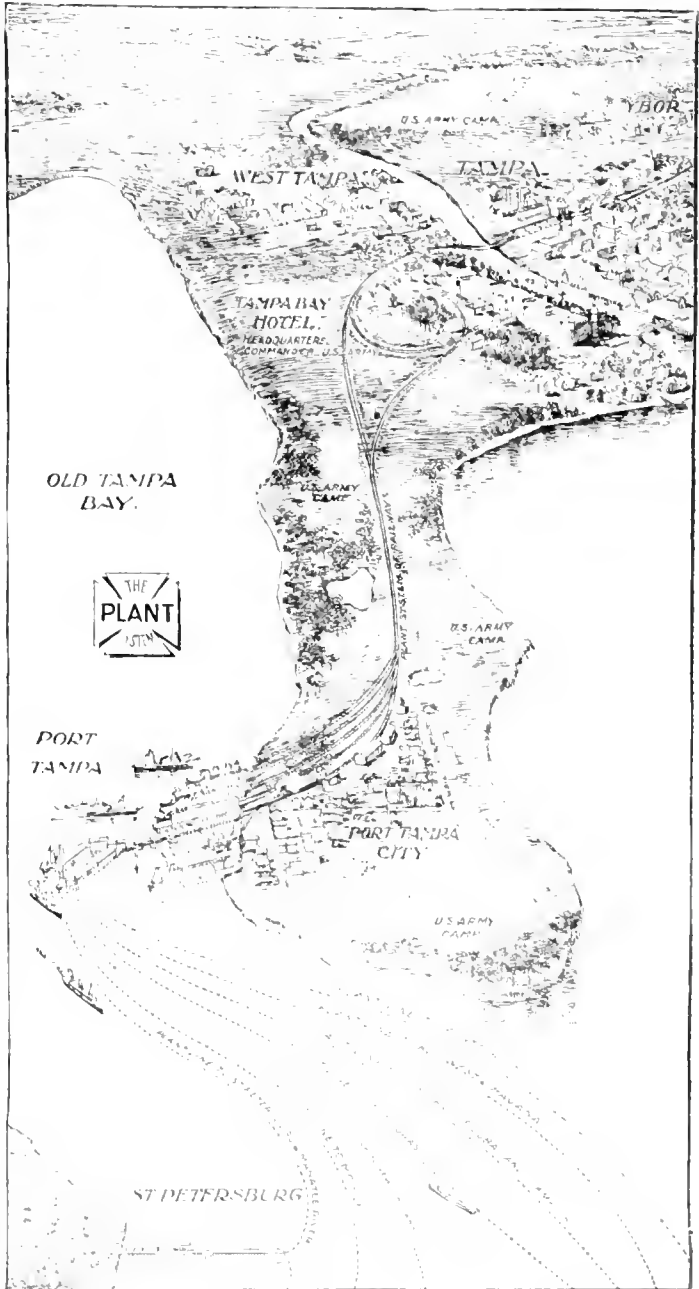
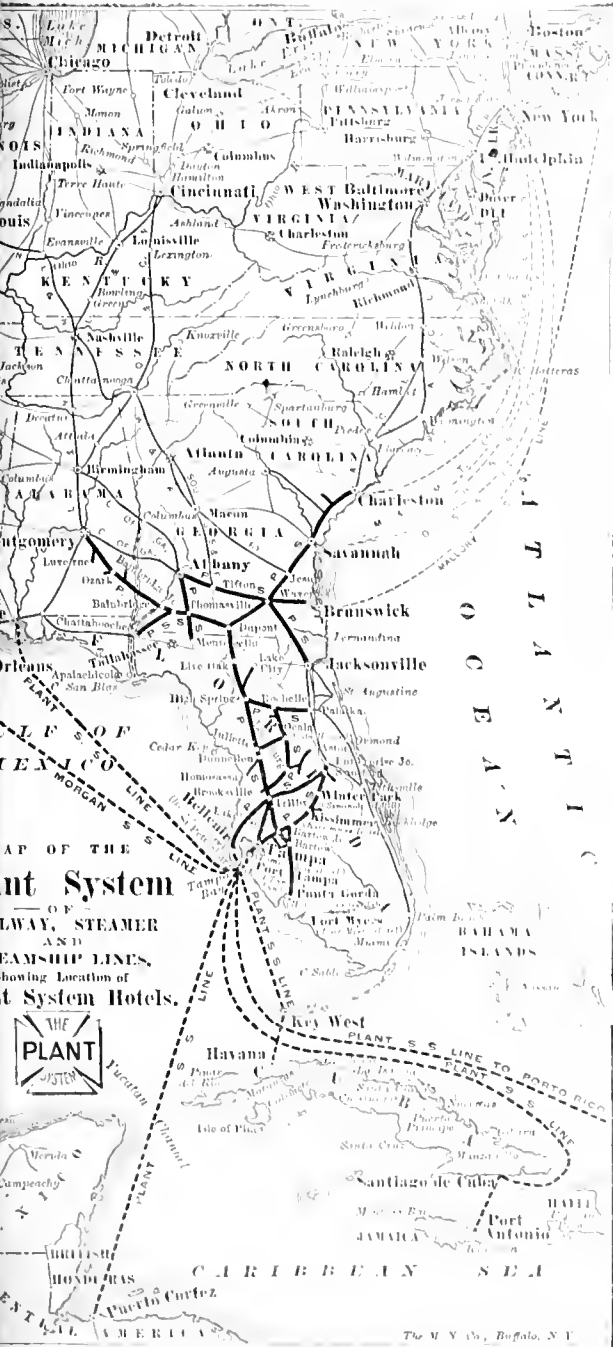
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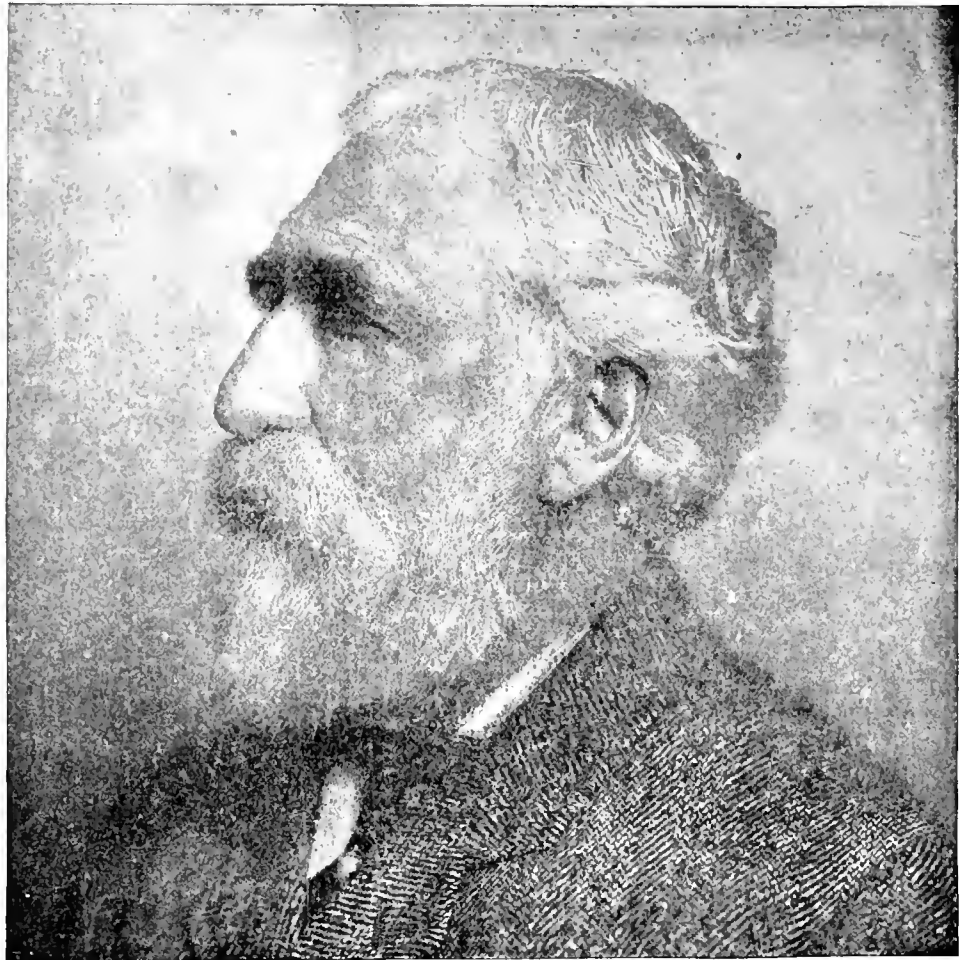
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Vol. 7.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 2.

Confederate Veteran

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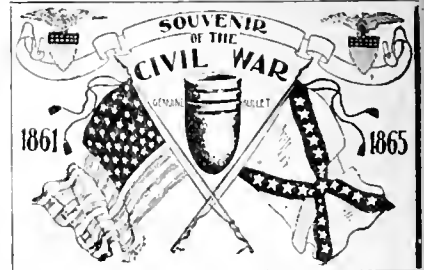
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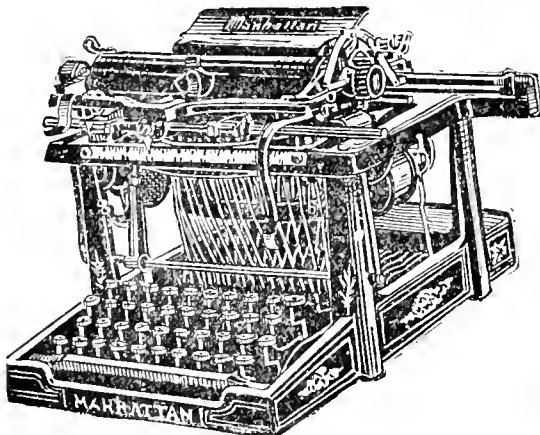


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The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 2, J. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

DEM YANKEES.

Dem folks in de Norf is de beatinest lot,
Wid all de brass buttons en fixin's dey got;
I knows 'em by sight—dey all dresses in blue—
I seed 'em de time Grant's army come through.

Dey libs in de country whar de elephant grows,
Somewhar bout de head ob de ribber, I s'pose,
Whar snow keeps er drappin', spring, winter, en fall,
Lord, summer don't never git dare a tall!

Up dar somewhar deys er mighty big hole
Dey dug fer to git de silver an gold;
I reckon here lately it must'er caved in—
Wish I could see er good two bits er gin.

I wouldn't be dem, not fer all you could gib,
Why, dey neber tas' possum es long es dey lib,

En dey wouldn' know gumbo ef put in dey mouf!
Why don't dey all sell out en come down Souf?

But Lawdy! Dey's ign'ant es ign'ant kin be,
And an't got de presence uv min' fer to see
Dat ole Mississippi's jes' ober de fence
Dat runs erroun' heaven's circumferymence.

Sometimes in church I'ze er gwine ter sujes'
Dat some one be sent dat kin talk to 'em bes';
(An' mebbe dat's me) fer to open deir eyes,
Reconstruc' dem pore critters, en he'p 'em to rise.

We'll fotch 'em down here, de las' one of de batch,
We'll treat 'em like gemmen en rent 'em er patch.
Why dat's de merlennium—dat's whut it an—
An' us is de hon, and dey is de lam'!



MEMBERS OF JOHN BREATHED CAMP, U. C. V., NO. 881, PULASKI CITY, VA.—Sketch next month.

LAST SHOT FIRED AT APPOMATTOX.

Capt. James I. Metts, of Wilmington, N. C., who was Adjutant Inspector General on the staff of Maj. Gen. Bryan Grimes, replies to the article by Wm. Kaigler, of Dawson, Ga.; the letter of Gen. C. A. Evans, and article from *Philadelphia Times*, page 524, November (1898) *VETERAN*, concerning the last shot fired in the memorable battle of Appomattox, before the surrender of Gen. Lee to Gen. Grant. Capt. Metts wrote the *Wilmington Messenger*:

"Though not in that charge myself, I heard many perfectly reliable soldiers, then and since, state that Gen. W. R. Cox's Brigade of Grimes' Division fired the last volley of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Courthouse, and have never heard it contradicted until this article in the *VETERAN*. If I mistake not, Gen. John B. Gordon, in his famous lecture of the war, made the same statement, and, further, that Gen. Sheridan, on hearing this firing of Cox's Brigade, asked him what it meant and threatened to renew hostilities. I herewith hand you an extract from Col. H. A. Brown's 'History of the First North Carolina Infantry;' statements from W. R. Kenan (Adjutant of Forty-third North Carolina Infantry), Gen. W. R. Cox, and others."

Col. Hamilton A. Brown, in his "History of the First North Carolina Infantry," says:

"The march from Petersburg to Appomattox was but a series of engagements until the 9th. This brigade was commanded by Gen. W. R. Cox, who, as his men were retiring, ordered a halt, and the command, 'Right about face,' was given. It was promptly obeyed, and once more, and for the last time, these few ragged, foot-sore, and half-starved North Carolinians stood in the strength of their manhood with the men they had met and had driven back on many a bloody field. Once more the command rang out, in the clear voice of the intrepid Cox, 'Ready, aim, fire!' and the last volley fired by the Army of Northern Virginia was by North Carolina's troops—this regiment among the number defeated, but not dishonored; and so should we, as true sons of Carolina, in the education of our children, teach them to ever refuse that savage lesson that 'might makes right.'"

Col. W. R. Kenan, who was Adjutant of the Forty-third North Carolina, writes from Wilmington:

"Referring to the 'last volley fired at Appomattox' Courthouse, Va., on the morning of April 9, 1865, my recollection is, on retiring in column of fours from the field, our brigade (Grimes) passed about sixty feet in rear of Cox's Brigade, which was in line of battle. Gen. Cox, mounted on his horse, gave the command, in clear, distinct tones, 'Ready, aim, fire!' and the order was so well executed that it sounded like the report of one gun. This was the last."

Statement by Gen. W. R. Cox, now Clerk of the United States Senate:

"Soon after the Civil War I prepared a careful and accurate account of the last charge of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox. This was

published in the public press of the State while the participants in this charge of Grimes' Division were living and could testify to the facts if questioned. So far as I am informed, they passed unchallenged.

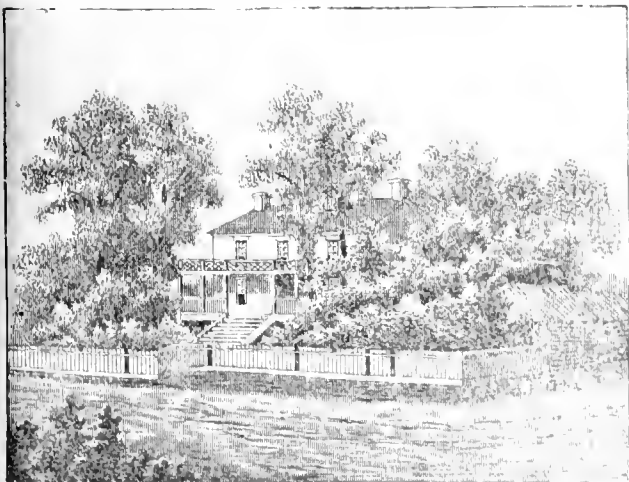
"The present statement is prepared from my recollection of facts, published as before stated. Owing to the disaster to our army at Sailor's Creek, and the hasty abandonment of our wagon train and supplies, the army was organized into two corps, commanded, respectively, by Longstreet and Gordon. On April 8 our poorly-clad and starving soldiers marched on toward Appomattox, with but little interference. It was the purpose of Lee to move on to Danville and join forces with Johnston, who was then retiring before Sherman in North Carolina. Grant anticipated his purpose, and, by means of railroad facilities and interior lines, was enabled to mass a large part of his troops in our front. On the 7th Grant had written and proposed Lee's surrender, which was declined; and again on the 8th he renewed the offer, to which Lee replied on the 9th, and agreed to meet him at ten o'clock to ascertain the terms he would propose, for upon their character depended the nature of his decision. On the evening of the 8th, to rest his weary and worn troops, Lee ordered a halt near Appomattox Courthouse. Before day Gordon moved his corps, with Grimes' Division in front, through, and halted it on an elevation beyond the village. While resting on our arms some of my men, notably Privates J. C. Scarborough and W. H. Pace, were parching corn in little improvised fires, when skirmishing in our front began. While Grimes, ever eager for battle, was temporarily absent consulting with Gen. Walker and others about the point of attack he was impatient to make, I received orders from Gordon to throw forward the division, which was done in echelon by brigade at intervals of one hundred paces. Gen. Grimes returned to his division as it moved forward, and to the last was hopeful of cutting through the Federal lines, and yielded reluctantly, even when the flag of truce was honored.

"With a spirit which knew no abatement the troops sprang forward with glorious élan. Soon we were engaged with cavalry, mounted and dismounted, supported by artillery, which, after a hot encounter, we swept from before us, after the loss of some of my men, chiefly from artillery. The only support on my left was Wise's Brigade, then reduced to a mere skeleton line. Very soon we engaged infantry troops, and after some captures a Federal officer was brought to me, from whom I learned that Ord's whole corps was in my front. In the meantime Gordon had sought Gen. Lee and acquainted him with the overwhelming force in his front, whereupon I halted the division, when Capt. London, of Grimes' staff, rode up and said: 'Gen. Grimes directs you to retire.'

"As I sought to retire, I discovered there was great danger of my command being surrounded and captured. I therefore directed my aid, Lieut. James S. Battle, to summon the regimental commanders of my brigade, and meet me, while still withdrawing, at their center. I unfolded to them

my purpose, which was, while still retiring, to face the brigade about, charge with the 'Rebel yell' to the top of an elevation beyond which the enemy were advancing, there halt, fire by brigade, face about, and double-quick to the rear. This precaution was given because amidst the confusion of battle troops do not always catch the orders; and to make this movement a success, it had to be executed with celerity and intelligence.

"The order was given, and as the enemy saw us approach, apprehending a hand-to-hand conflict, they commenced to deploy with great alacrity and precision, when the brigade promptly halted and as promptly fired into the deploying line, which fell to the ground as we fired. Without losing seconds, my brigade faced about, double-quickened, rallied on the division before the enemy recovered from the shock. But other troops too numerous to encounter were rapidly enveloping this gallant brigade.



M'LEAN HOUSE, WHERE LEE AND GRANT ARRANGED TERMS FOR THE SURRENDER OF CONFEDERATE FORCES.

Thereupon I deployed the Second and parts of the First and Third Regiments as skirmishers to cover our retreat, and these troops fired the last round in that grand old army whose fortunes we had for four long and weary years shared. Before this action, without our knowledge, the flag of truce was already accepted. As we marched toward the main body of the corps, Gordon met us and exclaimed: 'Grandly and gloriously done!' In his autobiography, Sheridan says he was so enraged by this fire, kept up after the flag of truce was accepted, he was tempted to renew the battle. While my losses were severe, under the circumstances our escape was most fortunate.

"This account is intended to briefly outline one part of the last days at Appomattox. In common with the survivors of those days of hallowed memory, we avoid, when practicable, controversy as to past events, and hail with pleasure the present glory of our common country, and trust that by wisdom, intelligence, and patriotism each to-morrow may find her greater and greater."

W. H. McLaurin wrote Capt. Metts from Laurinburg, N. C.:

"When I saw the statement in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I thought it ought to be answered, and now thank you for having done it. This answer should be sent to the VETERAN, and, if necessary, further support be given to the fact that Cox's 'Tar Heels' made the last charge at Appomattox.

"I was without saddle, riding on my blanket, supplemented by a bag of straw girted to my horse by a rope, with rope stirrup, when my brigade (Lane's) was filed left from the road from the courthouse, on the apple-tree slope, when a Yankee battery came lumbering down the hill from the right of the courthouse, and was crossing the branch when Lane filed to the left. Seeing an unoccupied saddle, I went for it and got on my horse instantly. Those in charge of the battery told me it was captured by Gen. Cox beyond the courthouse, in which direction there was some firing at the time. I cantered to my regiment and found it forming line of battle on a crest in full view of the Federal lines, about thirty yards away. Before the brigade had formed line, Col. Custer rode through our regimental line with dispatches to Lee accepting terms of surrender. It was from Custer that we had the first intimation of surrender. And when we marched away from that line, the Yankees in our front gave a hearty hurrah.

"I am glad to see that an increasing interest is being taken in our Confederate history, and hope that much good may come of it."

A. M. Powell, Raleigh, N. C., wrote Capt. Metts:

"The article in the VETERAN questions, for the first time I have heard it, that Cox's Brigade made the last charge and fired the last gun at Appomattox. As an orderly on Gen. Cox's staff, I carried the order to charge. My duty placed me in a position to know all the movements of the brigades, and I fully substantiate Gen. Cox's letter in the *Messenger*."

The old lady seemed to be in a thoughtful mood. Suddenly she looked up, and said: "John, you had one leg shot off in the war."

"Yes."

"An' you gits er right smart pension fer it."

"Yes; but what set you to thinkin' 'bout it?"

"I was thinkin'," explained the old lady, "that of yer had jes' lost two legs, we could paint the house, pay off the mortgage, an' buy Mary a pianner. Ole Brown lost two, an' his wife holds her head high, dresses fit to kill, an' goes in the best society."

Mr. C. C. Ivey, Secretary U. C. V., District of Columbia, writes: "We have been very busy for the past week distributing money, clothing, etc., to poor and needy Confederate veterans or their families, and to the families of Southern people generally. The articles and cash were donated by citizens, and I am pleased to record a cash donation of twenty-five dollars from Hon. R. A. Alger, the Secretary of War."

Mr. James Little, formerly a member of Capt. Floyd's Company E, Fourth Florida Battalion, desires to correspond with any surviving comrades.

THAT GAINES'S MILL "AFFAIR."

Capt. Wm. P. Tolley, of Rucker, Tenn., writes:

The controversy between the champions of Hood's and Pickett's Brigades for first honors in that grand conflict on the 27th of June, 1862, too nearly excludes all other commands from participation therein, and dwarfs that achievement of the Army of Northern Virginia into comparatively insignificant proportions. Besides these two gallant commands, there were engaged in this terrific conflict the divisions of both the Hills, of Longstreet, and Jackson's entire corps. Indeed, no part of the army played a more conspicuous part on that memorable occasion than did A. P. Hill's Division. Among the most prominent of the six brigades composing this division was Archer's Tennessee Brigade. I write this not only from the "standpoint of a participant," as did Adj. Cooper in the October VETERAN (to whom this is intended as a reply), but also from official authority.

Gen. Lee, in his report, says: "The principal part of the Federal army was now on the north side of the Chickahominy." This fact, together with the natural advantages of the ground, made the position impregnable, in the estimation of the Federal commanders. Again, Gen. Lee says: "A. P. Hill's single division met this large force with the impetuous courage for which that officer and his troops are distinguished." Gen. Hill himself says: "My division was thus engaged for full two hours before assistance arrived."

This long-drawn-out contest, with all odds against us, is emphasized in the credit it reflects on our division by the fact that it was this division that fought the bloody affair at Mechanicsville the day previous, with no assistance except that of Ripley's Brigade of D. H. Hill's Division.

Adj. Cooper is mistaken in his assertion that Jackson took part in that battle. He did not fire a single gun in that engagement. (See the reports of A. P. Hill, Jackson, and Whiting.) Besides playing our full part in the final charge on the 27th, our brigade had already engaged in the tragic prelude to this bloody act in the drama of war—that known to Tennesseans as "the famous first charge." Gen. Archer had mistaken the signal and had moved his troops into action when there were no other troops in supporting distance. In his own language, "we advanced to within twenty steps of the enemy, strongly posted and protected in the wood beyond by the works, which a short time afterwards it required seven brigades to carry," referring to that immediate point. As may be imagined, a handful of men—less than one thousand—could not stay there long. We stayed long enough, however, to suffer a heavy loss in killed and wounded. It was here that the gallant and gifted Lieut. Col. John C. Shackelford, of the First Tennessee Regiment, was killed. But, to return to "the standpoint of a participant," allow me to say that Comrade Cooper is again mistaken when he says that Hood's Brigade came onto this field in column. I remember distinctly seeing Gen. Hood on horseback, leading his brigade, in line,

into action. There was no other mounted officer in the battle. Gen. Hood's line incorporated itself into our line, and all went on together in the final storming of the enemy's position, the strength of which Gen. Lee forcibly describes in his report. Gens. Hill and Archer testify that their troops pursued the enemy as long as did any other troops, and until exhaustion and night overtook them.

There is little doubt that the first troops to penetrate the enemy's line were the Fourth Texas and the Eighteenth Georgia Regiments (that part of his brigade that Hood commanded in person), and the remnant of our brigade, and the command that preceded Hood in coming to our support.

When the first line got within a few paces of us, the fire was so destructive they halted and only with difficulty could be moved up to join in with our line. We were greatly endangered by their firing in our rear. In the face of this withering fire, our men would, after advancing a few paces, involuntarily drop to their knees and fire until Gen. Archer would call: "Up and at them!" We would repeat the order, and they always responded nobly.

We were on the brow of one hill, facing another on which the enemy had three strong lines of breastworks, each heavily manned, and a deep ravine and a morass intervened between them, while the plateau behind them was a solid park of artillery. Such was the strength of the enemy's position at Gaines Mill, the storming of which was the turning point in the seven-days' contest.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GAINES'S MILL.

Capt. B. T. Walshe (Sixth Louisiana Regiment), of New Orleans, writes:

I have read in the VETERAN a controversy regarding the battle of Gaines Mill, where the dislodgment of the enemy practically insured the safety of Richmond and started McClellan and his magnificently equipped army on a retreat to the protection of his gunboats. What I shall relate is entirely from memory.

We, the Sixth Louisiana Regiment, had been for over a month a part of Hays' Louisiana Brigade, Ewell's Division, attached to Stonewall Jackson's Army Corps. In the various engagements the Louisiana Brigade, composed of the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Regiments and Wheat's Battalion, took an active part, having, at Winchester and Port Republic, sustained the brunt of those battles; so much so that when we went to the assistance of Gen. Lee at Richmond, our brigade had been reduced to little more than half its strength. The first day at Richmond we did little more than follow the enemy; the forenoon of the second day we were engaged in light skirmishing, often going in at one end of their camp as they left at the other. After they had passed over the river (setting fire to the bridge as they went), our brigade was withdrawn and marched rapidly to Gaines Mill, where the enemy had fortified a naturally strong position, having mounted twenty-seven siege and field guns. These guns were supported by regulars and other soldiers in endless numbers, and it was to

charge this position that we made this flank movement and rapid march. The necessity for prompt action was so great that we were hurriedly formed in line of battle in an open common, and were rapidly marched under a terrific fire from the artillery as well as the infantry. When we were near enough, a charge was ordered, and we soon reached a creek, the crossing of which was difficult, as the enemy had felled timber to impede our progress. In the swamp we were, in a measure, protected, and we received the order to commence firing. This we did, advancing through the water, up the slope on the opposite side, where the Federal troops were stationed on a commanding hill. Many of our brigade, officers and men, fell killed or wounded at this point, among them Col. Seymour, who was temporarily in command of our brigade, and Maj. Wheat, of Wheat's Battalion. Many of us were wounded, and all within a space of thirty yards, and that was as far as our brigade went. When we returned, an effort was made to bring out the dead and wounded. We had moved down the hill, and were crossing the water, when a fresh brigade advanced, and we lay down alongside the body of Col. Seymour, in the running water, behind some of the fallen timber. We lay there while this brigade advanced, firing. I was told it was Hood's Brigade, and the fire given by them and returned by the enemy was terrific, making the water in which we lay spurt up like it does in a very heavy rain. We lay there between the fires of friend and foe for fully half an hour, when the Confederate yell was heard, and we knew that the position had been carried. At that time I understood that Hood's Brigade had carried the position and driven the enemy out. I also understood, and have since believed, that there had been seven charges by full brigades at that point—that the Louisiana Brigade made the sixth charge, and Hood's Brigade, the seventh. Hood's Brigade included a Georgia regiment. Of this I am quite sure, because, when I was taken to the field hospital that night, the attention I received was largely from Georgia surgeons; and there and everywhere it was conceded, without dissent, that Hood's Brigade had driven the enemy from Gaines Mill. When our brigade made the charge late on the afternoon of the 27th, we were followed by but one more charge, and that was made by the fresh troops led by Gen. Hood, and they won the day and closed the battle of Gaines Mill with victory. These are the facts as I remember them.

I beg to recall an incident of that time. The night after the battle we were taken to the field hospital of the Georgians, an elegant Southern home, said to have been the headquarters of Gen. McClellan that morning. The spacious grounds had been converted into a huge operating hospital; and as the men were brought in, they were placed with their heads toward the fence and their faces toward the house. There were several operating tables, and amputations were constant, both day and night. A hasty examination was made of myself and Sergt. O'Reilly, of the Sixth, and it was decided that my foot must come off, and that O'Reilly was mortally wounded. So I was given immediate

attention, while an opiate was administered to my comrade. I protested against the amputation of my foot and insisted upon being sent to a Louisiana hospital. My request was granted, and a few days later O'Reilly and I were sent to the Louisiana hospital at Richmond; his life and my foot were saved."

WHAT THE TEXANS DID AT GAINES MILL.

W. Schardt and Charles Neder, survivors of the First Texas (Hood's) Brigade, now of Galveston, state: . . . Not wishing to reflect on the gallantry of Pickett's Brigade, which is unimpeachable, but as members of the First Texas, and having participated in that memorable fight, we have lived all this time under the impression that Hood's Texas Brigade carried the heights and captured the guns. We recollect vividly that in storming the heights we had to pass over a Virginia regiment which was lying in the field—whether one of Pickett's or not, we do not recall. To substantiate the claim for the Texas Brigade, we refer you to the "History of the Civil War," by the Count of Paris, who was on McClellan's staff. In Vol. II., on page 101, he says: "Whiting sent one of his brigades, composed of Texan soldiers, into the reëntering angle formed by the thick wood of Cold Harbor," etc. He goes on to say: "In vain did the Federal artillery concentrate its fire to check him (Hood) like the others as he emerged from the wood. The four regiments—First, Fourth, and Fifth Texas, and Eighteenth Georgia—advanced without faltering under a shower of shells." Speaking further, the Count says: "The gunners began to desert, abandoning their guns."

The battle of Gaines Mill is, after thirty-seven years, as vivid to us as if it happened but yesterday. The Fourth Texas bore the brunt of that fight.

The "Life and Campaigns of Gen. R. E. Lee," by I. D. McCabe, Jr., page 141, affirms the report of the Count of Paris.

In the book published by Mrs. A. V. Winkler, widow of Col. Winkler, of the Fifth Texas, there appears (page 79) Hood's official report: "With ringing shout we dashed up the steep hill, through the abatis, and over the breastworks, upon the very heads of the enemy." On page 80, Gen. Hood says: "I mounted my horse, rode forward, and found that 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 same page, Gen. Jackson says officially: "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 was captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of Gen. Hood, was the first to pierce their strongholds and seize the guns."

The First Texas, in this fight, had the least of the brunt, and the Fourth carried the palm; while the Fifth did it at the second battle of Manassas, and the First did it at Sharpsburg. In this battle the First Texas lost a larger percentage of killed and wounded than did any other regiment in the Confederate or Federal armies.

REPORT OF THE GAINES MILL AFFAIR BY A FEDERAL.

T. R. Lackie, 467 Vinewood ave., Detroit, Mich.:

This subscriber was a Union soldier. He participated in the battle of Gaines Mill, Va., June 27, 1862, as a member of Daniel Butterfield's Brigade. We were on the extreme left of Porter's command in the battle.

I have read with much interest the various accounts appearing in the VETERAN. J. Cooper, Adjutant U. C. V., Fairfax, Va., in October VETERAN, refers to the last charge on Porter's left wing: "Driving the Union forces back to the Chickahominy, thus crowning the Confederate arms with victory." He is wrong, so far as Pickett's Brigade was concerned. N. B. Hogan, Springfield, Mo., in the December issue, is in error, as is George Wise, Alexandria, Va., in the same issue. Capt. Todd, Company A, First Texas, Hood's Brigade, in his letter, November 22, 1898, is correct. No part of the Union left was broken that afternoon until the final assault a little before dark. Hood's Texans were the first to penetrate our lines, Morell's Division being Porter's left. His brigades were Griffin's, Martindale's, and Butterfield's, in the order named, from right to left. The Texans moved down on Martindale's center like a tornado, driving the Union troops off the plateau and down the slope, Martindale's right swinging back toward Woodbury bridge, which caused Hood to make a right half wheel under heavy fire. Gen. Butterfield, seeing our right broken also by the right of Hood's advance, also fell back and formed a new front on his original right flank. The Sixteenth Michigan, Butterfield's extreme left, fell back across a deep drain which traversed the lower ground in the rear of the plateau, was reformed, and marched back to its first position at the head of the ravine, which divided the Union and Confederate lines before the charge was made. Maj. Welch, commanding the regiment, on seeing a brigade advancing on our flank, gave the command, "Right face, file right, march!" forming on the left of our brigade, and fronted. The Confederate troops in our front halted within thirty paces. There were no shots fired between us. We were not quite certain that they were our enemy until their commander, who was in front and on foot, commanded us to surrender. Maj. Welch replied, "D—d if we do;" when they immediately opened on us a withering volley by regiments, the first kneeling down. We replied with the best we had. Then Gen. R. H. Anderson charged us, for this was Anderson's South Carolina Brigade, Col. Jennings commanding. Its composition was as follows: Second South Carolina Rifles; Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth South Carolina Infantry; and Palmetto Sharpshooters. In the charge that followed, the Palmetto Sharpshooters captured the beautiful State banner of the Sixteenth Michigan Infantry, and, by permission of Gen. R. E. Lee, they presented it to the Governor of their State. This same regiment surrendered to the Sixteenth Michigan at Appomattox. Many of those brave Palmetto boys, if now living, will remember that when they stacked their arms in front of the Sixteenth Michigan, an officer asked us what regiment this was, and, when informed that it was the Six-

teenth Michigan, he turned to his men and said: "Boys, do you remember the 27th of June, 1862?" When answered in the affirmative, he said: "This is the regiment that fired on us in the hollow, and we captured their banner." He also remarked, quite pleasantly, that they hoped to soon meet us again, as it was not over yet.

Now, to sum up the correct facts connected with this last grand charge. Hood's Texans first pierced our lines and captured the guns. The prisoners were turned over by Col. J. B. Robertson, Fifth Texas, to Brig. Gen. Pryor or some of his staff. Lawton's Brigade came in on Hood's left; Anderson's South Carolinians, on Hood's right. In this order the last grand battle of the day was fought against the brigades of Gens. Griffin, Martindale, and Butterfield, comprising Gen. F. J. Porter's left, the Sixteenth Michigan the extreme left of the line. We had no reinforcements sent to our relief. Those that did cross the Chickahominy in the evening were sent to the right. Cook's Cavalry did charge, but without orders, and broke to their right, sweeping through our batteries, demoralizing our men, injuring many, and stampeding the artillery horses. The losses of the Sixteenth Michigan in that last fifteen-minutes' conflict were two hundred and twenty killed, wounded, and prisoners, including our Colonel, who was related to Gen. Longstreet. I can prove by the official reports of Gen. R. E. Lee, Gens. Longstreet, Anderson, Whiting, Hood, and Gen. T. J. Jackson, that Hood's Texans first pierced the Union lines. R. H. Anderson's Brigade followed on Hood's right, our extreme left. Lawton followed on Hood's left. I also find extracts 1 and 2 in Capt. Todd's letter in Gen. Lee's report.

N.B. I have not attempted to write a history of this battle; space would not permit. I only want at this time to make it clear that Hood's Texans first pierced our lines and captured our guns, and that Gen. R. H. Anderson's Brigade finished up the fight on the extreme Union left.

Writing from Murfreesboro, Tenn., Mr. B. R. Goodloe (Company E, Smith's Fourth Tennessee Cavalry) says: "There has been a great deal said and written about the care of the Confederate dead, especially those who died in prison. So far I have seen nothing of those who died in the prison at Fort Delaware, one of the most fatal of army prisons. I would like for some one to tell me where our brave comrades who died there were buried. Was it in New Jersey soil, or did they find a watery grave in the Delaware River?"

"A Comrade," writing from Booneville, Miss., says: "I desire to give *verbatim* the unique command Capt. D. T. Beall, of the Twenty-sixth Mississippi, gave his company at Fort Donelson: 'Men, remember the blood of your mammies. Bow your backs like a tobacco worm; charge them like sweeping h— with a broom; drive them into the river or to h—.' No more gallant or daring officer ever drew a blade than Capt. Beall. He still lives, and has the respect and affection of all the veterans of his community."

PRISON LIFE AND ESCAPE OF COL. GREEN.

Col. J. U. Green, of Covington, Tenn., has published in the *Tipton County Record* a thrilling story of his capture and escape from prison in 1863.

He was captured by Col. Hurst, commanding a Tennessee regiment in the Federal service. Col. Green, Wm. Sanford, James Barrett, John Thompson, and Dr. Dickson were hiding from the Yankees in Big Creek Bottom, Shelby County, Tenn. They had gone to Anthony Barrett's for supper and feed for their horses. Thompson was standing guard with the horses, and escaped. The captured were searched closely and robbed, of course.

Soon Col. Hurst entered the house and seated himself. Col. Green approached him and introduced himself. Col. Green says: "The greeting was cordial. I mentioned that my canteen contained some whisky, and he ordered it returned to me; but the whisky was gone. He cursed his men—'a set of thieves.' Then he ordered his own canteen, and we drank—he, to the Stars and Stripes; and I, to the 'Stars and Bars.' We took supper together, and he and I were bedfellows for the night, lying in the bed in which I hid my pistol just before surrendering. A lady of the house secured the pistol for me, and I have it now."

Hurst had, among other prisoners, old man Jamison, whom he cursed for being a Rebel and not in the army. Jamison excused himself on account of his age, but that intensified Hurst's indignation. Finally the prisoner said: "Turn me loose, Col. Hurst, and if I don't get a gun and shoot you the next time you come through Tipton, you may carry me to prison and keep me there until I rot." This boldness seemed to please Hurst, and he ordered the prisoner released.

Continuing, Col. Green states: "After we were mounted and started toward Somerville, Hurst, seeing the shabby steed furnished me, ordered my own horse. We arrived at Bolivar the next day, when we were turned over to Maj. Smith, afterwards a General, and subsequently known as 'Jerusalem' Smith. That 'dirty dog,' Smith, robbed us of our overcoats and blankets, and we were shut up in a brick storeroom for the night."

While kept at Bolivar they lay on a naked floor in total darkness. Twenty to thirty men were kept in this horrid manner. Each prisoner was given two crackers, and they had to stand around a large pot of "what purported to be" coffee, all having to drink from the same cup. In response to a request for other cups, the guard said: "If you don't drink out of that one, you can do without." The same rule was adopted in regard to "greasy water" for soup, furnished at night, all having to use the same cup. With this same cup water was poured for washing faces and hands; but there were no towels, and not one of the twenty and over had even a pocket handkerchief.

After four days they were crowded into filthy cattle cars for Memphis. In the Irving Block, at Memphis, which had been converted into a prison, they were confined for some time. Col. Reuben Burrow

had a ball chained to his ankle, and explained that the Sunday before he was invited to preach to the Yankees, and declined until they consented for him to "speak without reserve." He then went over the situation of the country, telling how the Southern people had been robbed by the invaders, and assured them that the Almighty would damn the last one of them if they did not repent, etc. He knew no other reason for the ball and chain. Just before leaving the Memphis prison a lady called at the prison to see Col. Green, and as he extended his hand through the prison grate, she put twenty-five dollars into it. That lady was Miss Fanny Townsend. She afterwards married Mr. Farris. A blanket was bought with part of that money, which was the only covering for four and five men on the upper deck of the steamboat which conveyed them to St. Louis.

Col. Green and Capt. McSpadden were kept in the Gratiot street prison for six weeks. One morning,



COL. J. U. GREEN

upon learning that some of his comrades were to be sent away, Col. Green raised his window to see and say "good by," when he heard the click of a gun and looked along its barrel. The sentinel did not shoot, but the wall about the windows was already "ragged with bullet holes" which were made under just such circumstances.

While in the St. Louis prison, Capt. Cooper, of Missouri, under death sentence as a spy, learned that he (Green) was to be exchanged, and put a Masonic ring on his finger, with the injunction: "Remember me at Richmond." It was not forgotten, and the assurance given that all would be done that was practicable for his exchange. The result I never knew. Capt. Cowan was alike condemned to death. Another Cowan with different initials had died, and he escaped by answering to the dead Cowan's name.

Before the start for exchange was made, Comrade

Green was taken out and interrogated closely, and finally was asked if he wished to take the oath of allegiance. The "lawyerlike tempter" had pictured, in glowing tints, home, family, and comfort; but the offer was declined and he was ordered to City Point for exchange.

The prisoners were sent through Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and on to Baltimore, where they were put upon a British steamer for Norfolk. The officers of the vessel treated the prisoners nicely, and were curious to know about the war from a Southern standpoint.

Upon arrival at Norfolk, a Federal officer went on board and stated that there would be no more exchanging of prisoners, and that they would be sent to Fort Delaware; that Gen. Streight, who had been captured by Forrest, being refused exchange because he was in command of negro troops, was the cause that there would be no further exchange.

After three days of cruel confinement the prisoners were put on board a good ship, the *Maple Leaf*, for shipment to Fort Delaware. It was soon determined to capture the vessel when at sea, and arrangements were made in thoroughly military order. All was to be under the direction of a naval Captain who was captured while in command of a Confederate gunboat. About the middle of the afternoon the Confederates were distributed over the vessel, and, according to plan, chatting pleasantly with the sentinels, when the signal bell was sounded by the Captain. In a twinkling squads sprang upon all the sentinels, wrenching their guns from their hands. In a minute's time after tap of the bell the prisoners were in control of the ship.

"The Confederate 'yell' rang out that evening upon the Chesapeake Bay as it never will again."

After conference, it was decided to land the vessel, so that those who could march might get away, and that the vessel be left intact for the benefit of the wounded. The ship rounded to the south, putting its able-bodied passengers ashore near Cape Henry. First the Lieutenant and the ship's officers were sent ashore "as hostages for good behavior."

When the Confederates were ashore, they elected Semmes, son of the Admiral, Captain, and Capt. Holmes, of the Louisiana Crescent Regiment, second in command. Allegiance to these officers was sworn and the party started for the Dixie lines. Assuring the wife of a Confederate in service as to who they were soon after starting on their journey, she advised them to repair to Dismal Swamp, that a company of guerrillas in that swamp would put them through the lines. Currituck Sound lay between them and Dismal Swamp; but she advised where they could capture a vessel to cross it, and she furnished her cart and horse, trusting to the return, although the journey was many miles. The "woman's plan" was at once adopted, and "forward" started ninety-four men. Comrade Green and others of the cavalry found the journey on foot severe, although the distance was largely along the tide line of the Sound. Foot-sore from new boots, he walked his socks out, and, next, the skin of his feet; then he suffered dreadfully of thirst. He even

washed his mouth with salt water. As the day dawned, he mused over the anticipated rise of sun at sea. "Tongues of flame shot up out of the water at first, and then the great burning globe leaped out of the water as if an invisible hand had lifted it suddenly out of the sea." Just then he fainted from exhaustion and "the sun went out." His absence from his companions had not been missed, but he could see them and struggled on as best he could. Soon the party reached a well and "drank nearly all the water in it." They were lying around as he overtook them. This was the end of the march. The salt makers were captured without opposition, and their boats. The day was spent there, so they might cross the Sound at night; but the wind was contrary when the darkness came, so it was an all-night's perilous journey, but they crossed over in safety.

Soon they found a woman with children. She was prompt to send for the guerrillas and to prepare a breakfast, in connection with a neighbor. While they waited and rested, she had been out reconnoitering, when a regiment of Yankees passed near. Almost breathless, she pointed to Dismal Swamp, assuring the party that they would be safe there until she could send them help.

Dismal Swamp is from fifteen to twenty-five miles wide and about one hundred miles long. It extends into North Carolina. Two canals run through this swamp, one of them connecting Chesapeake Bay with Albemarle Sound.

The sentinel appeared with a man in citizen's dress, armed with a shotgun and a pair of navy pistols in his belt. This was the guide sent by the patriotic woman. The journey through Dismal Swamp was a memorable one. There was much that would ordinarily furnish a rich fund of humor, but under the circumstances it was all the time of the deepest solemnity. The guerrillas furnished ample provisions on the journey. Besides, it was time for "huckleberry picnics." One evening, when near Camden Courthouse, and waiting for night to come, a dozen vehicles were driven to their hiding place, ladies taking provisions and going in large numbers to see Confederate uniforms again. There were no formal introductions. They talked with the freedom of old friends. A dance was proposed and Col. Green states they "would have taken all chances of capture for one hour's dance in Dismal Swamp with Camden girls," but they had no fiddler. The party went through Camden that night, passing out with heart-spoken blessings of the good women. The commanders concluded, for safety, to scatter in groups. Col. Green's party, with a boy guide, met the Captain of the guerrillas, "a good-looking young man, of about thirty, and unmistakably a gentleman."

In telling of the perils of the journey, Col. Green states that there were four regiments of cavalry in pursuit, and that while in the swamp alone there was safety; it was attended with its horrors, other horrors than dread of Yankees. He dreamed one day that a snake was crawling over him, and sprang up to witness the reality. It was a large green

snake, four or five feet long. His rousing frightened the reptile and it hastened away, and from his exhaustion he went to sleep again.

After leaving Camden and dividing into squads there were five rivers to cross, and with a single exception they were as arms of the sea and miles across, and these distances had to be made in small, leaky boats.

On reaching Chowan River a gunboat lay across it by a farmhouse, where they had planned to cross. The guide schemed to get the gunboat away. He went and saw somebody who sent a message, to the Commander of the vessel, that the escaped prisoners were attempting to cross at some point above, and so it went in posthaste to intercept their crossing. The guide returned with a blind man, who set the party across the river, and he would not have one cent, although he was urged to accept pay for his services. Safely across the Chowan River, the party turned in for the night at the house near the landing. The owner of the estate said he had taken the oath and could not voluntarily do anything, but if they made him furnish supper, lodging, and breakfast, and even compelled him to get out an old demijohn of whisky, he couldn't help it. So he did all that, and, in addition, conveyances were in readiness the next morning to convey the party across the disputed territory of twenty-five miles to a station on the Seaboard & Roanoke Railroad. The next day they were in Richmond, where they were paid for all back services, and "paroles" were furnished. Soon they were with their commands. The guerrilla guide went all the way to Richmond with them and they could not induce him to accept any pay at all for his services. However, they found for sale one "navy six" only in all Richmond, which they bought and presented to him. The narrative does not account for other squads of the party after it divided, but it is presumed they got safely back to Dixie.

FROM THE UNION SIDE AT FRANKLIN.

E. R. Daley, 29 Bath street, Elyria, O., writes, addressing the editor of the VETERAN:

I have read your experiences in the battle of Franklin, 1864, and send you, as near as I can remember, the position of our division, engaged in that battle; also my own experiences. At four o'clock A.M., November 30, by direction of Gen. Stanley, the division took up the line of march *en route* from Columbia to Franklin, as the rear guard of the army. The Second and Third Brigades of the Fourth Corps were to march in parallel along the road. Col. Opdyke to move in line of battle in the rear. The enemy began skirmishing with Col. Opdyke early in the morning.

When the division reached Winstead's Hill, two miles south of Franklin, Gen. Stanley gave the order to halt, in order to allow us to get breakfast. Col. Opdyke's brigade was placed in the gap and on the point east of the pike, with a section of artillery, to check the advance of the enemy, who was pursuing us at the time. Col. Lane's Brigade was placed in position on Col. Opdyke's left; Col. Con-

rad went into line on the left of Col. Lane; Gen. Whitaker's Brigade, of the First Division, occupied the heights on the right of the pike. The enemy soon appeared, with a heavy force, and the command was put under arms to be ready to repel an attack. Quickly after these dispositions were made, I observed the troops of the corps moving toward Franklin, and the command withdrew from its advanced position on the heights and followed on toward town. When within half a mile of town, we received orders to reoccupy the heights and to hold them as long as we could. It was not long before the enemy was moving two heavy columns of infantry against our lines, one by each of the pikes leading into Franklin, one column turning our left flank. We then withdrew and joined the main line of our troops, which surrounded the town. Lane's Brigade and a section of artillery took position on the hills to the right of the pike, about one mile north of Winstead's Hill. He remained skirmishing till his right flank was about to be turned, when he was ordered to leave a heavy line of skirmishers to hold the hill as long as possible, and to withdraw his brigade and take position on the right of the Third Brigade, which had been formed on the left of the pike, about four hundred yards in advance of our main line, at the same time placing a section of artillery on the pike between these two brigades. The commanders of the Second and Third Brigades were ordered to hold their positions long enough to develop the force of the enemy, but not to attempt to fight if threatened by the enemy in force. Opdyke's Brigade was destined to have a new experience, that of defending the breastworks against assault. We had assaulted works and had helped build them by the mile, but had never yet had the opportunity to defend one against serious assault. The assault at Franklin was made by two infantry corps and one division of a third corps—forty thousand men(?).

A more determined and persistent effort to carry a position was never made in this or any other war. At the first onset the assaulting troops carried the works at the center; while Opdyke's Brigade charged in the breach, retook the works after a fierce struggle, and held them. Right here was the worst fighting I ever experienced in my life. Many of the enemy were killed inside our lines. The fighting lasted until near midnight, when we abandoned our works and crossed the river, leaving our dead and wounded, losing a great many men through capture. Never did men fight more gallantly.

I was in the front line on that charge, and I never saw the dead lie so thick as I saw them that night—a ghastly sight in the white starlight. It is doubtful if in any battle of modern times there were as many personal encounters as occurred at Franklin. I myself was clubbed over the head with a musket held by a six-foot "Johnny," and I saw all kinds of stars for a minute or two. At midnight we started for Nashville.

I would like to hear from any ex-Confederate who was in that battle. I kept a diary while in the service, and, looking it over sometimes, I wonder how I ever managed to get home alive.

WHERE OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD REST.

J. S. Carothers writes from Winter Garden, Fla.:

To Surgeons, Hospital Attachés, and Others: In the noble, harmonizing, and patriotic sentiment expressed by our honored President in his noted speech at Atlanta in December, 1898, and in accordance with every action of the votaries of our sacred cause who would do honor to our dead, I suggest that the roll of mortality in every local and field hospital, in city or town, showing rank, command and State represented, as well as where they rest, be made to the nearest camp, there to be recorded in a book suitably prepared for such registration, with every detail of facts connected with the death and burial of the comrade; this to be communicated, when possible, to the surviving family or nearest camp to his home, that the chain of remembrance may be perfected and perpetuated. To accomplish this through the voluntary agency of love, the end can be reached by the surgeons and hospital officials and the countless friends who in a private manner sought and cared for, in a quiet, homelike way, many of the men who wore the gray. Through these sources we might reveal the names and last resting places of our hero dead now unknown. By this means may come the knowledge that loved ones' remains are cared for, that friendly hands administered to their comfort in the trying hour, and that the balm of spiritual trust was commended.

Let every one having any knowledge of a soldier's grave report the same to the Secretary of the nearest camp, and let its Secretary prepare a record for preservation; then, to perfect the system hereby inaugurated, let the Secretary report the same to the State organization, and, through proper channels, reach the State from which the soldier enlisted. In my own home town—Shannon, Lee County, Miss.—lie buried in unmarked graves quite a number of Confederates, whose name and war life, if we knew it, we could enroll in our camp record and transmit to their families and associates. In the record at each camp, I would further have it a part of the record keeper's duty to place on this "last roll" the name of each comrade when he dies.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTER FROM A COMRADE.

Few things can give so much genuine pleasure to a veteran as to find an old comrade whom he thought dead. To have fought side by side for a common cause, and to have parted in the melancholy of defeat, then to have met many years later in the quietude of home, is an inexpressible pleasure. This is touchingly illustrated in a letter to Capt. George C. Norton, of Louisville, Ky., from his old Confederate comrade, Mr. Lamar Fontaine, of Mississippi. Mr. Fontaine was many times wounded during the Confederate War, and only an extraordinary constitution could have withstood so many critical trials. Capt. Norton supposed his friend had long ago answered to the "last roll," and discovered him recently quite by accident. In reply to a letter from Capt. Norton, Mr. Fontaine wrote from Lyon, Miss.:

"Your kind and friendly letter came O.K. As the years creep by my heart grows warmer, and my love stronger, for the dear old boys who wore the gray in the times that tried men's souls in the bloody days when you and I were in our prime; and when I sit in the quiet of my little cabin home, and let my thoughts steal back down memory's vale, and hear old Joe Sweeney's banjo ring, and see J. E. B. Stuart's laughing eye twinkle with a mellow light, I feel gay and happy for a while. Again I follow 'Stonewall' from Winchester to Romney on that fearful winter raid. I see him again slowly moving up the valley with Fremont and Shields, and their legions of foreign hirelings growling in his rear; and in the swiftly changing kaleidoscope of thought I live through the fearful struggles of those bloody days. I see the pale forms of my comrades and companions in the gloomy walls of Fort Delaware, and on Morris Island in Charleston harbor, and that fearful ordeal of Fort Pulaski, where we had to live forty-one days on spoiled corn meal and pickles; I can feel the terrible pains that racked my frame as the scurvy and dysentery reduced me to a skeleton; but I try to hide these terrors, that come now at times like hideous nightmares.

"I am now in my seventieth year, and thank my Creator that I am yet able, with a clear, unclouded brain, to pursue my loved profession, and, by dint of hard work, to keep the wolf from my door, and at times to help those who are poorer in worldly gear than I. My wounds at times are painful, but I grow more callous and get more used to them."

HARDSHIPS OF A MORGAN RAIDER.

N. B. Stanfield writes of his experiences:

I was born in Marion County, Ky., in 1847, and joined the Confederate army, Overton's Company, Forrest's First Kentucky Cavalry, in 1861. In June, 1863, I was at home on furlough, just before Morgan's command went through. We lived about five miles from Brandenburg, and on the 7th of July I went in town with a brother. I was sitting in the office at the hotel about ten o'clock, when some one shouted: "Here come the boys!" They were coming down Main street, on the riverside, so as to surround the town and capture any Federals who might be in the place. The latter must have learned their intentions, for they all skipped. Going to the door of the hotel, I saw the boys coming. It was Taylor's Company, including several of the Meade County boys. Capt. Sam. Taylor stayed at our home part of the time while raising his company. He asked me to go to the wharf and hail the first passing boat, and I readily assented. We all went down to the wharf boat, however, the boys concealing themselves on either side of the door and behind trees on the river bank. The first boat coming along was the John T. McCombs. I got where I could be seen, and hailed her. I had on a white linen suit and waved a white flag. She landed by the wharf boat and our boys jumped aboard and took possession. The passengers all got off laughing. In a short time we could see the Alice Dean, a Yankee

boat, coming up the river. Our boys pulled off down the river toward Mockport, and, save myself, not a soul could be seen. I hailed her and she stopped. We got the Alice Dean by steering up beside her, some of the boys jumping on board. Very little resistance was made. There were several Yankees on board, going home on furlough, and we paroled them. About six o'clock that evening the advance came, and that night we began crossing the river. By ten o'clock on the 8th we were in Indiana. We turned the John T. McCombs loose and set the Alice Dean on fire. She sunk near Mockport, one and one-half miles below.

We moved on to Corydon and took the place, capturing one good piece of artillery and four hundred or five hundred prisoners. The next place we struck was Salem, on the Albany and Indianapolis Railroad. We captured the town and about five hundred home guards. We moved on and came to Seymour, a small place where the O. & M. Railroad crosses the J., M. & I. We tore up the tracks and got all the information we could by wire. That was on the 10th. On the 12th we went near Cincinnati, on the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad. We cut the wire and sent a message to Burnside for reinforcements, our object being to find out how strong his forces were. He replied that he did not have men to spare. The next day at ten o'clock we were seventy-five miles from Cincinnati.

We were blockaded and hushwhacked from the start, for the Yankees in all parts were after us. They cut down trees across the roads and did everything they could to stop and to capture us. It is estimated that there were at least one hundred thousand men after us. We would have made the trip to Richmond if the river had not risen. Adam Johnson and seven hundred men got over safely, but portions of the command were captured at different places. I fell into the hands of the enemy at Chesi, O., on July 20. Most of the men, however, were captured at Buffinton's Island. We were taken on boats to Cincinnati; then in box cars to Camp Morton, where we were kept until September 13. Some of us were then conveyed to Camp Douglass, some to Johnson's Island, and others to Camp Chase. It was very hard for us. Our food consisted of one-half pint of bean soup, one-half pound of beef, one pone of bread or a pint of meal. This scanty ration was to last for a day. We had very little fire—one stove to one hundred and eighty men—and the weather was very cold. They finally raised the barracks four feet from the ground. They would march us out in the coldest weather, keep us out for half a day, and occasionally shoot into us for tunneling. Several were killed in this way. Again, they would make us stand stiff-kneed, with our hands on the ground, as long as we could endure it. Lights were not allowed. They put those of us who had tried to escape to ourselves, and built a plank fence between the two camps, so that we could not see across. They had a horse made of joists, with legs twelve feet high, which they called "Morgan's horse." They would make us sit on this for a long time in the cold. When our people sent us anything to eat, they kept it until it was not fit to eat. They cut our

clothing to pieces, hunting for money. Our men died from diseases, including smallpox, and from cold and starvation. In 1864 there were about fifteen thousand prisoners in Camp Douglass, and about three thousand died during the nineteen months I was there. I was in the hospital four months with a crippled leg. This hospital was in their camp, and had only four guards, while there were none around their camp. Upon recovering, I was made nurse in the hospital, and, with McDervett, the ward master, and Bob Vandever, of the First Missouri, planned escape. We decided to make a hole in the floor of the closet under the stairway, and crawl to the steps in front of the building, then tunnel under the fence, a distance of about fifteen feet. We kept the hole in the closet floor covered with clothing for the laundry. After preparations were complete, we waited until a dark, rainy night.

After getting out, we separated. I went twenty miles that night. Next day I overtook a wagon and asked the driver to let me ride. I talked animatedly about farming to keep him from talking about the war. At ten o'clock next night I was in Michigan City, and boarded the train for New Albany, Ind. I got off about six miles out from the city and made my way to Leavenworth. After crossing the Ohio, I was recaptured near Owensboro, Ky., and was taken back to Camp Douglas. I was paroled March 15, 1865, and waited in Chicago for money from home. The war was a severe hardship for Southern people from beginning to end, but theirs was the grandest fight ever made. There is no true Southern soldier whose heart does not beat with pride in his record.

NOTES FROM A WAR-TIME LETTER.—J. Fowlkes wrote from Memphis, Tenn., September 10, 1862, to "My Dear Madam." A copy of this letter is on the VETERAN desk. In it the writer states:

"We have startling war news from almost every quarter; it is as familiar to you as to us. We have before the city five or six thousand Confederate prisoners on the way to Vicksburg for exchange. They seem well and in good spirits. You had better not return so long as Gen. Sherman remains. Rumor has it that he is soon to leave, and Gen. Denver is spoken of as his successor."

Referring to the negroes, the writer states:

"Willis called for his wages. I felt it best not to refuse, and I gave him ten dollars. I feared, from his call and the condition of slaves here—one of perfect insubordination and a wild spirit of being free—to refuse would induce his quitting. I judge simply by what others are doing, and the promptitude and manner of his demand for his hire. He is behaving well, I must say, and is industrious and attentive; but all the negroes here feel that they are free.

"Be prudent; read poetry, romance, and the Bible, and do not think much of the war; do not allow yourself to talk politics, Dixie, or the Confederacy. All send love. I will write as soon as Gen. Sherman leaves here."

FROM BALTIMORE TO FIRST BULL RUN.

The following "coincidence" is furnished by Washington Hands, first lieutenant Company D, First Maryland Artillery, C. S. A.:

In the spring of 1860 six young men were engaged in the study of mechanical engineering at the machine and locomotive works of A. & W. Denmead & Sons, preparing to enter the U. S. navy as engineers. Their names were Emmet Shaw and Samuel Jennings, of Marietta, Ga.; Ottway Norvell, of Lynchburg, Va.; and William F. Smith, Robert W. Hands, and Washington Hands, natives of Baltimore. The first to leave the *colerie* was Robert W. Hands, who went to Wilmington, Del., to pursue his studies; then the writer, who went to Philadelphia and entered the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the others remaining in Baltimore.

As the summer passed and autumn, with its bleak winds and falling leaves, sounded the requiem of a closing year, there was borne upon the air rumors of secession, ending in war of friend against friend and brother against brother. The writer's sympathy being with the South, he left Philadelphia for Wilmington to meet his brother and talk over the situation. On his arrival he found quite a number of his old Baltimore schoolmates, who were discussing the matter of forming a company of light artillery. In January, 1861, the battery was formed, named the Wilmington Light Artillery, and the following officers elected: Thomas A. Bayard, Jr., captain; E. Nunez (a son of Commodore Nunez, of the U. S. navy), first lieutenant; and the writer second lieutenant. After several meetings were held, the writer came to the conclusion that the sympathies of a majority of the members were for the Union, and that it was best he should resign and seek more genial climes. In February he announced his resolution of going South and joining the Southern cause, and bade his companions a final farewell. On reaching Baltimore he joined a volunteer organization called the Independent Grays, of which Lyle Clarke was captain; James R. Herbert, first lieutenant; and George W. Booth, second lieutenant. Other volunteer companies were holding nightly drills and preparing for the final clash to come—viz., the Maryland Guards, Baltimore City Guards, Law Grays, and Baltimore Zouaves. As spring advanced the excitement grew day by day. Rumors reached our city that Northern troops, on their way to Washington, D. C., would pass through the city, and trouble was looked for accordingly. The fateful 19th day of April arrived. The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment was attacked on its passage from depot to depot, blood was drawn, and excitement was rampant. All the military organizations were under arms, doing picket duty and guarding bridges and exits to and from the city. Arrests were being made of those who fell under suspicion of having taken part in the riot, which ended in all those whose sympathies were with the Southern cause beginning to leave in squads for Harper's Ferry, Va., and other points in the South. The writer, in company with Andrew J. King, after bidding their friends a final adieu (among them Robert Hands, who had reached the city just after the riot), took the train for Harper's Ferry, reaching that city on the evening of May 8.

We found the First Maryland Regiment was being formed from the various commands which had left

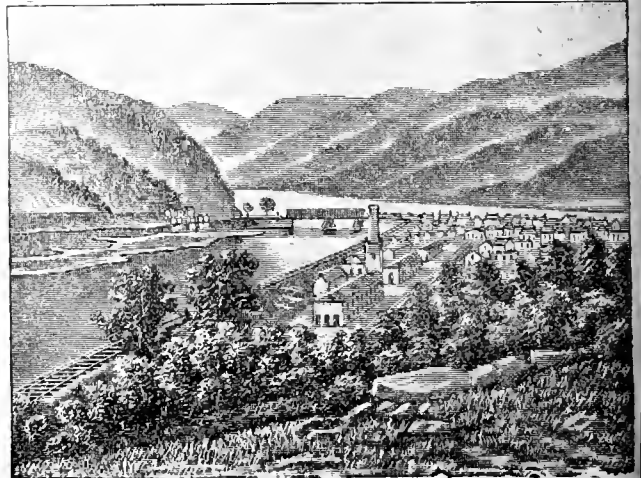
Baltimore, and was made up mostly from the organizations as mentioned above. The regiment was mustered into the service of the Confederate States on or about June 1, 1861, with the following officers: Arnold Elzey, colonel; George H. Steuart, lieutenant colonel; Bradley T. Johnson, major; Frank X. Ward, acting adjutant. With nine companies and about seven hundred men, it was quartered in the various buildings comprising the U. S. Arsenal and grounds until about July 1, doing picket duty at Maryland Heights and the bridge across the Potomac River, near the junction of the Shenandoah. Our regiment had charge of the destruction of the government rifle works when the evacuation of Harper's Ferry took place, and was the means of saving valuable property in the way of machinery and seventeen thousand gunstocks, which were sent to the Governor of North Carolina, who had, through the kind exertion of Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, sent for the use of the regiment about six hundred Mississippi rifles.

For the services rendered at the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, the following order was issued by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, under date at Winchester, Va., June 22, 1861:

"*Special Order.*—The commanding general thanks Lient. Col. Steuart and the Maryland regiment for the faithful and exact manner in which they carried out his orders on the 19th inst., at Harper's Ferry. He is glad to learn that, owing to their discipline, no private property was injured and no unoffending citizen disturbed. The soldierly qualities of the Maryland Regiment will not be forgotten in the day of action.

"By order of W. M. WHITNEY, *Inspector General.*
"J. E. JOHNSTON, *General.*"

On the afternoon of July 1 orders were received to cook two days' rations and be prepared to move, as rumors were afloat that Patterson had crossed the Potomac River at Williamsport and was driving Jackson's Brigade toward Winchester. We started about four o'clock and reached a place called Bunker Hill, about ten miles from Winchester. Battle was offered Patterson for nearly a week, and, as no change took place, Johnston fell back to Winchester on the 18th of July, when Patterson took up his line of march to Charleston. Gen. Johnston then began moving his troops through Winchester, taking the Millwood



HARPER'S FERRY AND THE POTOMAC RIVER.

road toward Berry's Ferry, on the Shenandoah river. Our regiment had been placed temporarily in Gen. Eugene Bee's Brigade, of South Carolina, but on reaching a point about three miles from Winchester, about 9 P.M., we were halted by Gen. Elzey and informed that we had been transferred to the brigade of Gen. E. Kirby Smith (which was composed of the Tenth Virginia Regiment, Col. Gibbons; the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, Col. A. P. Hill; the Third Tennessee Regiment, Col. Vaughan; and our regiment), and that we were on the march to reënforce Gen. Beauregard at Manassas. We marched all night, and reached Berry's Ferry about daybreak on the morning of the 19th. We halted for breakfast and took up the line of march at seven o'clock, fording the Shenandoah River, crossed the mountains at Ashby's Gap, and took the road to Piedmont, on the line of the Manassas Gap railroad. The day's march was a distressing one, owing to the heat, but we kept on, reaching Piedmont late that night during a terrific thunderstorm, but the tired troops threw themselves upon the soaking ground and slept soundly until the following morning, July 20.

The sun rose bright and beautiful, and after taking breakfast the troops began crowding into the trains which were to transport them to the battle ground. By the treachery of the engineers two trains collided, and quite a number were injured, but none killed. The road was so blocked, however, as to delay our brigade going forward until the next morning, July 21. We got off bright and early, were halted about a mile or so from the battlefield, and started on a double-quick of about four miles through sand about three inches deep and a pine thicket. As we neared the field we knew by the rapid discharge of artillery and the incessant rattle of musketry that the fight was being stubbornly contested; but at last we came in sight of the enemy. Our regiment had the right of the line, and the brigade, having received orders to charge, went on the run across a wheat field, the enemy being in a strong position on a ridge of hills. Gen. Smith fell from his horse at the first discharge, shot through the neck, and the command fell to Gen. Elzey, who was the senior officer in command. We went forward with a rush, and drove the enemy pellmell from their strong position, turning their flank and keeping them on the run until they crossed Bull Run and had taken up a rapid gait toward the Federal capital. Col. Elzey was met on the battlefield by President Davis and Gens. Johnston and Beauregard and complimented as being the Blücher of the day.

After following the enemy for several miles, crossing the stone bridge on the turnpike leading to Alexandria, and supposing we were on our way to Washington, we were suddenly brought to a halt, turned face about, and marched back to Manassas about twelve o'clock, midnight, in a drenching rain, with no rations in sight and tired and wet to the skin; but, for all such mishaps, we were thankful that our lives had been spared, and enjoyed a refreshing sleep.

The next day our regiment and the Third Tennessee reported to Gen. Jeb Stuart, and took up the march to Fairfax Courthouse, where we went into camp for a while, picketing the country between that point and Mason's and Munson's Hills, in sight of Alexandria and Washington. Heavy earthworks were thrown up

around Centerville and large blackened logs placed in position, giving the appearance of siege guns, of which we did not possess one. The summer was spent in company and regimental drill and picket duty at Chantilly and other points along the Manassas Gap railroad.

On a bright and beautiful September morning who should meet on the heights of Centerville but Emmet Shaw, lieutenant in the Eighth Georgia Regiment; Samuel Jennings, private in same command; Ottway Norvell, lieutenant in the Twenty-Sixth Virginia Regiment; William F. Smith, private in Company H, First Maryland Regiment; and the writer, as corporal in Company D, First Maryland Regiment—only one missing from the *coterie* of six who had separated in the spring of 1860 in old Baltimore, never expecting to meet again under such circumstances. The missing member, Robert W. Hands, had received his commission as assistant engineer in the U. S. navy, was afterwards appointed on the Monitor No. 1 as third assistant engineer, was on duty during her action with the Confederate ram Merrimac in Hampton Roads, and after the fight went with the Monitor to Washington, D. C., supposedly for repairs, remained with her until she was started out under sealed orders for Wilmington, N. C., and went down with her in old ocean off Cape Hatteras in endeavoring to save the life of his messmate, who was sick and confined in his stateroom.

I have since met Emmet Shaw and Samuel Jennings in Macon, Ga., in the spring of 1866, and W. F. Smith and Ottway Norvell in New Orleans, in 1873, but I cannot say at present if either is living.

The genial face and kindly smile of Bill Arp improve with age. One of his grandchildren, Marion Aubrey, of whom he may have something good to say in his home life sketches, says: "He is sweet and good. He is seventy-four years old, but he is just as strong! He goes to town three times a day."

Thomas M. Owen, Carrollton, Ala., has in preparation a history of the Thirty-sixth Alabama Volunteer Regiment, C. S. A., and he wishes to locate every surviving member of the regiment. He requests all who see this to write to him at once. The work will be a tribute to his father, Lieut. Owen, of the regiment, and to other braves who wore the gray.

A. F. Alexander, writing from Cañon City, Col., says: "Our Governor, C. S. Thomas, is an old Confederate soldier from Georgia, and we are proud of him. He recommended in his message to the Legislature that the Confederates be admitted to the soldiers' Home on equal terms with the G. A. R.'s, but most of us are opposed to it. There are about twenty Confederates in this vicinity, and all are doing well."

Comrade F. T. Chase reports the death of Christian W. Rumph, a native of South Carolina, but who had resided for a long time in Perote, Ala. He attended the great reunion in Nashville, and the thrill of eight thousand Confederate veterans rising and singing.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," became a theme with him afterwards. He was a Methodist, and that reunion was a "love feast."

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 special prominence given the action of the United Confederate Veterans in behalf of this publication on the first page is not given in egotism. Profoundly grateful for the honor and impelled by the responsibility, some statements are made which will surprise devoted friends. It is presumed that all patrons are friendly to the enterprise, that they imbibe the sentiment of faithfulness of the Confederate soldier who answered for himself and prided in his constancy. Sacrifice on his part was willingly made for the principles at stake. Many thousands of men and women are that way with the VETERAN, while others will unceremoniously write to discontinue, and others still have the postmaster write "Refused." Notice came recently that a veteran who had been a subscriber had died, and that neither his children nor his grandchildren would take the copy from the office. This recalls the response of a son of a Confederate general who deliberately wrote that "Gen. — has been dead two years;" and another, who sent a picture of his father and was supplied copies of the VETERAN, and never even acknowledged them. Comrades, won't you see to it that *your* family are induced to show a different sentiment when you are dead? Won't you tell them the importance of keeping up this record, and induce them, instead of refusing to take the VETERAN from the office, to send notice of your career for your country, of which they ought to be proud? Many patriots who were valiant soldiers for the Union are proud of the records made by their fellow-citizens of the South, and want the VETERAN sustained. Then won't you contribute your patronage and induce others to take it? Economize on every other line before stopping the VETERAN; and then, if you can't pay, maybe some one will pay for you. If you want it, and can't pay, it will be carried for you for a time at least. There is no more sacred obligation upon the people of the South than to establish the history of their sacrifices in '61-'65, and now that the VETERAN is so well established all interests should be concentrated for its maintenance. Read it carefully and complain of its shortcomings. If you have sent a contribution and it has been too long delayed, complain, and if you decide to discontinue *please* let the reason be known.

The importance of the indorsement of the veterans will be appreciated the more in the fact that it is the most jealous of all organizations of men for the truth. Its records are sacred and as devoutly guarded as is the sentiment of Christians for the Bible. Remember that your course by steadfast patronage will record

the fame of those heroes who have gone to glory. Will you do your part and be zealous to the end?

Do let us double the circulation. It can be done soon. In order to overcome the calamities referred to above, faithful friends are urged to diligence in behalf of increasing the circulation. Two or three taking counsel together might investigate the local circulation and advise some worthy person to engage as agent, to whom specimen copies and subscription blanks would be sent. Gratitude would be felt by thousands to the persons who would make them acquainted with the VETERAN. It is gratifying to report that the new year begins most auspiciously.

MARK CHARLEY HERBST'S GRAVE.

Send Dollar Donations to Maj. T. O. Chestney, Macon, Ga.

This announcement is made without conference with any one, in the faith that it will be heartily approved and acted upon by a multitude who knew the unique man.

Charley Herbst, a native Kentuckian, made haste to abandon lucrative employment in New York City to serve the South in our great war. He joined the Second Kentucky infantry, and served faithfully to the end. Afterwards he spent much time in finding and marking the graves of his comrades who fell in the great Georgia campaign. He was rewarded, in a measure, for this service. Later he was in charge of the public library in Atlanta for several years, and after a time Macon secured his services. There he made the public library a most creditable enterprise. A tablet in the wall of the splendid library building of that city attests worthily to his service. He died quite alone, after two years of severe affliction.

Charley Herbst was the soul of honor. He was enthusiastic in behalf of every interest sacred to the Southern people. The beautiful Confederate monument in Macon was the object of his especial care.

No argument is necessary in this cause. If his Confederate comrades and the men and women who, as young boys and girls, shared his kindness in Atlanta and Macon would each send one dollar, a large granite block, creditably carved, would soon be erected to mark his grave. It has been said: "The VETERAN can do anything." Confidence in the merit of what it may ask is gratifying. This is an instance in which it confidently expects immediate results. Let friends in Kentucky, Atlanta, and Macon who want to give a dollar send it to Maj. T. O. Chestney (a banker), Macon, Ga., and every cent will be properly expended. An engraving of the block or monument may be expected in the VETERAN. Maj. Chestney and Capt. R. E. Park are among those who cared for "Charley" through his long affliction. Will the Daughters of the Confederacy cooperate in this most worthy cause? Any sums sent to this office will be forwarded to Maj. Chestney. Atlanta and Macon papers can aid this cause. Let every one do what seemeth right in this during the month of March. It might as well be done at once, and it would be better so. One dollar will be inclosed with this advance notice from a comrade who will ever honor the memory of "C. H., of Ky."

Maryland is erecting a handsome tribute to the memory of her heroic dead. The monument is to be at Antietam, and will be completed by the first of next September. Its interior is to be sixteen feet in diameter, octagon in shape. At each angle there will be a column to represent two Confederate and six Union regiments. The coat of arms of Maryland and the names of the different regiments will be inscribed. The whole is to be surmounted by a dome, on the top of which a figure of peace and unity is to stand on a sphere.

At its annual meeting, January 9, 1899, the Confederate Survivors' Association of Augusta, Ga., Camp 435, U. C. V., adopted two resolutions of general interest—one that delegates to the annual U. C. V. conventions should have seats reserved for them, in which none should be allowed to intrude, so that the business can be transacted in an orderly and intelligent manner by duly accredited delegates only; and the other calling for a rigid enforcement of the provision of the U. C. V. Constitution that there shall be no discussion or action on political subjects in the conventions.

The Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, has recently been incorporated by the Legislature of Virginia, and the organization has awakened widespread interest. It will evidently do much good. Mrs. Lee's name was most appropriate. One of the objects of the organization is to teach the children of the South, as a labor of love, to do honor to the name of Mary Custis Lee, and under the talisman of this name to keep alive the heroic deeds of their ancestors. A number of chapters have already been formed, and it is expected that the order will grow rapidly.

The Los Angeles Chapter, No. 277, Daughters of the Confederacy, was recently organized, with a membership of forty.

Jefferson Davis and Horace Greeley, it is said, were bitter enemies, Mr. Davis believing that Mr. Greeley was a "dangerous" citizen, and the editor of the *Tribune* thought Mr. Davis was not only an unreasonable agitator who deserved severe punishment, but was actually disloyal. They had never been thrown together, so each misjudged the other. For years they each denounced the other in bitter terms. When, however, the Confederate President was a helpless prisoner, Mr. Greeley studied him from a different point of view. The journalist was naturally kind-hearted and loved justice. He began to sympathize with Mr. Davis as soon as he heard of his harsh treatment at Fortress Monroe; and when the government finally agreed to release Mr. Davis on "satisfactory bond," Mr. Greeley astounded his Republican friends by signing the document. The weary prisoner did not understand it at the time, but afterwards the two men met; they had a long talk and became fast friends.

T. C. Davis (Fortieth Regiment, North Carolina Troops), of Morehead City, N. C.:

In January, 1865, after the evacuation of Atlanta, five companies of the North Carolina Regiment of Hardee's command were ordered to reinforce the command at Fort Fisher, N. C., which, at that time, was the "key to the Confederacy." We arrived on the 13th of January, 1865, at the beginning of the second attack on that fort, which was garrisoned with about twelve hundred soldiers. The Federals had a navy of eighty-four vessels, carrying six hundred heavy guns. After bombarding the fort for three days and nights, and disabling all of our guns except two or three, they landed about eleven thousand infantry, under the guns of their navy, and assaulted the fort. They succeeded in making lodgment in the fort about three o'clock Sunday evening, January 15, and the contest kept up until ten o'clock at night. The fort, with its garrison, was captured. The Federal loss, as stated by Gen. Terry in his official report, was 1,115. The Confederate loss is not known, though it is estimated at 500, including Gen. W. H. C. Whiting and Col. William Lamb. On January 16 we were put on board a ship and sent to Fortress Monroe, Va., from whence we were to be sent to Fort Delaware; but we got stuck in the ice at the breakwater, and the ship backed out and took us to New York City. We were sent by rail for that den of misery known as Elmira Prison, about one mile from Elmira, N. Y. We arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, in four feet of snow, and many prisoners had neither blankets nor coats. We were kept standing in ranks in the street for half an hour before starting for the prison. We were halted in an old warehouse and robbed of all valuables by Lieut. Groves and an unknown Sergeant Major; then we were sent to the barracks—board shanties about fifty yards long, containing one stove. Our beds were planks without blankets. There were about seven thousand prisoners confined there, and those who had preceded us were in much want. They were dirty, pale, emaciated, and scantily clothed. Our rations consisted of loaves of stale bread an inch thick, tough pieces of steak, and occasionally broth. When prisoners died, their bodies were put in a box and stacked up in a "deadhouse" as high as they could stack them before taking them out for burial. The Federal Sergeants who had charge of the prison "wards" (as they were called) were the meanest men I ever saw—demons in human flesh. There was a young soldier about eighteen years old, without blanket or coat, who had become deaf from exposure. When he was found near the stove, he was beaten and kicked about unmercifully. Gen. Weyler's treatment of the Cuban prisoners is nothing, compared to the treatment the Confederate soldiers received at Elmira, N. Y. After the war, we were turned out in squads of two hundred, by taking the oath. I was truly glad to get out of prison, but sorry to be deprived of my watch and ring, which were stolen by Lieut. Groves and the Sergeant Major. I arrived at home on June 1, 1865, and while memory lasts I shall not forget the great war and the cruel prison.

JOHN YATES BEALL.

Account of His Thrilling Career for the South.

REV. JAMES H. McNEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

One of the purest, bravest, noblest of those who poured their blood as a libation on the altars of freedom in defense of the rights of the States was John Yates Beall. In lonely prison cell and on the cruel scaffold, his faith never wavered, his courage never failed, his devotion to his land never faltered. He was executed on Governor's Island, in New York Harbor, on the 24th day of February, 1865, by the Federal military authorities, on the charge of piracy, of being a guerrilla, violating the laws of war, and being a spy.

He solemnly protested his innocence, saying: "I protest against the execution of this sentence. It is murder! I die in the service and defense of my country. I have nothing more to say." A brief account of his life and service will show to the readers of the VETERAN a man of stainless honor, a soldier of highest courage, a Christian of sublime faith. We owe it to ourselves, to our cause, and to the



CAPT. JOHN YATES BEALL.

memory of the dead, to do honor to one who proved himself so worthy of our love and respect in circumstances most trying and pathetic. Let not the name and deeds of him who made such a sacrifice for the cause we loved and fought for be forgotten.

John Yates Beall was descended from liberty-loving ancestors. In his veins flowed the blood of the Howards, of England, and the McGregors, of Scotland—noted names in the border warfare of the early days.

He was born on the 1st day of January, 1835, in circumstances of affluence. He received an excellent education, graduating at the University of Virginia.

The death of his father left him, a youth of scarcely twenty-one years, in charge of a large estate in the beautiful Valley of Virginia, with the care of his mother, four sisters, and a younger brother upon him.

The beginning of the war in 1861 found him dwelling in a lovely country, with ample means, surrounded by congenial friends; a gentleman of fine culture, a prominent citizen, a zealous member of the Episcopal Church. He was devoted to his family, and loved his native State with chivalrous affection. He loved the Union, too, with deep and intelligent devotion. Everything in his circumstances made him deprecate war. But he was a thorough adherent to the Virginia school of politics, believing in the doctrine of States' rights; and when he felt that Virginia's rights were threatened, and that her honor was at stake, there could be no hesitation as to his duty. He felt that the very nature of the Union was perverted by a triumphant faction, and, forsaking ease and comfort, he offered himself for the defense of his country. He enlisted as a private in the company from Jefferson County, which formed part of the Second Virginia Regiment and of the immortal "Stonewall Brigade."

But his service was short in the infantry. On the 16th of October, 1861, being at home for a short while, he took part in an engagement near by, between Col. Turner Ashby and the enemy. While leading a successful charge he was desperately wounded; and from that wound he never recovered, being discharged by a medical examining board.

But he could not remain idle. Returning from the South, where he had sought restoration, he was with Stonewall Jackson in his Valley campaign. His health, still feeble, prevented his following that great leader in the further campaigns of 1862.

He then left his home and made his way to Iowa, and thence into Canada, where he remained until January, 1863.

While in Canada he gathered information and conceived the plan of rescuing Confederate prisoners along the lakes, and placing privateers on their waters. These plans, while sanctioned by the Confederate Government, were not attempted for more than a year.

Returning to Richmond in February, 1863, he was appointed acting Master in the navy, and was known afterwards as Capt. Beall. From April to November, he, with a few bold spirits, engaged in privateering in Chesapeake Bay. He had only two little boats, named, from their color, the Raven and the Swan. With these he captured several sloops and schooners, and inflicted such damage on the enemy's commerce that they sent out quite a large expedition of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with gunboats, to capture him. This they succeeded in doing early in November. He and his companions were thrown into Fort McHenry, and heavily ironed, on a charge of piracy. By threats of retaliation, the Confederate Government secured for him the same footing as other prisoners of war, and he was duly exchanged in May, 1864.

Capt. Beall was still eager to carry out his plans for war on the Northern lakes. He believed that he could secure secretly a well-armed vessel and, placing her on the lakes, could sweep them, from Buffalo to Detroit and Chicago, laying all the cities along their shores under contribution to the Confederacy. He believed that he could surprise the

war vessel guarding the prisoners at Johnson's Island and release them, and, adding this vessel to his strength, that he could release other prisoners confined near the lakes; and that this force, marching through the unprotected Northern States, would create a demand for peace among the people already tired of the war.

Of course the undertaking was full of danger, and required carefully prepared plans for concert of action among the prisoners at various points; but it came so near success that its feasibility was shown. If all in whom he trusted had been as cool, brave, and determined as Capt. Beall, it would have succeeded; but in the critical moment some of his men failed him, and among the Confederate officers there was a traitor.

The plan was first to capture the war steamer, Michigan, which lay off Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie. Then, at a preconcerted signal, the prisoners on the island were to rise against the guard, and, under cover of the guns of the steamer, were to make their escape to the mainland. The Michigan, with her fine armament, was then to be used as a privateer.

A Maj. Cole, one of John Morgan's men, a man of great brilliancy, polished manners, utmost coolness, and dauntless courage, was to have charge of the expedition. When all was in readiness, he went to Sandusky City, opposite to Johnson's Island, where he could be in easy communication with Capt. Beall, who had gone to Canada. Maj. Cole was supplied abundantly with means, and passed as a very wealthy Philadelphian, heir to immense estates. He entertained lavishly, won the regard of prominent men of all parties, and by his winning ways ingratiated himself with all classes, civil and military.

He became intimate with the officers of the Michigan, who invited him to visit them, and showed him over the ship, and allowed him to go onto the island and converse freely with the prisoners. He entertained the officers in splendid style, and used to have long confidential talks with the engineer of the vessel.

On the evening set for the capture he had invited the officers of the Michigan to a supper at his hotel. They were there to be drugged, so as to incapacitate them for duty.

Capt. Beall's part was to secure and man a vessel, and to be near enough that when the officers were in the midst of their entertainment, he could, at a given signal, steam up beside the warship and suddenly board her, taking possession of her in the name of the Confederate States. Then Maj. Cole would take command, and they would carry out the remainder of the plan.

On the 19th of September, 1864, Bennet G. Burley, who had been under Capt. Beall in his privateering ventures on Chesapeake Bay, went aboard the steamboat Philo Parsons, at Detroit, taking passage to Sandusky City. She was a boat of 220 tons burden, plying regularly between the two cities. He arranged for her to touch at Sandwich and Amherstburg, small Canadian villages, to take on some friends of his.

Capt. Beall and two companions got on at the first-named place, and at the other place sixteen men came aboard, throwing on an old trunk tied with ropes, which afterwards proved to be filled with grappling hooks and hatchets. There were eighty passengers besides the newcomers.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, just as the boat was leaving Kelly's Island, five miles north of Sandusky City, Capt. Beall suddenly presented a pistol at the head of the helmsman, and, giving a signal, his men gathered to him with hatchets and grappling hooks, and they took possession of the boat in the name of the Confederate States. The attack was so sudden that there was no resistance. The Confederate flag was hoisted, the boat's books and papers were secured, and the passengers and most of the crew were landed at Middle Bass Island.

According to their own testimony, Capt. Beall treated all with marked courtesy and kindness, yet he was firm and determined. Not one particle of private property was disturbed by his order or with his knowledge. He was acting strictly as a Confederate officer for his government.

While lying at Middle Bass Island, the Island Queen, a screw propeller, came alongside, not suspecting any danger. She was speedily boarded and captured by the Confederates. On board of her were twenty-five or thirty Federal soldiers, who were paroled.

As there was need of only one boat for the purpose in hand, the Island Queen was scuttled and sunk, and the Philo Parsons was cleared for action and headed for the mouth of Sandusky Bay. Everything on the part of Capt. Beall and his men was in condition to carry out successfully the plan agreed upon. They were in position and waiting with eager anxiety the signal to attack the Michigan; but the signal was not given. At the last moment Maj. Cole had been arrested as a spy, having been betrayed, it is said, by a Confederate Colonel, who was in the plot.

Capt. Beall, though ignorant of what had occurred on shore, determined to go ahead. He believed to the day of his death that the officers and crew of the Federal ship were ignorant of his nearness and of the plans for their capture, and that a sudden dash would have enabled him to seize the vessel and still carry out the scheme; and in confirmation of his belief is the fact that the Philo Parsons actually advanced under the guns of the Michigan and was permitted to withdraw without being fired on or pursued.

But while he was cautiously and slowly approaching the ship, and had come near enough to hear voices on her deck, and to note the outline of her fourteen guns, as she lay in the moonlight, seemingly unconscious of danger, suddenly a new difficulty effectually stopped his progress: his crew mutinied. Only Burley and two others stood by him. Seventeen signed a paper saying that they believed the enemy was aware of their presence, and to go on would end in certain failure. They therefore refused to go on, although they praised the skill, courage, and gentlemanly bearing of their leader. In vain he commanded, expostulated, entreated; the

men would not obey. With sore and indignant heart, he saw the failure of his plans just on the eve of success, as he believed, and all through the lack of spirit in those whom he trusted. Reluctantly he turned back, and, after landing some prisoners whom he held, he scuttled the Philo Parsons, and, leaving her to her fate, landed at Sandwich, Canada.

Still his indomitable spirit sought to serve the cause of his distressed country. With a few Confederate soldiers, he watched the military trains on the railroad near Buffalo, hoping to capture the property or soldiers of the Federal Government, and to rescue Confederate prisoners, who were frequently carried over the road to prison. Three attempts were made to derail trains said to be carrying Confederate officers, one in particular, said to contain Gen. Marmaduke. The attempts were unsuccessful, and on the 16th day of December, 1864, he was returning to Canada by way of the Niagara suspension bridge. He had taken his seat in the train and was beyond danger, when he missed a youth, a mere boy, an escaped prisoner, who had been intrusted to his care. Returning to the waiting room, he found the boy asleep, and while trying to arouse him both were arrested by two policemen. Capt. Beall tried to conceal his identity, but the frightened boy revealed who he was. The same youth was afterwards used as one of the chief witnesses against him.

Of course there was great rejoicing over his capture, the United States Secret Service claiming the credit of it. He was at once taken to New York City and confined at Police Headquarters until January 5, 1865, when he was taken to Fort Lafayette, a military prison in New York Harbor. There he was confined in a room with several Confederate prisoners, among them Gen. Roger A. Pryor, with whom he formed a warm friendship.

Maj. Gen. John A. Dix was in command of the Department, and at once appointed a military commission to try the prisoner. Until the time of his trial he was busy preparing his defense, a production said by his fellow-prisoners to be most able and complete, but which was never allowed to come before the public.

It was plain from the first that the court was organized to convict. He protested against being tried by a military commission, but his protest was overruled. He requested that he might be allowed counsel from the South, who would bring documentary evidence necessary to his defense, but this request was refused. A friend from Richmond, who was in no way officially connected with the Confederacy, came to Toronto, Canada, and made formal application to Gen. Dix for permission to assist in the defense. No notice was taken of his petition. Letters which the prisoner wrote to friends, asking for evidence which would have vindicated him, were intrusted to Gen. Dix to be sent, but were withheld to be used against him on his trial. Certificates which were sent by Confederate officers, showing the nature of the attack on the railroad trains, and the evidence that the Confederate prisoners whom Capt. Beall sought to rescue were actually on the trains attacked, were not allowed in

his behalf. It was plain that those in authority did not desire a fair trial. He was arraigned on the 20th of January, 1865, at Fort Lafayette, before the military commission, composed of six United States officers. The only favor shown him was to grant a few days' further time for preparation, such preparation as a prisoner in irons in a dungeon could make. At this juncture, James T. Brady, Esq., a very eminent lawyer of New York, came forward and generously undertook his defense, although not permitted by law to receive any compensation for his services.

The account of the trial has been published, containing the charges, testimony; speeches of Mr. Brady and of the Judge Advocate, Maj. Jno. A. Bolles; the findings of the court, the sentence, and the approval of Gen. Dix.

The charges were: Violating the laws of war as a guerrilla and pirate, also being a spy. The defense was that the capture of the vessels on Lake Erie was legitimate warfare, undertaken by a regularly commissioned officer of the Confederate States Navy, as was also the attempt to capture the railroad train and release prisoners. He denied absolutely that he was a spy. All those who were engaged with him in his efforts indignantly reject the idea that he or they were spies.

As we read to-day the story of the trial, it is plain that he never had a chance for his life. It was determined from the first to sacrifice him to the thirst for vengeance by those in power. It was an injustice perpetrated with ostentatious reference to the forms of law.

He was pronounced guilty of all the charges, and sentenced to be hung by the neck until dead. The verdict was reached on the 8th day of February. The Commanding General ordered the execution to be on the 18th of February. The victim was not notified until the 13th of February. He was removed to Fort Columbus, on Governor's Island, and was placed in a dungeon lighted by one gas jet. He was allowed a small pine table, writing materials, and such reading matter as his friends supplied. His health was feeble, his wound still giving him trouble.

Every effort was made by zealous friends to secure a pardon or a commutation of punishment. Many persons who were not acquainted with him were so moved by the reports of his character and bearing, and by a sense of the injustice done him, that they interested themselves earnestly in his behalf; but both the President and Gen. Dix were inexorable. All that was granted was a respite until the 24th of February.

During the time of delay he busied himself in directing the disposal of his affairs after his death, and in those spiritual preparations which a good man makes in view of that solemn event. He had no shadow of hope that the efforts of his friends would avail to save his life. He knew that there was thirst for his blood.

It should be said that while he was in prison, although there were some instances of petty tyranny, these were the exceptions, and he received much kindness from Capt. Wright Rives, of Gen. Dix's

staff; from Maj. Coggswell and Lieut. Tallman, who had charge of Fort Columbus; and from the soldiers who guarded him. These all did what they could for his comfort.

Capt. Beall received with gratitude the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Weston, Chaplain of the Seventh New York Regiment, who was with him to the last. The Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, and other clergymen visited him, and all were impressed with his high character and his religious faith, his composure in presence of death, his gentleness and kindly spirit.

His friends who were most active in his behalf were Mr. D. B. Lucas, of Richmond, Va., an old classmate; Mr. James A. McClure and Mr. Albert Ritchie, of Baltimore. The last two were with him in his cell much of the last days, even almost to the last moment. The testimony they give in letters to his mother as to his bearing during the trying ordeal is a splendid witness to the calmness with which a brave man and a true Christian can meet death.

He had been for years a consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. His Bible and his Prayer Book were his constant companions. He enjoyed keenly such hymns as "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." He had no doubt as to his eternal salvation through the grace of Christ. In all the severity of his confinement he showed the spirit of a Christian, so that even the General who ordered his execution testified to his friends that he believed him a real Christian. Some time during his respite his mother was allowed to see him in the presence of officers, and she and he were sustained through the interview by the assurances of God's favor and love, even in that sore trial.

With perfect calmness he gave directions to his friends as to the disposal of his body and estate. It was his wish that after the close of the war his body should be removed to Virginia to sleep among his own people, and that his epitaph should be: "Died in the service and defense of his country."

He sent tenderest tokens of love to his mother. There was one whom he had met in the South, in the winter after he was wounded, to whom he had plighted his troth and given his heart. She had been an inspiration to him through his difficulties and dangers, and she through all the years has been faithful to his memory. To her he sent his Prayer Book.

With unflinching courtesy he acknowledged every kindness shown him. His diary, while noting the progress of his trial and the events of his prison life, expresses no bitterness against his enemies.

He charged his friends to show no spirit of revenge against any Federal prisoners who might fall into their hands, saying: "Vengeance belongs to God."

He solemnly declared to those dearest to him that he in all his course had been animated by no thirst for blood or lucre, and that he died for his country.

Passing the days of waiting in reading, writing, or cheerful conversation, he manifested no fear; and when the final hour came, he went to his doom as quietly and steadily as if going to meet a friend.

Without bravado, without weakness, without stoicism, he met his fate with courage and resignation. His last words were: "I protest against the execution of this sentence. It is murder. I die in the service and defense of my country."

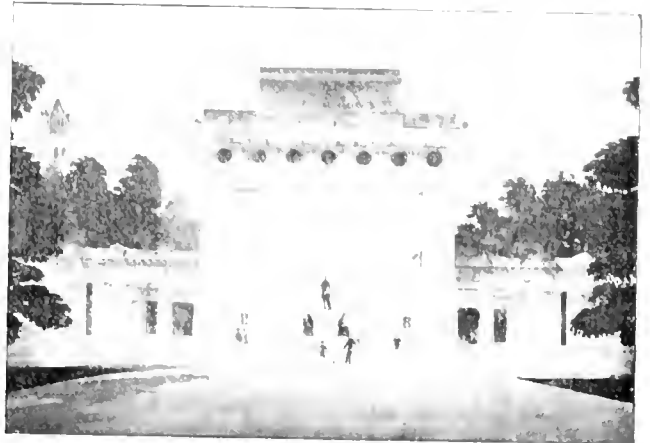
The only charge which he laid upon his people was that they vindicate his memory from aspersion. At this day, as we look at the history with eyes undimmed by passion or prejudice, it appears that his execution was unjust and cruel, and our indignation is only mitigated by the remembrance of the passion and prejudice which prevailed in those days of bitter strife.

This man stands before us now in memory as a patriot pure and true, who gave his life for his country. No dishonorable deed ever stained his life, no vindictive passion ever polluted his heart. No breath of detraction should ever tarnish his name. The Confederate States acknowledged responsibility for his bold adventure; but—alas!—when Federal power was bent on his destruction, the Confederacy was so far reduced in strength that she could not make effective protest against the cruel injustice of his taking off. Had the attempt on Lake Erie been made a year earlier, as he wished to make it, his government would have been strong enough to secure his safety, if he had been unsuccessful, as it could have taken advantage of his exploit, if he had succeeded.

The South owes it to herself, as well as to him, to make known the story of this great sacrifice. Her pious reverence should raise some enduring monument to commemorate his virtues and deeds, to testify to posterity the character of the men who lived and fought and died for her.

It is our sacred duty, through the pages of our accredited organ, the *Veteran*, to guard his fame, to cherish his memory, and to commend his example to our children, that they may know the unsullied honor, the heroic faithfulness, the pure patriotism, the Christian character of John Yates Beall.

P.S. The materials for this sketch are gathered from (1) Capt. Beall's diary while in prison; (2) a letter to his mother from Albert Ritchie, Esq., telling her of his last days; (3) a volume prepared by Daniel B. Lucas, Esq., of Richmond, containing a short biography of Capt. Beall, and the account of his trial, published in Montreal, Canada, in 1865.



GEN. FORREST'S ORDER TO COL. BAXTER SMITH.

CAPT. FRANK BATTLE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

I write of an incident that occurred during the battle that Forrest had with the Federals at Murfreesboro in 1862. I was at home on sick leave just after the battle of Fishing Creek. My health improving, I joined the Texas Rangers and Morgan's men, who were scouting the country near Nashville and trying to ascertain when Gen. Buell would advance his forces. About fifteen of us young men banded together and made our ways out from Nolensville, Triune, and Sparta, and met Gen. Forrest in McMinnville as he was coming down on Murfreesboro with about twelve hundred men. I persuaded the boys to join the battalion of Col. Baxter Smith, then a Major. We soon realized that we had a leader who knew his business. About five miles from Murfreesboro we were halted and ordered to "dismount, fix saddles, and tighten girths." This we did, remounted, and galloped into Murfrees-

Col. Smith had taken Trim. Brown and myself on his staff for the fight, and we had to follow him. Col. Smith tied his bridle reins, and, with sword in one hand and pistol in the other, started out in a gallop, and led his command right on into the midst of the enemy; and it was a hand-to-hand fight for about one hour, until the enemy retreated, leaving all their tents and baggage.

Gen. Forrest captured the entire Federal force, consisting of about twenty-five hundred or three thousand men, a large quantity of army stores, mules, and wagons. We carried them to McMinnville; paroled the men and sent the officers back South. Gen. Forrest gave the men their band, and they serenaded us with the good old songs of "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and other Southern airs.

How our hearts filled with joy and pride when we thought of the victory we had won! Armed with shotguns and any other that we could get, and without artillery, while the enemy had the latest improved Enfield and Springfield rifles and a splendid battery of artillery. The battery that was captured that day was taken and used by Gen. Forrest during the remainder of the war, and was known far and near as the famous Morton Battery, being a regular terror to the enemy. It was commanded by Capt. John W. Morton, of Nashville, Forrest's Chief of Artillery.

God bless the old gray-haired Confederates who have had such hard times in this world of disappointments; and when the great Master sounds the last trumpet, may they all be found with "palms of victory" in their hands, "praising God, from whom all blessings flow."

Dr. C. S. Reeves, of Lone Grove, Texas, writes that Maj. G. W. Durant, of Alvin, Texas, recently received by express a large silk banner, which was presented to the Magnolia Rangers, of which he was Captain. One side contains the inscription, "Magnolia Rangers;" and the other, "January Seventeenth, 1861." The old flag is decayed and yellow with age and shows the marks of service. It was sent by Mrs. J. A. McFadden to Maj. Durant. It is understood that he is the only surviving member of his old company.

SHELTON, FRANK, AND BROM. R. CROSTHWAIT.

Ralf J. Neal (Company E, Twentieth Tennessee Infantry) writes:

In the early days of 1861, when the South marshaled her sons to defend her firesides, the call reached no braver youths than the three brothers, Shelton, Frank, and Bromfield Crosthwait. They were sons of Tennessee, and as true and noble young Southerners as ever laid down their lives for the Confederate cause. They had in the fifties removed to Iowa. Here, though surrounded by people inimical to the section from which they came, they still retained their love for the mother land, and, when the call to arms came, they made haste to return to it and offer their services in defense of what they deemed the rights of the South.

Shelton Crosthwait was intellectual, a bright



COL. BAXTER SMITH.

boro just about daylight. The Texas Rangers engaged the Ninth Michigan. Quite a number of Federals collected at the courthouse, and Col. Morrison, of the Second Georgia, undertook to dislodge them. Gen. Forrest in the meantime hastily collected six companies, Col. Baxter Smith's four companies being of the command. Gen. Forrest, placing himself at the head of these six companies, moved out about two miles from town to attack the Third Minnesota, about twelve hundred strong. Think of it—three hundred and fifty cavalry charge twelve hundred infantry! The charge was disastrous to us. Our men fell back, and Gen. Forrest raged. The writer's horse was shot in the head, and the blood spurted so freely that he got off, expecting his horse to drop; but realizing his danger, he remounted and rode out safely. Gen. Forrest reformed his men, rode out in front, and, in a clear, distinct voice, said: "Col. Smith, lead the charge." I shall never forget the impression made on my mind at that moment.

talker, a fine thinker. His memory was almost phenomenal. He never did things by halves, and stood fearlessly and firmly by what he believed to be right. "Honor" was the most significant word in his vocabulary; he was always cheerful, brave, generous, and true. He was well informed, and it would have been difficult to strike a subject upon which he was not posted. Many times afterwards, his uncle, Judge John W. Burton, told of the



electrical effect of a speech Shelton made at a barbecue in "Old Jefferson," in Rutherford County, Tenn. The war was on and a call would be made for volunteers. Mr. Burton was the orator of the day, and said: "I had made my speech, and Crosthwait was called for. I felt uncomfortable, for I did not want Crosthwait to appear before that gathering and represent our Tennesseans. He had arrived that morning, without bag or baggage, 'a Rebel' from the hostile State of Iowa. A relative had presented him with a new suit in which to appear at the barbecue, but he had declined, saying: 'No, I will exchange the suit I wear only for a suit of gray.' Burning with zeal, he had returned to Tennessee to take up arms in her defense. In the great State of his adoption his voice rang out in no uncertain tones for "Southern rights," and, surrendering business prospects and sure advancement, he hastened to his native State to cast in his lot with the South.

And so that day he stood before a splendid audience and moved them with a power which the gifted orator of the day said he envied.

Shelton enlisted that day, from which time he wore the gray, never failing to answer at roll call, until the 19th of January, when, at Fishing Creek, he fell mortally wounded. He was a member of Company E, "Smyrna Grays," Twentieth Tennessee Infantry.

Frank Crosthwait, who was also a member of Company E, "Smyrna Grays," entered as a private, and was soon promoted to a lieutenant. A braver boy was never born. He was intellectual in his tastes, well informed upon current topics, honest in his life, true to his convictions, brave as a Spartan, and faithful to duty, even to the surrendering of his life. He fell in the battle of Murfreesboro, Wednesday afternoon, December, 1862. He had a strange premonition that he would fall in that battle. When we were called upon to make that desperate charge from the Cowan House, he said to me: "Ralph, I would willingly give a limb to be safely through this fight. I shall not come out of it.



When it is over, do not think I was taken unawares, for I feel the nearness of death as I have never felt it before." We were very close friends, and I said to him: "Frank, I would not go into this charge feeling as you do. Keep out of this fight. You will never be criticised, for we all know your courage; and you are too useful a soldier to be spared." But he replied: "I would rather die a soldier than to live a coward." That day he fought his last fight. When the roll was called that night, some one answered for him: "Dead." He was found lying with his face upturned and his feet toward the foe. His handkerchief was in his left hand. He had torn it in strips, knotted the pieces, and with it tried to stop the flow of blood from a severed artery; but, faint with loss of blood, he fell back, passing his bloody hand across his brow, and the end came. He fell before Murfreesboro, which had been his early home and the home of his ancestors, extending back to Col. Hardy Murfree, of Revolutionary memory.

Bromfield Ridley Crosthwait was yet a younger brother. When under sixteen years of age, he left his Iowa home and made straight for Missouri, where he enlisted in the Confederate service, as a member of Company C, Second Missouri Infantry, Col. F. M. Cockrill being the commanding officer. Soon after the battle of Corinth, Dr. Crosthwait heard rumors that a young boy, Crosthwait, was among the dead. Already in sorrow for the loss of two sons, he set to work with a heavy



heart to learn the facts. Inquiries were made, and, in answer to a telegram from Gen. Bragg, Col. Cockrill said: "The gallant youth, Private B. R. Crosthwait, was pierced through the body by a musket ball whilst charging the enemy's works at Corinth, Miss., on the 4th of October, last (1862), having almost reached the enemy's battery, and died in our hospital that night. He was buried near the battlefield."

This meager history came almost half a year after his death; and in those days, when one tragic event crowded so close upon the heels of another, even so brief a record was one to be thankful for. The letter from Col. Cockrill to Gen. Bragg was transmitted through Gen. Cheatham, with this feeling expression: "I regret the sad tidings this letter contains; but it is the price of liberty, and we must pay it." And Gen. Cheatham, in conveying these letters to the family, conscious of the blow inflicted, wrote: "Sad news this to carry to a father already bereft of two gallant sons. They have left a name that will entail eternal honor on all who bear it."

And so, on three widely separated battlefields, these three brothers sleep. Their duties were performed with an intensity of earnestness that glorified their soldier life. Comrades, well done!

Dr. George Crosthwait and Mrs. Lavinia Petway, of Rutherford County, and Miss Eliza Crosthwait, of Nashville, are the surviving members of this family.

TRIBUTE TO A FEDERAL OFFICER.

In the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, writes Capt. McCauley, we charged the right flank of the enemy. We surprised and routed his first line, driving it in wild confusion for some miles, when suddenly we encountered a new line secreted in a cedar glade. At this point I saw Gen. J. E. Rains fall from his horse, mortally wounded; and as I turned to mention it to one of my men, a minie ball penetrated three of my ribs, paralyzing my right leg. I was carried to the field hospital, and from thence to the residence of Mr. B. W. Henry, where I remained undisturbed for about three weeks, receiving meanwhile the best of care and attention. My wound was healing nicely, though I was still confined to my bed, when a Federal officer, with six guards, came and said he had orders from Gen. Jeff. C. Davis to convey me to his headquarters. After walking about a mile and a half, I was halted in front of Gen. Davis' headquarters, and left alone. When the General saw me, he advanced toward me, saying: "Who are you?" I answered: "My name is McCauley." "What are you, and what brought you here?" he asked. I told him I was a Captain in the Confederate army, and was offering further explanation, when I saw the officer who had conveyed me there, and pointed him out to the General. He summoned the officer and questioned him; then, with closed fist and pointed finger, said: "There are some men who do not seem to have any sense. I told you to go out into the country and bring in any of our men who might be straggling out from camp." The General took me by the arm, asked me into his marquee, and told me to lie down on his cot. I thanked him, but declined the offer, saying that my wound was bleeding and that I did not think he would like "Rebel" blood on his bedding. He asked me to sit down on a camp stool which he placed for me. The staff seemed to be busy drawing up reports and maps of the battles. The General asked me whose brigade I was in, and what part of the line. I informed him, and added that we had surprised and routed one line of his men; also that at this point Gen. Rains was killed and I had been wounded. The General's face indicated much interest, and he said: "I placed the line in the cedars, and know the very spot where Gen. Rains fell." I informed him as to the positions occupied by the opposing armies, and asked that he assign me to some place for the night, as I was weak and ill. He asked me where I wished to go, and I mentioned Mr. Henry's. He handed me a note, written by himself, and said: "This take to the Provost Marshal, and he will send you where you wish to go." He ordered a courier to get an ambulance, but, on account of my bleeding wounds, I did not care to ride. He offered me his own horse, which I accepted. The wound in my leg made mounting difficult, seeing which, the General took hold of my leg, lifted it gently over the saddle, stepped to the other side of the horse, placed my foot in the stirrup, and inquired how I felt. He gave me his hand at parting. I reached Mr. Henry's house soon after night, and was ill there for some time, owing to the exposure I had suffered. When I had sufficiently

recovered, I reported to the Provost Marshal at Murfreesboro, where I found Gen. G. W. Gordon. He had been wounded and was under the care of Misses Dromgoole, who did so much for the Confederate sick and wounded in the hospital at Murfreesboro. In a short time the Federals made a shipment of Confederate convalescents from the hospital at Murfreesboro to the penitentiary at Nashville. I remained in Nashville but a few days; I was sent to Louisville, where I met a friend who gave me a twenty-dollar bill, Bank of Tennessee. This bill I sold to a Yankee sutler, at Camp Chase, Ohio, for sixteen dollars in greenbacks. After being kept at Camp Chase for about a month, we were sent to Philadelphia. I lost my hat *en route*, and next day requested the officer in charge to allow a guard to accompany me to buy a new hat. He refused, but offered to get one for me, if I would give him the money. I gave him all I had, a five-dollar bill, and he never came back.

After staying on a little island in the Delaware Bay for about six weeks, we were sent to City Point, on the James River; were exchanged and rejoined our commands at Shelbyville, Tenn., the latter part of May, 1863. I fought through the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Kenesaw Mountain, and in all of the battles around Atlanta, but not once was I half so angered as I was when the officer stole my hat and money.

GEN. WHEELER IN THE SIXTIES.

Mr. J. K. Womack, of Kirkland, Tenn., writes as follows about his impressions of an eminent soldier and statesman in the sixties:

The first time I ever saw Gen. Wheeler was when the cavalry were covering Bragg's retreat from Shelbyville to Chattanooga. We were engaged day and night, and for a week our saddles had not been taken from our horses' backs. It was one continuous fight, and the rain fell unceasingly. The artillery of the enemy would, now and then, drive through the thick woods into our pickets and get within fifty yards of our line of battle. This continued until we reached the top of Cumberland Mountain. Except for the snow, I do not think Marshal Ney had a harder time holding the Russians in check. They never let up; neither did Wheeler. He sat facing the enemy, with his back to us, and a comrade called my attention to him, saying: "Look at Gen. Wheeler." "Where?" said I. "There," he answered, pointing out the General. I did not believe such a looking man was Gen. Wheeler. He had on hip pants, a checked calico shirt, and neither coat nor vest. With pistol in hand, he was looking forward as though he were hunting for bees, and I wondered if that was really our chief. Suddenly a troop of Federal cavalry galloped over the hill to take a view of the situation, and I was amazed when our chief fired the contents of his pistol at them. Before I could get ready to fire they were gone. I learned to love Gen. Wheeler that day, and as I advanced in years my love for him increases. To me he is the greatest man in the United States. Diminutive in size, he is quick in action, generous to a fault, brave as Napoleon, and modest as a woman.

INQUIRIES FROM CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Miss Kate A. Blackiston (P. O. Box 213), Chestertown, Md., writes:

Your magazine holds much of interest and persuades me to voice some inquiries. When the war had gone on and men's hearts were hardened, only officers were exchanged. Once my mother and sister found, in the hospital at Fort Delaware, a boy suffering from his wounds. He had lost a leg, and when he found sympathy he broke down and poured out his woes. He was an orphan, and longed to go home to his sister. So grieved and ill was he that they felt sure he would die if kept there. My dear sainted mother went up to Fort Delaware every week with food and clothes, and these were sent or given to the prisoners, for theirs was the greatest need. My mother resolved to get this boy home, and was not daunted because she was told, "It is impossible." She was tactful and kind; her request was considered, and finally the boy was smuggled in with the officers. The Commander wrote: "Your boy left with the officers to-day." Having done so much to bring about his release, we often wondered if he got through safely. We would also like to know his name, for all we knew was that he was a drummer boy from Mississippi. He had red hair and had lost, in battle, a leg.

Among the officers fed and clothed by our family was Lieut. Jesse A. Watts, of Fifth Alabama Infantry. Before the war he lived at Rhodesville, and afterwards went to Meridian, Miss. Is he living, and where?

Now, when at times we nurse our old wrongs and tear open the wounds of the past, it is well to know that among those who gave the blows were some who poured oil upon the troubled waters. As a rule, the officers in charge of the prisons of war were brutal, and therefore Col. H. C. Burton stands out alone above all I ever knew. My mother was busy with her merciful work at Fort Delaware, when Col. Burton turned to her and said, in an undertone, "You want to see Claggett Fitzhugh?" and then, in his loud, official way, turned to his orderly and said: "Mrs. Blackiston wishes to see her friend, Claggett Fitzhugh; go and bring him here." The explanation he gave was: "This young man is in a damp cell in solitary confinement, and will die unless he gets nourishment, food, and fresh air. My orders are to keep him there and let none see him but his friends. You are the friend of suffering humanity. That walk in the fresh air may save his life." When Claggett Fitzhugh came in, the Commander was busy writing, and gave him not a glance. What he thought of his new friend we never knew. He doubtless wondered at the frequent visits that drew him from his cell, and at the generous, good face, but the "why of the why" was a secret. I would like to know what became of Claggett Fitzhugh, and why he was in solitary confinement.

A correspondent writes: "I have a brother who was buried during the war, near Inka or Corinth, Miss., and would be glad of more definite information. I do not know the letter of his company, but

think its commander was Capt. W. B. Stuckey, of Clopton, Ala. His name was Ely Anderson. Any information will be thankfully received."

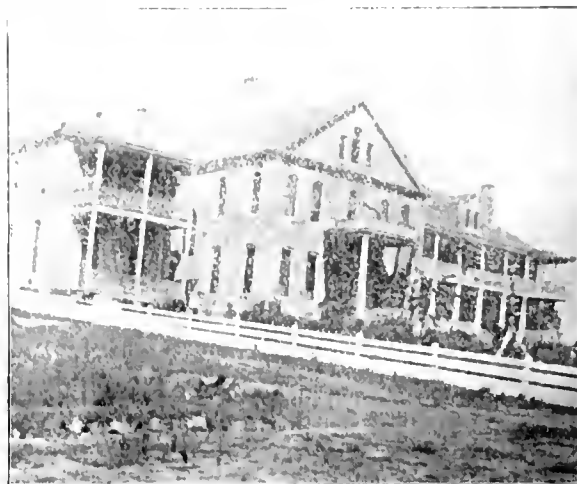
CONFEDERATE HOME IN ARKANSAS.

Thomas J. Salley, Sweet Home, Ark.:

In 1890, on a small basis, a Home for indigent Confederate veterans was commenced by the ladies, who were aided by contributions from a number of liberal-hearted veterans. By an Act of the Legislature, in February, 1892, this became a State institution, and provisions were made for its support. It is managed by a board, consisting of five ex-Confederates, appointed by the Governor. The board appoints a Superintendent, who must also be an ex-Confederate soldier. The number of inmates was limited to fifty, but has since been increased to seventy-five, and that limit has been exceeded. Any ex-Confederate soldier may be admitted, no matter from what State he enlisted, upon proof of having rendered honorable service in the cause, who is indigent and physically unable to support himself. Other conditions are that the applicant is not afflicted with contagious disease and that he has been a citizen of this State since January 1, 1891.

The land on which the Home was built contains about fifty acres, on which stands a commodious and elegant two-story brick building, together with three smaller buildings, all of which constitute the Home. It is situated near the station of Sweet Home, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, four and a half miles southeast of Little Rock. The State appropriation is something over \$27,000 for the present two years, with an extra allowance of \$1,000 for the Superintendent's salary. Board, washing, and all other necessities, including servants, are supplied; also a physician, with a salary of \$750. The Home is bountifully furnished with excellent food, etc. The picture here given is an east view of the main building.

The officers of the ex-Confederate Association of Arkansas having charge of the Home are: John G. Fletcher, President; M. H. Vaughan, Superintendent of Home; J. H. Campbell, Secretary. Board of Directors: John G. Fletcher, J. F. Ritchie, B. W. Green, G. W. Murphy, T. J. Oliphint.



CAREER OF SOUTHERN VETERANS.

Address of Judge A. T. Watts.

Adj. Oliver Steele, of the Sterling Price Camp, at Dallas, Texas, writes:

We had a large reunion on January 19. The principal feature was an address by Judge Watts on the "Life and Character of Gen. Robert E. Lee." Judge Watts reviewed the campaigns in Virginia, and related a number of incidents to which he was an eyewitness.

Judge Watts addressed the camp January 15, and from it the following extracts are taken:

Pretermittin all question of the right of secession, as that matter was conclusively settled by the arbitrament of the sword, a consideration of the relations of the veterans of the South to the government of the United States is not deemed inopportune in this auspicious era of universal American brotherhood.

It is generally conceded that both parties in the Civil War were actuated by honest convictions, and that each conscientiously believed that its cause was just.

The Civil War, for persistent, determined, and destructive fighting, for long-sustained effort against seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and for deprivations and hardships uncomplainingly borne, is without a parallel in the history of the past. These statements are abundantly established by historic facts, among them the stupendous loss of life in that conflict. Five hundred thousand Americans perished from casualties in battle and disease during the war—about twice the number of American soldiers enlisted for the war with Spain.

Gen. Grant marched into the Wilderness with 140,000 men, and was met by Gen. Lee, with 60,000; Gen. Sherman opened the Atlanta campaign with 100,000 men, and was confronted by Gen. Johnston, with 60,000; yet the losses from battle and disease during the war exceeded by 140,000 men all of these armies combined.

The combined loss in killed and wounded in single battles equaled the entire number of American soldiers engaged in the war with Mexico; while the losses in either army at Gettysburg nearly equaled in numbers any army ever commanded by Gen. Washington, and the combined losses in that battle exceeded numerically the armies of Washington and Cornwallis at Yorktown. Single brigades in the Civil War lost more men than the combined losses of the American and British armies at the battle of New Orleans.

With such a record, no one could doubt that both parties were terribly in earnest. The conflict was characterized by such dogged and unyielding determination as to leave no room for doubt as to the lines upon which it was fought to an ultimate conclusion.

In that fearful conflict the resources of the South were exhausted, her fields devastated, her live stock consumed, her labor system and currency wiped out. The veterans of the South, as paroled prisoners of war, returned to peaceful pursuits amid that awful wreck and ruin. They were then subjected to the

arbitrary and capricious rule of military government.

In that dark and dismal day of adversity the South was afflicted with an additional curse so appalling as to beggar description. A new species of animal, *sui generis*, known as the carpetbagger, came down upon us in swarms like the locust, and, vampires as they were, sucked the lifeblood of the prostrate South. They came empty-handed, absorbed as the sponge, and fled with plethoric purses. Thank God, he was a bird of passage! That was his first—and may it be his last—visit to our sunny clime. Do not understand me as confounding with the carpetbagger that large class of our fellow-citizens who came from the North and settled among us since the war. For them I have the greatest respect. They are of and for this country; but the carpetbagger was of an entirely different order of being. For consummate skill in extracting blood from a turnip, he stands without a rival.

Amid such disasters, the veterans summoned all their patience and determination, girded up their loins, and, somehow or other, struggled through that awful period of gloom and despair.

It would be impossible for any one to portray the mingled, confused, and changing sentiments of the Southern veterans toward the United States Government during that time. They were made to realize that they were aliens in the land of their birth and strangers in the home of their childhood. They fully realized that the government of the United States was to be their government and the government of their descendants to the remotest generations. They endeavored to discriminate between the government and men in control of public affairs, to excuse the former and charge their woes to the latter. This, indeed, was a severe task; but in proportion as the rigidity of military rule was ameliorated, their hearts warmed toward the government, and slowly but surely the old-time sentiment of love for the flag, devotion to the government, and genuine interest in the traditions of the past gradually sprang up from the taproots of old-time loyalty, which had not been entirely eradicated by the rude blasts of war, military despotism, and ravages of the carpetbaggers. This growth kept pace with the march of human events; and when the great conservative element of the country had swept away the lingering shadows of military rule, full citizenship was restored to the people of the South. This was a glorious consummation, for it was then the veterans of the South took their places at the council boards of the nation. Their voice was again heard in the halls of Congress, in the Cabinet of the President, and from the Federal bench; as ambassadors and ministers, they represented the dignity and power of the United States at foreign courts; while their sons were cadets at West Point and Annapolis. It was then that they realized that in truth and in fact they were American citizens; it was then that all the bitterness of the past was diverted from the Southern heart.

Love for, and devotion to, the country and the flag has become so deeply rooted that the Southern veteran aspires to no other, desires no other, and, in fact, would have no other, than the government of

the United States. With them the sentiment is universal: This is my father's house, and I have returned to it to remain forever.

Conscious of their devotion to the country and its welfare, the veterans of the South were not disturbed by the fact that others suspected and questioned their loyalty. Even foreign peoples believed that the existence of Southern veterans was a source of weakness to the nation, should it become involved in a foreign war; but that delusion was most effectually exploded when war was declared against Spain. Everywhere Southern veterans enthusiastically espoused the cause of the United States and evinced a readiness to battle to the death in honor of the flag, which was a revelation to even our countrymen of the North.

This outburst of patriotic ardor in the South was not sentimental, but actual, real, and tangible. Veterans not only urged their sons to the front, but themselves stood ready to enlist, should occasion demand it. The conduct of veteran and son throughout was such as to demonstrate that, instead of being a source of weakness, the South is one of the strongest and most reliable supports of our national fabric.

I will refer to a personal experience as illustrating the genuine sentiments of the Confederate veteran: In the summer of 1894, I left the harbor of New York on a British steamer for Glasgow. Day after day the ship drove through the billows; the wide and seemingly illimitable waste of waters spread out upon every hand. Our vessel floated only the Union Jack. We passed many vessels, but each floated some foreign flag. By way of digression, I would say that an American by no means feels that he is a stranger to the British flag, but enjoys a feeling of security and comfort under its protecting folds. This I realized as the distance increased between the vessel and my native heath. Finally, on the morning of the twelfth day of the roll and swish of old ocean, the bold outline of the Irish coast broke upon our vision. The mountains of Donegal and bold headlands of the Emerald Isle gradually developed to our view. It was a perfect day, the atmosphere clear and bracing; the sea was without a ripple, calm and majestic. Two hundred cabin passengers were crowding to the front in the effort to obtain a closer view of the panorama of mountain and sea.

Without previous notice, a white roll was seen to glide, as the flight of a bird, along up the mainmast to its top; then for a moment it seemed to rest; then, as though moved by the unseen hand of some guardian angel, its folds were spread to the breeze. It was "Old Glory," proclaiming the grandeur of our nation in that distant clime. A grand shout rose from the deck and rolled out over the glassy sea in a seeming effort to pierce all the nooks and caverns of the distant coast. It was a patriotic shout, pulsating with love for the flag. Veterans of the North and South with equal ardor and enthusiasm joined in the shout; and, strange to relate, that shout was a repetition of the "Rebel yell" as I had heard it roll along Lee's ragged lines upon many hard-fought fields.

I then realized that I was fully reconstructed.

"Old Glory," my flag, saluted with the "Rebel yell" on the Irish coast. I was as generous as others, and said to a Union veteran: "That is our flag." He replied: "Yes; our flag, our 'Rebel yell,' and our 'Dixie.'"

In fact, as between the North and South, things have been evened up and the books squared. They restored us to the Union and the flag, and we, in return, gave them "Dixie" and the "Rebel yell." Our armies, fighting under the old flag to the inspiring strains of "Dixie," with the "Rebel yell" rolling along their advancing lines, will continue invincible.

Comrades, under the circumstances, we have abundant cause for rejoicing in the advanced position held by the South. The result has no parallel in the history of past civil wars. Elsewhere a century or more of confusion, bitterness, and strife has followed in the wake of such wars; here the same generation that fought to an ultimate conclusion



JUDGE A. T. WALLS.

one of the most bitter and destructive wars in the world's history has had the patriotism and good sense to put behind it all the rough edges of the past and restore the country to a condition of mutual confidence and brotherhood in which all are recognized as American citizens.

A great and continuing duty devolves upon the surviving Confederate veterans. They should not linger in the deadly shadows of hate; the welfare of our beloved South and of our descendants demands of us every effort to more closely cement the sections and promote the prosperity and happiness of our common country. Well may we rejoice in these auspicious times, when the President of the United States, himself a Union veteran, not only publicly advocates the care and keeping of Confederate graves by the United States Government, but has entered actively upon the work to secure that result; and in saying, "All honor to the President," he deserves, and should receive, the profound thanks of every Confederate veteran. I feel that I am echoing the sentiments of my beloved comrades who

perished amid the flames of battle on the hills and plains of Virginia a third of a century ago.

And when the President said that the grave of each and every Confederate and Union soldier was an additional monument to the valor and glory of American arms, thank God the nation responded with a hearty "Amen!"

Now let the glad acclaim of the great Ben. Hill well up from all parts of our common country: "Flag of our Union, wave on, wave ever! Wave over freemen; wave over States; wave over a land of liberty, law, and peace."

A BABY'S CRIB BLANKET.

This incident conveys something of woman's devotion to our great cause:

Mrs. Frances Bestor Robertson (now dead) refugees from the coast, near Mobile, Ala., into the piny woods of Mississippi, making her home a refuge for convalescent soldiers who were too weak to return to battle and too well to remain in the hospital. But the home comforts had shrunk into grim necessities, and everything available for the boys on the battlefield had gradually disappeared. She and her servants knitted diligently every night by the firelight, that no soldier, if possible, might have to march without socks; and by the sun's light she rode all over the neighborhood, fearlessly and alone, to collect eggs, bandages, and everything obtainable, for the sick and wounded.

One morning duty recalled a pale-faced young soldier from under her roof back to his ranks. He had no coat, and there was none to be had in the community. Asleep in his crib, her baby was covered with the only blanket on the premises. She walked resolutely to the crib, and, folding back the quilt, began gently to draw off the blanket. His old negress nurse roused up in alarm, and exclaimed: "Lord, sakes alive, Miss Fanny! What is you doin'? You ain't gwine to take the baby child's blanket for de soldiers, is you?"

"Yes," she said, as she leaned over and kissed him, and two big tears fell on his chubby cheek. "We will put on larger pine knots and move him closer to the fire." She turned away, leaving the old nurse staring in amazement. As she stood on the steps bidding good-by to the young soldier in his suit of gray, which she and her servants had dyed, cut, and made, he never dreamed from whence it came. She kept her secret from him, because she knew that he would never consent to robbing helpless babyhood, even to minister to his shivering need.

Maj. Thomas E. Staples, of Missouri, in command of Wilson's Creek, charged a column of about one thousand Germans under Gen. Sigel, put them to flight, took two hundred prisoners, a quantity of arms and ammunition, and captured the fine battle flag which had been presented to Gen. Sigel by the Union ladies of St. Louis. This trophy was sent to Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War to the Confederate Government, who acknowledged it gracefully, saying:

"I shall be most happy to place this flag, as de-

sired by its gallant donor, among the other trophies of valor of our army which grace the walls of this department. It will there remain deposited, a memorial to those who come after us of the glories of this great struggle, and of their debt to the noble band of heroes who have imperiled all that man holds dear in this defense of their liberties. In the roll of such men I feel sure there will be found the name of no truer or more gallant soldier than that of Maj. Staples, whose name has already been rendered familiar to all of us by the report of his distinguished commander, Gen. Price. Please convey to Maj. Staples the expression of my admiration for his services, and my thanks for the welcome present made to the department."

Rev. J. A. Scarborough, of Bogue Chitto, Miss., writes an entertaining communication, which contains the following pleasing paragraph about the VETERAN:

"For several years, through the kindness of friends, I have been furnished with a number of copies of the VETERAN, which has been read with much interest by myself and family. Please enter me as a life subscriber."

Mr. Scarborough is among the most active and useful of the Confederate veterans of his State. He entered the army at the age of fifteen years, and of his experience he writes:

"I joined Company A, Twenty-second Mississippi, at Corinth, Miss., soon after the battle of Shiloh. Up to this time my travels had consisted mainly in going to the corn mill. On reaching Corinth, I heard guns firing in every direction, and I began to wish that I had never heard of a Yankee; but when I was informed that the firing was from our own men, who were discharging their wet guns, I became more patriotic. My first stampede was on the night we evacuated Corinth. I saw the skyrocketts the Yankees were shooting heavenward, and I thought the day of judgment had come in the night.

"Our regiment was in the rear of the army, and was expecting to be attacked at any moment. When passing through a long lane, we were halted, and received the order: 'Rest on your arms.' While we were thus resting, a courier rode up, dismounted, and tied his horse to the top rail of the fence. The horse, in his eagerness to graze, pulled the rail off, became frightened, and dashed up the road like a cyclone. The army in front, hearing the roar of what they supposed to be a thousand Yankee cavalry, became wildly excited, ran over each other, jumped fences, ran into brier patches, skinned shins, sprained ankles, and it seemed, indeed, that something had 'broke loose in Georgia.' My patriotism was reduced about twenty degrees on that occasion. I began to think what a privilege it would be to shell corn, go to mill, drive the cows, and hunt rabbits. I would be pleased to hear, through the VETERAN, from any of 'the boys' who fled that night."

R. T. Owen (John C. Wallace Camp, No. 237), of Shelbyville, Ky., says: "I wish you would file away in your papers that I don't think a Yankee tombstone would fit my grave."

CHAIN ARMOR FOR WARSHIPS.

Writing from Anniston, Ala., Capt. G. W. Granberry (Captain Second Arkansas Infantry) says: "In the famous fight between the Alabama and the Kearsarge, it was charged at the time by Admiral Semmes and the friends of the Confederate vessel that the Kearsarge had the advantage in being protected in vulnerable parts by chain armor. Capt. Winslow himself attempted to treat the fact as one of little moment, and as giving no advantage to his vessel. Now comes Commodore Dewey, who resorts to the same device to afford protection to his vessels, and he is warmly praised for his ingenuity and skill. The English naval critic mentioned in Munsey's Magazine for January, 1899, was probably misled by the uniform denials made by the friends of the Kearsarge that the device was any protection, and was either unfamiliar with the facts or attached no importance to them. It seems that Dewey resorted to the same methods—viz., chain cables protecting the engines and the sides of his ship. Hence the truth of the assertion of the gallant and chivalrous Admiral of the Alabama is verified and admitted. I write of the matter solely in the interest of history."

Col. Jo. Robins, Peachtree, Wilcox County, Ala., commanded the Third Alabama Cavalry. He entered the army early in 1861 as Captain of a cavalry company. In the battle of Shiloh the fight was opened by Ketchum's Battery, supported by his



COL. JO. ROBINS, PEACHTREE, ALA.

company. He served with Gen. Joe Wheeler until very near the close of the war, and, it is said, "was

in every fight and skirmish" until he was wounded in the right shoulder at Monroe Farm, about nineteen miles from Fayetteville, N. C. He had many narrow escapes, and had but one furlough during the four years. Though now seventy-three years of age, he retains much of the energy of his youth. The *Wilcox New Era* mentions him as "a model for young America in the crowning virtues of temperance, justice, and fortitude."

John D. Staples (Company K, Tenth Alabama Regiment), of Oxford, Ala., makes inquiry: "In 1863, Mr. Robert Bradshaw, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, was ill for several months, and died at the home of Mr. G. C. Wright, Silver Run, Ala., and was buried at Oxford. He often spoke of his widowed mother and twin brothers, who, I think, live at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Bradshaw's army saddle is in the possession of Mr. G. C. Wright, Jr., who would be glad to give it to some near relative of the owner who would prize it as a memento. The saddle is in good condition, notwithstanding the lapse of years."

Mrs. B. M. Carter, Stephens City, Va., writes that soon after the last Confederate reunion at Manassas, Va., a lady wrote to a friend:

"I was going to Lynchburg, via Manassas, and did not know of the reunion. I wondered at the great rejoicing on the cars as at the different stations gray-haired men would get on. There were groups of men all through the cars—some sitting on the arms of the seats, some leaning over, others standing in the aisles holding to each other—and all talking, gesticulating, and laughing. Many eyes were wet with tears, and such a welcome as the newcomers did get! We spectators looked in silent admiration at the loyalty and devotion displayed by the veterans toward each other, and could only say: 'How they love each other!' 'They are bound by a common cause.' Said one: 'Were you at our first reunion? Well, you missed it. There has never been anything like that. Some of our men wept like children—men who knew no fear; but many have passed over since then.' But all the reminiscences were not sad. Many funny incidents were related and many a hearty laugh was enjoyed. One genial fellow, who could not have been more than a boy during the war, said: 'Do you remember —?' 'Well, at all our meetings, when it was time to part, he would say: "Let us adjourn *sine die*." At every meeting he would say the same thing, so I asked him what it meant. He said: "Hush! How do I know what it means? I only know it comes in right." And,' said the genial fellow, 'I never have found out what he meant.' There was a roar of laughter from his comrades, in which I joined. When we got to Manassas, of course there was quite a crowd and bustle. The ladies were busy preparing a banquet for the veterans, and the town was crowded with country vehicles. I saw some of the speakers, and then the cars took me away."

An interesting account of the reunion appeared in the *VETERAN*, written by a minister of Baltimore.

TRIBUTE TO GEN. J. A. BATTLE.

SKETCH BY DR. W. J. M'MURRAY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Col. Joel Allen Battle was born in Davidson County, Tenn., September 11, 1811. His father came from North Carolina when the great flood of emigration swept from that section to the Cumberland Valley.



His mother, who was Miss Lucinda Mayo, was of a very wealthy family, and died young, leaving the child, Joel, extensive lands and also many slaves. His education was not such as these advantages should have given. However, he possessed fine common sense, and developed at an early age a fondness for old people, which followed

him through life. When nineteen years old, he was married to Miss Sarah Searcy, of Rutherford County, Tenn. She died two years afterwards, leaving him an only son, William Searcy Battle, who was killed in the great conflict at Shiloh, April 6, 1862.

Shortly after the death of his wife, he raised a company for the Florida War. Six years later he was married a second time, to Miss Adeline Sanders Mosely. She lived near the Hermitage, and was a woman of unusual refinement and noble Christian character. This union was blessed with two sons and four daughters.

In 1835 he was elected Brigadier General of Militia. He was also elected representative to the Legislature from Davidson County, Tenn., for the term of 1851-52. Hon. Russell Honston was his colleague. Gen. Battle was a noble character, generous to a fault. He was a typical Confederate soldier, and believed that his Southland was right in that great struggle. In April, 1861, he raised a company, which he named for his friend, Felix Zollicoffer. He organized the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, and this company became Company B. Having organized the regiment, he was chosen its Colonel, and the regiment was made part of Gen. Zollicoffer's Brigade. This command entered Kentucky in the fall of 1861, and it was the first Confederate infantry to pass through Cumberland Gap. While there, Gen. Zollicoffer sent a force of about six hundred men, under command of Col. Battle, to meet the enemy at Barbourville, Ky., twenty miles away. They made the march at night, attacking the enemy at daylight. In approaching the town, they had to pass over a bridge and then deploy some of the men in a cornfield. The fog was

very heavy, and when the battle began in earnest, Col. Battle, who possessed a stentorian voice, raised it to a high pitch, and cried: "Clear the road, men! Clear the road, men, and let the artillery pass." There was not a piece of artillery nearer than Gen. Zollicoffer's camp, twenty miles away. But it had its effect; the enemy heard his order, and they fled in every direction. The only casualties on our side were one man wounded and an old white sow killed.

Col. Battle's next engagement was on January 19, 1862, at Fishing Creek, Ky., where his regiment and the Fifteenth Mississippi, commanded by Lieut. Col. Walthall, bore the brunt of the battle, from which time there ever was a most cordial relation between the men and their commanders. In this engagement Col. Battle's regiment suffered severely. His accomplished son, Joel A. Battle, Jr., who was the Adjutant of the regiment, was badly wounded, and was carried off the field on the shoulders of a comrade. Col. Battle next fought at Shiloh, on April 6 and 7, 1862. Three of his sons fought under him on this field. His regiment of three hundred and fifty men lost, in killed and wounded, one hundred and fifty-eight; and among the killed were his two sons, William Searcy and Joel A., Jr., his Adjutant. The writer was standing by the side of William when the roll was called just before the battle. It was his last "Here." In less than an hour a minie ball killed him instantly. He had the first minie ball I ever saw, and said he could eat a peck of them. Joel A. Battle, Jr., was killed on the second day of the battle. We were in such close quarters that his body fell into the hands of the enemy. He was recognized by his college mates, Lieut. W. H. Chamberlain, Sergt. John R. Chamberlain, Adjt. Frank Evans, Capt. R. N. Adams, and



DR. W. J. M'MURRAY.

Private Wilson, all of the Eighty-first Ohio Regiment, and these friends buried him tenderly. Col. Battle was captured the same evening while trying to recover the dead body of his gallant boy. He was carried to a Northern prison, was afterwards exchanged, and returned South, when he was appointed Treasurer of Tennessee by Gov. Isham G. Harris. At the close of the war he returned to Nashville, very much depleted financially, but his good business judgment enabled him to provide amply for his family. In 1872 he was appointed, by Gov. John C. Brown, Superintendent of the State prison, and this position he held until his death, which occurred August 23, 1872. He was buried at his old home in this State. His remains were accompanied to their last resting place by the remnant of his old regiment. Col. Battle was a fine specimen of Southern manhood—patriotic, generous, chivalrous, and devoted to principle. I was born and reared almost under the shadow of his roof, enlisted in his company, served with him through the entire war, and gladly pay this brief tribute to the character of that grand old man.

ENTERING THE UNION LINES IN A PETTICOAT.

Captain Frank Battle writes the VETERAN:

I was a member of General Wheeler's command, and about six weeks before General Bragg fell back from Tullahoma to Chattanooga, I planned and executed a visit inside the lines of the enemy. I wanted to see mother, sister, and sweetheart. Leaving Tullahoma, I came down to Mill Creek. About the first thing I did was to call on my sweetheart. We decided to go into Nashville and see what the Yankees were doing. After much discussion of how to get into the city, we agreed that I should don female attire, and we were to go in as ladies. I was slight of stature and could easily wear a suit of my sister's clothes. The ladies in the house had a great deal of fun fixing me up and laughed heartily as they put on the finishing touches. Just before starting my sweetheart got several bottles of wine to carry to a sick aunt who lived in Nashville, and we drove off, armed with passes that had been used by my aunt and mother about two weeks before. When we reached the pickets we were halted and told that we could not pass, as Scott's Cavalry had, the night before, shot into their pickets and orders had been issued for no more passes to be accepted. My companion was no ordinary woman and she knew the weakness of men. She spoke of the cold weather and expressed sympathy for the poor soldiers; then taking one of the bottles from under the seat, she offered it to the officer as a token of her kind wishes. To show him it was genuine she gave it to me and took some herself. When the Captain had tested its merit he was loath to give it up, and soon we knew that the passage would be permitted. He told us to go on into Nashville and not to trouble about return passes, as he knew us and it would be all right. When we reached the city we drove to the home of Dr. John Watson, who was related to both of us. When we alighted my feet got tangled in my hoops, and I had great difficulty in navigating.

The Federals were camped all around the place, and when Dr. Watson discovered my identity he seemed to be very much frightened. After dinner we rode up into the town, stopping at the old Sevanee House, which was then the principal hotel of the city. My companion left me in the buggy in front of the hotel and went in to carry her aunt the wine. While I waited a long wagon train passed, and one of the wagons in passing backed against our buggy and came near upsetting me. I forgot I was a woman and said some things not nice to print. The excitement and the quick action of the driver saved me. He lifted my wheel off, mounted, and drove off as if he were glad to get out of the scrape. But my troubles were not over yet. My sweetheart had several cousins in the hotel and she told them who I was. They would come out and take a look at me and smile very broadly. Then a man came up to the buggy and said he knew who I was; he asked me how things were down South and, after talking a while, left me, saying he would soon return. All this time I was desperately anxious. After a while my strange friend returned and gave me a bundle of papers from all over the North. These proved to be a valuable source of information to Gen. Hardee and other officers when I reached my command. I was glad, indeed, when we drove away from that hotel and started back home. When we reached the picket line our Captain lifted his cap and passed us on our way rejoicing. When I arrived back in the Confederate lines I reported to Gen. Wm. B. Preston, and together we rode to Gen. Hardee's headquarters, where I made my report.

Earnest Fain, of Rogersville, Tenn., sends this incident, illustrative of the humors of camp life:

Bob and Bill, inseparable companions, were members of Company K, Twenty-ninth Tennessee, and were noted foragers. On one of their expeditions, while the Army of Tennessee was encamped near Murfreesboro, they discovered some chickens in a tree. Bob climbed up and got several, and "reached" them down to Bill; but the latter, discovering an elderly gentleman approaching, stood still, not knowing just what to do. Bob, in an undertone, said: "Hang it, Bill! Why don't you take 'em?" Standing with his back to the farmer, Bill said: "O no; my mother taught me better than that. I don't steal. If that is the game, I shall go back to camp." The farmer quietly took the chickens from Bob and handed them to Bill, saying: "That's right, young man. I know you have a good mother. God bless her. I'll make you a present of them for your honesty." Then, turning to Bob, he gave him a kindly lecture. Bob and Bill are living in Rogersville, Tenn.

Mr. J. G. Crockett, of Pulaski, Va., would like to hear from two soldier friends, Messrs. Waters and Rutherford, probably from Kentucky. Just before the close of the war they were recuperating at the home of Mr. Crockett's father, Maj. James M. Crockett, at Draper's Valley, Pulaski County, Va.



Capt. Thomas S. Herbert died at his home in Montgomery, Ala., early in February. He promptly enlisted as a Confederate soldier early in 1861, and was among the first to go to the front. His company was part of the famous Sixth Alabama Regiment, and was afterwards transferred to the equally famous Fifth Regiment. While in the latter, he lost a leg at Seven Pines, near Richmond, but remained in the service to the end. Capt. Herbert was a man of strong convictions and unflinching courage. He never gave up his love for the Confederacy, and his last request was "to be buried by the Confederate soldiers, and with his 'peg' leg on."

E. M. Bee, Brookhaven, Miss., writes that Col. T. R. Stockdale, former representative to Congress from his district, died recently at his home in Summit, Miss. Col. Stockdale was a gallant Confederate soldier, having been a charter member of the Quitman Guards in 1861. He was soon promoted to Third Lieutenant, and after staying in Virginia for some time he was made First Lieutenant. He served in the Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, and was afterwards made Major in the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry. Later he was promoted to the colonelcy. He was a splendid man and a brave soldier.

Col. R. P. Rowley, of Arkansas, died on December 14, 1895, and in losing him the cause of the Confederacy lost a champion indeed. He served with honor and distinction throughout the Confederate War, having enlisted as a private from Memphis, Tenn. He received rapid promotion, and was assigned duty in the Engineer's Corps, where he was frequently complimented for the dispatch and ability with which he executed orders. Toward the close of the war he was ordered to the trans-Mississippi Department and assigned duty with Gen. Kirby Smith, as Lieutenant Colonel commanding the Fourth Engineers' troops. Shortly before his death Col. Rowley was sent by Gov. Clarke, of Arkansas, to locate troops at Chickamauga Park. He was married after the war to Miss Mollie Overton Meriwether, who survived him but a few days.

Laurence P. Speck, a native of Rogersville, Tenn., born October 28, 1841, died at Morristown, Tenn., November 19, 1898.

He enlisted in the First Arkansas Confederate Infantry, at Camden, Ark., in April, 1861.

In the spring of 1862 he was transferred to the Nineteenth Tennessee, Army of Tennessee, then commanded by Capt. C. W. Heiskell. He was wounded at Shiloh; was captured and sent to Camp Douglas. He was exchanged at Baton Rouge, La., in the fall of 1862; rejoined his command, and sur-

rendered with Gen. Joe Johnston, at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865.

Soon after the war he became editor of the *Morristown Gazette*, and did good work as a newspaper man. He was alert and full of energy. He was a fast friend, a good citizen, a kind husband, a gentleman.

On April 1, 1867, he married Elizabeth Robertson, of Kosciusko, Miss., and her loving tenderness comforted him in his last sickness.

His record as a soldier was known to all of his old command. They all loved him. The heroic sacrifices and deathless deeds of the Confederate dead need neither sarcophagus nor cenotaph to perpetuate them.

James A. Blum reports the death of three members of Norfleet Camp, 436, of North Carolina, of which he is a member. They are: Nathaniel Crowder, of Company B, First North Carolina Battalion, Sharpshooters, died at his home in Forsyth County, September 19, 1898. He was a brave and true soldier, and served through the entire war. H. E. MeYer died on January 9, at his home in Salem, N. C. He enlisted in the Confederate army the latter part of the war, and though one of the youngest soldiers, he was one of the bravest. His place in our ranks can never be filled. The death of Col. A. B. Gorrell has also robbed us of a valued member. He belonged to the Fifty-seventh Regiment, North Carolina, and was a true soldier in every sense.

Mr. Eb. Priest, who has answered to the last roll call, was among the first soldiers who marched out under the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy. He went down to Pensacola with the old Enfaula Rifles, the first company accepted by the Confederate Government. He was afterwards transferred from the First Alabama, becoming the color bearer of the Thirty-ninth Alabama, Gen. Clayton's old command. It is said that he was absolutely without fear. His courage has been the pride of his comrades. On the 22d of July, in the fighting around Atlanta, he was desperately wounded. His command had been ordered to take an important breastwork held, and while leading his regiment he was shot in the right leg. He was in the act of fixing the flag upon their works. His life after the war was that of his soldier career—"without fear and without reproach."

A Lake Charles (La.) exchange says:

The familiar figure of Uncle Ben Stoddard will be seen on the streets no more. He died Tuesday morning of a paralytic stroke. Mr. Stoddard was over sixty-six years old, and has lived here thirty-five years.

On the occasion of his funeral the members of the "old guard" and other members of Camp No. 62, U. C. V., marched in a body to the house. Rev. E. C. White, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, delivered a most touching oration, after which Dr. W. A. Knapp, Commander, and W. H. Albertson, Chaplain, of the U. C. V. Association, took charge of the ceremonies and most impressively rendered the new ritual of the Order. These gentlemen also had charge of the ceremonies at the grave.

COL. W. C. SMITH.

BY SUMNER-KIRKPATRICK, NASHVILLE, TENN.

William Crawford Smith, of Scottish parentage, was born at Petersburg, Va., November 26, 1837.

He received the best education practicable in his native city. In early manhood he became interested in mechanism and construction, and thus became well equipped for architecture, his chosen field of labor.

In the conception of plans and the execution of designs his achievements were eminently successful. His supervision of the various structures that charm



COL. W. C. SMITH.

the eye on the attractive campus of Vanderbilt University, and the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church, at Nashville, which has the most beautiful and symmetrical auditorium in the South, the Shook school building at Tracy City, and many other public and private edifices, attest his genius and artistic attainments. His reproduction at the Tennessee Centennial of the Parthenon, that gem of art which beautified cultured Athens, received the most favorable comment of any structure in modern times.

Early in life he was identified with a local military company at Petersburg. Although he had located at Nashville just before the war between the States, he returned to Petersburg in 1861 and enlisted in the Twelfth Virginia regiment, and participated in its successes, shared its hardships, endured its privations, and shed his blood in its struggles. When the mine was sprung at the Crater, in his native Petersburg, on ground over which he had played in childhood, he held aloft his regimental colors until they were pierced by many balls and the staff severed in twain, the banner falling to the ground only to be raised by him again as an incentive to further efforts and greater sacrifices for the "land we love."

At the conclusion of hostilities in 1865 he returned

to Nashville, there remaining until storm clouds disturbed the peaceful relations between Spain and the United States. At this time he was colonel of the First Tennessee regiment of infantry, which comprised a part of the State guard. The regiment promptly tendered its services to the government, and immediately he was ready for active service.

Soon after organization and equipment they were ordered to San Francisco, and thence to Manila, where, at the head of his command, "on the firing line," he fell dead from his horse on the 5th of February, from a stroke of apoplexy. Had he lived, he would have honored his adopted State and the South. His chivalry would have been conspicuous, as he was already becoming eminent by special services and in having increased forces under his command.

Col. Smith was a man of extensive reading, and his mind was stored with much more than ordinary culture. He possessed genial qualities, generous impulses, tender emotions, and a conservative regard for the feelings of his fellow-man. Close attachments bound him to his many friends in social, Masonic, and Church life.

The satire of criticism's pointed thrust, poisoned with jealousy and ill will, or the impugning of his motives by the rasping spirit of malevolence, was painful to his sensitive nature; but he concealed the dart and murmured not at its pang, preferring to wait with patience for time to heal the merciless incision.

Those who knew him best loved him most, admired the purity of his intentions and the nobility of his ambition. They valued him for his devotion to truth and the entire absence from his heart of a rancorous or malignant spirit.



ZOLLIEFFER BARRACKS (MAXWELL HOUSE) IN WAR TIMES.

MRS. HARRIET MAXWELL OVERTON.

The death of Col. John Overton, reported in the *VETERAN* for January, was not a surprise, for he was nearly fourscore years of age; but his wife, though sixty-six years old, was ever so active and enthusiastic that there was promise of many years to her. She was conspicuous for her zeal especially in the Confederate cause. A lady friend recently spoke of her dark hair and remarkably active life, saying: "I hope you will live a long time." "I don't," was Mrs. Overton's reply, "for I want to be buried by the Confederates." The reason is evident. She was buried by the Confederates, and her funeral procession was one of the largest ever seen in Tennessee under the circumstances. The veterans had a guard of honor which rode in front and on each side of the hearse from Traveler's Rest to Mt. Olivet.

The funeral services were held by Rev. J. H. McNeilly, her pastor, and Rev. James I. Vance. The following tribute is by "C." who had known her from childhood:

Mrs. Harriet V. Overton was born near Nashville, Tenn., on January 9, 1832; and died at Pass Christian, Miss., on February 19, 1899, two months after the death of her dear husband, Col. John Overton.

She was the third daughter of Jesse Maxwell and his wife, Martha Ravenscroft Claiborne, both noted for their excellent characters. No worthier man ever lived; no nobler woman ever graced a happy home.

From her father Mrs. Overton inherited the firm principles of the Scotch-Irish blood of the Armstrongs and Maxwells, and through her mother the blood of William Claiborne, a Colonial Secretary and Treasurer of Virginia. At the age of eighteen she married Col. John Overton, of Traveler's Rest, Davidson County, Tenn., on February 28, 1850.

Traveler's Rest was established by Judge John Overton during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, thence onward renowned for its hospitality.

Into this historic home John Overton led his youthful bride, who immediately assumed its management

and through all its trials of forty-nine years added luster to its reputation.

Mrs. Overton was noted for tact, cheerfulness, and industry. Her love of flowers and arboriculture was notable. With her own hands she propagated the



JOHN OVERTON AND HARRIET MAXWELL OVERTON.

riches of her greenhouse, and adorned her large lawn with every species of tree. Order, comfort, cleanliness reigned in her house.

"The heart of her husband did safely trust in her." "She stretched out her hands to the poor." Her children rose up and called her blessed; "her husband also."

Eleven years glided by in happiness, in which time Mrs. Overton had taken her rightful place in Nashville society, then noted for its elevated demands.

But when all was changed in 1861 from gentle peace to horrid internecine war Harriet Overton felt the patriotic glow as descended from sires who had shared in the dangers and honors of the revolutionary struggle for liberty. She had heard from the lips of her "Grandma" Maxwell the thrilling incidents of suffering and battle of that mighty and prolonged struggle of the patriots. She had watched from the door of the home the middle-aged sire and his stripling son, as arms in hand they marched away to join the patriotic army. Her husband and his brother and other kinsmen had been of the immortal band that marched away to punish Ferguson and Tarleton at King's Mountain. She was familiar with all the battles and skirmishes of the great war, and its heroes were magnified in her stout and loving heart.

Harriet Overton imbibed from these relations her patriotic impulses. In her blood she found the courage that could not falter, and so it was that when she



TRAVELER'S REST.

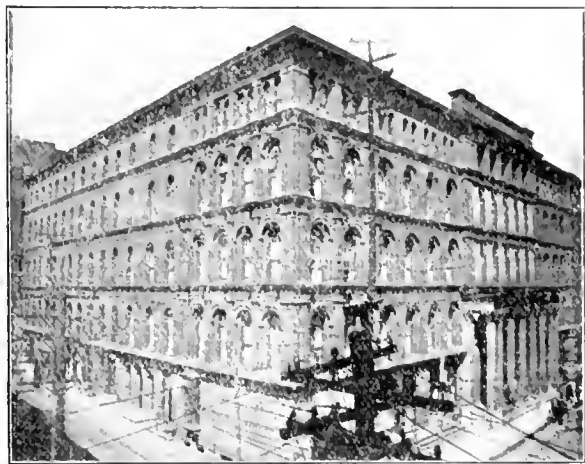
This illustration of the famous place is not a good one. During the century it has been enlarged from time to time, so that it is one of the most capacious plain residences in the country. Yet there is a familiar appearance in the picture, especially to those who saw it while the headquarters of Gen. Hood.

saw her relatives and friends and the gallant youth of her State mustering at the call to arms her ardor was kindled, and thenceforth she was devoted to the cause and its supporters.

Mr. Overton pledged his estate—which then was thought to be the largest in the State—to the cause. He abandoned all to follow the soldiers and care for them. His wife stimulated his devotion to the soldiers, and her enthusiasm rose to its height. Every Confederate who did his duty was a hero, a paladin; the Cid Campeador was eclipsed. Nothing was too good for the Confederates. She never ceased while living to extol with wonderful eloquence their achievements, and with heartfelt sympathy mourned their defeat. She could not rest until she saw the beautiful monument rise at Mt. Olivet. Her noble spouse and herself were its chief promoters, and when Decoration Day returned she carried thither her best and loveliest roses to decorate the lonely graves of the heroic dead. She enjoined upon her daughters in her last hours to never fail to see those graves annually decorated.

Through all the years that have gone since the close of the strife she strove to do them honor with unflinching effort. She requested that the Confederates should be her pall bearers, and that her precious battle flag, which for years was displayed in her parlor, should be invested about her in her last sleep.

Her wishes were fulfilled. The brave Confederates assembled to do her marked honor, and on the 21st of February, 1899, they laid husband and wife in the same grave in the beautiful Mt. Olivet, to rest under the sunlight and the watchful stars till resurrection morn shall break upon a new world, changed into unimaginable glories.



THE MAXWELL, NAMED FOR MRS. OVERTON.

In this connection mention is made of the Maxwell House, which was built by Col. Overton and named in honor of his wife's family. His pride in it will be the more appreciated in the statement that it is perhaps the best large brick structure in existence. The inner brick of its very thick walls are all hard burned; the foundation is a solid rock, and cement was used instead of ordinary mortar, even in the partition walls, which are all brick. There has never been an alarm of fire about it, although there have been many conflagrations, aggregating perhaps a million dollars, in the immediate vicinity. This was the noted Zollicoffer barracks, used for confining Confederates in war times. Col. Overton must have spent more than a half million dollars on this property. An important interest in it was left to his wife.

DR. MOSES D. HOGE.

It is some two months since the death of Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge. Notice was delayed through desire to have a tribute written by Rev. James I. Vance, D. D., of the same Church, who, though a young man, has been to the writer so like Dr. Hoge that a tribute from him seemed most appropriate. The VETERAN has had accounts of Dr. Hoge. The June number, 1893, page 177, contained his prayer at the grave of Jefferson Davis, and again there was a sketch of him and his remarkable career as chaplain at Richmond during the great war, and also of his fifty years' pastorate and a good picture. This was in the March number, 1895, pages 66, 67. Dr. Vance's tribute is as follows:

When Dr. Hoge passed away the city of Richmond lost its chief citizen, the South its most famous orator, and the Church its greatest preacher. His presence was majestic, his voice as full of eloquence as a harp of melody, and his personality magnetic and commanding. The first time I heard Dr. Hoge preach I thought: "To be able to preach like that is to be more than a king." His pulpit was a throne. His audience belonged to him from the moment his eagle eye swept the sea of upturned faces. With a heart large enough for the whole country and intensely patriotic, he loved the South with an unflinching devotion, and the Confederacy with an attachment that was as poetic as it was ardent. He was the champion of true catholicity and Christian fraternity. Who that heard him can ever forget the spell of his splendid eloquence as his glorious voice pealed forth like a trumpet his protest against the policy of "a hermit Church?" He must be classed not only with the great preachers but also with the great spirits of his time. I shall never forget his parting advice to me as I left Virginia to take charge of my work in Nashville. "Never drop down into sectarianism. Never lower your pulpit by making it a platform from which to fight the Christians of other denominations." As he said this, with the noble grace that so well became him, because it was so natural, I knew he was voicing the ideal of his own ministerial career, and his message had all the authority of a prophet's. Dr. Hoge did not believe it was necessary to be sectional in order to be Southern any more than it was necessary to be sectarian in order to be Christian.

His connection with the Confederacy is public history. The distinguished preacher at the capital of the Confederacy, and the intimate friend and counselor of the Southern leaders, it was to be expected that his would be a conspicuous figure during those years of storm and trial. Indeed, no great gathering of his Church or of his country was complete without the presence of this wonderfully gifted man. His courtly grace, his princely gifts, his resistless eloquence and matchless oratory, his simplicity of manner and great kindness of heart, his beautiful life and poetic temperament, the marvelous richness of his wonderful voice, and his magnetic and unsurpassed pulpit power must place Dr. Hoge's name among those of the greatest preachers of all time.

CARING FOR OUR DEAD.

THE WORK OF C. IRVINE WALKER CHAPTER, U. D. C.,
SUMMERSVILLE, S. C.

Near Summerville, S. C., during the war, there was a Confederate hospital, and from it were borne to their last resting place many of the heroes of our "lost cause." Their graves, until recently, have been unmarked, though their heroic deeds were not unhonored. Soon after the formation of the C. Irvine Walker Chapter, U. D. C., about a year since, these devoted women determined to care for the graves of these departed, but unknown, defenders of a loved cause whose glorious memories the chapter was formed to perpetuate. It had a membership of only a little over sixty members. They were without funds, which did not discourage them in their good intentions. Entertainments were given. The ladies bent every energy to the work, and before their first anniversary they had secured the funds to purchase the grounds, clear up the same, and have it nicely and substantially fenced and laid out, and beautiful oak trees planted around the hallowed spot; and all has been paid for, and they have some money over. They now propose a simple memorial stone to mark the spot. Under their fostering care, "Oak Grove Cemetery" will soon be a place of beauty, and a fit resting place for the dear ones who have consecrated the cause and this spot by their lives.

For the past thirty years the women of the South have been solicitous and tender in their care of our dead, and will not call on any alien hand to decorate and care for the graves of their fallen heroes. Devoted as the men of the Confederacy were to our holy cause, their devotion is excelled by the women of our Southland.

Address delivered by Mrs. P. G. Robert, President of the St. Louis Chapter, at its annual meeting:

The rapidly revolving wheels of time have brought us again to the halting place in our life as a chapter, where we pause to take account of our work and make ready for renewed effort.

Our work heretofore has been chiefly memorial and directed to the past, or in caring for the veterans themselves, a heritage of the past. Our secretary will to-day report work done for the graves of our soldiers who died in Northern prisons; for the window in memory of our one President, and the monument to our only loved Daughter of the Confederacy. But this year has a record, new in the annals of Confederate associations, all of which have been formed since the war—viz., working for the soldiers who did not wear the gray. Much of this has been done throughout the South generally, but nowhere more earnestly than by our chapter, under the able leadership of Mrs. A. C. Cassidy, which furnished, at a low estimate, \$1,200 of comfort to the Missouri troops.

It is a pleasure to look back and feel we added somewhat to the comfort of the Missouri volunteers in the none too easy experience of many a mother's darling.

To many of us it was a twice-told tale to spend the long, hot days and work until late into the nights to fix up comforts for the soldier boys. But it seemed strangely unlike our Confederate work, which is now

so largely memorial, underneath which runs the sad monotone of a muffled drum and the memory of blasted hopes.

The affairs of our State organization give us cause for congratulation. When we last held our annual meeting, we were but one of four chapters, and with only twenty-six members. To-day we number forty-five earnest women, with a State division, formed and officered, comprising already seven large chapters, with others in process of formation. Our experience of last winter has induced us to postpone our annual State Convention until the spring.

I cannot close this brief *résumé* of our work without a word of thanks to you ladies for the uniform courtesy and consideration shown to each and every officer and to each other. I am old in woman's work, but have never seen any association that in this respect equaled the Margaret A. E. McLure Chapter. I am sure not one word has ever been spoken that any one would wish recalled. Of your unvaried courtesy to me, your President, I cannot trust myself to speak, but will only say I know of no pleasanter duty than to preside at your meetings.

In conclusion I wish to say that, having filled this office for two terms, I earnestly wish you to select a younger woman for your President. My interest will be just the same, but I have often realized that the work of our chapter is greatly circumscribed by my inability to lead in energetic efforts, and I honestly feel the best interests of our work demand a younger woman at its head. Believe me, I am deeply earnest in this matter, and feel sure I am right.

Trusting you will show me the cordial support in this opinion that you have ever accorded me in everything else, I wish you a Godspeed in the new year, whose pages lie all fair and white before you. With what record will you fill them?

In her interesting report of the meeting of First Virginia Division, U. D. C., at Appomattox C. H., as published in last VETERAN, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant failed to record from her notes the account of a beautiful reception tendered by Mrs. J. R. Atwood, President of the local chapter, and who made the address of welcome. The name of the recording secretary was printed erroneously. It is Wysor.

A note from Miss Mary V. Duval, the author, requests the VETERAN to say that her little drama, "The Queen of the South," will be ready for sale in book form, good paper, by March 1, 1889. It can be had by writing to her. Single copy, 25 cents; per dozen, \$3. The play is not only suited to entertainments given by the Daughters of Confederacy organizations, but is admirably adapted to school and college commencements, to amateur theatricals, etc. The book has been officially indorsed by the Tennessee veterans, who assembled at Pulaski and saw the rendition of the play, and also by the local chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy there, of which Miss Sallie Ballentine, the efficient President, was a participant. After the expenses of publication are defrayed a part of the receipts will be devoted to the Sam Davis Monument Fund. Orders for the book will be highly appreciated. The publication has been prepared with much care. An engraving of the author adorns first page.

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.

The good news is recorded that after a year's hard work the Louisiana Division of our Confederation is established. Comrade W. H. McLellan, of New Orleans, the commissioned division commander, has appointed Mr. G. K. Renaud as his adjutant, and they have begun a systematic work throughout the State for the organization of camps and the arousing of an interest in our work. A camp which promises to be a large one is in process of organization in New Orleans, and Comrade McLellan reports several others as being organized. We earnestly hope that at the time of the reunion there will be a large number of camps on the roll of this division, and desire to express thanks to Gen. Moorman for the many favors extended, and for his help in commencing the movement in Louisiana.

Comrade Charles S. Swindells, of Dallas, Tex., has been commissioned as the commander of the Texas Division, and has taken hold of the work with characteristic energy. He has already succeeded in starting a camp at Waco, and the other camps in his division have been thoroughly aroused by his energetic work. He has a big field, but his work is being carried on so systematically that at the time of the next reunion his division will show a very large number of camps. Comrade Swindells has appointed Mr. L. G. Camp as his adjutant.

The North Carolina Division is as yet without a commander, owing to the resignation of the comrade who previously had charge of the work. However, Col. W. J. Woodward, of Wilmington, is giving his assistance in securing a worthy son for appointment as successor, and the next VETERAN will announce his appointment. Quite a large camp has been organized at Raleigh, N. C., and Mr. A. B. Andrews, Jr., has been elected commandant. This comrade is arranging the records of all individual members, and will apply for a charter. That entire camp expects to attend the reunion at Charleston.

Commander Bonham, of the South Carolina Division, has issued an earnest appeal to the camps of his State for systematic and active plans to aid the camps of Charleston in preparing for the approaching reunion. Great activity has been awakened among these camps, and all of them are getting ready to carry out the suggestions of their commander. Several new camps are being organized. A large one at Blackville is nearly completed, and delegates are being chosen for the reunion.

Unhappily in the Georgia Division very little is being done, but Commander Randolph is expected to make enthusiastic efforts, and thus have that division well organized to attend the Charleston reunion. The Tennessee Division is also very quiet, its commander being sick. However, he gives assurance that his division will be well represented at the reunion, and he

hopes to report soon the organization of several more camps.

General Order No. 13 has been issued from these headquarters, announcing the fourth annual reunion of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, to be held in Charleston May 10-13, 1899. Other information concerning the programme will be sent in good time. The attention of the camps is called in this order to the matter of their per capita dues, and camps are urged to give prompt attention to the same. All members of the Confederation should be present at that time. They can view Fort Sumter, where the first gun was fired, and learn much of thrilling interest. All sons are urged to diligence in behalf of new camps, and increasing the membership of those already organized.

ISAAC R. TRIMBLE CAMP NO. 1025.

This camp was formed in 1897, and now numbers one hundred and twelve members. One of its worthy purposes is to prepare and perpetuate a memoir of the life and distinguished services of Maj. Gen. Isaac Ridgeway Trimble, of the Army of Northern Virginia, who, in the councils of Lee and Jackson, "was the ranking Major General from Maryland." He was a West Point graduate, and after some years' service he resigned from the army and followed the profession of a civil engineer, in which he attained much distinction and success.

Gen. Trimble, as Colonel, in 1861, commanded the batteries at Mathias Point, Va., which blockaded the Potomac River. In 1862, as a Brigadier General, he followed Jackson and Lee until Gettysburg, in which battle he lost a leg, and was thereafter held as a prisoner of war until the end. As Lee's forces approached Gettysburg, Gen. Lee sent Gen. Trimble (being, as Lee said, a good engineer) with Lieut. Gen. Ewell to render him such aid and advice as he could. The two Generals arrived on the field at the close of the battle on the first day. The defeat of the Federals led Gen. Trimble to reconnoiter their right flank, whence he returned to Gen. Ewell and advised and urged him to immediately drive the enemy from Cemetery Ridge. This Gen. Ewell decided not to do, and Gen. Trimble believed, and many others also have always contended, that it lost the battle to the Confederates. Longstreet's failure to attack early on the second day was the next fatal blunder. On the third day of the battle, Gen. Lee ordered Gen. Trimble to take command of the decimated division of Gen. Pender, who was mortally wounded, and support Pickett's charge. Gen. Trimble bravely led the attack, but his men, like Pickett's, were mowed down or captured, Gen. Trimble suffering the loss of his leg.

A. W. Ramsey, Trenton, Tenn.: "To the members of Quarles' Brigade, composed of the Forty-second, Forty-sixth, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-third, and Fifty-fifth Tennessee Regiments, Infantry, and (part of the time) of the Fourth and Thirtieth Louisiana Regiments, Infantry: Can we not get up a history of this brigade? Who will undertake it? I am sure that many would assist."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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.

PARODY ON BULL RUN.

(From the famous *London Punch*—1861.)

At Bull Run, when the sun was low,
Each Southern face was pale as snow,
And loud as jackdaws rose the crow
Of Yankees boasting rapidly.
But Bull Run saw another sight
When, in the deepening shades of night,
Toward Fairfax Courthouse rose the flight
Of Yankees running rapidly.
Then broke each corps, with terror riven;
Then rushed the steel from battle driven;
The men of battery number seven
Forsook their red artillery.
Still on McDowell's farthest left
The roar of cannon strikes one deaf,
Where furious Abe and fiery Jeff
Contend for death or victory.
The panic thickens; off, ye brave!
Throw down your arms, your bacon save;
Waive, Yankees, all your scruples waive,
And fly with all your chivalry.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines," by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, at Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, H. L. Barber, Gen. Mgr., 356 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

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FROM A SOUTHERN GIRL.

O yes, I am a Southern girl,
I glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.
I envy not the Northern girl
Her robes of beauty rare;
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck,
And pearls bedeck her hair.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah for the Sunny South so dear!
Three cheers for the homespun dress
That Southern ladies wear!
This homespun dress is plain, I know,
My hat's quite common too;
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.
We've sent the bravest of our land
To battle with the foe,
And we would lend a helping hand—
We love the South, you know.

The Southern land's a glorious land,
And hers a glorious cause;
Then here's three cheers for Southern rights,
And for the Southern boys!
We've sent our sweethearts to the war,
But, dear girls, never mind;
Your soldier love will not forget
The girl he left behind.

A soldier boy is the lad for me,
A brave heart I adore;
And when the Sunny South is free,
And fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave
From out that gallant band;
The soldier lad I love the best
Shall have my heart and hand.

And now, young men, a word to you:
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave;
And that our tears fall for the one
Who fills a soldier's grave.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah for the Sunny South so dear!
Three cheers for the sword and plume
That Southern soldiers wear.

Comrade A. B. Hill, of Memphis, Tenn., sends the foregoing, with a note stating that he has no idea who wrote it.



"One Country,
... One Flag,"



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to Purchase . . .

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SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

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EVERBLOOMING ROSES
Red, White, Pink, Yellow, Blush,
Crimson, Flesh, and Apricot.

for **25 cts.**

ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER.

Send 25 cents for the above eight colors of Roses. I want to show you samples of the Roses I grow, hence this offer.

- Some Special BARGAINS in Flower Collections.**
- 3 Hibiscus; 1 Palm; 1 Jasmine, . . . 25 cts.
 - 8 Hardy Roses, each one different, fine for garden, . . . 25 cts.
 - 8 Finest Flowering Geraniums, double or single, . . . 25 cts.
 - 8 Carnations, the "Bivine Flower," all colors, . . . 25 cts.
 - 8 Prize Winning Chrysanthemums, world-beaters, . . . 25 cts.
 - 8 Assorted Plants, suitable for pots or the yard, . . . 25 cts.
 - 8 Beautiful Coleus, will make a charming bed, . . . 25 cts.
 - 8 Sweet-Scented Double Tube Roses, . . . 25 cts.
 - 3 Lovely Flowering Dwarf Camas, . . . 25 cts.
 - 10 Lovely Gladioli, the prettiest flower grown, . . . 25 cts.
 - 12 Superb Large-Flowered Pansy Plants, . . . 25 cts.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Any 5 sets for \$1.00; half of any 5 sets, 60 cents, post-paid. I guarantee satisfaction. Once a customer, always one. Catalogue Free.

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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, and lasts long. **Stops leaks and prolongs the life of old roofs.** Write for evidence and circulars. Agents wanted. **Allen Anti-Rust Mfg. Co., 413 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

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TRAVELING MEN desiring a salable side line of well-established staple goods (not requiring the carrying of samples)—commission 20 and 20—address: **MANUFACTURER, P. O. Box 153, Covington, Ky.**

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Afflicted with **SORE EYES** USE **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS
AND SONS OF VETERANS
WELCOME.

A hearty welcome is extended the "boys who wore the gray."

The historic old city is replete with historic events of the period of '61 to '65, and will prove of intense interest to all.

The nation has been cemented by the late war with Spain, and there is now "no North, no South, no East, no West," but the interest which centered around Fort Sumter during that period will never die.

This old fort is being equipped with modern disappearing guns, as already have Fort Moultrie, of revolutionary fame, and the modern Fort Jasper, the latter two located on Sullivan's Island.

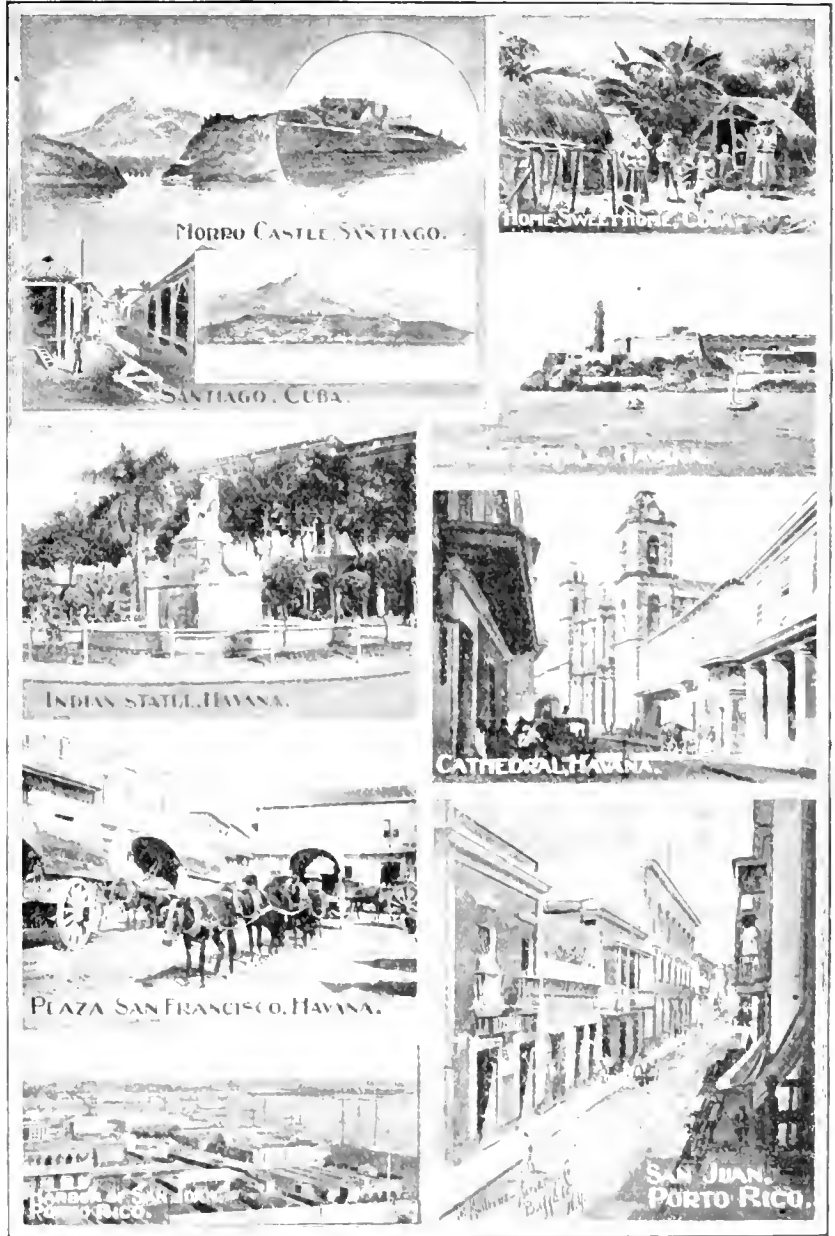
The mortar battery will also present claim for passing interest. All these are plainly visible from the harbor, with the straight-away channel to the sea, and the finest on the Atlantic seacoast.

While here the "strangers within our gates" should not fail to visit the many other points of interest in the city, as well as the new and charming seaside resort, the Isle of Palms. A "guide-book" of the city, with Confederate information, will be ready for all visitors, and will prove a valuable memento of a glorious occasion.

The South Carolina and Georgia Railroad Co. joins in the welcome extended to the veterans, and offers unequalled facilities for reaching Charleston by the acknowledged short line from all points. The equipment of "The Charleston Line" is first-class, and quick trains from Augusta and Columbia place Charleston at their gates.

Visitors to the city will do well to consult the time tables and see that their tickets read via the South Carolina and Georgia Railroad.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines," by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy un-official war books. Outfit free. Address, H. L. Barber, Gen. Mgr., 359 Dearborn Street, Chicago.



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AND
Commission Merchants.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

APPEAL FOR SOLDIERS' HOME.

Mr. Luther Manship was standing with some friends on a street corner in Jackson, Miss., sometime ago when an old Confederate, battle-scarred and feeble, appealed to him for direction to the Soldiers' Home. Mississippi has never provided a home for her Confederate veterans, so the old man turned away pained and disappointed. Mr. Manship afterwards wrote this poem:

A battle-scarred old veteran,
One who had worn the gray
And fought beneath the Southern flag
With glory as his pay,
Now bent with age and worn by time,
Stands waiting at the door,
And asks his State for shelter—
He's homeless, old, and poor.

Each scar upon his battered frame
Will eloquently tell
How, answering his State's behest,
He fought where foemen fell,
No straggler in the line was he,
But, like the knight of old,
The crash of arms for sacred cause
Was music to his soul.

When thunders of secession
Were heard on every hand,
From the war clouds that had gathered
Above our sunny land,
And roaring guns on Sumter
The jarring sections woke,
Till peace at Appomattox
Rolled back the battle smoke,

This veteran stood to duty
Like the needle to the pole,
And went wherever duty led
Through hardships never told.
He comes now with a shambling step,
Of health, of all, bereft,
And asks the State to help him
O'er the few short years that are left.

But the men who make the laws
And crowd our halls of state
Have failed to offer him a home,
And so he'll have to wait
Until some kindly hand
Shall lead him from the storm,
That breaks above his hoary head
And racks his tired form.

The State is poor, they tell us;
Ah! she must be poor indeed,
To see such heroes suffer
And not supply their need
Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor,
Sad to be thus denied,
But short the passage to the friendly
tomb.

Where the burden is laid aside
Old veteran, you must stand aside,
You're thirty years too late;
With a pittance for a pension,
We leave you to your fate,
Yet history, in coming years,
These truthful words shall say:
God never chastened braver men
Than those who wore the gray.

On Chickamauga's bloody field,
At Malvern Hill, as well,
In fact, upon a hundred fields,
These heroes fought and fell,
Full many sleep in unmarked graves
And will till judgment day,
But God, the giver of all good,
Will not o'erlook the gray.

GLORIOUS NEW DISCOVERY

That Cures Lung Troubles, Grip, Lung Consumption, and Catarrh.

By Special Arrangement with the Doctor Four Free Preparations (Formulae Dr. Slocum) Will be Sent to All Readers of the Confederate Veteran Who Write for Them.

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[EXTRACT FROM NEW YORK WORLD.]

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He has demonstrated the dreaded disease to be curable beyond a doubt, in any climate.

Indisputable facts prove that the Doctor's New Discoveries are an absolute cure for Consumption, Catarrh, and all bronchial, throat, lung, and chest troubles; stubborn coughs, scrofula, rheumatism, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and all wasting conditions; and, to better demonstrate its wonderful merits, he will send Four Free Preparations (The Dr. Slocum New System of Treatment), with full instructions, to all readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN who send for them, with complete directions for use in any case.

The System consists of Four Remedies, which act simultaneously and supplement each other's curative action.

Simply write to Dr. T. A. Slocum, 98

Pine Street, New York, giving name and full address.

There is no charge for medicine or correspondence advice—strictly confidential.

Knowing as we do of the undoubted efficacy, we urge every sufferer to take advantage of this most liberal proposition.

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No one medicine combines in itself all the properties requisite for successfully curing lung consumption, grip, and its results.

The Dr. Slocum treatment embodies in its four remedies the most logical, advanced scientific and successful methods of cure, and this broad and liberal free offer to our readers puts its great benefits within the reach of all.

WRITE TO THE DOCTOR.

Write for the complete free treatment NOW, before the results of the disease have become so deeply ingrained in your system as to render it difficult to get rid of them at all, and thus, perhaps, lead to a fatal result. When writing or calling please state that you read this article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

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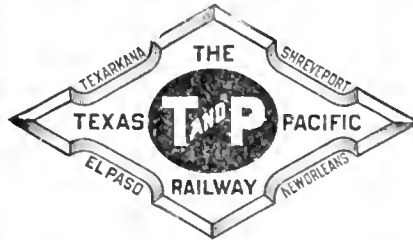
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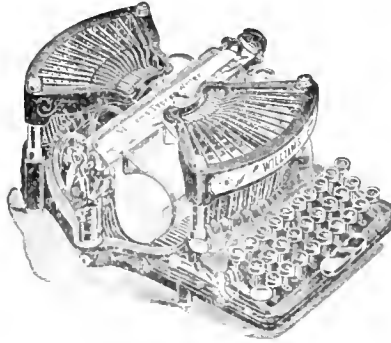
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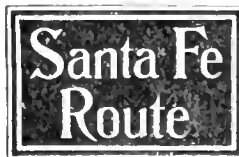
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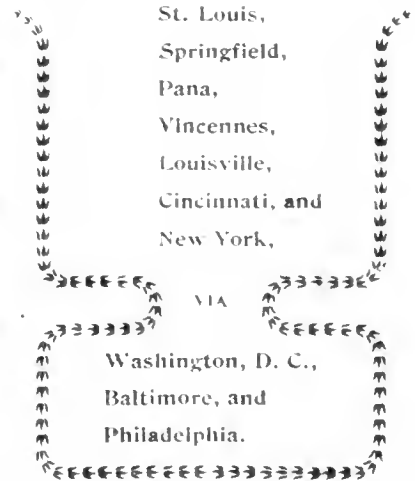
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FREE SAMPLE B. B. B. MAILED TO ANY
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If you have tried sarsaparillas, patent medicines and doctors, and still have old, persistent sores, pimples, distressing eruptions of the skin, painful sores on the hands, arms, or legs, itching sensation, irritating skin troubles, eczema, scrofula, ulcers, Blood Poison, fever sores, mercurial rheumatism, face covered with little sores, cancer or any other blood taint, then give B. B. B. a trial, because B. B. B.—Botanic Blood Balm—is made for just such cases, and it cures, to stay cured, those stubborn blood diseases that other milder medicines fail even to benefit. B. B. B. cures because it forces all the poison, or impurities, or blood humors which cause blood and skin diseases out of the body, bones, and entire system. We have thousands of testimonials, and to fully prove our statements we offer to send to any sufferer a sample bottle of B. B. B. absolutely free.

B. B. B. is vastly different from the watery nostrums or mild tonics that merely make you feel good for a short time, but which have utterly failed to permanently cure terrible Blood Diseases. B. B. B. is the strongest Blood Remedy made; is thoroughly tested, and leaves the patient, after using it, in fine condition. The appetite is stimulated, and the general tone of the system is vastly improved.

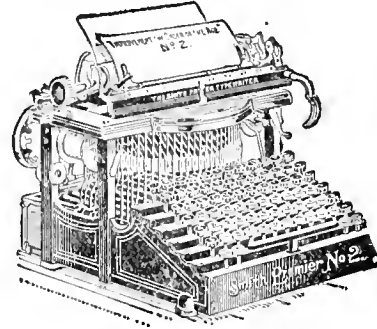
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Cancer of nose, lip, face, ear, or neck, breast, external or internal cancer, bleeding, eating sores, are all cured by B. B. B. Cancer is curable by B. B. B. because cancer is caused by virulent, deadly poison in the blood, and this poison is thoroughly eliminated by B. B. B., and a cure thus made in a painless and inexpensive manner.

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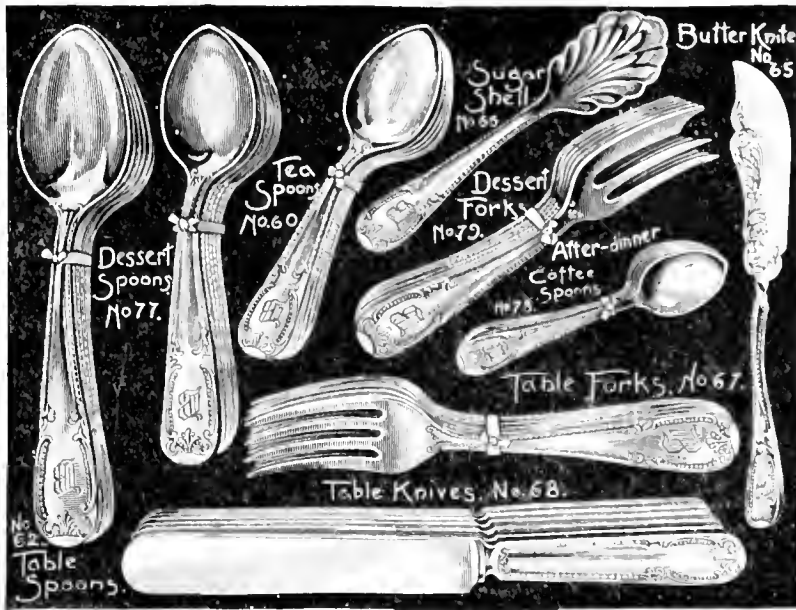
I felt better from the very first one I took. I had taken them for about a month, and was feeling so much better that I had forgotten about the bad feelings I used to have. The doctors called my trouble dyspepsia. I had it for about seven years, and had never in all my life been able to eat rich food or a very hearty meal. I often wondered why I should have so much dyspepsia. I would have what I call waterbrash sometimes four or five times a day, when clean water that seemed hot would run out of my mouth and the pain was something terrible for a minute, or else I would have pains at times in my stomach that would fairly double me up or pains in my shoulders and legs and all over me so that I would wish I was dead. I would send for the doctor, and when he came in he would say: "Well what is the matter now?" The best way to describe how I felt was just to say that everything was the matter with me and I felt bad everywhere. I think everybody who is troubled with their stomach ought to just try Ripans Tablets and they will soon know how valuable they are. My age is fifty-one years.

WANTED:—A case of bad health that RIPAN'S will not benefit. Send five cents to Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials. RIPAN'S, 10 for 5 cents, or 12 packets for 18 cents, may be had of all druggists who are willing to sell a standard medicine at a moderate profit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word RIPAN'S on the packet. Accept no substitute.

Fine Silverware Free!

THIS SILVER-PLATED WARE can be used in cooking, eating, and medicines the same as solid silver. The base is solid nickel-silver metal, is perfectly white, hard, and will never change color. It cannot turn brassy, corrode, or rust. We absolutely guarantee that each and every piece of this ware is plated with the full STANDARD amount of pure coin silver. In beauty and finish it is perfect.

FULL SIZE. All of this ware is full regulation size. Dessert forks are specially designed for cutting and eating pie, and dessert spoons are proper spoons with which to eat soup.



INITIAL LETTER. Each piece of this ware (except the knives) engraved free of charge with an initial letter in Old English. Only one letter on a piece. Say what initial you want.

The base of the table knives is fine steel highly polished. They are first plated with melk silver, which is as hard as steel, then plated with 12 pennyweights of coin silver. The best silver-plated knives on the market. For want of space pictures of the Berry Spoon, Pie Knife, Gravy Ladle and Child's Set are not shown here, but they are all of the same design and full regulation size.

PREMIUM OFFERS. We will send the VETERAN one year and the silverware to any one at the following prices:

The VETERAN 1 year and a Set of 6 Teaspoons for the club price of.....	\$1 50
The VETERAN 1 year and a Set of 6 Forks for the club price of.....	2 00
The VETERAN 1 year and a Set of 6 Tablespoons for the club price of.....	2 00
The VETERAN 1 year and a Set of 6 Knives for the club price of.....	2 50
The VETERAN 1 year and a Set of 6 Coffee Spoons for the club price of.....	1 50
The VETERAN 1 year and a Set of 6 Dessert Spoons for the club price of.....	1 75
The VETERAN 1 year and a Set of 6 Dessert Forks for the club price of.....	1 75
The VETERAN 1 year and Sugar Shell and Butter Knife, both for.....	1 50
The VETERAN 1 year and Berry Spoon for the club price of.....	1 45
The VETERAN 1 year and Pie Knife for the club price of.....	1 45
The VETERAN 1 year and Gravy Ladle for the club price of.....	1 45
The VETERAN 1 year and Child's Set (Knife, Fork, and Spoon) for the club price of.....	1 45

SILVERWARE FREE For Clubs of Subscribers' to the VETERAN at the Clubbing Price, \$1 each.

Set of 6 Teaspoons given free for a club of 4 subscribers at	\$1 each
Set of 6 Forks given free for a club of 4 subscribers at	1 each
Set of 6 Tablespoons given free for a club of 4 subscribers at	1 each
Set of 6 Knives given free for a club of 6 subscribers at	1 each
Set of 6 Dessert Spoons given free for a club of 3 subscribers at	1 each
Set of 6 Dessert Forks given free for a club of three subscribers at	1 each
Set of 6 After-Dinner Coffee Spoons given for a club of 2 subscribers at	1 each

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MEMPHIS AND CHATTANOOGA
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FROM
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NEW ORLEANS VIA MERIDIAN, AKRON, BIRMINGHAM, ATTALLA,
TO
WASHINGTON BALTIMORE,
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VIRGINIA CITIES
QUICK TIME TO ALL POINTS **EAST**
via Bristol and Shenandoah Valley.

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(OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE HOUSE IN AMERICA.)

Have erected nine-tenths of the Confederate Monuments in the United States. These monuments cost from five to thirty thousand dollars. The following is a partial list of monuments they have erected. To see these monuments is to appreciate them.

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- Helena, Ark.
- Macon, Ga.
- Columbus, Ga.
- Thomasville, Ga.

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- Dalton, Ga.
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Now have contracts for monuments to be erected at Jacksonville, Fla. Tennessee and North Carolina Monuments in Chickamauga Park. Winchester, Va.

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AN ALKALINE, SALINE, MAGNESIAN, CALCIC, SULPHUR WATER.

Brick Church Pike, N. E. Nashville.

THIS water is recommended by physicians to be the finest mineral water in this country. AN INVALUABLE REMEDY IN CASES OF Indigestion, Kidney Troubles, Chronic Skin Diseases, Constipation, Sore Eyes, Torpid Liver, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Headache, etc. A Genuine Mild Purgative, and unequaled as a Tonic to tone up an overworked constitution.

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Business Office, Same as Confederate Veteran, Second Floor M. E. Publishing House.

Telephone 393.

ANALYSIS OF ROCK CITY MINERAL WATER.

CUMBERLAND UNIVERSITY, CHAIR OF CHEMISTRY.

LEBANON, TENN., April 30, 1897.

Reaction, alkaline; specific gravity, 1.005108. Water clear. No suspended matter. A 10 cc. precipitate of sulphur forms on standing. Water almost free from organic matter.

	Cubic Centimeters in the Liter	Cubic Inches to the Gallon
Hydrogen Sulphide.....	31.8	7.25
Carbon Dioxide.....	5.680	12.89
	Parts in 100,000	Grains to the Gallon
Potassium sulphate.....	73.31	16.35
Sodium Sulphate.....	102.40	23.82
Calcium Sulphate.....	80.79	17.19
Magnesium Sulphate.....	155.41	34.79
Magnesium Bicarbonate.....	.75	.12
Sodium Bicarbonate.....	5.71	1.24
Sodium Chloride.....	65.60	14.32
Sodium Hyposulphate.....	.21	.44
Sodium Hydrosulphide.....	.20	.42
Silica.....	41.60	9.130
Alumina.....	.60	.135
Iron.....	Trace.	Trace.
Lithium.....	Trace.	Trace.
Total Solids.....	533.11	117.41

The analysis shows that this is a powerful water, combining the properties of saline, magnesian, calcic, and sulphur waters. It is remarkable for the large quantity of common salt and sulphates. It resembles the water of Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia, but has a larger proportion of magnesia and soda. It is similar to the waters of Seindorf and Friedrichshall, Germany. The latter is one of the most popular of European spas. It is remarkably similar, except as to the sulphur, to the famous Seiditz water of Bohemia, which is shipped to all parts of the world.

It has good shipping qualities, losing nothing but the hydrogen sulphide. The water is so strong that its effects will be secured without drinking large quantities.

J. I. D. Hixson, Analyst.

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Extraordinary Inducements in Liberal Commissions and Premiums,
Including Best Southern Books, Fine Watches and Silverware.

Sponsor Souvenir Album and History of Reunion of United Confederate Veterans at Houston, Tex., 1895. Cloth, \$3.50; morocco, \$6. Finest volume of the kind ever published, and contains about one thousand fine engravings. The cloth edition will be sent for seven and the morocco for twelve subscriptions.

Defense of Charleston Harbor, including Fort Sumter and adjacent islands, by Rev. Dr. John Johnson, of Charleston, who was a major of engineers, and served at Fort Sumter through its great bombardment. This book is elegantly printed, supplied abundantly with maps and fine engravings. The United States Government would do well to procure the plates and publish it extensively. The price is \$4 cloth, and \$5 half Russia. Every veteran who can afford it should procure and study this work before going to the reunion. It will be sent in cloth for eight and in half Russia for ten subscribers to the VETERAN.

Great Warner Library of World's Best Literature. In thirty volumes, half morocco, price \$300. This valuable work will be given with three hundred subscriptions; a cash margin will be given.

American Encyclopedic Dictionary. Twelve superb volumes, new edition, and contains the most liberal Confederate record ever published. Price, \$35, or given with sixty subscriptions.

Hancock's Diary, two volumes in one, 644 pages, illustrated. Price, \$2; will be sent for four subscriptions to the VETERAN.

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Christ in the Camp, 624 pages, is illustrated, and characteristic of the eminent author, Rev. J. William Jones, D. D. Price, \$2.50. Given as a premium for five subscribers.

Virginia Before and During the War, by H. H. Fariner. Price, 25 cents, paper. 102 pages. Sent with two subscriptions, or with VETERAN for \$1.10.

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By its President, Jefferson Davis. Unquestionably the most valuable book that can be written as authoritative history of the Confederate struggle, and every family which sympathizes with that movement should secure it. The VETERAN will supply it, postpaid, in splendid leather binding, free for twenty subscriptions. Publishers' price, \$12.

Life of Jefferson Davis,

A memoir by his wife deserves mention in connection with the above work. This book is very cheap at five dollars, and the veterans resolved at the Atlanta reunion to cooperate for its advancement. Gen. G. B. Gordon, in a letter dated February 10, 1899, writes: "I sincerely wish that a movement could be made that would induce such a subscription as would bring relief to her from pressing financial necessities." We will send it for twelve subscriptions, and will remit the full price of the book to Mrs. Davis.

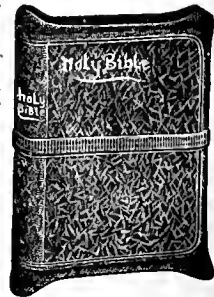


Remember the Watch Premiums. The most popular premiums ever offered clubs of subscribers to the VETERAN are the beautiful watches with gold-filled cases. It seems incredible that such exquisite timepieces, with guaranteed movements, can be furnished for so small sums as are required in subscriptions to the VETERAN.

For twenty subscriptions we will send a Lady's Gold-Filled Watch, standard movement; and for eighteen subscriptions, the Gentleman's Watch, of same quality and movement. The Ladies' Watches are the more expensive. For four additional subscribers a neat

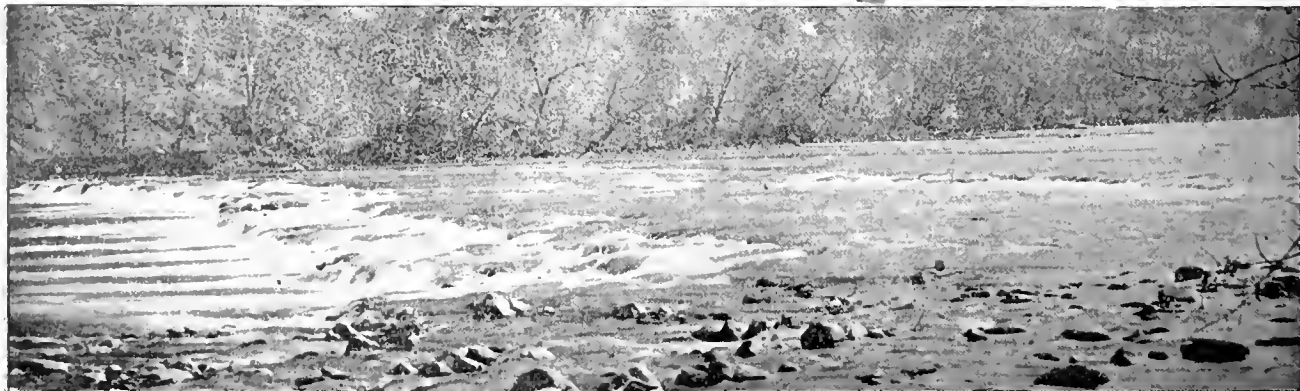
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Teachers of children in Sunday school can instantly gain their attention with these beautiful pictures, and then relate the story illustrated; while children at home, attracted by these illustrations, will love better the "sweet story of old." This real work of art speaks to the heart. The leading events of the Old and New Testaments are real and life-like. See ads. in late issues of VETERAN.



J B Tate

Feb 99



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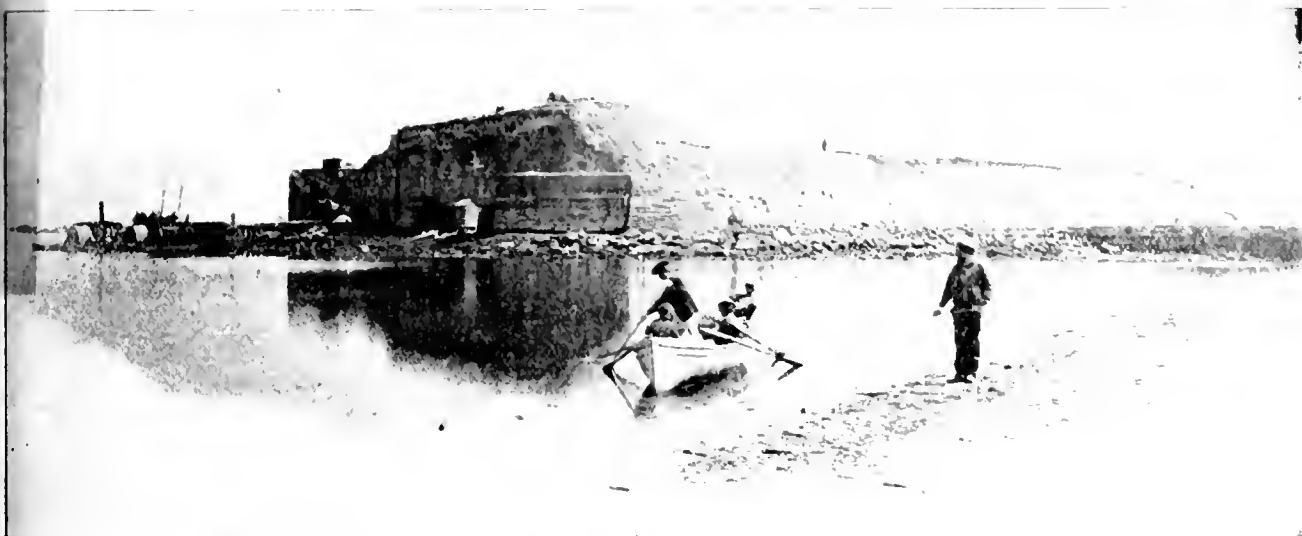
All Camps of Veterans and of Sons, also all Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy, are urged to advance the Veteran. Supplied free to every organization in which no member can subscribe.

Vol. 7.

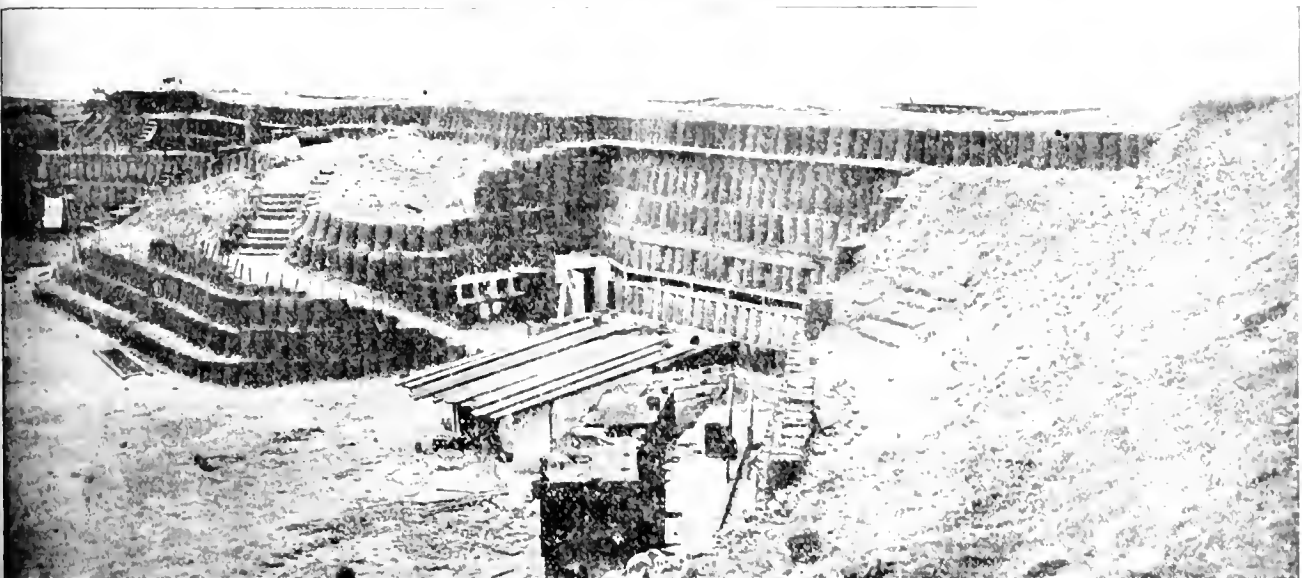
NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1899.

No. 3.

Confederate Veteran



EXTERIOR VIEW OF FORT SUMTER AS IT APPEARED AT CLOSE OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR.



INTERIOR VIEW OF FORT SUMTER AS IT WAS LEFT AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE CONFEDERATE STRUGGLE.
The above are from photographic prints of the famous fort, made by the United States Government in 1865.

365 STEELES 751

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Agents Wanted for the Veteran Everywhere. Write for Outfit and Terms at Once.

FREE TO ALL!

A Cure for Blood and Skin Diseases—Ulcers, Eating Sores, Scrofula, Cancers, Kidney Trouble, Eczema, Pimples, Blood Poison.

REMEDIES SENT ALL CHARGES PREPAID.

Get rid of the bad blood in your system, and you get rid of the disease. If you have old, persistent sores, pimples, distressing eruptions of the skin,



DR. GILLIAM,

the Atlanta specialist on Blood Diseases. Dr. Gilliam discovered and used B. B. B. in his private practice for 30 years.

Get rid of the bad blood in your system, and you get rid of the disease. If you have old, persistent sores, pimples, distressing eruptions of the skin, painful sores on hands, arms, or legs, itching sensation, irritating skin trouble, eczema, scrofula, ulcers, Blood Poison, fever sores, mercurial rheumatism, catarrh, boils, face covered with little sores, cancer, or any blood taint, then give B. B. B. a trial, because B. B. B.—Botanic Blood Balm—is made for just such cases, and it cures, to stay cured, those stubborn blood diseases that other milder medicines or doctors fail even to benefit. B. B. B. cures because it forces all the poison or impurity or blood humors (which cause blood and skin diseases) out of the body, bones, and entire system. We have thousands of testimonials, and to remove all doubt we offer to prove the curative powers of B. B. B. to any sufferer by sending a sample bottle absolutely free.

Positive Evidence that B. B. B. Cures VIOLENT SKIN DISEASE.

S. C. Caruthers, of Moreville, La., was cured of a violent skin disease on lips, face, and tongue with a single bottle of Blood Balm.

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After spending a large sum of money in vain, Mr. E. Taylor, of White Bluff, Tenn., was cured of ulcers. Eminent physicians and the various springs failed, but Blood Balm cured him.

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Mr. B. W. Beazley, of Americus, Ga., suffered with sores all over his body, eating into holes. Blood Balm cured him in a very short time.

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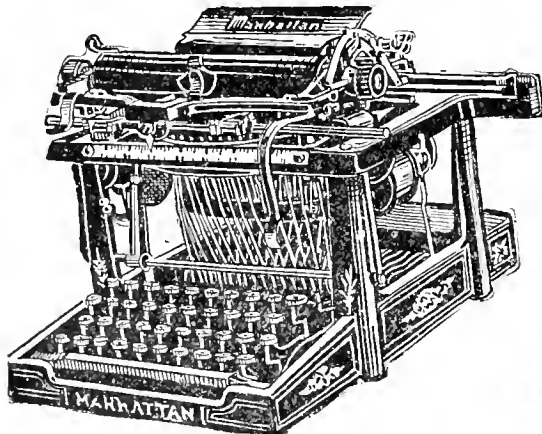
J. A. Maddox, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I had great trouble in passing urine, which was filled with sediment. My back and loins gave me much pain, and I lost my appetite, strength, and flesh. I became nervous and unable to sleep. Two bottles of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gave me entire relief and completely cured me."

CANCER ON LIP.

Allen Grant, Sparta, Ga., writes: "A painful sore came on my lip. It was pronounced epithelial cancer by prominent physicians. I also had much pain and great weakness in the back. Eight bottles of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) healed the sore, gave me strength, and made me well."

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.

All druggists sell B. B. B. at \$1 per large bottle, or six large bottles (full treatment), \$5. Write for free trial bottle, and a sample bottle of B. B. B. will be sent by return mail, all charges prepaid. Address BLOOD BALM CO., 77 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. Describe your symptoms, and free personal medical advice will be given.



THE MANHATTAN.

NEW BUT NO EXPERIMENT. Elegant, Durable,

Light, and Easy Touch. GREAT CUT IN PRICE.

\$85 Easy Payments.

\$75 SPOT CASH.

HARRY MYERS, Southern Agent, Nashville, Tenn.



HYGIENIC VAPOR BATH.

"Only Perfect Bath Cabinet."

Latest patent April 5, 1898, which puts it far ahead of any other. Turkish, Russian, or any kind of medicated bath in your room for only 3 cents. Cleanses, purifies, invigorates, tones up the entire system. You feel like a new being. Ladies enthusiastic in its praise. A hot child can operate it. Size, folded, 13x13, 4 in. thick. Weight, 5 lbs. Price, \$5. 20¢ oil to preachers.

AGENTS WANTED! Exclusive territory. Some sell 12 a day; one averaged 100 a month for seven months; another, 4 dozen a week for the past 4 weeks—all are doing splendidly. No catch-penny methods. 32-page book free. Write to-day.

R. M. IRWIN, Inventor, Nashville, Tenn.

Accredited solicitors for subscriptions and advertisements to the VETERAN are given liberal commissions. Nearly all premiums offered in the past are renewed.

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: each six months, one issue.

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.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially 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. VII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.)

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1899.

NO. 3, W. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

PREPARING FOR THE REUNION.

The Commander of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., through his Adjutant General, sends out General Order No. 40, from which notes are made:

The headquarters of the division during the reunion will be at Market Hall, Meeting and Market Streets. Comrades will please register there and make it their general assembling place. While the comrades of the division will be the guests of Charleston (and indeed of the people of the State of South Carolina), none the less they must play the part of hosts, and be prepared to share their blankets and the contents of their haversacks and canteens with the visiting comrades from the other divisions, and with all Confederate veterans who may join us in commemorating the memories so dear to us.

Miss Mary Carwile, of Edgefield, daughter of Brig. Gen. T. W. Carwile, commanding Second Brigade, is announced as division sponsor for the current year, and Miss Lula Cassels Lake, daughter of Col. George B. Lake, as maid of honor. The honorary maids of honor will be Miss Minnie Agatha Wright, of Gainesville, Tex., and Miss Lulie Wagener, grandniece of the late Gen. John A. Wagener, of Charleston. To Miss Wright the thanks of the comrades are due for her modest but effective efforts to influence the vote of the Texas delegation at Atlanta in favor of Charleston.

The camps of the division are solicited to put themselves in position to exert the full influence this division is entitled to as the representative of the first State to assert itself for State rights in the sixties, and all Confederate veterans in the State not now members are fraternally invited and urged to join one of the camps of the division, or to form new camps.

The Commanding General of the division suggests that as many of the camps as can do so uniform their members in a simple and inexpensive suit, or sack only, of Confederate gray, with a dark hat. Each reunion shows more uniformed camps, and the South Carolina Division should keep pace with the growing sentiment.

SKETCH OF MAJ. FERGUSON.

I feel it my privilege to add to your list of worthy Confederates a brief sketch of the high-toned gentleman whose name I have the honor to bear—Emma Henry Ferguson.

James B. Ferguson was appointed by the Confederate government at Richmond in 1861 to organize and put into operation the quartermaster's department of the Confederate States. Having by prompt financial ability placed it upon a firm basis, he was in 1862 ordered to Europe to supply its demands, the manufactories of the South being inadequate for the clothing of the army.

It was while serving his government abroad that the first letter written to him by Gen. Robert E. Lee, a copy of which was published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of November, 1868, was received, having been carried out upon the person of the writer of this sketch, who ran through the blockade from Wilmington, N. C., to the Bermuda Islands in the spring of 1864 to join her husband in England.*

Upon the delivery of this letter the writer heard for the first time that the uniform and blanket so courteously and beautifully acknowledged by our noble chieftain had not been received—they were lost in the

* See in *Lippincott's Magazine* "Running the Blockade," by Emma Henry Ferguson, October, 1893.



MAJ. JAMES B. FERGUSON

blockade; but the letter from Maj. Ferguson announcing the shipment of the box containing them from Liverpool had been mailed at Bermuda on another ship, and reached the Confederacy safely.

In July, about three weeks after the arrival of the writer in England, Maj. Ferguson proposed to send another box to Gen. Lee, and a trio of ladies—Mrs. Irvine, the wife of a Scotch manufacturer, and an ardent admirer of Gen. Lee; Lady Florence Eardley, whose mother was a Miss Pope, from Alabama; and Mrs. Ferguson—made up a lavish sum and filled a box with rich and useful articles. It contained a very fine uniform, cavalry boots, gauntlets, and the handsomest lieutenant general's scarf to be found in London. Also there was cloth to make a uniform for Gen. Longstreet, whose measure he did not have, therefore could not venture upon a make up. This box was shipped from Liverpool in August, 1864, and although the blockade had become an almost impossible barrier between the Confederate States and the outside world, the box arrived safely at Wilmington. More remarkable still, the letter to Maj. Ferguson acknowledging its receipt went out safely, and is herewith subjoined:

PETERSBURG, October 10, 1864.

My Dear Major: I have delayed thanking you for your letter of July until I could inform you of the safety of the box by Mr. Andrews. I heard of its arrival at Wilmington, but much time elapsed before it reached the careful hands of your brother, Maj. William Ferguson, at Richmond, who kindly distributed the contents.

With my whole heart I thank Lady Eardley, Mrs. Irvine, and Mrs. Ferguson for the useful articles sent me, and beg you to give them my grateful acknowledgments. I know it will give them and you pleasure to learn that Gen. Longstreet has returned to the army, and, though not entirely recovered from his wound, yet I hope sufficiently to resume his duties.

The army appreciates your zealous and self-sacrificing efforts in promoting their comfort, and hail with pleasure the arrival of every cargo you send. May you continue to be able to supply their wants!

I trust your prayers and those of our transatlantic friends in our behalf may be heard by our merciful God and answered in his own good time, and may the day not be far distant when you will return to us in peace and happiness!

Very truly your friend and servant, R. E. LEE.

To Maj. J. B. Ferguson, Confederate States Army.

The uniform sent Gen. Lee in the aforesaid box has become historic through two distinct records. The first to chronicle is that he wore it for the first time the day of his surrender to Gen. Grant. An eyewitness of that memorable occasion says: "When the General stepped out of his tent that morning he was dressed in a magnificent new uniform that his staff officers had never before seen, his cavalry boots, gauntlets, and lieutenant general's scarf forming a perfect equipment. He looked, as he was, a full-blooded cavalier, a type of high chivalrous manhood, to be remembered by those who beheld him through all time."

When Gen. Lee's statue was to be modeled in Paris Mercier, the sculptor, wrote to Richmond, Va., for the uniform he surrendered in to be sent him, so the uniform crossed the Atlantic again, and the equestrian

statue on the Lee monument at Virginia's capital has modeled upon it the full dress uniform chosen by his friends in England in 1864, a lasting record of devoted adherence to the Confederate cause and personal regard for its mighty chieftain.

The attachment of Gen. Lee to Maj. Ferguson is attested in these two letters. Maj. Ferguson's only son, James B. Ferguson the third, resides on the old historic estate of his father and his grandfather, in Goochland County, Virginia.

As financier and business man Maj. Ferguson's record was from early manhood marked by a spirit of enterprise and lofty honor that placed him among the highest in the markets of America and Europe. It has been said of him by his contemporaries that he never conducted a business transaction that did not bear the signet of a noble integrity. His remains lie in the cemetery of Union Church, Goochland County, Va., near his old homestead, La Vallee.

COMPARING TWO GREAT ARMIES.

BY W. S. CHAPMAN, INDIANOLA, MISS.

I write a brief article to correct an error on page 74 of the February number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

In an address by Judge A. T. Watts before the Sterling Price Camp, he says: "Gen. Grant marched into the Wilderness with 140,000 men, and was met by Gen. Lee with 60,000; Gen. Sherman opened the Atlanta campaign with 100,000 men, and was confronted by Gen. Johnston with 60,000."

I do not know by any official report how many men either Gen. Lee or Gen. Grant had at the Wilderness battle. In the December number, 1896, of the *Century Magazine* Gen. Horace Porter states: "Grant's troops numbered about 116,000 present for duty, and the Army of Northern Virginia, from the best available data, between 75,000 and 80,000 men present for duty, equipped. As late as January 10, 1865, the aggregate number of soldiers present in Gen. Lee's army was 74,408, and present for duty of this aggregate, 61,748, with Hoke's Division left off then in North Carolina and Connor's Brigade in South Carolina and the cavalry of the Valley district also not included, when some of these troops were undoubtedly with Gen. Lee in the Wilderness battle." It appears on the surface, at least, that the estimate of Gen. Porter of the effective strength of Gen. Lee's army at the battle of the Wilderness was not far wrong.

In the Atlanta campaign the number of Gen. Johnston's army or of Sherman's at the beginning of the campaign is not left to uncertain speculation or guess. Gen. Johnston had in all for duty 42,856 men, and had also 120 cannon. Of this number of soldiers, he had 37,652 infantry, 2,812 artillerymen, and 2,392 cavalry. Gen. Sherman had then 88,188 infantry, 4,460 artillerymen, and 6,140 cavalry, and had also 254 cannon. The Army of the Cumberland, under Gen. Thomas, 60,773 men and 130 cannon; the Army of Tennessee, under Gen. McPherson, 24,465 men, and 96 cannon; and the Army of the Ohio, under Gen. Schofield, 13,559 men and 28 cannon, made up Gen. Sherman's army at Dalton, aggregating 98,797 soldiers. Before we left Rocky Face Gen. Sherman was reinforced by over 14,000 cavalry, making his effective force about 113,

000 men to Gen. Johnston's 42,856 men—nearly three to one.

All these figures are official. See the *Atlanta Constitution*, page 3, Wednesday, July 20, 1898: "History of Georgia," by Gen. I. W. Avery, page 274; "Hood's Advance and Retreat," pages 223 and 224; report of Kinloch Falconer, who was then assistant adjutant general of Johnston's army. All make the same statement, showing Johnston's army at the beginning of the Atlanta campaign to number 42,856. The same sources give Johnston the following reinforcements: At Resaca, 8,000; near Kingston, 4,000; at New Hope Church, 2,200; near Adairsville, 3,000 cavalry; near Resaca, 3,500 cavalry, making a total of 64,456 soldiers, and this was decreased by J. K. Jackson's command of 600 sent to Savannah, Ga., making a total of all, at any time connected with Johnston's army, except Jackson's 600, during the Atlanta campaign, of 63,856 men.

Sherman was further reinforced at Acworth by Blair's Corps, 9,000 strong, and during the campaign at different periods by new regiments and returned furloughed soldiers, estimated at over 10,000 men, making his total while opposed to Johnston at least 132,000 men, or more than two to Johnston's one, this disparity being increased at the commencement of this struggle so as to give Sherman nearly three men to Johnston's one at Rocky Face. Gen. Sherman, in his "Memoirs," Vol. II., page 136, on June 1 gives his effective force at 112,819, and this, too, after the bloody repulses at Rocky Face, Resaca, Adairsville, and New Hope Church. Subsequently Blair's 9,000 soldiers joined him, and the battle of Kennesaw was fought by three-fourths of his army, and after that disastrous defeat on July 1 he gives the strength of his army numerically at 106,050, showing his losses from June 1 to July 1 to aggregate about 16,000 men.

In further verification of the great odds against Gen. Johnston I desire to quote Gen. Avery in his "History of Georgia." Gen. Avery was with Gen. Johnston in that campaign until desperately wounded at New Hope Church. He says: "When Gen. Johnston was removed he had been fighting an army double his own for seventy-four consecutive days. He had lost in killed and wounded 9,450 men, and inflicted a loss upon the enemy equal to the Southern army. He turned over to Gen. Hood a splendid, experienced army of 50,627 veteran soldiers—disciplined, seasoned, and buoyant, as fine a band of fighters as the world ever saw, well equipped, well officered, and well organized.

The removal of Johnston was the beginning of the end. It was the turning point to ultimate failure. Sherman gave a long, deep breath of relief, and said: "Heretofore the fighting has been as Johnston pleased, but hereafter it shall be as I please." From this time on the cause steadily sank until engulfed in ruin.

To vindicate the truth of history I respectfully ask that this brief article be published. I was with the Army of Tennessee from the beginning until the close, and bear testimony that no other man in civil or military life possessed to the same extent the great love, confidence, and admiration of the soldiers of the Army of Tennessee. As an able historian has written of Johnston's campaign in Georgia, "it was a faultless demonstration of soldierly genius," and every soldier knew it to be such.

MRS. SULLIVAN, SOLDIER AND NURSE.

W. W. Cunningham, Company D, First Tennessee Regiment:

Capt. Field commanded Company K., of Maney's First Tennessee Regiment before his promotion to colonel. To Company K Mr. Sullivan and wife belonged.

Mrs. Sullivan was tall and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. She was of Irish ancestry, and at the beginning of the war was about thirty years old. This kind, unselfish woman was loved and respected by all the soldiers. I have seen her take the shoes from her own feet and give them to some sore, barefooted boy who was unable, at that time, to secure shoes; then, barefooted, she walked with the company through the valleys.

When Gen. Lee moved out of the camps at Valley Mountain in Western Virginia to meet Rosecrans at Beverly, he left his sick in camps at Valley Mountain. The supplies giving out, Mrs. Sullivan made soup for the sick from the beef bones she could find. On Gen. Lee's return, he ordered those who could possibly walk to move on. The roads at this time—fall and summer of 1861—were in a deplorable condition. A four-mule team could scarcely pull an empty wagon, and consequently the boys were compelled to carry their tents. Mrs. Sullivan went with the army from Valley Mountain to Sewell Mountain to meet Rosecrans. From there we came back to Huntersville, where we were to go into winter quarters, but we had not more than half completed our huts before we were ordered to Winchester, Va., Gen. Loring being our commander. Reaching there, we were placed under command of Gen. Stonewall Jackson.

About the 1st of January, 1862, the army moved to Hancock, on the south branch of the Potomac, and from there to Romney. One night while there the long roll beat to arms. The men, and also Mrs. Sullivan, fell into ranks. Capt. Flournoy, seeing her (Capt. Fields had been made major), made her go back to camp, though the snow was two inches deep. In the excitement I had to go to my tent for my cartridge box. Mrs. Sullivan's tent joined mine, and having reached there first, I heard her say Capt. Flournoy could drive her from the line, but when they got to fighting she would go up and take a hand. But it was all a false alarm, and from Rodney we were ordered to Winchester, where Col. Maney got orders to move to Tennessee. He took the left wing of his regiment to Shiloh, Mrs. Sullivan belonging to that wing. After the battle of Shiloh, we fell back on Corinth, thence to Tupelo, Miss., and thence to Chattanooga, where Mrs. Sullivan was presented by her company with a horse, which she rode to Perryville. There she remained with her husband and others who had received wounds until they were sent to prison. Then she went to her home at Pulaski.

Just before the battle of Murfreesboro Mrs. Sullivan came up to see her husband there, he having been exchanged. "O," she said, "I will go with you until the war closes! My husband will not be able to take the field again, but can take care of himself." We all said no. The regiment raised a large amount, reported \$25,000, and made her a present of it.

NOTES ABOUT THE REUNION CITY.

BY GEN. C. I. WALKER, OF CHARLESTON.

The Ninth Annual Reunion of the grand old heroes of the Confederacy, organized as the United Confederate Veterans, will convene in Charleston, S. C., May 10, 1899.

There is no spot in the South around which cluster so many historic memories as this beautiful city. Here at the outbreak of the Revolution the British under Sir Peter Parker, with his strong fleet, met their first memorable defeat from the guns of Fort Moultrie, then but a pile of palmetto logs. Here was passed the ordinance of secession.

South Carolina thus leading her other sisters out of the Union and into our Confederacy. Here was fired, a few days after (January 9, 1861), the first shot of the war, when the gallant cadets of the South Carolina Military Academy, worthy sons of South Carolina, turned back the Star of the West, coming in to the relief of the garrison of Fort Sumter, then held by Maj. Anderson and his United States forces, and here at day-break on the morning of April 12 the Confederate artillery opened on Fort Sumter, and after two days' bombardment it struck its colors—the only time this fort ever lowered its flag to a foe.



GEN. C. I. WALKER.

At her doors the enemy thundered for years, but Sumter, Moultrie, Battery Wagner, and the other forts around the harbor kept them at bay, and only when Sherman, torch in hand, marched through South Carolina, taking Charleston defenses in the rear, and cutting her off from her people, did it become necessary for her defenders, the begrimed warriors of the South, to turn their backs to the foe.

Rich with history, Revolutionary and Confederate, Charleston becomes the Mecca of the veterans, and all of them hope to make the pilgrimage to the shrine of a nation's glory. Her good people are preparing for the coming with busy arms, and a welcome in their hearts. Every arrangement is being made for the care of her thousands of anticipated guests.

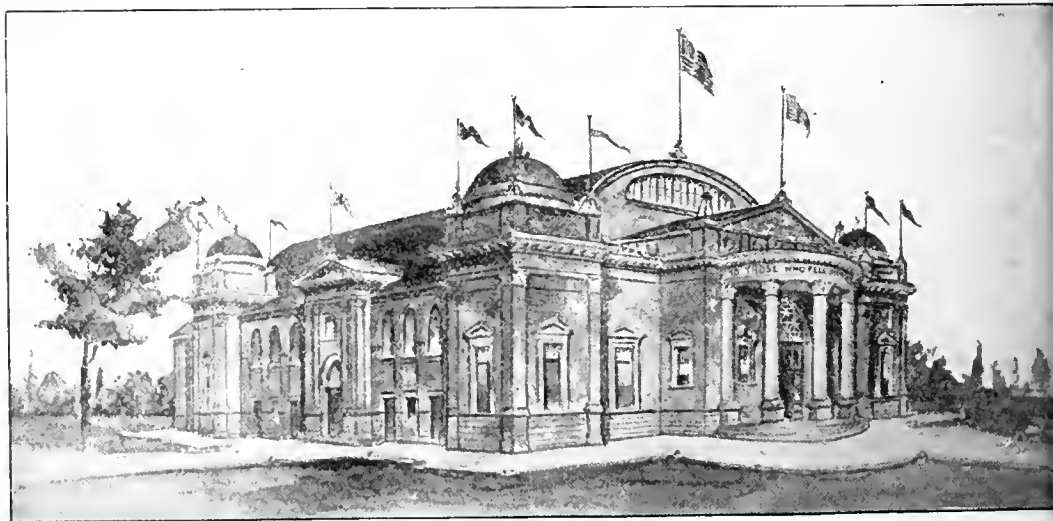
Rich with history, Revolutionary and Confederate, Charleston becomes the Mecca of the veterans, and all of them hope to make the pilgrimage to the shrine of a nation's glory. Her good people are preparing for the coming with busy arms, and a welcome in their hearts. Every arrangement is being made for the care of her thousands of anticipated guests.

The occasion has given birth to a large and ornamental auditorium, which will cost, with its site, at least \$50,000. The VETERAN will be furnished with a view of the splendid building, showing what it will be when finished. The work on it is progressing by day and by night, and there is not a shadow of doubt but that it will be ready for occupation May 1. Our convention will christen it. While it is a permanent building, much needed by Charleston, and will be often used hereafter, yet the United Confederate Veterans will have the honor of being the first to occupy it, and were it not for their meeting it is probable that it would never have been erected. It will seat seven thousand people.

Delegates will have a part of the hall set apart exclusively for them, and none but delegates will be admitted to this part of the hall. It is, therefore, advisable that all delegates look carefully after their credentials, which will enable them to secure from their respective division headquarters the delegate's badge, which alone will admit them to this part of the hall.

Charleston is a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, one-half of whom are negroes. This shows the white population to be about thirty thousand. For a population of this size to undertake to entertain at the very lowest estimate fifty thousand visitors shows an extraordinary amount of pluck. It shows, in addition, that this entire people have a deep and abiding love for the cause the veterans venerate and represent, and a high regard for Charleston's good name for hospitality. The hotels and ordinary boarding houses could not begin to handle this crowd, so every private house in the city will take care of visitors. The school-houses and colleges will be turned into dormitories, the cotton sheds (at that season empty) will be filled up with cots, and the hospitable people of Charleston will open their churches rather than have a single visitor without a place to sleep. O that Charleston homes were as big as their hearts! The visitors need not expect each to secure a room with a bath, but they all will be taken care of.

The executive committee, we learn, is doing splendid work preparing for the influx of visitors, and no effort will be spared to make them comfortable and happy.



AUDITORIUM, CHARLESTON, S. C.

while its subcommittees are large in numbers and earnest in spirit, and every visitor on his arrival will find a committeeman ready to meet him, clasp him to his heart, and send him to his place of accommodation.

The United States Government has given permission to visit historic Fort Sumter during the reunion week. A regular ferry will be established to the fort, and the boats in returning will go down the harbor, showing the site of Battery Wagner and other works on Morris Island and Fort Moultrie, and the site of the range of forts which supported her during the war. The Seashore Railway will take visitors past the immortal Fort Moultrie, marked with the heroism of two wars, past the modern batteries, down to the Isle of Palms, the seashore resort, with all its varied attractions, on the shore of the broad Atlantic. Many amusements are proposed for the visitors, and they will have but a round of pleasure.

May 10 being Memorial Day, the Ladies' Memorial Association have invited the veterans to take part in the ceremonies. These will be preceded by the usual parade. It was at first proposed to have the memorial ceremonies at the beautiful plot of the Association at Magnolia Cemetery, where calmly rest hundreds of our comrades, who gave life in defense of their country. The cemetery is two miles out of the city; and as it has been found impracticable to transport the host of veterans and other visitors to that beautiful spot within a reasonable time, that idea had to be abandoned, and the formal ceremonies, orations, etc., will take place in the city, most probably at the auditorium, and a special detail of honor will be sent to the cemetery to deck the graves of our fallen heroes.

The Veterans are fast becoming too old to parade, so the march will be made as short as possible for the interested thousands to watch and cheer this magnificent band of heroes who will be marching in peaceful array over the very ground where thirty-four years ago they trod, marching to the defense of Fort Sumter and Charleston, and within sight of the scenes of such splendid heroism.

Is there any other country in the world, past or present, where the conquered can meet in peace to venerate the principles for which they fought and lost, and after having renewed their allegiance even shed their blood for the country which overcame them. It is a splendid evidence of the breadth and liberality of American institutions and culture.

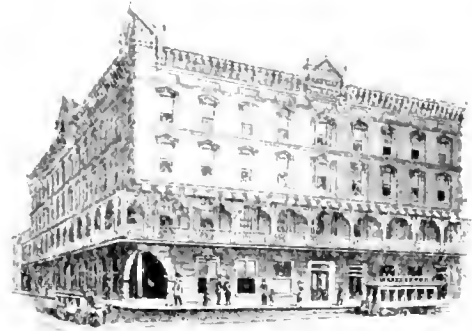
It is probable that "fighting" Joe Wheeler will attend this reunion, and he, with a glorious Confederate record and with the love, esteem, and admiration of his comrades of the South, will come arrayed in the Yankee blue as a major general in the army of the United States, and as the hero of Santiago. The boys will cheer him and show that they are proud of his career while fighting for the United States as they glory in him as one of their leaders in our great struggle for State rights. Undoubtedly many others who have similarly done their duty will be with us at this gathering.

Charleston has undertaken a big job, but not so large as are her heart, her energy, and her enthusiasm. Veterans may rest assured that if she fails—which we do not for one moment anticipate—it will not be for want of work and thought, given by her best citizens and encouraged by the veterans and entire people of South

Carolina. We hope and believe that every veteran will go home with "God bless Charleston and her people!" on his lips and in his heart, although they may feel that "she led us into a mighty hot place in 1861." But she not only stood up to us then and put more soldiers in the Confederate army than she gave votes for secession, but thirty years afterwards she loves the Confederate just as much as ever, and reveres the gallant boys of the Confederacy.

J. C. S. Timberlake, the genial host of the St. Charles Hotel, writing from Charleston, says:

We are looking forward to a great, grand, and glorious reunion in May. Charleston is making ample preparation to care for all who come, even though the number should reach seventy-five thousand. The entire State of South Carolina has the matter in hand,



ST. CHARLES HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

and the whole Southern Confederacy may come, confidently relying upon a warm reception and plenty of good cheer. I should like to call attention to the importance of organizing parties at once and securing rooms without delay, especially for ladies who are coming with the veterans. I have decided to reserve the first floor of the St. Charles for ladies. As may be seen by the picture, this floor has a balcony extending full length of two sides, which will afford excellent views of all processions.

A GENERAL'S HUMOR.—C. W. Short, sergeant of Company H, Seventeenth Louisiana Regiment, Aurora, Tex., relates this incident: A young sergeant of the Seventeenth Louisiana Regiment greatly desired a furlough, and lacked only the approval of Gen. S. D. Lee, then commanding the forces at Vicksburg. He sought the superior officer, who refused his request politely but firmly, saying: "I have orders to furlough no one. It is expected that the enemy will bring every possible means to bear upon this place at an early date, and therefore we cannot spare any of our good soldiers; they should be drilling every day." "But," argued the sergeant, "that does not apply to me, for I am well drilled." "I shall try you," said the General. "Take position! About, face! Forward, march!" The sergeant saw the joke before he got back to camp.

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.

It is very pleasant indeed to be able to report so much progress in the work of the Confederation during the past month, and while no camps have actually been chartered, many have been formed, and a still larger number are being organized, so the prospects are that at the reunion in May the roll of camps will be very near double what it was in Atlanta.

Taking up his duties with commendable promptness, Commander Swindells, of the Texas Division, has certainly stirred up the old State. On February 4 Camp Sul Ross, with a large membership, was organized at Waco, and camps have been or are now being organized at Ballinger, Hearne, Tyler, Denison, Cameron, Decatur, Huntsville, Palestine, Terrell, and Milford. Commander Swindells is arranging for a meeting of his division to be held in Waco the latter part of this month, when the necessary steps will be taken to thoroughly organize the division, and to arrange for a large representation of the Texas Sons at the Charleston reunion.

The South Carolina Division fully appreciates the honor which has been bestowed upon it by the holding of the reunion in its chief city this year, and all of the camps are working actively to do their part in the entertainment. New camps are being organized at Blackville, Appleton, Edisto Island, Early Branch, Bamberg, Sumter, and Cheraw. In addition to these an effort is being made to organize another camp at Charleston, which will be composed of sons of members of the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen. The popular division commander, Bonham, is just now released from pressing legal duties, and will devote his personal efforts to the work of the division, so we may expect in the next VETERAN a handsome report of the work accomplished.

Commander McLellan, of the Louisiana Division, is pushing the work of organizing camps, and writes that he expects to have a division meeting very soon, to organize the division in accordance with the constitution.

Through Gen. Moorman, our loyal friend and helper, come many requests from veterans for the necessary papers to organize camps throughout their States in the South, which are promptly forwarded, and it is hoped, therefore, through them that a large number of camps will soon be formed.

The local camps of Sons in Charleston, of which there are now three, are arranging to give a most enjoyable time to all visiting Sons through the means of entertainments and other pleasures, and with excursions to Fort Sumter and near by battlefields, together with sails around Charleston's beautiful harbor, we expect that all who come to the next reunion will have a delightful and memorable treat.

In a letter E. M. Hurry, of Norfolk, Va., says:

I am glad to see the young men so interested in the organization of Sons of Veterans, for upon them will

devolve the responsibility of preserving the names and fame of those who have brought present and future honor upon the Southern Cross and the Confederate soldier. . . . I am an earnest old Confederate, and feel that the honor of being a veteran "who wore the gray and wore it well" is the highest honor I can possess, and I am anxious to do all I can to perpetuate the glorious memory of those who wore the gray. The VETERAN is doing much toward making true history of the great war and to impress on the young the great deeds of courage and patriotism performed by Confederate soldiers—deeds unequalled in history. The records of Confederate soldiers should be remembered and valued by their sons and daughters.

SPIRIT OF THE SONS.

Mr. Leland Hume, of Nashville, Tenn., in a recent address to the members of Joe Johnston Bivouac, Sons of Confederate Veterans, after expressing his appreciation of the honors paid him in his selection as President, said:

This bivouac carries on its roll some of the most prominent and useful of the young business and professional men of the city, and it should take and hold first place in the ranks of the bivouacs of the Association. As members, and as a bivouac, we should



LELAND HUME.

always have in mind the objects and purposes of the organization, numbered among which are these:

"To see that the Confederate soldiers are cared for; that a helping hand is extended to the needy, and that the Confederate widows and orphans are protected and assisted; to urge and aid the erection of enduring monuments to our great leaders and heroic soldiers and sailors; and to mark with suitable headstones the graves of the Confederate dead, wherever found."

You have no doubt applauded and been thankful for the speech which our noble President delivered on his recent Southern tour, and in which he suggested the care by the government of the graves of the Confederate dead; and other patriots have advocated government aid to all the Confederate soldiers that are now left and need assistance; but, my comrades, I am thoroughly persuaded that this government of ours should not be urged or permitted to do any such thing. This work is our work; this burden, if you can term it such, is one that we should gladly and cheerfully bear. The Confederate soldier, for independence of spirit and for grandeur and nobleness of character, has never had an equal. Those who died on the bloody field of battle did it facing the enemy; those who were mercifully spared have bravely battled with the adverse conditions that confronted them; and out of the number that are left to us now, only a small percentage need our active assistance. They should receive it promptly, cheerfully, and in such degree as needed.

To be the son of a Confederate soldier is to be the son of a hero. The Confederate soldier will occupy a unique position in history; fighting for what he believed to be right, accepting the final issue with a nobleness of character that proves his nobleness of birth, and proving his love for his country and her flag by promptly responding to her call when the recent war with Spain was declared. If the spirits that go to the better land are permitted to know anything about what goes on here below, the hearts of R. E. Lee and U. S. Grant have been gladdened beyond expression at what they have seen. Wheeler and Roosevelt have marched side by side to victory; Southern Generals have commanded Northern troops, and Northern Generals have commanded Southern troops; sectionalism has been swept away, and the flag that floats with its Stars and Stripes has been victorious and is sacred to all of our people.

Confederate officers and Confederate soldiers and sons of Confederate soldiers are cordially wearing the blue; and, at the same time, the survivors of the Civil War who were on the other side have been compelled to don the gray, and are now wearing it day and night as their permanent head gear.

While these happy conditions should make us lift our hearts in thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty, we should not cease to remember that the Confederate soldier is distinctively our heritage, and as such we are bound to honor, protect, and help him. Let this bivouac take its rightful place, and at the approaching annual meeting of the Sons of Confederate Veterans let it urge the Association to avail itself of its right to care for these noble heroes. Let us prove to the world that we are worthy sons of worthy sires, and will prove faithful until the last Confederate and his faithful widow have been laid away.

HEROISM OF A NEW ENGLAND SOLDIER.

Dr. Robert J. Preston, superintendent of the Southwestern State Hospital at Marion, Va., who was, at the close of the civil war, captain of Company B, Twenty-First Virginia Cavalry, gives this reminiscence:

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I have long desired to record a marked example of bravery exhibited by a New England soldier. After the hard fighting at Five Forks, on the same evening of the terrific bombardment of the forts around Petersburg and their final fall, the troops, Confederate and Federal, were much confused as to their lines, and many of them were wandering through the tangled pine forest searching for their commands. The cavalry division of Gen. Lomax, after a hard day's fighting sometimes as cavalry and again dismounted as infantry, were at the close of the day drawn up in line of battle along a deep, narrow stream by the edge of the forest, and were ordered to throw up breastworks of rails, etc., as best we could, our horses having been sent to the rear. All were intent upon the fierce bombardment and the lurid flashes of light in the distance toward Petersburg, when the voices and calls of troops to our front, among the pine thickets, attracted attention. Capt. Francis, of Company D, of our regiment (Twenty-First Virginia Cavalry), a brave but profane soldier, like so many of both armies, became spokesman from our side, and by frequent demands, mingled sometimes with curses, soon found out that the soldiers in front were New York and Maine troops.

A few of the Federals were decoyed over to our ranks, among them being a fine, soldierly fellow with sergeant's stripes. He was Serg. McNier, of — Maine Sharpshooters, as I afterwards learned and recorded in my diary. Serg. Helms, of Capt. Francis' company, a bold and reckless soldier, presented his cocked carbine to his head and ordered: "Call out Ninth New York, or I'll blow your brains out!" The expressions on the faces of both showed terrible earnestness when, with calm deliberation Serg. McNier straightened himself up and said: "I won't do it—shoot away. I won't betray my men."

Having followed Stonewall Jackson and Gen. Lee through those four years of bloody war, and having witnessed many deeds of daring in scores of battles, I have often thought that this was one of the bravest acts I ever witnessed. By his daring and bravery Serg. McNier excited the admiration of his foes. The hand of the brave Confederate lowered his gun, and Serg. McNier became the center of an admiring group of our men. Among them, the colonel of the regiment, William E. Peters, Professor of Latin at the University of Virginia since the war, was drawn to the scene. Sergt. McNier by his conversation impressed all as a brave, intelligent, Christian soldier, saying that he had fought us openly and fairly from the beginning, and that he could never believe in treachery and deceit, even in war. To this we mostly assented. Col. Peters caused all his belongings to be restored to him, he and the writer exchanged pocketknives, and I think he was pleased with the treatment accorded him during the few hours that he remained with us.

The morning brought sadder and stirring scenes to us, as we heard of the fall of Petersburg, the evacuation of Richmond, and took up the toilsome and painful retreat which ended at Appomattox.

The writer afterwards passed through some perilous scenes, barely escaping death twice on the field at Appomattox. He has often wished to hear from brave Serg. McNier.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

List of the "Unknown" Found in Some Rubbish.

A singular incident occurring recently in Hopkinsville, Ky., has brought to light the names of many hitherto "unknown Confederate dead," above the dust of whom a marble shaft was reared some eleven years ago. A little memorandum book which has lain for many years in an old desk in the Bank of Hopkinsville was accidentally discovered, and its pages contain a clear record of the names of the Confederate soldiers who died there in 1861 and 1862, "chiefly from the epidemic of black measles." The little book appears to have been the property of "George K. Anderson, Cotton Gin Post Office, Texas." It contains only a record of Confederate soldiers belonging to First and Third Mississippi, Seventh Texas, Eighth Kentucky, and Forrest's Cavalry, who died and were buried in the cemetery at Hopkinsville, Ky., in the fall and winter of 1861-62. They were buried in rows in the northeast corner of the cemetery, the list begins in the row next to the east fence, and goes by rows westward. The numbering begins at the south end of the rows and goes northward to the end of the rows. The names and rank of the dead are taken from the penciled inscriptions at the heads of the graves. With this concise explanation and the clearly written lists, identification would have been easy.

In 1888 the remains of the soldiers were disinterred and placed together in a beautiful spot which was marked by a handsome monument. The list is hereto appended, and may reveal to some mothers, sisters, and sweethearts the resting places of their long-lost loved ones:

First Mississippi.—F. J. Vincent, December 28; Semple Davis, November 10; Hiram Gish, November 23; J. W. Wheeler, December 16; J. A. Birger, November 14; John Brogan, October 14; J. J. Henderson, November 7; C. C. Singleton, January 8; R. T. McNulty, December 10; J. W. Northlott, January 9; W. J. Haister, October 21; J. M. Reed, October 15; A. J. Lucas, January 10.

Second Mississippi.—J. O. Steel.

Third Mississippi.—M. Winner, January 20; J. W. Wilkerson, November 26; Serg. W. D.

McCloud, November 14; W. E. Wincham; J. B. Ferrill; James W. Carpenter; Samuel Barkley, November 12; David J. McGraw, October 30; George W. Chinn, October 27; H. J. Hill, October 26; George P. Green, November 23; W. J. Bottoms, November 30; Edmund Morgan, January 22; Joel C. Hall, January 24; W. Singleton, October 26; W. H. Late, October 30; James W. Hines, January 20; James Palmer, November 10; Peter A. Sewent; Joseph Baxter, November 4; John West, October 22; E. W. Smith, October 26; Phil Wilkerson, December 20; W. W. Crow; John Farney, November 18; J. W. Burton, November 18; Harmon Newson, November 1; J. W. Lawler, October 22; Calvin Maffitte, October 22; T. Perkins; J. B. Morgan, November 21; J. F. McBride, November 28; V. D. Rodney, November 4; R. J. Southerland, October 29; Isaiah W. James, October 26; Joel Cooper, November 19; J. Davis, December 20; Wm. Tunblin, February 13; John W. Long, February 19; John C. Wallace, February 5; J. T. Potts, December 9; James Kelew, October 20; Henry J. Lard; Cicero M. Potts, November 21; Mathew Teyner; Thomas J. Teyner.

First Kentucky.—Hugh M. Crowell, February 3; Nicholas Bennet, January 15; William A. Abner, February 2.

Eighth Kentucky.—F. M. Pearson, November 16; Edward Vaughn, December 3; Micheal Gamarton, December 12; Ferris E. McDowell, November 8; Claiborne Sandafur, November 5; Charles Hughs, November 11; Capt. P. E. Ross, November 17; J. E. Huggins, November 19; John Buntin, November 30; George Cannon, December 4; German Baker, November 30; J. T. Whitlow, October 31; John Gray, November 16; J. H. Bacon, January 20; W. G. McClenan, November 12; Young Asher, November 5; P. L. Tippet, November 5; Ira Rualls, November 6; A. Combs, November 12; W. Todd, January 24; William Utley, December 2; O. C. McKinney, December 19; Thomas M. McIntvre, November 10; Henry Oldham, January 10; G. C. Haralson; Miles Howell, November 19; John Dunning, November 19.

Seventh Texas.—F. H. Smith, December 20; John F. Oliver, December 2; J. J. George, December 29; R. C. Dunbar, December 27; James Robinson, January 13; H. M. Story, January 13; Thomas Clanton, January 20; John R. Wil-



MONUMENT TO UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE DEAD.

liams, January 24; J. Hardin, December 2; H. W. Spade, January 3; R. W. Sparks, December 23; Robert Cranev, February 27; W. B. Membrane, January 1; W. H. J. Burke, January 2; William L. Everett, December 27; John W. Cross, December 27; Bailey Sypert, December 6; William Murray, November 20; J. A. Strain, December 2; Newton Melton, November 15; P. K. Murray, December 1; J. W. Davis, December 4; M. J. Clough, December 4; George W. Stuart, December 7; W. W. Lewis, December 18; William Letty; L. L. Holloway, December 11; John W. McClary, December 17; John D. Trice, December 17; W. W. Rozell, December 17; W. M. Webster, December 17; D. B. Webster, December 13; A. L. Goff; R. Hudson; Wallis Beard, December 18; J. R. Ballinger, December 30; J. Wilson, December 15; J. N. Barnwell, December 19; Henry Sordon, January 6; R. F. Allen, December 15; William Palmer, December 2; P. J. Naylor, December 24; J. T. Jones, December 25; W. J. Roberts, December 26; M. N. Howe, December 27; J. N. Hayes, January 9; J. W. Taylor, December 27; L. H. Vercher, December 26; John Mills, December 26; Robert Jarmien, December 11; J. L. Payneto, December 29; Isaac Ferguson, December 22; George W. Pegues, December 28; James E. Watson, December 22; J. T. Waller, December 22; C. F. Scarborough, December 22; F. Utzman, January 6; W. B. Middleton, January 18; A. W. Pearson, January 10; John K. Bledoe, January 26; Lieut. I. P. Basset, January 26; I. M. Knowle, January 24; W. W. Naylor, January 12; E. A. Beaver, January 11; W. F. Thompson, January 4; W. Sansbaugh, January 2; B. F. Lambeth, January 24; T. J. Harper, January 16; M. J. Elkin, January 13; B. F. Fambraugh, January 11; M. A. Feathers, January 3; G. H. Wilson, January 6; John Scott, January 16; L. Martin, January 11; James Thomas, December 28; E. T. Stevens, December 24; J. A. Youngblood, December 23; P. B. Martin, January 7; John M. Payne, February 4; Ben Carr, January 12; A. J. Shelbourne, January 2; I. Percival, December 25; Thomas Funcker, January 25; W. B. Ely, February 2; S. U. Perry, February 1.

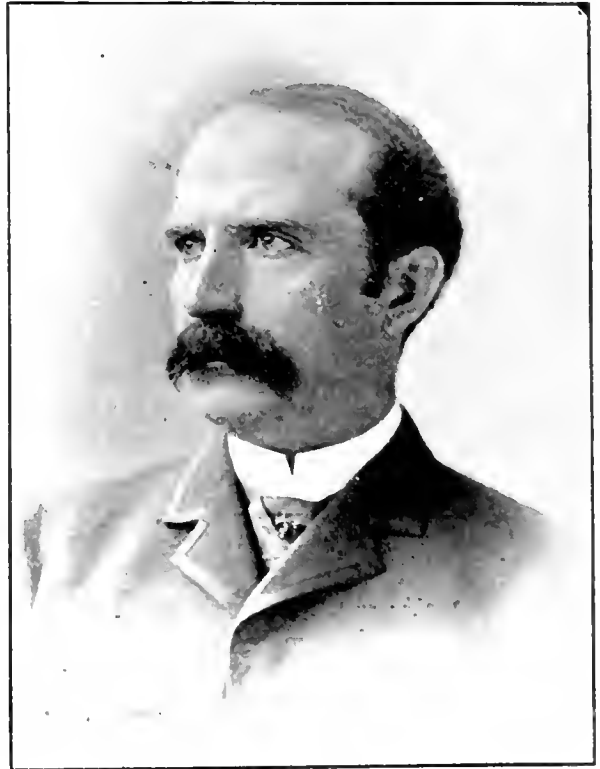
Forrest's Cavalry.—N. J. Bracken, November 2; Daniel Seymore, January 31; F. M. Smith, January 12; James Palmer, January 22; Job Johnson, January 16; William Roe, January 16; D. B. Dawson, January 9; N. Davis, December 16; R. J. Dyer, December 6; John Young, December 5; Henry Moore; William T. Henry, January 16.

Heucy's Kentucky Cavalry.—James L. Traitor, January 23; C. N. Mack, January 19.

Command Unknown.—James Boliver, November 13; J. T. Hall, January 15; B. Adare, October 25; T. F. Davenport, November 1; Lewellyn Bryant, October 14; George Rice, January 13; Daniel Todd, November 21; John Robert, November 19; W. Bradford, November 19; W. Mathings, November 1; F. F. Vandersyice, January 7.

It will be a satisfaction to the families of those buried at Hopkinsville to learn or to recall that a stately marble shaft marks their resting place. Mr. John C. Latham, of New York, was one day walking with Mr. H. C. Gant, of the Hopkinsville bank, in the cemetery of that city when his attention was called to the grass-grown graves of the soldiers who died there in the fall and winter of 1861 and 1862. After returning home Mr. Latham wrote to the city council, inclosing his

check for \$1,500, which he suggested should be used in beautifying the cemetery and in caring for the graves of the Federal and Confederate soldiers. The city council supplemented Mr. Latham's generous donation with \$500, and appointed a committee to carry



JOHN C. LATHAM

out its provisions. Later developments showed that the Federal dead had been removed to the National Cemetery at Fort Donelson. This fact changed Mr. Latham's original purpose and restricted it to the reinterment of the Confederate dead. Then it was that Mr. Latham's generous and loyal spirit prompted him to erect to "unknown" Confederate dead the handsomest monument in existence. Had that little memorandum book been found eleven years earlier, the inscription on the superb granite shaft would have been different.

An erroneous impression was created by the reference to the Confederate cemetery at Franklin, Tenn., in January VETERAN. There is no debt resting upon the cemetery, but it is desired to raise the amounts designated by the States as stated so as to relieve those who have generously advanced the amount, but who would not hold any lien upon the cemetery. These sums are as follows: Alabama, \$260; Arkansas, \$210; Georgia, \$140; Missouri, \$260; and Texas, \$180. This is two dollars for each grave of heroes whose States should proudly honor their memory.

H. H. McNiee, Salvisa, Ky.,

In the last VETERAN T. J. Lamons inquires for William Mays, Company A, Third Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command. His address is Springfield, Ky. I was in the same regiment and was imprisoned at Camp Douglas.

"BLUCHER OF THE DAY" AT MANASSAS.

Mrs. Nina Kirby-Smith Buck, Sewanee, Tenn.:

In the February number of the *VETERAN*, page 62, in an article entitled "From Baltimore to First Bull Run," I see that Gen. Elzey is given credit for having saved the day at Manassas. While I would not take honor or glory from any Confederate, nor would my father, Gen. E. Kirby Smith, have me enter into a discussion on the subject, I feel it but justice that I should write in regard to the matter. We have many articles of value and interest relating to the civil war; also my father's reports of that battle, clippings on the subject, and several letters relative to the point in question, one of which I inclose. . . . In reading over father's report it seems clear that while Elzey deserves credit and honor, he only continued the charge which my father was making when he fell wounded in front of the line. Col. Elzey, as next in command, led the men on in the already victorious charge, the enemy being put completely to rout fifteen minutes from the time my father fell. Gen. Johnston gave him the credit of the victory, and we have many records of where he was called the "Blücher of the day."

From the diary of Gen. Kirby Smith Mrs. Buck writes:

Battle of Manassas.—When my command (Elzey's Brigade) arrived

on the field the battle was virtually lost. From Manassas Junction my men had gone at double-quick; for the last mile or two the road was filled with fugitives going to the rear. Most of them had thrown away their arms, and so great was their demoralization they could not be rallied. With my staff we drove them off the road in advance of our column, so as not to intimidate the men who were advancing at double-quick and cheering. I galloped ahead, with my staff, and found Gen. Johnston, who ordered me to halt my column and form a line in the rear. I begged Gen. Johnston to let me take my command to the front, telling him of their enthusiasm, and that they would redeem the fight. He replied: "Take them to the front; it is our left that is driven back; but the ground is new to me, and I cannot direct you exactly." Putting spurs to my horse, I joined my column, and, taking the firing as a guide, I moved at a double-quick so as to bring my command on the flank of the enemy's victorious column. As I came into position I found a Carolina regiment deploying and taking position. I was shot almost immediately and carried senseless to the rear, but I believe it was the ap-



GEN. E. KIRBY SMITH.

pearance of these fresh troops on the enemy's flank which occasioned the panic and flight. Gen. Henry Whiting, who was with myself on General Johnston's staff, told me that we were whipped when my command arrived, and that preparations were being made for covering the retreat."

Among the clippings inclosed from Mrs. Buck is this from the *Charleston Mercury*, by S. Y. Tupper:

Please publish the annexed slip from the *Richmond Dispatch* of yesterday. . . . It was my happiness to have served with Gen. Kirby Smith at Manassas, and to have been a witness of the fact, as stated in a Richmond paper, that "he commanded Elzey's Brigade, which was the first to turn the tide of battle in our favor" on that eventful day. [This became Elzey's Brigade after Gen. Kirby Smith's promotion.—EDITOR *VETERAN*.]

BRANDY STATION, VA., August 5.

I have the gratification to inform the friends of this distinguished officer that his case is entirely hopeful. His wound is not serious. . . . This gallant and accomplished officer bore a conspicuous part in the ever-memorable battle of Bull Run on July 21. He may be termed the Blücher of that glorious victory for the South. He commanded Elzey's Brigade, which was the first to turn the tide of battle in our favor, causing the minions of Lincoln's invading forces to retreat like hares before our determined army. The General was wounded when in the act of turning the enemy's right wing, which was endeavoring to flank us on our left, and as he was giving the order by which we cut off and captured several thousand prisoners.

Another clipping from a paper of the time states that "the tide of battle was turned in our favor by the arrival of Gen. Kirby Smith from Winchester with four thousand men of Gen. Johnston's division. While on the Manassas railroad cars, Gen. Smith heard the roar of battle. He stopped the train and hurried his troops across the fields to the point where he was most needed. They were at first supposed to be the enemy, their arrival at that point being wholly unexpected. The enemy fell back and a panic seized them. Cheer after cheer from our men went up, and we knew the battle was won. Thus was the best-appointed army that had ever taken the field on this continent beaten and compelled to retreat in hot haste, leaving behind them everything that could impede their escape. Guns, knapsacks, caps, shoes, canteens, and blankets covered the ground for miles around."

Another account states: "The retreat of Gen. Johnston from the valley and subsequent reinforcement of the army under Gen. Beauregard, was the most masterly stroke of strategy in its conception and execution, that occurred during the war, and therein Gen. Kirby Smith played an important and a decisive part. Gen. Johnston was the ranking general on the field of First Manassas, but did not assume absolute command, gracefully accepting the plan of battle of Gen. Beauregard, and where there is any variation in the reports of two general officers on the same field we take it that of the ranking officer should prevail. That Kirby Smith with his brigade of three thousand men was in such proximity to the enemy to make his presence felt is attested by the fact that he was in range of the enemy's fire, and was wounded, and Gen. Elzey, succeeding or assuming command as the ranking

officer, proceeded to complete what Smith had begun. No one who reads Gen. Johnston's report can arrive at any other conclusion than that Gen. Smith's opportune appearance on the field and promptly throwing his command into action turned the tide of battle and saved the day. Gen. Johnston says: "When Elzey came up with his three regiments (the three regiments Smith had brought into action) he attacked the enemy with great promptitude and vigor, whereupon Beauregard rapidly seized the opportunity thus afforded him, but Kirby Smith had already driven the wedge that was to split the Yankee army to pieces. . . . The writer was at Manassas, at Blackburn's Ford, and with the Army of Northern Virginia from start to finish, and never heard it questioned that but for the brilliant strategy and tactics of Gen. Johnston and the prompt and decisive movement of Gen. Kirby Smith the tide of victory might have gone differently."

BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT AT LURAY, VA.

At Luray, Va., in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, there was erected last summer a stately monument to the memory of the Confederate dead. This monument is the result of the persistent efforts and the patriotic zeal of the sculptor, Mr. Herbert Barbee. Sometime ago, having conceived the idea of thus honoring the Confederate braves of his State, Mr. Barbee addressed thousands of letters to representative Southern people, sending subscription lists, and from that appeal he has collected \$4,800. The net cash received amounts to \$1,500; the marble, transportation, and lot were donated, Mr. Barbee doing the work. The monument is estimated to have cost \$5,000. The material and dimensions are as follows: The base is limestone, two by eight feet; the marble pedestal, with dark green plinths, stands eighteen feet high, and the white marble statue ten feet. There are four unique panels, deep set and artistically cut. The panel facing the main driveway is an inspiring bas-relief in profile of Gen. R. E. Lee. On the south side are the words: "To the heroes, both private and chief, of the Southern Confederacy, is this tribute affectionately inscribed." On the east side is this quotation from Father Ryan:

"Would it not be a blame for us, if their memories part from our land and heart,
And a wrong to them and a shame for us?
The glories they won shall not wane for us,
In legend and lay our heroes in gray shall forever live over again for us."

On the west side appear the words "Glory Crowned" and the dates, 1861-1865. On the pedestal stands the figure of a sentinel, of Virginia marble, in easy repose, but alert. It is a typical Confederate picket. His well-worn shoes reveal sockless feet and protruding toes; his garments are wind-blown and his wild hat shades his far-seeing, determined eye; accoutered with his cartridge box, bayonet, and canteen, buckled around the waist, he stands gun in hand, ready for duty—a vigorous embodiment of soldier and patriot. The conception is ideal, the execution splendid, and no more fitting place could be found.

Mr. Barbee is proud of his achievement in every way, and in a letter to the VETERAN, says: "Everything about the monument is Southern. The site upon which it is built was presented to me by wealthy Southerners. The marble was given by one of Mos-

by's men, who is one of the owners of the Virginia marble quarry. The men employed were Southern; therefore it cannot be said that foreign aid was necessary to build a tribute to Southern heroism." The sums paid by each State are as follows:

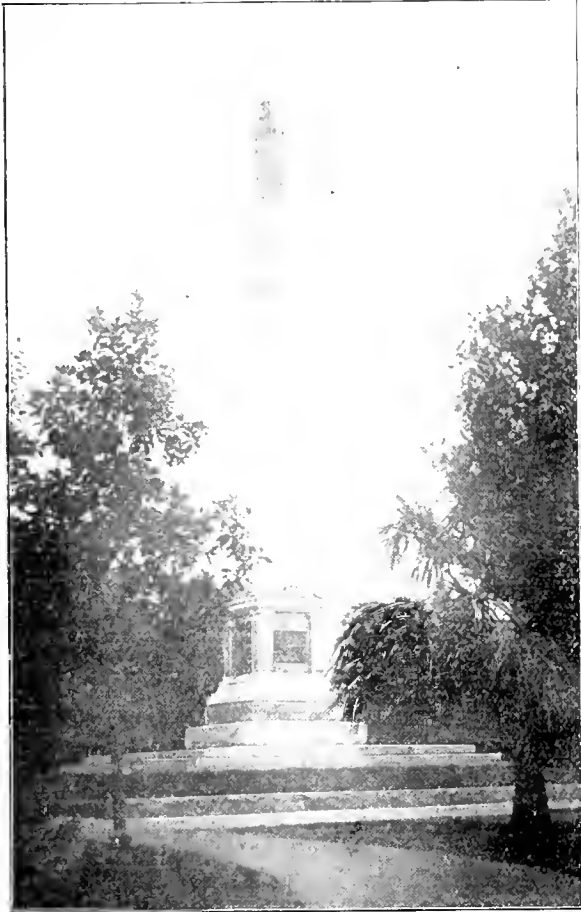


CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT LURAY, VA.

Maryland, \$990.50; Virginia, \$782.50; Texas, \$680.50; Kentucky, \$304.50; Louisiana, \$284.50; West Virginia, \$273.50; New York, \$273; Georgia, \$206; North Carolina, \$187; Tennessee, \$161; Mississippi, \$133; Florida, \$115; South Carolina, \$110; Alabama, \$97; Pennsylvania, \$55; District of Columbia, \$51; Missouri, \$50; paid by other States in small sums, \$55; paid by festivals, \$81. Total, \$4,890.

HEMMING MONUMENT FOR FLORIDA.

The handsome Confederate monument at Jacksonville, the picture of which adorns this page, was the donation of Mr. C. C. Hemming, of Gainesville, Tex.,



and is one of the most beautiful of the many tributes to Southern heroism. The design is very effective, and was selected as having been the choice of three different committees, each unknown to the others. Two of the best artists in the United States have approved the design for purity and simplicity. The contractor was Mr. George H. Mitchell, of Chicago. The monument is sixty-two feet in height, and is surmounted with the figure of a Confederate soldier in winter uniform, standing at ease, with his gun resting on the ground. On his cap are the initials "J. L. I." The foundation is massive. On the north side of the die stone is the bronze bust of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, who was born in St. Augustine. Above this two crossed rifles are carved, and above the bust are the words "Christian Soldier," while the name is beneath. On the east side, on top of the die stone, is carved an anchor and a pair of oars, representing the navy of the Confederacy; and below, on the bronze plate is Mr. Hemming's inscription, which is: "To the Soldiers of Florida."

This shaft is by a comrade, raised in testimony of his love, recalling deeds immortal, heroism unsurpassed. With ranks unbroken, ragged, starved, and decimated the Southern soldier for duty's sake undaunted stood to the front of battle until no light re-

mained to illumine the field of carnage save the luster of his chivalry and courage.

Below this are the words "Confederate Memorial, 1861-1865," carved in the stone. The south side of the monument bears crossed swords, and the inscription "Tried and True." Below this is the bust of Gen. J. J. Dickison, commander of the Florida Division of the United Confederate Veterans. On the west side two cannon are crossed in the alcove above the die stone, under which "Our Heroes," appears, and on the plate is Gen. Lee on horseback with his drum corps, facing Gen. Jackson, representing the Army of Northern Virginia.

MR. HEMMING'S TRIBUTE TO JOHN YATES BEALL.

I respond to your request for "a few words of the brave and fearless Capt. John Y. Beall."

The situation at that stage of the war demanded as a guarantor of success that some foreign power intervene in behalf of the South. There was then no hope except under such conditions. The North was master of the sea, and on the land had seven times as many men in the field. When we lost a man he could not be replaced; when they lost a regiment they could recruit from the world at call an entire division. We were standing up for honor's sake; but before us there was not a glimmer of light to encourage and cheer us, and behind us the trail of blood had painfully marked the decimation of our heroic armies to such an extent that we saw unless we had foreign assistance in some form or another it was simply a question of time before the end would come. In this extremity Beall gathered around him some thirty men in Toronto, Canada, all escaped prisoners, and with a clear understanding of



C. C. HEMMING.

the situation of affairs respecting risks taken if captured, the raiders were organized and crossed the Federal lines into the United States. The purpose of the division was to get the United States embroiled in war with England, which we all knew would save the South, and the risk we all understood was desperate, with but a slim chance of escape with life if captured.

It was the intention to injure no noncombatant, but to capture and destroy railroad trains and public property, and to carry on the war from Canada, disguised in citizen's apparel.

We were told that, owing to the heated state of public sentiment on the border, it was reasonably certain that our raids would be followed by a declaration of war from Washington, and so under these circumstances Beall was led to the sacrifice, and on the third raid was made a prisoner, tried, and executed.

Right here I testify that he was a brave and true Christian gentleman, and was absolutely guiltless of the main count in the bill of conviction—namely, a participant in the effort to burn New York City; and further, that he was not a spy, but a regularly commissioned officer in the Southern army; and still further, I was cognizant of the fact that the scheme to destroy New York City and other illegal modes of revenge was concocted and put into execution not by a Southern man, but a Northern renegade whose name it is unnecessary now to recall.

William P. Rutland, of Nashville, J. H. Martin, and John H. Williams, of Kentucky, were with Beall, and among the bravest of his men.

Beall was executed at a time when men's passions were at fever heat, but he did not deserve to die, nor was he guilty of any other crime save that of going from a neutral territory to make raids in the dress of a citizen. He was a sacrifice, in an ill-advised moment when the situation promised no success, but he went into the desperate service at the call of duty, and died a hero, giving away his bright young life freely for a cause he loved and a country he adored.

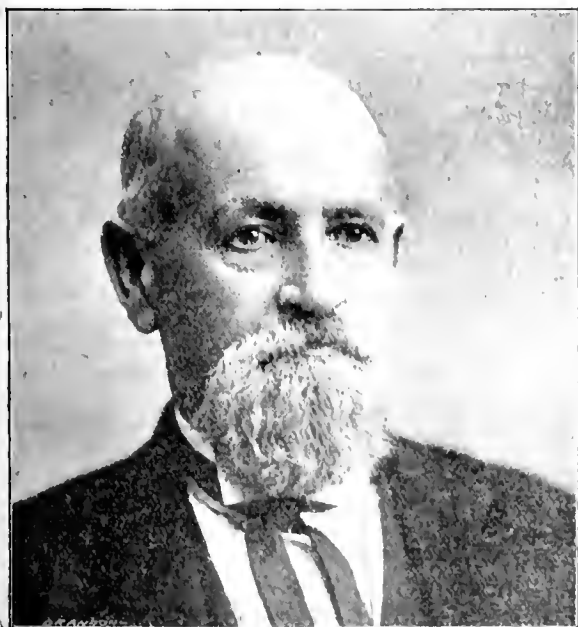
We all loved him. He was true as steel, and before

him first of all he carried high above and in front the jeweled light of duty, and with the obedience of a soldier he trod firmly behind it. It illuminated his life, added ineffable glory to his dying and consecration to his death. His was but the form of a sacrifice to which other heroes were called, and the manner of one's going matters not if as a soldier he gives that life in penalty for an honorable discharge of duty.

MAJ. CHARLES H. SMITH AND WIFE.

Down in the shady little city of Cartersville, Ga., on the 7th of March, Mr. Charles H. Smith, widely known as "Bill Arp," and his wife, who was Mary Octavia Hutchins, celebrated their "golden wedding" in a style characteristic of old-fashioned Southern hospitality and of the far-famed good cheer of their ideal home. As befitting such a joyous occasion, and in keeping with its happy sentiment, the house was aglow with golden light and decorated with choicest yellow flowers, while the display of golden wedding presents must have humbled the recipients. The jovial host and his amiable wife have never seemed happier. Both stood through the reception of some two hundred guests with apparently as much ease as they could have done fifty years ago. The guests included nearly all of their children, grandchildren, and many relatives.

"Bill Arp" is a representative Southerner—high in ideal, firm in conviction, warm in friendship, and loyal and loving to his home and his native land. He was born in Georgia, where he has always lived except while in the Confederate army. For many years he has been identified with Southern journalism. His humorous, yet philosophical, letters have appeared in many leading Southern periodicals, for which he is a regular contributor. While loyal to "the best country in the world," he is as unreconstructed as independent patriots who "fawn not for flattery" would have him.



MAJ. CHARLES H. SMITH.



MRS. CHARLES H. SMITH.

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.

Apology is made for delay of several important articles already in time. The printing of the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans could not well be longer delayed, and the first forms were put to press not expecting so much of urgent nature. However, advance of publication dates is pledged so as to have the May number at Charleston at the reunion, so the delay will not be a month. Hasten all copy for April and May issues. The most regretted delay is in the "Last Roll." Even the sketch of James Breathed Camp is delayed for the April number.

The VETERAN appeals earnestly each month for faithfulness and zeal in behalf of the cause it represents. Valuable suggestions often come from outside. The following should be well considered, and will be the more appreciated when the fact is stated that the writer is a native of New England, but expects to "live and die in Dixie." Long ago she committed herself to this resolution: "I shall always take the VETERAN."

Where will authentic *data* be found for the historian of the future so vivid, so correct in statement, as within the pages of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN? Is it not true that opportunities, like blessings, "brighten as they take their flight." Do we sufficiently value the priceless record that our old warriors who faced the cannon and dared the specter of famine and death, are now weaving in history?

Our brave old veterans are nearing the border land. In a few more decades their voices will be silent, and with that silence whose hand and voice shall come forth to bind the past to the future with truth and unfading glory for the departed heroes? The years are coming when our children will be gleaming as eagerly for valorous deeds of their forefathers as the present generation gathers the fragments of Revolutionary lore. Should we not feel a sacred obligation due to posterity to quicken our energies not only for the living present but for those who shall hereafter sit around the camp fire of memory? Should we not as veterans and lovers of our dear Southland feel a personal obligation in bequeathing to our children this volume of "heart to heart" talks with sires whose reminiscences of war scenes can never be reproduced by historic fiction? In honor to the old soldier whom we love, put the VETERAN into every home in the South, that the youth of unborn years may have a record that "time's best effort cannot efface." The present is our opportunity; it is the dear old veterans who are talking to you through these pages—

"Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

THE THIN GRAY LINE.

I. C. G., a daughter of the Confederacy, writes:

We are constantly reminded that the ranks of Confederate Veterans are getting thinner, and there are many indifferent tongues to say that the Confederacy, with its sad but precious train of memories, will fade into the past with its soldiers. It is true, "the thin line of gray" grows thinner day by day, that one by one the Confederate soldiers are answering to the final roll. But even when the last of these has responded to the great call the work of making true history of the Confederate war, and of finding and preserving the records of Confederate bravery will be continued with tender care and faithful energy.

The VETERAN is history. Its pages have ever been filled with descriptions of many battles and of the great war, written by men who witnessed the thrilling events they describe. From the officers and men who fought in the ranks, sometimes from the line of blue, has the VETERAN recorded contributions, nuggets of true history, that would otherwise have been utterly lost. For these reasons, bound volumes of the VETERAN are of much importance. Those who fought for the Confederacy had rather see placed in the hands of their children such a history than any other work on the subject. Thousand of copies of this magazine go into as many homes, and its truths are instilled into young Southern minds. These are cherished, immortal principles for which their fathers fought. The principles represented by the VETERAN must continue while the sons and daughters and children of the Confederacy exist. Yea, these principles will be taught by children to their children while republican form of government endures.

Polk Miller writes the VETERAN of Irwin Russell:

In your February number you published a poem entitled "Dem Yankees," and failed to give credit due its author, Irwin Russell, of Mississippi. He was the first man to write poems in the true dialect of the Southern negro. Like all young Southerners whose parents were wealthy, he had a strong affection for the negroes owned by his father, and through his dialect poems, published by the Century Company, of New York, he has given to the world characteristics of the negro which are as true to life as possible. It was he who attracted widespread attention outside the South to the fidelity and loyalty of the slave to "old marster," and to the love of the whites for the faithful old servant of bygone days. Russell died at the age of twenty-six years, but his writings—with those of Thomas Nelson Page, "Uncle Remus," and others who have taken up the pen to portray "old times down South"—tell the true *status* of master and slave before the war, and explain the meaning of Uncle Dan, when he is heard to sing:

No mo' will I hunt de 'possum and de coon,
Nor set about dat sweet ole cabin do';
For the cruel war has ruined my happy Southern home,
An' I never specks to see de like no mo'.

In the surviving members of the Crossthwait family, three brothers of which gave their lives for Dixie, as reported in the February VETERAN, the name of Mrs. Lavina "Petway" should have read "Peyton."

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Wise Words About the Charleston Reunion.

From official headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La., General Order No. 210 has been issued. It contains the following:

The General Commanding announces that the ninth annual meeting and reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in Charleston, S. C., May 10-13, 1899. All Confederate organizations and Confederate soldiers and sailors of all arms, grades, and departments are cordially invited to attend this ninth general reunion of their comrades.

He also announces that eleven hundred and eighty camps are already enrolled in the United Confederate Veteran organization, with applications in for over two hundred more. Ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors everywhere are urged to form local associations, where this has not already been done, and all other bodies not members of the United Confederate Veteran Association are earnestly requested to send in applications to headquarters at New Orleans, so as to be organized 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 organization.

With graceful courtesy the Ladies Memorial Committee and the Reunion Executive Committee of Charleston, S. C., have invited all of the United Confederate Veterans, through the General Commanding, to participate in their annual memorial ceremonies at Magnolia Cemetery on May 10, the first day of the reunion. This fixes our annual parade on the first day of the reunion instead of the last, as has been customary. The idea is beautiful and appropriate for the remnant of the Southern survivors of the mightiest war in history to wend their weary footsteps in the last year of the century to the historic city where the sullen roar of the first gun of the great conflict was heard, keeping step as it were under the frowning battlements of Forts Sumter and Moultrie, to pay their tribute of love and homage to the memory of their departed comrades.

Determined not to be outdone by any rival State in magnificent hospitality, and vying with the municipality of Charleston in the royal invitation extended, the Legislature of South Carolina by a rising vote invited us within her borders as guests, with the freedom of the commonwealth, where every home during those four days of May will be your home, and every heart beat will give us welcome to the old Palmetto State. South Carolina's hospitality needs no indorsement nor guarantee from the General Commanding. It is the birthright and heritage of her courtly people, and is a part of the history of that glorious old State. The General Commanding therefore urges the officers and members of all camps to commence now making preparations to attend this great reunion, and to make a united effort to secure the lowest railroad rates, which he has no doubt the generous officials of Southern railroads will extend to the old survivors. He especially urges all camps to commence now 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. Business of the greatest

importance affecting the welfare of the old veterans will be transacted, 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. In this connection the General Commanding calls especial attention to the increasing age and multiplied sorrows of many of our gallant old soldiers. Through the mortuary reports received at these headquarters he is constantly reminded that the lengthening shadows of time are fast settling over the old heroes. It is the chief mission of the United Confederate Veteran Association that these unfortunate, sick, disabled, and indigent comrades and their widows and orphans should have our attention, care, and help. We must take care of our old comrades.

Other business of great importance also demands careful consideration—such as the care of the graves of our known and unknown dead buried at Gettysburg, Fort Warren, Camps Morton, Chase, Douglas, Oakwood Cemetery at Chicago, Rock Island, Johnson's Island, Cairo, and at all other points. We must care for the graves of "our dead," and 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 places, furnished to their friends and relatives, 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 by 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; 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.

Each camp now in 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 delegate for every twenty active members in good standing, and one additional for a fraction of ten members, provided that every camp in good standing shall be entitled to at least two delegates. Each camp will elect the same number of alternates as delegates.

The 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."

A programme to be observed at the reunion, and all the details will be furnished to the camps in due time, and any further information can be obtained by applying to Col. Theodore G. Barker, Chairman of the Ex-

ecutive Committee of the Confederate Reunion; to Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, commanding South Carolina Division United Confederate Veterans; or to Col. James G. Holmes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, South Carolina Division United Confederate Veterans, Charleston, S. C.

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.

The General Commanding respectfully trusts that railroad officials will aid the old veterans by giving the lowest rates of transportation possible.

Officers of the general staff are directed to assist department, 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.

Bush T. Castleman, 207 West One Hundred and Second Street, New York City):

The inclosed verses were composed by Mr. Owen Glass, of Owensboro, Ky., a brave Confederate soldier captured at Fort Donelson, as was I, and it was while prisoner of war at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., these verses were written. I think young Glass was a member of Rice Graves's famous battery. I escaped from Camp Morton just after the battle of Shiloh and joined Gen. John H. Morgan's command soon after his fight at Lebanon, Tenn. Not being again connected with the Orphan Brigade after my escape, I have never met nor heard of Glass since, but I hope he is living:

We fought in battle long and well
Where rolls the Cumberland in pride,
And from the hills of Dover Swell
Our cannon poured an iron tide.

We fought with men as proud and brave
As any in our own brave line,
And I have sent to the dark grave
Many a comelier form than mine.

God rest them in their narrow home!
No battle can their slumber mar
As calm they sleep from manhood's home
And childhood haunts afar.

My comrades fell on every hand,
Pierced through pulsing heart and brain,
Where all our guns now idle stand,
Which we can never man again.

Green grow the sweet wild flowers
Which their lone graves will strew
When come the balm and sunny hours,
And May shall bring the morning dew.

We fought for freedom from a chain
No Anglo-Saxon soul would wear,
Yet alas! we fought in vain,
And yet the galling links we bear.

We pine in this cold prison hall,
Beneath the scorpion's lash of wrong,
While the dark days of bondage crawl
Like wounded snakes along.

God speed the bright and glorious day,
Where demon war and strife shall cease,
And man forbeareth man to slay!

PATRIOTIC SOUTHERN WOMANHOOD.

Under the impulse of our generous President's speech at Atlanta, suggesting that the government share in caring for the graves of Confederate dead, Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett, widow of Gen. Pickett, wrote this for the VETERAN:

Years ago a Southern woman placed flowers upon the graves of Northern soldiers who had fallen in battle and been buried in sunny Southland. She did this in memory of the mothers and wives and sisters far away who could never kneel beside those sacred mounds and put tokens of fond remembrance over the dead. As she strewed fragrant blossoms on the resting places of the brave men who wore the blue she fancied that a sweet wind from the South might waft the fragrance of their passing breath to distant Northern homes, to fall with blessed comfort upon sorrowful hearts. In a more sacred sense, she trusted that upon the grave of her loved one who lay in Northern



MRS. LASALLE CORBELL PICKETT, OF VIRGINIA.

ground some tender hand would drop a blossom, with a prayer for a Southern home left desolate. We know that these far-distant graves are not forgotten when the May roses make the world glad, and we appreciate the kind hearts that do honor to our dead so far from us.

A strange and wholly unexpected result of the President's generous attitude is the movement to pension ex-Confederates—a suggestion that might be regarded as savoring of sarcasm were it not for the grave character of those in whose minds it has arisen. The Confederates are claiming no reward for their services of long ago. They did their best and are proud of their record, but they do not make application for pensions. It is true that the war tax imposes a heavy weight upon the South, and that she bears that burden uncomplainingly. The money which flows from Northern States into the pension fund returns to those States and becomes a part of their circulating medium. Many mil-

lions go annually from the treasury of the South and never return. She is not impoverished, because she cannot be, but for every dollar that goes out for Northern pensions by so much is she the poorer. Notwithstanding her heavy burdens, her progress in the past quarter of a century is the marvel of economic history. She does not pause in her onward march to reflect mournfully on what that progress might have been but for those burdens. She looks bravely forward to the grand future which is hers.

The South cheerfully responds to the demands made upon her by the nation. In addition to this tax, she supports her own disabled veterans and war widows and orphans, with no help except that which sometimes comes from some generous purse and loving heart whose heaven-born impulses are circumscribed by no lines of politics or geography. Thus she works earnestly for the right, happy in the present, hopeful of the future.

MRS. PICKETT'S TRIBUTE TO THE LATE JUDGE FARRAR.

Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett, widow of Gen. Pickett, writes from Washington, D. C., January 20, 1899:

The reunion of the blue and the gray in Philadelphia last summer will be sadly and sweetly cherished in memory as the last time when we of the old-time Confederacy met our dear friend and comrade, Judge Farrar. "Johnny Reb," as we loved to call him, was



JUDGE FARRAR.

the life of the group who had met to commemorate the friendships that have sprung from the olden struggles and trials and blossomed as beautifully as flowers bloom above the graves of the past. His genial smile came from a heart too full of the sunshine of love to have any room for bitter memories. The cordial clasp of his friendly hand gave warm and sympathetic greeting to the veterans in gray and in blue alike. His ever-ready jest made him the center of a merry circle who found unflinching delight in his kind and gentle humor. His friends were bounded by no geographical limits and recognized no dividing lines. From this pleasant meeting, which owed to him so much of its enjoyment, he went beyond with a smile upon his lips as if they had just closed upon a merry jest. I have tried in these few lines to give some slight expression of what he was to us all, and send them to the VETERAN, hoping that a place may be given them.

IN MEMORY OF JUDGE FARRAR.

BY MRS. LASALLE CORBELL PICKETT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Now, call the roll. Are they all here?
Hark to their answers swift and clear;
No music like their voices dear,
Responding with their old-time cheer.

No answer here? The Judge asleep?
Ah no! 'Tis but his jest to keep
A silence so profoundly deep
That in our hearts dark shadows creep.

Call out his name! call once again.
And hear how quick he'll answer then.
He's never yet been absent when
We called the roll of Pickett's men.

No answer yet? What do you say?
He's missing from the camp to-day?
He never wanders far astray;
He'll answer now without delay.

What message comes along the line
To dim the morning's bright sunshine,
And with our gladsome roses twine
The sadness of the cypress vine?

That he will answer nevermore
To roll call, as in days of yore.
His brave, strong soul has gone before,
To wait for us at heaven's door.

'Tis grand upon the field to fall
Right up against the flaming wall
Mid deadly showers of leaden ball,
Where battle smoke makes funeral pall.

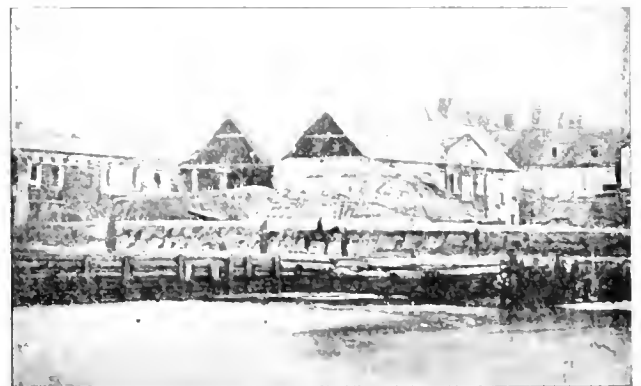
A glorious death the soldier craves,
Where his loved flag above him waves,
Amid the host of fallen braves
Who march through blood to honored graves.

But greater far, when battle's o'er,
And peace has stilled the cannon's roar,
To take up tangled threads once more
And life's bright golden web restore;

To hide the grief beneath the jest;
To make of mirth a welcome guest;
In calm and storm to do life's best,
And in God's care leave all the rest;

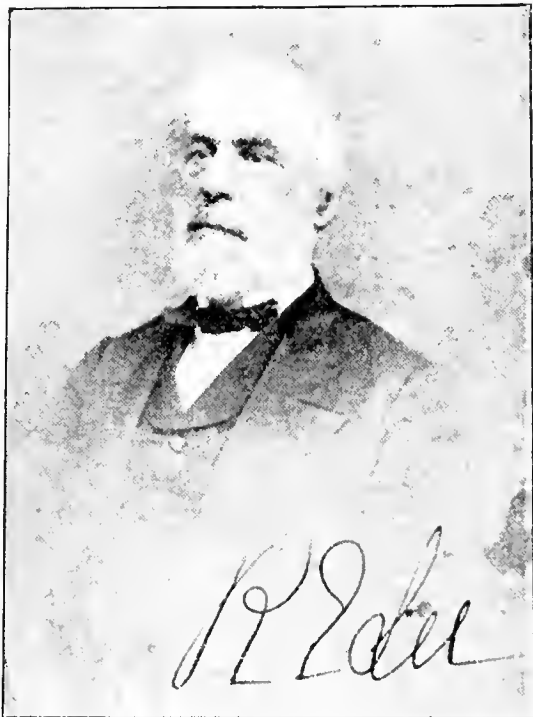
Then with a smile to pass away
To heaven's bright eternal day,
And leave with us a golden ray
Of love to light our hearts for aye.

Upon his grave, O New Year snows,
Lie lightly where the wild wind blows,
While in our hearts in beauty glows
Sweet memory's unfading rose.



GEN. R. E. LEE AT CHEAT MOUNTAIN.

Renewed interest will be had in President Davis' "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" through a letter to Col. John H. Savage concerning the failure of Gen. R. E. Lee to win a victory at Cheat Mountain which was apparently in easy grasp. In his book Mr. Davis gives an account of successful maneuvers by Brig. Gens. Henry A. Wise and John B. Floyd, with their respective commands, in Western Virginia. But an unfortunate controversy, and their failure to cooperate, induced him to send Gen. R. E. Lee, who was "on duty at Richmond, aiding the President in the general direction of military affairs," to Western Virginia. Floyd and Wise being separated, and Gen. Rosecrans being in command of a large Federal force, it was believed that Gen. Lee could concentrate Confederate strength in that section and defeat Rosecrans, though the latter's forces were greater, even after concentration.



Gen. Lee, after careful consideration, decided to attack Gen. Rosecrans' main army, a colonel of one of his regiments having reconnoitered the position at Cheat Mountain and reported it as feasible to attempt to carry it by assault. Upon this plan Gen. Lee determined. He sent an officer who was to approach it at early dawn, and open fire immediately, which was to be a signal for general action. It had rained heavily, and after a toilsome night march, the forces led by Gen. Lee, wet, weary, hungry, and cold, gained a position close to and overlooking the enemy's encampment. They had surprised and captured the picket without the firing of a gun, so that no notice had been given of their approach. The officer who had been sent to attack the fortification at Cheat Mountain Pass found on closer examination that he had been mistaken as to the practicability of taking it by assault, as the heavy abatis had been advanced beyond range of their rifles. Be-

sides he did not understand that his firing was to be a signal for a general attack, and withdrew without firing a musket. The height occupied by Gen. Lee was shrouded in fog, and as the morning dawned without the expected signal he concluded that some mishap had befallen the force which was to make it. Still by a tortuous path he went down the mountain far enough to have a distinct view of the camp. He saw that the men were entirely unconscious of the nearness of the enemy, then returning to his command he reported to his senior officer that, though the plan of attack had failed, the troops there with him could surprise and capture the camp. After conference, the officers reported that their men were not in condition for the enterprise.

Soon Gen. Lee returned to Richmond and was much criticised by "carpet knights." He made no defense of himself, not even making an official report, but orally stated to the President the facts upon which the foregoing is on record in Mr. Davis' book.

BEAUVOIR, MISS., July 3, 1880.

To Col. John H. Savage.

Dear Sir: As my memory serves me, you were with Gen. Lee in the ascent of the Cheat Mountain on the occasion when it was proposed to attack the enemy's camp in three directions. I believe there is no published report of your toilsome and daring expedition to that mountain height from which you looked down on the camp of the enemy.

Gen. Lee stated to me orally the facts of the case, but I think made no official report. Will you kindly give me your recollections of the event, with the reasons why, when Col. Rust failed to give the signal on which the combined attack was to begin, Gen. Lee did not after his close reconnaissance attempt to surprise the camp of the enemy with the force under his immediate command?

You no doubt will remember the unjust censure visited upon Gen. Lee because more was not done in that campaign, and because I did not withdraw my confidence from him it was said to be a case of obstinate adherence to a personal friend. Walter Taylor, who was Gen. Lee's adjutant general, and who has written a book on his service with Gen. Lee, did not ascend the mountain with him on that occasion, and could not give the information which I am seeking from you.

Respectfully and truly yours, JEFFERSON DAVIS.

I made no reply to Mr. Davis' letter. I did not wish to tell him that his statement and opinion in regard to the attack on Cheat Mountain by Col. Rust were erroneous, and that he was demanding of me statements in regard to matters of which, by military law, I, as commander of the Sixteenth Tennessee Regiment, was presumed to be ignorant, and in fact was ignorant. My regiment was no part of the force under Col. Rust that attempted to capture the Federals at Cheat Mountain Pass. I never saw Col. Rust or his command during the war, and while I may have had suspicions or opinions in regard to Col. Rust's failure, I had no facts or personal knowledge of the reasons that controlled him that would make it proper for me, as commander of a single regiment, to comment or give opinion as to his failure.

In regard to the failure to attack the Federals at their camps, called Crouches, Mr. Davis asked me for in-

formation which I was unable to give and of which, by military law, I was presumed to be ignorant. It would be unreasonable to assume that Gen. Lee, a great soldier and disciplinarian, would communicate to me, colonel of a single regiment, his reasons or the causes why no attack was made upon the Federals on the morning mentioned in Mr. Davis' letter. It is true I might guess or imagine why the attack was not made, but it would be unmilitary then and now to give opinions not sustained by facts known to me. Mr. Davis said Gen. Lee told him the facts, but made no report. I thought it more in accord with my duty under military law to let Mr. Davis form his own opinions upon the facts reported orally by Gen. Lee. After capturing the pickets on Stewart's Run the brigade marched over a high mountain to Boccas Run, which placed us about a mile in rear of the Federal camp at Crouches, with a high mountain and rapid running stream between us. As it was getting dark, Gen. Donelson called a council, and showed his orders. I told him he was three or four miles in advance of the position he was ordered to occupy to support Loring's attack on the enemy in the morning; that it was getting dark, too late to countermarch; to leave the main road, and let the men spend the night in the timber without fire. Gen. Lee, with a few mounted men, followed Donelson. He lost the trail and spent the night in the timber, where Donelson held his council, and in about a mile of the brigade, and came up about daylight. After inquiring as to the condition of the men and their arms if a battle should occur, he directed me to move the regiment to the main road, and to hold the road with my guard until they passed in retreat. My guard had not gone more than two hundred yards

until firing commenced between them and what I supposed was the Federal front guard, following the path on the mountain side where Gen. Lee had passed about ten minutes before. I ordered a charge, drove the Federals down the main road, and held it until the regiments had passed. The retreat continued until back to the point which, as I understood, Gen. Donelson should have held.

I might speculate and say that the mistake of Gen. Donelson caused the failure to attack, but this I am unwilling to say. I do not know that Gen. Lee intended to attack the Federals at Crouches, or that he intended more than by his disposition of his forces to hold the Federals at Crouches so that they could not interfere with Col. Rust in his attack on Cheat Mountain. Regarding Gen. Donelson as well intended and patriotic, I will hazard no opinion that casts the slightest shadow upon him.

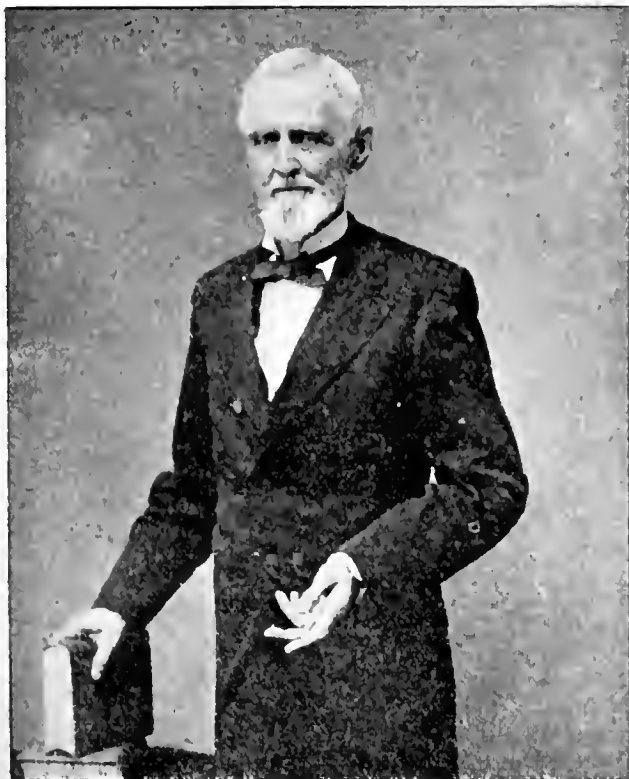
I had consultation with Gen. Lee and was under his personal orders for several days at Big Sewell Mountain, while the Federal and Confederate forces were confronting each other with nothing but a deep hollow in the mountain between them, I favored an attack to force the Federals to retreat or surrender. Gen. Lee had given me command of the force on the right of the National road, Gen. Floyd in command on the left. My command was my regiment, Wise's Legion, and a battery of artillery. In these consultations he explained his policy and reasons for not attacking the Federals at the Sewell Mountain.

Col. John H. Savage is a native Tennessean. He was born in Warren County October 9, 1815, where he yet resides. Energetic and studious, he rose rapidly to prominence in early life, and was respected and honored even in boyhood.

In 1836, about the time he attained his majority, he enlisted for the Mexican war. Santa Anna had surrendered, however, by the time the company reached Nashville, and the command was disbanded. Application was made to join companies forming for the Seminole war, but they could not be suited, so Savage, Robertson, and Smartt joined Capt. Lauderdale's "company of spies," composed of solid men. Savage fired the first gun of the campaign, and served to the close of the war. Russell Houston and Archibald Wright, who became eminent later in life, were members of this company.

After that war young Savage began the practice of law, and succeeded not only in his own but in adjoining counties. In 1841 he was elected attorney-general by the State Legislature. In 1847 he resigned the attorney-generalship to engage in the war with Mexico. He served with the rank of major in the severe engagement at Molino del Rey, where he was severely wounded. Subsequently, as lieutenant colonel, he served with the Eleventh Regular Infantry, composed of eight companies from Pennsylvania and one each from New York and Virginia. Joseph E. Johnston was of the same rank, and they saw each other frequently.

After the close of that war Col. Savage returned to his home and to the practice of law. He was elected to the United States Congress in 1849, 1853, 1855, and



PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

1857. During this period he was an active member of committees on military affairs.

In 1850 deprecating the threat of war between the sections, he said in a speech before the House: "I have never imagined, nor can I imagine, how I could live out of the Union. . . . And for this I shall still be ready to make any sacrifice except my honor and my right to be free and equal on every foot of land beneath the 'stars and stripes.'"

In 1859, when a candidate for a fifth term in Congress, some jealous men of his own party contributed to his defeat by William B. Stokes, who was afterwards conspicuous in the "Home Guards"—a term which caused derision rather than protection.

For the Confederate service Col. Savage organized the Sixteenth Tennessee Infantry, and led that regiment of gallant men in the West Virginia campaign, and later in the South Carolina, the North Mississippi, and the Kentucky and Middle Tennessee campaigns. At Cheat



COL. JOHN H. SAVAGE.

Mountain, W. Va., he captured an entire company by dashing ahead of his column and demanding their surrender. That was an achievement which he has ever since regarded as reckless. At Perryville, Ky., while leading his regiment, he was twice wounded, but stayed with it. In that frightful battle he lost more than half of his regiment. He led it in the battle of Murfreesboro. His brother, Capt. L. N. Savage, while serving in that battle as lieutenant colonel, was mortally wounded.

After much gallant service Col. Savage was humiliated by having an inferior and incompetent officer appointed over him as brigadier general, and he resigned his commission. His antipathy to Mr. Davis and to the "Calhoun doctrine" caused disfavor with the administration at Richmond. Mr. Davis showed most respectful consideration of him in the foregoing letter, however, to which no answer was ever sent.

Since that great war Col. Savage has continued a citizen of Tennessee. He has been an active participant in all issues of public interest. He has been successful as a lawyer, and charitable with his abundant means. He is now in his eighty-fourth year, and his venerable mother lived until a few years ago, dying in her ninety-ninth year.

J. Ogden Murray, Charlestown, W. Va., sends to the VETERAN an attractive booklet of songs, composed by Capt. T. F. Roche, C. S. A., while a prisoner at Fort Delaware, 1865. He says: "We had a great number of sick in our party, and we organized a minstrel troupe. From the proceeds of the concerts held in the prison mess hall we obtained money to provide comforts for our suffering comrades."

CONFEDERATE COINAGE.

Dr. M. S. Browne, Winchester, Ky.:

Having written many letters and spent much time in trying to unravel the history—a very tangled skein—of the coinage under the Confederate government, I give my comrades the benefit of the knowledge thus gained, and perhaps I may thereby reach some hidden information through others.

The United States had branch mints at Dahlonega, Ga., and New Orleans, La., the latter of which was taken in charge by the State on June 25, 1861, and turned over to the Confederate government late in February, all the old officers being held and confirmed by the new confederacy—viz.: William A. Elmore, Superintendent; A. J. Guirot, Treasurer; Dr. B. F. Taylor, Coiner; Howard Millspaugh, Assayer; and Dr. M. F. Bonizano, Melter and Refiner. Early in April Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate States, requested that designs for half-dollar coins be submitted to him, and among the many presented he chose the one bearing on one side a shield with seven stars, which represented the then seven States composing the young Confederacy. Above the shield was a liberty cap, and entwined around it stalks of cotton and sugar cane, with the inscription, "Confederate States of America," encircling all. The reverse side represented the goddess of liberty, surrounded by thirteen stars, while on the lower rim was 1861. That side is a copy of the old United States half dollar. The dies were engraved and prepared for the coining press in New Orleans, from which four pieces only were struck, and on April 30, 1861, under orders from the Secretary of the Treasury, suspending operations by reason of the impossibility of obtaining bullion, the mint was forever closed as a Confederate institution. Of the four pieces coined one was sent to the government, one given to Dr. Ames, of New Orleans, one to Professor Riddle, of the University of Louisiana, and one retained by the coiner, Dr. Taylor. In 1879 Dr. Taylor, who lived in New Orleans, still had his, and a Confederate soldier in the same city had another. Here, so far as I know, all trace of the coins is lost, and this covers the whole story of Confederate coinage. During the winter just ended the last survivor of this mint under the régime of the Starry Cross died, and with him was buried, perhaps, all further history of this short-lived mintage. My research convinces me that a limited number of unauthorized coins were struck at some later period either from the original dies or from new ones engraved. Certainly more have been issued than the original four—by whom and when will likely ever remain a mystery. Of this new issue, my friend Gen. John Boyd, of Lexington, commander of Kentucky Division, Confederate Veterans, has one, and he also has a one-cent Confederate copper, 1861, and has heard of another copper, in London, England. These latter are freaks—no one can tell whence they came—and must be spurious, for the South never needed nor used coppers till long after the war of secession was a thing of memory.



A Southern man traveling North even long after

1865 made himself conspicuous when coppers were given him in change by leaving them in disdain.

If any reader of the VETERAN has positive knowledge of Confederate coinage, a Confederate piece, or what befell the dies when Farragut arrived, or anything else relating to this subject, he will confer a great favor by letting me know.

A BOY'S EXPERIENCE IN SEEING A BATTLE.

G. B. Moon, Unionville, Tenn., writes:

On the eve of the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, news reached Unionville that Gen. Bragg would attack the enemy early next morning. In company with several friends I decided to go and see the battle, as I had never been on a battlefield. Before sunrise the next morning we were on the road. Upon reaching the battlefield we were halted by guards whom we flanked, and we pressed on toward the smoke of battle. Near the edge of a small field, where many had fallen, I discovered a saber bayonet stuck up between two dead soldiers, one a Federal and the other a Confederate, lying close together, as if they had been placed in that position and marked with the bayonet for future recognition. I took the bayonet, which I still have, though I have often regretted doing so. Both of these soldiers may have been lost to relatives by my thoughtlessness. We did not reach the line of battle that evening, and at sunset went to the hospital, in a church near the town. Here I saw more horrible sights, if possible, than I had already seen. The groans and cries of suffering soldiers rang long in my ears. One little fellow particularly attracted my attention. "O, sir, if you have a sharp knife, please cut this ball out of my hand! It is nearly killing me. The surgeon says there is no ball in my hand!" he cried in agony. Dr. B. F. Duggan, of Unionville, happened to come in about that time, and said to the sufferer: "Let me see your hand." "Yes, sir; please help me if you can. Are you a doctor?" "I have dressed many soldiers' wounds," said the doctor, and he soon found the ball and cut it out.

Wandering over the battlefield that night, we reached the field hospital of the Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiment. Here I learned that my brother Richard had been wounded that evening, but I could not learn how severely. Early next morning one of our company dismounted, and, divesting a dead Federal soldier of knapsack, pistols, gun, and all accouterments, armed himself as a soldier. When questioned he said: "I am going to fight to-day if the battle opens up." In a short time we were with the Twenty-Third Regiment. We were all mounted, and soon after we arrived the enemy, supposing we were officers, threw some shells at us. The second shell exploded in the trees above our heads. I spent most of the day searching for my fallen brother, but all in vain. He sleeps among the unknown dead. I went home, but returned again the third day to search for some traces of my brother Richard. I met the army on the retreat from Shelbyville, when I gave my basket of rations to the boys and turned sorrowfully homeward.

H. P. Greene (Adjutant P. G. Camp, No. 384),
Prairie Grove, Ark.:

In looking over a recent number of the VETERAN, I see that Charlie Coffin answers the complaint of

the Northern people about the treatment of Northern men in Southern prisons, and especially those at Andersonville, Ga. This answer is enough to satisfy any reasonable person, but the complainers in this case do not wish to be satisfied. I was a prisoner at Johnson's Island at the time all the howl was raised, and, from what I heard and saw, I believe it to have been done in an effort to justify the treatment of our soldiers in the Northern prisons. As Mr. Coffin says, the fare and treatment were not good, owing to the climate, number of prisoners causing lack of room; but the prisoners at Andersonville got the same food and treatment, so far as the Confederate Government could control it, as did our own soldiers and officers. Our rations were reduced so low that they could not sustain life. For proof of this, I refer to the files of the *New York World* in 1864. In my opinion, the authorities of the North, as well as of the South, were and are a generous, Christian people, and the poor treatment of prisoners was the result of inefficiency on the part of minor officials. I would like to see a spirit of kindness prevail between the two sections, such as is illustrated by an experience of my own. While being conveyed to prison from Springfield, Mo., I was lying on the ground, unable to get up, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. I had nothing over me save an old porous blanket, when a guard, from Iowa, though he was much exposed to the weather, took off his waterproof coat and spread it over me.

SLAYER OF GEN. A. P. HILL DEAD.—John W. Mauk, who died recently in Centerville, Pa., was the reputed slayer of Gen. A. P. Hill. The event, as related by Mauk, occurred in this way:

Corporal Mauk and several comrades became separated from their main body on the 2d of April, 1865, near Petersburg, Va., after the Confederate works had been carried on the front and the Union troops had been deployed to the left side. They arrived in sight of a body of Union men on a hill, who were stragglers lost from their commands. They also saw two men on horseback, apparently officers, advancing toward those on the hill. These two turned toward Mauk and his friends, who were standing behind a large tree, and, with revolvers drawn, demanded that they surrender. This they refused to do. Hot words followed, and Mauk fired at the officer nearest him, who fell from his saddle, dead. Afterwards Mauk learned that he had killed the Confederate General, A. P. Hill.

The word "Yankee" is said to have originated in the attempt of the Indians to say "English," which they pronounced "Yengese." This finally became "Yankee," and was applied to the people of the New England States.

Mr. W. M. Wagner, of Newport, Texas, says: "Will Capt. J. W. Irwin, Company G, First Confederate Cavalry, give the boys of his old company a sketch? I have never seen anything in the VETERAN from a comrade or officer of this regiment. Boys, where are you?"

STORY OF OUR GREAT WAR.

Told by the Late Mercer Otey, of San Francisco.

Beginning with the present issue of the VETERAN, are to appear a half dozen chapters of reminiscence by Maj. Mercer Otey. The manuscript was sent with a letter dated December 7, 1898, and just a month afterwards notice was received of his death, which occurred December 16, by a stroke of apoplexy. The picture used herewith is from a photograph made in the camp of the First Tennessee Regiment, in the quarters of which Maj. Otey spent much of his leisure time. It will be remembered that this command, under Col. W. C. Smith, was stationed in San Francisco several months before its departure for Manila.

William Newton Mercer Otey, son of Bishop J. H. Otey, first Bishop of Tennessee in the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born at Columbia, Tenn., April 15, 1842. As will be seen by his papers, he was educated at the Virginia Military Institute.

He served first in the great war as lieutenant of the signal corps, but was soon assigned to Lieut. Gen. Polk as assistant adjutant general. He was subsequently advanced in rank on Gen. Polk's staff, and later he served on the staff of Gen. Forrest. In 1872 he went West and married Miss Geraldine Gage, of San Francisco. Of their five children, three are living.

I am induced to give the following results of my personal experience during the most exciting period of my life, to enliven and enlighten the growing generation of what a Confederate soldier underwent—his trials and privations; and when the finality came, how he laid down his arms, folded his stars and bars in the gloom of glory, and stepped forth from the field of blood, "grim, gaunt, unappalled." Stained with blood and powder, the old army stood, ready to assume and maintain new obligations of the "reconstructed" soldiers and citizens.

In July, 1857, I was matriculated at the Virginia Military Institute as a cadet for four years. My experience was guard duty, military drill, and the necessary education of a soldier, under that strict disciplinarian and stanch instructor of military tactics, Maj. T. J. Jackson, subsequently known as "Stonewall" Jackson. I often look back and wonder at the calm patience of Maj. Jackson under the fire of some mischievous cadet, seeking to irritate and annoy him during lecture hours. The location of the Major's lecture room, surrounded on each side by the sleeping rooms of the cadets, made it convenient for them to indulge in these pranks and scurry to their holes like so many rats, with little or no chance of detection. I frequently saw the Major lecturing his class on some subject and some mischievous cadet from the stoop shooting water at the Professor by means of a syringe through a knot hole in the door. The pattering drops of water caused as little attention from the young professor as did Grant's shells, when a few years later he was thundering his cannon at the State capitol gates.

Frequently in artillery drill I saw the cadets who were acting as horses to limber chest and caisson run away in mimic fright and often scatter the watching crowds of gentlemen and ladies, while the Major was yelling himself hoarse in vain endeavor to check them.

Our first awakening to war's rude alarms was in November, 1859, when two hundred of the corps cadets were ordered to proceed to Charleston, Va., under the command of Maj. T. J. Jackson, to preserve the peace and dignity of the commonwealth in the execution of John Brown. We were a merry crowd, and enjoyed it as youngsters naturally would under the circumstances. How little did we dream of what was in store for us in so short a time! For three weeks we stood guard over the advance agent of emancipation, and on the morning of December 2, 1859, we were drawn up at the foot of the gallows and within forty steps thereof witnessed the hanging of John Brown, captured October 18, 1859, by United States marines under Capt. Robert E. Lee. He was tried October 29, 1859, by the



MAJ. W. N. MERCER OTEY.

laws of the United States, and executed by the officers of the State of Virginia.

Among those who volunteered and joined our ranks was an old gray-haired gentleman, whose long silvery locks hung over the cape of his cadet overcoat (borrowed for the occasion), who made a very striking picture. I learned upon inquiry that he was the Hon. Edmund Ruffin, of South Carolina, and who was said to have fired the first gun directed against Fort Sumter. The sad story is recorded of his having committed suicide only a few years ago.

John Brown rode to the place of execution, where the gallows had been erected in an old sedge field about three-fourths of a mile from town, seated in an open wagonette and surrounded by an escort. Observing the military display of some two thousand troops ordered up by Gov. Henry A. Wise, he remarked to the sheriff that it was all unnecessary, as no attempt would be made to rescue him or his associates. He mounted the few steps leading to the gallows platform with arms

pinioned behind him, and after he bade the sheriff and jailers good-by the death cap was adjusted, and at a signal with a handkerchief by Professor Francis H. Smith, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, the drop was sprung, and after a few convulsive motions the body spun round two or three times. Soon all signs of life were extinct. The physician in attendance placed his ear to the chest, and, with finger on pulse, pronounced him dead.

Thus closed the first act in the bloody drama that was gathering like a small cloud to burst into a hurricane of blood in two years more. What queer capers are cut by the whirligig of time! Here in San Francisco, thirty-five years after the happening of the above, I was working for and associated with Col. A. G. Hawes, one of John Brown's lieutenants in Kansas. Hanging in the Colonel's office, in the Mills Building, there is an oil painting of John Brown.

Our next outing from barracks was the following year, I think, when the corps of cadets was ordered to Richmond, Va., to witness the unveiling of the statue of Washington in Capitol Square. Well do I remember when we were drawn up in front of the Ballard Exchange Hotel waiting to receive Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott, and how our expectant guest and grand master of ceremonies kept us standing for two hours in the snow and slush of the street until our enthusiasm was running quite low, when there was the cry of "Here he comes!" and old "Fuss and Feathers," the hero of Lundy's Lane, waddled down the steps to the carriage in waiting to convey him to the capitol grounds.

The long-threatened "irrepressible conflict" at length burst upon us when South Carolina, in December, 1860, passed the ordinance of secession, just after the election of Mr. Lincoln. In quick succession followed other States in the beginning of the year 1861. Virginia deliberated long, and seriously debated the question. Her geographical position necessarily made her the battle ground.

Eagerly we watched State after State wheel into line, until finally, April 17, 1861, the ordinance of secession was passed by Virginia. It was precipitated by President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to suppress the rebellion. This was the death knell of the more conservative element, who vainly strove to stem the current; but when the demand was made on Virginia to furnish her quota of the seventy-five thousand to battle with her sister States, the die was cast, and the grand old State, "the mother of Presidents, the mother of statesmen," took the stand for weal or woe to uphold the rights guaranteed her under the constitution.

The States seceded in the following order: South Carolina, December 20, 1860; Mississippi, January 9, 1861; Florida, January 10; Alabama, January 11; Georgia, January 18; Louisiana, January 26; Texas, March 4; Virginia, April 17; Tennessee, May 6; Arkansas, May 6; North Carolina, May 20.

Startling events followed rapidly the action of South Carolina's secession. December 26 Maj. Anderson, commanding United States troops, evacuated Fort Moultrie and occupied Fort Sumter; on the 28th the Confederate authorities seized the government buildings in Charleston. On December 29 John B. Floyd,

Secretary of War under President James Buchanan, resigned.

January 3, 1861, the Confederates seized Fort Pulaski, at Savannah, Ga., also the arsenal at Taylorsville, Ga., and Fort Caswell, N. C., all the same day. On January 4 the Confederates seized Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay. On the 8th Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, another member of President Buchanan's cabinet, resigned. On the 9th the Confederate forces at Charleston fired upon and drove to sea the steamboat *Star of the West*. On the 11th the Confederate authorities seized the arsenal at Baton Rouge, La.; on the 13th Fort Barancas, Fla., was seized by the Confederates, and the same day the navy yard at Pensacola, Fla., surrendered to the demands of Gov. Pickens. On the 16th a commission from South Carolina in Washington demanded of the President the surrender of Fort Sumter. What were the results? As this "firing on the old flag" was the shibboleth of the Saddleucean fanatic, I am going to quote history from an impartial writer, an Englishman of conscientious spirit (Percy Greg), who, writing in perfect fairness and disinterestedness, can be fully relied on:

THE TRUE STORY OF SUMTER.

As the new President made a triumphal progress to Washington through the States which had elected him he delivered speeches—brief, indeed, but from their very brevity significant and more than ominous. He admitted at Indianapolis that "the marching an army into South Carolina without the consent of her people and with hostile intentions toward them would be coercion and invasion, but if the United States were merely to recover their forts and property, collect the customs duties and assert the powers which the Federal government claimed, was this coercion or invasion?" Mr. Lincoln knew that he could not recover Fort Moultrie or levy a dollar in Charleston till he had laid the city in ashes. Was *that* coercion? He knew that thirty thousand men could hardly install a Federal judge in Columbia. Was *that* invasion? Such playing with double-edged words—and words that flung fire among flax—would have been ridiculed in a debating society, and was unpardonable in one whose words must affect the action of governments, the motion of armies, and the temper of nations.

A still more startling sentence followed: "If a State and county were equal in extent of territory and number of inhabitants, in what was the State better than the county? What mysterious right had the State to play tyrant?" He might as well have asked: "Why should Belgium enjoy any privilege denied to Lancashire?" Was he really ignorant of the leading facts of American history, the first principles of American law, or was the question a claptrap appeal to ignorance and faction? If it meant anything, it suggested a subversion of the existing order, sure to be forcibly resisted by two-thirds of the States and more than half their population. To insinuate revolution, to hint civil war in terms like these, indicates the man as yet unimpressed by responsibility. Even as a matter of taste, what would be thought of an English statesman who should ostentatiously declare that Scotland was of no more account than Sussex, or put Ireland on a par with Derbyshire? How would such an orator, during an excess of Scotch or Irish feeling, be received in

Glasgow or Dublin? No public man, after a similar insult to the excited pride of a free people, could hope to enjoy in any great city a reception agreeable to his dignity, and Mr. Lincoln was prudently advised to avoid the streets of Baltimore, and to pass through Maryland in a sort of incognito. He was in no danger of such treatment as a Royalist chief justice had undergone from the mob of Boston; the assassination plot devised to explain his evasion was a pure fiction, but it would not have suited the President elect to be hooted through the only Southern city he had to enter. (Even Mr. Horace Greeley virtually admits that this was all the President had to fear.) Mr. Lincoln appeared in Washington, to be installed without disturbance or demonstration of hostility on March 4, 1861. His inaugural address maintained his ambiguous attitude, and yet committed him to grave and glaring usurpation.

Whatever Mr. Lincoln's opinion on the legality of secession, he knew it to be a doubtful problem, on which immeasurably superior lawyers held the Southern view. It was either a subject falling within the reserved powers of the Southern States, as the South held; or, from the Northern standpoint, a question of law to be decided by the Supreme Court. Had the court pronounced against the legality of secession, the action to be taken was a question for Congress. Even the despotic Jackson had appealed to Congress before threatening South Carolina with a military "enforcement of the law." By proclaiming his intention to "execute the laws," seize forts, and collect taxes within the seceded States, Mr. Lincoln not only decided the question of law in contempt of the proper tribunal, but deprived Congress and the Northern people of their right to decide, coolly and at leisure, whether they would endeavor to reconstruct the Union on the novel principle of compulsion. They elected him on positive and emphatic assurances that his election did not mean separation; they were now cheated out of their opportunity of reconsidering the case under the new light which had done so much to solve and startle them, while half of them still believed coercive war illegal, and a moiety of the other half abhorred it as foolish and wicked.

At the same time Mr. Lincoln threw his glove into the face of the Southern people. He told them he would act in a manner which, as the facts stood, meant a war of invasion. Yet he had deprecated the idea of war, and, if his words meant anything, had nullified his own menace by renouncing beforehand the only means of executing it. If, as he declared, he would not place intruders in the Southern customs houses, appoint intrusive judges, marshals, and attorneys, or support them by armed force, he could collect no duties and execute no laws. The inaugural speech, like its predecessors, contradicted itself at every turn. For Republicans of Mr. Chandler's type the speech meant war. Hesitating conservative Unionists inferred with equal justice that it promised to avoid war. Democrats saw that the President had given a pledge which nullified his threats of coercion. The Southern people saw that they had been insulted, but saw that the challenge given in one sentence had been retracted in another. Southern statesmen drew the true conclusion, that the speech meant anything or nothing, and must be interpreted by the temper of the North. But that temper was uncertain. A straightforward speech

would have steadied it, would have elicited a cry for war or a peremptory demand for peace, and for that reason Mr. Lincoln and his advisers had been carefully ambiguous.

The selection of the Cabinet was significant. The Secretary of State was the chief of the violent Republicans who had countersigned Helper's abusive and menacing manifesto. The Treasury was filled by Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, an abolitionist less desperate than Sumner and less scrupulous than Greeley. The War Department was in charge of Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, a professional politician, of whom it could only be predicted that he would favor whatever course promised the largest opportunities of lucrative jobbery, the most lavished and the most uncontrollable expenditure. Every post of importance was given to the North. No State south of the Potomac and Ohio was represented in the Cabinet. Blair, of Maryland, and Bates, of Missouri, were Southerners only as was Lincoln himself, by chance of birth. Their nomination to insignificant posts emphasized the antinational character of the government.

Such a Cabinet was another proof of the utterly unparalleled nature of the situation, the anti-Unionist attitude of the victorious party. Never had a Cabinet consisted solely of Southerners, with an insignificant Pennsylvanian and Indianian stuck into insignificant places. Never had the Union been ruled by a party in whose conventions the Northern States were not represented, or which had not received a Northern vote tenfold larger than the whole South had cast for Lincoln.

Peace at any price, so it was peace with honor, was the interest of the Confederacy and the policy of its government. It was fortunate that its President was at once a soldier and a statesman, thoroughly familiar with the military resources of the North, with the strength of the navy, with the character of Northern politicians. He appreciated the motives which might induce the Republican leaders to precipitate hostilities, and was anxious to avert them if possible; and if not, to throw the whole responsibility visibly and unquestionably upon the party which had all to gain by war.

The first important act of his government was to send commissioners to Washington. Their formal instructions of course looked to the recognition of the Confederate States, the provision to be made for the common debt of the Union, the transfer of the forts still held by Federal troops within Confederate jurisdiction, and the settlement of all reciprocal claims. The immediate object was the maintenance of peace on the lines of the *status quo*.

Mr. Crawford, the first of the commissioners, arrived before President Buchanan retired, but the latter had lost his head amid the incessant menaces and denunciations of the radicals, more excusably and less completely than his successor. Mr. Lincoln might have been hooted through Baltimore; Mr. Buchanan was reasonably afraid of personal outrage on his homeward road, short as it was, and thought it not unlikely that he would find his modest Pennsylvania country seat in flames. Nothing was done till the new government came into power on March 4, 1861. Mr. Seward refused to receive the commissioners. This was needless discourtesy; the reception of eminent citizens of Southern States in no wise prejudiced the question

whether those States had now become a foreign power. The envoys were men of standing too high to quibble with him on points of etiquette. An informal letter from Mr. Crawford to Mr. Forsyth, a public man of the highest character and station, opened their mission on March 12. Couched in the usual terms of diplomatic courtesy, it was answered by Mr. Seward in a long, argumentative, offensive paper, refusing the requested interview with the President. Mr. Seward, in a long public life and a subsequent official experience of eight years, showed a statesman's adroitness in discriminating between those whom it was necessary to court and those whom it was safe to insult. The nature of the man was indicated by the story—true or well invented—that he gratuitously told a great English statesman (attending the heir to the Crown on a complimentary visit to the States) that his first act on coming into power would be to quarrel with England. Mr. Seward would never have so blustered before a French statesman or a private Englishman. With like adroitness he kept his letter on March 15 for private display and subsequent publication; and to amuse them till the Northern government was ready to act and the Northern people wrought into a different mood, opened an indirect communication with the Confederate commissioners through Judge Nelson and Judge Campbell, of the Supreme Court.

The question of Sumter was urgent. Mr. Seward knew that without express assurances from Washington the Confederate government could not much longer forbear its reduction. The judges warned him upon their own authority, supported by that of the Chief Justice, that it would be impossible, without serious violation both of the constitution itself and express congressional statutes, to attempt the coercion of the seceding States; also that the refusal of a recognition to which they held themselves clearly and instantly entitled might lead to irrevocable and very unfortunate incidents.

The Secretary's tone was such that the judges believed him to be restrained even from recognition rather by the state of public feeling in the North than by his own judgment. However that might be, Mr. Seward's language about Fort Sumter was as explicit as possible. "The evacuation of the fort is as much as the government can bear." This was the immediate and pressing issue. Mr. Seward authorized the judges to say that before a letter could reach Mr. Davis the latter would learn by telegraph that the order for the evacuation of Fort Sumter had been given. As for Forts Pinckney and Pensacola no change should be made. Judge Campbell communicated this assurance to the commissioners. They required that the pledge should be reduced to writing. This was done by Judge Campbell; the written statement was approved by Judge Nelson, and the whole transaction reported to Mr. Seward by letter.

In consideration of this express engagement to leave the *status* of Fort Pinckney unaltered and forthwith to evacuate Sumter, the Confederates made two concessions of vital moment. They refrained from pressing the demand for recognition—a point on which Mr. Seward showed great personal anxiety, and they forbore to reduce the forts, then clearly in their power.

All this occurred on March 15. Seward's pledge obviously implied that the evacuation of Fort Sumter should be ordered within two or three days. On the

20th the commissioners learned from Gen. Beauregard, commanding at Charleston, that Sumter had not been evacuated, and that Maj. Anderson was still working on its defenses, a breach of the truce which would have entitled the Confederates to compel an instant surrender. The dispatch was submitted to Mr. Seward by the judges above named. He pleaded that the delay was accidental, and repeated his promise. This assurance was again given in writing to the commissioners by Judge Campbell, who again communicated to Mr. Seward in writing what had been said on his behalf. Mr. Seward then repeated, on March 21, his absolute pledge to evacuate Sumter and leave the *status quo* of Fort Pinckney undisturbed. Meantime Mr. Fox, afterwards Assistant Secretary of the navy, had urged upon the government a plan for the violent or surreptitious relief of Fort Sumter. Finding, as he said, the President and Mr. Blair disposed to sanction his plan, Fox proposed a visit to Charleston to ascertain its practicability. By Mr. Lincoln's orders he left Washington on March 19, and reached Charleston on March 21, the day on which Mr. Seward repeated his promise that the fort should be immediately evacuated. Mr. Fox recorded that he had obtained from the Governor of South Carolina permission to visit Fort Sumter. How that permission was obtained he was careful not to tell, but that it was given on an understanding that his purpose was pacific there could be no question. What actually passed is told in the Governor's report to the State Legislature. The pass was given "expressly upon the pledge of pacific purpose." Fox's legal *status*, then, was that of a spy, liable to be hung on detection. Morally, he and his government were in the position of men using a flag of truce to cover a concerted surprise, a crime which the opinion of all nations and the customs of civilized war brand with especial infamy. A few days later a second spy, Col. Lamon, employed by Mr. Lincoln, expressly informed Gov. Pickens that he was sent to arrange the removal of the garrison. He obtained a pass. On his return from Sumter he asked if a war vessel might enter the harbor to remove the garrison. The Governor refused. Lincoln's "confidential agent" then suggested an ordinary steamer, to which the other agreed. This transaction was reported by Pickens to the commissioners by telegraph.

The commissioners sent the message through Judge Campbell to Mr. Seward, who on the next day (April 1) repudiated Lamon in language which suggested that he had been kept in ignorance of the transaction. Mr. Seward, however, engaged in writing that the government would not undertake (attempt) to supply Sumter without giving due notice to Gov. Pickens. Judge Campbell noted the inconsistency, and asked: "Am I to understand that there has been a change in your former communications?"—*i. e.*, the engagement to evacuate Sumter. "None," replied Mr. Seward.

On April 7, learning that the Federal government was making secret preparations for the naval attack planned by Mr. Fox, the commissioners again addressed Mr. Seward in writing (using the signature of Judge Campbell, since Mr. Seward had throughout refused to communicate with them), directly inquiring whether his assurances were to be relied on. The Secretary replied in writing: "Faith as to Sumter fully kept; wait and see."

At that moment the secret expedition was ready, and was expected to reach Charleston within forty-eight hours.

On the morrow after this last explicit pledge, at the moment when the fleet was supposed to be off the harbor, Mr. Chew (a clerk of Mr. Seward's), accompanied by a certain Capt. Talbot, read to Gov. Pickens and Gen. Beauregard at Charleston a paper said to have been delivered to Chew by President Lincoln on April 6, the day before Mr. Seward's last promise to evacuate the fort, notifying the State government that an attempt would be made to supply Fort Sumter with provisions, and that if not resisted no attempt would be made to throw in men, arms, or ammunition without further notice. Even had it been properly signed and accredited, the paper was a confession of foul play. It ignored Mr. Seward's solemn and repeated engagements. Its delivery was obviously meant not to give warning, but to cover a surprise; and even its promise, coming from Seward's chief and Fox's employer, was dishonored on its face. The notice was a declaration of war—the dispatch of the expedition the commencement of active hostilities.

Mr. Lincoln's government thus unquestionably began the war, and by a signal act of treachery. Mr. Seward's first pledge to evacuate Sumter was given March 15; the last, April 7. In the interval the question was discussed in the Cabinet. On March 19 Mr. Lincoln sent Fox to scheme an attack; on the 23d or 24th he ordered its preparation; on April 6 the fleet had set forth; on the 8th it was expected to enter the harbor; and not till that moment were the Confederate authorities warned that an attack was intended. Even had Mr. Seward's promises been unauthorized, the President was bound by them until abundant notice had been given of their repudiation. Even on this utterly absurd supposition, the attempted surprise of April 8 was a foul treason. But it is as certain that Mr. Seward dared not and did not act without his chief's full knowledge and sanction as that such an offense would have compelled his immediate dismissal. His retention in the highest Cabinet office and in Lincoln's full confidence suffices to fix the latter with previous cognizance and entire approbation of his pledges. Mr. Lincoln's personal share of responsibility for the false promises, the deliberate and protracted deception, and the treacherous surprise which that deception covered and prepared, is matter neither of importance nor of doubt. For nearly a month the government of which he was the absolute chief were keeping the Confederate government from action by pledges which at the same time they were preparing with all possible energy to violate. This treachery had made the capture of Sumter an immediate necessity. Yet it was not summoned till April 11; and then after long parley Anderson refused to surrender, and was reduced when the enemy's fleet was in sight, by a thirty-six hours' bombardment, wherein, strangely enough, no man on either side was hurt, though casemates, guns, and parapets suffered severely. The Confederates had obviously done their very utmost to postpone or avert hostilities. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and their colleagues intentionally and deliberately forced on the collision, determined to leave the government no choice but between surrender at discretion and instant war.

They gained their end. Northern feeling would not sanction an offensive war till every effort at peaceful settlement had been exhausted. Hence it was imperative, if Lincoln's presidency were not to be signalized by the immediate dissolution of the Union and to bring the Republican party into universal odium and contempt, or the Chicago platform to be ignominiously retracted, that the North should be hurried into war on false pretenses. The authors of the collusion, the men who had publicly pledged themselves to peace while secretly preferring war, profited by their own duplicity, and concealed the transactions which had rendered the reduction of Sumter an instant necessity of self-defense. The North was persuaded the South had struck the first blow—"had fired on the uniform," "had insulted the flag." The imperious self-will of a dictatorial democracy was successfully inflamed to fury, and from this point it would be as profitable to trace the sequence, the fancies in a fever dream, as to follow the unreasoning impulses of a deluded people.

The border States had watched the course of events and understood their significance. They saw that the Federal government had been the aggressor, and—as they on strong *prima facie* ground believed, and is now proven—the willful, calculating, treacherous aggressor. They saw through the thin veil thrown over offensive invasion and fratricidal war. Their State pride and their constitutional traditions were outraged by the impertinence which treated sovereign States as "lawless combinations." From Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, from Kentucky and Tennessee, from Missouri and Arkansas, came one unanimous cry of disgust, contempt, and indignation. They adhered to the Union in spite of unnumbered insults and wrongs. But the Union to which they adhered was the Union of Hamilton, Washington, Randolph, and Jefferson; a voluntary union of sovereign States, excluding every idea of compulsion. Forced to choose between secession and coercion, with one voice the border States, Delaware scarcely excepted, refused to join in a war of aggression. Kentucky proclaimed herself neutral. Missouri followed the same course. Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, refused to convoke the Legislature or appeal to the people. In so doing he betrayed his trust. It was not for him to decide the course of Maryland, but to obey her will as it should be declared by the sovereign people. . . . The States which were persuaded or tricked into neutrality found to their cost what Mr. Lincoln's explicit and repeated assurances were worth. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri trusted and repented in chains, under a reign of terror. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas better understood, as events proved, the government they had to deal with, the crisis which its proclamation had created. . . . The action of Virginia deserves special notice. She, above all, was forced by the Washington government to a cruel alternative. She had no mind to secede, but it left her no choice. She could reach her sister States only through her side. She must be the accomplice or the first victim, and in the latter case, be the issue of the Northern appeal to the sword what it might, she must inevitably be ruined by the costs. Never since the Athenians abandoned city and country and furnished two-thirds of the fleet which saved the calculating and cowardly Peloponnesions from the same fate, has history recorded

so noble, so generous, and so glorious a choice. Unless Maryland should act with instant and most improbable energy, depose her treacherous governor, call a convention, pass an ordinance of secession, and bar the invader's road, all in a few days' time, Washington would be the headquarters of the enemy's chief army, and the war be waged from first to last on Virginia's soil. No other Southern State was similarly exposed, and none had so much to lose. Virginia was a rich, civilized, and prosperous country, a land of thriving towns and valuable plantations, of well-tilled and well-stocked farms—"the Flanders of the South."



GEN. T. J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON.

LIEUT. COL. JOSEPH V. SCOTT.

JOHN W. H. WRENN, BERKLEY, VA.

Virginians remember with tender pride Col. Joseph V. Scott, who commanded the "Petersburg Grays," and whose military career closed heroically upon the battlefield of Frazier's Farm, before Richmond, in the spring of 1862. Pending this action Col. Scott was confined to his room in Richmond, seriously ill; but with the spirit of a true soldier, he went to his duty, despite physical suffering. The order had been given to "move up closer," and he stood with his hand upon the pommel of his saddle, when a senior Captain stepped up to him, and said: "Colonel, you are too weak to lead in this fight; go to the rear, and I will lead the charge." Col. Scott replied: "No, Captain, I shall lead the regiment; but this will be my last fight." Bravely he led the charge through the tangled wildwood and through a storm of shell to the clearing beyond, which he had scarcely reached when the fatal bullet pierced his heart, and he fell in full view of the flying enemy and in the moment of victory.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Constitution by Which the Organization Is Governed.

Many comrades are confused concerning the exact text of the United Confederate Veterans constitution, and many protests have been made against the document adopted at Birmingham, Ala. This confusion arose through many having voted, in the haste and excitement of adjournment, without clearly understanding the purport and extent of their action; also a paper (the report of the Committee on Constitution) very similar to the existing constitution had been circulated, and many thought they were voting on this paper. It is contended that, owing to this uncertainty, the action of the Convention should not be binding upon the camps. In view of these radical disagreements and protests the General Commanding availed himself of the powers vested in him by Article II. of the constitution (which then governed the organization), and withheld the promulgation of the document until the Houston reunion, when his action was fully sustained, and the constitution here printed was unanimously adopted.—EDITOR VETERAN.

PREAMBLE.

Believing that a general federation of all constituted organizations of Confederate Veterans will assist in the accomplishment of the cherished purposes that each body is singly laboring to carry out and to more firmly establish the ties which already exist between them, we, the representatives of the following camps, in general convention assembled at Houston, Tex., on this twenty-third day of May, of the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-five, do adopt, ordain, and establish the following constitution and by-laws, revoking and abrogating all previous constitutions and rules of action.

ARTICLE I.

TITLE.

This federation of Confederate Veterans' Association shall be known as the "United Confederate Veterans."

ARTICLE II.

OBJECTS.

The objects and purposes of this organization shall be strictly social, literary, historical, and benevolent. It will strive:

1. To unite in one general federation all associations of Confederate Veterans, soldiers, and sailors now in existence or hereafter to be formed.

2. To cultivate the ties of friendship that should exist among those who have shared common dangers, sufferings, and privations.

3. To encourage the writing, by participators therein, of accounts, narratives, memoirs, histories of battles, episodes, and occurrences of the war between the States.

4. To gather authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, plans, maps, and other material for an impartial history of the Confederate side; to collect and preserve relics and mementos of the war; to make and perpetuate a record of the services of every member, and as far as possible of those of our comrades who have preceded us into eternity.

5. To see that the disabled are cared for, that a helping hand is extended to the needy, and that the Confederate widows and orphans are protected and assisted.

6. To urge and aid the erection of enduring monuments to our great leaders and heroic soldiers, sailors, and people, and to mark with suitable headstones the graves of Confederate dead, wherever found.

7. To instill into our descendants a proper veneration for the spirit and glory of their fathers, and to bring them into association with our organization, that they may aid us in

accomplishing our objects and purposes and finally succeed us and take up our work where we may leave it.

ARTICLE III.

MEMBERSHIP—REQUISITES, LIMITATIONS.

Section 1. Membership in this federation shall be by camps.

Sec. 2. The various associations joining shall be registered in numerical order, according to the date of their formation or incorporation into the United Confederate Veterans as Camp No. —, in the State or Territory of —.

Sec. 3. All camps now in the federation shall retain the numbers originally given them.

Sec. 4. They will be permitted to retain their local and State organizations, and beyond the requirements of this constitution and by-laws they shall have full enjoyment of the right to govern themselves, and their connection with this federation shall in no wise be construed as affecting their loyalty to their State organizations outside of this federation.

Sec. 5. Every camp will be required to exact of each applicant for membership in its ranks satisfactory proof of honorable service in the army or navy of the Confederate States and honorable discharge or release therefrom.

Sec. 6. The present membership in camps already in the organization shall not be disturbed, and no new applications from such members will be required.

ARTICLE IV.

ORGANIZATION.

Section 1. The camps shall be organized by departments, divisions, and brigades.

Sec. 2. The federation shall have as its executive head a general. There shall be three departments, to be called Army of Northern Virginia Department, Army of Tennessee Department, and Trans-Mississippi Department.

Sec. 3. The Army of Northern Virginia Department shall include and be formed of the States of Virginia, Maryland, North and South Carolina, and Kentucky, and all the camps and divisions not enumerated as belonging to the Army of Tennessee or Trans-Mississippi Departments.

Sec. 4. The Army of Tennessee Department shall include and be formed of the States of Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida.

Sec. 5. The Trans-Mississippi Department shall include and be formed of the States and Territories west of the Mississippi, excepting Louisiana.

Sec. 6. Each and every State and Territory having within



LIEUT. COL. L. L. LINCOLN,

Assistant Adjutant General on staff of Gen. Lombard, Louisiana Division.

its boundaries ten (10) or more camps, regularly organized and accepted, shall constitute a division; and no State or Territory shall have more than one division within its boundaries.

Sec. 7. Camps in States or Territories where there are less than ten (10) camps shall report directly to the Department Commander, upon whose recommendation such camps in contiguous States or Territories may be formed into a division by the Commander in Chief, until such States or Territories attain the required number of camps to entitle them to become separate divisions.

Sec. 8. Divisions, upon recommendation of Department Commanders, may be subdivided into brigades by the Commander in Chief, provided each brigade shall have at least five (5) camps and that a majority of the camps of the division shall demand the subdivision.

ARTICLE V.

REPRESENTATION.

Delegates, Limitations, Proxies.

Section 1. The representation of the various camps at the annual meetings—general department, division, and brigade—shall be by delegates, as follows: One delegate for every twenty active members in good standing in the camp and one additional one for a fraction of ten members, provided every camp in good standing shall be entitled to at least two delegates, provided State divisions may fix its internal representation.

Sec. 2. Provided also that camps may be formed with fewer than twenty members, but not less than ten members, in remote or sparsely settled localities or in places outside of the former Confederate States territory, and admitted in the federation by order of the Commander in Chief upon proper application and recommendation of subordinate officers, and after compliance with all other requisites of membership, and after such other investigation into the circumstances of this reduced membership as the General may see fit to institute through the Inspector General; but no more camps will be allowed in the same locality until the one thus admitted has attained the full number of twenty members.

Sec. 3. In enumerating active members of camps for representation, none shall be counted who are already thus enumerated in another camp of this federation.

Sec. 4. The General, Lieutenant Generals, Major Generals, Brigadier Generals, and their Adjutant Generals shall be *ex officio* members of the annual meetings and conventions.

Sec. 5. Camps will not be allowed representation unless their *per capita* shall have been paid the Adjutant General on or before the 1st day of April next preceding the annual meeting.

ARTICLE VI.

OFFICERS.

Election, Term of Office, Succession.

Section 1. The officers of this federation shall be: One General Commander in Chief, its executive head; three Lieutenant Generals, who shall command and be executive heads of the departments in which they reside.

Sec. 2. The Generals and Lieutenant Generals shall be elected by the delegates at the annual meeting or reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

Sec. 3. There shall be as many Major Generals as there may be divisions, but there shall be but one in each State or Territory.

Sec. 4. There shall be as many Brigadier Generals as there may be brigades.

Sec. 5. The Major Generals and Brigadier Generals shall be elected by the delegates from the camps within their respective commands, at a convention held at such time and place and under the supervision of such officer as the Department Commander within which the State or Territory is located may direct; provided, however, that when a division or brigade has been once organized its elections shall be held in such manner and at such time and place as has been determined at its last annual convention by its delegates.

Sec. 6. General, department, division, and brigadier officers shall be elected by ballot, and shall be installed in office at the time of their election or at the option of the meeting or convention.

Sec. 7. All officers shall be elected or appointed for one year, or until their successors are installed.

Sec. 8. Vacancies occurring among officers shall be filled until the next annual meeting by appointment of the General Commanding, on recommendation of the department.

STAFF OFFICERS.

Sec. 9. Staff officers shall be appointed by the different Generals to serve during such General's term of office or pleasure. No staff officer shall be at the same time a staff officer and officer of a brigade or division or hold two staff offices.

Sec. 10. The staff of the Commander in Chief shall be as follows: One Adjutant General, chief of staff, with rank of major general; one Inspector General, with rank of brigadier general; one Quartermaster General, with rank of brigadier general; one Commissary General, with rank of brigadier general; one Judge Advocate General, with rank of brigadier general; one Surgeon General, with rank of brigadier general; one Chaplain General, and such assistants and aids, with the rank of colonel, as in his judgment may be necessary.

DEPARTMENT STAFF.

Sec. 11. Department Commanders shall be allowed the same regular staff as the General and such assistants and aids as they may deem necessary, but one grade lower in rank.

DIVISION STAFF.

Sec. 12. Division Commanders shall be allowed the same regular staff as the Department Commander, but one grade lower in rank, and such aids, with the rank of major, as may be found necessary.

BRIGADE STAFF.

Sec. 13. Brigade Commanders shall be allowed the same regular staff as the Division Commander, with the rank of major, and such aids as may be found necessary to facilitate the organization of camps in his district, with the rank of captain.

CAMP OFFICERS.

Sec. 14. Camps may, at their option, adopt the following nomenclature for their officers—viz., Commander; First, Second, and Third (or more) Lieutenant Commanders; Adjutant, Quartermaster, Surgeon, Chaplain, Officer of the Day, Treasurer, Sergeant Major, Vidette, Color Sergeant, and two Color Guards—and define their duties. The Commander, in official intercourse with headquarters, shall be addressed as Captain.

Sec. 15. No one can be elected or appointed an officer of this federation, or of its subordinate departments, divisions, and brigades, or their staffs, unless he be a member of one of its camps.

ARTICLE VII.

SEAL AND BADGES, MEMORIAL DAY, HEADQUARTERS.

Section 1. This federation shall have power and authority to make, have, and use a common seal and badge, with such device and inscription as it may adopt, and the same to alter, break, and amend at pleasure; but, until otherwise provided for, the seal of this federation shall be a device similar to that in use by this association, which device is a medal of — inch in diameter, reproducing the great seal of the Confederate States of America, bearing "United Confederate Veterans, 1861-1865, 1880," inscribed between the wreath and margin.

Sec. 2. The seal of this federation shall be in the keeping of the Adjutant General Chief of Staff.

BADGE.

Section 1. The badge of this federation shall be a device similar to the one now in use by the camps of this association, which device is the representation in enamel of the Confederate battle flag, on a plain metal surface of — of an inch square, and can be mounted as a pin or button, to be worn on the left lapel of the coat.

Sec. 2. Recognized associations of Sons or Daughters of Veterans affiliating with this federation shall be allowed to wear the same badge as the United Confederate Veterans, with the letters "S. C. V." or "D. C. V.," as the case may be, inserted in the upper triangles of the cross, from left to right,

and with the number of their organization in the lower triangle.

MEMORIAL DAY.

This federation shall religiously observe the celebration of Memorial Day. Each camp, brigade, and division shall have full authority to designate its own.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Section 1. The general headquarters of this federation are permanently fixed at New Orleans.

Sec. 2. Memorial Hall of the Louisiana Historical Association, in that city, shall be the depository of all records, papers, and relics of this federation.

ARTICLE VIII.

SPECIAL POWERS.

Section 1. This federation shall have power to make and adopt such articles of organization, rules, regulations, and by-laws as its members may deem proper, and to alter, amend, and repeal the same as they may see fit, provided that such articles, rules, regulations, or by-laws shall not be repugnant to this constitution or to the laws of the United States.

Sec. 2. It shall have power to issue commissions to all its officers, general or department, division, brigade, camp, and staff, certificates of membership to camps joining this organization and to the individual members thereof; to fix and charge fees for such commissions and certificates, and for other documents; to levy an annual *per capita* tax upon its members, to regulate the collection of such income for the general treasury, its custody and disbursement.

Sec. 3. It shall have power to give recognition and affiliation, and regulate and revoke same, to organizations of Sons, of Mothers, Wives, and Daughters of Confederate Veterans, to constitute them auxiliaries, and to select from them its successors and heirs, they to have representations in all conventions and meetings of the association, the ratio of their representation to be fixed by the conventions of the federation. It shall further possess all powers and privileges granted by law to associations of this character.

ARTICLE IX.

PROHIBITIONS.

Section 1. No discussion of political or religious subjects, nor any political action, nor indorsing of aspirants for political office, shall be permitted within the federation of United Confederate Veterans.



LIEUT. COL. JOHN C. JONES,

Surgeon of Staff to Gen. W. F. Merriwether, Texas Division.

Sec. 2. No debts shall be contracted by this federation.

Sec. 3. No assessment shall be levied upon its members other than the fees and *per capita*, which shall never exceed an adequate amount to meet the indispensable expenses of its management.

Sec. 4. The use of the seal, badges, or name of this federation for business or advertising purposes, and the giving of its badge to persons unauthorized to wear it, are emphatically prohibited.

ARTICLE X.

PENALTIES, SUSPENSION.

Section 1. No camp shall be permitted representation in any meeting of this federation until said camp shall have paid the annual *per capita* tax and all other amounts due the federation by said camp.

Sec. 2. Suspension of a camp shall not affect the membership in the United Confederate Veterans of comrades of such camps, nor impair their tenure of office or eligibility as officers therein during such suspension. Prolonged suspension of a camp may be declared at an annual meeting an act detrimental to the objects and purposes of the federation and shall lead to forfeiture of membership.

Sec. 3. Reinstatement from suspension will take effect immediately upon receipt by the Adjutant General of evidence of the removal by the suspended camp of its cause of suspension.

FORFEITURE OF MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. Forfeiture of membership shall be declared against any camp allowing political or religious discussions or taking any such action.

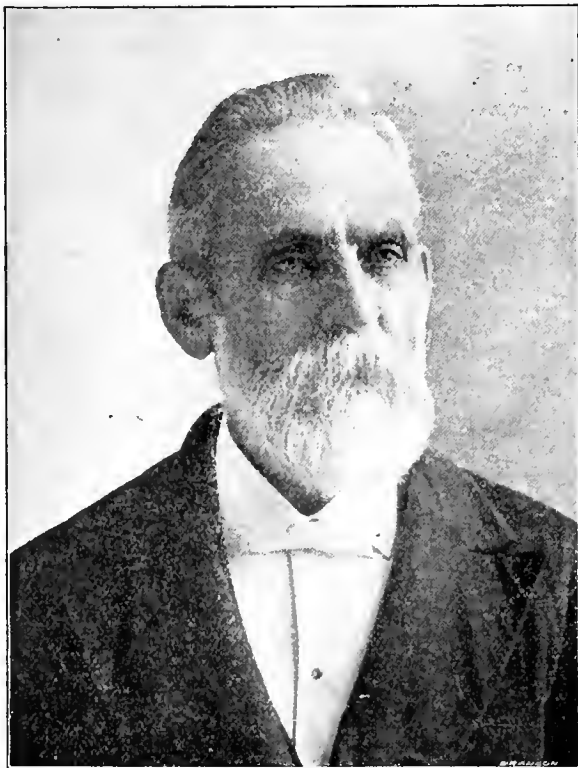
Sec. 2. Forfeiture of membership may also be declared against any camp committing any act repugnant to this constitution or detrimental to the objects and purposes of this federation.

Sec. 3. Forfeiture of membership shall be declared by a two-thirds vote at an annual meeting after proper investigation of the charges and only when they have been substantiated.

ARTICLE XI.

AMENDMENTS.

Section 1. By a two-thirds vote of the delegates present



REV. JOHN GORDON LAW,
Chaplain of the Florida Division; U. C. V.

at an annual meeting of this federation, alterations and amendments can be made to this constitution, provided that notice and a copy of proposed change shall have been sent to each camp at least three months in advance of the annual meeting.

ARTICLE XII.

DISSOLUTION.

Section 1. This federation is intended to exist until the individual members of its camps are too few and feeble to longer keep it up, and it shall not be dissolved unless upon a vote or agreement in writing of four-fifths of the camps in good standing. In case of its dissolution, any property it may then possess shall be left to our successors, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and its records shall be deposited *in perpetuo* with the Louisiana Historical Association in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, La.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. Application for membership shall be made through the headquarters of the State or Territory where the camp is organized, upon blanks furnished by the general headquarters.

Sec. 2. When the constitution and by-laws and roll of members of the applying organization has been examined and recommended by division and department headquarters, and when the application is accompanied by the prescribed fees, the camp shall be admitted, if no defect is found in the record, and a certificate of membership will be issued to it by the Adjutant General chief of staff.

Sec. 3. A correct roll of active members in good standing in each camp shall be forwarded annually, before the first day of April next preceding the general annual meeting, direct to general headquarters, upon which certified roll will be based the camp's *per capita*, which shall accompany it, and computed the camp's representation at the annual and other meetings.

Sec. 4. Membership in more than one camp is not forbidden, but no comrade shall be borne on the rolls of more than one camp for the purpose of enumeration and representation. When a comrade is a member of more than one camp he shall elect in which one he will be enrolled for representation.

ARTICLE II.

MEETINGS.

Section 1. There shall be held annually a general meeting or reunion of the federation. Each division shall likewise have an annual meeting or reunion.

Sec. 2. The delegates at these annual meetings shall select the time and place for the next annual meeting.

Sec. 3. The Commander in Chief, at the request of a majority of the camps, shall convene the federation in special meeting. Special meetings of divisions may likewise be called by the Major Generals at the request of a majority of the camps of their division, or in any emergency which they may deem sufficient.

Sec. 4. At all meetings delegates shall address each other as "comrades."

Sec. 5. The annual general meeting shall be called to order by the Major General commanding the State or Territory or subdivision in which the meeting is held. He shall first introduce to the assembly the Chaplain General, or in his absence the ranking Chaplain, who will deliver a prayer. Any representative of the local or State government, or other person deputed to welcome the delegates, shall then be introduced by the Major General, after which he shall turn over the meeting to the General Commander in Chief, who will reply to the addresses, deliver his annual address, and announce the meeting ready for business. The Adjutant General shall then call the roll of general officers of the federation and of the delegates from its camps by States and Territories, giving the number of delegates each is entitled to by his records; and such accredited delegates, answering in person to the roll call of their respective camps, shall be duly recognized delegates to the body, and the meeting will

proceed to business on the basis fixed by the Adjutant General's roll of accredited delegates.

Sec. 6. Every comrade in good standing will be privileged to attend the meetings of any organization belonging to the United Confederate Veterans and receive that fraternal consideration they design to foster.

VOTING.

Sec. 7. In all questions submitted to the meeting the Chair will first put the question for the ayes and nays *en bloc*. If the roll of camps shall be called for, then the camps shall be called in order, the number of votes each is entitled to stated, and the vote for and against the motion announced by the chairman of each delegation, and if possible the vote shall be cast by States or divisions.

Sec. 8. Balloting shall be by camps, the chairman of the delegation depositing the written ballots for the camp. In balloting for officers a majority of all votes cast shall be necessary to a choice. If there is no election on the first ballot, the name of the comrade receiving the lowest number of votes shall be dropped, and so on in successive ballots until an election is made.

Sec. 9. When there is but one candidate for an office, upon motion and by unanimous consent, a formal ballot can be dispensed with, and the candidate elected by acclamation.

Sec. 10. The ayes and nays may be required and entered upon record at the call of any three delegates from different departments.

ARTICLE III.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 1. The General shall be head of this federation, and shall enforce its constitution, by-laws, rules and regulations, and the will of its convention and meetings, and to this effect he may issue all necessary orders. He shall preside over the general conventions, meetings, and reunions of the United Confederate Veterans, and shall decide all questions of law, order, or usage, and shall be empowered to act for the good of the federation as circumstances in his judgment may require, in cases not provided for by this constitution and by-laws, subject in all such decisions and acts to appeal to the general convention or meeting. Immediately after entering upon his office he shall appoint his staff and all other general officers and committees not otherwise provided for, and may remove these officers and committees at his pleasure.

LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

Sec. 2. The Lieutenant Generals shall command departments. They shall assist the General by counsel or otherwise, and in his absence or disability they shall fill his office, according to seniority in the Confederate service. They shall push the enrollment into camps of all veterans of the Confederacy in their departments, supervise the work of their divisions and see to the enforcement of all orders from general headquarters, pass upon and forward all communications between division and general headquarters, and send annual report to the General one month before the annual meeting. They shall appoint their staff immediately after entering upon their office.

MAJOR GENERALS.

Sec. 3. Major Generals shall command divisions, each State and Territory forming but one division and having but one Major General. The Major Generals shall apply themselves to fully organize their States or Territories into camps; they shall be careful to have all the requirements of the constitution and by-laws strictly complied with in the formation of camps, and be the intermediary in their relations with general and department headquarters; they shall see to the execution of all orders received therefrom; they shall assist the Lieutenant General by counsel or otherwise, and in his absence or disability they shall fill his office until the next annual meeting, according to seniority in the Confederate service. They shall appoint their staff immediately after entering upon the duties of their officers.

BRIGADIER GENERALS.

Sec. 4. Brigadier Generals shall command the brigades or district in which it may be found necessary to divide a State or Territory. They shall be under the Major General and

assist him in organizing the State or Territory; they shall see to the execution of all orders received through him, and they shall take precedence of each other according to seniority in the Confederate service. They shall be the intermediary between the Major General and the camps of their brigades and *vice versa*. They shall appoint their staff immediately after entering upon the duties of their office, and shall be allowed as many aids as they may deem necessary to facilitate the formation of camps in their district.

CAMP OFFICERS.

Sec. 5. Camp officers shall have their duties defined by the constitution of the camp that creates them, to which full liberty has been given to govern themselves, provided the duties so defined be not in conflict with the provision of this constitution and by-laws.

STAFF OFFICERS.

Adjutant General.

Sec. 6. The Adjutant General shall be chief of staff of the Commander in Chief. He shall keep correct records of the proceedings of the general headquarters, and general meetings and reunions; a roster of the general department, division, brigade, and camp officers, and a roll of camps; he shall conduct the correspondence of the federation, and issue the necessary orders under the direction of the General. All returns received by him from departments shall be turned over to the proper officer. He shall prepare all books and blanks required for the use of the United Confederate Veterans, under direction of the Commander in Chief. He shall be the keeper of the seal of the federation, and shall issue under it all certificates of membership, commissions, and documents. He shall draw requisitions for funds on the Quartermaster General, to be approved by the Commander in Chief, and he shall perform such other duties and keep such other books and records as the Commander in Chief may require. He shall make an annual report to the Commander in Chief, showing the work performed by his office and the condition of the federation. He shall send out blank muster rolls to the various subordinate camps at least sixty days before the annual meetings, together with blank certificates for their delegates, with instructions to the Adjutants of the various camps to send in such muster rolls or



MAJ. J. J. STONE.

On the Staff of Gen. A. J. Vaughan, Tennessee Division.

roster of his camp, also the names of the delegates appointed by their camp to the annual meeting of the federation, all direct to him, before the first day of the month next preceding the annual meeting.

Quartermaster General.

Sec. 7. The Quartermaster General shall hold the funds and vouchers of the federation. He shall have charge of the contracting for badges of the association and their sale to the camps upon proper requisition; he shall pay all warrants drawn on him by the Adjutant and approved by the Commander in Chief; he shall have charge of all arrangements for transportation of general headquarters to and from general meetings or reunions, and he shall endeavor to facilitate the transportation by railroads of delegates to the meetings of the federation.

Inspector General.

Sec. 8. The Inspector General shall prescribe the form of blanks to be used for the inspection of camps, and, with the approval of the Commander in Chief, give such special instructions in reference to inspections as may be deemed necessary. He shall prepare an abstract of the reports received from departments for the information of the Commander in Chief, and present a report to the annual meeting. He shall have charge of all investigations ordered for infractions of the constitution and by-laws of the federation of the camps, or for conduct of any camp or individual considered detrimental to the federation, which may be referred to him by the Commander in Chief.

Surgeon General.

Sec. 9. The Surgeon General shall perform the duties properly appertaining to his office, and present at the annual meeting a report or paper on matters relating to the medical and surgical branch of the Confederate service.

Commissary General.

Sec. 10. The Commissary General shall attend to any duties the Commander in Chief may impose upon him, and he shall, at the annual meeting, present a written report or paper on matters relating to the commissariat of the Confederate army.

Chaplain General.

Sec. 11. The Chaplain General shall open and close with prayer the annual and other meetings, and perform such duties in connection with his office as the Commander in Chief



LIEUT. COL. D. E. MAXWELL,

Inspector General on Staff of Gen. Dickson, Florida Division.

may require. He shall present at the annual meeting a written report or paper upon matters relating to his branch of the Confederate service.

Judge Advocate General.

Sec. 12. The Judge Advocate General shall perform the duties appertaining to that office. He shall give all legal advice that may be required of him by the Commander in Chief. He shall present at the annual meeting a report and paper on the history of his department of the Confederate service.

Sec. 13. The subordinate staff shall perform in their respective spheres the duties of their offices, in conformity with the regulations imposed on the general staff, as far as they can be applied.

ARTICLE IV.

CHANNELS OF COMMUNICATION.

All official communications in the business of this federation or its subordinate commands must follow the usual military channels, except details designated—that is, from camps to brigades, to divisions, to departments, to general headquarters, and, descending, will take a reverse channel.

Direct communication from subordinate bodies or officers to superiors and *vice versa*, passing around intermediary commanders, will not be permitted.

ARTICLE V.

COMMITTEES.

Section 1. There shall be four standing committees of one delegate from each State and Territory, and one to represent the camps outside the former Confederate States and Territories. They shall be as follows:

Sec. 2. Historical Committee, that shall have charge of all matters relating to the literary and historical purposes of this federation.

Sec. 3. Relief Committee, that shall have charge of all matters relating to relief, pensions, homes, and other benevolent purposes of this federation.

Sec. 4. The Monumental Committee shall have charge of all matters relating to monuments, graves, and the federation's objects and purposes in these respects.

Sec. 5. Finance Committee, to verify accounts of officers, to fix the compensation of same when it becomes necessary, under the advice and approval of the General Commander in Chief, and to attend to such other matters of finance that may be referred to it.

Sec. 6. These committees can subdivide themselves for purposes of facilitating their labors, and shall keep a record of their meetings, make reports annually, or oftener if required by the Commander in Chief, and shall turn over their records to the Adjutant General at the expiration of their term of office.

SPECIAL COMMITTEE.

Sec. 7. Special committees can be appointed by the General commanding when a necessity arises, and shall be appointed by him when so ordered by the general meeting.

Sec. 8. All committees shall meet when called by their chairmen.

Reports of committees shall be sent to the General in Chief one month before the annual meeting.

ARTICLE VI.

FINANCES.

Section 1. The fees shall be: An entrance fee of two dollars (\$2) from each camp, which shall accompany its application and entitle the camp to a certificate of membership free from cost of postage.

Sec. 2. A fee of one dollar (\$1) for each commission issued to officers, or certificate to individual members, of camps by general headquarters, which fee shall include postage.

Sec. 3. A *per capita* tax of ten (10) cents for each active member in good standing in such camp and not enumerated in any other camp.

Sec. 4. The general commanding shall fix the price of dues for badges, hooks, and blanks required and issued by the federation, which dues shall not exceed an amount sufficient to defray their cost and distribution.

Sec. 5. All fees and dues shall be received by the Adjutant General and by him turned over to the Quartermaster General, in whose custody they shall remain until properly disbursed.

Sec. 6. The *per capita* tax of ten (10) cents shall be apportioned out by the Quartermaster General, as follows: 7-10 to general headquarters; 1-10 to department headquarters; 2-10 to division headquarters, and shall be kept in the general treasury to the credit of the different headquarters separate from other funds, to be paid out only upon proper requisition of their Adjutants General.

Sec. 7. Divisions may levy additional fees and *per capita* tax upon their camps, for their own purposes, and to meet their internal expenses.

ARTICLE VII.
AMENDMENTS.

These by-laws and the rules and the regulations of this federation shall only be altered or amended at an annual meeting, by a two-thirds vote of the delegates present.

But any section herein may be suspended for the time being at any annual meeting by a unanimous vote of the delegates present. No amendments shall be considered unless by unanimous consent, if a notice and copy of it shall not have been furnished to each camp in the federation at least thirty (30) days before the annual meeting.

Official.

GEORGE MOORMAN,

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

On submitting proof of the document to Gen. Moorman, he approves and supplements it with General Order No. 159, under date of March 10, 1896: "As some misapprehension exists in the Texas Division in regard to the *status* of that division, the General Commanding desires to correct it by these General Orders. While it is true that Section 6 of Article 4 and Section 3 of Article 6 of the constitution provides that there shall be but one division, and but one major general in each State or Territory, on account of the fact that there had been five divisions in Texas since December 29, 1891, and under which system all of the camps had been organized, and in order not to disturb the harmony then existing, at the unanimous request of the representatives of the Texas camps an amendment to the constitution was offered at the Houston reunion providing that the division of Texas should have five subdivisions, to be commanded by one major general and five brevet major generals. This is the exact *status* of this matter; the brevet major generals rank from dates of their election at the reunion, and in the next publication of the constitution the amendment will be embodied in it. The foregoing General Order No. 159 is also a part of the constitution.

GEORGE MOORMAN,

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS FOR REUNION.

The General Commanding United Confederate Veterans, Gen. J. B. Gordon, through Adj. Gen. George Moorman, sends an appeal to all comrades heartily endorsing the request from Charleston that all department, division, brigade, and camp commanders will take steps to collect as many of the old "battle flags" and flags of the Confederacy, and banners and ensigns of every description, which waved over the Confederate armies, as possible, to be displayed at the Charleston reunion. In sending out the request he adds:

There are a great many, no doubt, through the South in private hands, at the headquarters of the different camps, and at the State capitols, etc., and it would be in keeping with the grandeur of the occasion, upon this visit of the old soldiers to the chief city of the great

State which gave birth to the Confederacy, and where the first gun of the war was fired, to take with them these historic flags which floated over them amidst the smoke and carnage of more than two thousand battlefields before they were furled forever, at Appomattox and other places.

Doubtless many flags will be taken care of by the delegates and others to whom they will be intrusted, but where it is necessary to send by express, they may be sent to the special care of Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, commanding the South Carolina Division, Charleston, S. C., who will arrange a safe depository for them while there.

Col. Robert P. Evans, chairman of Committee on Information, Charleston, S. C., will give any information as to housing, quarters, rates of board, etc., to delegates desiring to attend the reunion. He states that his committee will undertake to engage quarters for and locate any of the veterans in advance of their coming, but by April 15 have a positive guarantee of their coming.

The VETERAN could not print all reports sent in concerning the President's Atlanta speech. Mrs. Margaret Branch-Sexton, the President of the Savannah (Ga.) Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, offered resolutions concerning the national care of Confederate graves, which were unanimously adopted:

With full appreciation of the impulse expressed in that sentiment we shrink instinctively, with hushed and holy sorrow, from yielding the slightest assent. The graves of our Confederate dead are our pilgrim shrines. . . . The record these incomparable heroes made furnish the brightest pages in American annals, wrought out by men of loftiest mold. Only reverent hands should lay memorials over their consecrated dust, while loyal, loving hearts preserve and transmit the splendid lesson of their sublime faith and virtue. To the women of the South this sacred trust must be reserved through all generations.

W. H. Nance, Oak Level, Ky., would like to hear from some of his old comrades, and mentions Jobe Alford, Joe Hutchinson, Rev. Joseph Smith, and James Berson—all of the Thirty-Seventh Georgia Regiment.

THE LAST SALUTE TO STONEWALL JACKSON.—J. A. Kidd, Springtown, Tex., writes: "When Stonewall Jackson's troops were on the march the boys would line themselves up on each side of the road at the approach of their general, and then give the rebel yell and throw their hats under his horse's feet as he dashed past. On these occasions the gallant commander would leave his escort and ride through alone to show his appreciation. A. P. Hill's Division had the honor and glory of giving this salute for the last time. It was in May, 1863. I heard a tremendous shout, and looking back in the direction of Fredericksburg, I saw the familiar figure of Stonewall Jackson approaching. The scene cannot be described. The troops went wild with enthusiasm, and with one voice sent up the old rebel yell. Men who had fought unflinchingly through many battles wept like children as they abandoned their scanty meals and rushed for a sight of their famous commander. It was the last time his men had opportunity to show their great affection for him, for it was immediately preceding his fall."



A friend writes from Dickson, Tenn.:

"Taps" has sounded again, and J. K. Davis, a gallant Confederate soldier, answered to the call on Monday, February 13, 1899. At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the Confederate service, and, under the leadership of brave Gen. Forrest, he honored himself as a soldier. No braver man ever marched beneath the folds of the Stars and Bars or followed the strains of "Dixie." Since the war he had been a successful merchant, and always manifested in-



J. K. DAVIS.

terest in the welfare of his Confederate comrades. His hands, home, and purse were always open to an old comrade in need, and many deeds of charity were done of which the world knows nothing. He was one of the prime movers in the Bill Green Camp, at Dickson, Tenn. He was a liberal contributor to the Sam Davis Monument Fund, and the name of every member of his family appears on the list of contributors. He was a faithful worker for the VETERAN. While he will meet his comrades no more at the camp fires on earth, he has joined his great leader and many comrades "across the river."

The death of Edward Landstreet occurred on January 25, 1899. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a mere boy in Company A, First Virginia cavalry, then commanded by Lieut. Col. J. E. B. Stuart. When the latter was promoted to brigadier general he detailed Edward Landstreet as courier, and he served with Stuart, and afterwards with Fitzhugh Lee, Mos-

by, and other noted leaders. He was with Lee's army at Appomattox, but escaped with the cavalry and finally surrendered with Mosby's command at Winchester, Va., and was paroled in May, 1865. He was a member of the Confederate Historical Association, and was one of the first to join the organization known as Company A, Confederate veterans. He was elected second lieutenant of the company in September, 1895, and was ever active in any movement undertaken by the veterans. He was buried by his Confederate comrades. The ceremony at the grave was most impressive. The veterans with bare heads lined up around the grave, and as the body was lowered to its last resting place they fired three volleys over his grave, and at the close the bugler sounded "taps."

The death of Maj. Daniel T. Carraway, of Newbern, N. C., is announced. This gallant old soldier was Commissary of Gen. Branch's Brigade, and in the memorable conflicts through which he passed won honor and esteem. He was a participant in the famous battle of Newbern, when the war cry first pierced the hearts of our people. After this splendid brigade received its first baptism of blood by the waters of the Neuse, it stood to its colors as one of the most heroic squadrons of the long struggle, everywhere facing danger and death with invincible courage. Maj. Carraway, up to the last moments of his life, cherished the memories of his glorious and patriotic soldier career.

After the war he returned to a quiet and prosperous business life, and devoted himself to the interests of family, church, and State. By his death the ranks of Confederate veterans have lost a most honored member.

"Courage and Loyalty," by Mrs. Emma Henry Ferguson, was recently issued from the press of the Editor Publishing Co., and is an entertaining story, cleverly and simply told. The action is rapid, and there is not a dull line in the book. The dramatic incidents of the story cluster around a fascinating little character, Francois, who was of French-English parentage, and whose identity is not disclosed until toward the end of the tale. He is a beautiful and a pathetic character, and though living amid the simplest surroundings, gives early evidences of his gentle birth. The attention of the reader is held from the time he is introduced to this tiny hero sitting in front of the great palace at Brussels until, like Little Lord Fauntleroy, he is master of his own handsome estates and is left to look out into a bright and prosperous life. Such books can be safely placed in the hands of young people, for the impulses and the aspirations of the young hero are good and high, and none save good impressions could be left from reading of his trials and final triumph. The usual thread of romance runs through the story and is not altogether commonplace. From a life abroad and a close study of human nature, Mrs. Ferguson has acquired a natural and attractive style of telling a Continental story without the usual fault of making her characters seem too far away. In reading "Courage and Loyalty" one sees and appreciates the beauty and the sweet nature of little Francois, and is grateful to the author for having left the reader with none but pleasant memories of him.

SURVIVING GENERALS.

The following list of Confederate generals is given by Charles Rich Johnson, of Toledo, Ohio. He desires information if errors are found in this list. So does the VETERAN. A proof was sent to Charles Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga., who made several additions and corrections.

LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

Stephen D. Lee, Starkville, Miss.
James Longstreet, Gainesville, Ga.
Simon B. Buckner, Frankfort, Ky.
Joseph Wheeler, Wheeler, Ala.
A. P. Stewart, Chickamauga, Ga.
Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C.
John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

MAJOR GENERALS.

G. W. C. Lee, Lexington, Va.
James F. Fagan, Arkansas.
Thomas J. Churchill, Arkansas.
S. G. French, Winter Park, Fla.
John H. Fornay, Jenifer, Ala.
D. H. Maury, Richmond, Va.
Henry Heth, Antietam Battlefield Survey.
Robert F. Hoke, Raleigh, N. C.
Fitzhugh Lee, Glasgow, Va.
W. B. Bate, U. S. Senate.
M. C. Butler, U. S. Senate.
L. L. Lomax, Washington, D. C.
T. L. Rosser, Charlottesville, Va.
G. N. Custis Lee, Lexington, Va.
W. T. Martin, Natech, Miss.
C. J. Polignac, Orleans, France.
E. M. Law, Yorkville, S. C.
Matt Ransom, U. S. Senate.
J. A. Smith, Jackson, Miss.

BRIGADIER GENERALS.

William L. Brandon, Mississippi.
James Canty, Alabama.
John Z. Cox, Tennessee.
Arch J. Dobbins, Arkansas.
John W. Frazer, Memphis, Tenn.
George C. Gibbs, North Carolina.
Colton Greene, Missouri.
James Hogan, Mobile, Ala.
William J. Hoke, North Carolina.
John C. Humphreys, Mississippi.
George H. Johnston, Alabama.
Alex C. Jones, Japan.
John R. Jones, Virginia.
H. B. Lyon, Kentucky.
R. P. Maclay, Cook's Landing, La.

William McRae, North Carolina.
John D. Martin, Mississippi.
Thomas H. McCray, Arkansas.
D. McCray, Searcy, Arkansas.
Thomas M. Moody, Alabama.
P. T. Moore, Virginia.
William R. Peck, Louisiana.
John C. Reid, Alabama.
J. A. Smith, Jackson, Miss.
John L. T. Sneed, Memphis, Tenn.
T. H. Taylor, Louisville, Ky.
Allen Thomas, Venezuela.
B. M. Thomas, Dalton, Ga.
Thomas F. Toon, North Carolina.
William B. Wade, North Carolina.
Richard Waterhouse, Jr., Texas.
G. T. Anderson, Anniston, Ala.
Frank C. Armstrong, Washington, D. C.
E. P. Alexander, Savannah, Ga.
Arthur P. Bagby, Texas.
Laurence S. Baker, Suffolk, Va.
Pinckney D. Bowles, Alabama.
S. M. Barton, Fredericksburg, Va.
J. L. Brent, Baltimore, Md.
C. A. Battle, Alabama.
W. R. Boggs, Winston, N. C.
Tyree H. Bell, Tennessee.
William L. Cabell, Dallas, Tex.
E. Capers, Columbia, S. C.
George B. Cosby, Sacramento, Cal.
Francis M. Cockrell, U. S. Senate.
John B. Clark, Jr., Rockville, Md.
Alfred Cumming, Augusta, Ga.
William R. Cox, Raleigh, N. C.
H. B. Davidson, California.
Basil W. Duke, Louisville, Ky.
C. A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga.
S. W. Ferguson, Greenville, Miss.
J. J. Finley, Florida.
D. M. Frost, St. Louis, Mo.
Richard M. Gano, Dallas, Tex.
W. M. Gardner, Memphis, Tenn.
G. W. Gordon, Memphis, Tenn.
D. C. Govan, Arkansas.
G. P. Harrison, Jr., Opelika, Ala.
A. T. Hawthorne, Dallas, Tex.
Eppa Hunton, Warrenton, Va.
N. H. Harris, Vicksburg, Miss.
George B. Hodge, Kentucky.
Louis Hebert, Breaux, La.
W. H. Jackson, Nashville, Tenn.
B. T. Johnson, Baltimore, Md.
A. R. Johnson, Texas.
G. D. Johnston, Washington, D. C.
R. D. Johnston, Birmingham, Ala.
William H. King, Austin, Tex.
William W. Kirkland, New York.
James H. Lane, Auburn, Ala.

T. M. Logan, Richmond, Va.
Robert Lowry, Jackson, Miss.
Joseph H. Lewis, Frankfort, Ky.
W. G. Lewis, Tarboro, N. C.
Wm. McComb, Gordonsville, Va.
E. McNair, Hattiesburg, Miss.
John T. Morgan, U. S. Senate.
T. T. Munford, Uniontown, Ala.
George Maney, Nashville, Tenn.
John McCausland, Mason C. H., W. Va.
W. R. Miles, Mississippi.
William Miller, Florida.
John C. Moore, Texas.
F. T. Nichols, New Orleans, La.
R. L. Page, Norfolk, Va.
W. H. Payne, Warrenton, Va.
Roger A. Pryor, New York, N. Y.
E. W. Pettus, U. S. Senate, Ala.
B. H. Robertson, Washington, D. C.
F. H. Robertson, Waco, Tex.
Charles A. Ronald, Blacksburg, Va.
D. H. Reynolds, Arkansas City, Ark.
William P. Roberts, Raleigh, N. C.
Jake Sharp, Jackson, Miss.
C. M. Shelly, Birmingham, Ala.
J. E. Slaughter, Washington, D. C.
Thomas B. Smith, Nashville, Tenn.
G. M. Sorrell, Savannah, Ga.
George H. Stuart, Baltimore, Md.
J. C. Tappan, Helena, Ark.
Robert B. Vance, Asheville, N. C.
A. J. Vaughan, Memphis, Tenn.
James A. Walker, Wytheville, Va.
D. A. Weisiger, Richmond, Va.
G. C. Wharton, New River, Va.
M. J. Wright, Washington, D. C.
G. J. Wright, Griffin, Ga.
H. H. Walker, New York.
W. H. Wallace, Columbia, S. C.
T. N. Waul, Galveston, Tex.
Zebulon York, Baton Rouge, La.
W. H. Young, San Antonio, Tex.

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STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1898.

The annual statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York of the business transacted by that Company for the year ending 1898 shows an amazing growth. The assets were increased \$23,730,887, and the total sum now held by this institution for the security of its policy holders is \$277,517,325. The Mutual Life, after placing \$233,058,640 to the credit of the reserve fund in accordance with the requirements of the New York Insurance Department, has a remaining surplus of \$44,458,684. The surplus shows a growth for the year amounting to \$8,950,490, from which dividends are apportioned.

In 1898, the claims paid arising from the death of policy holders amounted to \$13,265,908, and in addition to this the Company paid during the twelve months \$11,485,751 on account of endowments, dividends, etc. The general business of the Mutual Life in 1898, when compared with the results during the previous year, is highly satisfactory. The insurance in force December 31, 1897, amounted to \$935,602,381. On December 31, 1898, the business in force aggregated in amount \$970,497,975, which is unequaled by any other company in the world. Since its organization, in 1843, the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York has paid to its policy holders \$487,748,910.

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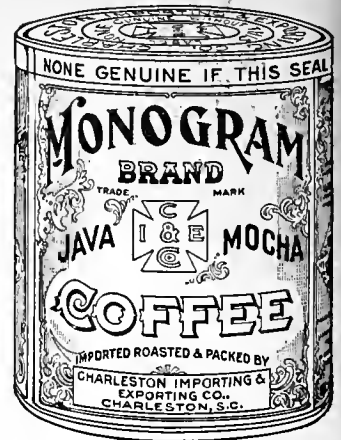
In order to give room for a large shipment of our beautiful new styles, we offer a lot of Upright Pianos from \$100 to \$150 less than the original price; in other words, you can buy a magnificent Upright Piano, in Mahogany, Walnut, or Oak, regular price \$450, for \$300. A number of nice Uprights will go for \$135. This is your chance. Fifty good Squares will be sold from \$10 up. These Square Pianos are good to learn on, and you can later exchange for the best.

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The Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its line to Charleston, S. C., and return at rate of one cent per mile in each direction for the round trip. Tickets to be sold May 8, 9, and 10, with final limit to return until May 21, 1899. Connecting lines will sell tickets via Southern Railway, and parties should be sure to ask for tickets reading via that line. The schedules from all points via the Southern Railway to Charleston are excellent and the service unexcelled. For further information, address C. A. DeSaussure, D. P. A., Memphis, Tenn.; J. C. Andrews, S. W. P. A., Houston, Tex.; M. H. Bone, W. P. A., Dallas, Tex.; J. P. Billups, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.; C. E. Jackson, T. P. A., Birmingham, Ala.; J. L. Meek, T. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.; E. J. Martin, T. P. A., Columbus, Miss.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines," by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, at Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, H. L. Barber, Gen. Mgr., 356 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

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CHARLESTON, S. C.,

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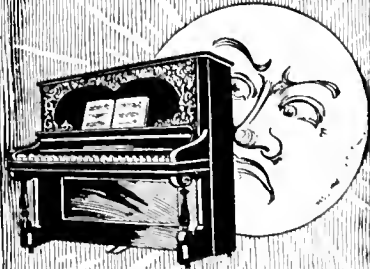


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My diary (a book of six hundred and forty-four octavo pages) is a history of the army in which I served from the beginning until the end of the war. It embodies an account of Forrest's cavalry for the last fifteen months of the struggle. I was a member of Company C. Second Tennessee. Bell's Brigade, Beauford's Division. I was wounded at Paris Landing, Tenn., October 30, 1864, and was confined to bed for eighteen months. I am poor, and my wife is afflicted with rheumatism and has not walked for five years. I appeal to my dear comrades to help me by sending two dollars for the book. Send to CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, or to me, for a copy of the book. I am sure that you will appreciate the book, and the money will be highly appreciated.

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COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY PRESIDENT

STATEMENT

For the year ending Decmbr 31 1898

According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME

Received for Premiums . . . \$42,318,718 51
From all other Sources . . . 12,687,880 92

\$55,006,629 43

DISBURSEMENTS

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death . . . \$13,265,908 00
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc. . . 11,485,751 35
For all other accounts . . . 10,493,379 33

\$35,245,038 88

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other Securities . . . \$160,956,141 33
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage . . . 68,503,580 90
Loans on Bonds and other Securities . . . 9,396,619 00
Real Estate appraised by Insurance Superintendents, at \$23,531,826.88; Book Value . . . 20,601,619 61
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies . . . 11,621,377 36
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc. . . 6,431,957 16

\$277,517,325 36

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserves, etc. . . \$233,058,640 68
Continent Guarantee Fund . . . 42,238,484 68
Divisible Surplus . . . 2,220,000 00

\$277,517,325 36

Insurance and Annuities in force . . . \$971,711,997 79

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.

CHARLES A. FRELIER Auditor

From the Divisible Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS Vice-President

WALTER R. GILLETTE General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD 2d Vice-President
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EMORY MCCLINTOCK Actuary
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Princess, Bonnie, rich crimson; Enchantress, white, tinted buff; Star of Gold, golden yellow; Pres. Carnot, lovely lawn; Rosella, white and yellow; Snow Queen, pure white; Klondyke, deep apricot; Duke of York, bright pink; Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, blood red; Alice Aldrich, richest blush; Crown Princess, lemon yellow; Polar Star, creamy white; Queen of Fragrance, blush, in clusters; Henry M. Stanley, clear buff; Golden Gate, white, tipped scarlet.

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12 Geraniums, all colors and kinds, . . . 50c. 21 Large Flowered Pansy Plants, . . . 50c.
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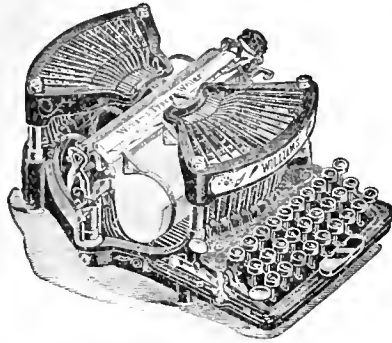
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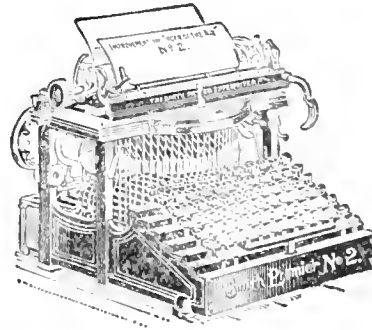
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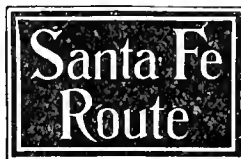
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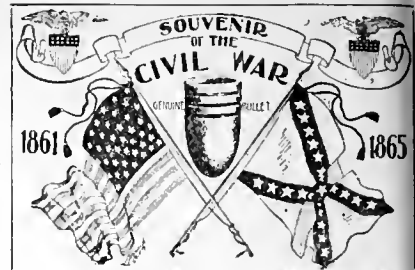
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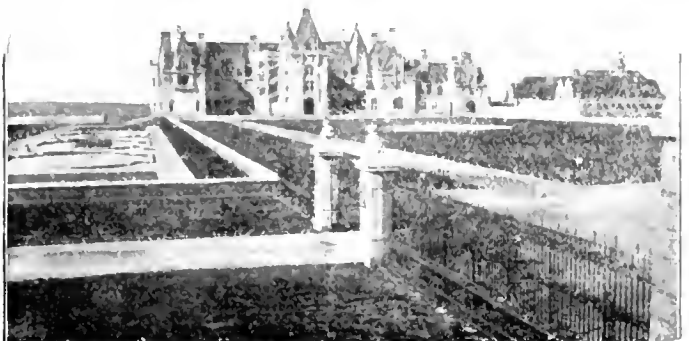
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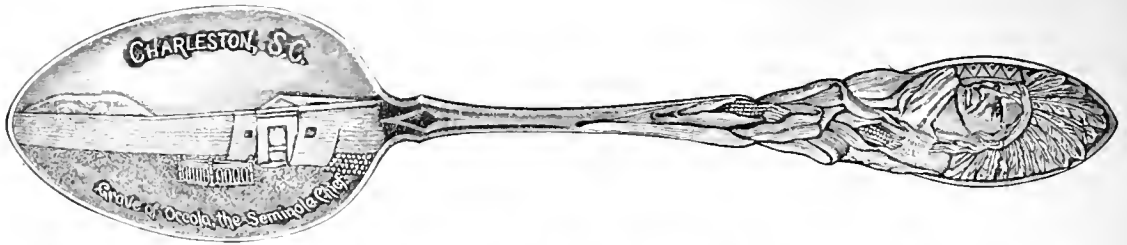
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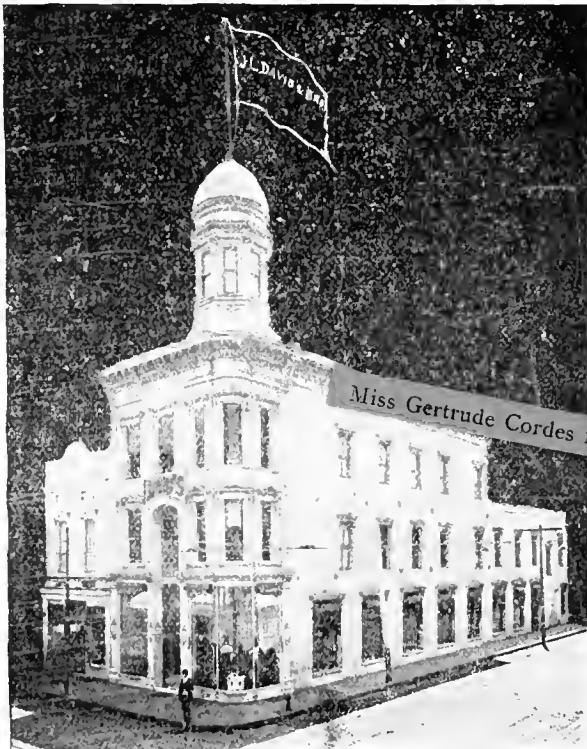
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This little booklet, the product of a Southern woman, and written exclusively for Southern audiences, fills a long-felt want, and has been warmly received by those interested in getting up amateur stage performances, whether for Church, school, Daughters of the Confederacy Chapters, or other social organizations. Fine scope is given for histrionic and dramatic ability, the play abounding in striking situations, beautiful tableaux, and patriotic allusions.

No true Southerner, whether a veteran or the son or daughter of a veteran, can read the "Queen of the South" or see it acted without a quickening of the pulse and a feeling of renewed devotion to his or her fatherland.

The spectacular effect of the play is a leading feature, and it has been well called "an object lesson in patriotism." As long as this play is produced, so long will the brave deeds and glorious history of our Southland be impressed upon the minds and hearts of the children of the South. The play has been officially indorsed by the United Confederate Veterans of Tennessee and by the Daughters of the Confederacy Chapter of Pulaski, Tenn. The following chapters are at this time preparing to give the "Queen of the South" to the public: Daughters of the Confederacy Chapters at Macon, Miss.; Quitman, Ga.; Gainesville, Fla.; San Marcos, Tex.; Jackson, Tenn.; Pulaski, Tenn.

A number of schools and colleges will also present it as the crowning effort of their commencement exercises, and we recommend it heartily to principals and others having charge of this department of school work.

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CHARLESTON, S. C.

Souvenirs

of Charleston, and of the
 Reunion, U. C. V.,

May, 1899.

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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.

Advertising rates: \$1.50 per inch one time, or \$15 a year, except last page.

One page, one time, special, \$35. Discount: each six months, one issue.

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.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially 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. VII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1899.

No. 4. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

ARRANGING FOR THE REUNION.

U. C. V. HEADQUARTERS, CHARLESTON.

Gen. J. B. Gordon will be at Charleston Hotel.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Gen. Wade Hampton, Charleston Hotel.

Army of Tennessee Department, Gen. S. D. Lee, Charleston Hotel.

Trans-Mississippi Department, Gen. W. L. Cabell, which includes the Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, and Pacific Divisions, will be at German Fusileers' Armory, Wentworth Street, between King and Meeting Streets.

South Carolina Division, Market Hall, Meeting Street.

Virginia Division, Irish Volunteers' Armory, Vanderhorst Street, between King and St. Philip Streets.

North Carolina Division, Carolina Rifles Armory, King Street, above Queen Street.

Maryland, Kentucky, and West Virginia Divisions, all in German Artillery Hall (ground floor), Wentworth Street, between King and Meeting Streets.

Mississippi Division, Freundschaftsbund Hall, corner Meeting and George Streets.

Florida Division, Masonic Hall, east room, second story, King Street, corner Wentworth Street.

Alabama Division, Masonic Hall, west room, second story, King Street, corner Wentworth Street.

Georgia Division, South Carolina Hall, Meeting Street, between Broad and Tradd Streets.

Louisiana Division, Harmony Circle Hall, corner King and Hasell Streets.

Tennessee Division, Knights of Pythias Hall, King Street, opposite Marion Square.

Confederate navy headquarters, Hibernian Hall, west room, first floor, Meeting Street, opposite Chalmers Street.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SONS.

The official headquarters of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans will be on the first floor of the Hibernian Hall, on Meeting Street. There will be the official book, in which delegates should register immediately on their arrival, and from this office will also be given the official reunion badge, which will entitle them to admission to all the entertainments.

DORMITORIES FOR MEN ONLY.

Reunion Hotel, at Adgers Wharf, foot of Tradd Street. Boyce's Wharf, immediately north of Adger's wharf, has been fitted up for pay dormitories, with all practical conveniences, where lodging can be had for — per night.

Free dormitory for veterans will be fitted up on Commercial Wharf, East Bay, below Tradd Street, for such veterans as cannot afford to pay for lodgings.

The Roper Hospital, Queen Street, west of Mazzyck (it used for years as a hospital), will be open for the accommodation of men.

Catholic Cathedral Parish School, Broad Street, near Friend.

DORMITORIES FOR WOMEN AT CHARLESTON.

W. K. Steedman, Chairman of Committee on Housing and Quarters for the Charleston reunion, sends the following list of dormitories for women, established by the ladies, and which will be under the charge of the ladies of the several associations—a guarantee of comfort. Mrs. Lee Herby and Mrs. Robert P. Evans are chairmen of the committee on information.

Elwell Dormitory, by Spring Street Methodist Church, at Courtenay School, Meeting Street.

Friend Street Dormitory, by Mrs. Moise and ladies, at Craft's School, Friend Street.

King's Daughters Dormitory, by King's Daughters, at High School, Meeting Street.

Trinity Church Dormitory, by Trinity Methodist Church, at Memmiger School, St. Philip Street.

St. Philip Church Dormitory, by St. Philip Episcopal Church, at St. Philip's Home, Church Street.

First Presbyterian Church Dormitory, by Scotch Presbyterian Church, at 110 Broad Street.

Unitarian Church Dormitory, by Unitarian Church, at Sunday School Building, Archdale Street.

Aiken Park Dormitory, by Miss Claudine Rhett, at Aiken Row.

Caroline Wilkinson Home Dormitory, by Holy Communion Church, at "The Home," Cannon Street.

Second Presbyterian Church Dormitory, by Flinn Church, at Charleston College, George Street.

St. Andrew's Lutheran Church Dormitory, by St.

Andrew's Lutheran Church, at Parish Parlors, Wentworth Street.

St. Michael's Dormitory, by St. Michael's Church, at the Sunday school, Meeting Street.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

For information desired by veterans or visitors committeemen will be designated by badges. The chairmen are as follows: Veterans, C. J. Walker; Reception of Visitors, W. H. Welch; Information, Robert P. Evans; Commissary, W. W. White; Restaurant, J. P. O'Neill; Dormitories, J. M. Connelley; "Confederate Hotel," R. J. Morris; Auditorium and Halls, Samuel Lapham; Amusements, George S. Legare; Social Functions, T. W. Bacon; Steamboats and Excursions, D. L. Sinkler; Battlefields, Rev. John Johnson, D. D.; Carriages and Horses, A. J. Riley; Ambulance Corps, James M. Eason.

The committee to receive visitors will be designated by red badges, and will meet all veterans and other visitors, cheerfully giving them all needed information. They say: "Ask, and you will be politely and heartily answered. You cannot ask too many questions."

REGISTRATION AND BADGES.

Veterans should register at their respective division headquarters, when veteran badges will be supplied.

Delegate's badges will be distributed through the division Commanders.

The proper committee has arranged for the prompt delivery of baggage. Give your checks to agent of the transfer company on the train. Price of delivery, twenty-five cents.

Pullman and other private cars will be placed on the water front of the city, on the tracks of the East Shore Terminal Company.

DECORATION CEREMONIES.

As the date for the annual decoration of soldiers' graves happens on the opening day of the reunion, the ceremony will be appropriately observed, the visitors participating.

It has been found impracticable to transport to Magnolia Cemetery the great crowds who would wish to gather there, so it has been decided to hold the formal services in the city, at the auditorium, while a special detail of honor, representing all the South, will go up to Magnolia Cemetery to lay loving tributes on the graves of the Confederate heroes buried there. The veterans will therefore parade to the auditorium.

The various divisions of the United Confederate Veterans and United Sons of Confederate Veterans will form on the ground respectively allotted hereafter, at 3 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, May 10, 1899.

The line of march will be up Meeting to Hasell, up Hasel to King, up King to Calhoun, turning east to Meeting, up Meeting to Henrietta, whence they will turn to the left and cross Marion Square, where the procession will be reviewed by Gen. Gordon and the Governor of South Carolina. The procession will then pass into King Street, down King to Calhoun, up Calhoun to Rutledge Avenue, and into the auditorium.

CONVENTION OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The first session will open at 10 o'clock A. M., May 10, at the auditorium. It is proposed to have this session a short one, to allow time to prepare for the

memorial ceremonies and the parade thereto, which takes place in the afternoon. A night session on the first day is proposed, to have presentation of sponsors, presentation of flags to Gen. Moorman, and other ceremonies which will be of deep interest to veterans.

The convention will get down to business commencing at 10 o'clock in the morning, and having such other sessions as may be determined on.

Space in the auditorium will be set apart for the exclusive use of the delegates, and no one will be admitted to that part who has not a delegate's badge.

The veterans and the general public will enter at the front doors of the auditorium, while the delegates will enter at the side doors.

CONFEDERATE CHAPLAINS AT CHARLESTON.

OFFICE CHAPLAIN GENERAL, U. C. V.,

RICHMOND, VA., April 5, 1899.

To Ex-Confederate Chaplains and Chaplains of Confederate Camps.

Dear Brethren: The Chaplains' Association, organized at the reunion in Atlanta last year, proposes to have several meetings during the approaching reunion in Charleston (May 10-13), the time and place of meetings to be announced in the local papers.

All old Confederate chaplains, and all chaplains of Confederate camps are urged to meet with us, and ministers of the gospel generally, and especially those who were Confederate soldiers, are cordially invited to join us. Those who can attend are asked to send their names at once to the Secretary of the Association, Rev. Dr. T. P. Cleveland, Hapeville, Ga.; and if you cannot come, send us at least your name and command and a word of greeting.

Those who expect to attend the reunion should write at once to Mrs. Lee C. Harby, 68 Rutledge Avenue, Charleston, S. C., who is chairman of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, and who will secure quarters for you.

We urge you, brethren, to join us in this reunion, that we may revive hallowed memories of the past and take counsel together as to how we may best promote the spiritual welfare of our dear old comrades who are now so rapidly stepping out of ranks and crossing the river. In behalf of the committee,

J. WILLIAM JONES, *Chairman.*

SUGGESTION FOR REUNION ARRANGEMENTS.—Adj. Gen. W. L. Wittich sends this official: "At the second reunion of the Confederate veterans of the First-Florida Brigade it was resolved that as there was great confusion in the transaction of business at Atlanta because the space between the seats reserved for delegates, and the platform was constantly crowded with those who were not delegates, we would strongly urge upon the managers at Charleston the necessity of keeping the space in front of delegates clear, so that all delegates can avoid such disadvantage in the important business to come before the convention."

In the next VETERAN, which will be the reunion number, we expect to give a great deal more information concerning the order, with a list of its camps and various officers, and believe that at that time we shall have a largely extended list to report.

SURVIVORS OF THE SIX HUNDRED OFFICERS.

Lamar Fontaine, of Lyon, Miss., has written to Mr. Robert P. Evans, chairman of Committee on Invitation, at Charleston:

"There is a remnant left of the six hundred Confederate officers who were confined in the stockade under the fire of our own guns on Morris Island, in Charleston harbor, in the fall of 1864. They are scattered far and wide, and I am exceedingly anxious to get as many of them together as possible to attend our grand reunion at Charleston in May next. I have written to all that I know the address of to meet me in Charleston for the purpose of joining an association of survivors.

"I am not an 'organizer,' nor do I wish to be an officer in it. I only want to be a private member. I should like for you to get us a private place for headquarters, a place to register and meet, and give it publicity, so that upon arrival we will know where to go. I would suggest that you publish the place you select in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, in the April number.

"I think the privations that we survived while under negro guards and the fire of our own guns for forty-two days in the harbor of Charleston entitles us to special notice, as the awful horror of that hell on earth will remain with each of us as long as reason sits enthroned.

"Hoping to hear from you on the subject, I remain, with kind regards to you and yours, your friend and comrade.

LAMAR FONTAINE."

Mr. Evans will be pleased to hear from any of the South Carolina survivors of the six hundred officers above mentioned, and would like one or more of them to take up this matter and inform him as to the possibility of getting up such a reunion during veterans' week here. He understands from some war records kindly furnished him by Dr. John Johnson that an effort was made in 1866 to get up a reunion of South Carolina survivors of these unfortunate prisoners. Mr. Evans would be glad to be furnished with any information bearing on the subject, to be transmitted to Mr. Fontaine.



MAYOR SMYTH, OF CHARLESTON.

OFF TO CHARLESTON.

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

Charleston is a pretty place, the girls look sweet;
Charleston is a pretty place, the girls dress neat.

Off to Charleston so early in the morning,
Off to Charleston 'fore the break of day.

When I read Gen. Walker's article in the March number of the VETERAN that old song rang in my ear and the historic memories of that old city crowded upon me. I thought of Sumter, where the first shot was fired, of Moultrie, of Battery Wagner, and the battles of the harbor in Confederate times, and of its rich, historic events in revolutionary history.

Old soldiers, let us go and see the old city where the ordinance of secession was first passed, and where South Carolina sprung an idea that got us into a war, the bloodiest in the annals of American history. I have danced in boyhood to that old song, and now I want to see the city that gave it inspiration.

Off to Charleston so early in the morning,

The fiddlers and banjo pickers brought us up under it, and I know that the people who made it so popular were frolicky and full of fun. The air throughout the Union was permeated with it.

Let's go down and break bread and drink "water" with the people who gave it birth. The scenes of the hospitality of those days are few. They are there, though, enough of them to make the embers of Southern hospitality and South Carolina greeting a pleasing recollection. The Rheats, the Gists, the Hamptons, the Pickens, *et idem*, *genus*, will kindle the flames of the days that are gone and make us feel good.

As a soldier boy I saw a pretty girl in that State once, and it left such a happy impression upon me that I want to go back and see if the "glowing rose has faded into a lily;" or if she is not living, anything connected with her memory will be worth my visit. She had eyes like the fish pools of Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbin, a neck like a tower of ivory—aye, "the dimple in her chin was like flower a bee sat in."

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made her stand,
And quickly Madama took her by the hand.

These and memories of "coming home from Greensboro" crowd upon me. The men of to-day cannot realize the pleasures of the soldier boys of yesterday. O those nice tobacco bags and little nothings for a soldier's comfort, and those ginger cakes for the haversack! The ways of those South Carolina girls were ways of pleasantness, and their paths seemed paths of peace, and so much appreciated by the Tennessean, Kentuckian, and Missourian who were torn away from the "girls they left behind them."

So, boys, wake up, and don't miss it, for Charleston will kill her fatted calf. She will chant the festal song and vie with Houston, Richmond, and Nashville in making the reunion visit a pleasant recollection through their reverence for your services in the sixties by fighting for a cause the truth of which will die only with the last echoes of time.

Off to Charleston so early in the morning,
Off to Charleston 'fore the break of day.

CHARLESTON.

Miss Lillie O. Morris, Chattanooga, Tenn., contributes an interesting sketch of Charleston, which leads in the elaborate accounts to appear in this and the May VETERAN:

Charleston! What place can boast of greater advantages and more historical points than that queenly "City by the Sea?" Our minds intuitively turn to Charleston, representing beauty, wealth, chivalry, magnificence, and aristocracy in anticipation of the glorious reception that awaits the Confederate veterans. That we may love it the more, and be in advance acquainted with the city, let us go back to its early settlement.

As early as 1670 a party of Englishmen located at Albemarle Point, on the west bank of the Ashley River, and named their settlement Charles Town, in honor of King Charles II. Finding the place undesirable, they moved to Oyster Point, a peninsula formed by the junction of the Cooper and Ashley Rivers, and named their new settlement Oyster Point Town. Finally it was called New Charles Town, and in 1783 Charleston. It is beautifully located, overlooking the majestic Atlantic, which is but seven miles away. The streets, many of which are very wide, extend from river to river, while the cross streets cut the others somewhat at right angles.

The early settlers were principally French Protestants and English. Evidence of these combinations are still plainly discernible. The architecture in the main is traceable to the French, while the mode and manner of living seems truly English. The characteristic politeness, refined taste, and intelligence might be well expressed in the term "Southern hospitality." What greater honor could we desire than to be typical Southerners?

As far back as 1765 the Charlestonians showed their dauntless courage by refusing to let the stamp paper land, and it was returned to England. This was one of the first acts of rebellion incident to the Revolution.



CHARLESTON.

The action taken by them in the Tea Party of 1773 was but characteristic of this people. Again in 1773 they displayed great valor when the British, with a powerful fleet and army, attacked Fort Moultrie. The weak fort was occupied by Col. Moultrie with a small garrison, but their unconquerable courage won the day. It was during this contest that Serg. Jasper distinguished himself by the heroic act so familiar to all. A monument erected to his memory may be seen in Battery Park. In 1780 the British made a second attempt to capture Charleston. Gen. Lincoln had fortified the city, but the fortifications could not withstand the shell of two hundred cannons, so the Americans, with five thousand men, were forced to surrender. Not only Charleston, but the entire southern area was now left to the mercy of a relentless foe. Not in modern warfare are such dastardly deeds recounted as those committed by the cruel British. The heartless treatment that Col. Isaac Hayne endured at the hands of the British is but one of many crimes to which the people were subjected. Col. Hayne, with others, had been paroled, but was afterwards ordered into the British service. He was given the choice of becoming a British subject or submitting to imprisonment. Alarmed by the condition of his wife and several children, who had the smallpox, he pledged allegiance to England, with the assurance that he would not have to bear arms against his countrymen; but he was soon ordered into the British army. Considering his pledge unfulfilled, he raised a partisan party, but was captured, and without a trial was condemned to death, and given but forty-eight hours in which to make all arrangements and bid his family farewell. He was imprisoned in the old post office, and from that place led to execution.

The post office is another historic structure. The British occupied it during the revolutionary war and the cellar was used as a prison for the citizens whom they arrested. When Washington made his Southern trip he addressed the people from the steps of this building.

South Carolina was the first to call a secession convention. It met in Charleston, at St. Andrew's Hall (afterwards termed "Secession Hall"), where, on December 20, 1860, the secession ordinance was passed. No more eloquent or mas-



ST. FINBAR CATHEDRAL, BEING REBUILT.

terly effort marks the pages of history than that grand speech made by Robert Toombs before the United States Senate on January 7, 1861, in which he set forth the causes which provoked this action.

From Charleston flashed the news of the first gun of the civil war. It was fired April 12, at 4:30 P. M., when the batteries from Sullivan, Morris, and James Islands fired upon Fort Sumter. The garrison was conveyed from the fort to the Federal fleet in the Isabel, a vessel tendered the Confederates by Joseph A. Enslow, a merchant of Charleston, who is an enterprising citizen of that city to-day. Thus the first battle of the great conflict ended without the loss of a life. It was, however, but the precursor of other scenes of like character to which this fort was subjected, but which were more memorable in their casualties.

Fort Sumter withstood a fusillade of shot and shell for five hundred and sixty-seven days, but when Sherman left Savannah the small force which had held Charleston and Fort Sumter withdrew to aid Johnston in resisting the terrible foe. Thus, with its "record of glory, it quietly passed into the possession of the enemy."

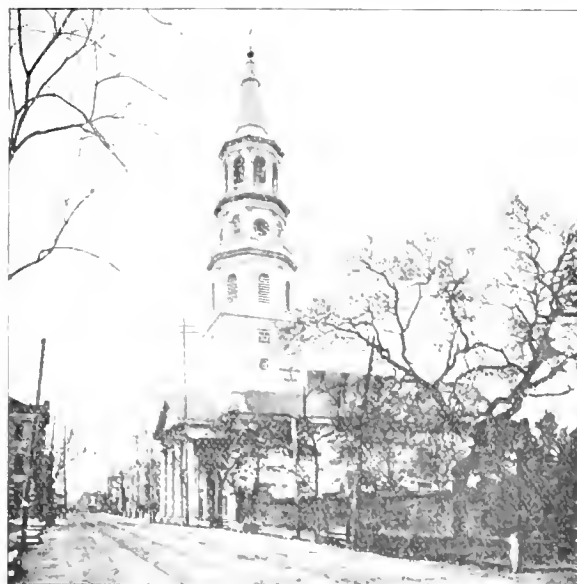
The advancement of Charleston since the war, like many other Southern cities, is in many respects phenomenal. She has in store for patriots, lovers of scenery, history, and grandeur many interesting testimonials. The reunion will doubtless be the best occasion during this generation for seeing to best advantage this interesting "City by the Sea."

SOME POINTS OF MUCH INTEREST.

Probably the most historic point is the famous Sullivan Island, rich in historical nomenclature. It is now a popular summer resort, lying three miles from Charleston. The grave of the notorious Seminole Indian chief, Osceola, who deceived the whites, and in turn was captured and exiled to this island, is one of the noted things of interest.

One of the most interesting, as well as one of the most ancient buildings is St. Michael's Church (Secession Hall). The "ring of bells" hanging in this Church originally numbered eight, and they were purchased in England in 1764, but when the British captured the city they shipped them to England. A magnanimous gentleman purchased and returned them to Charleston, where again they chimed their "peace and

good will toward men." Here they remained undisturbed until 1862, when they were sent to Columbia for safe-keeping. History has graphically told the fate of Columbia, and the bells were not spared. Two were



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

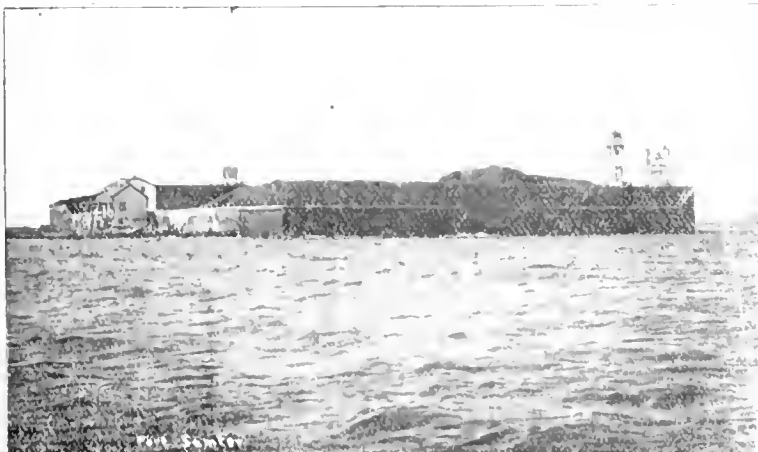
stolen, and the others buried. However, the fragments were sent to England to be recast, and in 1867 they arrived at Charleston for the third time, where to-day they seem to say:

"How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its tones in music tells
Of sounds that float up on the air
As soft as song, as pure as prayer."

A striking as well as beautiful design in colonial architecture is to be recognized in the famous Pringle House. Gen. Clinton and Lord Rawdon in turn occupied it as their headquarters, and the Federals also chose it as theirs. The William Washington house is another type of the beautiful colonial residences. Charleston signaled her appreciation of the services of Col. Washington during the Revolution by erecting a monument to his memory. Mayor Smyth's home represents an old colonial door. Irving, in his "Christmas Eve" of the "Sketch-Book," beautifully describes many of her very interesting places.

The names given the points of interest in and around Charleston are suggestive of much that is beautiful, sublime, and inspiring. The Isle of Palms is now an ideal summer resort, and is the more interesting through excellent views of Mt. Pleasant, Sullivan's Island, and the fortifications of Charleston harbor. James and Morris Islands, with their forts, also furnish attractions for the lover of fine scenery. Magnolia Cemetery overlooks the Cooper River and ranks among the most beautiful cemeteries of this glorious old Southland. A visit to this cemetery alone is worth a journey of many miles.

(Concluded next month.)



FORT SUMTER.

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.

Since the last issue of the VETERAN the following camps have been chartered:

- Camp F. M. Bamberg, No. 114, Bamberg, S. C.
- Camp S. G. Godfrey, No. 115, Cheraw, S. C.
- Camp W. B. Peeples, No. 116, Appleton, S. C.
- Camp W. S. Featherston, No. 117, Holly Springs, Miss.
- Camp William Beattie, No. 118, Greenville, S. C.
- Camp Andrew Pickens, No. 119, Clemson College, S. C.
- Camp N. B. Forrest, No. 120, Huntsville, Ala.
- Camp Branchville, No. 121, Branchville, S. C.
- Camp James D. Blanding, No. 122, Sumter, S. C.
- Camp Gordon-Capers, No. 123, St. George, S. C.

This shows fine vitality in the Confederation, and the prospects are bright for a very large increase in the number of camps by the time of the approaching reunion. The Mississippi Division has been well organized since our last report, under Comrade George B. Myers, of Holly Springs, its Commander. Camps are being organized throughout that Division at Scranton, McComb City, Greenwood, Greenville, Vicksburg, Canton, and Wesson, and organization papers have been sent to six other places, by request, where camps are expected to be formed shortly. We are also glad to report an increase of interest in Louisiana. Camps were organized at Baton Rouge and New Orleans on the 11th and 12th respectively, and the prospects are that this Division will be well organized by the time of the approaching reunion. Georgia is also becoming much aroused. The local camps in Atlanta have held enthusiastic meetings, and are arranging to send large delegations.

Naturally South Carolina is aroused from one end to the other, and a very large number of camps are in process of formation, while others are already formed, but not yet chartered. A large camp has been organized at Edisto Island, and as the result of it another one is being organized at Young's Island, with a very large membership. At Holly Hill, Williamston, St. George's, Hampton, Gaffney, Conway, and Blackville camps are being formed, while a large one has been formed at Edgefield. All of these expect very soon to become members of the Confederation.

There have been several changes in the list of commanders of the different divisions, and therefore a revised list of the department and division commanders is given:

- Northern Virginia Department, U. S. C. V., R. C. P. Thomas, Commander, Bowling Green, Ky.
- Virginia Division, W. A. Jacob, Richmond, Va.
- North Carolina Division, Dr. Charles A. Bland, Charlotte, N. C.
- South Carolina Division, Gen. M. L. Bonham, Anderson, S. C.
- Army of Tennessee Department, U. S. C. V., E. B. Wilson, Commander, Gallatin, Tenn.

Kentucky Division, Ben Howe, Louisville, Ky.
 Georgia Division, H. N. Randolph, Atlanta, Ga.
 Alabama Division, Thomas M. Owens, Carrollton, Ala.

Tennessee Division, Jesse W. Sparks, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Mississippi Division, George B. Myers, Holly Springs, Miss.

Louisiana Division, W. H. McLellan, New Orleans, La.

Florida Division, D. U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.
 Trans-Mississippi Department, U. S. C. V., Bennett Hill, Commander, Dallas, Tex.

Texas Division, Charles S. Swindells, Dallas, Tex.

Missouri Division, R. C. Clark, Fayette, Mo.

All of the officers of the order seem to be keenly alive to the importance of concentrated work, to make a success of the Confederation, and are zealously working to that end.

The attendance at the approaching reunion promises to far exceed that of any previous meeting. The camps are promptly paying up their per capita and getting certificates which entitle them to representation, and report that they will send large delegations.

We expect also to have a very pleasing attendance of the sponsors, and the following have so far been reported to the headquarters as the division sponsors:

Miss Lida B. Pryor, Holly Springs, for Mississippi Division.

Miss Helen Clarke, Mobile, for Alabama Division.

Miss Elizabeth Thomas, Nashville, for the Tennessee Division.

Miss Clara E. Davidson, Jacksonville, for the Florida Division.

Miss Rebekah Storrs, Richmond, for the Virginia Division.

Miss Martha A. Aldrich, Barnwell, for the South Carolina Division.

Miss Cora L. Richardson, New Orleans, for the Louisiana Division.

The other division commanders write that their sponsors will be named in the next few days. Various camps will also bring sponsors.

The local camps in Charleston, of which there are three, are endeavoring to make arrangements to properly carry off the honors as hosts for the big reunion, and we hear of quite a number of entertainments and excursions and other attractions, which will insure to every visitor a most enjoyable time.

The following interesting poem has been sent to the Sons' headquarters for publication, and its spirit should warmly appeal to every member of the order:

CONVENTION OF THE U. S. C. V.

The sessions of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held in the Hibernian Hall, second floor, on Meeting Street. The first session will be convened at 10 A. M., on Wednesday, May 10, and all delegates must be present at that time to present their credentials to the committee, and be assigned places in the hall. The address of welcome and other speeches will be delivered at this time. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday the sessions will be held at 9 A. M. The afternoons will be left free for attending United Confederate Veteran meetings and visiting places of interest about the city.

Camp William Beattie, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, was organized on March 23, at Greenville, S. C. It takes its name from William Beattie, who was a member of Brooks's Troop, Hampton Legion, and who died in Greenville in 1888 from the results of a wound received while in service.

This camp has undertaken to promote and assist the local camp of veterans in all work wherein they have an interest, assuming that the Sons should shoulder many burdens of those who a third of a century ago bore all the hardships incident to the civil war. They have secured the active coöperation of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and will fit up a suite of rooms for the joint meetings of the three kindred associations and for the collection and preservation of relics and mementos of the war. In addition they are endeavoring to collect and put in shape all personal reminis-



MISS LUCIA CHILES, GREENVILLE, S. C.,
Sponsor for Camp William Beattie at Charleston Reunion, 1891.

ences of the old soldiers who were in service from this immediate section, to be preserved in the archives of the camp. The VETERAN will be kept on file.

The camp will send to the Charleston reunion a strong delegation of the brightest and most talented young men of the city. They also congratulate themselves that among the flower of Southern womanhood that will assemble in the cradle of secession none will exceed in grace and beauty their sponsor, Miss Lucia Chiles. She is a typical daughter of the grand old South—talented, beautiful, gracious, a brilliant pianist, and a bright conversationalist, yet free from a shadow of that haughtiness which sometimes mars the character of one possessed of so many gifts of grace and beauty. She is the second daughter of Capt. Ben. Chiles, as gallant a Rebel as ever went into service.

The officers of the camp are as follows: Commander,

A. G. Furman; Treasurer, L. B. Houston; Historian, F. F. Capers.

THE WINNIE DAVIS COTTAGE.

No more beautiful or appropriate monument to our beloved and lamented "Daughter of the Confederacy" could be erected than to link her name with an orphanage which shall provide for the helpless children and grandchildren of our Confederate veterans. It is to be located at the Luray (Va.) Orphanage.

This scheme, which was conceived by Rev. Dr. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, who was a gallant soldier and has been active and successful in work for the three orphanages under his charge, has been heartily indorsed by Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who says: "I accord permission to name the Confederate cottage after my child with pride and pleasure. . . . If there is anything in a name, I think God will bless this if only to hold the memory of my good and noble child, and your great and successful efforts to serve the cause of humanity. I am much gratified by your desire to honor my daughter's name, and send you every good wish for your success."

The chivalric commander of the United Confederate Veterans, Gen. John B. Gordon, who originally christened Winnie Davis the "Daughter of the Confederacy," writes as follows to Dr. Wharton at Baltimore:

My Dear Doctor: I am rejoiced to know that you are still carrying on your heart and shoulders the "home for orphans." Your last movement to erect a cottage bearing the name of the beloved "Daughter of the Confederacy," within whose walls are to be nurtured and prepared for useful lives Confederate orphans, will find encouragement and support from every true son and daughter of our section.

God bless you in your truly noble work! is the prayer of your comrade and friend, J. B. GORDON.

Already some ten thousand dollars has been contributed, and it is designed to raise at least twenty-five thousand dollars and build on the "Whosoever Farm," near Luray, Va., this memorial cottage, which will contain paintings, photographs, and such Confederate relics as can be gathered, and where will be preserved the names of all contributors to this fund.

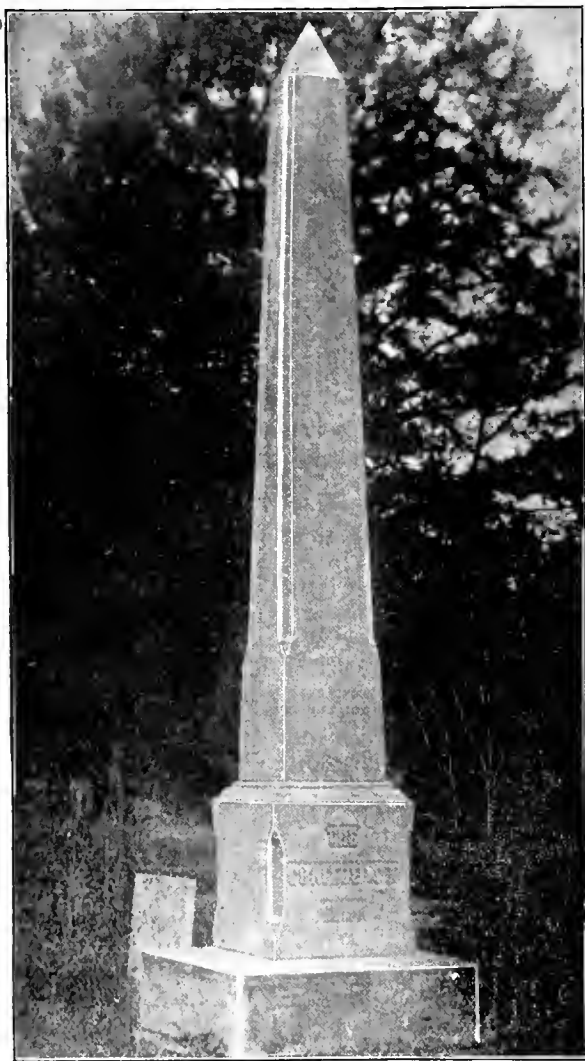
Contributions, large or small, will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged, and may be sent either directly to Rev. H. M. Wharton, D. D., 304 North Howard Street, Baltimore, or to Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General United Confederate Veterans, who is Southern representative of the cottage, and whose address for some weeks to come will be Columbus, Miss. Dr. Jones is also delivering lectures and devoting the entire proceeds to the "Winnie Davis Cottage."

In a note to the VETERAN, Dr. Jones writes: "Surely our Confederate veterans, the Sons of Veterans, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and our people generally will esteem it a privilege to contribute to the erection of this appropriate and noble monument to the 'Daughter of the Confederacy,' to be located in the beautiful Valley of Virginia, whose clear streams murmur the praises and whose mountain gorges echo the glories of Ashby and Stuart and Jackson and Lee and the barefooted heroes of the rank and file who followed these great leaders to an immortality of fame.

MONUMENT AT GAINESVILLE, ALA.

Mrs. D. H. Williams, President Ladies' Memorial Association, Gainesville, Ala., writes:

After the battle of Shiloh a hospital was established here, and many sick and wounded soldiers from Shiloh and elsewhere were brought for treatment. The resident physicians and citizens were glad to minister to the wants of these noble men who had gone forth to battle for "Southern rights," and who had given up home and loved ones for a cause so dear and a principle so worthy. Many of these sufferers died—seven



in our own home, including a relative, Joel Doss, from an Arkansas regiment. All were buried in select spots in our cemetery. A register was kept, but when called for was not to be found. Three of the graves are marked by stones erected by friends. During the excitement of the disbandment of Forrest's Cavalry and the presence of the Union soldiers stationed at the place nothing else was thought of, but the following year a few of our ladies met and arranged to observe April 26 as memorial day. A short, solemn service and the scattering of flowers by friends and sympathizers was our first act of love and gratitude to our dear heroes. From year to year attention was more closely drawn to this duty, and in 1874 a memorial so-

ciety was thoroughly organized. It was composed of devoted, zealous women, who have felt it a great privilege to meet around these sacred mounds and recall the deeds of their unselfish devotion. They feel that the rising generation of boys and girls will treasure these scenes and in their hearts and lives will ever respond to the memories of the Confederate heroes. A few days before April 26, 1875, the society made efforts to raise funds to rear a marble tribute to them. The result was a sum sufficient for the erection of the monument and for the removal of one hundred and ninety-two bodies into one plot of ground. The monument was unveiled on April 26, 1876, with appropriate ceremonies. The Association now has on hand a sum the interest on which is enough to keep the cemetery in good condition. Each year they meet with other friends and scatter flowers on these sacred spots, performing short services of song and prayer.

LAST SHOTS IN BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

When the Confederate lines gave way all was confusion and disorder. The boys up and down the line stood up in the ditches, adjusted their accouterments, and prepared for the race before them. The officers urged the men to remain in the ditches and wait for orders to leave. If the orders were given, I never heard them. I could see our lines giving way on our left, and all at once the entire line jumped out of the ditches and started on a disorderly though rapid run for the Franklin Pike, a mile away. I could see the Yankee columns flanking us on our left, and we all realized that we should soon be captured unless we saved ourselves by flight. The ground was very muddy, and not a good race track, though we made very good time. The fall of Minie balls, accompanied by shell and grape-shot caused us to increase our speed. I passed our major general, Edward Johnston, who was on foot. He had left his horse for safety, and had gone in the line. Being very corpulent and unaccustomed to running, he was soon far behind. I overtook the orderly with the general's horse, but he refused to take the horse back. One daring fellow offered to do so, but the orderly would not release the animal, and the General was captured. Just as I reached the Franklin Pike, at the foot of the mountain, some one with a battle flag waved it, crying: "Halt and rally round the flag, boys!" Soon there were several hundred of us formed in line across the pike, and we began firing at the bluecoats in the valley below. I don't think there were any officers present. It seemed to be a "private" affair, though "free for all." This voluntary attempt to rally did but little good, but it checked the rapidly advancing column for a few moments, and enabled many exhausted Confederates to escape. We fired a few rounds—the last shots fired at the battle of Nashville—and when the enemy were getting uncomfortably close some one cried out: "It's no use, boys; let's give it up, or we will be captured," and all fell back in wild confusion. Night was soon on us, and the road was fearfully muddy. We had no rations, and had gotten but little sleep for several nights. Tennesseans never had a more disagreeable night march. Thus in the midst of winter and but poorly clad we started into Hood's memorable retreat from Nashville, which lasted nearly a week, while the ever-vigilant Yanks were thundering in our rear day and night.

MONUMENT AT VAN BUREN, ARK.

Among the many handsome monuments that have been reared to the memory of the Confederacy and its heroes none is more beautiful than the marble tribute the Daughters of the Confederacy of Arkansas have recently erected in Fairview Cemetery, at Van Buren, to the memory of four hundred and thirty-three unknown Confederate soldiers who lie buried there. From a Van Buren paper its history is reproduced:

On March 19, 1898, the Mary Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was organized and the following officers elected: Mrs. H. A. Meyer, President; Mrs. Annie Pernot, Vice President; Miss Lizzie Clegg, Secretary; Mrs. Ben Decherd, Treasurer; and Miss Fannie Scott, Chairman Executive Committee. Aside from the sentiment that prompted the organization of this chapter was the desire to erect a monument to the memory of their fallen heroes, who had been sleeping a third of a century, their graves unmarked save by the pines that grew into sentinel-like forms above their unnamed graves. Nearly all of those buried there died in the Confederate hospital during the first two years of the war. The battle of Oak Hill or Wilson's Creek, as it is generally called, fought August 10, 1861, furnished hundreds of patients for the hospital and the tender care of the wives and daughters of Van Buren. Fully one hundred and fifty died and were buried in Fairview Cemetery, the city having donated a plot of ground for that purpose. March 6, 1862, the battle of Elkhorn was fought, and again the improvised hospital here was taxed to its utmost. In six weeks from that date fully three hundred and fifty battle-scarred heroes had been interred in the soldiers' plot of ground. On December 7, 1862, or nine months later, was fought the battle of Prairie Grove, and again the rude ambulances were filled with soldiers being driven over the Boston Mountain to the Van Buren hospitals. Over one hundred of those brought from Prairie Grove were buried beside their moldering comrades here. To procure a monument to mark these hundreds of graves Mary Lee Chapter has labored unceasingly. They have realized the full fruition of their hopes. Each member worked faithfully for this attainment; but if one is deserving of more praise or has accomplished more than her sisters, it is Miss Fannie Scott, who was honored at the World's Fair by the Arkansas State press with the title of "Daughter of Arkansas."

Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, Louisiana, and the Indian Territory are represented, each having brave sons buried here. Fully fifty per cent of those interred here are Missourians who, under Gen. Price, had enlisted under the banner of the Confederacy, and fell a sacrifice at Elkhorn, at Oak Hill, or at Prairie Grove. Capt. S. Churchill Clarke, commanding a Missouri battery, was killed at Elkhorn. His remains were placed in the foundation that is to support the marble shaft, and his is the only name engraved upon the marble, thus making the monument entirely as commemorative of the heroism of Missourians as that of Arkansas.

The monument is of fine Italian marble, twenty-one feet in height, and is surmounted by a life-sized figure of a Confederate soldier. The monument faces south,

and it is toward its own Southland the figure is looking, shading his eyes with his left hand, while his right grasps his musket.

Inscription on the south base of the monument:

1899.
1861. C S. A. 1865.
ERECTED BY THE
MARY LEE CHAPTER
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE
CONFEDERACY.

Above the inscription appear the two Confederate flags crossed. Above them in a scroll appear the words: "Furled, but not forgotten." On the north die is the inscription:

CAPTAIN S. CHURCHILL CLARKE,
BATTERY A MISSOURI.
KILLED AT ELKHORN, MARCH 6, 1862.
AGED 20 YEARS.

On the east die of the monument will appear a fac simile of the great seal of the Confederacy. On the west side are the following dates of the battles: Oak Hill, August 10, 1861; Elkhorn, March 6, 1862; Prairie Grove, December 7, 1862.

"A Subscriber" writes from Martinsville, Va.: "J. Howell, a Confederate soldier of Stonewall Jackson's command, was killed May 3, 1863, at the battle of Chancellorsville, and was buried at the Wilderness Church. When he went into the battle he had on his finger a plain, heavy gold ring, with the name 'Rolfe Elridge' engraved on the inside in large letters. At the close of the battle his body was in the Federal lines, but next day, when it was recovered, his friends saw that the ring had been taken from his finger. It belongs to his sister, Mrs. Daniel, of Martinsville, Va., and if this little relic can be restored to her she will be most grateful. Any information regarding the ring will be gratefully received. Address Mrs. N. H. Hairston, at Martinsville, Va."



MISS SARAH FRAZIER,
Sponsor for N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, at Atlanta Reunion, 1898.

A VIRGINIA HEROINE.

BY MAUDE MERCHANT.

At the beginning of the great war Mr. E. R. Ford was one of the most prominent merchants living near Fairfax C. H., Va. This village, county seat of Fairfax County, is about sixteen miles south of Washington. It was here that John Q. Marr, the first Confederate soldier slain on Virginia soil, was killed. Fairfax was as often occupied by Northern as by Southern troops, though most of the inhabitants were Southern sympathizers. Among them was the young daughter of Mr. Ford. She was celebrated for beauty as well as for courage. Two days before the battle of Manassas Miss Ford obtained information in regard to the movements and numbers of the enemy, and believing this to be valuable, she at once set off to convey it to Beauregard, then between Centerville and where the battle was fought. She walked to her grandfather's, six miles away, where she obtained horses, and, accompanied by her aunt, set out on horseback for Gen. Beauregard's headquarters. Upon her arrival there she was suspected, having come from the enemy's lines, and was placed under arrest before seeing Gen. Beauregard. She was carried to Brentsville, and kept there all night, and next day returned home by a circuitous route.

On March 9, 1863, Col. Mosby entered Fairfax at 2 A. M., capturing Gen. Stoughton and all the men detached from his brigade and many horses and wagons, without the loss of a man. Miss Ford was suspected of having given information by which this was achieved. She was arrested as a Confederate spy and convicted by a woman who was a spy for the Federals, and who was representing herself to be Southern. She had enlisted the sympathy of the ladies of the village by expressing deep anxiety to get to her husband, who, she said, was wounded in Richmond. Miss Ford intrusted to her a valuable letter to Gen. Stuart, which of course fell into the hands of the enemy and led immediately to the arrest of Miss Ford. She was carried to the old Capitol prison, where she remained several months, enduring many hardships and privations. As a testimonial of this Virginia girl's bravery and daring she was made lieutenant colonel upon the application of Gen. Stuart, and for some time wore shoulder straps, the insignia of her rank. Prior to her arrest she had made the acquaintance of Maj. Willard, serving on the staff of Gen. McDowell. After her exchange they were married in Washington. Mrs. Willard died a few years after her marriage, leaving one son, Hon. Joseph E. Willard, now member of the Legislature from Fairfax County, Va.

The State of Ohio now has a camp of United Confederate Veterans. It was organized in Columbus on March 7 with eleven charter members, and has prospects for a rapid and steady growth. The following-named officers were elected at the preliminary organization of the camp, to be known as Camp No. 1181: T. P. Shields, Commander; W. B. Allbright, First State Commander; J. H. Levy, Adjutant; N. J. Kidwell, Treasurer; Rev. John Hewitt, Chaplain; A. J. Marlow, Officer of the Day; L. W. Dooley, Sergeant Major. Maj. George B. Guild, of Nashville, Tenn., was elected an honorary member.

EXPLOSIVE AND POISONED BULLETS.

Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden, who served in the First Virginia and then in the First Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A., writes from Wilkes Barre, Pa.:

I note Judge Cook's article on explosive bullets on page 27, January VETERAN. I am surprised that the article which I inclose has not been seen by the Judge or the VETERAN. I wrote it after much correspondence and research, and it was published in the Southern Historical Society Papers in 1880. Many of the facts are taken *verbatim* from the official papers on file in the United States War Department. I was refused a copy of that paper, but was allowed to read it and re-read it, with the assurance that I could commit it to memory and use it, which I did with all dispatch. I searched the United States in its preparation.

The following remarkable statement occurs as a note to the account of the battle of Gettysburg, page 78, volume III., of "The Pictorial History of the Civil War in the United States of America," by Benson J. Lossing, LL. D.:

"Many, mostly young men, were maimed in every conceivable way, by every kind of weapon and missile, the most fiendish of which was an explosive and a poisoned bullet, represented in an engraving a little more than half the size of the originals, procured from the battlefield there by the writer. These were sent by the Confederates. Whether any were ever used by the Nationals, the writer is not informed. One was made to explode in the body of the man, and the other to leave a deadly poison in him, whether the bullet lodged in or passed through him. It was illustrated. When the bullet struck, the momentum would cause the copper in the outer disc to flatten, and allow the point of the stem to strike and explode the fulminating powder, when the bullet would be rent into fragments which would lacerate the victim.

"In figure B the bullet proper was hollowed, into which was inserted another, also hollow, containing poison. The latter, being loose, would slip out and remain in the victim's body or limbs with its freight of poison if the bullet proper should pass through. Among the Confederate wounded at the College were boys of tender age and men who had been forced into the ranks against their will."

It is difficult for those who live at the South to realize how extensively such insinuating slanders as the above against the Confederates are credited at the North, even by reading people.

It is with entire confidence in the facts presented in this paper that I deny this author's statement.

I most emphatically deny that the Confederate States ever authorized the use of explosive or poisoned musket or rifle balls, and I assert that the United States did purchase, authorize, issue, and use explosive musket or rifle balls during the late civil war, and that they were thus officially used in the battle of Gettysburg.

It happened in 1864, the day after the negro troops made their desperate and drunken charge on the Confederate lines to the left of Chaffin's farm and were so signally repulsed, that the writer, who was located in the trenches a mile still farther to the left, picked up in the field outside the trenches assailed by the negroes some of the cartridges these poor black victims had dropped, containing the very "explosive" ball de-

scribed in the above quotation and charged to the Confederates. I have preserved one of these balls ever since. It lies before me as I write. It has a zinc, and not a copper, disc. It never contained any fulminating powder. The construction of the ball led me to make investigations to ascertain its purpose. At first I thought it might be made to leave in the body of the person struck by it three pieces of metal instead of one, to irritate and possibly destroy life. But this theory appeared to me so "fiendish" that I was unwilling to accept it, and I became convinced, after more careful examination, that the purpose of the ball was to increase the momentum, by forcing in the cap and expanding the disk so as to fill up the grooves of the rifle. The correctness of this view is proven herein.

In the first place, although the charge made by the author of the "Pictorial History of the Civil War" against the Confederates, of having used explosive and poisoned balls has been made before and often repeated since, it has never been supported by one grain of proof. How did this author ascertain that the balls he picked up on the battlefield of Gettysburg were sent by the Confederates? How did he learn that one was an explosive and the other a poisoned projectile? Did he test the explosive power of the one and the poisonous character of the other? He gives no evidence of having done so, and advances no proof of his assertions. It is a very remarkable fact that no case was ever reported in Northern hospitals, or by Northern surgeons, of Union soldiers having been wounded by such barbarous missiles as these from the Confederates.

I have very carefully examined those valuable quarto volumes issued by the United States Medical Department and entitled "The Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion," and as yet have failed to find any case of wound or death reported as having occurred by an explosive or poisoned musket ball, excepting that on page 91 of Volume II. of said work there is a table of four thousand and two cases of gunshot wounds of the scalp, two of which occurred by explosive musket balls. To which army these two belonged does not appear.

A letter addressed to the Surgeon General of the United States by the writer on this subject has elicited the reply that the Medical Department is without any information as to wounds by such missiles. I do not find such projectiles noticed as preserved in the museum of the Surgeon General's Department, where rifle projectiles taken from wounds are usually deposited.

In the second place the manufacture, purchase, issue, or use of such projectiles for firearms by the Confederate States is positively denied by the Confederate authorities, as the following correspondence will show:

BEAUVOIR, MISS., June 28, 1879.

My Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiries as to the use of explosive or poisoned balls by the troops of the Confederate States, I state as positively as one may in such a case that the charge has no foundation in truth. Our government certainly did not manufacture or import such balls, and if any were captured from the enemy they could probably only have been used in the captured arms for which they were suited. I heard occasionally that the enemy did use explosive balls, and others prepared so as to leave a copper ring in the wound, but it was always spoken of as an atrocity

beneath knighthood and abhorrent to civilization. The slander is only one of many instances in which our enemy have committed or attempted crimes of which our people and their government were incapable, and then magnified the guilt by accusing us of the offenses they had committed.

Believe me, ever faithfully yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Gen. Josiah Gorgas, the Chief of Ordnance of the Confederate States—after the war with the University of Alabama—writes under date of July 11, 1879, that to his "knowledge the Confederate States never authorized or used explosive or poisoned rifle balls." In this statement also Gen. I. M. St. John and Gen. John Ellicot, both of the Ordnance Bureau, Confederate States Army, entirely occur.

The Adjutant General of the United States also writes me under date of August 22, 1879, as to the Confederate archives now in possession of the national government, as follows: "In reply to yours of the 18th August, I have the honor to inform you that the Confederate States records in the possession of this department furnish no evidence that poisoned or explosive musket balls were used by the army of the Confederate States."

A brief examination of the United States Patent Office Reports for 1862-63, and the Ordnance Reports for 1863-64, will show that the "explosive and the poisoned balls" which the author of the "Pictorial History of the Civil War" so gratuitously charges upon the Confederates were patented by the United States Patent Office at Washington, and were purchased, issued, and used by the United States Government, and, what is still more remarkable, that neither of the aforesaid projectiles were in any sense explosive or poisoned.

In repelling and refuting the charge against the Confederates of having used explosive musket or rifle projectiles, I charge the United States Government with not only patenting, but purchasing and using, especially at the battle of Gettysburg, an explosive musket shell; nor do I trust my imagination, but I present the facts, which are as follows:

In April, 1862, the Commissioner of Public Buildings at Washington brought to the attention of the Assistant Secretary of War—then Mr. John Tucker—the explosive musket shell invented by Mr. Samuel Gardiner, Jr. The Assistant Secretary at once referred the matter to Gen. James W. Ripley, who was then the Chief of the Ordnance Bureau at Washington. What action was taken will appear when it is stated that in May, 1862, the Chief of Ordnance at the West Point Military Academy made a report to the government of a trial of the Gardiner musket shell. In May, 1862, Mr. Gardiner offered to sell some of his explosive musket shells to the government at a stipulated price. His application was referred to Gen. Ripley with the following indorsement:

"Will Gen. Ripley consider whether this explosive shell will be a valuable missile in battle?"

A. LINCOLN."

Gen. Ripley replied that it had "no value as a service projectile."

In June, 1862, Brig. Gen. Rufus King, at Fredericksburg, made a requisition for some of the Gardiner musket shells. On referring this application to the Chief of Ordnance, Gen. Ripley, that old army officer,

whose sense of right must have been shocked at this instance of barbarism, a second time recorded his disapproval, replying that "it was not advisable to furnish any such missiles to the troops at present in service."

In September, 1862, the Chief of Ordnance of the Eleventh Corps, United States army, recommended the shell to the Assistant Secretary of War, who ordered 10,000 rounds to be purchased—made into cartridges. Of this number, 200 were issued to Mr. Gardiner for trial by the Eleventh Corps. In October, 1862, the Chief of Ordnance of the Eleventh Corps, then in reserve near Fairfax C. H., sent in a requisition, indorsed by the general commanding the corps, for 20,000 Gardiner musket shells and cartridges. The Assistant Secretary of War referred the matter to the Chief of Ordnance, Gen. Ripley, who for the third time recorded his disapproval of such issue. Nevertheless the Assistant Secretary of War ordered the issue to be made to the Eleventh Corps of the remaining 9,800 shells and cartridges, which order was obeyed.

In November, 1862, Mr. Gardiner offered to sell to the United States his explosive musket shell and cartridge at \$35 per thousand, caliber 58. The Assistant Secretary of War at once ordered 100,000, of which 75,000 were caliber 58 for infantry, and 25,000 caliber 54 for cavalry service.

In June, 1863, the Second New Hampshire Volunteers made a requisition for 35,000 of these shells, and by order of the Assistant Secretary of War they received 24,000. Of this number, 10,060 were abandoned in Virginia and 13,940 distributed to the regiment. The report of this regiment, made subsequently, shows that in the third quarter of 1863—that is, from July 1 to October 1—about 4,000 of these shells were used in trials and target firing, and about 10,000 were used in action. The Second New Hampshire Regiment was in the battle of Gettysburg, and 49 of its members lie buried in the cemetery there.

The above statement shows that the Assistant Secretary of War, against what might be regarded as the protest of the Chief of Ordnance, purchased 110,000 of the Gardiner explosive musket shells, and issued to the troops in actual service 35,000 leaving 75,000 on hand at the close of the war.

In 1866 the Russian government issued a circular calling a convention of the nations for the purpose of declaring against the use of explosive projectiles in war. To this circular the then Chief of Ordnance of the United States, Gen. A. B. Dyer, made the following reply, which I have but little doubt expresses the sentiment which actuated Gen. Ripley in his disapproval of the purchase and issue of the Gardiner musket shell:

"ORDNANCE OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, August 19, 1868.

To HON. J. M. SCHOFIELD, Secretary of War.

"Sir: I have read the communication from the Russian Minister in relation to the abolishment of the use of explosive projectiles in military warfare, with the attention and care it well deserves.

"I concur heartily in the sentiments therein expressed, and I trust that our government will respond unhesitatingly to the proposition in behalf of humanity and civilization. The use in warfare of explosive balls so sensitive as to ignite and burst on striking a sub-

stance as soft and yielding as animal flesh (of men or horses) I consider barbarous and no more to be tolerated by civilized nations than the universally reprobated practice of using poisoned missiles or of poisoning food or drink to be left in the way of an enemy. Such a practice is inexcusable among any people above the grade of ignorant savages. Neither do I regard the use in war of such explosive balls as of any public advantage, but rather the reverse, for it will have the effect of killing outright, rather than wounding, and it is known that the care of wounded men much more embarrasses the future operations of the enemy than the loss of the same number killed, who require no further attention which may delay or impede them.

A. B. DYER,

Brevet Major General, Chief of Ordnance."

I have recorded enough to show the recklessness and falsity of the charge against the Confederates of using such missiles in small arms, and the public is hereby specifically "informed whether the Nationals ever used them."

In the Patent Office Report for 1863-64 will be found the following account of the Gardiner musket shell:

"No. 40,468. Samuel Gardiner, Jr., of New York, N. Y.—Improvement in Hollow Projectiles. Patent dated November 3, 1863.

"The shell to form the central chamber is attached to a mandrel, and the metal forced into a mold around it.

"Claim: Constructing shells for firearms by forcing the metal into a mold around an internal shell supported on a mandrel."

I have a box of these shells in my possession. They are open for examination by any persons who may desire to see them.

This summer the distinguished officer who commanded the One Hundred and Forty-Third Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, United States army, at the battle of Gettysburg informed me that during the last day of the battle he and his men frequently heard above their heads, amid the whistling of the Minie balls from the Confederate side, sharp, explosive sounds like the snapping of musket caps. He mentioned the matter to an ordnance officer at the time. The officer replied that what he heard was explosive rifle balls, which the Confederates had captured from the Union troops, who had lately received them from the Ordnance Department.

It is earnestly hoped that the facts presented in this paper will forever set at rest the malicious slander so often repeated against the Confederates, by many who are so willing to believe anything against them, of having authorized the use in military warfare of such atrocious and barbarous missiles as "explosive and poisoned" musket or rifle balls.

R. H. Rodgers, Plantersville, Miss., echoes the sentiments of every Southerner in this paragraph extracted from a letter to the VETERAN:

It is not too late to show the world that the longer the Southern people live the stronger grows their love for those who willingly gave their all for the great cause of Southern rights. So let us continue to honor their heroism and patriotism as long as the old Confederates live, and instill into the hearts and minds of our children to keep the old sentiment alive in their hearts to be transmitted to the next generation.

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.

FORBEARANCE BECOMES CRIMINAL.

The writer of this article is the founder, editor, and owner of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Many thousands of its readers are perfectly familiar with his sacred undertaking, and sympathize with him in the death shadows of so many comrades who are "crossing over the river," and can well realize how he is willing to be "all things to all men," that a widespread and truthful record of their heroism and their sacrifices may be known to those who have come and are coming after them. They confirm their approval of his course by a coöperation that has never been equaled in Southern journalism. Very rarely have they murmured that he has not exposed an alien among us sending forth a publication to educate their children, at an advance cost of what would pay for the VETERAN for ten years, printing in it pictures gotten out by one of the vilest periodicals on the other side in the sixties. His representation of the Confederate soldier in a namby-pamby, blocky, babylike figure as a frontispiece, and on all the way through, will sicken any Southerner who may examine it discriminately. One of the particularly bad illustrations is a picture of President Davis and his cabinet in escaping from Richmond, through Georgia. It is an insult to decent Americanism. All who have the shameful print will know that it contains a multitude of illustrations which will depress all unprejudiced, fair-minded people. While this is true, this "most capable person living to write Southern history" explains that it was necessary to produce a "companion" volume to "the three greatest Federal pictorial war histories ever published in this country." These are of the Frank Leslie order.

The writer recalls vividly in this connection the painful memory of the first person he met who came South after the war. Being gratified to learn that a man not a "carpet bagger" had come from Indiana to live in Tennessee, he was prompt to call upon and greet him and to extend a sincerely cordial welcome. The stranger evidently thought he was greeted by a renegade of a class that had induced his coming, for he said disdainfully: "Yes, I thought I would come and teach these people something."

This bigoted and insolent fellow has gotten out another book under a fascinating title, containing the sacred name of the "Confederacy," and then periodically insults the people who revere that name by boldly asserting that their sacred cause was *lost*. It is revolting for such as he to so designate that issue.

The VETERAN has not done its duty by allowing the unsuspecting to be deceived continually by this hypocrite who, associating himself with a "late brigadier general, Confederate States of America," soon after the VETERAN started, got the Frank Leslie publishers to print a periodical whose chief publication office was purported to be Lexington, Ky. Those who read the VETERAN in 1893-94, its first year, will recall the exposition given, and how by their repudiation its publication was abandoned. Latterly this alien instructor in Confederate history, now in the South, who is charged with never having cast a vote except prejudicial to the people he insults by his presumption, has been making special effort to gain favor with Southern women for carrying on his methods of "teaching these people." One of our daughters of the Confederacy who gave him special distinction was asked to explain, and she promptly replied, "Because he is our Southern historian;" and she, like some of our veterans, really believed that he was of the South. Noble Confederate veterans have actually presumed that he was a comrade, and one of the best of them wrote this office to know if he was not really a Confederate soldier. In vain has diligence been exercised by the writer to find a sentence of defense of the Southern people in what this assumed instructor has sent out.

Disagreeable as is the duty, the vendor of all this vile stuff should be exposed, and all of it should be cremated. Comrades, Daughters, Sons, be careful to use your influence against the dissemination of such literature, and be diligent in doing it, diligent in discrimination.

Since the above was written one of our noblest Confederates, an important commander of United States soldiers, ninety-six per cent of whom are Confederate stock, wrote regretting that he had not sooner learned the character of that man.

CRITICISED BY A CONFEDERATE.

A blast more terrible than the February blizzard of 1899 came from a man in gray in the early April. He had sent manuscript about the Federal soldier who killed Gen. A. P. Hill. The paper he sent was not published, but there was used a paragraph of twenty lines on page 119, March issue. He begins: "My amazement, indignation, and disgust is beyond expression at reading your abortive notice," etc.

Explanation was made that the manuscript was received about the time of moving the VETERAN office to its present elegant quarters—that in that way it was put into a "pigeon" hole on the editor's personal desk, and so isolated in the new office furniture that it was overlooked. Sincere regret was expressed, and there was returned the nicest apology that could be written. Deciding that he must have that article "immediately" for publication in his city, this Confederate tele-

graphed, *charges collect*, to hasten the return. He received it on the morning of the 7th, and next day wrote: "As I surmised, it arrived *too late* for insertion in the *next Sunday* paper!" He continues: "Very reluctantly I recur to this matter and solely through a sense of duty, officially." (?) Then in his dilemma he proposed that the article be printed in the VETERAN for April, "or as soon thereafter as can be." Then he asks "prompt response," adding, "because, whether favorable or the contrary, I shall have something further to say." He then asserts that he happens to be "in close touch, officially and otherwise, to leading Confederates," and that he had taken occasion to put many on the lookout for the article. The paper referred to was largely a reprint which "could not be used" (?) in his city papers on Sunday because not received until *Friday morning!* No wonder it was "too late"—a good excuse. The space necessary for its use in the VETERAN would be ten and a half pages, upon estimate by its foreman. Why give so much notoriety to the Federal soldier who killed our beloved A. P. Hill? The writer gave to the public its first general knowledge of the death of Gen. McPherson, of the Union army, and still has a letter from Gen. Sherman about it. He procured the information from the Confederate officer, but he did not regard it as necessary or desirable to mention the soldier who happened to fire the fatal shot. How much less important to print *ten and a half pages*, simply because the soldier, Mauk, who fired that unhappy shot is dead! Why is this Confederate so concerned about it "officially?"

The sketch referred to concerning this arbitrary demand contains such sentences as "he was a fair type of the enlisted men in the Pennsylvania regiments," and they are described as "coming from the plain people," and we are told that a certain percentage of them were mechanics, and the others farmers." Mauk grew up in a little valley in Bedford County, not far from the town of Bedford. A high mountain overshadowed his home on either side. When a boy he picked up the rudiments of education which most lads of his station obtained, in the "log schoolhouse," etc.

This controversy is grievous, but it seems well to post patrons concerning some of the antagonisms that cannot be avoided, and to enlist their patience and forbearance.

A PERSONAL ENEMY TO CONFEDERATES.

Another extraordinary matter is introduced here which has had its irritating conditions for the past seven years, even before the VETERAN was started, when the writer was first engaged for Confederate work. It concerns a man who occupies an exceedingly important position in several Southern States. Through a gentleman who was a prominent director in the large corporation of which this individual is the

head, the writer was placed in favorable relation a dozen years ago. When he enlisted in behalf of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association he anticipated surely the continuation of these official favors. Other corporations of like character responded without stint, while this man withdrew his favor and has continued persistently ever since. Considerations have been presented that should have moved him, but he has rather exulted in his ability to show disregard for our sacred undertaking. In the interest of peace and the great desire to avoid controversy appeal has been made through others. A noble man and a patriot—a rich man, largely interested in the property referred to—conferred with the most influential associate of this extraordinary man, and he advised that *nothing be said* to the mogul, as he "knew it would do no good." These notes are pointers simply. If the VETERAN should dare to expose the methods used by this man of power, it might hasten the judgment day, and he is advised not to do it. Why? In his last personal appeal the writer asked if *seven years* was not long enough to wait for a share of the courtesies extended to a multitude besides, who have less claim to the kind of coöperative interests asked.

Some persons evidently misjudge the owner and director of this publication. The controversy which is indicated by this last alien threatens to be the bitterest and most prolonged that the writer ever engaged in. It will involve a multitude of friends and patrons, but it may result in a blessing to millions of people. While the VETERAN yearns for peace and continued success, there are sacrifices that it *will not make*, and outrages to which it will not submit. Its proprietor *has never been defeated in a public controversy.*

Comrade B. T. Walshe, New Orleans, calls attention to errors in his article, page 54, February VETERAN. It should have read Taylor's Brigade instead of Hay's. Capt. Walsh further states: "An error is also made in the statement that we were brigaded about one month. The Louisiana troops were put in a brigade after First Manassas. I must have written that we had been with Jackson about a month. And one other trifle: O'Reilly and I were taken to the field hospital the night of instead of the night *after* the battle."

In the spirit of the reunion sentiment at Charleston a telegram comes from J. C. S. Timberlake, proprietor, as follows: "Announce in the VETERAN that the St. Charles Hotel has not raised prices on account of reunion."

The headquarters of the VETERAN at the Charleston reunion will be in the St. Charles Hotel, on Meeting Street side. This hotel, remember, is at the first corner above the Charleston Hotel (U. C. V. headquarters), and just across the street.

The second paper from Mercer Otey and an article by Gen. Eppa Hunton on Gaines's Mill are unavoidably left over.

COL. FRED L. ROBERTSON.

Col. Fred L. Robertson, adjutant general and chief of staff of the Florida Division, United Confederate Veterans, is a familiar figure at the Confederate reunions. He has attended all except two of them—those in Mississippi and Texas, when he was prevented from attending by his duties in the Florida Legislature, of which he has been an officer almost continually for nearly twenty years.

Comrade Robertson's war record is a good one. Leaving school at sixteen years of age, he enlisted with the Second South Carolina Volunteers, under Col. (afterwards General) J. B. Kershaw. His command was among the first to go to Virginia. He fought with this regiment at Fairfax, Bull Run, and First Manassas, was severely wounded on September 1, and in December, 1861, was honorably discharged on account of disability caused by this wound. The ball was never extracted, and still causes him much suffering. In March, 1862, he was appointed lieutenant and



COL. FRED L. ROBERTSON.

assigned to the quartermaster department, where he remained until early in the fall of 1863, when he applied for active duty. Being declared unfit for field service, he resigned, armed and mounted himself, and again went to Virginia, where, in the spring of 1864, he became a scout. He attached himself to the cavalry under Gen. Wade Hampton, and followed that gallant officer until 1865, having many thrilling experiences and taking part in many perilous engagements. He was with Hampton at Trevilians Station, when he turned Sheridan from his raid on Lynchburg. A few days later he took part in the cavalry fight at St. Mary's Church, when Sheridan was defeated and driven across James River. He was again with Hampton at Sopany Church, where he met Gen. Wilson returning from an unsuccessful raid on Richmond and Danville—unsuccessful because Hampton had turned

Sheridan back. Wilson was defeated after an all-night fight, and a large number of prisoners and munition were captured. The next afternoon, with a few comrades—scouts—Robertson took an active part in the capture of Gen. Kantz's advance guard, the story of which was very entertainingly told by Gen. G. H. Hill in his magazine, "The Land We Love," after the war closed. He took an important hand again when Gen. Hampton made his daring raid on Gen. Grant's rear and captured the First District of Columbia and Thirteenth Pennsylvania Regiments, together with 2,486 head of beef cattle and other supplies.

After the surrender at Appomattox he tried to reach Gen. Kirby Smith, but failing, kept on to Mexico, returning to the States in 1867. In 1869 he went back to Virginia, where he married Miss Margaret S. Boswell. In 1873 he moved to Florida, where he entered journalism, and has been quite successful. He is now President of the Florida Press Association.

When the United Confederate Veterans was formed Col. Robertson called the volunteers of Hernando County together and organized W. W. Loring Camp No. 13. He was elected adjutant and held the position for several years. Always interested in anything pertaining to Confederate soldiers, he took active interest in organizing camps in the State, and so rapidly did his work increase that in 1891 Florida was able to form a division, and on the 28th of November, 1891, Gen. Moorman published General Order No. 24, authorizing the formation of the Florida Division. On December 16 the representatives of nine camps met at Ocala and organized the Florida Division of United Confederate Veterans, electing Gen. J. J. Dickison Major General. In recognition of his efficient services Gen. Dickison appointed Comrade Robertson Adjutant General, a position he has held continuously ever since. The Florida Division has thirty-six camps on its roll, four of which have been organized within the past year. This is conclusive evidence that the "restless scout" is still on the move.

Best of all in his noble deeds Comrade Robertson has been a zealous and an untiring friend of the VETERAN throughout its history, and it has urged him to give *data* concerning his individual career. He has labored with his pen unstintedly as well as to personally solicit subscribers for it.

MONUMENT TO MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

A handsome monument to Miss Winnie Davis, "the Daughter of the Confederacy," has been contracted for, and it is understood that the money—\$1,650—has all been raised. More than one-third of the amount is credited to the Confederate veteran camp of New York. A letter has been written by Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis to a member of the Richmond Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, from which the following extract is made:

"When the letter came saying it would be possible for this statue to be erected over Winnie's grave I had a feeling nearer akin to happiness than I had known since my great loss. Generations of my descendants will feel that a tribute such as has been paid to one of them by the Daughters of the Confederacy is one of the proudest incidents in their family history, and I thank the ladies with all my heart for their kind consideration in the conduct of the work."

HOW FIFTEEN CAPTURED SIX HUNDRED.

Capt. Wm. P. Tolley writes of Lieut. F. M. Kelso:

The achievement of Serg. Bell, of the Seventh Georgia Regiment, in the capture of the Nineteenth Wisconsin Regiment, has a fit companion in a similar deed by Lieut. F. M. Kelso, of the Forty-Fourth Tennessee, in the capture of three stands of colors and six or seven hundred Federals. It was on June 16, 1864, in the campaign between Beauregard and "Beast" Butler, near Petersburg, Va. The flags were the subject of a spirited correspondence among high officials, in which Col. John S. Fulton, commanding the brigade, and Gen. Bushrod Johnson, commanding the division, demanded that they should be deposited in the Confederate archives to the credit of the Tennesseans who captured them. In this they were sustained by Gen. Beauregard, and the order was accordingly made by the Secretary of War.

The narrative is sustained by the official reports of Col. Fulton, who commanded the famous Bushrod Johnson brigade, and by Gen. Johnson himself. The Forty-Fourth Tennessee was reduced to only a good-sized company by its heavy losses at Chickamauga and the fearful assault on Fort Sanders in Longstreet's siege of Knoxville and the awful winter campaign in East Tennessee of 1863-64. In order to even partially man the stretch of our lines assigned to its defense it was deployed as a mere skirmish line, and yet it held the rifle pits against repeated assaults of the enemy in force throughout the day. In addition to the causes of depletion mentioned above, details had to be made to cook rations and to bring water to the men in the ditches, so that the company commanded by Lieut. Kelso had but seventeen men, and no other commissioned officer.

Late in the afternoon Col. Fulton, while reconnoitering the ground in front of the angle discovered a long column of the enemy approaching up the narrow valley between the two ridges. Attenuated as were his lines, his only recourse was to detach a small force to hold the space between the batteries to prevent them breaking through our lines by this new assailing column. Knowing well his man, he ordered Lieut. Kelso to take his company and hold the line between the batteries as long as he had a man.

Kelso commanded: "Attention! Company right face, double-quick, march!" and as they marched out bullets were flying thick from the assaulting column, just then charging upon the line of the Forty-Fourth. They got into their new position without casualty, just in time to intercept the advancing enemy, moving as if on dress parade. They opened fire at once on Kelso and his Spartan braves. Telling his men to hold the ditches as long as there was a man left, Kelso assured them they could hold back two lines of battle if they would take close aim and make every shot count. They must have been splendid marksmen, as the sequel shows. On the enemy rushed impetuously. There were three flags afloat above their line. One was a large bright banner heavily fringed. Kelso's men shot down the flag bearers as fast as the vacant places could be filled. At every fall of a standard bearer there was considerable confusion. But still they advanced, until it looked as if they would swallow up the little band of heroes bodily.

The sixth bearer of the large bright flag was shot

down. The confusion that followed produced a panic, and they fell back some fifty yards to a depression in the narrow valley they occupied and lay down, in which position they were protected in a measure from the unerring aim of Kelso's men. Hearing the chatter and noise of the enemy, he ordered his men to cease firing, and mounted the works to reconnoiter. He discovered that they had upon their guns hats, caps, and some white handkerchiefs, but could not understand what they were saying. He demanded that they lay down their arms and come in, or he would fire on them again. They continued to wave their hats and handkerchiefs, but did not come. Dismounting from the works, he ordered his men to stand up in the pits and aim low and fire. There was again great confusion among them at the effect of these telling shots. Mounting the works, he again demanded their surrender, beckoning to them with his hand to come in.

Just then he beheld another column about three-quarters of a mile off, making straight for his posi-



LIEUT. F. M. KELSO.

tion. The sun was setting, and he knew he could not cope with both these lines; yet he was intent on securing for a prize the men in the ravine as prisoners, and knew that it must be quick work. If they were not rescued by the approaching column, there were so many of them they could easily escape in the approaching darkness.

Now comes the supreme crisis. The undertaking was too reckless for him to order them to go with him, so calling for volunteers he started out to secure his prize. Serg. Goodall had been killed, and Corporal Bush wounded, leaving him only fifteen men. But every one of them volunteered for this desperate undertaking. Leading the way, his men in single file following, nerve and presence of mind were very essential. By a fine piece of strategy he directed his men to keep to the left of the enemy and on the high ground, all the time threatening his adversaries if a single man raised up with his gun in hand he would be shot down instantly. He commanded them to move for-

ward and leave their guns on the ground, adding that the artillery and a double line of infantry would open fire on them immediately if they did not. A few of their leaders moved out, and the others followed. As soon as they were a little way from their guns Kelso moved his men quickly into the intervening space and then ordered the enemy at a double-quick to our rear. By the time they got there he had run to the head of their line, leaving his men in charge of a corporal, following after, and filed them to the left down our trenches, which in this reversed order soon brought them to where Wise's men were on the right of the angle. Here he turned them over to an officer of that brigade, with the request that he take them to the rear. He had no time to count his prisoners. He is sure, however, there were between six and seven hundred.

The whole of this brilliant and perilous affair was the work of Kelso and his seventeen men. Not a gun was fired at this line but by his men. The two ridges protected them from the fire of other troops on our side. The regiment and brigade from which his company was detached were engaged in their immediate front.

What a pity it is that all the names of the seventeen cannot be reproduced in this article! I wrote Lieut. Kelso a request for them, and he replied that he and Thomas W. Smith and G. W. Porter, both good citizens of his county (Lincoln), had tried to make out a list of them, but could not recall the names.

From the time Bushrod Johnson's brigade of Tennesseans arrived in Virginia—about May 1—they were fighting day and night around Drewry's Bluff and Petersburg. Men were constantly being wounded and killed, and there was no time for roll call—the Lieutenant believes there was no roll call for three months covering that period. Kelso was yet scarcely out of his teens. He had volunteered as a mere boy, and showed such adaptability to the military that he was made a lieutenant at the reorganization of his regiment at an unusually early age. He was already the hero of many daring exploits, and naturally enough he was chosen by Col. Fulton to defend the gap in the angle between the batteries.

In reference to the capture of these prisoners I find that Col. Fulton, on page 772 of Part 1, Vol. 40, of "War Records," states, among other things: "Had not Lieut. Kelso acted in the manner he did, I am satisfied the prisoners would not have been captured." Gen. Johnson, in forwarding Kelso's report as received from Col. Fulton, indorses on it: "Lieut. Kelso is the same officer who is mentioned for gallant conduct in my official report of the battle of Drewry's Bluff, on May 16, 1864." On page 243 of Part 2, Vol. 30, "War Records," he also states: "From the Forty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment, Johnson's Brigade, twenty-two men and three sergeants, under Lieut. Kelso, were detached to man the heavy artillery in Fort Clifton. At 9 A. M. on May 9 a small boat appeared in the Appomattox, below Fort Clifton, which was fired on and driven off. At about 11 A. M. five gunboats advanced and engaged the battery at Fort Clifton. The firing was continued from the fort until after 2 P. M., when four gunboats retired and the fifth one was found to be crippled. A party was organized to board the boat, but the enemy set fire to and abandoned it. For their services and gallant conduct at Fort Clifton the

officers and men have received the commendation of the general commanding that department"—Beauregard.

Another event illustrates still more forcibly, perhaps, the heroic stuff of which Kelso and his compatriot, Tom Smith, were made. It finds a counterpart alone in the immortal Pelham's daring feats with Jeb Stuart's horse artillery. Kelso and his company had drilled in artillery and were ready for just such episodes as the above and the one now about to be related. It was at the breaking up of Lee's lines around Petersburg, on April 2, 1865. They had been broken on the left of the Tennessee brigade, and in overwhelming numbers the Federals were charging down on their left flank, while they were being assailed in front by a force estimated at "ten columns deep." Near by was a battery manned by some youths from Richmond. The battle soon got too hot for them, and they abandoned it. Seeing that the guns were silent, Kelso, without orders, but with decision suited to the occasion, took his company and commenced firing the cannons full into the faces of the approaching enemy. Their overwhelming numbers, however, pressed on, and our lines on each flank of Kelso were rapidly falling back, so he was forced to abandon the battery. Realizing the situation, he ordered his men to take their two wounded comrades who lay under the guns and make their escape with them up the ditches, while he assisted Tom Smith in giving the enemy a parting shot with a double charge of canister. By this time the enemy were jobbing their bayonets at them across the works, and ordering: "Surrender, you d— rebels, or we will blow your heads off." Smith threw in another charge, and Kelso rammed it home, and they let it fly right in their faces, and then took to their heels for their lives, and escaped. They overtook the company in a ravine going in the direction their main line had fallen back. But they were intercepted by the enemy's line, which had broken through on their left; and, being pursued by those who had charged them in front, they were forced to surrender. Their captors were enraged at that last shot, which had been fired at them when they thought the two men at the guns were in the act of surrendering. Of course they couldn't find those who would own up to firing the shot. They said it mowed down a lane ten men wide through all their approaching columns. It must have been fearfully destructive.

Kelso was sent to Johnson's Island a prisoner, and was not released till June, 1865. Like all good soldiers of the Confederate army, he has made a good citizen. The people of his county honored him with a seat in the Legislature two years ago. Though I have known him ever since the war I never heard him speak of his achievements but once, and then at my earnest insistence.

Mrs. C. Bales, Fayetteville, Ark., writes the VETERAN of an interesting entertainment given in that city by a Daughter of the Revolution to the Mildred Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy of the State of Alabama contemplate the early establishment of a home for their Confederate veterans. This is a worthy undertaking, and one that deserves all encouragement. Every Southern State should have a Confederate soldiers' home.

SECTION OF LAND FOR EMMA SANSOM.

An act was passed recently by the Alabama Legislature donating a section of public land to Emma Sansom Johnson, *née* Sansom, in consideration of public service. The wording of the law is as follows:

Whereas Emma Sansom Johnson, *née* Emma Sansom, did, by public service rendered this people in time of war, win the esteem, admiration, and gratitude of the State of Alabama, and gain a place in history as a heroine of Alabama; therefore,

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Alabama,* That from and after the passage of this act, one section of public land, not otherwise appropriated, and belonging to the State of Alabama, be and the same is hereby granted to the said Emma Sansom Johnson, *née* Emma Sansom; said land to be selected by her, in subdivisions or otherwise, for which a patent, or patents, must issue.



MRS. EMMA SANSOM JOHNSON.

Section 2. *Be it further enacted,* That the Governor of the State of Alabama be, and he is hereby, required to furnish Emma Sansom Johnson, widow, *née* Emma Sansom, an authenticated copy of this act, and he is hereby required to perform the necessary provisions in order that the intention of this act may be fully carried out.

The bill having been read the third time, Hon. John H. Wallace, of Madison, made an address to the House of Representatives, in which he said:

The subject of this bill should address itself to every patriotic Southern heart. It is one which should engross the sympathy and enthusiastic advocacy of every man who lives in our glorious Southland.

Gen. Streight, with 2,400 picked men, was on a raid through Alabama, bound for Montevallo and Rome, Ga., where he expected to destroy iron works of the

Southern Confederacy. Terror and desolation followed in his wake, and the citizenship along his route fled before his devastating forces. Forrest, the "wizard of the saddle," that incomparable military genius, had invested the enemy at Corinth. When he heard of Streight's raid, he swiftly sped in pursuit of the Yankee general. Crossing the river at Decatur, he overtook him in the mountains of North Alabama. Then followed four fierce fights in the night, and the reverberating of the cannon, and the cracking of musketry told terrible tales of fierce and raging battle.

Streight, being pursued, crossed over Black Creek, one of the most turbid and rapid mountain streams in all the land, and burned the bridge behind him. The stream was swollen on this occasion, and for the first time in his life the gallant Forrest was daunted. He had about given up in despair, when out from a nearby mountain cottage, like a startled wild doe, sprang a beautiful mountain maid of fifteen years, who said to him: "Gen. Forrest, I know where there is an old ford, and I will pilot you to it." Her mother protested, and insisted that it was "unladylike" for her to do so. But she replied, "I am not afraid to trust myself with so brave a man as Gen. Forrest," and she sprang up on his horse behind him with alacrity.

They crossed over safely, and upon arriving on the other side, she followed Gen. Forrest in the trenches and waved her bonnet at the Yankee forces, who, seeing it was a woman, shouted cheers at her signal bravery. It is familiar to all how Gen. Forrest, with three hundred men, captured Streight and his force of twenty-four hundred. [Mr. Wallace here read the poem by John Trotwood Moore, published in the *VETERAN*, pages 448, 449, for October, 1898.]

The brave men who assembled in this hall as representatives, who had fought on the battlefield, and who met the succeeding term of the General Assembly, donated to this Alabama heroine a section of land, but the carpetbag administration that followed deprived her of her just rights. Is there a man who will say that Emma Sansom did not render valuable service to our army in aiding Forrest to capture the raider Streight?

Yet you say all this is but sentiment! Even so. Inspired by a kindred impulse, I love to wander alone beneath the starlit heavens, and there in silence and in solitude commune with the God of my soul.

If you would prostitute the universe of sentiment, then filch from the sweet flowers "the perfume of their breath." Take the roses from the cheeks of fair women, and the spark from their scintillating orbs. I feel that I should be recreant to a patriotic and intelligent constituency, did I not lift up my humble voice in behalf of this pending measure. I speak for the good people of Democratic Madison, the county that sent more soldiers to the war than she had voters at the polls, and devoutly trust that Emma Sansom will receive equity at your hands. She is no longer young. The roses in her cheeks have faded: she is in destitute circumstances, and often wants for the necessities of life. The patriotic women of Dixie have perpetuated in silent grandeur on the capitol campus the memory of those who so bravely died for what they thought was right, but "nothing dies that memory rocks to sleep." Sir, my noblest heritage from father was that of being his son—the son of an ex-Confederate captain. Co-

patriots, let us enact this bill. Let us say to the old Confederates, "We confirm your actions of the past;" let us vindicate the right. Let us restore Emma Sansom to her just deserts! Let us give her a home in Alabama, that she may live in independence. Let us, gentlemen, make her declining years as happy and as full of comfort as were her girlhood days in brilliant, matchless, womanly courage, love, and reverence for her country.

In the language of the sweetest of Southern poets:

Upon the knolls where cannon hurled,
Their deadly grape between,
The stately locusts have unfurled
Their flag of white and green,
And o'er the ridge upon the crest
Where gleamed the flashing blade,
The serried rows of corn, abreast,
Stand out in dress parade.

Adown the slope where once did reel
The stubborn ranks of gray,
Now speeds the flying reaper's wheel—
Now charge the ranks of bay,
And down the vale where marched the blue
With band and banner fine,
The frisky lambs in ranks of two
Deploy their skirmish line.

After eloquent speeches in advocacy of the bill, made by Messrs. Heflin, of Chambers, Heflin, of Randolph, Screws, of Montgomery, Mr. W. T. L. Cofer, of Cullman, raised objections to the bill and spoke against it. Following, Mr. Brandon, of Tuscaloosa, made a superb speech in which he appealed to the members of the House to support the bill. The previous question was then called, and amid most intense enthusiasm the bill received seventy-seven ayes, against five noes. Three days later it passed the Senate by a unanimous vote, and was the same day approved by Gov. Johnston. The beneficiary resides at present in Texas.

FORREST'S BLUFF.—Dr. Whitsitt, of Kentucky, tells this story of how Forrest "bluffed" Col. Streight, of Indiana, while on that famous raid: "We knew that Rosecrans was trying to get our arsenal at Rome, Ga. One day word was brought in that a cavalry brigade had passed through Tusculumbia, and we made after them. We followed them as fast as we could until they got to Salt Hill, and we were much surprised to see them turn off and go up the hill instead of going straight on. They turned and faced us, and we had a fight. Presently I heard Gen. Forrest shouting in that peculiar voice of his: 'Boys, we must get out of this.' I had never heard Forrest speak of retreating before, and it frightened me. After we had fallen back a little way I saw Forrest behind a fence, storming up and down with a pistol, threatening to shoot the first man who crossed that fence. The retreat had to stop. Forrest had hit on a new plan. He called out: 'Boys, we've got to bluff them!' The way he 'bluffed' them was by dividing his command and sending them in at Col. Streight and his men in detachments from several points at once. Four or five flags of truce came flying in on the Indiana colonel, supposed to have come from various Confederate generals who were miles away. At last Col. Streight said to the bearer of the summons: 'I have already surrendered to several of your generals. Now what do you want me to do?' As a matter of courtesy, and so as not to make the humil-

iation too great, Forrest consented to let the Union men march down into a hollow and surrender where the bulk of the Confederate troops could not see them. Of course there wasn't any bulk there. And that was how the 1,962 men of Streight's command laid down their arms to the 416 of Forrest's."

Capt. George H. Blakeslee, Lomax, Nebraska:

Recently a good old Johnnie friend (H. O'Neal, commander of Confederate veteran camp at Alpine, Tex.) requested that I write some reminiscences of the Atlanta campaign of 1864, and especially of the Peachtree Creek battle of July 20, 1864.

While I don't undertake an account of the battle, I give a reminiscence:

There was opposed to us that day Featherstone's brigade of Mississippians, composed of the First Mississippi Sharpshooters, Twenty-Second, Thirty-First, Thirty-Third, and Fortieth Mississippi Regiments. When the charging line of Stewart's braves came surging on against a line of veteran bluecoats who had stood on the front line from Perryville in 1862 to that day—a line which all the gallantry of Southern dash could not break—there fell, within twenty paces of our regimental line, a mere boy, having both feet carried away by a shell. As soon as the fiercest of the attacks were past, humanity brought him assistance, although we were even yet under fire. We ligatured his limbs to stop the bleeding, which was rapidly sapping his young life. If he still lives, this writer would like to know if he remembers a Federal captain who picked him up and carried him away from the battle and back to the Federal field hospital.

That old gray-haired "Yank" of to-day remembers distinctly how that curly-haired boy coxed up to him as he lay in his arms, as though he had reached a safe retreat. He told the story of his young life between the sobs that shook his slight frame, saying he was not yet fourteen years old; that his father was dead, and his mother did not wish him to enlist, but he had run away, and now he regretted having disobeyed her. If that boy—then a mere child—still lives, or any of his old comrades could give me his name, I should be thankful. I think he belonged to the Thirty-Third Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Col. Jabez L. Drake, of Featherstone's Brigade.

I should also like to hear from a Confederate captain belonging to the same brigade. He, with a few of his men, was surrounded and compelled to surrender. The officer to whom he gave his sword would be pleased to return to him the C. S. A. belt buckle—the only trophy retained, as the sword and belt were, by special order, turned in at division headquarters, and are now at Washington in the war office. Capt. Evans, if living, or any of his relatives, can have the buckle upon proper identification.

G. W. B. Bell, Cedar Springs, Ala., commends the VETERAN, saying: "We should all realize the importance of such a journal. Confederate veterans should, if necessary, make sacrifices to sustain it. If we who are now living do not formulate and get up correct history, future generations will never know the truth, nor will they appreciate what we suffered and accomplished."

SAM DAVIS.

I do not claim that noble deeds are fled;
 I do not claim that noble hearts are still,
 Nor that those wondrous things the pages fill—
 Heroic deeds of men now past and dead—
 Alone in story live. They may be read
 In life as well as in the antique rhyme,
 To-day's one act, through immemorial time
 May ages fill with glory or with dread.

But then I know that some upon the rolls
 Of fame, by wiflings hailed as good and great,
 Have bartered for their glory with their souls,
 And lived to all their nobler parts ingrate.
 But thou, boy, bravely lived, and this thy end:
 He died to save his honor and his friend.

—Edwin Wiley.



CAPT. H. B. SHAW.
 From photograph.



SAM DAVIS.
 Photograph of bust.

Capt. Shaw, who passed as "Capt. Coleman," in command of the famous scout, was in prison at Pulaski when Sam Davis was executed. He survived the war. Later, in a steamboat disaster on the Mississippi River, he with John Davis (an older brother to Sam) and many others lost their lives.

A beautiful bronze statue in City Hall Square, New York City, in the northeast corner and near the post-office building has upon its pedestal:

NATHAN HALE,

a Captain in the regular army of the United States, who gave his life for his country in the city of New York, September 22, 1776.

"I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."
 Erected by the Sons of the Revolution of the State of New York.

THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES, AUGUSTA, GA.

The famed Confederate Cabinet! of what was it composed?
 On Toombs and Hunter, gifted both, the State trust first reposed;
 While Benjamin, the versatile, its lustrous record closed.

With Treasury Portfolio two names are proudly joined;
 And Memminger, with Trenholm true, their noble mission find
 In guiding well the finances of their embattled kind.

Attorneys-General four had we to guard the Justice arm,
 Whereof were Benjamin and Bragg, the first to shield from harm;
 In Watts's and Davis' keeping, then, our interests were warm.

The post of War was ably manned, and Walker's brilliant lead
 Was matched by that of Benjamin and Randolph, as we read:
 While Seddon, Smith, and Breckinridge most worthily succeed.

The Navy Branch was ruled by one conservative and skilled;
 And with accomplished Mallory the place was wisely filled,
 Who shaped our wondrous Neptune moves whereby the world
 was thrilled.

And last, as Postmaster General, was Ellett primal star;
 And sturdy Reagan, in his stead, was then saluted far
 For what he masterfully did, though Mars oft strove to mar.

All these are gone, save Reagan, now; the Cabinet survives
 But as a sacred memory to stir staunch Southron lives;
 God grant the time is distant far when Death that comrade
 knives.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S MASTERPIECE.

[The widespread interest in Mr. Kipling, through his prolonged illness and the death of one of his children, makes it appropriate to copy here his "Recessional" poem.]

Lord of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
 Lest we forget! lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
 The captains and the kings depart,
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
 A humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget! lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget! lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget! lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard;
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not thee to guard—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

WOUNDED AND SLAIN.

BY P. H. BREWSTER, 1864.

The post has arrived, and most quickly is sought
 The news from the war which the papers contain;
 They tell us another great battle's been fought,
 And thousands again have been wounded and slain.

'Tis said that another great victory's won,
 The foe has been humbled and vanquished again;
 But dreadful, alas! is the work that is done,
 For many are wounded and many are slain.

There comes an old father, with care in his face,
 To hear the sad news, while he leans on his cane,
 That the name of the son of his age has a place
 In the long and sad list of the wounded and slain.

"O tell me!" a fond, anxious mother exclaims,
 "Does that list the name of poor Willie contain?"
 "Ah, yes," 'tis replied, "that is one of the names,
 Your Willie is wounded, your Willie is slain."

There comes a fair boy, through the wind and the sleet,
 To learn who was killed on the dark, bloody plain;
 And homeward he hurries, with cold, shoeless feet,
 To tell his poor mother that father is slain!

O God! shall this red tide of war never cease?
 Wilt thou not hear the cries of the poor who complain?
 O! span these dark clouds with the rainbow of peace!
 We are weary of hearing of "wounded and slain."

A MODEL U. C. V. CAMP.

The James Breathed Camp, U. C. V., No. 881, Pulaski, Va., was organized March 6, 1887, with a membership of twenty-four; it now has one hundred and thirty members. The membership is composed mainly of veterans from Company C, Fourth Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade; Company E, Twenty-Fourth Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division; Company F, Fifty-Fourth Virginia Infantry; Company I, Fiftieth Virginia Infantry; and also representatives from other branches of the service. The officers of the camp are: James Macgill, Commander; C. L. Teaney, Bird Gunn, R. D. Gardner, W. R. Cole, lieutenant commanders; J. R. Miller, adjutant.

Commander Macgill writes the VETERAN:

The annual meetings are held on January 19 of each year, in honor of the birth of our beloved generals, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

We hold a two days' encampment the latter part of August of each year at the Pulaski County fair grounds. Two days' rations are prepared, and we remain overnight. Our amusements consist of speeches and songs. We do our own cooking—make real coffee—and have a good time generally, winding up with a sham battle, which all seem to enjoy. We have an old Confederate ten-pound cannon, which always performs its part in our encampments. This is manned by the Sons of Veterans of Pulaski. At our last encampment (September 1 and 2) we had over a thousand present, including veterans, the Pulaski Chapter Sons of Veterans, and Flora Stuart Chapter Daughters of Confederacy, other citizens, and our invited guests, the Gen. G. C. Wharton Camp, U. C. V., of Radford, Va.

The following are honorary members of the camp who held commissions in the Confederate service: Gens. Fitzhugh Lee, T. L. Rosser, G. C. Wharton, Lieut. Col. R. D. Gardner, Fourth Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade; Capt. James N. Bosang (was captured May 20, 1864, and released July 25, 1865) and First Lieut. James B. Caddell, of Company C, Fourth Virginia Infantry; Maj. W. W. Bentley and Capt. Bird Gunn, Company E, Twenty-Fourth Virginia Infantry; Capt. W. J. Jordan and First Lieut. James A. Pratt, Company F, Fifty-Fourth Virginia Infantry; Capt. S. H. Stone, Company I, Fiftieth Virginia Infantry; Capt. I. H. Larew, Company E, Sixtieth Virginia Infantry; Capt. W. F. Nicholson, of Gen. John H. Morgan's Cavalry, captured with him on the Ohio raid; Capt. S. Taylor Martin, commander Martin's Battery, Army of Northern Virginia; Capt. Hurst, who served in a Tennessee infantry regiment; and Dr. W. H. Bramblett, surgeon. Those of our members who were seriously wounded in the war are: R. S. Dudley, both arms amputated three inches below the shoulder; William M. King, lost one arm; Richard Landrew, lost a leg at the thigh; John B. Darst, Stonewall's Brigade, died two years ago from the effects of a wound he received in Hunter's raid on Lynchburg in 1864; Floyd Sutphin, Pickett's Division, received seven wounds in one fight at Drewry's Bluff, which left him helpless—he lost one arm, both legs were badly crippled, and he is otherwise enfeebled; Lieut. Col. R. D. Gardner, a "veteran of two wars," served in the Mexican war. In 1861, April 17, he left Pulaski, Va., first lieutenant in Pulaski Guards. For gallantry he was

promoted to be lieutenant colonel of his regiment, Fourth Infantry. He was wounded at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862, a fragment of shell striking him on the lower part of the face, fracturing the lower jaw and tearing away the flesh and teeth. It was supposed that the piece of shell, after making the wound, dropped to the ground, but this was not the case. After he had suffered for five years Dr. Samuel Sayers, surgeon of the old brigade, happened to be in New Berne one day, and asked to examine it. This resulted in locating a piece of shell weighing about twenty ounces just under the shoulder blade, and it was removed. Col. Gardner served for over twenty years as Circuit and County Clerk, which office he declined to run for six years ago. J. N. Bosang, who was his deputy, and who was captain of Col. Gardner's old company, still holds that office.

Capt. J. H. Larew entered the army as first lieutenant of Company E, "Wise's Legion," afterwards known as Sixtieth Virginia Infantry. He was wounded in the left arm May 9, 1864, at the battle of Cloyd Farm, Pulaski, Va., September 22, 1864. He commanded the sharpshooters in Breckinridge's Division. With his two hundred men and two batteries he held the entire right of Early's line, about one mile in length. He had received orders to get out with his men as best he could, and he ordered his command to cross Wasanutton Mountain into Page Valley, as this was the best way of escape. Soon afterwards a shell struck him on the right shoulder, tearing away the shoulder blade and making one of the worst wounds a man ever recovered from. His entire command got out safely. Capt. Larew fell into the hands of the enemy and was removed to the house of Mr. Richards. The doctors pronounced his wound fatal. After remaining in this condition several days, a Georgia surgeon who was at the hospital decided that the arm should be amputated. Larew found this out, and as he was a Mason, he found among the Federal guards several Masons, whom he got to pledge that they would not permit the amputation. When the surgeon arrived the determination was made known, and he was ordered to leave. Larew remained there with no one to look after him but Miss Richards, and with a bent knitting needle she and he would pick the fragments of bone from the wound. He is now practicing law at the Pulaski bar.

DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER FOR WHOM IT WAS NAMED.

Col. James Macgill, of Pulaski City, Va., has written a series of articles relating to Maj. Breathed, from which the following extracts are taken:

"In a work entitled 'Mohun; or, The Last Days of Lee and His Paladins,' by John Esten Cooke, there is this sketch of Lieut. Col. James Breathed:

"Do you remember the brave Breathed, commanding a battalion of the Stuart Horse Artillery? I first spoke to him on the night preceding Chancellorsville, when he came to see Stuart. At that time he was already famous for his 'do or die' fighting. A Marylander by birth, he had 'come over to help us.' He had been the right-hand man of Pelham, the favorite of Stuart, and the admiration of a whole army for a courage which the word 'reckless' best describes. And now his familiar name of 'old Jim Breathed,' bestowed by Stuart, who held him in high favor, had

become the synonym of stubborn nerve unsurpassed by that of Murat. To fight his guns to the muzzles or go in with the saber best suited Breathed. When he failed in anything it was because reckless courage could not accomplish it. He was young, of vigorous frame, with dark hair and eyes, and tanned by sun and wind; his voice was low and deep, his manners simple and unassuming; his ready laugh and offhand bearing indicated the born soldier; his eyes were mild, friendly, and full of honesty. . . . In the last days of winter a force of Federal cavalry came to make an attack on Charlottesville, crossing the Rapidan high up toward the mountain and aiming to surprise the place. Unfortunately for him, Gen. Custer, who commanded the expedition, was to find the Stuart horse artillery in winter quarters near. So sudden and unexpected was Custer's advance that the artillery camps were entirely surprised. Breathed had been lounging like the rest, laughing and talking with his men. Peril made him suddenly king, and saber in hand he



JAMES BREATHED.

rushed to the guns, calling to his men to follow. With his own hands he wheeled a gun around, drove home a charge, and trained the piece to bear upon the Federal cavalry, trampling in among the tents within fifty yards of him. "Man the guns!" he shouted in a voice of thunder. "Stand to your guns, boys; you promised me you would never let the guns be taken!" A roar of voices answered him. Suddenly the pieces spouted flame, and shell and canister tore through the Federal ranks. Breathed was everywhere, cheering on the cannoneers. Discharge succeeded discharge; the ground shook, then the enemy gave back, wavering and losing heart. Breathed seized the moment. Many of the horses had been caught and hastily saddled. Breathed leaped upon one of them and shouted: "Mount!" The men threw themselves into the saddles, some armed with sabers, others with clubs, and others with pieces of fence rails caught up from the fires. "Charge!" thundered Breathed. And at the head of his men he led a headlong charge at the Fed-

eral cavalry, which broke and fled in the wildest disorder, pursued past Barboursville to the Rapidan without pause. That night Stuart went after them. . . . In passing Barboursville one of the Federals stopped to get a drink of water at the house of a citizen. "What's the matter?" "We are retreating," he answered. "Who is after you?" The reply was: "Nobody but old Jim Breathed and his men, armed with fence rails."

On the back of a splendid picture there is copied:

Headquarters Army Northern Virginia, July 7, 1864.
Maj. James Breathed, Richmond, Va.: I heard with great regret that you were wounded and incapacitated for active duty. I beg to tender you my sympathy and to express the hope that the army will not be long deprived of your valuable services. The reports I have received from your superior officers of your gallantry and good conduct in action on several occasions have given me great satisfaction, and while they increase my concern for your personal suffering, render me desirous that your health will soon permit you to resume a command that you have exercised with so much credit to yourself and advantage to the service.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Other commanders write of him:

Wade Hampton states: "A braver and more gallant soldier never lived."

Fitzhugh Lee mentions him as "one of the bravest and best soldiers the Confederacy produced. With an army of Breatheds I could conquer the world."

J. E. B. Stuart wrote of him: "I will never consent for Capt. Breathed to quit the Horse Artillery, with which he has rendered such distinguished service, except for certain promotion, which he has well earned."

His brigadier general, Wickham, wrote: "Capt. Breathed is the best man for the management of a battery of horse artillery that I have ever known."

Brig. Gen. Thomas L. Rosser said: "One of the most noted officers in the Confederacy for fighting qualities was Maj. James Breathed."

Gen. T. J. Munford: "Maj. James Breathed was as brave an officer and the hardest fighter the war produced."

T. H. C. Lownsbrough, Woodland Mills, Tenn., writes concerning "Lee to the rear:" "May 2, 1865, at Chancellorsville, Gen. Lee rode up in the rear of Archer's Brigade as they were preparing for the second attack. The brigade was in the field on the right of the road, with Lane's Brigade on our left. The Federal batteries in the field in front were shelling our line, as we were in plain view. Just before the advance was made a Tennessee officer stepped up to Gen. Lee and told him to go to the rear; that the men were Tennesseans and would do their duty, and that they did not wish to see him expose himself to the fire of the enemy. The General touched his hat and rode a few yards down the hill to the rear." The brigade went forward in the charge and over the works without a halt, leaving many a brave and gallant man on the battlefield."

STRANGE HISTORY OF A BULLET.

Capt. Connally T. Litchfield, commanding a company of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry, was severely wounded at Brandy Station, Va., in October, 1864. The pistol bullet entered the cheek just below the right eye. He was stunned, but did not fall from his horse, which was led to the rear by a private. The supposition was that he had fought his last battle for the Confederacy. The field surgeon probed, but failed to locate the bullet. The palate was touched in the search for it, which led to the belief that it had either been swallowed or spit out. After events proved this to be a mistake.

Getting a furlough, Capt. Litchfield went to his home, Abingdon, Va., where he remained until somewhat relieved. The war ended, but the wound was a painful reminder of the part the Captain had taken in the struggle for Southern independence. As the years came and went it became more and more troublesome. Violent pain in the face and head, accompanied by suppuration and free discharge of pus and water through the eye and nose led physicians to diagnose the case as "chronic nasal catarrh," for which he was treated, but that gave only temporary relief.

For years he suffered untold agony, and gradually lost the sight of the right eye. The pain seemed to center at the base of the nose, between the eyes. In course of time the suppuration was not so great. His affliction was then called neuralgia. He was in the habit of taking a morphine tablet when the pain became intolerable. This always nauseated him, and in July, 1867, during a violent fit of vomiting caused by morphine, he felt something hard drop into his mouth, and from the mouth it went into the pan. It proved to be the long-lost pistol bullet, which for thirty-four years had been the enemy of his comfort. Marked improvement in health followed this deliverance; but the right eye had become so diseased that, in order to save the other, it was removed by a surgical operation last summer. It has been well said that "Capt. Litchfield's experience rivals in interest any of the recorded capricious battle wounds." Friends decided that the interesting relic must be preserved as a souvenir of his gallant services. His nephew, V. L. Cummyngham, of Chicago, has had it mounted in gold, to be worn as a watch charm by his uncle. It will be highly prized by the relative who will fall heir to it.

BATTLE OF OAK HILL.

R. G. Childress, Roscoe, Texas, writes of it:

The dedicatory exercises at the laying of the corner stone for the Confederate Monument at Van Buren, Ark., were interesting and worthy to so mark the final resting place of the unknown Confederate dead buried in the cemetery there. It is a fitting offering from the loyal daughters of Arkansas; Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Louisiana, and the Indian Territory each having brave sons buried there. Most of the dead interred there had enlisted under Ben. McCullough and Sterling Price, and fell in the battles of Oak Hill and Elkhorn.

I was a member of the Third Texas Regiment, which did well its part on that memorable day, Saturday, August 10, was a terribly hot day—not only hot from the sun, but from Minie balls, grape-

shot, and bombshells. The battle of Oak Hill was one of the most complete victories for the Confederacy achieved during the war. It opened at sunrise and continued about six hours. It was an open-field fight from beginning to end. The Confederate forces did not exceed nine thousand men, and they were all recruits with very little discipline. They were very poorly armed, some having squirrel rifles and shotguns, while others had Mississippi rifles and muskets. The enemy was largely composed of United States regulars, who were armed with their most improved weapons.

Late in the afternoon of August 2 we encamped on the field destined to become the scene of the battle of Oak Hill. Price's command was on the north side of Wilson Creek, on the road leading to Springfield, Mo.; McCullough's troops on and adjacent to Wilson Creek, about one and one-half miles down the creek, and on the south side, about ten miles from Springfield. On the 9th orders were issued to cook three days' rations and to be ready to march on notice. About sunset the men were ordered to lie on their arms. Gen. Ben. McCullough commanded the Confederate troops, and Gen. Lyon commanded the Federal troops, with headquarters in Springfield. Each had the same plan of attack and resolved to execute it at the same time, an extraordinary coincidence.

Lyon opened fire upon Price along his entire line. Siegall had fired upon McCullough at the same time. The rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery were deafening. About three hours after the battle had begun Gen. Siegall was routed by the Confederates. Then McCullough hastened with his entire command to the assistance of Gen. Price, who was hard pressed by his vigorous assailant. Charge after charge the brave and determined Lyon made at the head of his columns, and was killed within fifty or sixty steps of the Confederate lines. The weather was so hot it was like fighting in a furnace. Soon after Lyon fell the battle ceased. Before his death both lines were beginning to waver; but after McCullough swung into line with Price, the battle was soon ended, Lyon's men making a hasty retreat. They left their dying chieftain to the mercy of a victorious but magnanimous enemy.

The Federal loss was severe, about four hundred killed and twice that number wounded and taken prisoners while the Confederate loss did not exceed two hundred and fifty.

T. M. Barkley, Kennedy, Ky., tells a story of how Gen. Joseph Wheeler met the lady who was afterwards Mrs. Wheeler. The General detailed Mr. Barkley to go to a farmhouse and obtain some corn. Upon arriving at the house, the ladies protested against giving up the corn, and as the orders were always to respect the wishes of ladies, when possible, he returned to Gen. Wheeler and told him the circumstances. The General decided to go himself to the farmhouse, and one of the ladies from which he obtained the corn became Mrs. Joseph Wheeler.

Minie ball took its name from the inventor, Capt. Minie, of France, like the Dahlgren and Gatlin guns.

FIRST CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS KILLED.

BY DAVID L. SPENCE, ASHLAND CITY, TENN.

In the July, '98 VETERAN, W. R. Hall, of Richmond, Va., referring to the statement made in the May number that Henry Wyatt, who fell at Bethel, June 10, 1861, was the first Southern soldier killed in battle, calls attention to the fact that Capt. J. Q. Marr, of the Warrentown (Va.) Rifles, was killed at Fairfax C. H., June 1, 1861. He refers to an account of the affair published in the *Richmond Dispatch*, June 3, 1861. In an old scrapbook belonging to my father, Capt. W. J. D. Spence, I find the following clipping marked: "From the *Richmond Enquirer*, June 3:"

The enemy on Friday morning about 3 o'clock, in numbers about eighty strong, entered the town of Fairfax C. H., under the command of Lieut. Thompkins. The company was the United States Regulars from Texas. The enemy dashed into the town so unexpectedly that the Warrenton Rifles, Capt. John Q. Marr, had only some ten minutes to prepare for them. The enemy fired at the quarters of the troops, killing Capt. Marr instantly, and, though near to his command, his death was not known until after nine o'clock, when his body was found. The enemy pushed on through the town. The Warrenton Rifles then formed under Col. Ewell and Gov. Smith into two platoons, and proceeded down the road after the enemy, and, taking position on the side of the road, waited their return, which soon occurred, but they were in disorder, and a volley from the Rifles scattered them and caused a retreat up the road. They re-formed in fours and came up in good order, when another fire from the Rifles again scattered them, and they returned by a cross road to Alexandria.

Our troops captured four horses branded "U; S.," "B," and killed three others. The retreating detachment was seen near Anandals with fifteen led horses and a wagon containing wounded men. Four prisoners were taken. Five United States soldiers were killed. Several carbines, dragoon swords, officers' swords, a double-barreled shotgun, and eight dragoon revolvers were picked up by our troops.

Our loss was Capt. Marr, killed—a brave and efficient officer, the support of a widowed mother, and a most useful citizen. He was a member of the Virginia Convention, and had filled many responsible positions. Col. Ewell was wounded in the shoulder.

Capt. Marr's death was caused by a random shot while selecting ground upon which to form his company. Darkness prevented any one seeing him fall.

In Mr. Hall's article mention is also made of the fight at Philippi, Barbour County, Va. (now West Virginia), in which several Virginia soldiers lost their lives. This occurred seven days before the killing of Wyatt. On the same page as the above clipping is another clipping, doubtless taken from a Nashville paper. It is headed: "The Skirmish at Philippi. Special Dispatch to J. E. R. Ray, Secretary of State." It is as follows:

RICHMOND, June 7.

At last we have reliable news from Philippi. Though a surprise, it was a glorious victory for the Virginia troops, twelve hundred of whom beat back three thousand Federal troops with cannon three times, killing seventy of the enemy. Only six Virginians were killed.

C. F. Waldron, formerly sergeant Company F, Twenty-Ninth Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, now of Welaka, Fla., writes that he was captured by Serg. W. R. Hall, Company F, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, May 3, 1863, near the close of the battle of Chancellorsville, Va. It was an individual capture, and both remembered the circumstance vividly. Waldron inquired through the VETERAN if Serg. Hall was still living, and he soon received a letter from Hall from Richmond, Va., and a delightful correspondence ensued. Hall invited Mr. Waldron and his wife to visit his home during the Richmond reunion. They accepted, and were cordially entertained. Mr. Waldron writes of it: "I readily recognized my old captor, and he assured me that Libby prison would not be my fate as before. I met many of the Confederates, and was treated royally by all. Many an old war talk was had. We saw the grand parade and all the noted surviving generals who were there. It was really a pleasure to me to hear the old "rebel yell" again, as some old battle-scarred flag would pass. The Confederate museum was very interesting, as was the old capitol and the site of old Libby prison, in which I was confined, and also Belle Isle."

R. T. Mockbee, Memphis, Tenn., writes:

I wish to indorse what Capt. William T. Tolley says in the February VETERAN in regard to the Gaines's Mill affair. I do not doubt that members of the single "Virginia command" who were present as a part of Archer's Brigade and did gallant service with Lee's army to the end of the war, would testify that Archer's Brigade was in the last charge with Hood's that routed the enemy and captured their artillery at Gaines's Mill. I refer to the Fredericksburg battery, commanded by Capt. Braxton. The conspicuous gallantry on that occasion of Braxton and his men attracted wide attention, and they were rewarded for their services by being given six of the splendid guns captured by us. I dare say there are still survivors of Hood's Brigade who remember mingling with Archer's Tennesseans and Georgians around those captured guns on the heights about Gaines's Mill. We had been in Whiting's Division with the Texans from Yorktown to Seven Pines, and many of the two commands knew each other well. With more than ordinary pleasure and pride we greeted our old comrades as we gathered around those captured guns. Some of the best blood of Tennessee was poured out on that glorious field. I am not prepared to say what was done by Pickett's Brigade, but whoever writes the true history of the battle of Gaines's Mill must place Tennesseans among "those who crossed the mill race obstructed with fallen timber" and helped to clear the heights and capture the enemy's artillery, after having already lost heavily in the first charge mentioned by Capt. Tolley.

In conclusion I request recollections of that battle from Col. Shepperd, of the Seventh Tennessee, Col. Turner, of the Fourteenth Tennessee, Gen. (then Maj.) McComb, of the Fourteenth Tennessee, and some comrades from the Nineteenth Georgia and Fifth Alabama Battalions. Comrades, we owe our testimony to the gallant dead, to ourselves, and to those who will come after us.



Although liberal space was given last month to the life and character of the late Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Overton, the failure to receive in time the tribute of Comrade James H. McNeilly, who was a faithful, energetic chaplain in the Confederate army, and who had been her pastor for several years previous to her death, it seems not only proper, but very desirable, to record his tribute in the *VETERAN*, as a companion to that paid her noble husband in the January issue. Besides, their lives for the South are a common heritage. Tennessee had no stronger claims than others of the South, except that this State was their home. Their generosity was not limited by State lines, and their donations to the men and women who shared in the sacrifice for principle during the sixties was universal. Dr. McNeilly wrote in substance:

One of the chief glories of the Confederate States was the great company of noble women who gave themselves heart and soul to the cause while the war was going on, and who have striven with unwearied devotion since the war to preserve the memory of those who died to defend that cause.

Prominent among these Daughters of the Confederacy was Mrs. Overton, a woman whom the Confederate veterans delighted to honor while she lived, and whom they mourn sincerely now that she is gone from earth.

She was born in 1832, and in 1852 was married to Col. John Overton. Thenceforward at their home, Traveler's Rest, she dispensed with generous hand that large hospitality for which the old South was noted. And she was known for her liberal charities to all who were in need. She was her husband's wise helper in every good work.

She was thoroughly identified with the South. The families of her father, Jesse Maxwell, and her mother, a Miss Claiborne, were among the early settlers of Middle Tennessee.

When the war between the States came on and her husband pledged himself and his large fortune to the cause of the Confederacy she was enthusiastic in her approval, and with unselfish and uncalculating devotion she made every sacrifice of time, labor, money, and personal comfort, to secure success to the cause and to minister to the wants of Southern soldiers. During the Nashville campaign, in December, 1864, Gen. Hood's headquarters were at Traveler's Rest. There she showed every kindness, not merely to high officers but to the humblest privates. The fact that one was a true Confederate, whatever his rank, gave him a key to open her heart.

During the long struggle, and since in her efforts for the soldiers, she became well known to most of the leaders of the South, and she was respected and loved by all. After the close of the war, although their resources were much reduced, she and her husband maintained the generous life of the old time and their

home, and from those doors no Confederate soldier was ever turned away. With rare tact and delicacy, without ostentation, they helped those in need, and the world will never know the extent of these private charities. She was deeply interested in securing a worthy monument to the soldiers buried at Nashville, and a comfortable home for the disabled veterans in Tennessee at the Hermitage, owned by the State from Andrew Jackson's time, and her efforts never flagged until these purposes were accomplished.

She desired to see a true history of the great struggle, in which full justice should be done to our cause and its defenders. She was in touch with the whole South in any matter which concerned the interests of the old soldiers. And from Richmond to New Orleans and the far West, wherever they gathered, she and her noble husband were to be found, and everywhere were the center of love and reverence.

After his death, a few weeks ago, her health failed. She made a brave effort to live for the sake of her family and friends. She went to Pass Christian, Miss., to see if the balmy air of the Gulf coast would restore her. But it availed not. On Sunday, February 19, 1899, her spirit went to join him whom her soul loved, to be with the Savior, whom they both trusted and served.

She desired to be wrapped in the Confederate flag, and buried by the Frank Cheatham Bivouac. A troop of cavalry of the veterans forming a guard of honor, the old soldiers of the Bivouac bore her body lovingly and tenderly to its last resting place in Mt. Olivet, where she and her husband were laid together under vast masses of beautiful flowers, in a common grave, watered with the tears of a multitude who loved them.

The editor explains that his body had been deposited in a vault the few preceding weeks. Strange it was kept for this double burial, so soon to occur!

Gen. John M. Claiborne, Rusk, Tex., pays a tribute to the late Col. John Overton, of Tennessee:

All Tennesseans know of the sacrifices made by Col. John Overton for the Confederacy and his State, for Tennessee and the South. Of his ample fortune he gave lavishly to the State. He equipped whole battalions from his private purse; he was a refugee from his home and family. Of all these deeds the public knows, but more than half the good he did was done in private. I was a stranger, sick unto death, and in his home was nursed back to life, though I was a child of far-off Texas. During the war the home of John Overton was the Mecca for the sick or wounded officers and men of the Confederate army. We prate of patriotism, but few stand the test when it touches the pocket. John Overton made physical, financial, and social sacrifices, and they were of the highest order of patriotism. A year ago I was the guest of himself and Mrs. Overton, and the pang of pain I felt when I realized that he was on a decline is indescribable. As I walked and drove with him over the historic battlefield around and on his splendid place we reviewed the scenes of 1864. If I were to pen his epitaph, it would be: "John Overton, entirely unselfish in his devotion to his God, his family, his country, and to all mankind."

Gen. Claiborne could have hardly imagined, when penning his tribute from which extracts are made, that Mrs. Overton was so soon to follow.

J. J. HANEY.

J. W. Willingham, of N. B. Forrest Camp, sends the following:

Comrade J. J. Haney was born near Winchester, Va., June 23, 1833; and died at his home, Chattanooga, Tenn., December 20, 1898. When fourteen years old he went from his Virginia home to Baltimore, Md., where he learned the trade of plastering and brick-making. He went to California during the gold-mining excitement, and remained in the West four years. He had joined the United States army, and was serving on the staff of Gen. Van Dorn as lieutenant of cavalry in 1861. He promptly resigned, and with Gens. Van Dorn, Sterling Price, and others, came East. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Lexington, Mo., in June, 1861, and served as escort with Gen. Price. He was transferred to Van Dorn's staff, and served with him until that officer's death, when he joined Company F, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, as private, and served with it as private until the close of the war. In the battle of Chickamauga he was wounded, but rejoined his command as soon as he was able for service. An incident in his war experience merits mention here. On the tenth day of August, 1861, while scouting, he was captured at Oak Hill, Mo., and sent to prison at Indianapolis, Ind. After his arrival at Camp Morton he was court-martialed on the charge of being a spy, and sentenced to be shot. The morning before the execution was to take place a young lady who knew the circumstances and was a strong sympathizer with the Southern cause secured permission to visit the prisoners, and conveyed to Comrade Haney a rope and arranged for him a plan of escape. The night was a propitious one, being dark and stormy. Soon after nightfall, securely tying his rope to a ring in the floor, he crawled out through the window and slipped down the rope to the ground. Managing to elude observation, he made his way to a house near by, where his young lady friend awaited him. He was then served with a substantial supper by the heroine. His Confederate gray was discarded for the Federal uniform with new boots and hat, and he was given directions to the home of a friend of his benefactor, many miles in the country to the southward.

He arrived next morning, weary and footsore. He was hospitably entertained, and after a day's rest was furnished with a horse and escort for another day's journey, and then by a chain of friends he finally reached St. Louis, whence he made his way into the Confederate lines, and rejoined his command, Gen. Van Dorn's staff. Comrade Haney was a true and gallant soldier to the end of the war.

In October, 1863, he was married to Miss Joe A. Pyles, near Summerville, Ga. He came to Chattanooga in 1871, and lived here until his death. Several years ago in an accident his leg was broken, and he also suffered a stroke of paralysis, from which he never recovered. He bore his affliction with uncomplaining patience and Christian fortitude. He was a member of Centenary M. E. Church, South, and N. B. Forrest Camp, Con-



J. J. HANEY.

federate Veterans. His worth as a soldier and citizen was highly appreciated.

The N. B. Forrest Camp took the following action:

Resolved, That his biography be recorded in the minutes of the camp, and a blank page be left to his memory; and further, that we tender to his bereaved widow our heartfelt sympathy and condolence, and pray that God may bless her in her declining years, and give them a happy reunion in heaven.

Victor D. Fuchs, Memphis, Tenn., reports the death of comrades:

E. Whitmore died on December 2, 1898, at his home in Memphis. Company A, Confederate Veterans, attended the funeral in full uniform. Mr. Whitmore was a member of this association. After the interment a salute of three guns was fired, and the company's bugle sounded "taps." Among the beautiful floral designs was one from Company A, representing a battle flag, which was made of red and white carnations and blue immortelles.

John J. Dupuy died in Memphis, Tenn., November 29, 1898. Touching the war record of this noble man, Capt. J. Harvey Mathes, in his book, "The Old Guard in Gray," furnishes the following *data*:

John J. Dupuy enlisted as a private in the Shelby Grays, of Memphis, from which, it is said, there were more officers commissioned than there were names on the original roll. This became Company A, Fourth Tennessee Infantry, whose first battle was Belmont. He was in that and in most of the battles of the Army of Tennessee, and received wounds enough to have killed half a dozen men ordinarily. At Shiloh a Minie ball struck him in the right arm while on the skirmish line after his regiment had captured a seven-gun battery. He was in the battle of Perryville, and at Camp Dick Robinson was detailed as aid-de-camp on the staff of Col. Strahl, commanding the brigade, and served in that capacity until after the battle of Murfreesboro. At Shelbyville he was commissioned adjutant of Rapley's battalion of sharpshooters from Arkansas, composed of four hundred men. He reached the command at Bayou Pere on the retreat in front of Grant, and was in the battles of Baker's Creek, and at Big Black Bridge, and then was locked up in the siege of Vicksburg. During that siege he received a flesh wound from a shell. At the surrender of Vicksburg he was the senior lieutenant of the only two officers of the battalion left, and turned over a roll of forty men. When Lieut. Dupuy's parole expired he returned to his old command, became aid-de-camp to Gen. Strahl, and was with him in close touch to the end of his military life, which occurred in that awful carnage at Franklin, November 30, 1864. At the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, Lieut. Dupuy was wounded three times by a volley from sharpshooters, and lingered between life and death for months. He went to Virginia on crutches. He heard the last guns fired by Lee's army, and was paroled at Lynchburg.

After the war he lived in Bolivar, Tenn., and served two terms (sixteen years) as attorney-general of his district. He went to Memphis in 1886, and practiced law there. He was of illustrious Huguenot ancestry; was a typical, high-toned Confederate soldier, and has expressed a desire to be buried as his two soldier brothers were, in a plain, simple, unostentatious style.

Levi B. White, born in Davidson County, Tenn., September 7, 1839, was a son of R. H. White, who emigrated from North Carolina. His mother was formerly Miss Francis Nelson, only daughter of Daniel Nelson, a soldier of the American Revolution.

Capt. White volunteered in August, 1861, in the Forty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment. He was elected first lieutenant of

Company K, and was afterwards promoted to captain, at Bowling Green, Ky. On reorganization at Corinth, Miss., he was reelected. He served in many battles, including Missionary Ridge, Murfreesboro, Shiloh, and Chickamauga. His regiment was with



LEVI B. WHITE.

Brown's Brigade in a hard-fought battle near Marietta, Ga., June 22, 1864. In the morning of that day, while marching through that beautiful town, Capt. White remarked to his men: "Boys, this would be a delightful place to rest to-night." The words were strangely significant. In a short time he, with six of his men, was shot down with one volley and was taken back to Marietta—not to rest, but to suffer from his dangerous wound. The bullet which came so near taking his life is a relic almost sacred, and is preserved by his children. Capt. White, though suffering greatly, was cheerful and was able to reassume command of his company, surrendering with them at Gainesboro, Ala., May 16, 1865.

The family cherish many strong testimonials. One of these is from Hon. James D. Richardson, M. C., who was adjutant of the same regiment, stating: "I was with Capt. White during the war, and knew him well before the war. He was a splendid soldier, an excellent officer, and in every way a true man."

Col. A. Searcey, of the Forty-Fifth Tennessee, speaks of him as "a fine man, a good officer and soldier, in every respect."

Mr. Gideon A. Baskette, editor of the *Nashville Banner*, assistant adjutant of his regiment, after referring to so much that had transpired in the eventful years of the war, says: "I can, however, never cease to remember Capt. White, who as an officer and soldier so truly and fearlessly discharged his duty. He was always considerate and attentive to the men of his command, and whether in the routine of camp or in the peril of battle he set them a noble example and inspired them with confidence. On several occasions he was placed in command of detachments to undertake hazardous expeditions."

Near Hogansville, Ga., at the home of Mr. William Sims, the brother of Capt. White had been tenderly nursed after being badly wounded. On a visit to his brother at this home he met Miss Fannie Sims, whom he married twelve days after the surrender. To them were born four daughters: Leila (now wife of Elder Granville Lipscomb), Viola (now Mrs. Charles M.

Gadsey), Ella (now Mrs. Hamer), Mildred; and a son, Levi N. His wife died March 2, 1887. His oldest daughter, Mrs. Lipscomb, with inherited tact and courage, took her mother's place in the home. Capt. White was devoted to his children and set them a noble example. He was a devout and liberal member of the Christian Church, and was ever devoted to his old comrades in arms. He died January 15, 1894, loved and honored by all who knew him.



MRS. LEILA WHITE LIPSCOMB.

After the war, with characteristic energy, Capt. White served as the trusted agent of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railroad at his home in Smyrna, Tenn.

Col. William F. Young, of Clarksville, Tenn., died January 12, 1899, aged sixty-seven years. He was born near Petersburg, Va., his family removing to the vicinity of Bowling Green, Ky., during his childhood, and later to this (Montgomery) county. He entered the Confederate service in December, 1861, as captain, and his company became G, of the Forty-Ninth Tennessee Infantry, of which James E. Bailey—afterwards United Senator from Tennessee—was colonel. He took part in the battle around Fort Donelson, and was surrendered there with his command and held a prisoner of war seven months at Camp Chase and Johnson's Island. He was exchanged at Vicksburg September 18, 1862. He underwent the bombardment of Port Hudson, La., March 14, 1863; and was in the fighting around Jackson, Miss., in July following. He was promoted from captain to colonel of his regiment in September, 1863, and commanded it in the battles of New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Smyrna Church, Peachtree Creek, and Liekskillet Road, in

which last battle he lost his right arm. He rejoined his regiment after it had formed for the assault on Franklin, November 30, 1864; but because of his enfeebled condition Gen. Quarles forbade his taking part in that bloody battle, and he did not again command his regiment. He was a member of Forbes Bivouac No. 2, Tennessee Division, and was buried by an escort from that bivouac with the ritual of our order, at Mt. Pleasant Church, near his old home.

He was faithful, conscientious, and courageous, and his services redounded to the credit and honor of his troops, and his memory is held in loving reverence by his surviving comrades.

Rev. A. T. Goodloe, Springfield, Tenn., who was first lieutenant of Thirty-Fifth Alabama Regiment, writes:

Rev. Robert A. Wilson, chaplain of the Thirty-Fifth Alabama Regiment, Confederate States of America, died December 5, 1894. Upon the organization of the Thirty-Fifth Alabama Regiment he became its chaplain. Physically he was so feeble that it became necessary to get a transfer to post and hospital work, so he could take better care of himself. But he did a great work for the soldiers before he left the regiment. Besides meeting the varied obligations of the chaplaincy, he was the chief instrument in the organization of a Christian Association, which was of inestimable value to the command. More than any one else he planned for it and put it on a basis of permanency, to be carried on, if need be, in the absence of a chaplain, and on it went until the war closed, having been early enlarged from a regimental to a brigade association.

In a letter to me September 22, 1893, Brother Wilson spoke of his broken-down health, and said: "Forty years have I lived in the fear of the Lord and with a constant purpose to do his will. I have laid my past life at the foot of the cross, and in full confidence in Christ as a perfect Savior I calmly await the day when I shall be called to 'pass over the river'—when I shall 'see the Lord' and 'be like him.' Whatever else heaven may afford, I 'shall be satisfied' with this."

A useful and interesting life closed December 20, 1898, at Louisville, Ky., with the death of Dr. George Washington Burton. He was born near Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1827; was blessed with the best advantages of education, and developed into a fine Christian character and a loyal Confederate soldier. In early manhood he studied medicine, returning to Murfreesboro, Tenn., when he had finished, to practice his profession. In 1851 he went as a medical missionary to Shanghai, China. His health failing, he returned to America after two years for recuperation. Before returning to China he married Miss Anna M. Bennet, a granddaughter of the distinguished Rev. Alfred Bennet, of New York. The Tai Ping rebellion being in progress, Dr. and Mrs. Burton could accomplish little, and at the breaking out of the Confederate war they returned to America. From 1862 until 1865 he was a surgeon in the Confederate army, and for a portion of the time was attached to the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. At the close of the war he resumed the practice of medicine in Murfreesboro.

Comrade John B. McKinney, adjutant Camp Lamar, No. 425, Inka, Miss., died at his home on February 8. He was born at Farmington, Miss., in 1838. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted as a private in Company I, Eleventh Alabama Cavalry, commanded by Capt. (afterwards Gen.) P. D. Roddy. From the day he enlisted until the flag of the Confederacy was furled at Appomattox he served it faithfully and enthusiastically. He was laid to rest by his comrades of Camp Lamar.

Comrade John B. Campbell, chaplain of A. S. Johnston Camp, No. 75, Beaumont, Tex., died on January 25, leaving behind him the record of a loyal Confederate soldier and a benevolent Christian man. He enlisted in 1861 with Capt. Fannin, Company B, Sixtieth Georgia Regiment, J. B. Gordon's Brigade, Early's Division, and at the close of the struggle he was paroled.

The death of Dr. John Butts occurred in Vicksburg, Miss., on March 5. He was a typical Southern gentleman, and was always true to the principles for which he fought during the great war. While serving as surgeon in the Confederate army he was made a prisoner of war during Sherman's expedition across the lower delta in 1863.

Mrs. Z. G. Blake, Dutch Mills, Ark., writes of the death of her husband, who was a brave Confederate soldier and a zealous member of the Confederate veteran ranks. He was murdered by a Cherokee Indian—shot in the back—and his death will be sad news to his old comrades.

Died, near Moundville, Ala., on December 17, 1898, John Spearman Powers. He joined the Confederate army—Company H, Thirty-Sixth Alabama Regiment—in April, 1862. He was a good and a faithful soldier throughout the war, and came out without a wound, though he was in many battles. He was taken prisoner on Missionary Ridge, near Bragg's headquarters, and sent to Rock Island, where he was kept until the close of the war. His love for the Confederacy and his belief in its principles were strong to the last. A friend writes of him: "His countenance would beam with animation when he talked the battles over with veteran friends, and his eyes would fill with tears when he recalled pathetic incidents. He was always deeply interested in anything that pertained to the Confederate cause, and the reunions were to him love feasts. The glow of patriotism would burn more brightly than ever after he had attended one of these reunions. He was industrious, kind-hearted, liberal, and he enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him. He was well posted on the events of the day, but all other reading matter was laid aside when the CONFEDERATE VETERAN arrived. He looked upon it as a true record of Southern valor, and he yearned to have it read by the whole world. He was ready for the last call. Loving the 'stars and bars' as he did, he was true to the 'stars and stripes' when they waved over a reunited country."

Comrade T. C. Little, of Fayetteville, Tenn., writes of the death of Capt. Nathan S. Boone, which occurred at his home, in Booneville, Tenn., November 21, 1898:

Capt. Boone's parents were among the pioneer settlers of Lincoln County, and he was a descendant of the famous Daniel Boone. When sixteen years old he responded to his country's call for volunteers, and enlisted for the Mexican war, in which he served to the end. Returning home, he remained until the war between the States.

In 1862, "Nath" Boone, as he was familiarly called, volunteered as a private in Forrest's escort, but at the organization of the company was chosen first lieutenant. After Capt. Montgomery Little was killed he was made captain, and commanded the company for a long while. He was wounded at Somerville, Tenn., and also at Plantersville, Ala. During the memorable saber charge upon Gen. Forrest and his escort by Wilson's Cavalry, Capt. Boone was the only wounded man in his company, he having been cut on the head with a saber while trying to capture the flag from the color bearer. The killed on the Federal side numbered fifty-four. His courage knew no bounds, his heart no fear. He was a brave, chivalrous man and soldier; yet he was gentle, social, and kind-hearted as a woman. During the three or four days in which Gen. Forrest fought Wilson's Cavalry, Capt. Boone with less than one hundred men killed more Federal soldiers than the entire Spanish army killed during the recent war, and that without the loss of a man. He surrendered with Gen. Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., May 12, 1865.

T. C. Little, Fayetteville, Tenn., writes again:

Hugh L. W. Boone died March 5, 1899, at his home near Booneville, Lincoln County, Tenn. Entering the Confederate service as a private in the Eighth Tennessee Regiment at its organization, he served with that regiment until Forrest's escort was raised. He was transferred to this company, and served with it until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., May 12, 1865. Hugh was one of the bravest of Forrest's Cavalry, discharging every duty with a cheerfulness that showed his heart was in his work. He was known in the company as "Uncle John," and was a favorite with his comrades. He was a member of the Shackelford Fulton Bivouac, Fayetteville, Tenn., and a brother of Captain Boone.

John Lawham, Livingston, Ala., writes: "I have to record the deaths of three of our camp (Camp Sumter, No. 332). Comrade T. F. Gill, of the Twenty-Fourth Alabama, died on November 5, 1868, from the effects of a Minie ball which he received at the battle of Resaca. He has been carrying it near his heart ever since. It was so near his heart that the doctors feared to cut it out. He was a good soldier. Comrade Capt. B. F. Herr, Sixth Missouri, died on December 14, 1868, of cancer of the throat. He was a Missouri soldier who could not return home after the surrender, and he cast his lot with us. He was a staunch Democrat, and was editor of the *Livingston Journal* for twenty years. Comrade C. H. Bullock, Eleventh Alabama, died February 13, 1899, of pneumonia. He was a true soldier and a good citizen."

Capt. S. C. H. Scott, commander *pro tem.* of Pleasant Hill Camp No. 691, writes: "On February 6 Col. Hiram M. Bledsoe, commander of this camp, died. He was buried by Pleasant Hill Camp, which was chartered July 11, 1895, when Col. Bledsoe was elected commander. He held this post of honor under successive elections until his death. He was a native Kentuckian, and was seventy-four years old. When he was quite young his father moved to Missouri. In 1816 Col. Bledsoe, at the age of twenty, enlisted in Col. Doniphan's Missouri regiment for the Mexican war, in which he served with distinction to the end of the war. At the beginning of the war between the States, in 1861, he organized the First Missouri Battery, which afterwards became famous as 'Bledsoe's Battery.' One of his guns was called 'Old Sacramento,' and was captured by Col. Doniphan's men at the battle of Sacramento. A floral tribute to the memory of Col. Bledsoe was received from the Union general, John A. McNulta, of Chicago, who fought 'Bledsoe's Battery' at the battle of Lexington, Mo. This tribute bore the inscription: 'From men who fought on the Union line at Lexington, Mo., September 11-20, 1861.'"

Jeremiah C. Cravens, of Springfield, Mo., died on February 9, 1899, after a long illness. About the time he graduated from the Missouri State University the political excitement of the campaign of 1860 was at its height, and though he refrained from taking active part in the discussions of the day he carefully considered the questions involved and deliberately cast his lot with the Confederacy, entering the army as a private. In the fall of 1861 he was made aid-de-camp by Gen. Slack. He received hearty congratulations from his superior officers for his conduct on the battlefield of Pea Ridge. He accompanied the army to Corinth, and after the evacuation of that place returned to the Western department, after which he accompanied a small force into Missouri and fought in the battles of Independence and Lone Jack. He was chosen captain and assigned to the Sixth Missouri Cavalry, which served under Marmaduke and Shelby, and took part in many engagements west of the Mississippi. He served as major and as lieutenant colonel of his regiment. After the war he began the practice of law in Springfield, and was an honored citizen.

W. G. Mitchel, adjutant, Camp J. B. Robertson, writes that R. K. Cheatam, who died recently, was a native of Alabama, but spent his childhood in Texas. In 1861 he went from there with Terry's Texas Rangers—the famous Eighth Texas Cavalry—as a private in the Confederate service. He was shot between the eyes near Bardstown, Ky. The bullet remained in his head and was there when he was buried. He promptly, cheerfully, with unwavering courage and implicit faith, obeyed his commander as a good and true soldier, which he ever was, to his country, his God, and in each duty and emergency of life.

Of the Confederate dead buried at Camp Chase, over 2,200 in number, there are: from Virginia, 337; Kentucky, 156; Tennessee, 337; Alabama, 431; Texas, 22; Georgia, 256; South Carolina, 85; North Carolina, 82; Arkansas, 25; Mississippi, 202; Florida, 62; Maryland, 9; Missouri, 8; Louisiana, 52; unknown, 125.

COL. THOMAS RINGLAND STOCKDALE.

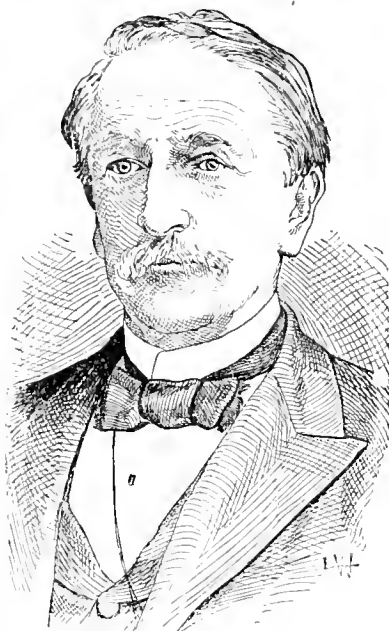
There was a brief sketch of Col. Stockdale in the February VETERAN, but liberal notes are given from a comprehensive tribute by Charles H. Otken:

On the walls of American homes no portraits are more cherished than those embalmed in the affections or elevated in the common estimate by reason of heroic lives. Art preserves their features and expression, and history traces their struggles and triumphs in the upward course to useful service. The record of such men is to humanity the intellectual and moral treasure house from which kindred spirits of successive generations draw inspiration and courage.

Among the first comers of the Old World to the American republic just then established was James Stockdale. He settled in Pennsylvania and was married to Miss Weir. The issue of this marriage was one son, William, and four daughters. In the second war with Great Britain, during 1812, William, at the age of eighteen, responded to the call for troops to repel the invasion. At the close of the war he was married to Miss Hannah McQuaid. She was of Scotch-Irish descent, a lady of more than ordinary culture. To them were born four sons and three daughters. Of these sons, James removed to Maryland and represented the county of his adoption in the Lower House of the General Assembly; John M. twice represented his native county (Green) in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and in 1884 was the Democratic nominee to Congress from his district; Robert P. Stockdale removed to Iowa; and Mrs. J. B. Wise, the only surviving daughter, is a resident of Washington County, of Pennsylvania.

Thomas Ringland, the sixth child of this marriage, was born February 28, 1828. His early boyhood was spent on his father's farm. He experienced the hardships incident to a life which forbids "elegant" leisure. Industry, purpose, determination, and constancy were his guiding characteristics. His early educational opportunities consisted of a few weeks in a winter school, but he had a superb educator in his mother, who, after the work of the day had been finished, directed him in his studies and in the habits of diligence and application which stimulated and developed him into a vigorous manhood. In 1853 he matriculated as a student of Jefferson (now Washington and Jefferson) College, and was graduated in 1856. During that year he became a citizen of Mississippi.

He first engaged as an instructor of youth, teaching



COL. THOMAS R. STOCKDALE.

in Covington and Pike Counties. While teaching, in 1858, he began the study of law under the instruction of Hon. John Y. Lamkin, a prominent lawyer who in later years represented his district in the Confederate Congress. In the fall of that year he entered the University of Mississippi, where he pursued his legal studies and also finished both the junior and the senior course in one year. He graduated in the summer of 1859. He located at Homersville, Pike County, where he began the practice of law.

When war clouds darkened the Southern sky Mr. Stockdale did not consult the tender ties in Pennsylvania nor the chances of preferment in the Federal army, with all its advantages, but he deliberately concluded that the cause of the Southern States was just, and to them he gave his utmost strength.

In April, 1861, Mr. Stockdale enlisted as a member of the Quitman Guards, and was elected lieutenant of the company, which became a part of the Sixteenth Mississippi Infantry Regiment, and he was appointed adjutant. Before the close of the year he was elected major of the regiment.

In the succeeding year he returned to Mississippi, recruited and organized a company of cavalry, and took the field as captain. He was soon after appointed commander of a battalion of cavalry, and in 1863 was commissioned major of volunteers. Later he was promoted to lieutenant colonel in the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry Regiment. During the battle of Harrisburg, near Tupelo, Miss., on July 4, 1864, while commanding the regiment, he was severely wounded. After four years' record without a stain he was paroled from Gen. Forrest's army May 12, 1865.

Col. Stockdale returned to Holmesville and resumed the practice of law. In February, 1867, he married Miss Fannie Wicker, only daughter of Mr. Adam Wicker, a planter of Amite County, who was related to a large circle of influential families in South Mississippi. Five children were born to them, two of whom are living, a daughter and a son.

After marriage, Col. Stockdale with his family resided at Summit, in Pike County. In 1869 he formed a copartnership with Judge Hiram Cassedy, Sr., a gentleman of eminent ability both as a lawyer and jurist, and the firm had uninterrupted and successful existence for twelve years.

Intellectually Col. Stockdale was a strong man. Physically he was tall. His friends gave him the sobriquet "The Tall Pine of Mississippi." His industry and energy were extraordinary. This is illustrated by his having spent twelve hours in the State library at Jackson, from the hour after supper until the hour for breakfast, in examining decisions and law references applicable to an important case to be argued before the Supreme Court the next morning. Again, he was the attorney in a matter involving a considerable sum of money. It was on Saturday. The case was set for trial on the following Monday. To the surprise of his client, Col. Stockdale immediately after the announcement went home, many miles away, and at nine o'clock Monday, when court was opened and the case was called, Col. Stockdale stepped into the court room. He had traveled the distance of fifty miles over rough pine woods roads in seven hours.

As a lawyer he was true to his oath and loyal to his client. His elevated conceptions of duty rejected ev-

ery suggestion to use surreptitious methods in the defense of a client.

In 1886 he was elected to the Fiftieth Congress, and reelected in 1888, 1890, and 1892. Here, as in every other public trust, fidelity to duty characterized his conduct. During the Fiftieth Congress he was a member of the Committees on Public Lands and on War Claims. Out of seven thousand claims before the latter committee, he reported all from Mississippi and many claims from other States, and in not a single case so reported was his decision reversed. During the Fifty-Second and Fifty-Third Congresses he served as an active member of the Committee on Levees and the Improvement of the Mississippi River, and on the Judiciary Committee.

At the close of his Congressional career Col. Stockdale was appointed by Gov. A. J. McLaurin a member of the Supreme Court, to fill an unexpired term.

His temper was uniformly placid and his manners eminently courteous and gentlemanlike. In the home circle he was the considerate father and tender husband. During the weary months of his painful illness he uttered no complaint, and gave no sign of impatience to add one iota to the solicitude of his family.

During the last year of his life he made a public profession of his Christian belief, and united with the Presbyterian Church.

THE LATE HON. PATRICK WALSH.

The death of Comrade Patrick Walsh, of Augusta, Ga., occurred at his home, in that city, on March 10. Seldom has the death of an individual caused such widespread regret. Friends loved him and strangers admired him and felt his influence. The following facts concerning his life are taken from the *Augusta Chronicle*, a paper he served faithfully for a number of years. His was one of those careers which interests from the fact that he started so modestly a life that was to be a most influential and valuable one. From the time he entered the office of the *Charleston Courier* as an apprentice until he lay cold in death and great in honor and glory his course had been upward and onward.

Patrick Walsh was born in Ballingary, County of Limerick, Ireland, in 1840. With the family of his father he came to America, arriving in Charleston in 1852. When thirteen years old he was apprenticed in the office of the *Charleston Courier* to learn the trade of printer. After a brief journalistic career he entered the Georgetown College in 1850, in the District of Columbia, where he remained until South Carolina seceded from the Union. Returning to Charleston, Mr. Walsh entered the Confederate service in full sympathy with the cause of his State and of his adopted country. He joined the Meagher Guard, attached to the first regiment of the Carolina Rifle Militia, then performing duty on Sullivan's Island. After the bombardment of Fort Sumter the name of the company was changed to the Emerald Light Infantry, in which he served with the rank of lieutenant until the company and regiment were disbanded. Removing shortly afterwards to Augusta, Ga., Mr. Walsh felt the need of continuing the work which the war had seriously in-

terrupted. His father and mother were largely dependent upon his efforts.

He entered the office of the *Daily Constitutional*, working at the case, beginning journalism like Bayard Taylor and Horace Greeley, equipped with a practical knowledge of its details, and trained in the rudiments of the vocation. Working his way up in the office by steady skill and unflagging spirit, he became, in January, 1863, the local editor of the *Constitutionalist*. In 1864, in association with Mr. L. T. Blonn, he began the publication of the *Pacificator*, a weekly paper of great influence in the South. In 1866 he became Southern agent of the New York Associated Press. A year later he became business manager of the *Chronicle and Sentinel*, of Augusta, then published and edited by Messrs. Henry Moore and Gen. A. R. Wright. Upon the death, in December, 1870, of the lamented Gen. Wright he formed a part-



FROM A RECENT PICTURE OF MR. WALSH.

nership with the gifted Henry Gregg Wright, the General's son, and purchased the *Chronicle and Sentinel*.

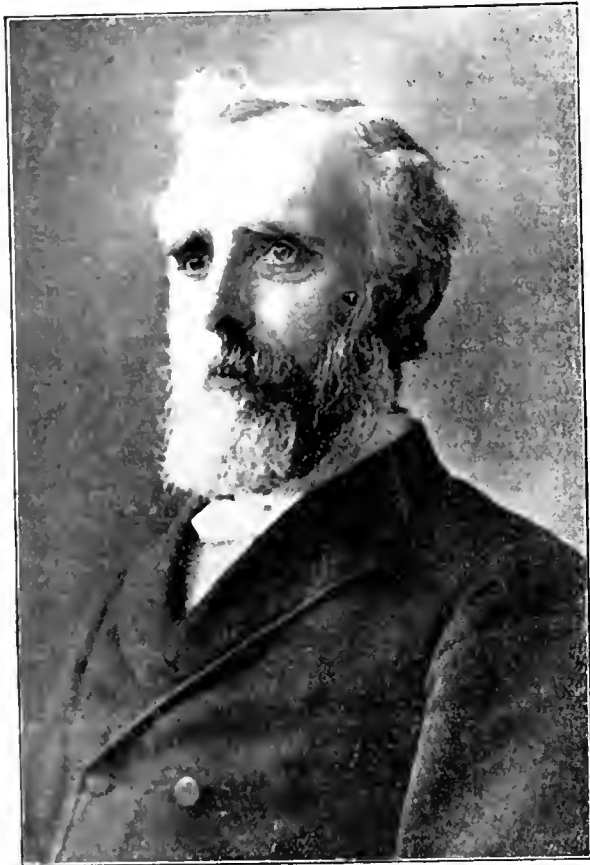
Mr. Walsh had occupied various public positions. In 1870 and 1871 he was elected a member of the city council of Augusta, and was identified with important interests in the city. In 1882 he was elected to the General Assembly of Georgia as representative from Richmond County. He was reelected in 1874, and again in 1876.

In 1880 he was elected a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati. In 1884 he was elected a delegate at large to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago; he served four years as member of the Democratic National Executive Committee; was appointed by President Harrison a member at large of the World's Fair Commission; was appointed United States Senator from Georgia by Gov. Northen upon the death of Senator Colquitt, in 1894; was elected delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1896, and mayor of the city of Augusta in December, 1897. He was faithful to every trust.

REV. T. D. WITHERSPOON, D. D.

Chaplain General J. William Jones writes of the private soldier and chaplain of the Army of Northern Virginia:

The death of this gallant soldier, devoted chaplain, useful minister of the gospel, and noble Christian gentleman, which occurred at his home, in Louisville, Ky., on Thursday night, November 3, 1898, carried widespread grief to old comrades and friends, and deserves a place on the record of our lamented dead. Born at Greensboro, Ala., January 17, 1836, educated at the famous academy of Professor Henry Tutwiler, in Green County, Ala., the University of Alabama, and the University of Mississippi, where he was graduated



REV. T. D. WITHERSPOON, D. D.

in 1856, he had decided to enter the gospel ministry, and took his theological course at the Presbyterian Seminary in Columbia, S. C., of which Dr. Thornwell was the able and distinguished President. He was ordained May 23, 1860, and became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Oxford, Miss., where he was exerting a very fine influence on the students of the university located there, and might well have considered it his duty to remain with his Church.

But when the great "war between the States" was inaugurated by the determination of the Federal Government to violate the constitution and force into measures sovereign States who had simply exercised their God-given constitutional right of governing themselves, the young preacher promptly enlisted as a private soldier in the Lamar Rifles, and was one of

those heroes of the rank and file of the Confederate army who "wrote their names among the immortals."

He afterwards became chaplain of the Second Mississippi Infantry, and then of the Forty-Second Mississippi Infantry, Davis' Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. It was at this time I came to know him intimately, and I do not hesitate to say that he was one of the most devoted, untiring, self-sacrificing, and efficient chaplains that we had in the army.

An able and attractive preacher of the soul-saving truths of the gospel, and an untiring worker in the camp, on the march, on the battlefield, and in the hospital, he was ever found at the post of duty, even when that was the outpost of the army or the advance line of battle.

He bore no insignificant part in the labors of those great revivals which reached well-nigh every brigade, made nearly every camp vocal with God's praises, and went graciously on until over fifteen thousand of Lee's veterans had professed faith in Christ and enlisted under the banner of the great "Captain of our salvation."

After the war Dr. Witherspoon was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, at Memphis, chaplain of the University of Virginia, pastor of the Tabb Street Presbyterian Church, Petersburg, Va., and of the First Presbyterian Church, Louisville, and lastly professor of homiletics and pastoral theology in the new Presbyterian Seminary, at Louisville. In all of these positions he fulfilled the prophecy of his earlier years, won the confidence of his brethren, and wide popularity especially among the young men, exerted a large influence, and was greatly useful. He had promised to make one of the addresses at our chaplain's reunion in Atlanta last year, but wrote me a short time before the meeting that he feared he would be unable to do so because of ill health.

Alas! I never saw him again. We missed his genial presence and graceful, effective speech at our reunion, and but three months later we learned that he had closed his labors on earth and gone to receive his reward and wear his "crown of rejoicing."

Old comrade, colaborer, brother beloved, farewell! We shall sadly miss thee at our gatherings, but we shall "meet beyond the river," and meantime we sing with glad acclaim:

Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the vic'try won,
Enter thy Master's joy!

—
GEN. JAMES CONNER.

Gen. James Conner, son of Henry W. Conner, was born in Charleston, September 1, 1829, and was graduated from college at an early age. He read law with the Hon. J. L. Pettigru and was admitted to the bar in 1852. His knowledge in his profession and his ability as a pleader were speedily recognized, and he was appointed United States District Attorney for South Carolina. During his administration of this office a number of novel and important questions were presented for adjudication in relation specially to the slave trade, and in the discharge of these responsible duties he showed marked ability and force combined with persistence and courage in withstanding all attempts to unduly control or

influence his action. Under circumstances which will ever be memorable he resigned this office, became at once influential in the councils of his State, and took the place made vacant by the death of his father in that convention notable for its "ordinance of secession." From this Gen. Conner went at once into active service in the field. He served first in his own State, then was sent to Virginia. He was prominent in the first battle of Manassas, being placed in command of the Hampton Legion. With each engagement his reputation grew brighter. His superiors found him a courageous, ambitious follower and leader. His discipline was thorough, and his conduct of troops in the field excellent. Gen. Connor received repeated marks of the esteem and trust of Gen. R. E. Lee, who placed him, through peculiarly flattering circumstances, in command of Kershaw's Division. Survivors of his old commands will recall Gen. Conner in the engagements at Fort Sumter, First Manassas, Yorktown, New Stone Point, West Point, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Chancellorsville, Riddle's Shop, Darby's Farm, Fussell's Mill, Petersburg, Jerusalem, Plankroad, Reams Station, Winchester, Fort Republic, Cedar Run, and Fisher's Hill. At this last battle, in the Valley of Virginia, in October, 1864, he was again wounded in the same leg, requiring an amputation, from the effects of which he did not recover in time to again enter the army.

After the war Gen. Conner resumed his profession, giving to it his very best work, and in its practice was distinguished by qualities and habits of the highest order. He was true to every trust. In 1876, when his

Hampton, as attorney-general. In 1877, with prosperity restored, he resigned his public office to resume practice of the law, which was continued until failing health caused a removal to a dryer climate. On June 26, 1883, just twenty years after he was first wounded, he died in Richmond, Va.

In the February VETERAN, in the "Last Roll," was published a short notice of the death of Col. R. P. Rowley, of Arkansas, whose service for the Confederacy was distinguished by rapid promotion. His picture is here given for the pleasure of his many friends, and to accompany it extracts are made from a letter he sent in reply to a request from a newspaper of his State for data about himself.



COL. R. P. ROWLEY

"I volunteered as a private and passed through the various grades to that of lieutenant colonel of engineers, receiving my commission from the Secretary of War, Confederate States of America. I served with the army, beginning at Memphis, Columbus, Ky., Island No. 10, New Madrid, Mo., and Corinth, Miss., to Atlanta, Ga. Then I served nine months this side of the Mississippi River on the staff of Gen. J. B. Magruder, as chief of engineers of the Department of Arkansas. On his return to Texas I was again assigned to duty with him as chief of that department, and was paroled on June 20, 1865, at Galveston, Tex."

The death of Col. William A. Morgan occurred in March at his home, near Shepherdstown, Va. Comrade Henry Botcher, of John B. Easten Camp, sends to the VETERAN a clipping from which these points are taken: "Col. Morgan was well known and highly esteemed throughout the county, having served as deputy sheriff since 1872. He was a member of the State Convention, which framed the present constitution of this State and took a prominent part in its proceedings. He was one of the most popular men, both as citizen and officer, who has ever lived in this county, and will be sadly missed. . . . He was a distinguished Confederate soldier, and entered the service as captain of a cavalry company, afterwards Company F, of the First Virginia Cavalry, whose first colonel was J. E. B. Stuart. He served throughout the war with this regiment and was promoted to colonel for bravery, and though in nearly every fight in which the regiment was engaged, he received but one wound. He often commanded the brigade, of which this regiment formed a part, and just before the surrender was commissioned a brigadier general."

John B. Hood, Ripley, Tex., reports the death of Rev. T. S. Johnston. He died November 5, 1868. He volunteered April 4, 1862, was captain of Company H, Thirty-Ninth Georgia. He was captured at Baker's Creek and kept in prison at Rock Island from April



GEN. JAMES CONNER.

State again called on him to come to her aid, he responded promptly, and in no other field was his cause more conspicuous than the chosen counselor of Gen.

until July: was in the battle of Missionary Ridge, went with Johnston through Georgia, and was severely wounded at Jonesboro, Ga. He was a good man, a true soldier, and was loved by every one, especially his old comrades.

From a time-stained clipping extracts are made for a tribute to a brave son of Mississippi, long since passed "over the river."

De Witt Clinton Farmer was born in Noxubee County, Miss., in 1838, and died there in November, 1871. When the tocsin of war sounded inviting the brave sons of the South to go forth in her defense, in obedience to a sense of duty and patriotism, he enlisted in that noble band of heroes and patriots, the Noxubee Rifles, afterwards Company F, Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, the first company from that county to leave for the scene of conflict. From the first battle of Manassas he participated in all the battles of Lee's memorable campaigns to the close of the war, evidencing those splendid qualities of sublime moral courage which distinguish the true soldier.

At Gettysburg his younger brother, Adoniram Farmer, to whom he was ardently attached, was mortally wounded, and on that battlefield, where the two had vied in gallantry and patriotic ardor, he left his dying brother to the surgeon's care, and with a heart wrung with anguish he went to defend the colors he loved so well. With only four surviving comrades he commanded his company through a retreat of more than three hundred miles, and at Falling Waters, near the Potomac, his gallantry was again conspicuously displayed.



DE WITT C. FARMER.



ADONIRAM J. FARMER.

He was a true and loyal soldier and a valuable citizen. His memory is a glorious one and will always be cherished by his loved ones, his friends, and his Confederate comrades.

The younger brother, Adoniram J. Farmer, killed at Gettysburg and buried on that battlefield, was also a member of the Eleventh Mississippi. Of him has been said that "he was brave almost to a fault."

At a meeting of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 427, U. C. V., held at Amory, Miss., September 3, 1898, resolutions were passed in memory of Capt. T. J. Rowan, commander of the camp, who died August 22, 1898, at that place. He had been for more than a year bearing his afflictions as a true soldier of the cross of Christ.

Comrade Rowan was captain of Company K, Nineteenth Regiment Mississippi Volunteers, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. In devotion to his flag, in readiness to meet the greatest personal danger, and endurance of necessary hardship, he was an ideal



CAPT. T. J. ROWAN.

soldier. It was resolved that in the death of Capt. T. J. Rowan the camp had lost one of its best friends and most ardent supporters. He was unanimously elected commander of Stonewall Jackson Camp at its organization, in 1891, which position he held continuously until his death. It was also resolved that the sympathy of every member of the camp be tendered to his bereaved family.

The committee on resolutions was as follows: T. R. Caldwell, W. A. Pratt, J. A. Nabers, J. P. Johnson.

A committee composed of John Y. Rankin, W. B. Cross, and Frank Jackson, of Camp Stonewall Jackson, Brownwood, Tex., submitted resolutions on the death of their esteemed comrade, A. K. Thompson. He was a faithful member of Company B, Thirtieth Texas Cavalry, and after the war he was an earnest worker in perpetuating the sacred memories of the

Confederacy. The resolutions adopted by his camp include these sentiments: "Our camp has lost a faithful adherent of all the grand principles promulgated by Jefferson Davis, defended by Lee, Johnston, and Jackson. The sacred principles of a Confederate home have been invaded by death, whom the Spartan valor of a true Confederate soldier could not evade, and he has gone to his long home, leaving a bereaved family, to whom the sympathy of the camp is extended. He is not dead, but sleepeth the sleep of the brave."

At the request of Dr. George Brown of Atlanta, the VETERAN takes pleasure in mentioning action on the part of the Board of Park Commissioners of the State of Georgia toward the erection of a State Museum, to be located at Grant's Park, in the city of Atlanta. To quote from an explanatory letter now in circulation: "It has been suggested that the State and city cooperate, and with the help of individuals erect a building of which every citizen of the State will be proud. We wish to know the sentiment of some prominent men and women on this subject, with a view to aid in enlisting the help of others in this work. We would say that one object is to have a place for the repository of Confederate relics, making a grand battle abbey which shall stand for all time." The committee of investigation appointed consists of Dr. George Brown (Chairman), Maj. J. G. Woodward, and Councilman J. J. Maddox. These gentlemen are especially anxious to interest Georgians who are living in other States.

Writing from the Confederate Home, Austin, Tex., Comrade C. H. Williams inquires concerning his brother, R. H. Williams. "He was a student at the military academy at Bowling Green, Ky., when the war began, and enlisted as a private in the Fourth Kentucky Regiment. He was color bearer at Corinth, Miss., and was afterwards promoted to be major of the Fourth Kentucky. He was killed at Forsythe, Ga., and was buried there. I should like to find his grave, and any information will be gratefully received."

In an appreciated letter to the VETERAN Capt. J. H. Bennett, Sykesville, Md., says: "Perhaps some will be interested to know that the flag presented to the lost Confederate ship, Nashville, by ladies of your town was not allowed to become a trophy to our Northern friends, but was burned in the ship's furnaces on the eve of the surrender of that department of the Confederacy, in May, 1865. I had the honor to command the Nashville."

"By Sunlit Waters" is an attractive novel issued early this year from the press of F. Tennyson Neely, of New York and London. It is "a Tampa story," and the authors, Thomas M. Shackleford and William W. DeHart, have told a pretty story in a simple and entertaining style. Without stopping to moralize and philosophize, they have allowed the incidents of the plot to follow closely upon one another, making a bright and interesting book. Mr. Shackleford is a Tennessean, a native of Fayetteville, and his collaborator is the rector of the Episcopal Church in Tampa. Both are ardent Southerners, and their story is also distinctly Southern, though it will interest Northern readers because of its descriptions of characteristic Southern scenes and characters. Dainty and attractive verse is effectively inserted, and the appropriate cover design is also deserving of mention. Withal it is a clever story, and its success is already evinced by the fact that it is in the second edition.

An attractive and interesting souvenir book is to be issued by the Lucas Richardson Company, of Charleston. It is handsomely illustrated with all the Confederate flags and pictures of the leading generals, a picture of the auditorium, and with a program of the coming reunion. The cover is lithographed in eight colors, and has a design of the badge of the first Survivors' Association in the South, organized in 1866 in Charleston, S. C. Reunion visitors will prize and should get copies of the book, as it is thoroughly emblematic of the occasion.

"Joe Wheeler, The Man," by T. C. DeLeon, is the first of the "Search Light" series of publications to be issued quarterly from the press of the Byrd Printing Company, of Atlanta. Mr. DeLeon, the editor, is among the best known of Southern *littérateurs*, and under his able management the library promises pronounced success.



GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

"Joe Wheeler, The Man," is a simply written, entertaining sketch of Gen. Wheeler, presented in clear type, on good paper, and embellished by a number of excellent and recent pictures. Mr. DeLeon has not undertaken an extended biography, but has given American readers a concise and faithful portrayal of the unique personality of one of the favorite heroes—"Fightin' Joe Wheeler." The "Search Light" proposes to comprise the best productions of Southern writers, and if the promises of this initial number (now in the second edition) are fulfilled, it will be one of the most satisfactory of the recent ventures in Southern publishing.

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DECEASED GENERALS.

Generals who have died since the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was established, January, 1893:

Pierre Gustave T. Beauregard, New Orleans, La.

E. K. Smith, Sewanee, Tenn.

Jubal A. Early, Lynchburg, Va.

Gustavus W. Smith, New York.

LaFayette McLaws, Savannah, Ga.

J. L. Kemper, Orange C. H., Va.

J. B. Kershaw, Camden, S. C.

E. C. Walthall, U. S. Senate.

P. M. B. Young, Cartersville, Ga.

W. W. Allen, Montgomery, Ala.

S. B. Maxey, Paris, Tex.

William Mahone, Petersburg, Va.

W. B. Tallafarro, Gloucester, Va.

J. G. Walker, Washington, D. C.

J. F. Fagan, Little Rock, Ark.

Richard Gatlin, Fort Smith, Ark.

W. H. Forney, Jacksonville, Ala.

Rufus Barringer, Charlotte, N. C.

John Bratton, White Oak, S. C.

R. L. T. Beale, Hague, Va.

H. P. Bee, San Antonio, Tex.

J. R. Chalmers, Vicksburg, Miss.

T. L. Clingman, Asheville, N. C.

A. H. Colquitt, U. S. Senate.

R. E. Colston, Washington, D. C.

Phil Cook, Atlanta, Ga.

M. D. Corse, Alexandria, Va.

A. W. Campbell, Jackson, Tenn.

X. B. De Bray, Austin, Tex.

I. R. Davis, Mississippi City, Miss.

T. P. Dockery, Arkansas.

John Echols, Louisville, Ky.

Johnson Hagood, Barnwell, S. C.

J. T. Holtzclaw, Montgomery, Ala.

W. P. Hardeman, Austin, Tex.

J. D. Imboden, Va.

Henry R. Jackson, Savannah, Ga.

J. D. Kennedy, Camden, S. C.

A. R. Lawton, Savannah, Ga.

Samuel McGowan, Abbeville, S. C.

H. E. McCulloch, Seguin, Tex.

W. A. Quarles, Clarksville, Tenn.

George W. Rains, Augusta, Ga.

P. D. Roddy, Alabama.

D. Ruggles, Fredericksburg, Va.

L. S. Ross, College Station, Tex.

Joe Shelby, Carthage, Mo.

F. A. Shoup, Sewanee, Tenn.

Marcellus A. Stevall, Augusta, Ga.

E. L. Thomas, Washington, D. C.

W. R. Terry, Richmond, Va.

J. S. Williams, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

D. A. Wisiger.

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BY HULDAH LEIGH, CHARLESTON, S. C.

'No truer bard rests 'neath the sod
Than Southern Burns, our loved Tim-
rod.

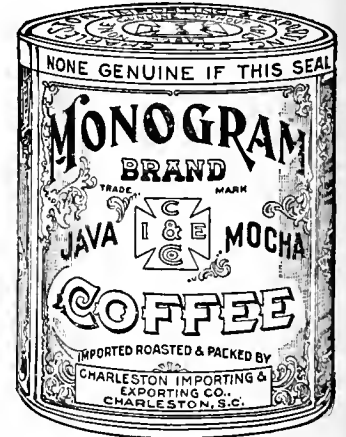
His heart was full—he breathed to sing.
Too soon, alas! his soul took wing,
Yet left new beauty with our spring.
He gave our war cry finer ring;
His art was sweet and true, as rare,
Such genius holds him ever near.

The "wind," the "storm," the "summer
shower,"

Echo his name in every hour.

The "winter night," the "unknown
dead,"

His spirit lives, though dirge is said.
Long live that people, long, 'tis said,
Who sacred hold their loved ones dead.
Enshrine his memory—it is meet—
A privilege, and one most sweet.



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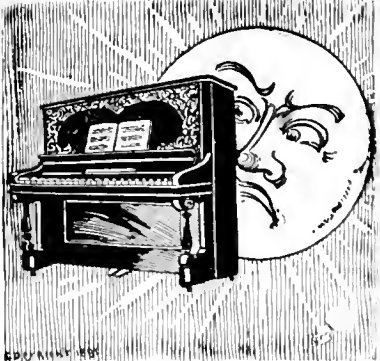
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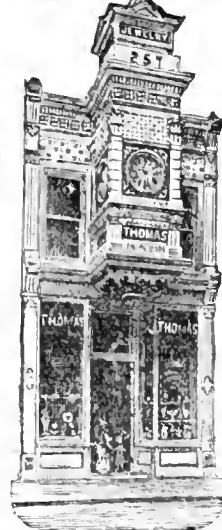
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CONFEDERATE REUNION

AT

CHARLESTON, S. C.,

MAY 10-13, 1899.

The Georgia Railroad

WILL SELL ROUND-TRIP TICKETS AT

ONE CENT PER MILE

DISTANCE TRAVELED,

May 8, 9, and 10,

GOOD TO RETURN UNTIL MAY 21.

Fifteen thousand Confederate Veterans in the Grand Parade May 10. Remember the Grand Parade takes place May 10, the first day of the Reunion.

The Georgia Railroad will provide ample accommodations for the proper handling of this immense movement to the historic city. Visitors will find many points of interest, among which we may mention Fort Sumter, Fort Moultrie, Battery Wagner, Castle Pinckney, the modern forts erected on Sullivan's Island and the beautiful Isle of Palms. None should fail to visit Charleston on this occasion.

The parade of the United Confederate Veterans will be the largest ever made by that organization. Call on your nearest agent for rates and schedules.

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REUNION CONFEDERATE VETERANS, CHARLESTON, S. C., MAY 10-13, 1899.

Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway will sell excursion tickets on May 8, 9, and 10 at one cent per mile traveled, good for return passage on or before May 21, 1899. A special train will leave Nashville for Charleston at 9:10 A. M. on May 9, arriving Atlanta at 8 P. M. same day, and Charleston 7 A. M. May 10. This train, which will go over Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway to Chattanooga, Western and Atlantic Railroad to Atlanta, Georgia Railroad to Augusta, and South Carolina and Georgia Railway to Charleston, will carry two uniform companies of Frank Cheatham Bivouac and delegates from Middle and West Tennessee. We invite all delegates and visitors to take advantage of this special train, which will give a daylight trip from Nashville to Atlanta, which is an almost continuous battle ground. For further information, rates, maps, etc., call on nearest ticket agent or address R. C. Cowardin, Southwestern Passenger Agent, Dallas, Tex.; A. J. Welch, Passenger Agent, Memphis, Tenn.; or W. L. Danley, General Passenger Agent, Nashville, Tenn.

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Go Via Southern Railway to the Reunion at Charleston, S. C.

For the occasion of the reunion of Confederate Veterans at Charleston, S. C., May 10 to 13, 1899, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its lines to Charleston and return at rate of one cent per mile in each direction for the round trip. This rate has also been extended connecting lines for basing purposes. These tickets will be sold May 8, 9, and 10, with final limit to return until May 21, 1899.

The Southern Railway offers to Veterans en route to Charleston the choice of two routes—one via Atlanta, and the other via Asheville, through the "Land of the Sky." Veterans in Kentucky, Tennessee, Northern Alabama, Arkansas, and Missouri could take the route via Asheville, which will carry them through the scenic portion of Western North Carolina, long recognized to possess some of the most picturesque scenery in America. At certain points en route one can look from the window of Southern Railway trains and enjoy a panorama of scenic beauty unsurpassed on this continent. At Biltmore, N. C., two miles east of Asheville, is located the palatial residence of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, who, after traveling the world over in search of a spot at which to locate a mansion, chose the region near Asheville. He has erected here one of the handsomest private residences in the world, at a cost, including surroundings, of more than ten million dollars, and additional improvements are continually being made.

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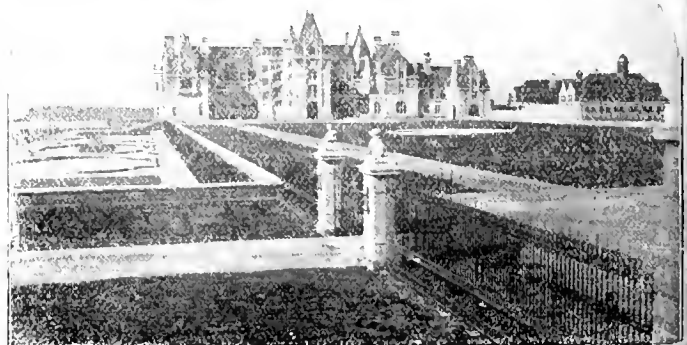
The trip via Atlanta will be through the cities of Augusta, Ga., or Columbia, S. C., so that, no matter from what direction parties may come, they can strike the Southern Railway, and in each case pass through some historic point at which battles were fought, or made important by some event of the civil war.

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REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

On account of the Southern Baptist Convention to be held at Louisville, Ky., May 8 to 11 inclusive, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its lines to Louisville and return at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold May 8 to 12 inclusive, limited to return fifteen days from date of sale. Extension of final limit may be obtained, to leave Louisville not later than June 10, provided tickets are deposited with Joint Agent, at Louisville, Ky., prior to May 18, and on payment of a fee of fifty cents.

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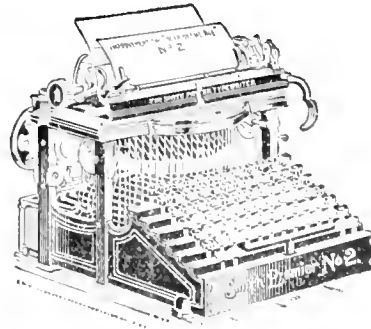
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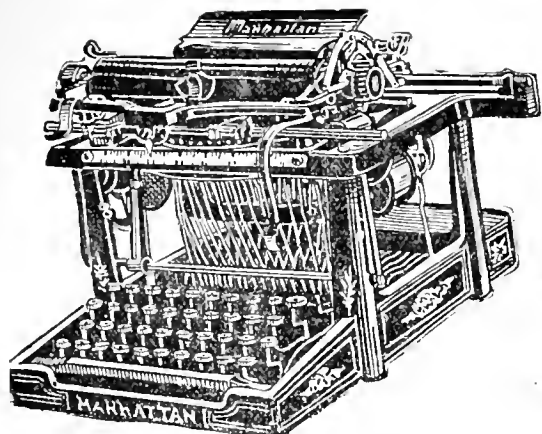
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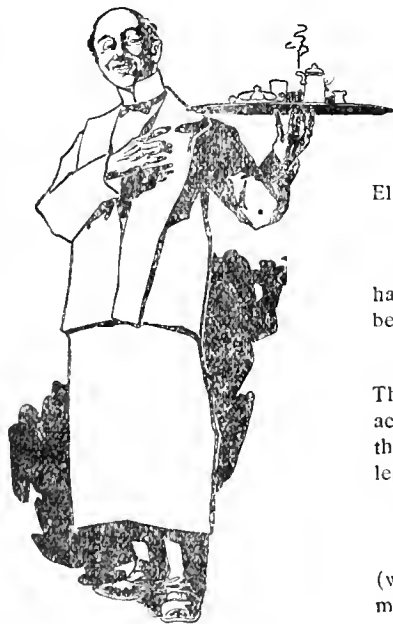
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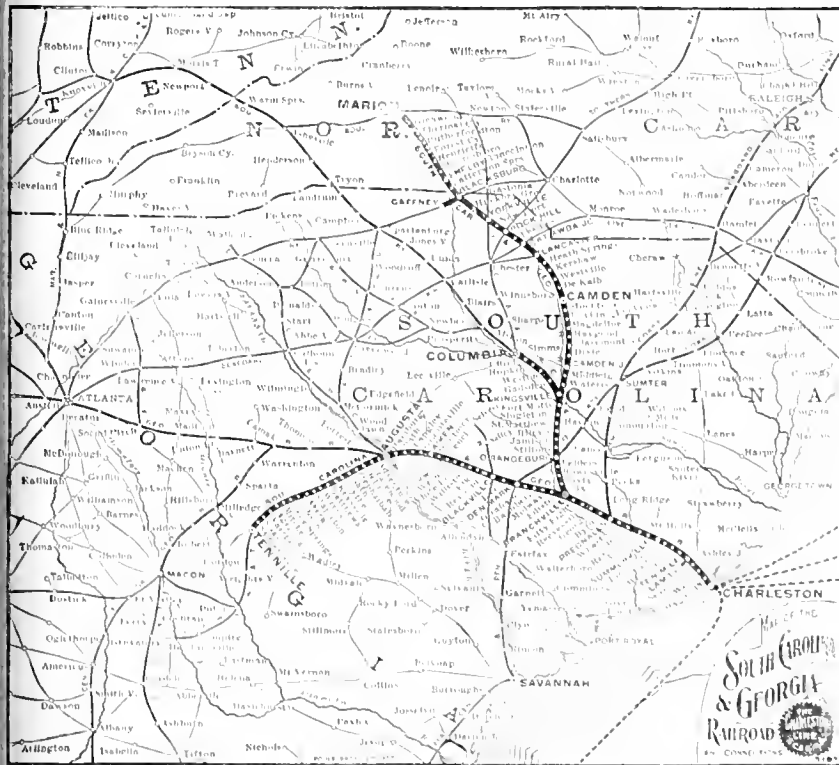
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MAY
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The Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its line to Charleston, S. C., and return at rate of one cent per mile in each direction for the round trip. Tickets to be sold May 8, 9, and 10, with final limit to return until May 21, 1899. Connecting lines will sell tickets via Southern Railway, and parties should be sure to ask for tickets reading via that line. The schedules from all points via the Southern Railway to Charleston are excellent and the service unexcelled. For further information, address C. A. DeSaussure, D. P. A., Memphis, Tenn.; J. C. Andrews, S. W. P. A., Houston, Tex.; M. H. Bone, W. P. A., Dallas, Tex.; J. P. Billups, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.; C. E. Jackson, T. P. A., Birmingham, Ala.; J. L. Meek, T. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.; E. J. Martin, T. P. A., Columbus, Miss.

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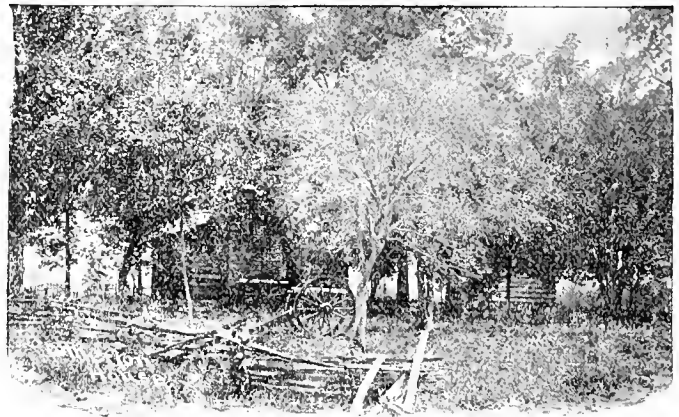
CHARLESTON, S. C.,

MAY 10-13, 1899.



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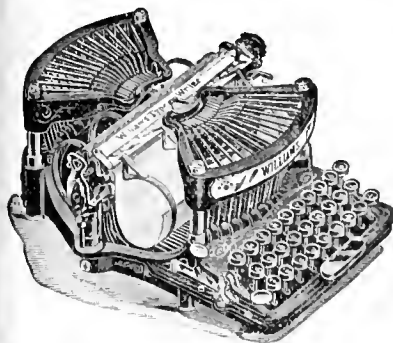
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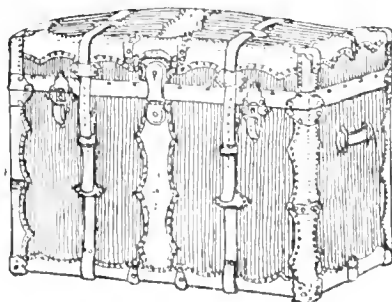
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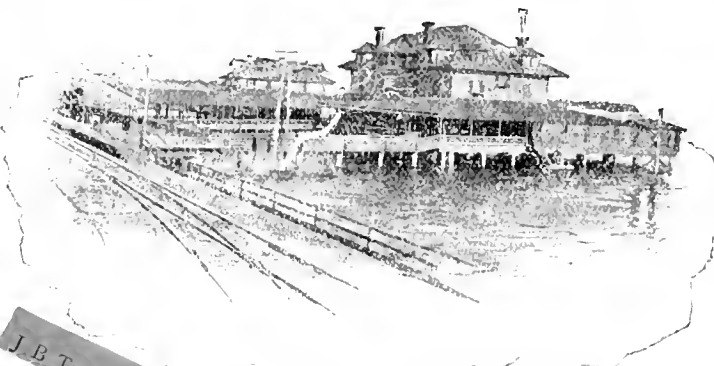
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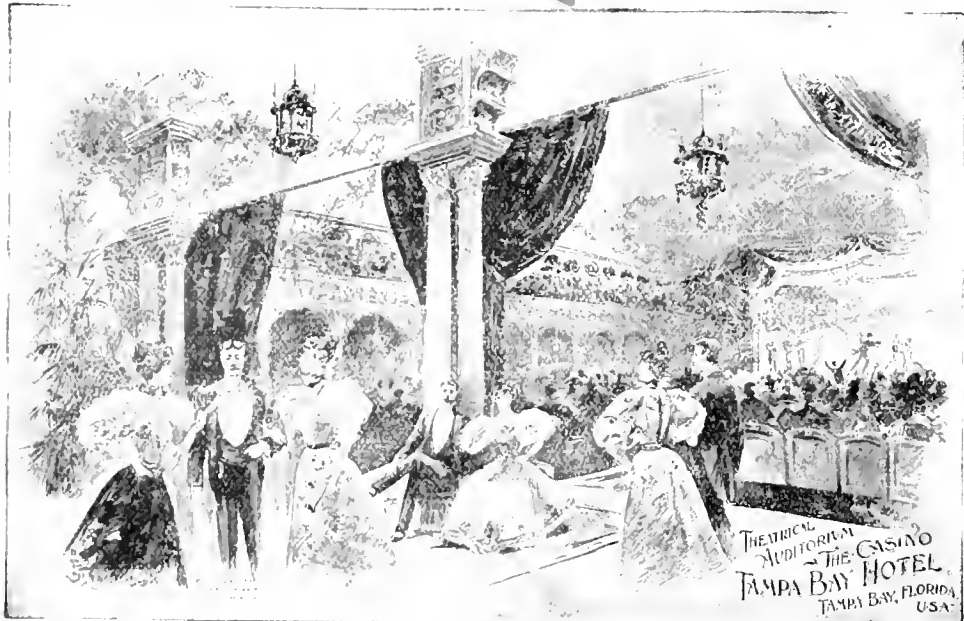
HOTEL BELLEAIR, AT BELLEVIEW, ON A PROMINENCE OVERLOOKING THE GULF OF MEXICO.



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Built entirely of brick. Water a long way from the main shore.

J. B. Tate
Feb 1900



A RECENT journey over the Plant System between Charleston and Havana, Cuba, so impressed the writer that he would like to tell of it at length.

En route a delightful stay of six hours was had at Key West where a long-promised "swell" dinner was graciously served by the wife of Hon. Jefferson B. Brown. In addition, a drive about the island and a swim in the clear, warm sea were greatly enjoyed.

A day in Havana, with a sail in the harbor and drives through the principle streets in the companionship with one to whom highest allegiance is due, was deeply interesting. To be anchored for an hour or so by the wreck of the Maine, which is far more conspicuous than illustrations usually give it, was also very interesting.

A talk with the venerable founder and President of the Plant System at the magnificent Tampa Bay hotel was all the more interesting as he told of his experiences in the South during 1861-63, including pleasant correspondence with President Davis, etc.—data which may be given the VETERAN. Mr. Plant, being founder of the Southern Express Company and residing South for some years before the war, occupied a delicate and peculiar relation to the Confederate Government.

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Confederate Veteran.



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Maid of Honor A. N. V. Department, Charleston, 1899.



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Confederate Veteran.

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

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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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SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

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

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1899.

No. 5, / A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

The advance issue of this (May) VETERAN will please thousands. Effort will be persistent to hold this important gain. It has not been possible to follow the best order in the make-up of these pages. Several interesting articles in type have been held over to give place to many engravings of sponsors and maids of honor. Much about Charleston has had to wait also.

To the multitude of comrades assembled in the "City by the Sea," to the Sons, and to the Daughters present, the VETERAN extends cordial greeting. Coming from every Southern State and other sections in a common cause that is infinitely dear, a cause that is above price, we are to be guests of a people whose devotion to the sentiment which perpetuates our organization is the tenderest and the strongest. A lady has well said: "Each should be grateful that the assemblage is one of pleasure, and that no thought of 'to-morrow's fight' shall cast its gloom over them."

Sincere gratitude is felt to Gen. George Moorman for his zeal and unstinted liberality in supplying the VETERAN with information about organization of camps, the sponsors, and maids of honor. The prodigious work includes the preparation of a camp list, revised to date, which covers over sixty typewritten pages. The list is now too long to publish in one issue of the VETERAN.

There will be distributed at the Charleston reunion a list of six hundred Confederate officers who were kept under fire of Confederate guns in Charleston harbor. It comprises name, rank, command, and home of each. This list will appear in the June VETERAN, and request is made for brief notes about each officer mentioned. If living, state where; and if dead, give short particulars of time and place, whether in prison or since the war. This record is to be preserved as history, and comrades who would help to make it accurate and complete must comply immediately.



MISS GUSSIE TAGGART, PINE BLUFF, ARK.,
Sponsor for Second Brigade, Arkansas Division, U. C. V., at Charleston.

CHARLESTON'S PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The VETERAN is pleased to present herewith several pictures of interesting points in and about the "City by the Sea." Among these is St. Philip's Church, whose early history is identical with that of the far-famed St. Michael's, and dates back as far as 1681. In that year a wooden building was erected there, the parish being designated St. Philip's. In 1711 the congregation built a new church "of brick," as the legal permit specifies, on the east side of Church Street, between Queen and Cumberland Streets. This was regarded as one of the finest churches in America. It was destroyed by fire in February, 1835. An incident in the burning of this magnificent building—the most valuable, historically, in Charleston, perhaps in the whole South—gave the *motif* for the historic poem called "How He Saved St. Michael's," in which the hero, a negro boy who was a slave, saved the church from destruction by climbing on to its steeple and plucking therefrom a firebrand which had alighted there. For this act of bravery he received his freedom.

The present structure was built on the same site in 1838, and is one of the handsomest buildings in Charleston. In the surrounding churchyard are to be seen the graves of many distinguished citizens. Near the center of the western cemetery rest the remains of South Carolina's greatest son, John C. Calhoun. Through the earnest and continuous efforts of an association composed of South Carolina ladies this beautiful monument was erected. The corner stone was laid on June 28, 1858. After that very little was done toward the completion of the monument

until after the close of the war, and those ladies who had labored so faithfully and so effectively to honor their beloved dead turned their attention to the needs of the living who had fought and suffered for the Confederacy. The Ladies' Calhoun Monument Association began their regular meetings again in 1871, and on April 26, 1887, "through the noble efforts and untiring zeal of the women of Carolina the State, in the presence of many distinguished guests and a vast crowd of her citizens, paid her debt of gratitude to her illustrious son, John C. Calhoun. . . . This 'great child of honor,' though of humble parentage, was 'born in the purple of English liberty.' With his plow and nature he held communion in his early days, and up to the day of his death, ever true to first principles, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, unassailed by corruption, and unawed by violence, he was the best, the wisest, and the bravest man who could wear the crown of laurel woven by woman's fingers and embalmed with the fresh dews of woman's love."

On Cumberland Street, in the rear of some taller buildings which almost hide it, is perhaps the most ancient structure in Charleston—the old powder magazine. Its age is not known, but on a map of the city made in 1739 it is designated as "the old magazine."



ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.



FIREPROOF BUILDING AND WASHINGTON MONUMENT.



U. S. CUSTOMHOUSE.

It was used for the storage of powder, and during the siege of Charleston ten thousand pounds of the explosive was removed from there to the old post office, where it was walled up, and in that way escaped detection by the British.

The Market Hall is another structure possessing great interest. It is situated on Meeting Street, and



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

was established between 1788 and 1804. Extending from Meeting to East Bay Street, it fronts on the former, and is an imposing edifice.

The view here given of the fireproof building and Washington Monument is one of the most beautiful scenes around the city and will be greatly enjoyed by the visitors—as will also the beauties of Chicora Park.

Confederate monument, erected at a cost of perhaps over twenty thousand dollars, should by all means be illustrated and described. Festoons of moss suspend from tree to tree, and one is reminded of the beautiful Bonaventura, of Savannah. The beautiful lakes and streams surrounding it make the spot ideal for a "city of the dead."

Magnolia Gardens, Chicora and Battery Parks, and Colonial Lake are other points of much interest. In fact, Charleston enraptures those who admire ancestral estates, and charms those who most earnestly seek knowledge of heroes and who are historically inclined. Indeed, she might truthfully be termed the "Historic City by the Sea."

Let us take a peep into some of her institutions. The Charlestonians in their progress did not forget the orphans, and as far back as 1792 they built an orphans' home, which has a remarkable history. The home for Confederate orphans, and what has been accomplished through it, merits a chapter here.

The educational institutions there are good public schools, Catholic schools, the South Carolina Military Academy, and the South Carolina Medical College. The military academy, called the "West Point of the South," is of interest to Confederates, as cadets from this academy who were stationed on Morris Island fired the first shots of the civil war.

The history of a city is but the history of her people. It is "a biography of her people." Charlestonians are renowned for their welcome to the persecuted and distressed from all countries, and no stain of martyr blood blurs the history of South Carolina. Did not Charleston open her port to receive the exiled Arcadians? If we trace this people through the different wars, it will be but history repeating itself.

The manner in which Charleston looked after the health and happiness of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania and Third Wisconsin Volunteers, who were encamped there last summer brought showers of praiseworthy letters from the soldiers' friends and relatives, thanking that people for their great kindness. If sons of former enemies received such a warm welcome, what an ovation, what a demonstration, awaits the honored veteran! It will be but a reiteration of all her past glories, vying in loving kindness, hospitality, and grandeur—any honor ever bestowed upon a victorious army. Charleston is proud that she is to entertain the greatest guests of this land. They are moved with gratitude from the depths of their patriotic hearts, the same hearts that throbbed so nobly in the sixties. You are struck by their *personnel*. What must it have been thirty-five years ago, when they were young heroes! I wonder little that they withstood such hardships, surmounted such barriers, achieved such renown, and came out not a conquered, but an outnumbered army.



MISS BESSIE HOWELL WARNER.

Sponsor for Texas Division. A native of Alabama, now of Houston, Tex.

The City Hall is one of Charleston's best links to old historical times. It was built at the beginning of this century, and was originally used as a branch of the old United States Bank. It was conveyed to the city in 1818, and has ever since been used as a city hall. Some of the most prominent men of this country have sat in council and spoken from the floors of this venerable building. In 1882, by order of the City Council, the hall was remodeled and enlarged. At the first meeting of the City Council thereafter, held November 14, 1892, Mayor Courtney presided, and some memorable resolutions were adopted—among them those for the placing of the most noted historical busts and paintings belonging to that city. From the steps of the building Lafayette spoke on his second visit to Charleston, and from its rostrum John C. Calhoun delivered addresses of wisdom and patriotism. The building was considerably damaged by the earthquake of August 31, 1886, and still bears the marks of that memorable event.

In recalling the part played in the Great War by South Carolina and the people of that State there comes forcibly before us the record made by Gregg's (afterwards known as McGowan's) Brigade:

Soon after the secession of South Carolina (December 20, 1860, a bill was passed by the Convention of that State authorizing the raising of a regiment of infantry to serve the State for six months. Col. Maxey Gregg, at that time a lawyer of Columbia and a member of the Convention, was appointed its commander. Under his leadership it participated in various important engagements, including the battles around Richmond, Second Manassas, and Ox Hill, capture of Harper's Ferry, battles of Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown, and Fredericksburg. This regiment, known as the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, and commanded by Col. Gregg, was distributed on Sullivan and Morris Islands, near Charleston, and kept there until a few weeks after the bombardment and reduction of Fort Sumter by the Confederates. Then it was ordered to Virginia, and after a stay of about two months around Fairfax C. H. and Centerville it returned to South Carolina and disbanded, its term of service having expired. Col. Gregg at once organized a new regiment, which he commanded with all honor until his death, on December 14, 1862. Of the military history of this gallant commander the following is quoted from



CITY HALL.

a work by J. F. J. Caldwell: "He combined all the admirable qualities of boldness and prudence, activity and self-possession, dashing gallantry and imperturbable obstinacy. He never apprehended failure, he never knew fear. It was enough for him to know that a point ought to be carried. He at once set about it, and, infusing his own ardor and earnestness into his command, swept away all opposing obstacles. . . . He was unsurpassed in drill, and as a disciplinarian I never knew his equal. A regiment or a brigade in his hands was a machine, where all parts worked together in thorough efficiency and smoothest harmony. He set an example of industry, promptness, and self-control, and created and maintained similar qualities in his subordinates. . . . I never knew any one, though a stranger to Gen. Gregg, however unsympathetic with him, who was not impressed in his every action with his plain, careful, unswerving, unselfish equity. . . . His intellect was superior, and he handled nothing that he did not master."

On January 20, 1863, Brig. Gen. Samuel McGowan assumed command of Col. Gregg's regiment. He commanded it in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and after the latter retired with the command to Virginia. Through the memorable campaigns of 1864 his brigade also played decisive parts. Through the winter of 1864-65 they suffered and endured patiently many hardships and participated in active operations until April, 1865. This famous regiment of South Carolina braves served the cause of the Confederacy faithfully until the end came, and to them all honor is due.

Capt. B. H. Teague, of Aiken, S. C., writes of the "City by the Sea," toward which Confederate eyes are now turned on account of the approaching reunion:

Charleston is to-day the most truly American city in the Union. Her unrelenting conservatism has made her so. Consequently many things are distinctly characteristic of the past, unchanged by the rapid whirl of progress and uninfluenced by the surging tide of foreign immigration. She is as full of evidence of historic colonial grandeur and Revolutionary fame as she is of Confederate prominence. Her colonial mansions, quaint and exclusive in architecture, are seen here and there; the edifices used for headquarters by the invading British a hundred years ago are still in existence, while signs and reminders of the great Confederate struggle appear everywhere. Every seaboard city of the Confederacy surrendered its Morro Castle to a Federal fleet except Charleston—the flags of Sumter and Moultrie were never taken by the foe. Who would not travel a thousand miles to visit these fortresses of immortal fame or to look on Battery Wagner, which for three months resisted an unprecedented siege? On the same island was planted Stevens' iron battery, which, manned by youthful cadets, drove back the first ironclad redoubt used in the war. Again, across the bay, at the end of Sullivan's Island, may be seen the anchorage of the floating battery; from another point visitors may view the spot where the David, the first marine torpedo boat, went down with its martyrs and its huge vanquished victim. A short distance from the site of Wagner is that of the Swamp Angel Battery, from which shells were thrown into the city. Though hundreds were aimed at the spire of venerable St. Michael's, few struck the mark, and in it are the chimneys which for a century have rung

out their melodious notes. They will welcome the comrades with the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie." Here also is the Huguenot church, a temple erected by the descendants of those noble refugees from France



MISS MAUD P. ECHOLS, FORT SMITH, ARK.
Maid of Honor for Arkansas, at Charleston reunion, 1887.



MRS. LEF C. HARBY, CHARLESTON, S. C.,
Sponsor for Pacific Division, U. C. V., at Charleston reunion, 1887.

during the persecution of the Protestants, the only church of the kind in America. Other points of interest are the old exchange, where Hayne, the Revolutionary martyr, was confined; the building from the window of which Gen. Marion jumped and broke his leg; the Charleston library, on whose shelves are bound volumes of newspapers printed nearly two hundred years ago, besides old books of priceless value; the museum of the Charleston College, where hundreds of specimens of fish, fowl, and animal, evidence of the skill of the taxidermist, are to be seen; the Citadel Military Academy, from which were graduated many of our best generals, and on whose campus is a piece of the old wall of the city boundary; the splendid orphan asylums are also included in the places of interest. Its schools, public and private, are of a high order.

At Charleston the South Carolina Railroad was begun. It was the first railroad in America that accommodated both freight and passengers. For a while it was the longest in the world, and on it was run the first locomotive made in America. Not far away from the city is the battle ground of Secessionville, where Southern valor drove back to the cover of their gunboats a superior force of Federals in a determined approach to the city. All these things make Charleston of never-failing interest to veterans. She has built a splendid auditorium for their use, and hearts and homes will be thrown open to them. There will be extended to the veterans the welcome of a big-hearted, generous people, a welcome the like of which many of them will never experience again, for there is but one Charleston.

GRANDDAUGHTER OF BEAUREGARD.

Mr. Theodore G. Barker, chairman of the Citizen's Executive Committee for the Charleston reunion, in extending an official invitation to Miss Laure Beauregard Larendon, of Atlanta, Ga., adds that the name of her gallant and renowned grandfather, Gen. Beaure-



LAURE BEAUREGARD LARENDON.

gard, is so intimately connected with Charleston's record in our great war, and in such high esteem is his memory held by the good people of Charleston, the committee feels it especially appropriate that a representative of his family should be present on the occasion. She is sponsor for Atlanta Camp.

CHESAPEAKE BATTERY AT FORT GREGG.—In line with an article published sometime ago in the *VERERAN*, E. C. Cottrell, Dranesville, Va., writes: "In no history of the great war that I have read is due credit given to the active and honorable part taken by the Chesapeake (Fourth Maryland) Artillery in the vigorous defense of Fort Gregg. Historians seem to overlook the fact that the Chesapeake Artillery manned the guns during the fight and surrendered them only when the enemy in overwhelming numbers swept over the breastworks in their third charge, the first and second having been repulsed with terrible loss to the Federals. The Washington Artillery was not in Fort Gregg on April 2, 1865. The Chesapeake had occupied Fort Gregg nearly the whole winter under the command of Lieut. Walter S. Chew, the captain, William D. Brown, having been killed at Gettysburg. On the morning of April 2 we were awakened at daylight and skirmished with a small force of the enemy that had captured a redoubt in front of Fort Gregg on the main line of breastworks. In the meantime reinforcements were hurrying to our help, and soon the Twelfth and Sixteenth Regiments of Harris' Mississippi Brigade arrived and, forming back of the fort, moved out to the main line and drove the enemy from

the redoubt. They fell back to their lines, and for several hours all was quiet. After the enemy was repulsed a detail was sent to a deserted residence to cook rations for the men. I was one of the number, and we had scarcely finished our work when the enemy again attacked. Believing the fort would eventually be captured, and realizing the difficulties in our way of getting food to our comrades, we concluded to stay where we were and shelter ourselves as best we could. On account of this incident I escaped capture until Appomattox came. The fight was a desperate one from beginning to end, and due credit should be given to the regiments of Harris' already named (Twelfth and Sixteenth Mississippi) for their heroic support."

Comrade Jacob F. Cook, of Baltimore writes of the struggle: "The Chesapeake not only held Fort Gregg, but volunteers under Corporal Pindar went out from the fort to work a piece of artillery under heavy fire, and did much good until recalled. The infantry were merely in the fort for our support, the Chesapeake Fourth Maryland Artillery doing the work.

Lieut. Col. Edward P. Waring, quartermaster general on staff of Maj. Gen. C. I. Walker, South Carolina Division, was a cadet at the South Carolina Military Academy. These cadets, under command of Maj. J. B. White, Maj. Gen. Samuel Jones's Division, served on the coast of South Carolina and assisted in repelling Federal forces in their land attacks on Charleston. The battalion was in the engagement at Tulifinny and Coosawhatchie when the Federals attempted to capture the railroad to Charleston. Afterwards he was transferred to the South Carolina Military Academy, at Columbia, S. C., under Col. John P. Thomas. This command guarded the bridge over Congaree River on the approach of Sherman's army, and did conspicuous service at that period. Since the war Col. Waring has been in the railroad service. He was born in Charleston March 12, 1848.



COL. EDWARD P. WARING.

MY LITTLE BROTHER.

This leaf from a forest of love for my General's only brother, Maj. Charles Pickett, who died in Norfolk, Va., on March 25, 1899, is lovingly left on his grave by his sister, LaSalle Corbell Pickett.

The words come to me with a sad sweetness, like the odor of remembered violets of the springtimes of long ago. I say them over and over, for they were the gift of him whose memory I adore—his brother, my General, whose tender voice is ever with me when the sun rises upon a new day. As I walk the busy streets through all the turmoil of the world I hear it like a whisper from the sphere of light and love. In the still watches of the night it comes to me from a past that is always present in precious memory, and anon and anon like the cadence of sweetest music it lovingly lingers over that day in May when he shared with me his, and gave to me my, little brother.

Yes, like a dream from far-away ages rises before my eyes a picture from the old heroic days. Again my General, with the glory and the gloom of Gettysburg still burning in his deep eyes, leads me into camp. He brings to me his brave, handsome young aid-de-camp, and says: "This is your little brother." Again I feel the pressure of a tender hand and see the light of deep earnest eyes fixed upon me, and hear a gentle voice say lovingly: "My little sister." And I answer in a voice that trembles with a new emotion: "My Little Brother."

Soon after that first meeting "My Little Brother" brought into camp the one who was dearer than all the world to him, the sweet woman whose faithful heart has made sunshine through all his life, and who has been to me through all the years of loneliness a loved and loving sister. Within the lines of Howlett House he built a log cabin near the tent in which my General and I stayed, and our sweet companionship through that perilous time makes of that primitive little dwelling a treasured home for memory. She who was the loving spirit of that sweet household yet remains to me, and together we mourn—she for the one who through all the years of their happy lives never ceased to be a sweetheart, and I for "My Little Brother."

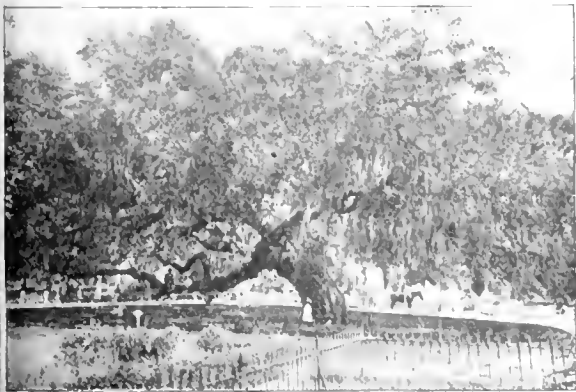
The year before I met him he had fought through the "Seven Days" that held more of history perhaps than any other consecutive seven days that the sun has

ever risen upon. Before the battle of Frazier's Farm he had been ordered to join his commander in Richmond; but the soldier's heart for once overcame the soldier's discipline, and he stayed with his brave old brigade and helped lead it through that bloody contest. Being wounded very severely—it was thought at the time fatally—he would not allow himself to be carried from the field, telling his comrades to leave him where he was and let him die with his flag around him. He carried the effect of that wound through all his subsequent life. So modest was he that when he read in the manuscript of "Pickett and His Men" the description of the battle with his part in it truthfully recited he wrote an urgent request that not so much might be said about him. Others, he said, had done as much as he had. The brave before the guns are the timid before applause, and no one was ever more modest than was "My Little Brother."

Devoted to the duties of the present, he yet ever kept in his heart the sacred memories of the past, and lost no opportunity to meet with the friends of the olden times and renew the associations of the brave days so far away in history. To march with "the boys" was his dearest wish at the reunions, and even when it was thought best because of his lameness that he should ride, he was never content to leave the ranks of the gray column. In the years to come, while there are yet on earth heroes of 1861 to recount the thrilling story of the past, it will be recalled that the last time he left his home it was to meet and march with his dear old comrades, and sadness will linger over our Pickett-Buchanan Camp because of the vacant place—the place once filled by "My Little Brother."

He was the merry playmate, comrade, and friend of his children, bound to them not only by the sacred link of fatherhood, but by the tender sympathy with which he entered into all their joys and sorrows. The chivalry with which he guarded his daughters will follow them protectingly through all the days of their lives, for never did knight of the golden age so bravely, so tenderly, so lovingly watch over his precious ones as did "My Little Brother."

From the day of our first meeting his affection has been one of the golden threads that have brightened the darkness in the web of life. In gratitude and love I lay this simple leaflet of memory on the sacred grave of "My Little Brother."



SCENE IN MAGNOLIA CEMETERY.



MARKET HALL, HEADQUARTERS S. C. DIV. DURING REUNION.

THEODORE O'HARA.

Current Literature for September, 1898, contains the following very interesting points concerning the life of Theodore O'Hara, author of "Bivouac of the Dead:—"

Theodore O'Hara, one of the few poets whose title to immortality rests on a single poem, but on that account is none the less secure, was born in Danville, Ky., February 11, 1820. The family subsequently lived in Frankfort. Theodore was a very precocious child, and with him study was a passion. He studied at Bardstown, in Kentucky, and there became noted as an accomplished scholar. He afterwards studied law with John C. Breckinridge as a fellow-student. In 1845 he held a position in the Treasury Department at Washington, but soon afterwards joined the United States army, with the rank of captain. He served with distinction through the Mexican war, and rose to the rank of major. He afterwards practiced law in Washington until 1851, when he joined other Kentuckians in assisting Lopez, who was trying to liberate Cuba. He was at one time editor in chief of the *Mobile Register*, and at another editor of the *Louisville Times*.

At the breaking out of the civil war he cast his fortunes with the South, and was placed in command of the Twelfth Alabama Regiment. Later he served on the staff of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and was with him at Shiloh and caught the great chief in his arms when the bullet had done its deadly work. He was afterwards chief of staff to his lifelong friend, Gen. John C. Breckinridge. He died on a plantation in Alabama in 1867, and was buried at Columbus, Ga. In 1874 his remains, together with those of Gens. Greenup and Madison, and several distinguished officers of the Mexican war, were reinterred in the State cemetery at Frankfort, Ky.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms in battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread Northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,

Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Our Heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave.
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceful stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.



MISS LILY HUGER WELLS, CHARLESTON, S. C.,
Sponsor for A. N. V. Department at Charleston reunion, 1899.

CAPT. HAYNIE CAPTURED A REGIMENT.

Capt. Haynie, who lived near Cave Spring, Ga., was in command of a company from Floyd County in the First Georgia Regiment of Cavalry, composed of the First Georgia, Third Tennessee, and First Louisiana, commanded by Col. Scott.

During the fight at Richmond, Ky., Scott's Regiment of Cavalry was sent round to the rear of Gen. Nelson's command to cut off his retreat. Capt. Haynie was detailed with his company as advance guard. While in advance of his company Capt. Haynie became separated from his company and was captured by a regiment of Federal infantry in full retreat. Capt. Haynie expressed a great deal of uneasiness for fear of being shot by our own men, and begged the Federals not to carry him in that direction, for there were thousands and thousands of Confederates in that direction, and they might be ambushed. As a result the Federal colonel asked him what to do, and his reply was: "Surrender." "Surrender to whom?" asked the colonel. "To me," said Capt. Haynie; "I am a captain in the Confederate army, and I will carry you out safe." And the Federal colonel gave Capt. Haynie his sword. He tied a white handkerchief on the point of the sword and marched them over to Col. Scott, with the remark: "Col. Scott, if I haven't captured a whole regiment of Yankees there is no devil."

Miss Eleanor J. Lovell, Cincinnati, Ohio, inquires for the pistol of her father, Edward Downs Lovell. It was taken from him by a Confederate soldier when he was captured by Col. Terry's Texas Rangers, during the fight at Stone's River. On the stock of the pistol was: "Ed D. Lovell, Fourth O. C. V., Cincinnati, O." The family will appreciate information concerning it.



MISS MARY KENSON JONES, GONZALES, TEX.,
Maid of Honor for Texas, Charleston, 1862.

The Bledose Monument Association, of Pleasant Hill, Mo., is making substantial progress toward the erection of a monument to the memory of Col. H. M. Bledose. In a letter to the VETERAN W. H. Young has written: "This monument is being erected by the



MISS KATE HAMILTON MANNING, COLUMBIA, S. C.,
Maid of Honor, A. S. A., Departure of Charleston, 1862.

joint efforts of the blue and the gray to Col. Bledose as a typical American soldier, citizen, and gentleman. It will be the only monument of the kind in America."

W. H. Fason, Wall Hill, Miss., writes: "I am delighted with the VETERAN, and wouldn't take a dollar each for my old numbers. It gets better every year—at least it is more interesting to me. In almost every copy I find the face or name of some old friend and comrade of other, happier days, before the horrid breath of civil war had passed over our beloved Southland. Our men were the bravest, our women the fairest, that sun ever shone on. The patient endurance in war of the Southern soldiers and their fortitude in defeat make each one a hero. J. B. Polly and C. W. Bynum, both of whom have written for the VETERAN, were classmates of mine. I was in the Seventeenth Mississippi, Barksdale's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. I was wounded at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, and was a cripple for nearly three years. I should be glad to hear from old comrades."

Richard T. Haley, Old Hickory, Tenn., desires to learn the fate of his brother, Henry Clay Haley, who joined the army in 1861, from Wilson County, Tenn. It was reported that he was captured and died in prison. Information will be gratefully appreciated.



United Daughters of the Confederacy.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, Honorary President, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, President, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. C. A. Forney, First Vice President, Hope, Ark.; Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Second Vice President, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. John P. Hickman, Recording Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.; Miss Mary F. Meares, Corresponding Secretary, Wilmington, N. C.; Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Treasurer, Atlanta, Ga.

The objects of this association are educational, memorial, literary, social, and benevolent; to collect and preserve the material for a truthful history of the war between the Confederate States and the United States of America; to honor the memory of those who served and those who fell in the service of the Confederate States, and to record the part taken by Southern women, as well as in untiring effort after the war in the reconstruction of the South, as in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle; to cherish ties of friendship among the members of the society; and to fulfill the duties of sacred charity to the survivors of the war and those dependent upon them.

The VETERAN has had recent letters from many chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and they all report interested and progressive work. One coming from far-away California gives an account of the organization of two chapters in Los Angeles. It is written by Miss Nannie Nutt, who says: "In line with a suggestion made in the VETERAN last June, the Los Angeles Chapter was organized shortly after that date, and now numbers twenty-eight members. However, Los Angeles would not now be without a chapter if we had not taken the initiatory step, for soon after we organized the Robert E. Lee Chapter sprang into existence under the able and enthusiastic management of Mrs. Thorpe. At our last meeting the chapter members presented Mrs. John Shirley Ward, our President, with a beautiful badge pin of the order."

In a pleasing letter Mrs. Alfred Bethea, Recording Secretary of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., says: "I love the VETERAN for the cause it represents, and always welcome it into the family." She incloses copy of minutes of a called meeting of her division, held in Montgomery. The proceedings show that the Alabama Daughters are wide-awake to every duty pertaining to the sacred work of the order, and that no phase of this work is overlooked by them.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Mississippi held their annual meeting at Jackson on May 2. About sixty delegates were present, and addresses of welcome were made by Gov. McLaurin, ex-Gov. Lowrey, and the President of the Jackson Chapter. The State President made an enthusiastic address, urging the diligence of the chapters in looking to the comfort and welfare of the poor Confederates and in caring for the graves of those who are dead. Mississippi shows a fair record for the year past, with fine work and increase of membership in the chapters already formed and the organization of several new ones.

Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, of Atlanta, Ga., is the General Treasurer of the Daughters of the Confed-

eracy. Previous to her removal to Atlanta, Mrs. Thomas held for many years the office of Secretary and Treasurer in the Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta, Ga.

In 1895, at the annual general conference of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, she was elected Recording Secretary of the association, and at Nash-



MRS. J. JEFFERSON THOMAS.

ville, in 1896 she was made General Treasurer, and was reelected to that office at the succeeding conventions, held in Baltimore and Hot Springs.

Mrs. Thomas' pen, time, and talents have been given to educating our youths and maidens to know that "brave men may die; right has no death." She has told them of the privation of the brave private Confederate soldier, and that Southern women gloried in the name of Lee and his legion of heroes, "made deathless by defeat."

Mrs. B. C. Benton, President of David O. Dodd Chapter, Pine Bluff, Ark., writes: "I see in the October VETERAN a query: 'Who shall stand beside Sam Davis?' We think David O. Dodd would be worthy of that honor, and believe it a duty of the Daughters to honor such unknown heroes by naming chapters for them. In the July VETERAN of 1897 there is a short sketch of David O. Dodd, but a more complete one is under process of preparation."

Miss Annie Grant Cage, one of our most enthusiastic Daughters, reports the organization of a chapter at Natchez, Miss. The chapter is large and the members are enthusiastic.

The Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere are doing noble work. One of them at Alexandria, Va., writes:

I recently found myself in a home of sickness and distress. I endeavored to ascertain the condition, and when I heard the food ordered for the sick man I very naturally wondered where it was procured. In course of conversation I said to the man: "How do you procure this food in your feeble health?" In a tone of sadness, yet with a touch of pride, he responded: "The Daughters of the Confederacy supply me." "Why is this, my friend?" His response came promptly: "I was a Confederate soldier," in a voice quivering with emotion, as no doubt memory carried him back to 1861 and 1865. He informed me that this material, well-placed aid was given in the name of Mary Custis Lee, the wife of his dear old commander, R. E. Lee. I learned he had served all through the "war of the rebellion," and now, sick and poor, this noble band of women had hunted him up and were thus making their work practicable.

A simple, quiet funeral; a neat coffin with its pall, the loved battle flag of the Confederacy, draped by the hands of comrades; an appropriate cluster of palm leaves, sent by a Daughter of the Confederacy whose hand is ever ready to help; the funeral service and a touching prayer by the chaplain; a grave in the burial lot of R. E. Lee Camp, and the tale is told—another good soldier has passed from our midst. With the prayers and blessings of the widow and the gratitude of the children, the quiet band of women who in the name of the beloved wife of Gen. Lee so ably ministered to the wants of this man and made his last days comfortable, asking no outside aid, "feeling it would be a wrong to him and a shame for us," have passed on to other good works, leaving his grave in the hands of the Woman's Auxiliary, who follow with a neat stone of marble to tell of his services, and a cluster of flowers on Memorial Day, a last tribute to one who did his duty in the cause he loved so well.



MISS NINA RANDOLPH, RICHMOND, VA.,
Sponsor for Virginia at Charleston reunion, 1888.

Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, President of the Okolona Chapter, and Corresponding Secretary of the United Daughters of the Confederacy reports:

The Okolona Chapter was organized from the Chickasaw Circle of Daughters of the Confederacy, of

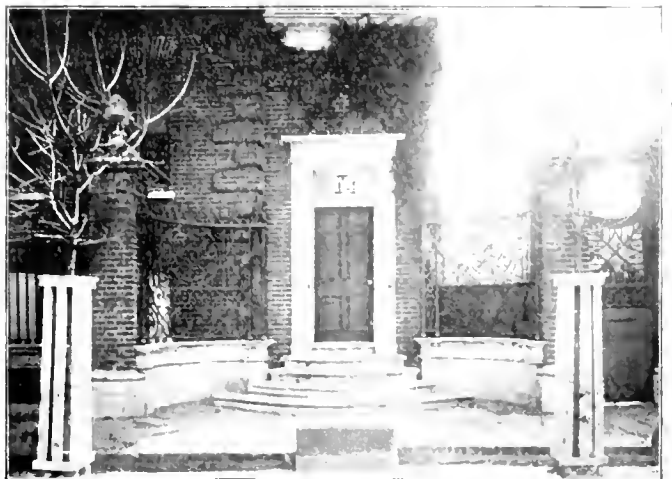


IN MAGNOLIA CEMETERY, CHARLESTON.

many years' standing, in April, 1867, with a membership of seventy-five. The graves of nearly one thousand of our heroic dead who fought and fell while wearing the glorious Confederate gray have been neglected for thirty years, and the chapter's noblest work has been in clearing away this wilderness of trees, tangled weeds, and wildwood, and in caring for the graves, which are now in a neatly inclosed plot. Once each year they are decorated with spring's fairest and freshest flowers, and now we are exerting every energy toward the erection of a monument. Slowly but surely the funds are being collected, and it is the heart wish of every member of the chapter to erect a fitting testimonial of reverence and love to the memory of these sleeping heroes who gave their lives for the good and glory of our sweet, sunny Southland.

For, wrapped in silence and in tears,
And canopied by creeping years,
Forever freed from fury's fears,

Our deathless dead ones sleep:
While o'er their forms the flowerets twine
And mockbirds sing their songs divine,
And soft and still the moonbeams shine
O'er Southrons whom we weep!



COLONIAL DOOR, RESIDENCE OF HON. J. A. SMYTH, CHARLESTON.

The minutes of the fifth annual meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Hot Springs, in November, 1898, have been in circulation some time, and the promptness and conciseness with which they were published reflect much credit on the efficient Recording Secretary, Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Nashville. The pamphlet contains an account of the proceedings in full, with ingenious condensation and omission of unnecessary detail, while the important committee reports, official addresses, and State reports are given *verbatim*.

The Hot Springs meeting was one of the most interesting that have yet been held, action having been taken on several questions of great importance. An interesting and much discussed point was the right of the Louisiana chapters to form a State division, the *status* of affairs in that State being as follows: The constitution empowers the charter chapter of each State to make a call for a State division. Although frequently urged, the charter chapter in Louisiana failed to do so, and Mrs. Smith, on the part of the New Orleans Chapter, asked the convention to so amend the by-laws as to give to her chapter the right to call for the organization of a State division, the New Orleans Chapter being the senior of the three chapters already chartered in that State. This right was granted the New Orleans Chapter, and in line with this action the following by-law was adopted:

In case a charter chapter shall allow six months to expire after the receipt of a request from three other chapters of the State to call a convention for the purpose of organizing a State division, the next chapter in order of organization shall be empowered to call such convention.

Sometime ago the Bull Run Chapter desired to have conveyed to it the graveyard in which the Confederate dead were buried, but found that the association had no power, under the present constitution, to own property. The earliest action of the most recent convention was to amend the constitution so as to obviate this difficulty, and the association now has power to own property, real or personal.

No provision had been previously made for the

transfer of members from one chapter to another, and therefore another important feature was the adoption of an amendment covering this point.

The official minutes give so terse and complete an account that a copy should be in the hands of every Daughter.

Mrs. Edwin H. O'Brien, President Virginia Division, U. D. C., writes:

As a child I stood a refugee on the hill above Groveton and watched the great panorama on the plain below, the first battle of Manassas. On the day following, passing over that same field with my elders, I helped make more comfortable the wounded, and covered the face of many a boy in "his jacket of gray." The bodies of these, many of whom with our childish hands we helped bury, have been gathered into one graveyard. The wooden fence which the old Memorial Association erected to inclose this battlefield graveyard has rotted away. I find this the case in several other places. We are anxious to have substantial iron fences placed around these vast burial grounds. To this end we have worked hard, but with little success; and so we now appeal to you, survivors of that glorious Army of Northern Virginia, wherever you may be, to help us put up such an inclosure, and thus keep green the memories and graves of your comrades. To those in the far-off Southland who so anxiously awaited news from this same army, where many of its loved ones were, we urge a generous contribution to our cause. These cemeteries are now in the hands of chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and our loved organization has helped us all it can, but we cannot succeed without your aid. We are anxious to raise \$2,500, and know that a generous country will respond. We lie on the border line, it is true, but we cannot ask aid from a government against which we were rebels, and so to you same rebels we send this plea. Help us to substantially fence in these graveyards, which are uninclosed (Bull Run, Appomattox, and Mount Jackson), and we shall feel that our dead



MISS JENNIE FOSTER COOK,
Sponsor for Florida Division at Charleston, 1899.



MISS MAY MARTIN COFFIN, MEMPHIS,
Sponsor for Tennessee at Charleston, 1899.



MISS JULIA COURTNEY CONNER,
Maid of Honor for Army of Northern Virginia, 1899.

are not forgotten, that their memories are still cherished in all Southern hearts. Help us, Sons of Veterans, and you Daughters of the Confederacy all over our land, help us, and send us your donations speedily. All contributions will be judiciously expended.

Contributions may be sent to Mrs. Edwin H. O'Brien, 807 Cameron St., Alexandria, Va.

UNITED DAUGHTERS IN TEXAS.

The third annual convention of the Texas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was held in Houston on November 29, 1898. The Secretary, Mrs. J. M. Brownson, sends this account of the proceedings:

The President, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, presided, and the convention was opened with prayer by Rev. Henry Aves. The address of welcome was given by Mrs. R. S. Lovett, and was as follows:

"It has been assigned my pleasant duty, on behalf of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Houston, to bid you a hearty welcome. To meet friends and give them cordial greeting is at all times a source of happiness, and the depth of that happiness may in some degree be measured by the strength of the ties that bind them to us. When we, as Daughters of the Confederacy, consider the object of our organization and the sympathy that is awakened by that common object and by effort for its furtherance, we cannot question ourselves as to the strength of these ties. Sacred indeed is our object, and the feeling that moves us in this work is a blending of that love of kindred and country that belongs to the South, and that reverence for the dead that must belong to every true and loving heart. We work that we may know, and our children's children may know, that the heritage of our fathers is a heritage of glory. So long as we are worthy of them we cannot and will not let their memories die. Yet there is a touch of pathos in it all that makes the minor strain run through it 'like tears from the depths of some divine despair,' in the thought that the hope that inspired our fathers and for which they suffered and many died, was destined to perish. So let others sing the song of victory; it is for us to sing the song of the vanquished. Since our last meeting a loss that we cannot yet fully realize has come to us. The Daughter of the Confederacy is no more. There are many daughters of the Confederacy—only one Daughter, and to her life may be applied the words of the poet: 'When she passed away, it was like the ceasing of exquisite music.' With us is the long, long silence. And let it be ours to fill the silence with loving and appropriate words in praise of her whom we all loved, and all who loved noble womanhood and the Confederacy. As these visible links that bind us to the past are being broken, let us make the invisible links of reverence, affection, and devotion the stronger and more imperishable. Again let us pledge ourselves with reverent earnestness and interest to our loved and sacred task. Because of our work, our material sympathy for it, and our devotion to it, we bid you each and every one a most sincere and heartfelt welcome."

Mrs. Stone's replete address carried the conviction of her ability to guide the ship of state through its troubled waters. When she entered upon the duties of President, we had no published constitution and by-

laws, though the constitution of the Georgia Division had been adopted. The requirements of the U. D. C. constitution made it necessary to furnish membership applications. She was confronted by an empty treasury and all this printing and work to be done. Thanks to our efficient Secretary, Mrs. Sampson, and the responses of the chapters, she was able to publish five hundred copies of annual proceedings and five thousand blank applications. Fifteen new chapters have been added, making in all thirty-two chartered chapters and over two thousand members. Mrs. Stone stated that she was present at the obsequies of Winnie Davis, and had ordered a floral piece—a Texas star of white carnations and roses—to be sent to St. Paul's Church, where the services were held. She made a most gracious acknowledgment of courteous hospitality of the members of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, and paid a glowing tribute to the name of Houston, so suggestive of heroism and victory.

A most pleasant feature of the session was a reception given by the President of the Lee Chapter, Mrs. J. C. Hutcherson. The meeting closed with a reception to the national President, Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, and the newly elected officers, who are as follows: Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President, Galveston; Mrs. Henry Sampson, First Vice President, Alvin; Mrs. Seabrook W. Sydnor, Second Vice President, Houston; Mrs. M. F. Hardy, Third Vice President, San Marcos; Mrs. A. C. Johnson, Fourth Vice President, Corsicana; Mrs. J. M. Brownson, Secretary, Victoria; Mrs. L. J. Clayton, Treasurer, Fort Worth; Mrs. W. A. Wood, Registrar, Victoria; Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, Historian, Houston.

The next convention will be held in Austin in October of this year, when the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter will entertain.



MISS MARY CARWILE, EDGEFIELD, S. C.,
Sponsor for South Carolina Division at Charleston reunion, 1890.

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.

MAKING RECORD IN SEASON.

When the night comes no man can work. Attention is called to some facts which cannot have been properly considered by the most zealous patrons. They are sincerely solicitous not only for the continued prosperity of the VETERAN, but that its influence be as widespread as practicable. They will not hesitate to pay, and many will send their copies to neighbors who are well to do, and who continue to read it, accepting the compliment, knowing the importance of doing their part, just as their neighbors treat them except in lending to those who can't pay for it.

"I am not a subscriber, but read it regularly," is frequently said in compliment to the publication. This is a very good rule ordinarily, but in this sacred work, the importance of which is accepted by millions of people, there ought to be unremitted zeal, because the time, the night, is coming rapidly when all knowledge will have to be recorded second-hand. Patrons will buy checks or money orders for their own subscription renewals, \$1, when if they would speak to a neighbor or two, stating that they were going to send to the VETERAN, and would include a dollar each for them, as it would not cost any more, thousands of dollars might be added ever so easily.

A dozen years from now it will have been half a century since the Confederate war began, and the average veteran will have passed his threescore and ten years; the survivors will be scarce. The VETERAN has been published already more than half that time, and yet it seems as in the mere beginning of what ought to be accomplished through it.

Every Confederate veteran, Son, and Daughter should cooperate in giving the strongest possible support to the VETERAN. They should be diligent for its maintenance, for upon it are the issues of honor, truth, and patriotism, which are of greater value than money, lands, or life.

Comrades, confer with fellow-subscribers, and you are apt to find them cordial in a movement to increase the list at your post office. Write this office for a list of subscribers there, and then by your cooperation specimen copies may be supplied to those whom you think would like it. Consider how widely this influence would be felt. Application for the list of subscribers at your place will give the gratifying assurance that you approve this suggestion, and will do at least your part for its effective execution.

SONS' DEPARTMENT POEM.

The following interesting poem has been sent to the Sons' headquarters for publication, and its spirit should warmly appeal to every member of the order:

TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE VETERANS.

By Elizabeth Rees Legaré, Columbia, S. C.

O'er thirty years have passed away
Since our Confederate war,
O time of sorrow, wretched day,
That Lee's surrender saw!

And well the men, and women too,
Who lived and suffered then
Remember how the brave and true
Fought to the bitter end..

They honor and revere the names
Of those who bled and died,
And for each one who still remains
Their portals open wide.

But time will soon have gathered all
Who figured in that scene,
On whom, then, will the duty fall
To keep their memory green?

'Tis yours, O sons, and daughters, too,
To lift the ensigns high
To those brave souls who, though but few,
'Gainst odds so great did try.

And though the end they did not gain,
Their manhood was not lost:
The principle is still the same,
And worth all that it cost.

Then see to it you don't forget
That which you've heard them tell
Of glorious deeds—you owe that debt
To those who bravely fell.

Nor let the flippant tongue of youth
Speak slightly of such
Because they failed, as if, forsooth,
That did their glory smirch.

As long as gallant men still live
Their country's best to do,
To patriots pure they still will give
All praise, and reverence too.

And think ye what a heritage
Of honor, if not fame,
Is yours to write on history's page
And with affection frame.

A book of great value in connection with the Confederate war is that of the defense of Charleston harbor, including Fort Sumter and adjacent islands, by Rev. Dr. John Johnson, of Charleston, who was a major of engineers, and served at Fort Sumter through its great bombardment. This book is elegantly printed, supplied abundantly with maps and fine engravings. The United States Government would do well to procure the plates and publish it extensively. Every veteran who can should procure and study this work. See Dr. Johnson while in Charleston, or he may be addressed there afterwards. The prices of the book are: Cloth, \$4; half Russia, \$5. It will be given with eight or ten subscriptions to the VETERAN.

Comrade Henry Hearne, of Guntown, Miss., desires to hear from Sandusky, McElroy, and Coleman, who were with him in Barrack No. 76, Rock Island, during the last year of the war, or from any members of Company E, Thirty-First Alabama Infantry.

MONUMENTS AT FORT MILL, S. C.

BY A COMRADE OF CAMP 920, U. C. V.

Before the war Fort Mill was a mere railway station in the northeast corner of York County, South Carolina. The depot, in a depression, was contiguous to



CAPT. S. E. WHITE.

a smithy, a store, and three or four residences of neighboring planters on adjacent hills. In this little hamlet during the fall of 1860 the prominent young men of the community organized, it is believed, the first company in the South enlisted for the vindication of the States. This company was offered to the State, but on account of some technicality was not accepted. Afterwards John M. White, its captain, went to Montgomery, Ala., and offered his company to the Confederate authorities in that city, but the same technicality prevailed. It was not long, however, before these same young men were forming and commanding companies that did excellent service in four years of bloodiest war.

On the historic ground where this first company mustered now stand three monuments in a small triangular park. One commemorates the heroes of the civil war; another, the women of the Confederacy; and the third, the faithful slaves of the war times. Much of the credit of erection is due to Capt. Samuel Elliott White, brother of Capt. John M. White, commander of the first company, who was ably and willingly aided by the Spratts, L. N. Culp, Rev. James H. Thornwell, and many others.

A stroll in that little park will richly reward the patriot and historian. Near the entrance he will see an imposing monument, on whose top stands a sentry at a challenge. It is a reproduction in pure marble of a typical Confederate picket. His exalted position has its moral effect. This tribute to our local soldiers rests on a foundation of four granite elevations surmounted on a marble pedestal. On the south side of the shaft is chiseled the coat of arms and motto of South Car-

olina. Above that the date, 1860; below it, 1891; and under all, the words:

Defenders of State Sovereignty.

On the north side:

1805.

Confederate Flag in panel relief,

Followed by:

The warrior's banner takes its flight to greet the warrior's soul.

On the east and west sides are the names of one hundred and sixty-nine Confederates. On the steps of the south side are a small cannon and a ten-inch solid shot.

This monument was erected by subscription, but Capt. S. E. White bore a prominent part.

Just before this monument was erected Jefferson Davis, our beloved President, died, and soon there was organized at Fort Mill a Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, which was composed of men and women who had realized the terrors and the hardships of war, with some of their children. This association afterwards became subdivided into the Ladies' Memorial Association, the Fort Mill Camp, U. C. V., the Daughters of United Confederate Veterans, and the Sons of



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT FORT MILL.

United Confederate Veterans, and the Daughters of the Revolution. All these are doing good work.

A few steps from this monument is the finest and best-conceived memorial in all our bonnie Southland; the very first monument erected in memory of the women of the Confederacy.



MONUMENT TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

On four steps of masonry and two steps of marble rest a highly polished shaft of the finest-grained clouded marble. On the south side is inscribed on a scroll:

1860.

Affectionately dedicated by
the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association
to the women of
The Confederacy,
the living and the dead,
who midst the gloom of war
were heroines in the strife
to perpetuate their noble
sacrifices on the altar
of our common country. Let
sweet incense forever
rise, till it reach them
"in robes of victory
beyond the skies."

1865.

On the north side are these words:

1895.

Respectfully Donated by Samuel E. White
To the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association.

On the east side are names of patriotic women, including those whose ancestors had fought for national independence as well as those who so nobly toiled and spun for Confederate soldiers.

On the west side are these lines:

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts praying for the right
To see the Dawn of Peace.

This shaft is surmounted by a figure calculated to impress the beholder with the sanctity of a pure woman's prayers. It is the representation in white marble of a woman who has for a moment, while kneeling in supplication for the success of a loved cause, dropped her country's flag around her knees and extended her clasped hands and turned her eyes heavenward. This female figure was carved in Italy.

The next monument is to "faithful slaves."

Four steps of masonry support a marble pedestal, on which is a square shaft for inscriptions.

On the south side is inscribed:

1860.

Dedicated to
The faithful Slaves
who, loyal to a sacred trust,
Toiled for the support
of the Army with matchless
Devotion, and with sterling
Fidelity guarded our defenseless
Homes, women, and children during
the struggle for the principles
of our "Confederate States of America."

1865.

On the east side, in a receding panel, appears a log under a shade tree, whereon rests one of the faithful slaves, his hat on the ground, shirt open in front, with a scythe in his arms at rest. Before him are shocks of grain.

On the north side is the following:

1895.

Erected by Samuel E. White,
in grateful memory of earlier
days, with the approval of the
Jefferson Davis Memorial Association.

There are added names of some faithful slaves.

On the west side, in a receding panel, appears a farmer's mansion, and on the front steps sits an "old black mammy," with a white child in her arms, both of whom are in lovingly embrace, while in the foreground are the baby's wagon and other playthings. Above this square shaft is a tall, tapering obelisk of pure white marble.

Capt. White contemplates erecting one more monument, and that is to the memory of the Catawba Indians, who were always friendly to the white people. The small remnant of this once-powerful nation of red men now inhabit a reservation on the west side of Catawba River, about eight miles southwest of Fort Mill. Capt. S. E. White is President of our first and larger cotton mill, and also of our bank, was first Commander

of our camp, is one of our largest farmers, and is prominent in all progressive steps.

John M. White, commander of the first company from this place, surrendered as colonel of the renowned Sixth South Carolina Volunteers. Many of his soldiers returned home in full honor, but the majority are moaned over by the cypress and the pine. They fell at Seven Pines, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, and many other Virginia fields, as well as Chickamauga and other Tennessee fields.



MONUMENT TO FAITHFUL SLAVES.

The town of Fort Mill contains about sixteen hundred souls, including the employees at two cotton mills. It is within five miles of the North Carolina line and but seventeen miles from Charlotte. Owing to the proximity of the State line and the Catawba River on the other side, the territory for business and social relations is limited, but the people of Fort Mill township (the smallest in the county, and containing about thirty-five square miles) are doing very well as the world goes. In this small strip of land there are several prosperous schools and churches. The colored people, who about equal the whites in numbers, have as many schools as the whites, and probably more churches. The white people always lend a helping hand in these things, and good feeling exists between the races.

Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis is spending the spring months as a guest in New Orleans, and a few weeks ago she went to the Confederate Home down on the Bayou St. John to see the veterans there. It was a quiet Sunday afternoon, and the *Times-Democrat* describes the visit as follows:

Mrs. Davis was received with semimilitary honors and words of heartfelt welcome. The speeches over, all the inmates were introduced to her, and to each and all she had some pleasant word to say. Men, proud of the loss of arms and legs, were gratified by her noticing their losses; but probably none of the many were as delighted or took unto himself as great happiness over her sympathy as one tall, long-bearded veteran whose careful walk and whose reliant hold upon a long staff told as plainly as the vacant look in his eyes that there was no sight in them. As he came near to where Mrs. Davis sat this blind veteran knew by his comrade's halting that he stood before Mrs. Davis. He put out his hand gropingly, and in a voice tender with regret, but with no trace of complaining, said: "I wish I could see you, madam." Mrs. Davis' sympathetic eyes filled with tears, and as she clasped the outstretched hand of the blind veteran she said tenderly: "I wish you could see, dear friend, how tenderly I look upon you! God bless you!" And the blind man swallowed something that rose unbidden in his throat, and moved slowly away.

After the speeches of cordial welcome had been concluded Capt. Walshe announced that if the veterans would come forward they would be introduced to Mrs. Davis. He gave the command "Left face!" which the double line obeyed, and for half an hour or so Mrs. Davis received and chatted with the old men in gray, having a few words for each, and for those who were especially feeble or maimed giving some little time. When these had been introduced others pressed forward, and the informal levee lasted an hour or more.

WAR HYMN.

(Tune America.)

BY JEANNETTE ROBINSON-MURPHY.

Our Father, while we pray,
In all we do and say,
Direct this hour,
May we, with one accord,
Here fill our hearts, dear Lord,
With thoughts from thine own Word,
And feel their power.

Like children come we now,
To praise and humbly bow
Before thy throne,
Thy love in us instill;
Open our minds until
We love thy holy will
More than our own.

Send now, in mercy mild,
Strength, that each suffering child
May bear its pain.
Let him thus learn of thee
Each lesson patiently,
Till thou dost set him free
In health again.

Pardon what we have done
To wound thy bruised Son.
Restore thy peace.
Guard us from harm to-day,
Walk with us all the way,
Till from this earthly clay
We find release.

DOES YOU REMEMBER?—AN OLD-TIME DARKY.

BY LULU B. EFFERSON.

Did you ever think how little we live in the present? It is almost appalling when we consider that the present is only an instant, and that constantly we are being either hurled into the future or living in the past. Some say we should keep straight ahead, and never look back; but even if our past has been unprofitable and mean it is well to look back profiting by our experience; then when it has been bright, happy, full of precious memories, how much of the sweet and good of life we should miss were we deprived of the power of reviewing these receding years, with their joys and sorrows intermingled. In no people is this power of recollection more clearly or more beautifully developed than in our old-time slavery darkies. Events that with us would pass unnoticed are with them memorable. From them they reckon time; of them they tell their children with pride and satisfaction.

I was sitting by the bedside of a sick friend who was just convalescent when an old negro woman appeared on the scene. "Good mornin'," she said, as she approached the bed. "Is you sick?"

"I am not well," was the reply.

"Y-e-s-'m. Is you bin sick long?"

"For several weeks," said my friend.

"Y-e-s-'m. Something like cholera morbus?"

"No, I have had fever, which has impaired the action of my heart, and am now suffering from heart depression," said my invalid, beginning to be somewhat amused.

"Well, honey, my ole moster usted ter be pestered wid dat very same thing," she said, respectfully seating herself at some distance, and continuing: "You knowed my ole moster? He was well knowed all round dis here country. He was a good man, my ole moster wuz—used ter think er heap o' his niggers, an' treat 'em good, too. I tell you, honey, we didn't wan't fer nothin'—had plenty to eat and plenty to wear. We had good houses, and our doctor bills all paid. O, I'll tell you, honey, I wuz the white folkses' pet nigger baby in my time, I wuz! My ole mistis jes' taught me how to work till I could do anything. But things is changed now, and, honey, dis is de hardest resperence I is ebber had. No half-way white folks didn't raise me—no, ma'am, dey didn't!"

"Who was your master?" my friend at last ventured to ask.

"Why, honey, my ole moster wuz ole Gen. Tom Brown, an' he lived right out here 'bout er mile an' a half, whar de orphan 'sylum is now."

"That is where my father took refuge with his family during the war. Do you remember Col. Scott?" asked my friend, becoming more interested in the queer old darky.

"Why, I-a-w-y-e-s, e-h-i-l-e. I members jes' as well dat fine black horse he give Miss Bobbie, when he lef our house!"

"Then perhaps you remember me, as little Sarah Scott?"

"Law, honey, is dat you?" falling down upon her knees beside the bed. "I is had you in my arms many an' many a time, and kissed your little fat hands, and baked you patties. W-e-l-l, dis here is a treat ter me, chillun, show! Dis is sorter like a Christmas pres-

ent! Fore God, I's glad I happened round! Honey, does you 'member ole Uncle Matt Bradshaw, de carriage driber? Why, he wuz jes' as polite as a basket o' chips. Kin you ricollect dem parrots an' dem cedar buckets right ober yonder in de cellar filled wid butter an' eggs an' zerbs, an' all de jellies and pickles and cordial and wines? Why law, chile, you ain't got nothin' up an' down dese streets I ain't seed, and dese here town niggers can't fool me. We had hen houses all lathered good nuff fer anybody ter stay in, but I'll tel you, honey, things is disappearin'. Why, we is thowed away more'n dey ebber had. Our dinner tables use ter look better dan de party tables do now. Dey jes' think now ole-time niggers don't know nothin' jes' cause dey can't read an' write, but dis is one thing I does know: de niggers now ain't got no manners like de ole-timers, an' you don't never see none o' de ole-timers in jail. Niggers whut's bein' brought up now wuz brought up by air, dey wuz! Dey ain't had no raisin'. De buzzards laid 'em, an' de sun hatched 'em, dey did. I'll tell you honey, plenty o' dese here folkses say de sun don't shine on 'em, but chile, de sun shines on me cause I jes' lays right on de white folks' hips, an' dey is 'bliged to carry me. I say, honey, you ain't got a single child as pretty as you. Miss Liz ain't neither. Miss Liz wuz de puttiest bride dat ebber wuz in dis here town. She looked jes' like er angel drapped down from heaven. When Miss Liz moved way off somewhar to live I went to cook for her. I stayed right smart little time, but couldn't stand it no longer, so I jes' told 'em I had come back to de ole home agin.

"Miss Liz had seed a lot o' trouble and had a heap o' chillun, and she wuz all broke up, but I told her jes' to pick up her heart and de good Lord would help her. Why, whar Miss Liz went to live, honey, I never seed a lady dat didn't have somethin' de matter wid her system, but I tell you, chile, whar dey drawed up water in a little candy bucket dat wuz so hard dat it eat up de tin and de zinc, it wuz jes' bound to eat up dar insides, but I ain't goin' to talk much, cause I'll cry. I's done forgot now dat I am here to git a little washin' to do; dem good ole days is gone, and I don't know whar we is all a comin' to. My mistus show loved her servants. Why, I tell you, honey, she wouldn't let Aunt Sooky drink brown sugar in nothin' she eat, she wouldn't! I don't know what dey is all a comin' to, but I is ready for de chariot to swing low an' carry me home whenever the good Lord gits ready. All my people is gone 'cept one chile, an' he is married, livin' way off yonder. My hair is gittin' gray, and I know my time's most out."

"But," my friend interrupted, "you must not talk so sad. You are good for a long time vet, and my daughter wants a good cook. How would you like to go and live with her?"

"Well, I would like that, show! I is comin' to see you ag'in, but I'll tell you, honey, ef you want me to cook good things you musn't give me *nothin'* to cook, cause I can't cook dat. Dis here is a treat to me, chillun, show! sorter like a Christmas present!"

Comrade S. D. Buck, of Baltimore, writes of the death of Mrs. Andrew Broadlus, of Luray, Va.: "She was the daughter of the late John Leimbürger, and was much beloved by the Confederate soldiers, many of whom she tended with tender care during the sixties."

STORY OF OUR GREAT WAR (CONTINUED).

By the Late Mercer Otey, of San Francisco.

The foregoing clearly establishes the fact of the duplicity of the government's action in the commencement of hostilities that a little more candor and consideration might have averted.

Events followed each other so rapidly that further attempts to stay the current were futile. Young blood seldom pauses to consider consequences, and the excitement that permeated our little band of two hundred cadets can hardly be described. Pending the action of the Legislature as to the stand Virginia would take, it was hard to subdue the intense excitement, and day after day a little band of us would run up a flag on the barracks towers bearing warlike breathings and devices of secession. These were generally made from the white sheets off the cadets' coats, but were not allowed to stand very long ere the vigilance of the subprofessor or the cadet officer of the day discovered them and ordered their removal.

The act of Virginia being promulgated, the Governor of the State (John Letcher, *ex officio* President of the Board of Visitors of the Institute) at once ordered the corps of cadets to report at Richmond, Va., and go into camp as instructors of tactics to the levies of troops pouring in from the South, preparatory to taking the field. We were marched into one of the larger section rooms, and amid a deathlike stillness the superintendent, Gen. Smith, read with trembling voice the message from Gov. Letcher. A shout of applause soon hushed by a warning hand was followed by brief remarks from such professors who knew what war and its horrors meant. Maj. William Gilham, author of tactics and commandant of cadets, touched forcibly on the duties of the soldier. Col. Thomas H. Williamson, professor of engineering, and Col. J. T. L. Preston, professor of moral philosophy—all veterans of the Mexican war—advised and counseled as only those of experience and judgment would. Last, but not least, arose Maj. Jackson, instructor of artillery and the higher branches of mathematics. His utterances were short but decisive, and in that peculiar delivery of half pause, as if he weighed each word before it left those thin, closely compressed lips, he remarked: "Young gentlemen, you are about to engage in war. I have but one word of advice to give: Draw your swords and throw away your scabbards!" What prophetic words! Did those cold gray eyes pierce the shades of dim futurity and behold the fields of fierce conflict incarnadined with countless comrades that he would be called to command?

This godlike hero stood before us garbed in his professor's suit of blue, with saber strapped to his side, mild in manner as a child, so soon to be transformed into a thunderbolt of destruction and death! I can hardly find words to describe this man so grand, so taciturn, so simple in his daily duties, so devoted in his Christian character. I saw him in Dr. White's church (the Presbyterian, in Lexington), of which he was an elder, often leading in prayer; and at times with head bowed on his breast over folded arms, to all intent fast asleep, while the monotonous drawl of the old pastor painted the pictures of eternal damnation or everlasting salvation. I saw him plodding in

the gray twilight along the highway leading from his home to the barracks to lecture to his class on astronomy, meeting some truant cadet outside of parade limits who, with overcoat cape pulled overhead to conceal his identity, swiftly darted by the professor. He turned neither to the left nor right, profoundly absorbed in his meditations. I saw him charging at full speed on his sorrel horse down the line of battle, the visor of his little gray cap keeping time to the gait of his steed, and his arms akimbo beating a tattoo on his ribs. I saw him sitting astride his horse after the first conflict at Bull Run with a shattered finger bedabbled with blood; all unconscious he chatted with President Davis and Gen. Joe Johnston, who were watching the routed Federals from the Lewis house about 3 o'clock on that memorable July 21, 1861.

Here, when Bartow and Bee fell, holding in slender force the onslaught of McDowell's serried columns across the blackjack and pine-covered plateau—as they charged again and again up from Ludley's Ford, and Rickett's splendid battery of regulars sent shot and shrieking shell to clear their path—stood Jackson like a "stone wall" with his brigade of Virginians, which received then and there the baptismal name that will go ringing down through all time. What grand names! what glorious *sobriquets!*—Stonewall Jackson, the Stonewall Brigade, the Stonewall Battery (the Rockbridge Artillery).

I cannot let this opportunity pass without quoting from the official roster of the academy some few words from Gen. F. H. Smith of the early life of this singular and successful soldier.

He was born in Harrison County, Va., of a large and most influential family; and his early boyhood, if not oppressed by poverty, was a continual struggle from the straitened circumstances of his family, caused by loss of security money by his father, then a practicing lawyer in that section. Schools of an ordinary grade were inaccessible to his means; and such instruction as he received was obtained in the midst of severe demands for his labor on the farm, with the addi-



MISS ANN MARY TAYLOR, NICHOLASVILLE, KY.,
Sponsor for Kentucky Division. Daughter of George B. Taylor.

tional and most serious drawbacks of bad health and a feeble physical constitution.

In the winter of 1841-42 he became aware that a vacancy existed from his district in the United States Military Academy at West Point. He was fired at once with the desire to secure the appointment. He started for Washington, going partly on horseback, partly on foot, and then by public conveyances. His manner, his earnestness, his hopefulness all spoke for him. These were his credentials. The result was he returned home with his warrant in his pocket.

On the 1st of July, 1842, he was admitted a cadet in the United States Military Academy. His class was a large and distinguished one. Gens. McClellan, Foster, Reno, Stoneman, Couch, and Gibbon, of the Federal army; and Gen. A. P. Hill, George Pickett, Maury, R. D. Jones, W. D. Smith, and C. M. Wilcox, of the Confederate army, were among his classmates. He was at once brought into competition with young men of high cultivation; and, although it is doubtful whether he had seen a French book in his life, or a mathematical book, except his arithmetic, he was assigned to the fourth class, and entered upon the study of algebra, geometry, and French. At the end of his first year, in a class of seventy-two, he stood forty-fifth in mathematics, seventieth in French, had fifteen demerits, and was fifty-one in general merit. Such a standing would have discouraged an ordinary youth. Not so with young Jackson. He knew his early disadvantages. He was rather encouraged that he could sustain himself at all; and, stimulated by this hope and confidence, he pressed forward to the work of the next advanced class. Here the studies were more abstruse and more complicated; but when the examination came around he had risen to eighteenth in mathematics, fifty-second in French, was sixty-eighth in drawing, and fifty-fifth in English studies; had twenty-six demerits, and was thirtieth in general merit.

In the second class a new course of studies was presented him; and we see the result in the upward and onward march of this resolute youth, which, at the end of the year, placed him eleventh in natural philosophy, twenty-fifth in chemistry, fifty-ninth in drawing, with no demerit for the year; and in general merit he was twentieth.

In July, 1846, his class graduated, he standing twelfth in engineering, fifth in ethics, eleventh in artillery, twenty-first in infantry tactics, eleventh in mineralogy and geology. He had seven demerits for the year, and his graduating standing, including the drawbacks of the previous years, was seventeenth. The 1st of July finds him crowned with the honor of a graduate and the commission of brevet second lieutenant of artillery in the United States army.

Lieut. Jackson immediately reported for duty with his regiment, the First Artillery, and was soon after assigned to Magruder's Light Battery, then serving in Mexico. March 3, 1847, he was promoted to second lieutenant, and on August 20 of the same year to the rank of first lieutenant. On that day the battles of Contreras and Cherususco were fought; and for "his gallant and meritorious conduct in these battles" he was breveted a captain. The battle of Chapultepec was fought September 13, and he was breveted a major of artillery for meritorious conduct in that battle.

Thus, in the brief period of fourteen months, he had risen from a brevet second lieutenant to the rank of brevet major of artillery, a success without a parallel in the history of the Mexican war.

Capt. Magruder, in his official report, makes the following reference to him: "I beg leave to call the attention of the major general commanding the division to the conduct of Lieut. Jackson, of the First Artillery. If devotion, industry, talent, and gallantry are the highest qualities of a soldier, he is entitled to the distinction which their possession confers."

It is a singular coincidence that this report of Capt. (later Maj. Gen.) Magruder was addressed to one Capt. (later Maj. Gen.) Joe Hooker, who had abundant verification of its own accuracy in his own disastrous defeat at Chancellorsville.

This great commander must ever stand as an example for our youth to emulate, his whole success in life being summed up in three words: devotion to duty.

When the rout commenced I passed by Rickett's battery (four ten-pound Parrotts), and seeing a handsomely dressed officer with half his head shot away, I got off my horse and read his name on the waistband of his drawers—"Dug Ramsay." Probably some who reads this may recall his name, Lieut. Douglass Ram-

say, as I have since heard that he was a general favorite in and about Washington, and an officer of great promise in the regular army.

Near this same battery, in a little thicket of stunted pines, fell two gallant youths—Cadets Charles W. Moore and Charles H. Norris, of my class—Virginia's first victims of the noble band of young men who three months before left Lexington so full of hope and life. We had gone in a body to Camp Lee, at Richmond, to drill the troops before their being brigaded, and many secured positions as line and field officers that placed them in the line of promotion.

Having attached myself to Company G, of the First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, then stationed at Winchester, Va., and commanded by Col. J. E. B. Stuart, who afterwards rose to such eminence as lieutenant general of cavalry, the dashing and brilliant *sabreur*, the Ney of the Confederacy, I was soon called upon to witness many stirring scenes. Immediately near the regiment was camped the Rockbridge Battery, commanded by Rev. W. N. Pendleton, who afterwards rose to rank as brigadier general and chief of artillery on Gen. Lee's staff. This reverend gentleman could fight as well as pray, and when the battery was organized in Lexington by the young college students and citizens Dr. Pendleton was elected captain and furnished with the four brass six-pound guns that had been so long used by the cadets. They were soon replaced, however, by two twelve-pound Napoleons (brass) and two twenty-pound Parrott guns which were captured from Uncle Sam.

In the earlier part of July, 1861, we had quite a little fight with Pleasanton and Cadwallader at a place called (I believe) Falling Water. When Capt. Pendleton unlimbered and went into action he gave the command: "Ready! Fire, and may the Lord have mercy on their guilty souls!"

Being detailed to serve as courier to Gen. Joe Johnston, I was at his headquarters for several weeks, busily



MISS CORDELIA SHEPHERD, LYNCHBURG, VA.,
Maid of Honor for Texas Division. Daughter of Andrew Jackson Shepherd,
who was aid to J. E. B. Stuart and afterward to Gen. R. E. Lee.

occupied in carrying dispatches. He had his headquarters in an old brick residence surrounded by large oak trees, known as the Fauntleroy home.

During leisure hours I have watched, at a respectful



MISS EMMA GEORGE HEMMINGWAY, CARROLLTON, MISS.,
Sponsor for the Army of Tennessee Department. Granddaughter of the late
Senator James Z. George, of Mississippi.

distance, the different generals laughing and chatting over some of their earlier experience in the old army, either in the Mexican war or campaigns on the frontier against Mormons and Indians. One day in particular they got to chaffing each other as to equestrian skill, which finally resulted in a wager between Gens. Johnston and Evans, of South Carolina, nicknamed "Shank Evans." So at it they went, cavorting and careering around on their chargers around the giant oak trees to determine the question of superiority and skill. As I was not referee, I am ignorant as to whom was given the palm of victory, but in my own mind I decided in favor of Gen. Johnston, with whom I never saw any comparable in horsemanship save Gens. Earl Van Dorn and John C. Breckinridge.

About July 15 Johnston, having hoodwinked Cadwallader into ignorance of his movements to succor Beauregard at Manassas, quietly slipped off, and in three days placed his army in touch with that general, ready to meet McDowell. For three days I was on the gallop constantly, carrying dispatches from the commanding general to the different subordinates. Passing through the Piedmont gap of the Blue Ridge spur of mountains at Millwood, the home of venerable Bishop Mead, the pike on each side was lined with beautiful ladies who in summer dress vied each with the other in serving the sweltering soldiers with iced lemonade, fried chicken, and ham sandwiches. It looked more like a picnic than anything else—a land

flowing with milk and honey, so soon to be turned into desolation and despair, where two years later one of the leading Federal generals (Sheridan) boasted, "a crow flying over it would have to carry his rations." On the morning of the 18th the ball opened at Blackburn's Ford, the right of our line of battle. About 9 A. M. Gen. Johnston and staff were awaiting the passing of Gen. Wade Hampton's Legion of South Carolinians. We were drawn up by the side of the road, Blackburn's Ford being probably a mile farther in our front. The passing legion raised a heavy column of dust, visible a long distance off. A quiet hush pervaded the air and the troopers trotted briskly by, the only noise being the clash of scabbards against the sides of the steeds. Suddenly boom! boom! and as swiftly succeeded shriek after shriek of shell and solid shot from the Federal battery across Bull Run, a small tributary of the Occoquan River, that empties its waters into the Potomac.

Instinctively I dropped my head close to my horse's neck, imagining that my hour had come, while the deadly missiles whistled through the air several yards away. This fierce cannonading was continued for an hour or more, and was only a feint to cover the movements of heavy bodies of troops beyond Centerville, toward the west, where at Ludley's Ford, five miles away, the main effort was directed to turn our left flank. As this became apparent Gen. Johnston at once dashed off at a wild gallop for the left of the line of battle.

It was more like a fox chase, that terrific ride over hill and vale, stopping at no obstacle. Here was the battle ground where raged the carnage till three o'clock, when the disheartened Federals, with shattered columns, began their wild rout for Washington, the cry being "*Sauve qui peut!*" Wild cannoneers cut their horses' traces from guns, shouting frantically that the Black Horse Cavalry was on them. This was a noted troop of Virginia cavalry raised in Fauquier and an adjacent county, each of whom was mounted on a magnificent black horse, and was commanded by Turner and Dick Ashby, brothers, who afterwards became as famous as Mosby, the terror of scouting parties and foragers. The road along which struggled the maddened and fleeing Federals was a sight to behold. Ev-



MISS ETHEL BLANCHARD, SHREVEPORT, LA.,
Maid of Honor to the Sponsor for the Army of Tennessee.

everything that could lighten the load was thrown away. Knapsacks, guns, overturned cannons and caissons, commissary wagons loaded with the good things of life. Even the Washington hack was in evidence, in which a few short hours before rode Congressman Ely and



MISS FRANCES HOLLAND OSLIN, MURFREESBORO, TENN., Sponsor for Oklahoma Division. An enthusiastic Daughter of the Confederacy now living in Murfreesboro, Tenn.

a jovial party of friends to see the rebels routed, and the march "On to Richmond" was reversed to "On to Washington." We did not get the aforesaid Congressman, but we did get his beaver hat and his store of good brandy and cigars. Night settled on a victorious army, but ill prepared to follow its advantages, our commissariat being in no condition for a forward movement, and as many claim, the opportunity of the war was lost, as the moral effect of capturing the capital of the country would have been incalculable. However, that is part of history, which I am not attempting to write.

Utterly worn out and famished, I found my way back to headquarters, and after quite a time managed to get something to eat for myself and horse, and soon fell into oblivion, covered by my blanket. I awoke the next morning bright and early, to find myself half submerged in a pool of water, gathered during the night from a copious rainfall caused by the heavy cannonading of the previous day.

Not fancying cavalry service, I was transferred to the Rockbridge Artillery, then stationed at Centerville, a little village that had been occupied by the Federals just before the action of July 21. Before many days had gone by I was called to Tennessee, my native State, by Gov. Isham G. Harris, to report to Gen. Zollicoffer at Camp Trousdale, some forty-five miles north of Nashville.

Comrade G. G. Buchanan, writing from Chickasha, Ind. T., to T. R. Lickie, of Detroit, states:

I have just read your statement in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of the battle of Gaines's Mill. I have wondered through all these long thirty-seven years if there was a man living who belonged to the Sixteenth Michigan Regiment, and am glad to have found one.

I have often asserted that Hood's Texans were the first troops to enter the Union lines. I would not pluck one laurel from Pickett's brave boys, but at the same time we must give honor to whom honor is due. Anderson's Brigade was held in reserve over the brow of the hill in rear of Hood's Texans, and ordered to remain there until the line was broken. At the moment of the Rebel yell all were ordered forward, and over the works we went. Just on the ridge we captured a field piece mounted on two wheels, drawn by one horse and with shafts like a common dump cart. We supposed that was Gatling's first invention. At that time the smoke was so dense that the two lines came very near getting mixed. In making the countermarch it was my misfortune to fall over an old rail fence and sprain my ankle. This came near causing my capture. I was very close to your [the Federal] line, and could recognize who you were. I went straight to my colonel and told him the Yankees were marching right around us. He replied, "I guess you are mistaken, but I shall see who they are," stepping to the front as he spoke. To his question as to what troops they were the reply came: "Sixteenth Michigan." As quick as thought he ordered to fire. It was Jenkins' Palmetto Sharpshooters who did so much work in the ranks of the Sixteenth Michigan.

AN APPRECIATED LETTER.—A young lady of Nashville recently made a bookmark on which were embroidered the four Confederate flags, and sent it to an absent veteran friend. In thanking her the recipient wrote: "You very well know what it takes to capture my very warmest affections. Next after my wife and children and some dear friends, nothing of an earthly nature is nearer to my heart than the precious memories which cluster about the dear old Confederate cause and her flag."



MISS MARIE ESTELLE PATILLO, DECATUR, GA., Maid of Honor to Sponsor for Oklahoma Division.

THE OLD COAT OF GRAY.

It lies there alone; it is rusted and faded,
 With a patch on the elbow, a hole in the side;
 But we think of the brave boy who wore it, and ever
 Look on it with pleasure and touch it with pride,
 A history clings to it; over and over
 We see a proud youth hurried on to the fray,
 With his frame like the oak's and his eye like the eagle's,
 How gallant he rode in the ranks of "The Gray."

It is rough, it is worn, it is tattered in places,
 But I love it the more for the story it bears—
 A story of courage in struggle with sorrows,
 And a breast that bore bravely its burden of cares,
 It is ragged and rusty, but once it was shining
 In the silkiest sheen when he wore it away,
 And his face was as bright as the smile of the morning
 When he sprang to his place in the ranks of "The Gray."

There's a rip in the sleeve and the collar is tarnished,
 The buttons all gone with their glitter and gold;
 'Tis a thing of the past, and we reverently lay it
 Away with the treasures and relics of old,
 As the gifts of love, solemn, sweet, and unspoken,
 And cherished as leaves from a long-vanished day,
 We will keep the old coat for the sake of the loved one
 Who rode in the van in the ranks of "The Gray."

Shot through with a bullet—right here in the shoulder,
 And down there the pocket is splintered and soiled;
 Ah! more—see the lining is stained and discolored!
 Yes, blood drops the texture have stiffened and spoiled,
 It came when he rode at the head of the column,
 Charging down in the battle one deadliest day,
 When squadrons of foemen were broken asunder,
 And victory rode with the ranks of "The Gray."

Its memory is sweetest and sorrow commingled;
 To me it is precious—more precious than gold;
 In the rent and the shot hole a volume is written,
 In the stains of the lining is agony told,
 That was long years ago, when in life's sunny morning
 He rode with his comrades down into the fray,
 And the old coat he wore and the good sword he wielded
 Were all that came back from the ranks of "The Gray."

And it lies here alone, I will reverence it ever—
 The patch in the elbow, the hole in the side
 For a gallanter heart never breathed than the loved one
 Who wore it with honor and soldierly pride,
 Let me brush off the dust from its tatter and tarnish,
 Let me fold it up closely and lay it away—
 It is all that remains of the loved and the lost one
 Who fought for the right in the ranks of "The Gray."

Writing from Keown, Pa., Comrade J. C. Hartman commends the VETERAN in the following pleasant way: "The VETERAN is just what I have been looking for for many years. Often I have wondered why we old soldiers of the Confederate States of America, who are beginning to live so much in the past, had nothing with which to refresh our memories and our children of the trials and struggles endured by their fathers and mothers during the great war. We have histories and books about our leaders, but we need avenues for privates, and the young folks find many of their histories dull reading, especially in the North, where they are naturally influenced by their surroundings. I wait for the VETERAN like the little boys wait for Christmas."

Adjutant J. F. Hite, Secretary and Treasurer of the Daviess County Confederate Association, Owensboro, Ky.: "The Rico E. Graves Camp was organized March 12, 1898, with a membership of forty-two. A charter was secured in May following. Dr. C. H. Todd was elected commander, and J. F. Hite, adjutant.

Richard O'Neale, at the first call for volunteers in South Carolina, while just a youth of seventeen, enlisted in the Richland Rifle Company, under Capt. Daniel Miller, from Columbia, S. C. In the battle of Fort Sumter the Fifteenth Regiment, to which his company belonged, was stationed on one of the adjacent islands and stood the terrific shelling from the United States gunboats.



LIEUT. RICHARD O'NEALE.

Lieut. O'Neale went through the entire Virginia campaign. He was aid to Col. William De Saussure, of the Fifteenth South Carolina Regiment, when that officer was killed, and bore his body from the field. O'Neale was captured and made prisoner with other Confederates after the battles in the Valley of Virginia, but made his escape and rejoined his command. He was sent by the government to Atlanta to collect and forward to their respective commands the many soldiers who were scattered from their companies and regiments during those disastrous days when the curtain was falling over the sad drama.

The end of the war found Adj. O'Neale, like all Southern young men, with only his energy as his capital. He has filled numerous responsible and important positions for his city (Columbia) and State. No braver or truer soldier fought for the great cause.

Capt. M. C. House, Company H, Eighth North Carolina Regiment, writes from Panola, Ark.: "I was captured and recaptured three times at a battle fought on April 10, 1864, five miles east of Petersburg, Va., on the Weldon Railroad. The second time I was captured a Yankee officer wrote his address and handed it to me in the heat of battle, saying he would assist me if I would write to him from prison. I lost the address.

G. Garwood, Bellefontaine, O., writes:

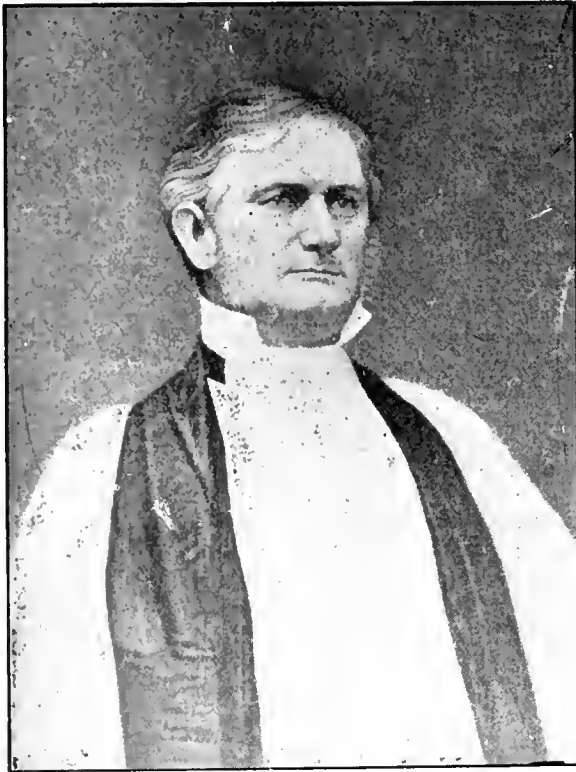
I should like to know the name of the lady who entertained fifteen or twenty Confederate soldiers at a little town on the railroad leading from Vicksburg to Jackson, Miss.—Clinton, I think—about September 25, 1862. We had recently been exchanged at Vicksburg and sent to Jackson, then to out near Clinton, where we camped for two weeks. One day a beautiful lady, accompanied by her little daughter, came to our camp and entertained us with the most beautiful music I have ever heard. Who was she?

About June 20, 1865, we were on our way home from Little Rock, and had gotten as far as Memphis. There a company of ladies were giving entertainments for the benefit of Confederate soldiers who were trying to get home. There were about sixteen of us, and each was given a Panama hat, an alpaca coat, linen pants, and a white shirt. One lady (Mrs. Smith) was especially kind, and gave us provisions and deck passage to St. Louis. I should like to know of that Mrs. Smith

LEONIDAS POLK, BISHOP AND GENERAL.

The life of this illustrious Southerner has been recorded in a work of two volumes, by his son, William M. Polk, M. D., LL. D., now of New York City. Aside from its value as a faithful portrayal of the character and achievements of one of the Confederacy's most distinguished generals, the book possesses valuable historic interest. It gives authentic accounts of the campaigns in which Gen. Polk took vital part—campaigns that are among the most significant ones of the war. Though writing from the standpoint of an admiring and affectionate son, and though finding ready, and we believe adequate, explanation of every incident where jealousy or misunderstanding incited criticism of Gen. Polk, the author exercises taste and fairness in presenting the facts from both points of view.

Of Gen. Polk's ancestors much that is interesting is



BISHOP POLK.

related. He sprang from an adventurous race of pioneers. His grandfather, Thomas Polk, was one of the most prominent men of his time—a leader in the Mecklenburg declaration of independence, a master spirit in the preparations for the Revolution. He served under Washington with distinction, and died in 1793. His son William was the father of Leonidas Polk, and also made a brilliant record as a soldier. He bore the rank of lieutenant colonel until the war closed, and when peace again settled over the country he became an influential citizen of Tennessee, in which State he owned vast estates. He was a contemporary of Andrew Jackson, with whom he enjoyed a warm personal friendship. In the beginning of the first volume this incident is related, which illustrates the tenderness in the character of Lieut. Col. Polk:

"At the battle of Germantown, near the close of the action [then] Maj. Polk was shot in the mouth whilst in the act of giving command. In the same battle his brigade commander, Gen. Francis Nash, was mortally wounded, and the parting between the young soldier and his dying general was sorrowful indeed. 'The last time I ever saw Gen. Nash,' said Col. Polk to a friend in 1826, 'was on the battlefield of Germantown. He was being borne from the field on a litter. I had just been shot in the mouth, and could not speak. I motioned the bearers of the litter to stop. They did so, and I approached to offer my hand to Nash. He was blind and almost in syncope from loss of blood, but when he was told that William Polk was standing near him, so wounded that he could not speak, Nash held out his hand and said: 'Good-by, Polk. I am mortally wounded.'"

In 1823 Leonidas received an appointment to the academy at West Point and expressed his pleasure and high appreciation of the career which seemed open before him in a letter addressed to his father on March 10 of that year. Of his early West Point life his biographer says: "Even among his friends an impression has prevailed that at least during his first year as a cadet he was gay, high-spirited, not particularly studious, not too scrupulously observant of the rules of discipline, and quite too ready at times to join in the escapades in which the virtue of moderation was forgotten." The author discredits this impression, continuing: "That the lad was high-spirited and frolicsome there is little doubt, but the standing he held in his class sufficiently proves that he was not idle," etc.

His sudden and fixed conversion to the Christian religion and his subsequent determination to enter the ministry of the Episcopal Church were not less the cause of profound astonishment to his fellow-cadets than to his father, whose full approval of the step he never quite gained. His career in the new capacity was successful, and he wielded the wide influence that such a personality merited. He worked faithfully and effectively in the fields assigned to him until impaired health compelled him to take a European tour. Returning, he determined to try farming in Tennessee. But business was always secondary to his burning ambition and earnest endeavors to be influential in the noble profession he had chosen. It was after the death of his father that he was appointed missionary bishop of the Southwest. The responsibilities and arduous duties devolved upon him from this office he bore with cheerfulness. He settled in Louisiana, of which State he was elected bishop in 1841. His wife inheriting a large number of slaves, Bishop Polk embarked in the hazardous enterprise of sugar planting. The multiplicity of his Church duties, epidemics of yellow fever and cholera, caused the failure of the business and the loss of Leighton, the Louisiana home. He subsequently purchased cotton lands in Mississippi and moved his family to New Orleans. There it was he first conceived the idea of the establishment of the University of the South. Success in this magnificent undertaking had been but partially attained when the approach of secession demanded his earnest attention and deepest thought. Believing, after careful and prayerful consideration, that it was his duty to take up arms in defense of the South, Bishop Polk offered his serv-

ices to the Confederacy in May, 1861. In this connection the following paragraph from the book is quoted:

"Profound satisfaction at the step Polk had taken was felt and expressed on all sides. . . . As he was descending the steps of the capitol at Richmond an acquaintance stopped to congratulate him upon his 'promotion.' 'Pardon me,' said Polk gravely, 'I do not consider it a promotion. The highest office on earth is that of a bishop in the Church of God.' Another friend half seriously exclaimed to him: 'What! You, a bishop, throw off the gown for the sword?' 'No, sir,' was the instant reply, 'I buckle the sword over the gown.' In this laconic phrase the sentiment and purpose in taking arms as a soldier were truly as well and felicitously expressed, and they were never changed. Only a few days before he fell, on Pine Mountain, he said to a friend: 'I feel like a man whose house is on fire, and who has left his business to put it out. As soon as the war is over I shall return to my proper calling.'"

He took service only to meet the temporary emergency for which the "provisional army" under his command was organized. He consented to command it only until a suitable successor could be found, and as soon as he thought it expedient he applied for a release. This was not granted, nor was his resignation which was sent later, accepted. Those highest in power realized his worth and believed that the cause would have suffered from his release.

In the second volume Gen. Polk's military life is fully reviewed, and will be found intensely interesting even to a casual reader.

Assuming the command assigned him in June, 1861, he had to undergo the criticism of some of the Southern bishops—a criticism which he bore and overcame, as he did the subsequent unpleasantness in his military life, with a calm, if regretful mind, and conscious that he had done what he believed to be his duty.

In this work no attempt is made to conceal or to defend the strained relations between Gen. Braxton Bragg and Gen. Polk. So sure is the author of the complete rectitude and irreproachable conduct at all times of his father that he quotes fully and freely from the private letters and official reports of those in a position to know both sides of the little differences between the commanding general and Lieut. Gen. Polk. Under the caption, "Gen. Bragg Outgeneraled," an incident is related where Gen. Polk disregarded an order from Gen. Bragg. The author goes elaborately into detail about this affair, which was the cause of much comment, and the point is made that Gen. Bragg issued the order with but an imperfect understanding of the enemy's position. It is further shown that the action of Gen. Polk on that occasion was approved by a council of war, including division commanders, whom he called together for consultation. The misunderstandings between them are frequently referred to, and the author clearly believes and often implies that on more than one occasion Gen. Bragg did his father injustice. He steps aside, it would seem, to go into details about the widespread discontent in the army of Tennessee, and about the numerous requests for Bragg's removal from command. He gives various reasons, quoted from several sources, for this removal, and dismisses the question of Bragg's retention by the President in this short paragraph, thereby weak-

ing an otherwise strong book: "It was plain that the general officers of the army preferred a change of commanders, few of them having confidence in Bragg's ability to command an army. The question of a successor was evidently the one of greater perplexity to Mr. Davis. He therefore decided to face what he considered the lesser, and retain Gen. Bragg in command." Gen. Bragg's shortcomings are cited through many pages (at Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, in the Tullahoma campaign), and yet in the end Dr. Polk pays that commander this just tribute: "And it must also be said that, in spite of Gen. Bragg's conspicuous failure as commander of an army in the field, and his evident inability to accept and face the ill results of his own official acts, yet in all matters touching his private duty to the cause of the South he was unselfishness itself. No man loved it better, no man gave it more devoted service, none laid his all upon the altar more ungrudgingly, and no one would have laid down his life for it more cheerfully."

At the instigation of Gen. Bragg Gen. Polk was suspended from command, but upon investigation was reinstated and sent to one of the most important commissions in the army.

Through all of his efficient service in the Confederate army Gen. Polk never for an instant forgot his prior calling to the service of the Church, and everywhere—in battle or camp, as a host or as a guest—we find him teaching the beautiful lessons of religion and making his comrades better and braver for having known him. In line with this thought an incident is quoted: "While on his way to Resaca he went with Gen. Hood to Dalton to report to Gen. Johnston. While en route Gen. Hood signified to Gen. Polk his desire to be baptized into the communion of the Episcopal Church, and it was arranged that the rite should be performed the same evening. They went to Gen. Hood's quarters, a room simply furnished, with a mess table and four chairs, and dimly lighted by a sin-



DR. WILLIAM M. POLK.

gle candle. It was then occupied by a group of staff-officers. The simple preparations for the baptism were quickly made. The gallant and sorely wounded soldier, who could not kneel without great difficulty, was



MISS LOUISIA SCREVEN CHISOLM,

Sponsor for Alabama Division at Charleston. Of distinguished Revolutionary ancestry and a native of South Carolina.

told that he might sit; but he arose and, leaning on his crutches, reverently bowed his head, to be signed with the sign of the cross by the Bishop of Louisiana. . . . A few days later, after the usual conference with his corps commanders, Gen. Johnston was baptized. Kneeling in his tent with but the four present, the Bishop fulfilled his wish, the witnesses being Gens. Hardee and Hood."

Not a small portion of the work is given up to the letters which Leonidas Polk sent to his family. These show more clearly than anything else could possibly show the beauty and earnestness of his character. From the book itself this account of his tragic death is taken:

"The morning of Tuesday, June 14, 1864, dawned clear, and the rainy season seemed to be over. . . . Gen. Johnston arrived soon after 8 A. M. Gen. Polk mounted and rode with him to the headquarters of Gen. Hardee who was to join them in the examination [of Pine Mountain]. On reaching the crest of the hill the spectators had a full view of the surrounding country, over which sunshine and shadow moved, keeping pace with the slowly drifting clouds. Both lines of battle were plainly visible. Bodies of men could be seen, busy with ax and spade. Guns were being placed in position. Groups of men could be distinguished moving behind the lines. The adjacent fields were white with the covers of a thousand wagons. In the distance to the front lay the hills of Etowah; to the right, the peaks of Kennesaw. The constant firing of the heavy lines of skirmishers was reinforced here and there by the guns of some battery, whose position

was marked by the white smoke which in the still air settled about it. All combined to make the scene one of unusual beauty and grandeur. In the enthusiasm of the moment some of the officers stood on the parapet and exposed themselves to the gaze of hostile eyes. The men of the battery vainly warned them of their danger. . . . Gen. Polk walked to the crest of the hill, and, entirely exposed, turned himself round as if to take a farewell view. Folding his arms across his breast he stood intently gazing on the scene below. While he thus stood a cannon ball crashed through his breast, and, opening a wide door, let free that indomitable spirit. He fell upon his back, with his feet to the foe."

D. W. Gatlin, Clerk Hopkins Circuit Court, Madisonville, Ky.:

In the early spring of 1865 eight Confederate soldiers were passing through the southwestern part of this county, and stopped with Mr. George Ligon for dinner. While eating they were surprised by a company of Federals, commanded by Sam Johnson. Four of these brave Confederates were killed. The others escaped. They were all Texans. The names of only two of the dead could be ascertained: Colley McCardwell, whose father was a wealthy Texan, and a Mr. Almon. The four dead were buried about four miles south of Nebo, where they remained until about two years ago, when they were taken up and brought to this place and reinterred in the Odd Fellows' cemetery. This was done by the following brave men, who fought under Gen. John Morgan: J. M. Stevens, J. L. Sims, Thomas Wingo, and William Barton. Mr. Stephens found seven brass buttons bearing an eagle and the letter "I" in the dust of what was once brave Colley McCardwell.

E. E. Rankins, Canon City, Colo., writes that, through the influence of the VETERAN, he has just heard from a well-known comrade from whom he parted in 1865, and never before heard.



MISS JULIA VELMA ENSLEN, OF BIRMINGHAM, ALA.,
Maid of Honor to Alabama's Sponsor at Charleston.

LONG-DELAYED LETTER.

The *Corpus-Christi* (Tex.) *Caller* states that Mr. R. G. Blossman, of that city, has just received a letter that has been thirty-three years reaching its destination. It was written to his mother by his brother,



MISS LOUISE McFADDEN, OF CHESTER, S. C.,
Sponsor for Walker-Gaston Camp No. 821 at Charleston reunion.

Mr. F. E. Blossman. It described the hardships and the fearful scenes and struggles on the battlefields of that memorable Georgia campaign in 1864. The author was killed about a month after writing the letter, and his mother never received it, though she lived nearly twenty-one years after its date. The envelope was addressed to Mr. Blossman's father, who died many years ago. On the upper left-hand corner is the following: "F. E. Blossman, Company A, Sixth Texas Infantry, Cleburne's Division." Across the letter is written: "Captured by the U. S. Ship Curlew on the night of July 19, 1864, at Rodney, Miss., with a large Rebel mail." The long-delayed letter was sent to Mr. Blossman through the efforts of Mrs. H. S. Stanfield, Vice President of the Northern Indiana Historical Society, South Bend, Ind., who at one of the meetings gave an account of it. It was found among the effects of A. Beal, which were turned over to the Historical Society. Mr. Stanfield wrote to the postmaster at Victoria, and through him opened a correspondence with R. G. Blossman, residing at Corpus Christi, Tex. How interesting it would have been to the mother! It is a characteristic Confederate letter.

NEAR CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER, GA., July 8, 1864.

Dear Ma: Another chance offers itself to write to Texas, and according to my promise I do so, although I have not much to tell you. You see by the heading of this that we have again fallen back. Fall back and fight, fight and fall back, is the order of the day. God only knows how this thing is to terminate. No one can tell the end of this campaign, and I am beginning to think it will terminate as did that of last year, which ended with Chickamauga. In my last letter I wrote you of the armistice we had made with the Yankee

skirmishers. The next day I was on the skirmish line and loafing around in the woods when the Yankees broke through the armistice. You should have seen me "skeeet" for our picket lines. The Yanks acted fairly with our boys, telling them to look out before firing a volley into the tree tops. After the first round they shot close, so a fellow had to keep covered. The firing lasted about half an hour, when both parties ceased firing and the rest of the day passed off quietly. Since then I have been in but one fracas, and that was on the 4th. The Yankee band had been playing all day, and about one o'clock one of their buglers sounded the charge. We all looked to the front, and soon saw our skirmishers just tearing through the woods. Company A was ordered out to support them, and we went at double-quick. It was about four hundred yards to the skirmishers' works, and we were anxious to get there before too many Yanks got into them. When we arrived within one hundred yards of the works we saw that some of our skirmishers were trying to form a line. It was in an old field. The Yanks were in our works and some of them behind trees between us and the works. We deployed, raised a strong yell, and went at them. When we got to the works all we found was two Yankee knapsacks, two guns, and a haversack full of hard-tack and bacon. We did not get a man hurt in the charge. All remained quiet until about six o'clock in the evening, when the Yanks concluded to try us again. They came with the best yell I ever heard come out of Yankee throats, and at first I really thought they meant to interest us but when they came within a hundred yards our boys answered with a shout of defiance. This angered the Yanks, and the officers commenced shouting: "Forward, men! forward!" Our men answered by shouting: "Come on, boys! come on!" Just then a Dutch officer shouted to the Yanks, "Trow away de knapsacks!" and our men shouted not to throw them off, as we wanted them. The Yanks could not see the light, and more and they hid



MISS JOSEPHINE WINDER, OF FORT SMITH, ARK.,
Sponsor for Ben T. Duval Camp at Atlanta reunion.

down in the bottom of a gulley. The last command given by the Yanks was to hold that line. We knew where they were, and commenced firing on them, and about five minutes later the Yanks had gone and our videttes were in about a hundred yards of our works. One dead Yank and another who was mortally wounded fell into our hands. The one killed was as brave a man as ever lived. He was within seventy yards of us, loading his gun, perfectly cool, when five or six of the boys pulled down on him and killed him. The Yank that was wounded, as soon as he fell, shouted out to us that it was useless for us to fight them, as they were too strong for us, but we soon showed him his mistake. He died in an hour or two, having been shot through the body. Thus ended the fourth day for us. We lost none from our company, but one company of the Fifteenth lost six. They lost their men when they ran for the first time. Had they stood their ground, they would not have lost a man. While the fight was going on I could not help but think what a strange sight it would be to you and many others to see men telling others to come on to meet a sure death. . . . Col. Garland is again in charge of the regiment. He had been under arrest for some time. Gen. Granbery was in camp to-day. He has been quite sick, but says he can take command again in eight or ten days. The boys were all glad to see him, for we all like him very much—in fact, as well as we like our brave Gen. Deshler, than whom a better, kinder man never lived. None of us like Gen. S—; he is brave as a lion but mean as a hyena. I am the only private he has ever spoken to in the brigade. We will be glad to get rid of him. A petition is to be sent to "Old Joe" (Gen. Johnston) to let us have Granbery. Another of the good men of the old Sixth was wounded day before yesterday—my old friend Kuhlenshal. I was looking at him when he was struck. He took it quite coolly, and went hobbling off to the rear. It would surprise you to see how few of our regiment are left. God

grant that this war may end soon, for it is using men up fast. Out of our eight regiments, I think we have but about eight hundred men for duty. Most of these, however, are good men, for they have been tried. . . . There is no news in the papers of late, and I am not going to write you any of the camp rumors, for there is generally more that is false than true in them. All



MISS LULU CASSELS LAKE, JOHNSON, S. C.,
Maid of Honor for South Carolina. Daughter of the comrade who had the
VETERAN made the official organ of the United Confederate Veterans.

we must or can do is to beg of God Almighty to help us in this our time of need. O, how I wish I were a good Christian! When we were ordered out on the 4th to drive back the Yanks I thought that many of us would be hurt. I had no time to think much, so just asked God to shield me, and went ahead. You must continue your prayers for me, for God surely listens to our prayers. He has shielded me more than once, and has given me health, strength, and courage to do my duty. I hope the day is not far distant when we shall meet in our loved home, to be happy together once more. Tell pa never to let the Yanks catch him, for if they do I fear he will be ill used. I will write to him soon. I have been waiting until I could tell him that Sherman had been defeated, but he won't fight as long as he can flank, and he has too many men for us to attack him. Love and kisses to all at home. Good-by, and God bless you! Believe me, ever your affectionate son,
FRANK.

Mrs. Letitia A. Nutt, Los Angeles, Cal., inquires for the sword of Capt. L. M. Nutt, of the Red River Rangers. The sword was left by him with a family named Alexander, living in Charlotte, North Carolina, where his company was at the surrender. He had been quite sick, and Mrs. Alexander had been very kind to him.



MISS S. KENNEDY, CHESTER, S. C.,
Sponsor for Walker-Gaston Camp at State reunion, Charleston, April, 1898.

AT STONEWALL JACKSON'S TOMB.

BY BURTON T. DOYLE, FOR THE VETERAN.

Ah, here is Valor's sepulcher!
 The god of war lies buried here.
 The matchless skill of his career
 Makes former foe now worshiper!
 Truth's champions in this concur:
 He was a dauntless cavalier
 Of martial genius, and no peer
 In feats of war and might to stir!
 He made weak nerves as strong as steel,
 And faint hearts followed where he led.
 He filled his army with a zeal
 That never died till he was dead!
 But when he fell all Dixie reeled,
 And when he died her doom was sealed!

GAINES'S MILL.

Gen. Eppa Hunton writes of the Virginians there :

I have been very much interested in the descriptions of the battle of Gaines's Mill, on June 27, 1862, that have appeared in the October and December numbers of the VETERAN. I beg to add my recollections of that day which shed so much glory on the Army of Northern Virginia.

Believing the conflict between Gen. Lee and Gen. McClellan was imminent, against the protest of my physician I left my sick bed and joined my regiment, the gallant Eighth Virginia, on June 26, then encamped on the Mechanicsville turnpike. On the 27th Pickett's Brigade, afterwards mine, marched toward Gaines's Mill. The Eighth and Eighteenth Regiments were placed behind a little skirt of woods. The Nineteenth, Twenty-Eighth, and Fifty-Sixth Regiments were in the open field to our left—all out of sight of and protected from the enemy, commanded by Gen. Fitz John Porter, who held in our front a position exceedingly strong. They were in three lines, the first in a ravine cut out by a small stream of water. This was both wide and deep, and afforded complete protection. Beyond this the ground, covered with wood, rose quite rapidly and about a hundred yards from the ravine was another line protected by felled trees, etc. A hundred yards further on was a third line, protected in like manner. To charge the enemy we had to pass over the summit and down a hill some hundred yards through an open field to the ravine. This exposed the charging column to the fire of these three lines and artillery stationed behind them. Other brigades had charged this position and were repulsed with heavy loss.

Pickett was then ordered in. The Eighth and Eighteenth marched from the woods and aligned on the other regiments of the brigade, all protected then by the summit of the hill in front. It was late in the afternoon when Pickett gave the order to advance. The order was obeyed with a gallantry scarcely ever surpassed even by that brigade. As soon as this advancing brigade reached the summit of the hill it was met by a storm of shot and shell I never saw exceeded except in the famous charge of Pickett's men at Gettysburg.

The fire on our lines was so severe it caused a temporary halt. This lasted but a few moments, when the brigade rushed like an avalanche on the Federal lines, and carried each in succession. The charge down the hill to the first line was very disastrous to the brigade. Pickett fell, and Withers, colonel of the Eighteenth Regiment, fell, both severely wounded. The loss of the brigade was not heavy after the ravine was reached and taken.

After Pickett's fall the command of the brigade devolved on me as senior colonel, though I was not informed of his fall until the lines were carried.

After carrying the three lines, we confronted a battalion of artillery. Its fire was very destructive, and my regiment, being somewhat in advance, was halted a moment till the other regiments of the brigade came up, and then the brigade charged and captured the artillery. At that moment other of our troops came up obliquely on our left and assisted in the capture. This was the gallant command of the heroic Hood, who also assisted the brigade in meeting and repulsing a cavalry

GEN. LEE'S APPEAL FOR PROVISIONS.

In the Veterans' Hall in Washington City, among many other valuable and interesting souvenirs, there is the original of Lee's last appeal to the citizens of Amelia County, upon his arrival there with his army and failing to find any provisions. This appeal was recently copied in the *Mount Jackson (Va.) Journal*, and is as follows :

AMELIA C. H., April 4, 1865.

TO THE CITIZENS OF AMELIA COUNTY, VA.

The Army of Northern Virginia arrived here to-day, expecting to find plenty of provisions, which had been ordered to be placed here by the railroad several days since, but to my great surprise and regret I find not a pound of subsistence for man or horse. I must therefore appeal to your generosity and charity to supply as far as each one is able the wants of the brave soldiers who have battled for your liberty for four years. We require meat, beef, cattle, sheep, hogs, flour, meal, corn, and provender in any quantity that can be spared. The quartermaster of the army will visit you and make arrangements to pay for what he receives or give the proper vouchers or certificates. I feel assured that all will give to the extent of their means.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

WANTED A FINGER WOUND.—J. B. Howard, of Holly Springs, Miss., writing that nearly every company in the Confederate army had some good-natured, witty fellows who kept the boys' spirits up on the long marches and even on the battlefield, illustrates :

We had one in Company H, Forty-Fourth Mississippi Regiment, in Private Gullick. I was sergeant in the company. Just before we struck the Federal lines at Shiloh Gullick said to me: "Sergeant from the looks of things around here we are going to have some fun. I don't like to take chances—I might get hurt. I would give a thousand dollars for a shot in my hand, so I could get a furlough." As we advanced up the hill we met the wounded from the first line coming back thick and fast. Among the number, one youthful-looking little fellow came down the hill, shot through the hand, his fingers dangling. The line opened to let the little Confederate through to the rear. Gullick discovered him and halloed out, saying the same to him that he had said to me, when the brave little fellow, with tears trickling down his cheeks, replied: "Go up the hill where I have been, and the Yanks will give you one and won't charge you a cent." Poor Gullick was killed in the Georgia campaign. No truer nor braver man ever lived.

charge which was made soon afterwards. This ended the fight, one of the most glorious of the war.

The gallantry of Pickett's men in this fight was never excelled except by themselves in the memorable charge at Gettysburg. I remained with and commanded the brigade till McClellan was driven to the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing.

This is a plain but veritable statement of the action of Pickett's Brigade at Gaines's Mill, and sustains in all important particulars the statement of Lieut. Joseph Cooper in your November number. He was a gallant officer of the Eighth Virginia Infantry, and is now a most worthy and useful citizen.

After the seven days' fights Gen. Longstreet gave me sick leave, and for this reason I made no report of Pickett's Brigade in those memorable fights, which relieved the city of Richmond from a state of siege and drove the besieging army from its front.

Col. Strange, of the Nineteenth Virginia Infantry, who commanded the brigade after I left, on July 15,



GEN. EPPA HUNTON.

1862, made a report of this battle which in general terms corresponds with what I have written. See "Official Records of War of the Rebellion," Series I., Vol. XI., Part II., page 767. He reports the loss of the brigade in that fight at 426, including 41 officers, out of a total of 1,481.

Gen. Longstreet, in his report of this battle, found in same volume, page 757, says:

"The attack was begun by Gen. A. P. Hill's Division. My troops were drawn up in lines massed behind the crest of a hill and behind a small wood, three brigades in each position, and held as a reserve. We had not been in position long before I received an urgent message from the commanding general to make a diversion in favor of the attacking columns. The three brigades under Wilcox were at once ordered forward against the enemy's left flank with this view. Pickett's Brigade, making a diversion on the left of these brigades, developed the strong position and force of the enemy in my front, and I found I must drive him

by direct assault or abandon the idea of a diversion. From the urgent nature of the message from the commanding general and my own peculiar position, I determined to change the feint into an attack, and orders for a general advance were issued. Gen. Anderson's brigade was divided, part supporting Pickett in the direct assault."

Again he says on the same page: "No battlefield can boast of more gallantry and devotion." On the next page he says: "There was more individual gallantry displayed on this field than any I have ever seen. Conspicuous among these were Anderson, Whiting, Wilcox, Pickett, and others."

Gen. Whiting, in his report of this battle (same volume, page 563), says: "Men were skulking from the front in a shameful manner. The woods on our left and rear were full of troops in safe cover, from which they never stirred, but on the right Pickett's Brigade was moving gallantly up."

This account is fully sustained by the beautiful tribute paid to Pickett's Brigade at Gaines's Mill by George Wise, of Alexandria, Va., in your December number. He was a member of Kemper's gallant brigade, which supported Pickett's. He was in a position to know what Pickett's Brigade did, with no interest to magnify its conduct.

Dr. Dabney, in his life of "Stonewall Jackson," page 453, says: "Farther to the Confederate right Longstreet was bringing up his division simultaneously to storm this desperate line, and after other brigades had recoiled, broken by a fire under which it seemed impossible that any troops could live, was just sending in his never-failing reserve—Pickett's veteran brigade."

I might multiply the evidences of the heroic conduct of Pickett's Brigade in this fight, but think enough has been given to excuse the assertion of Lieut. Cooper when he says: "The charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg 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."

I do not maintain that the conduct of Pickett's Brigade at Gaines's Mill equaled that at Gettysburg, but I do maintain that at Gaines's Mill it came almost up to its heroic charge at Gettysburg.

In this statement I do not mean, and I am sure Lieut. Cooper did not, to cast any reflection on the conduct of the brave men under the intrepid Wilcox on our right or those under the heroic Hood on our left. These troops no doubt acted with conspicuous bravery and carried in gallant style the enemy's positions in their front. What I do mean is that Pickett's Brigade, unaided, carried what Gen. Longstreet termed "the strong position and force of the enemy in my front."

I have written you a long communication, Brother VETERAN. I felt it was due to the brave men of this gallant brigade who fought with me from First Manassas almost to Appomattox, and surrendered at Sailor's Creek on the 6th of April, 1865, when completely surrounded.

ANDERSON'S BRIGADE AT GAINES'S MILL.

James A. Hoyt, Greenville, S. C.:

In the February VETERAN a Federal soldier reports the part borne by his brigade on the extreme left of

their line in the battle of Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862. I was a member of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, who captured the flag of the Sixteenth Michigan, to which Mr. Lackie belonged. He is mistaken in stating that R. H. Anderson's Brigade in that fight was commanded by Col. Micah Jenkins (not Jennings, as he has it). Anderson's Brigade was composed of South Carolinians, and the five regiments are properly designated, except the Fourth, which was only a battalion at that time. The Second Rifles had arrived only a few weeks before from South Carolina, and were participating for the first time in an engagement. This brigade was one of three in Longstreet's original division, as it was organized at Centerville, and had been held in reserve all the afternoon. Gen. Longstreet states: "It was near sundown when this reserve was sent forward to reclaim the day, which was then well-nigh lost, but the severe fighting had thinned the enemy's ranks and fouled their guns so greatly that our last charge won the field, which gave the victory to the Confederates and compelled Gen. McClellan to make for his gunboats on the James River."

In going forward with the assaulting column Anderson's Brigade was on the extreme right of the Confederate line, and dashed down the slope and into the ravine, above which were the enemy's batteries and lines of infantry with temporary intrenchments. Anderson pressed up the steep ascent across the ravine and met with little resistance, although under a constant fire, while the battle was raging with more vigor on our left, where Hood's and Pickett's Brigades were engaging the Federals. We pressed to the front in pursuit of broken lines which were moving toward the main body of McClellan's army, and hence getting in

front of Hood and Pickett, who drove everything before them. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The sun had set, and the smoke of battle was drifting off to the valley of the Chickahominy, just beneath the hill up which we had charged.

Gen. Anderson, with the gallant Sixth, the Second



MISS AILFEN COOPER, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.
Maid of Honor for Florida at Charleston reunion, 1864

Rifles, and the Fourth Battalion, moved straight forward for several hundred yards after we reached the open on the crest of the hill, and he had directed Col. Micah Jenkins, of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, to take his own command and the Fifth South Carolina, under Col. Jackson, and move toward the Chickahominy in order to protect the right flank of Lee's army. It was not imagined that there were any Federals in that vicinity, but it was rapidly nearing night, and at the time was accepted only as a wise precaution which soon resulted in a brisk and decided engagement. Stockton's Sixteenth Michigan Regiment, and the Eighty-Third Pennsylvania, under Col. John W. McLane, had been completely cut off from their army by our movement, and Col. Stockton assumed command of the semibrigade, undertaking to extricate it from that perilous position. His troops came from the woods on the slope toward the Chickahominy, and it was supposed that he was seeking an escape down the valley under cover of the smoky atmosphere and the fast falling shades of evening. Col. Jackson, with the Fifth South Carolina, was on the crest of the hill, and he reported at once to Col. Jenkins that troops were moving out from the woods on our right. In a few minutes the head of the column was visible to the Palmetto Sharpshooters, a hundred yards down the hill. Col. Jenkins instantly prepared to give battle if necessary, and it was a magnificent sight to look upon those men marching so steadily, but their flags were furled, or at least the folds were too indistinct to know whether they were friends or foes. The Sixteenth Michigan was in front, and when it approached our vicinity Col. Jenkins demanded to know



MISS DAISY RUTHERFORD CRAVENS, FORT SMITH, ARK.,
Sponsor for Arkansas at Charleston reunion, 1864

what troops they were, to which no response was made. In silence they came on, only the steady tramp breaking the suspense, when Jenkins shouted that he would fire upon them unless they told to which army they belonged, and yet there was no response. Their



MISS ANNIE CROCKETT, NASHVILLE, TENN.,
Maid of Honor for Tennessee at Charleston reunion, 1899.

column was not more than fifty yards in our front, marching by the flank, while our men were at the ready, and as the head of their column came in front of our color company, the officer in command broke the silence by saying, "Halt! Front!" to which Jenkins replied, "Fire!" and our volley made deadly work in their ranks. They quickly returned the fire, when Jenkins ordered the charge, and in a few minutes the incident was over.

The Fifth South Carolina and the Eighty-Third Pennsylvania had a similar experience on the hill, resulting in the same way. The sharpshooters secured the flag of the Sixteenth Michigan, a beautiful banner that was never trailed in the dust; and, as Laekie says, it was sent to the Governor of our State, who deposited it with other captured flags in the old State House at Columbia, which was destroyed on the 17th of February, 1865, by the "careless" manner in which Gen. Sherman's men were handling fire.

The loss of the Sixteenth Michigan in that brief engagement was 47 killed, 114 wounded, and 53 missing, making a total of 214, in addition to the prisoners taken. I was sent by Col. Jenkins with a detail to look after the wounded and prisoners, and my recollection is that the missing, wounded, killed, and captured aggregated 375. The missing fled to the swamp below. Col. T. B. Stockton was mortally wounded, and a more gallant soldier never fell in battle.

The Eighty-Third Pennsylvania lost 46 killed, 51 wounded, and 99 missing, making a total of 196 casualties out of the 554 present, according to Federal statistics. Col. McLane was killed. This regiment was said by Gen. McClellan to be one of the best in the Federal army, while another has said that it encountered more fighting and lost more men in battle than any other Pennsylvania regiment, its losses being the second highest in that army.

Truly these were "foemen worthy of our steel," and the fight between them and the two South Carolina regiments is the only incident of the kind in the war between the States, so far as I know. Then there was the meeting once more at Appomattox! I was not there, on account of a disabling wound received a few months before, for which I am still carrying a crutch, but my comrades told me with sadness, and yet satisfaction, that they stacked arms in front of the Sixteenth Michigan. "What regiment is that?" It was the unanswered question at Gaines's Mill, but this time the response was, "Palmetto Sharpshooters!" and the Michigan boys broke ranks again, but it was to rush across the line that was no longer to divide them and press the hands of the South Carolinians, the remnant of the command that bore off their flag nearly three years before. The heroic Jenkins was not there, for his gallant soul had gone to a better land, but there were 29 officers and 355 privates, the largest number of men at the surrender of any regiment in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Haversacks and canteens were opened to the famished "Rebs" by the Michigan soldiers, and there was rejoicing amid the gloom of Appomattox by men who had faced each other squarely on the field of battle and



MISS NELLIE WILSON CARROLL, VICKSBURG, MISS.,
Maid of Honor for Mississippi at Charleston reunion, 1899.

had made the truest test of each other's manhood. It is a singular fact that the Sixteenth Michigan and the Palmetto Sharpshooters were organized for special service in their respective armies, though neither fulfilled this purpose because of their heavy losses in 1862. The Sixteenth was known as "Stockton's Independent Regiment," and it had twelve companies. The Sharpshooters were organized under a special act of the Confederate Congress for sharpshooting as an independent regiment, and also with twelve companies. The Sixteenth has a record of 870 killed and wounded. The Sharpshooters had a loss of 750 killed and wounded from May 5, 1862, to June 30, 1862—less than sixty days, including the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, and Frazier's Farm. Somewhere there ought to be a reunion of the Sixteenth Michigan and the Palmetto Sharpshooters.

Comrade W. F. Clarke writes concerning recollections of the battle of Gaines's Mill:

Most of Lee's army know that up to and including a part of the Gaines's Mill fight A. P. Hill's command formed the front of battle on the north side of the Chickahominy River. The final charge that broke Gen. Porter's lines late in the afternoon of June 27 [1862] was made by Gens. Hood and Pickett. I was in this charge, a member of Company I, Fifty-Sixth Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Brigade, Longstreet's Division, and I know that the Fifty-Sixth Virginia Regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. R. P. Slaughter, of Orange County, was moved just over the crest of a ridge among some apple trees. A battery (I think it was Dearing's) fired over us into the lines of Porter. There was a sluggish stream running parallel with Porter's lines, and on the opposite side of the stream from us was a broad breastwork. Our regiment had not been in front of this very long before we were ordered to move by the right flank in double-quick. We did so, crossing a deep-gullied stream, and formed

in an open field. This new line placed the Forty-Sixth Virginia and the Eighteenth Virginia close to the enemy's works. We had fired perhaps two volleys, when Col. Slaughter, with Corporal Gill, the color bearer, rushed ahead, shouting to us: "Charge them!"



MISS ADELAIDE BOYLAN SNOW, RALEIGH, N. C.,
 Sponsor for North Carolina at Charleston reunion, 1884

The charge was made, and our regiment, with the Eighteenth Virginia, moved straight across the stream, over the breastworks, and up through a skirt of woods to an opening. We moved down a slope after the enemy—a great mass of humanity just ahead—with some artillery on a ridge just beyond this retreating enemy. We were so close upon them that their artillery could not harm us on account of their own men. They had time to fire only once after their men passed their artillery when the Fifty-Sixth Virginia and Eighteenth Virginia, of Pickett's Brigade, captured the cannon and placed the flag of the Fifty-Sixth Virginia Regiment upon it. This was before sunset.

We were too few in number now to go farther, and soon a brigade of Confederates (I think it was Roger Pryor's) came on the right, well extended toward the river. They passed us and the artillery, but all of the fighting here was over, and soon darkness ended our advance. While Capt. Harrison, who assumed command, was getting us in shape a large body of Federals, with guns at a trail, came rushing down the slope, evidently hoping to cross the bridge to the south of the Chickahominy River, but our force cut them off and took them prisoners. They came from the direction of Cold Harbor. As the night advanced Gen. Pryor took charge of this batch of prisoners, and we marched back over the very ground that we had fought. Gen. Longstreet says he put Hood on Pickett's left; then Hood's right touched the left of the Fifty-Sixth Virginia Regiment, as this was Pickett's left regiment. I saw a man wounded just before we took the artillery, who said he belonged to the Fourth Texas



MISS MAI PIERSON, NATCHITOCHEs, LA.,
 Maid of Honor for Louisiana at Charleston reunion, 1884.

I also saw lines of knapsacks which had on them "P. R. C." (Pennsylvania Reserve Corps). This indicates that we fought Pennsylvania troops. Longstreet's Division at that time was composed of the following brigades: First, Kemper; Second, Anderson; Third, Pickett; Fourth, Featherstone; Fifth, Wilcox; Sixth, Pryor.

In this charge Gen. Pickett, Col. Withers, of the Eighteenth Virginia, and Col. Slaughter, of the Fifty-Sixth Virginia, were severely wounded. Our loss was heavy in officers and men while on the ridge in the open field, but as soon as we made our charge with bayonet down upon the works the enemy gave way, and we suffered but little afterwards.

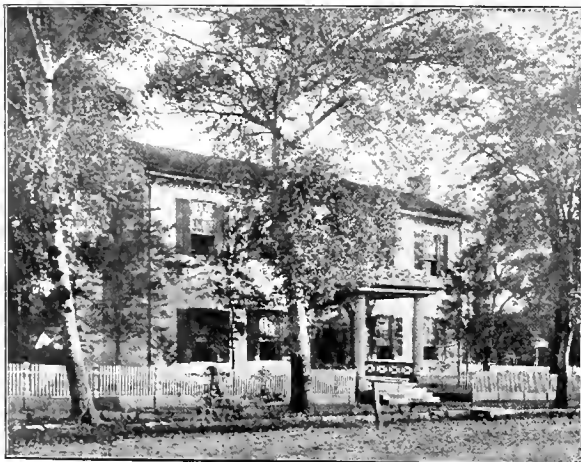
A HISTORIC OLD HOME.

The handsome old residence at Huntsville, Ala., now owned by Miss Howard Weeden, the author of "Shadows on the Wall," has a history. It was built by Mr. James G. Birney, who was then a resident of that city, and who was the first abolition candidate for President of the United States. He was a contemporary of Gov. C. C. Clay, Judge Hopkins, Judge Kelley, and others of that day.

Mr. Birney organized a "colonization society" at Huntsville, where some of the best citizens were members, and their meetings were held in the spacious parlors of this same old residence. At that period of our national life slavery was not considered morally indefensible, but was regarded as right and warranted by Scripture, and while so regarded by these people they yet desired to do away with it gradually.

Mr. Birney was himself the owner of slaves at Huntsville, but sold them and went to Ohio, where for the violation of the fugitive slave law he was indicted, and Gov. Salmon P. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, gained a national reputation in his defense.

After the battle of Shiloh, in the spring of 1862, Maj. Gen. O. M. Mitchell, of the United States army, took possession of this house and expelled its occupants, a widow and two daughters, one of whom, then a mere child, is the author of "Shadows on the Wall," all because they were such "pronounced Rebels." The house was occupied by officers of the United States army during the remainder of the war, and for nearly



THE WEEDEN HOME, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

a year after the close of the war, though they never paid a cent of rent.

If its old walls could speak, what a varied phase of politics they would reveal! They could tell of cock-tails drunk to the success of the "underground rail-



MISS LUCY LEE BATES, BATON ROUGE, LA.,
Sponsor for Louisiana at Charleston reunion 1890.

road" in running off slaves to free territory; of the making of cockades to adorn the hats of Rebel soldiers; of speeches lauding the growing sentiment of abolitionism; and of the pure, unadulterated principles of State rights, secession, and Democracy.

A QUEER DRUM MAJOR.—Mr. Tom Hall, a Kentucky veteran, related this incident: "In the Department of the Gulf, to which the Third Mississippi Infantry was assigned, many of the soldiers owned pets. An old gander owned by Private Fink, trombone player in the band of that regiment, was the most conspicuous of these. The regiment was preparing to go into winter quarters at Snyder's Bluff, Miss., in the fall of 1862, and one day a visitor came into camp with fowls for sale. Fink bought a thirty-year-old gander, which he took to the band headquarters. His idea was to fatten and eat the bird, but when he learned his age Fink changed his mind. The first time he took his trombone out for practice the boys were surprised at the action of the gander, which kept perfect time to the music, and paid strict attention to every movement of his new owner. So his wings were clipped and he was allowed the freedom of the camp. Day by day the gander became more interesting, and he was soon known to all the officers and men of Featherstone's Brigade. At general review the gander would appear at the head of the Third Mississippi's band, marching with a very soldierly air. He would swing his head from right to left as if watching the surroundings with especial care, and wag his tail to the time of the music with as much precision as an accomplished drum major would wield his baton.

COMMANDS OF LEE AND GRANT IN 1864.

BY J. WILLIAM JONES.

In the March number of the VETERAN Comrade W. S. Chapman, of Indianola, Miss., writes in reference to the relative numbers of Grant and Lee and Sherman and Johnston.

I think that he is about correct in the figures he gives for Gen. Johnston's army on that campaign, though



MISS ETTA SHERMAN LOPER, ROCKDALE, IEN.,
Maïd of Honor for Texas at Charleston (1864)

I think that he underestimates Sherman's numbers. I write this away from my library, and cannot consult the official reports, though I have before me figures taken from these reports.

But I must confess my surprise that an intelligent Confederate should quote, with seeming approval, *any* figures or *any* statement given by Gen. Horace Porter in the remarkable *romance* about the war which he published in the *Century*. It would be really very difficult to put within the same space more misleading statements, more misrepresentations of the real facts, more absolute errors, than Gen. Porter puts into that series of papers. If the statement had been true that "Grant's troops numbered [at the Wilderness] about 116,000 present for duty, and the Army of Northern Virginia, from the best available *data*, between 75,000 and 80,000 men present for duty, equipped," Lee would have completely crushed Grant's army before he reached Spottsylvania C. H.

I have at different times very carefully studied the official figures of the relative numbers of Grant and Lee, and they are as follows: Grant had on this campaign (including the column moving through the mountain passes of Southwest Virginia, the one moving up the Valley of Virginia, and the one under Butler

moving up on the south side of the James, his own column, and the reinforcements received, all converging on Richmond) a grand total of over 275,000 men equipped in the most superb manner, and supplied abundantly with provisions and with stores of every description. To meet this mighty host Gen. Lee had in Virginia, including every man he could draw as reinforcements during the campaign, not more than 75,000 men, lacking everything necessary to the efficiency of an army save able leadership, stout hearts, and indomitable patriotism. Grant's army immediately opposed to Lee numbered when it crossed the Rapidan on May 4, 1864, 149,100 men, while Lee had within call only 62,000, but only half of that number with which he promptly moved on and attacked Grant's army in the Wilderness.

The results of this campaign were that Lee completely outgeneraled Grant, whipped him in every battle, and foiled him at every point; so that within sixty days, after losing over 70,000 men (more than Lee had), Grant sat down to the siege of Petersburg, a position he could have reached at first from City Point without firing a shot or losing a man. Butler's column was mingled with Grant's after having been "bottled up" at Bermuda Hundreds, the two columns from Southwestern Virginia and the Valley were in disorderly retreat through the mountains to the Kanawha Valley, and Lee had made his lines impregnable to direct assault, and had a movable column under Early within two days' march of the Federal capital. Well might Col. Venable, of Lee's staff, say in his able presentation of the facts of this campaign: "Lee had made a campaign unexampled in the history of defensive warfare." As for Gen. Porter's statement that Lee had in January, 1865, "74,408, and present for duty of this aggregate, 61,748," it is so wide of the mark that, as Secretary Marey said of certain statements made by Gen. Scott, "it is really difficult to reconcile this with the slightest desire to be accurate." The real figures are that Lee had at this period only 33,000 men to guard thirty-five miles of breastworks and meet Grant's mighty host of 162,234. In other words, Grant could hold his strong lines with a force twice as large as Lee had, and then send a force of 100,000 to move around his flanks and operate on his rear.

And to make matters far worse, Sherman was moving up through North Carolina with a force of 100,000 men, and Johnston now had only 18,000 to oppose him. Is it any wonder, then, that our lines at Peter-burg



AT THE GRAVE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

were "stretched until they were broken?" as Gen. Lee expressed it. Then it was that the sad retreat began and continued until finally at Appomattox 7,800 worn-out, ragged, starved Confederates, surrounded by 100,000 of Grant's army, with reinforcements coming up, stacked their bright muskets, parked their blackened guns—nearly every piece wrested from the enemy in battle and two of them captured that very morning in the superb charge of Gordon and Fitzhugh Lee, which swept Sheridan from the field—furled forever their tattered battle flags, which were covered all over with the names of their splendid victories, and acknowledged themselves "compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources." It was there that our grand old chieftain, Robert Edward Lee, rode down the centuries, and the Army of Northern Virginia marched into history, winning an immortality of fame that the fertile imagination of Gen. Horace Porter and all of the *romance* he can write can never dim.

In thus eulogizing the Army of Northern Virginia I do not mean, of course, to rob the other armies of the Confederacy of a single laurel, or to institute any invidious comparisons. The men who followed Sidney Johnston or Beauregard or Bragg or Joseph E. Johnston or John B. Hood or Price or Van Dorn or Kirby Smith or Dick Taylor, who charged with Breckinridge, or Pat Cleburne, who fought under Hardie or Stephen D. Lee or D. H. Hill or A. P. Stewart, who rode with Bedford Forrest or "followed the feather" of Joe Wheeler, who defeated Sherman at Chickasaw Bayou, or the Federal fleet at Sabine Pass, who defended Fort Fisher, or held Sumter and Charleston until Sherman "came in at the back door," who made the heroic defense of Vicksburg and of Mobile and other points—I say that these and other Confederate soldiers whom time fails me to mention were not only the equals of their brothers of the Army of Northern Virginia, but the peers of any soldiers that ever marched under any flag or fought for any cause "in all the tide of time."

I heartily indorse the sentiment once uttered at one of our army meetings by grim, brave, honest old Jubal Early: "The armies and the soldiers of the Confederacy, of every arm of the service and of every department, won glory enough for it be equitably distributed without envyings or jealousies or quarreling among ourselves. We can well afford to give to each his due meed of praise for there is enough for all."

I only meant to defend the army with which it was my proud privilege to serve from Harper's Ferry, in 1861, to Appomattox, in 1865, against the sprightly *romance*, but utterly unreliable "recollections," of Gen. Horace Porter.

Mrs. Cooksie Harris Hardwick, Cleveland, Tenn.: "I should like to hear from some one who was in the same regiment as my father, N. M. Harris. I am so anxious to find some one who knew him in the war. I am informed by my father's brother that he raised a company and equipped it at his own expense. He lived in Lagrange, Ga., but went into another county before the war. I have looked through Col. Avery's book and several muster rolls, but have failed to find his name. He died soon after entering service."

CONCERNING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Charles Ritch Jolmson favors the VETERAN with a letter he has received from Dr. J. William Jones, which contains the following corrections of the list of surviving Confederate generals published in the VETERAN for March:

John B. Gordon was not a lieutenant general, but a major general commanding a corps, and like Fitzhugh Lee, who succeeded Wade Hampton in command of the Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, he failed to get his commission as lieutenant general by the fall of the Confederacy.

Fitzhugh Lee is at Havana. G. W. C. Lee is at Burke Station, Va.

Neither Gen. M. C. Butler nor Gen. Ransom are now in the United States Senate.

Gen. John C. Humphreys is no doubt Gen. B. G. Humphreys, of Mississippi. He was Governor of that State, and died several years ago.

Gen. George D. Johnston lives at Tuscaloosa, Ala.

John R. Jones was never a general. The brigade which he had commanded was turned over to John M. Jones and led by him when he fell at its head in the Wilderness. He was mentioned as the "gallant John M. Jones" in Gen. Lee's report.

William McRae, of North Carolina, was killed in battle.

S. L. Moore, of Virginia, died some years ago, and William R. Beck, of Louisiana, was killed in battle.

B. M. Thomas [I think] should be E. L. Thomas.

S. M. Barton, Virginia, is dead, and C. A. Battle, of Alabama, is now in North Carolina.

R. L. Page, Norfolk, Va., is dead.

Col. Charles A. Ronald, Blacksburg, Va., was not a general.

George H. Stuart should be Steuart, and D. A. Weisiger, of Richmond, died several weeks ago. I think Zebulon York, of Louisiana, is also dead.



MISS KATHLEEN POYNTZ, RICHMOND, KY.,
Maid of Honor for Kentucky Division, U. C. V., at Charleston reunion, 1899.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA MONUMENT.

An association of ladies was formed at Columbia in 1869 for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead. The State being under Radical rule, it was decided not to place the monument on the Statehouse grounds, but on a high hill overlooking Sydney Park. Before much progress had been made the ladies were informed that the weight of the monument was too great for so small an area near the edge of the hill. The granite base was then erected in Elmwood Cemetery, in a prominent location reserved for Mexican soldiers. In September, 1875, the marble shaft, statue, etc., which had been wrought in Italy from the famous quarries of Carrara, were safely landed in Columbia; but as the full amount was not in hand, it was determined to allow them to remain in the boxes until they could be claimed as the property of the association.

In 1876 the State freed itself from the "coils of the deadly serpent," and Wade Hampton became our successful leader in the endeavor. An application to the Legislature to erect the monument on the Statehouse grounds of course met with approval, the members themselves contributing. Among the contributors were two colored members. The inscription was prepared at the request of the Board of Directors by William Henry Trescot, Esq. It was found that there

were only two faces of the die on which it could be engraved. The Directors, to their great regret, were compelled to ask the author's permission to leave out the second column, "but not willing that the State should lose one of its eloquent sentences, they publish it here in full." It is regarded as a beautiful piece of composition, and frequently strangers are seen in the Statehouse grounds copying it in their notebooks.

The monument is about forty feet high, and is composed of South Carolina granite—very superior quality—and Italian marble. The statue surmounting the pedestal is seven feet three inches high, and represents a private infantry soldier on guard. The dress is the ordinary uniform at the beginning of the war, the military cloak thrown over the shoulders, denoting that the idea is that of a picket in for a night's duty. The poise of the figure is easy and graceful, indicating a vigorous, manly temperament, and there is an impression made upon the beholder that he is in for the war, with his face to "the north" and a confident and assured expectation of victory. The palmetto tree on the shaft is most beautifully executed, and on each of two sides of the die block are emblems of the artillery and naval branches, a broken gun carriage wheel, chain shot, sabers, and a partially worn gun on one side and on the other an anchor, a mortar, a shell, a stand of colors, and a coil of rope, together with chain shot. On the eastern end of the lower marble base

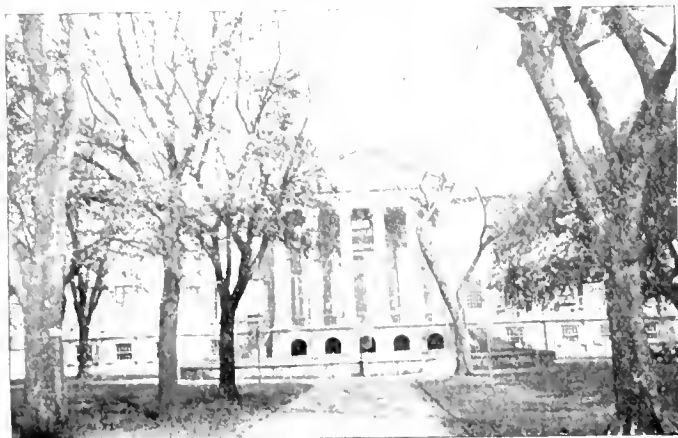


SOUTH CAROLINA MONUMENT AT COLUMBIA.

Erected by the women of South Carolina to the memory of their Confederate dead.



CALHOUN MONUMENT AND SOUTH CAROLINA MILITARY ACADEMY.



COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON.

are the words "Erected by the women of South Carolina." On the western end is inscribed "To South Carolina's Dead of the Confederate Army."

In the summer of 1879 a book was published by the South Carolina Monument Association, giving the



MISS JANE STUART PRICE, LEWISBURG, W. VA.,
Maid of Honor for West Virginia at Charleston, 1865.

origin, history, and work of the association. Only four hundred copies were printed, but it contained an account of the unveiling of the monument, Gen. Preston's speech, and many items of interest. The ladies were substantially aided in this effort by the late lamented F. W. Dawson, of the *News and Courier*. A copy is in the South Carolina College Library, and also in the Charleston College Library. The association felt then that their work was accomplished, but found themselves mistaken. One June 22, 1882, a startling occurrence took place. A lightning flash from the heavens guillotined our soldier and severed the body just above the ankles, leaving his feet planted solidly on the foundation. The head and the body fell to the ground, doing and receiving very little damage. "Our soldier" had become such a personality, a thing of life, that the community was horror-stricken. Before night telegrams offering assistance came from Charleston, and the association resumed its work. The foundations were again moved, the former location being considered too near the big capitol with its iron roof. The head of the soldier is now in the relic room of the Richmond museum. On March 27, 1879, the impressive ceremony of laying the corner stone was performed by the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of South Carolina, and again on its removal to its present location.

The VETERAN is indebted to Mrs. W. K. Bachman, of Columbia, S. C., for a copy of the *Charleston News and Courier*, under date of May 14, 1879, which paper contains an elaborate account of the unveiling of the monument, and many interesting details are given. Among the military commands in attendance were the remnants of the famous Gregg's Regiment. Many distinguished persons were present, and the ceremonies were dignified, beautiful, and impressive.

From resolutions passed by the Charleston Board of Fire Underwriters on the death of Comrade James Laurence Honour, which occurred February 6, 1899, there is taken a brief sketch of his life:

Mr. Honour was born in Charleston January 2,

1828. He left school at an early age and entered commercial life, but three years later began a seafaring life, which he followed for several years. In 1854 he was elected assistant secretary and marine inspector of the Charleston Insurance and Trust Company. Later he was made secretary and treasurer, and on the secession of South Carolina from the Union he joined the Beauregard Light Infantry, a company attached to the rifle regiment of the South Carolina militia. He did duty with this regiment on the coast until it was disbanded on the formation of the Southern Confederacy. After the battle of Secessionville, at his earnest solicitation, though exempt from duty by reason of his office, he was granted leave by the insurance company to volunteer for the war, which he did, joining Company A, Washington Light Infantry, of the Twenty-Fifth South Carolina Volunteers. With that command he saw service on the coast, in Fort Sumter, Battery Wagner, and in North Carolina and Virginia. He was seriously wounded at the battle of Drewry's Bluff, and on recovery joined his command and remained with them until he was again wounded, on August 21, 1864. This wound was pronounced fatal by the field surgeon, but he recovered within a year, and at the close of the war embarked in the insurance business at Charleston, where he remained until his death. He was the oldest insurance agent in the United States.

Comrade W. J. Stone, of Lyon County, Ky., is conspicuous just now throughout his State, hence a brief sketch of his career will be read with interest.

When the Southern States called their young men



HON. W. J. STONE.

to arms, he enlisted and served in the command of Gen. John H. Morgan. He fell in an engagement at Cynthiana, and his lifeblood was fast ebbing away when a fair Kentucky belle found him, wiped the death damp from his brow, and he was restored to consciousness. A leg was amputated close to the thigh, and

when able to travel he was taken to his native county. Disabled as he was, he soon earned a support for his parents, who were in need. By and by he bought a farm, and then went back to Cynthiana and induced his battlefield "angel" to share his home. Ere long he was elected to the State Legislature, was reelected several times, and then sent to Congress five terms.

He is considered the probable President of the next Southern Baptist Convention, which is to be held in Louisville, and he asks the State Convention of his party to make him its standard bearer for Governor of Kentucky.

Exactly at noon on Thursday, May 11, the United Confederate Veteran Convention at Charleston will adjourn, the flags will be draped in mourning in memory of the Daughter of the Confederacy, and the next hour will be devoted exclusively to the Winnie Davis memorial service.

On Friday evening, the 12th, will occur the public entertainment of sponsors and maids of honor on the Isle of Palms.



MISS MAUDE YEAGER,
Maid of Honor for West Virginia at Charleston reunion, 1897.

INVITATION TO THE VETERANS.

BY NELLIE DICKINSON PERRY, "A DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY"

Come! gather round the dear old flag as in the days of yore,
Veterans, don your coats of gray, let's talk our battles o'er,
Let's stand together, side by side, and sing with might and main
The dear old songs we loved so well that cheered our hard campaign.

Come! See again old Sumter; she stands as strong and brave
As when above her battlements our dear old flag did wave,
Though wind and wave and cannon roar have vied to make her falter
Serene she stands and guards us like the fortress of Gibraltar.

Come! Gather, dear old comrades; the years go by so fast
The reunions soon will be a memory of the past,
Each year our ranks grow smaller, our hearts oft throb with pain
That so many ne'er will answer to the roll call here again.

When last we gathered, comrades, "Our Daughter" stood to greet
Each old Confederate soldier, with smile both true and sweet
Now she has joined the number who have only gone before,
And with comrades waits to greet us where partings are no more.

Come, rally round the dear old flag! To her our hearts are true
Although the stars and stripes now wave, our boys now wear the blue.
Come! Bring the poor old tattered flags, and on Memorial Day
Unfur! them o'er the sacred spot where sleep our men in gray.

A national reunion of the "blue" and "gray" will be held under the auspices of Farragut Post, G. A. R., Evansville, Ind., October 10-13, 1899. Capt. C. I. Murphy, of that post, will attend the reunion at Charleston to extend an invitation to the Confederates. Capts. Lee Howell, William Field, C. A. J. Morris, T. J. Mann, and F. A. Owen compose the committee for the "gray." Capts. Howell and Field are delegates for Adam K. Johnson Camp, at the Charleston reunion.

CAMP CHASE MEMORIAL SERVICE.—The annual decoration of Confederate graves in Camp Chase Cemetery will be on June 8 this year, and donations of flowers will be greatly appreciated. Col. W. H. Knauss, the Union veteran and our faithful friend, writes that he does not expect to appeal for financial aid. He gives up the pleasure of attending the reunion at Charleston, to which he has been specially invited, that he may appropriate that much more toward the success of this year's decorations. Those who have dear ones resting there would be glad to share in this service by contributions toward the expense.

Comrade B. M. Thomas, writing from Dalton, Ga., says: "In the January VETERAN a writer, in mentioning the Third Alabama Regiment, states that Col. T. Lomax was the original colonel of that regiment. This is an error. Col. Jones M. Withers was the original colonel, and he was made brigadier general while the regiment was stationed in or about Norfolk. Later he was made major general and ordered to Mobile, Ala., where he commanded the district of the Gulf until the spring of 1862, when he was sent to command at Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi River, above Memphis. He was then ordered to Corinth, Miss., and after that, until the close of the war, he commanded a division in the Army of Tennessee, Polk's Corps."



MISS ADA PAYNE,
Maid of Honor for Louisiana at Charleston reunion, 1897.

HENRY TIMROD—WAR POET OF THE SOUTH.

Apropos of the meeting of the Confederate veterans in South Carolina it is well to remember that in this State the first ordinance of secession was drafted, that Charleston was the real cradle of the Confederacy and the literary center of the South. Here the nucleus of our Southern literature was formed, and here Simms, Hayne, Timrod, Tupper, Whaley, Drs. Bruns, Peyre, and Porcher were the leading members of a club which met at the home of Simms and which he facetiously styled "The Wigwam." They met for the purpose of discussing literature.

Timrod was one of the brightest of this galaxy. He inherited poetical talents from his father and a love of nature from his mother, and this combination of talents made him one of the finest poets the South has yet produced. Trent says of him that he had "a greater artistic endowment than any other Southern writer save Poe." His ode written on the occasion of decorating the Confederate graves in Magnolia Cemetery at Charleston is well-nigh perfect. His "Katie" is frequently called the "Highland Mary of America." His "Cry to Arms" is considered by some superior to Bryant's "Our Country's Call," while his "Carolina" is said to excel Randall's famous war song, "Maryland, My Maryland."

In his last book (1873) there are about sixty poems edited by his devoted friend and fellow-poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne. All of these are short and exquisite. A dozen Northern critics agree that many of these should be included in collections of best American poetry.

Henry Timrod was born in Charleston on December 8, 1829, and died in Columbia October 7, 1867, at the age of thirty-eight. He was a poet of high promise. The following are given as his words to his sister a few days before his death: "And is this to be the end of all, so soon? So soon, and I have achieved so little! I thought to have done so much! I had, just before my last attack, fallen into a strain of such pure and delicate fancies! I do think that this winter I should have done more than I have ever done—yes, I should have written more purely and with greater delicacy." How full of promise!

In a letter to Hayne he said that the past year [1865] he had experienced "beggary, starvation, death [his only child], bitter grief, utter want of hope." He never complained to the public, but even in the same letter wrote: "We have lived for a long period, and are still living, on the proceeds of the gradual sale of furniture and plate. We have—let me see—yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge bedstead."

How familiar is this scene to many old Confederates! The day is near when the South shall give to Henry Timrod his just place, one of the highest she has to give. As Henry Austin said, "He wrote more quotable lines in proportion to

quantity than any writer since Byron." L. Frank Tooker, in the *Century* of April, 1898, said: "He was a true American poet, worthy to stand in the narrow space that belongs to the best." On account of the failure of his publishers the copy-wright became involved, and since 1874 his poems have been out of print, and only obtainable at "rare book prices." One copy sold recently in Richmond for ten dollars. To erect a monument to him Hon. William A. Courtenay and others, after many years of correspondence, have cleared away all entanglements, and have issued, through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, an elegant memorial edition. On the outside cover is a wreath of laurel encircling the name "Henry Timrod."

Now that the publishers have spared no expense and every advantage is taken to give us value received, let us help the good cause by buying one of these volumes. This edition embraces poems that have not previously appeared, and a fine engraving of the author adorns the title-page and is followed by a splendid memoir. Every one buying a book contributes to the memorial.

"Poems of Henry Timrod," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of New York and Boston. Price, \$1.50. The *VETERAN* is indebted to Messrs. Hunter & Welburn, Nashville, Tenn., for a copy.

The lines which follow were written by Henry Timrod on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, in 1887. They are peculiarly appropriate here, though since they were penned the Confederate monument has been erected. Of the South's trio of "laurel-crowned poets" Hayne and Timrod were born in the "City by the Sea," while Sidney Lanier was a Georgian.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shade will smile
More proudly on those wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-molded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

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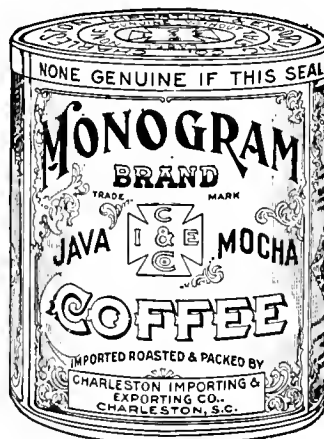
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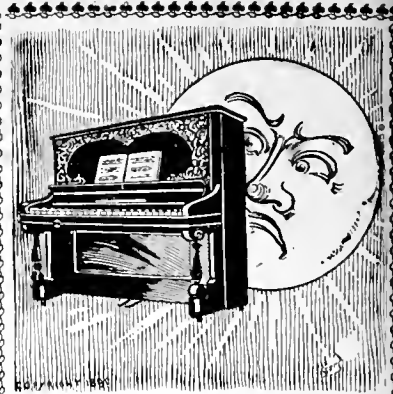
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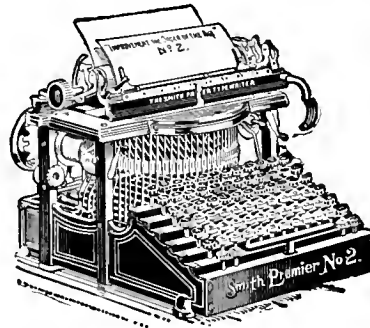
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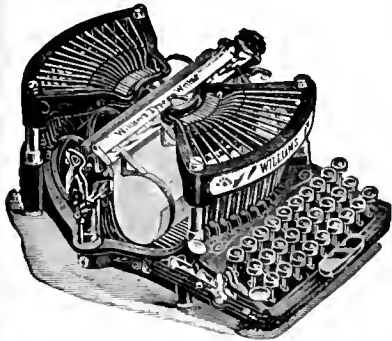
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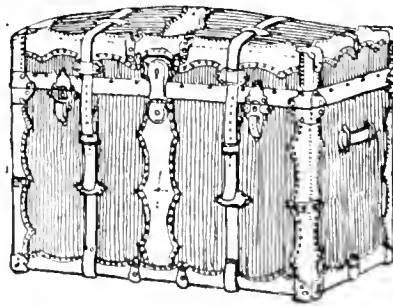
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major generals; distinguished naval commanders and record of many daring and brilliant feats of the army and navy. The game is illustrated with flags, in colors, and portraits of cabinet and general officers, which make it a very valuable souvenir.

The statistics were prepared with great care by a most competent lady, who donates the proceeds to the Sam Davis Monument Fund, in the hope that it may be largely augmented, and also that the study may prove pleasant and profitable entertainment for all.

Copies of the game may be had for fifty cents, post-paid. Send orders to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

The Tennessee Legislature has authorized a strong committee to erect a Sam Davis monument on Capitol Hill, Nashville, and new life is soon to be infused.

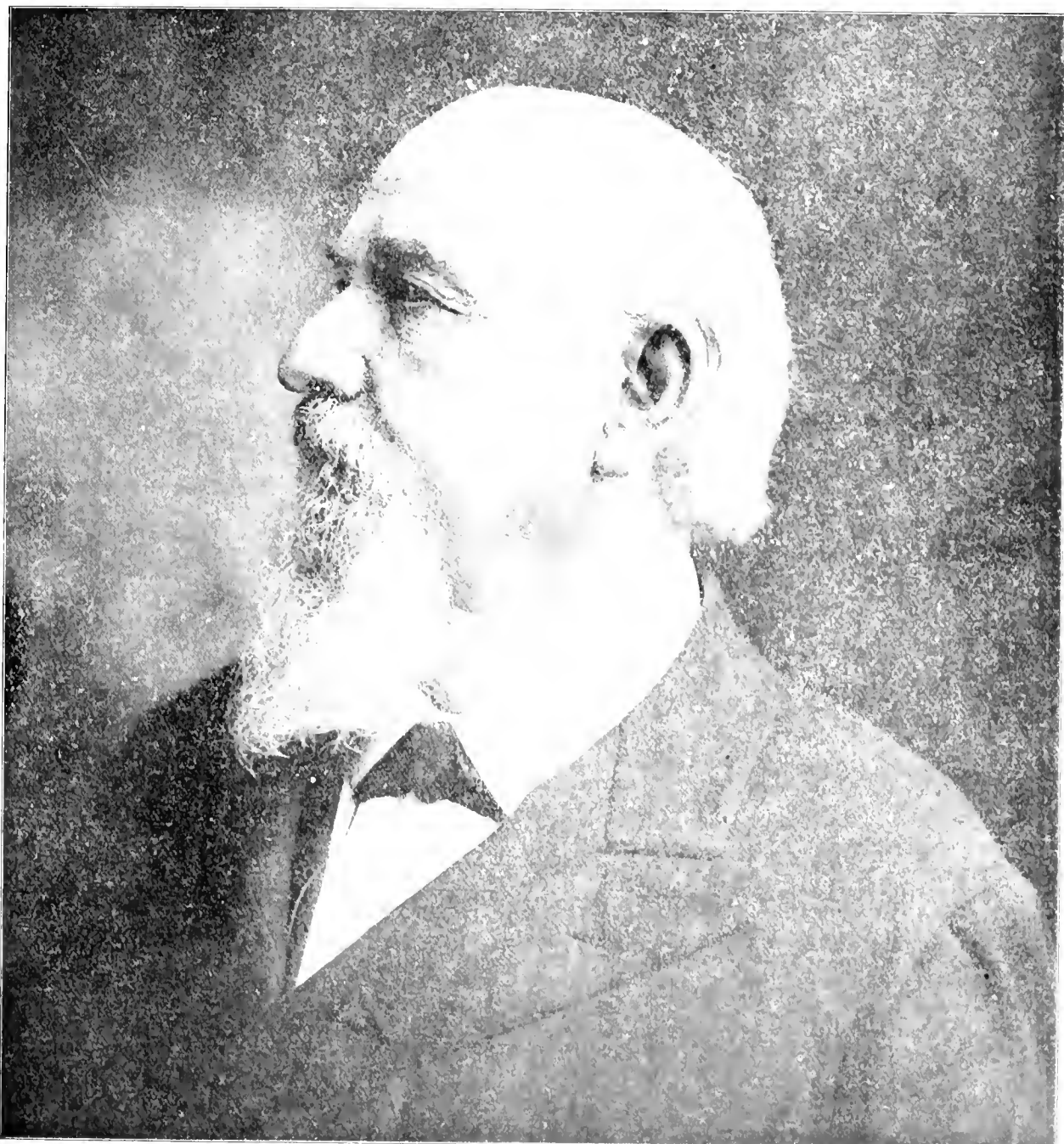
St. Michael's Church is one of the oldest and most historical churches in this country. It was located in July, 1672, and was originally called St. Philip's. June 14, 1751, an act of the General Assembly was passed naming that portion of Charleston St. Michael's, and directing that a church be built 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. 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, eight bells were cast in London, and cost, put up, £681 sterling, and are said to be one of the sweetest-toned sets in the world. In December, 1782, when Charleston was evacuated by the British, the royal artillery carried them off on the last fleet that sailed. A Mr. Ryhiner bought and shipped them back to Charleston, where they arrived November 20, 1783, and were again hung in their tower. In 1838 two of the bells 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, but were burned by Sherman in February, 1865. The fragments were gathered up, and in 1866 were sent to the original foundry in London, and recast of the same amalgam and in molds made by the same trammels. They reached Charleston in February, 1867. Then a duty of \$2,200 had to be paid on them, and in that year the old sweet familiar music



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

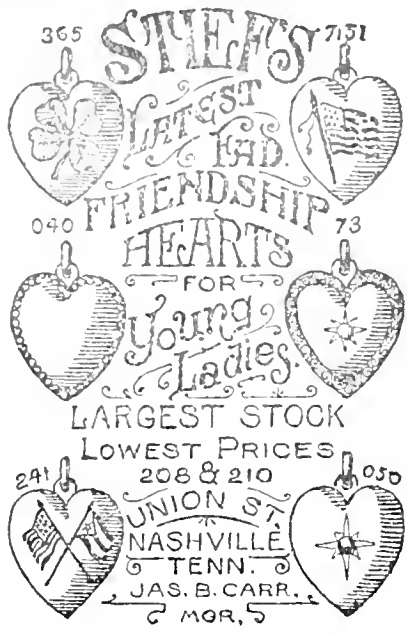
again gladdened every heart and caused many an eye to fill with grateful tears. The duty on the bells was refunded. The total cost of restoring them to their place in the steeple was \$7,723.01, of which the city contributed \$3,000. The organ of the church was bought in London, and reached Charleston in August, 1768.

Confederate Veteran.



COL. EDMUND W. COLE. BORN JULY 16, 1827; DIED MAY 24, 1899.

In 1885, just ten years before the VETERAN was started, its former proprietor (a friend of the publisher) had expected that Southern sentiment in New York at it was impossible to enlist sufficient patronage to make it self-sustaining. One man, however, Col. E. W. Cole, reading the need of the effort, telegraphed an order for fifty yearly subscriptions to be sent to others at will, and he then cleared for the amount. Gratitude for that noble generosity expressed in sending check for \$25 for Sam Davis Monument Fund in 1890 he wrote: "This is a rare instance of aid, which should be a source of pride. The ages have furnished no higher evidence of moral or physical courage in humanity than was shown by this soldier of the South." See page 27.



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If you are satisfied that B. B. B. is what you need, you will find large bottles for sale by all druggists for \$1, or six bottles (full treatment) \$5. For sample bottle address Blood Balm Co., 77 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga., and trial bottle and medical book will be sent, all charges prepaid. Describe your trouble, and we will include free medical advice.



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- Helena, Ark.
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- Columbus, Ga.
- Thomasville, Ga.

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *et per* initials.

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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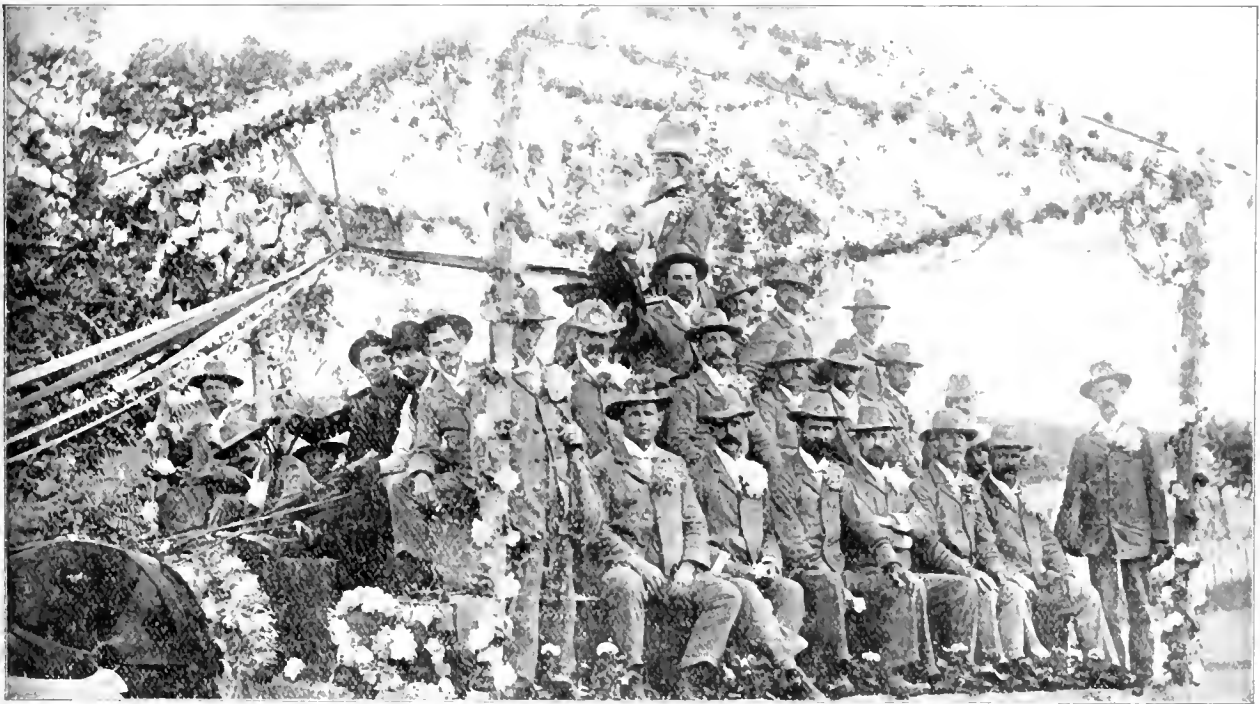
Though men deserve, they may not win success.

The brave will honor the brave, even should none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1899.

W. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
No. 10, 7th St., PROPRIETOR.



MAGNIFICENT FLORAL PARADE AT NASHVILLE. FLOAT CONTAINING GROUP OF LITTLEFIELD ARTILLERY. SEE PAGE 277.



LANDSCAPE OF THE TENNESSEE (COLE) INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, NEAR NASHVILLE.

PROCEEDINGS OF CHARLESTON REUNION.

For the following elaborate account of the proceedings of the reunion the VETERAN is indebted to the files of the *Charleston News and Courier*:

On Wednesday, May 10, the veterans of the sixties marched through the streets of Charleston, triumphant in peace, under the same colors they defended with their lives when old Fort Sumter boomed and swept the sea with shot and shell. The parade was an important feature of the reunion. As division after division and company after company passed in review hats were waved with patriotic frenzy, and loud cheers were heard from the thousands who had patiently waited for the line to pass. Youth and age, in one conglomerated mass, mingled their shouts, and did not fail to applaud even the most humble private in the ranks. Gen. Gordon shared the applause with his standard bearers, and the white-haired drummer received a hero's cheer.

The parade was much longer than many expected. The weather was perfect, and a more auspicious day could not have been desired. The column formed at Meeting and Broad Streets, and moved at 4:25 o'clock. Gen. Gordon, erect upon a splendid horse, accompanied by a part of his staff, was accorded enthusiastic ovations. His time was consumed in acknowledging the shouting and applause. So it was for brave old Hampton, Stephen D. Lee, Gen. Cabell, "Old Tige," and others.

The parade was an interesting spectacle. Old soldiers, worn and gray by weight of years, held their heads erect and kept step as in days of yore. A blind drummer kept step to his tattoo, playing the same drum he carried during the war. An aged veteran sounded sweet and soft his old brass bugle whose notes once urged his comrades into battle, but he says he never learned to sound retreat. Magnificent was the moving, waving column, the veterans waving their hats to the crowd and cheering their favorite commanders.

The crowd was almost exhausted from cheering when the tattered and torn battle flags appeared, and there was a moment's silence, the calm before the storm: then a mighty shout went up from thousands of throats. The color bearers waved their flags and lifted their hats in reverence to the banners they had followed so faithfully.

Gen. Wade Hampton was compelled to carry his hat in his hand, as it was impossible to lift it to the thousands of ladies who waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands, and so as one and another of the great generals were recognized cheer after cheer went up from the great throng which lined Meeting Street and Marion Square along the entire line of march to the very doors of the Auditorium.

How many were in the parade it would be difficult to say, but there were thousands, estimated all the way from three to five, while the length was fully a mile.

SONS OF VETERANS.

The Sons of Veterans were under their Commander in Chief Robert A. Smyth, accompanied by his staff, who were mounted, and his special aids, who were L. D. T. Quimby, Atlanta, Inspector General; Francis H. Weston, Columbia, aid; James A. Hoyt, Jr., Assistant Adjutant General; Daniel Ravenel, Adjutant General;

Aids A. T. Smythe, Jr., E. L. Wells, Jr., and L. C. Smythe, Jr.

The South Carolina Division was under Commander Bonham, and he was accompanied by his staff.

The other States were in command of the following officers: Louisiana, W. H. McLellan; Mississippi, George B. Myers; North Carolina, Dr. Charles A. Bland; Georgia, W. T. Colquitt; Florida, J. R. Matthews, acting; Virginia, W. A. Jacobs; Texas, H. B. Kirk, acting.

Following the Sons came the veterans bearing the sacred battle flags, with a special escort.

The Washington Artillery carried its old gun. The company was under the command of Capt. R. J. Morris, of Charleston. The old company was proud of its gun, which is said to be the first of its kind in the country. As special escort to the ladies on this gun was Comrade A. C. Oxford, of the Alabama Division.



MISS DAISY LOUISE HOLT,
Sponsor for North Carolina at Charleston reunion, 1899.

No feature of the parade was more touching than the "old battle-scarred flags," which were carried by their color bearers. Among these were the flag that was first unfurled over Fort Sumter, the flag of the privateer Jefferson Davis, and that of the Forty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, carried by Capt. Bost, who saved a single star from the flag of his regiment. This star is the center of another flag carried by Capt. Bost in the parade.

At Marion Square Gen. Gordon reviewed the magnificent procession. Gen. Hampton, Gen. Lee, and Gen. Cabell joined Gen. Gordon in the review of the veterans.

The officers of the Memorial Association, the sponsors, and quite a large party of veterans and others went directly to the cemetery to pay tribute to the memory of the dead soldiers, while the body of the veterans went to the Auditorium building, where exercises were to be held in honor of the dead.

At Magnolia Cemetery the exercises were simple but beautiful, and were conducted by Col. James G. Holmes, of Charleston. The opening prayer was delivered by Bishop Capers. Rev. Dr. A. Toomer Porter read an ode for the occasion, and the benediction was delivered by Bishop Stevens, of Orangeburg. The graves were decorated by the young ladies of the Confederate Home, and by the ladies of the Memorial Association and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

At the auditorium the splendid address of the occasion was delivered by Gen. George Moorman.

Before the exercises were formally opened the band played "Dixie." The pent-up feelings of the "old Rebs," as they call themselves, had for the first time opportunity of escaping. The scenes along the line of march had been too much for the old gray-haired soldiers, and when they heard "Dixie" the cheering was intense, and up went flags and banners and hats to join in the chorus of applause. Gen. Walker invited



MISS WILLYE RONEY, OF AUGUSTA, GA.,
Maid of Honor for Georgia at Charleston reunion, 1886.

Gen. Gordon to take charge of the memorial exercises, which he graciously did.

Before the address of the day Chaplain Jones delivered a prayer, in the course of which he blessed the noble women for the devotion they had paid to the heroes of the South, and in speaking of the custom of decorating the graves he prayed that God forbid that the custom should ever be allowed to die out. He prayed that the noble women of the South continue to give the South such men as they had had, and that the good women of the Southland keep up the noble work they had so earnestly undertaken.

CONVENTION PROCEEDINGS—ADDRESS BY GEN.
WALKER.

The convention was called to order in the Auditorium Wednesday morning by Gen. Walker, who said:

"As the commander of the home division it is my duty to call to order this distinguished gathering. Charleston asked you at your last convention to meet here at the birthplace of secession. She welcomes you with some of the most sacred emblems of that historic past. To the St. Andrew's Society, in whose hall the secession of South Carolina held its sessions, we are indebted for the use of the valuable historic relics to which I now refer. The gavel which I hold in my hand, and with which I have called you to order, was that which called to order that grand body of patriots which on December 20, 1860, passed the secession ordinance. Your Commander and the Department Commanders are now sitting in the very chairs used by the officers of the secession convention. I rap on the table on which lay the ordinance of secession, which was fraught with such terrible consequences to South Carolina and the South."

Chaplain J. William Jones then invoked the divine blessing in tender and eloquent words. At the conclusion of this prayer Gen. Walker introduced Hon. F. B. Gary, Speaker of the House of Representatives of South Carolina, whose address was heartily cheered.

Mr. Gary was followed by Lieut. Gov. M. B. McSweeney, who made the address of welcome on the part of the State. Through an eloquent and stirring speech by Mayor Smythe, the city of Charleston made the visitors welcome. This cordial and appreciated demonstration was concluded by an address from Gen. Walker, who spoke on behalf of the veterans of the State. Gen. Gordon was then called to the chair, and delivered one of his characteristic addresses, which thrilled the great assembly.

When Gen. Gordon formally took charge of the convention he said that he knew that every man and woman in the building would join him in the sentiment that they had all much to be thankful for, and before entering upon the work of the convention he would ask that every one rise and join in the chorus of "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow." It was a most timely suggestion. The great throng joined in the tender refrain. It was a pleasing thought to many that they could be present to join in the singing. Young and old, battle-scarred veterans, and their sons and daughters all joined in. On a chair was a blind soldier, Correll, who had been a bugler in the Army of Virginia, and who felt that he too had something for which to praise God.

After this scene Gen. Gordon arose and said: "My comrades, that glorious man about whom we used to hear so very much, that man of whom we and all others are so proud, that man who gave up his life to our cause, is not with us. But there is some one who Stonewall Jackson loved better than he did any one or anything else, and that is his devoted wife. I want to present her to you." And with this he led her to the front, and such a yell and such applause it would be hard to appreciate without hearing it.

Other distinguished ladies were introduced and received with appreciative applause. Among them were Mrs. Gordon, Miss Larendon (granddaughter of Gen. Beauregard), Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Gen. Walker offered the following resolutions, which were adopted by a unanimous vote:

Whereas our heirs and successors, the United Sons

of Confederate Veterans, are holding their convention in our city, and whereas we appreciate and desire to acknowledge their fealty to the hallowed memories of the cause we fought to maintain, and are proud to extend to them the right hand of fellowship; therefore be it

Resolved, That our Commander appoint a committee of ten to extend to the United Sons of Confederate Veterans our greetings and our love.

SOUTHERN HISTORY.

Gen. Gordon presented Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who read the report of the Historical Committee. It is as follows:

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 10, 1899.

Maj. Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V.

Dear Sir: Since the last report of your committee our country has been engaged in making history rather than in writing it. The United States has emerged successfully from a brief and glorious foreign war. We find ourselves again facing the responsibilities of peace, responsibilities grown perhaps more grave and far-reaching than ever before. Many patriots have long believed that nothing would do as much good to cement the Union together, or to put at rest the lingering doubts entertained in some quarters of Southern loyalty, as a war with a foreign power. Certainly it is one of the pleasant things to remember of these recent stirring times that the Southern response to the country's call was prompt and faithful. The spirit of 1776, of 1812, of the Mexican war, and of the great struggle between the States, kindled again in the hearts of the Southern people, and found them as ready as their fathers to bring the sacrifices of fortitude and fidelity. The result has been no surprise to us, but it is a source of no small pride that the whole country has at last learned at its true value the depth and fervor of Southern patriotism, not only for the State but for the union of all the States.

Not less gratifying has been the spirit of fairness and confidence exhibited by the general government toward the men who, in 1861, found their native State nearer to their hearts than the government at Washington. President McKinley displayed the spirit of the American soldier when he chose from his former foes the gallant Wheeler, the steadfast Fitzhugh Lee, the chivalrous Butler, and many others of our own brave comrades to marshal the hosts of the Union. We are glad that Gen. Wheeler had another opportunity to exhibit the fighting qualities of the Confederate soldier, and that Lieuts. Hobson, Victor Blue, and Worth Bagley in the navy showed the country of what stuff our young men are made. Once more the blood of North and South has been poured out together—no longer beneath contending standards in the bitterness of war between the States, but beneath one flag, to the glory of one country. These dead, at least, belong to us all. The last hateful memory that could divide our country is buried with them. About their grave kneels a new nation, loving all her children everywhere the same.

The pride we feel in the splendid achievements of the navy and the heroic conduct of the army is the genuine sentiment of soldiers, whose experience well gained on fields a hundredfold more numerous and in

battles in comparison with which the war with Spain, brief and dashing as it was, is but a series of gallant skirmishes. Then seven hundred ships of war and thousands of transports clouded our coasts and rivers, and over three million men stood in arms, some of them veterans of a hundred battles; men who fought with bulldog courage that never knew defeat. The soldier on each side found a foeman worthy of his steel. Great glory belongs to the victorious armies, for the Confederates fought, not simply to defeat, but to annihilation. We believe the soldiers of the United States will never win such glory again, for they will never meet in battle such another foe. We may rest in conviction that the lurid chapter which closed in 1865 will forever remain the most tremendous and magnificent, as it will be the most touching and pathetic, of our country's history. Little wonder then if the survivors shall meet year by year, till every gray head be leveled in the dust, to revive the friendships of those great days, "to fight our battles over again," to recall those unparalleled and majestic scenes, and to tell to other days:

All these things we saw, and part of them we were.

Your committee note with pleasure that there has been no revival of the aggravating controversy. What should be done with the captured or surrendered Confederate flags? If there be a government on earth worthy to guard a flag for which the Confederate soldier drew his stainless sword, and beneath whose folds he poured out his heart's blood, it is that of the United States. To that government, as the successor of the ill-starred Confederacy, we have given without reserve the same loyalty and faithful obedience. It is our government, and we are satisfied to have it keep our flags. The time will come when they will be counted among the nation's treasures, priceless tokens of heroism and love of country, pathetic memorials of her fallen sons. The recent generous words of President McKinley, commending the Confederate dead to the nation's care, are the expression of a sentiment growing everywhere, that the deeds of the Confederate sol-



MISS ZAN GIBSON, OF CHARLESTOWN,
Sponsor for West Virginia at Charleston reunion, 1899.

dier are the glory of the whole country, and that his memory is worthy to be cherished wherever self-sacrifice commands sympathy or brave actions strike a responsive chord in noble hearts. Wherever our Confederate dead lie sleeping we would leave their dust in peace. Enough for them that they lie in the land for which they died, tenderly honored and cared for by the true women of the South since the close of the great conflict. Those who drew their last breath in Northern prisons are not without their monuments, reared by the hands of generous foes, to mark the graves of Americans who died for their convictions of duty. When the last reveille shall sound no questions will be asked about their gray jackets.

The duty of your committee is now little more than to keep watch upon the histories of the day, and to stimulate to the limited extent of their powers historical research and publication. The very fact that the committee exists is, to some extent, a check upon those who would introduce into the South, for pecuniary or worse reasons, books which either pervert or fail to do justice to the history of the people of this section. It is a matter of great regret that more of our Southern colleges, especially the State universities, have not been enabled to follow the example set by the State of Tennessee at the Peabody Normal College at Nashville in endowing a chair devoted to American history, as recommended by your committee. After all, the object of our colleges should be to produce men first, and scholars afterwards. No education would be likely to contribute more to the development of noble character in our youth than the study of the brave and self-denying achievements of their ancestors. Something in letters and science might well be spared for the

knowledge of great and worthy actions, which every impulse of pride of blood and love of country calls upon the aspiring youth not only to honor, but to emulate.

Your committee are gratified at the advance of the study in the South of the local history of each State. No other section of the Union is so rich in local memories. There is not a State whose soil has not drunk the patriot's blood; not a county which cannot claim its heroes. Here are the altars of American patriotism. Yorktown sends greeting to New Orleans; King's Mountain calls, and Lookout Mountain answers; Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Vicksburg, Mansfield, all are here. The very spot upon which we stand is crowded with great memories. About us lies the city of sieges. Here is the cradle of the Confederacy. Out yonder are Moultrie and Sumter with their immortal story. If Charleston's dead came back to us to-day, all that is glorious in American history might be learned from their lips or written from their lives.

The prospect for fairness and candor in historical writing seems to your committee much improved since the Spanish war. The historian now has a new perspective. There is a fresh standard with which the events of the war between the States may be compared. What is of more importance, politics has a new set of heroes, and votes no longer turn on the praise or blame bestowed upon the soldiers and statesmen of 1861-65. The historians of that period may now well say to the politician: "Give me the pen; you have no further use for it." The words "traitor" and "rebel" are not likely to occur so frequently in the new books, and the whole country is apt to find more pride and satisfaction in reading them. We copy a significant passage from a recent Canadian writer on American history, who certainly cannot be accused of partiality to the South—Professor Goldwyn Smith:

"A trial now awaits the American historian in his judicial character, which it will not be very easy for a native writer to meet. The South is demanding a version of the history of the civil war rectified in its interest, and fitted to be taught in its schools. As might have been expected, that which was a memory of sorrow to the vanquished is becoming a memory, perhaps a legend, of heroic achievements to their sons. A Northerner must find it difficult to place himself at that which is the Southern, and, perhaps, in a certain sense, the right point of view. To Northerners secession seemed rebellion; and if you asked them for what they were fighting, the general answer would be that they were fighting to make the South submit to the law. Reconstruction proceeded on the same theory, with the untoward result of putting the South under 'carpetbagging' government, instead of turning it over, as soon as it had fairly submitted, to the guidance of its natural chiefs. Legally this view might be right. The Union, if not national at first, had become national in course of time, so that formerly secession would be rebellion, and the war to which it led would be civil war. But in reality the war was international, and was in fact so treated from the outset by the North, which never hanged a Southerner for rebellion, or withheld from the Southern soldiery the full measure of belligerent right. Nature, more powerful and authoritative than any constitutional compact, had forced apart, after long, uneasy, and at length insufferable wedlock,



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT GREENVILLE, S. C.

two communities radically antagonistic to each other in social structure, and therefore incapable of political union. If one of the two nations formed by the rupture was warranted in attacking and conquering the other, the justification was to be found, not so much in a legal claim to allegiance as in the character of slavery, the danger of its propagation, and the duty owed to the negro. The trophies and statues raised by the North are clearly memorials of international war; civil war has no triumphs."

The Southern people, however, by no means concede that their right to withdraw from the Union and set up a new national government which suited them better rested only on moral grounds, like that of their Revolutionary sires. Secession was undertaken by them as a constitutional right, clearly deducible from the teaching of the fathers of the constitution, as well as from the great instrument itself, and he would be a bold student of the constitution who would deny that its legal interpretation by Southern statesmen was not in 1861 quite as reasonable as that of their more powerful opponent. The trouble was that the country had grown away from its original constitutional views, and had adopted antagonistic ideas more convenient for the new conditions of its development. The laws of men were no match for the laws of nature. The stars in their courses fought against us.

We insist that the result of the war has absolutely no bearing upon the question of whether the South was right or wrong—that the triumph of physical force does not alter the truth of logic. We rejoice in all of the good we can find which has come to the country out of the tragedy of its great war—we give our hearts to the new nation without reserve, but in none of these things do we admit that those who believed as Jefferson and Madison and Calhoun believed were wrong, or condemned the soundness of the constitutional views to which our people cling with such mighty faith. If the men of the South, in order to be received again into full fellowship and forgiveness, are required to confess that their beloved leaders were in the wrong, and their firmest convictions were false, they will not know of whom to be most ashamed, whether of those who make this requirement or those who confess to conform to it.

Your committee believes also that the race problem is not apt in the future to be so blinding to a true apprehension of Southern history. The recent movement to put the supremacy of the more educated and capable race upon a constitutional and legal basis, thus banishing the specter of misrule from our borders, is steadily gaining progress. The Supreme Court of the United States has sustained the validity of restrictions upon the suffrage adequate to place the government of each State upon a stable and secure basis. In Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina a stable basis has, we believe, already been reached, and there is promise of securing, sooner or later, everywhere the removal of the race question from politics. Our Northern brethren are manifesting more and more the disposition to let the Southern people, who know the conditions so well and have so much at stake, deal with the fateful problem in their own way. Confidence in this matter may well be placed in the experience and good intentions of the white people of the South. With the disappearance of the race question from poli-

tics an enormous advance would be made toward the calm and dispassionate view of past events, which alone is worthy to be dignified by the name of history. Not only in the North, but in the South, there would be a casting out of moles and beams from the eyes, which would insure not only to the Confederate soldier, to the Southern statesman, even to the private lives of the Southern people, the justice never seen before, but would give to us of the South a more charitable view of the people of the North and a more merciful judgment upon the tragedy of reconstruction which wrought in our beautiful land a desolation more terrible than the war itself. The race question, that common interest which unifies the South and makes us a peculiar people, shall always be with us, but, once removed from politics, it might have for us as few terrors as for the English in the Barbadoes.

Our aims henceforth ought to be in no wise to perpetuate the distinctions and differences of Federal and Confederates, but rather to encourage a loyal and catholic American spirit, preserving all that was best on either side, and blending them together to the glory and advancement of our common country and our common descendants.

Your committee takes great pleasure in reporting that the expressions which have been heretofore made by this Association at its several reunions, in reference to the teaching of history in the schools, notwithstanding a few adverse criticisms, have been generally approved by the whole country, North and South. A decided improvement may be noted in the tone of the school histories which have been written or revised since the publication of the reports of your committee. The style of historical authors has become less sectional and controversial, and much more liberal and patriotic.

Your committee has not thought it advisable to select any particular school history for condemnation, nor to recommend the adoption by this association of any designated book, to be advertised as the choice of the Confederate veterans. On the contrary, we have constantly advised that the door be left open to all writers whose works are truthful, just, patriotic, and liberal to all sections of our common country.

We have never heretofore recommended, nor do we now recommend, that the Confederate veterans should attempt to exercise any system of censorship over the histories used in the schools, but we do strongly recommend that the influence of this Association be exerted in banishing from the schools any books which teach false lessons, either of fact or sentiment, or which are in any way partisan or unpatriotic in tone. We believe that the time has come when the influence of this Association may be beneficially exerted in elevating and enriching historical literature, in eradicating prejudice and inspiring patriotism.

To this end we recommend that this committee be empowered to appoint in each State a subcommittee of three, whose duty it shall be to examine every school history taught in the schools of the State, with especial reference to ascertaining whether said books contain incorrect or inaccurate statements, or make important omissions of material facts, or inculcate narrow or partisan sentiments. If any such defects should be found in any of the histories used in the schools, it shall be the duty of such subcommittee to enter into friendly

correspondence with the authors and publishers of such books, with a view to correcting such errors, or supplying such omissions, and it shall further be the duty of each subcommittee annually, one month before each reunion, to make a report to this committee, showing what histories of the State and of the United States are used in the schools of the State, and further to make such suggestions with regard to school histories and with regard to the teaching of history as the subcommittee may think proper to set forth.

A plan was submitted to several members of the committee which has been referred to in previous reports, for the publication of a library edition of twelve volumes of Confederate military history, and, in accordance with the plan, a work has been in progress several years which has resulted in the completion of a set of twelve volumes which we believe represents fairly, clearly, and with force the general issues of the Confederate war and the valor of the armies and navy of the Confederate States. This extensive work was written by our comrades in whom we repose entire confidence, and after passing through the editorial care of Gen. Clement A. Evans each general chapter was referred to and revised by some member of the committee. We refer here briefly to the contents of the work to show its scope:

"The Justification of the South in Secession" was written by the Hon. J. L. M. Curry.

"The South as a Factor in the Territorial Advancement of the United States," by Capt. W. R. Garrett.

"Political History of the Confederacy," by Gen. Clement A. Evans.

"The South Since the War," by Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

"Naval History," by Capt. J. H. Parker.

"The Morale of the Confederate Armies," by Dr. J. M. Jones.

Separate State histories were prepared by writers well known to us, whose hearts were in their work. South Carolina, by Gen. (now Bishop) Capers; Alabama, Gen. Wheeler; Mississippi, Gen. Hooker; Florida, Gen. Dickison; Louisiana, Mr. Dimitry; Georgia, Professor J. T. Derry; Arkansas, Gen. Harrell; Virginia, Maj. Jed Hotchkiss; North Carolina, Professor D. H. Hill; Tennessee, Ex-Gov. J. D. Porter; Texas, Ex-Gov. Roberts; Missouri, Col. Moore; Kentucky, Col. Johnson; West Virginia, Gen. White; Maryland, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson.

The work also contains sketches of President Davis

and his Cabinet, brief biographies of the general officers of the Confederate armies, and a chapter of useful statistics. Its illustrations include portraits of the President, Vice President, and of nearly all the generals of the Confederacy.

The above are the total contents of the work now completed, which has been presented for our inspection.

Sketches of Confederate soldiers in the line of all ranks and armies who worthily sustained the Confederacy will, as the committee learns, be included in an edition of the library which the committee has not seen. We regard the twelve volumes which have been placed before us as a standard exposition of our cause, and heartily commend it to our people.

During the past year the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., by Comrade S. A. Cunningham, has continued to render valuable service in gathering and recording important facts relating to the war between the States. We again commend it to the Association.

Respectfully submitted: Stephen D. Lee, Chairman; Clement A. Evans, Ellison Capers, W. R. Garrett, S. G. French, F. G. Ferguson, Graham Davey.

Gen. Gordon: "It has been moved and seconded that the able report just read be adopted, with an expression of thanks for their labors."

Dr. Curry then walked up to the front and said: "I most heartily appreciate the resolution of commendation of the report of the committee, and I wish very briefly to express, not simply my approbation of the general tenor of the committee, but also the value of the work, as related to the 'lost cause,' so-called. We cannot fail to discover that there is a growing conviction on the part of the world that no campaign since the era of civilization, since the era of ancient history, has exhibited such extraordinary prowess on the part of the soldiers, and extraordinary ability on the part of the leaders, such success against overwhelming odds, as was to be found and is now recognized in the history of the Confederacy. A recent book has been written by an English author, Lieut. Col. Henderson, in which there is a splendid review of the military achievements of our own Stonewall Jackson."

Dr. Curry reviewed what other critical writers had said of the South's magnificent military achievements. "The great English general, Wolsley, in an article written and published in some English magazines, says that among the four greatest generals the world has ever known is R. E. Lee. But, my friends, while it is true that the North and Europe begin to recognize and credit the virtues of our military campaign, there has not been equal recognition of the principles which underlay our great campaign. I have been pained even since I have been sitting here this morning to hear expressions which, when properly analyzed, mean that there is something in the North's claims that we were in a civil war. It was neither a civil war nor a rebellion."

Dr. Curry then related how the States seceded, and insisted that nothing could have been more regular or orderly. Everything was done in conformity with the constitution, as viewed, and with no blowing of trumpets. There was no passion, there was no ill will, there was no rioting, there was no mob.

Dr. Curry went on, dealing with the constitutional



OLD BUILDING AT FOOT OF BROAD ST., CHARLESTON.

phase of secession, and what view the South took of their right to withdraw; then he became somewhat personal, and what he said in this connection is given in detail. He asked that he be pardoned for a personal reference, for he stood with one other sole survivor of the first Provisional Confederate Congress, which met in Montgomery, Ala.: his distinguished friend, Judge Campbell, of Mississippi. The newspapers that morning brought the sad intelligence of the death of the third, William Porcher Miles. Gen. T. N. Wall, of Texas, his beloved and honored friend, came into that Provisional Congress, but came after the adoption of the constitution and after the election of Jefferson Davis, our first and only President; and as the sole survivor of that body present he proclaimed that that constitution framed by the Confederate Congress gave a better constitutional government and had a higher regard for the principles of State rights than any he had ever seen.

Dr. Curry then paid a high tribute to the book of Dr. Jones, on the life of Lee, and to other books recently printed. By way of parenthesis he said that he wanted to enter his protest against the mob ever taking charge. God forbid that we should intrust the honor and purity of our beloved women to a mob that takes the law into its own hands and becomes lawgiver, judge, jury, witness, and executioner all combined within themselves. A mob, when it gives itself up to passion, is as bad almost as a body of cannibals. The Southern men are always to be relied upon to defend their women and sisters, but God save the country from mob law!

Summarizing the situation, Dr. Curry said: "Our cause was based upon right, justice, and law, and the constitution as it was made and intended. We must see to it that our military record is preserved, and that the principles upon which we acted will be inculcated in the schoolrooms, and that our children and children's children will be taught that we were not Rebels."

His last request was that the purity and integrity of our noble women be not left to the mob. They would be false to their early teachings, false to their own principles, if they did not see to it that the law be maintained.

There was much enthusiasm over Dr. Curry's magnificent speech, in his golden praise of the Southern soldier and the justice of the cause for which he fought.

The report of the Committee on History was then adopted. One member, after the vote had been taken, said that he thought there was a little too much fraternalism about the report. After reading Dr. Curry's comment the following was written as an introduction before reading the report itself.

There is a great deal of hard work connected with the work of the Committee on Histories and Historical Matter. The report of the committee was carefully prepared and considered. It is a most valuable record of the great reunion in Charleston.

HONORING WINNIE DAVIS.

The memorial exercises for the Daughter of the Confederacy at the reunion were held on Thursday, and the published report of the beautiful ceremonies

shows with what tender reverence the Confederates, the Sons, and the Daughters hold the memory of the beloved Winnie Davis.

"The Women of the Confederacy" has been a toast of soldiery the world over. There never was a more devoted nor a more heroic body of women than that which lived and suffered in this Southland during the days of the bloody struggle. Whenever there is the opportunity of paying homage to the memory of these devoted women it is grasped, as was illustrated when it was announced that there would be memorial exercises in honor of Miss Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy.

It was a delicate and timely tribute to the charming woman, as the daughter of President Jefferson Davis. Gen. Gordon announced the exercises, saying:

"And now, my comrades, we approach a solemnity which will awaken in every heart here the sweetest, tenderest recollections that have stirred us for many days. We are about to give ourselves the melancholy pleasure of again honoring a sweet woman whose memory will always live in every Confederate household and home, and as a fit introduction to that sacred, solemn scene, I ask Bishop Capers to lead us in prayer."

Bishop Capers, a hero of the cross and the sword, then delivered this prayer:

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart service in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, we give thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those, thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors.

And forasmuch as it hath pleased thee in thy wise providence to take out of this world the soul of our deceased sister, the Daughter of the Southern Confederacy, grant to us who are still in our earthly pilgrimage, and who walk, as yet, by faith, that, having served thee with constancy on earth, we may be joined hereafter with thy blessed saints in glory everlasting, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

And O merciful God and Heavenly Father, who hast taught us in thy Holy Word that thou dost not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, look with pity, we beseech thee, upon the sorrows of thy servant, the venerable and faithful mother, for whom we offer our prayers.

In thy wisdom thou hast seen fit to visit her with trouble, and to bring distress upon her. Remember her, O God, in mercy; sanctify thy fatherly connection to her; endue her soul with patience under her affliction, and with resignation to thy blessed will; comfort her with a sense of thy goodness; lift up thy countenance upon her and give her peace, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered, make us, we beseech thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life, and let thy holy Spirit lead us in our earthly pilgrimage in holiness and righteousness all the days of our lives, that when we shall have served thee in

our generation we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience in the communion of the holy Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy life, in favor with thee, our God, and in perfect charity with the world. All of which we ask through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Gen. Gordon, at the conclusion of the prayer, arose and presented the orator of the occasion, Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, who then spoke as follows :

The most distinguished divine of the seventeenth century, when preaching the funeral of Louis XIV., the greatest of all French rulers, as he gazed down upon the deceased king, cold, pallid, powerless, expressionless, lifted his hands to heaven, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, exclaimed : "There is nothing great but God!"

And, comrades, as we recall the beautiful beloved and winsome face and form of the Daughter of the Confederacy as she stood in our presence less than a year ago at Atlanta, and with joy and pride received anew our knightly admiration and fealty, and as we now realize that she is no more, but sleeps in death, we too in pathetic and profoundest sorrow turn our eyes heavenward and cry out : "God alone is great."

The love, devotion, and homage of the surviving heroes of the Southern armies could not avail to stay the hand of the invincible conqueror, death. Despite the fervid protest, the importunate prayer of valiant thousands, who oftentimes without hope, and always without fear, fought for the South, the inexorable decree has been executed, and with bowed heads and anguished hearts we speak tenderest praise for her who occupied the first place in the affections of the living men who are part of that superb host which made the glory and the fame of the Confederacy eternal.

The practical spirit of the present times would say that the age of chivalry is gone; but, as the representatives and descendants of an ever chivalrous people, we can confidently challenge this coarse assertion, and point to the love of Southern men for this child, whom illustrious warriors adopted and were proud to claim as their own; and confidentially aver that, whatever may be said of others, in the hearts of Confederate soldiers there still burns, with unquenchable flame and unconquerable force, that spirit which makes men gallant, heroic, and true.

There are occasions when the hush and solemnity of death become intense eloquence and speak with a pathos and power that are simply immeasurable. No exhibition ever witnessed in any land is more touching, no emotion ever aroused in human heart more magnanimous, no offering more unselfish, no attachment more generous than this affection Confederate veterans tendered in life, and now declare in death, for the daughter of Jefferson Davis.

A subtle and mysterious instinct, if not revelation, tells us that those who have departed from earth look down upon the places whence they have gone and take note of the events transpiring amongst men, and today, across that mysterious land which separates the seen from the unseen, we send greetings to the spirit of our dead daughter, and give her assurance of our unchanging love and lasting remembrance.

Living, she was the pride of our Association; dead,

she is revered and loved by those who, while she was among them, esteemed her their choicest treasure and the most precious of the glorious possessions which the memories and sacrifices of the great war created in the minds of the Confederate survivors.

The gentlest and noblest of all our members has gone down amid the darkness and shadows of death. The faithful, the dutiful, the beautiful, the only Daughter of the Confederacy has been summoned to the land of the immortals, and it is fitting, as we have gathered in this annual reunion, the first since her decease, to offer a tribute of affection to her whom we all loved, and whose life, character, and conduct were such that they silenced all criticism, repressed all envy, and cre-



VARINA ANNE DAVIS.

ated everywhere manliest devotion and boundless admiration.

Only a few brief months have elapsed since, in the fullness of a matured womanhood, in the splendor of a superb filial consecration and with a simple and unaffected appreciation, for the last time she received the enthusiastic cheers and unqualified adoration of her Confederate fathers and friends; and in all that vast assemblage that greeted her as only Confederate soldiers could greet, there was not a single heart which failed to respond to that intense rapture and that impassioned delight her welcome presence always evoked. None then, as ever before, denied her the most fervent benedictions or withheld from her sincerest invocation.

Born amid the conflicts of the mightiest war the world has ever witnessed, cradled within the sound of the cannon's roar and the musketry which defended the capital of the country for which her father offered the costliest sacrifice of all those who defended its life and its name; in her very infancy made to feel the deepest grief in the misfortunes and indignity heaped upon him who was the President of the nation the South so heroically struggled to maintain, she had experiences which have come into only one life during all the ages of the world.

Enemies sought to traduce her father's fame, to destroy his life, and discredit the purity and grandeur of his patriotism, but she was constant amid all his persecutions and misfortunes. He suffered for his people, and she with and for him, and to the end she was true to his name, true to him, and true to the people who loved him.

No other woman in the history of the world ever held such a place as our Daughter of the Confederacy. The adopted child of the greatest war heroes, the idol of those who followed Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Forrest, Stuart, and Morgan—the men who, though refused final victory by fate, have been crowned with a glorious immortality; she had all that noblest sentiment, faithfulest loyalty, and most chivalrous devotion could bestow, and neither affection nor ambition could add anything to the superb crown which Confederates have placed on her brow.

Earth can yield no purer and no more generous love than that which the men and women of the Confederacy bore Winnie Davis. It caught the impress of heavenly touch and felt the mark of an angelic birth. No selfishness tarnished its resplendent brightness, no insincerity marred its exceeding tenderness, no limit prescribed its inexpressible gentleness, and no figures could calculate its immeasurable depths. It was a sentiment, but it was exalting, ennobling, elevating, and in every way worthy of the most heroic and sublimest of human emotions. She held undisputed sway over millions of hearts; all who loved the Confederacy loved her; all who gloried in its splendid history and its unfading renown remembered her. Her charming name gave her a marvelous influence in every Southern home and heart, and, seen or unseen, she was the heroine of all those who loved the Confederate States, or had part or parcel in their unparalleled sacrifices for the cause of truth and liberty.

The love of her people for this their child was separate and apart from all other loves. Her wondrous devotion to her father, her constant and unselfish ministrations to him in the declining years of his isolated life, her filial help in his literary labors, the chiefest of which was his defense of his nation in its claim to separate existence and the righteousness of its cause, and the absolute consecration of her splendid womanhood to his companionship and solace, fill the hearts of all loyal Confederates with an admiration and gratitude which are both pathetic and eternal.

The ordinary loves of human souls wax and wane; they are not always equal in their strength and flow, but this love to "Our Daughter" knew no decrease in its irresistible and unchanging current. Her presence was not needful to quicken its impulses, and her absence did not slacken its fervor. As she stood alone in the splendor of her position as the only Daughter of the Confederacy, she had no cause to fear rivalry, and never any reason to question the loyalty of the hearts of all who claimed her as their child.

When the shadows of time were lengthening about the heart and home of Jefferson Davis, and the dim, fading light, death's forerunner, cast its softening rays across the paths he must tread; when the warning echoes from the immortal land were caught by the hills about his mortal abode; when the mystic lore of coming events, which deepens with life's sunset, whispered

in the ear of the patient and heroic father that the parting of ways for him and his beloved child was only a little way ahead, he bethought him of her future, and with unquestioning faith and unwavering confidence he committed her protection and care to the people he had loved so well.

The misfortunes which came to him as the head of the Confederate States left him no store of wealth from which to provide endowment to shield from want, or to construct mausoleum to honor in death; but he devised her as his richest and noblest legacy to a generous nation. She was to him of value, which was incomparable with gold or costliest gem. That absolute trust in the generosity of Southern people has met worthiest response. Loved, honored, adored in life, her sisters of the Confederacy, in her death, have builded her monument, which, though simple in its structure, is voiceful of a love and admiration which will abide forever.

She rests in the bosom of the State which gave her birth, and which at the end offered her repose amid the tombs of her most illustrious children.

War has yielded Virginia "richest spoils in the ashes of her brave;" her champions of civil liberty have written most glorious memorials on the pages of human history; her defenders of religious freedom have erected in grateful souls a remembrance and thankfulness as indestructible as heaven itself; her sons have formulated the great title deeds of universal equality before the law, and now this loving mother of such vast treasure of goodness and greatness, with yearning maternal pride, claims the cherished dust of our daughter. As future generations walk amongst the reminders of a glorious past there will be no grave amid these renowned and sacred sepulchers which will evoke profounder or gentler emotions, or call forth tenderer memories than that of the adopted child of the Confederacy.

On the banks of the James River, close to where nearly three hundred years ago came the cavalier, imparting to Southern manhood the uplifting power of his genius, his courage, and his chivalry, they have given her lasting sepulcher. The breezes from every hillside, valley, and mountain of the Southland shall bear tenderest benedictions to her tomb, and the rippling waters of the stream beside which she rests—fresh from the mountain tops which pierce the blue skies overhanging the mighty Alleghanies—shall murmur softest requiem by her grave, and as these flow into the mighty ocean they will be taken up by the chainless winds which sweep with unbroken power the face of the great deep, and in harmonious melody tell the story to all the world of the marvelous and wondrous love of the people who fought for the lost but glorified cause of the South, for Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy.

Just as Col. Young closed his speech the Louisville Glee Club sung that sweet and pathetic hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee." At the conclusion of the hymn Gen. Stephen D. Lee arose and said: "The widow of our grand President has for many years been stricken with age and infirmity, so that she has not been able to attend our last reunions, but she is represented here to-day by a fair young lady, Miss Waller, of Mississippi.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

At the suggestion of Gen. Cabell the Jefferson Davis monument work was turned over to the Daughters of the Confederacy. This labor of love will be performed with zeal and tender concern by the Daughters, who will be untiring in their efforts to attain success in the undertaking. Gen. Cabell, as Chairman of the committee, read the following report relative to the Davis Monument Fund:

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 10, 1899.

The Jefferson Davis Monument Committee submits herewith a report of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association for the year ending April 30, 1899. We most cordially indorse the recommendations of that Association that the Daughters of the Confederacy be requested to undertake the task of the completion of the monument which it is proposed to erect to the memory of President Jefferson Davis, and we further indorse the suggestion of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, that the amount already collected by them for the monument fund shall be consolidated with the fund to be raised by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and be disbursed under their direction, and we therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved: 1. That it is the earnest and unanimous wish of the United Confederate Veterans that the Daughters of the Confederacy shall undertake the patriotic task of building the monument to President Jefferson Davis at Richmond, Va., feeling confident, as we do, that under their loving direction the work will soon be accomplished, and we shall have in the capital city of the Confederate States a memorial worthy alike of the President and of the people over whom he ruled with such fidelity and wisdom.

2. That when the arrangements have been perfected for the transfer of the work to the Daughters of the Confederacy, then the Jefferson Davis Monument Association is authorized to deliver the funds now in their possession, or that may be hereafter be received, to the custody of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The report was accompanied by this letter:

The Jefferson Davis Monument Association respectfully submits its report for the year ending April 30, 1899. We have received during the year \$812.23, making the balance on hand, as per treasurer's report, \$19,892.58. If, however, we add interest to April 30, it will make the total amount in the hands of the Association \$20,091.58.

We feel that the time has come for an active and aggressive movement for the erection of the monument to President Davis. We have made many earnest appeals to the camps of the South, and we have sought through written address and by personal appeal to secure the contributions necessary to erect the proposed memorial, but we have not yet obtained the amount necessary to accomplish that purpose, and we fear that we will never achieve success until we enlist the aid of the noble women of the South in our endeavor. We believe that if the Daughters of the Confederacy could be induced to undertake this work

they would by their energy, earnestness, and unflinching loyalty succeed in accomplishing the desired result.

We therefore recommend that they be, by resolution, invited to do so. We will turn over to them the funds already secured by our Association, and we will further pledge them our earnest and hearty coöperation in any plans they may adopt. We feel that under their leadership the monument will be speedily erected.

On behalf of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association,
J. TAYLOR ELLYSON, *President*.

Gen. Cabell said that when the Daughters got to work something would be done, and that all the good that is being done these days is through women's work anyway. He wanted the resolutions adopted without reference, as there was no use to refer the resolutions, which, he said, were on the right line.

Resolutions were adopted by Young County Camp, No. 127, Graham, Tex., on the death of Capt. O. E. Finlay, its commander:

Comrade Finlay was a native Mississippian, and when his State sounded the alarm and beat the long roll, he, though quite a youth, marched to the front as a private in the Eighteenth Mississippi regiment. He rose rapidly to the rank of First Lieutenant, and while acting adjutant of the regiment in the battle of the Wilderness he received wounds from which he never recovered. O. E. Finlay was one of those patriotic and chivalrous spirits who made the name of Longstreet famous in American history, and added honor and glory to the immortal Lee.

The resolutions contain this plea: "Comrades, while we pause in sadness to view our decimated ranks, let us not forget that we are approaching the silent tomb, and may we realize that we are crossing over the river to "rest under the shade of the trees" with Jackson and Lee.

SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Gen. Wheeler's address was the feature of the second day, and called forth enthusiastic and prolonged cheers. Afterwards the Committees on Credentials and Resolutions reported, and the matter of pensions was discussed. Gen. Wheeler was followed by Gen. Hampton, who presented a flag to the old soldiers on behalf of the ladies of Charleston, and made a splendid address, which was replied to by Gen. Gordon.

During the session of the third day there were speeches from representatives of the Sons of Veterans, among them one of the Commanders, M. L. Bonham, Robert E. Lee, Jr., and Mr. Brant H. Kirk, who spoke on behalf of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

A committee favorably recommended the following:

"Whereas the Government of the United States has undertaken and is pushing forward the work of permanently marking the lines and positions of the troops of both the contending armies on several great battlefields of the civil war, among them Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Shiloh, Vicksburg, and others, with the design of making these battlefields permanent memorials of the prowess of American soldiers without respect of section:

Resolved, That we, as Confederate Veterans, sympathize with and commend this patriotic purpose of the government, and will lend our influence and aid towards its full realization.

Resolved, That we trust the people of the Southern States will take early and effective steps to erect upon these battlefields suitable monuments in honor of our glorious heroes in gray, who fought and died for what they believed to be right."

The report was unanimously adopted.

The committee recommended the adoption of the following resolution, which was agreed to:

"Whereas the District of Columbia is a part of our Southern soil, given to the Federal Government as a seat for the capital of the country under the constitution adopted by our fathers, and during the war between the States over two thousand of her brave sons made their way through the Federal lines to stand shoulder to shoulder with their brothers of the South; and whereas the survivors of these men now living in the District, together with others of our comrades from every State of the Union, have organized the Confederate Veterans Association of the District of Columbia, Camp 171, U. C. V.; therefore be it

Resolved, That the District of Columbia in all future reunions of the U. C. V be assigned an appropriate place on the floor of its conventions and accorded all the rights and privileges of a division of the U. C. V., to be known as the District of Columbia Division."

The committee also recommend the following:

"Having learned with pleasure of the scheme to honor 'the memory of the Daughter of the Confederacy' by building at the orphanage near Luray, Va., a cottage to be named 'The Winnie Davis Cottage,' and to be devoted to the care of orphans of Confederate soldiers and their descendants;

Resolved, That we regard this as an appropriate and graceful tribute to our lamented dead, and commend it to the sympathy and support of our people."

Maj. R. W. Hunter offered the following:

"The United Confederate Veterans, in annual reunion assembled, tender their cordial thanks to Lieut. Col. Henderson, of the British Staff College, for his admirable and impartial contribution to history in his 'Life of Stonewall Jackson.'"

The committee presented this resolution:

Resolved, That the one-legged and maimed Confederate veterans and those among them who are unable to undergo the fatigues of the parade at the future reunions of the U. C. V. be provided with suitable conveyances to enable them to accompany their comrades on the march," and recommended that cities in which reunions are held hereafter provide such accommodations. It was unanimously adopted.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

At the last meeting amendments to the constitution were suggested. The first was:

"To alter Article 1 of the constitution, to read 'Confederate Survivors Association,' as per resolution offered by Col. John W. A. Sanford, of Lomax Camp No. 151, of Montgomery, Ala., on July 22 at the Atlanta reunion, in which he gave notice that he would again at the next reunion move to change the name of this Association from 'United Confederate Veterans' to 'Confederate Survivors Association,' so that hereafter, instead of U. C. V., it would be C. S. A., Camp No. 1, Camp No. 2, and so on.

"The second proposition was to amend the by-laws of the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans at its next annual meeting, to be held in Charleston,

S. C., on May 10, 1899: 'Amend Section 1 of Article 2 to read, after the word "Federation:" "Such reunion to be held at any place in State or section of State which formed a part of the Confederate States of America, and recognized the Confederate flag as their national standard."

"The third proposed amendment was that any person elected or appointed to an office in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, or any camp thereof, shall be designated and known by the title which indicated his rank in the army or navy of the Confederate States."

The committee reported against all of these amendments, and by the adoption of the reports the amendments were killed.

The proposed change of the button was also killed.

The next amendment was adopted, and is to change the constitution so as to do away with the five brevet major generals in the Texas Division.

This was adopted without a word:

Resolved, That the Quartermaster General, U. C. V., is hereby requested to select a shade of gray suitable for uniforms for United Confederate Veterans and also adapted for ordinary wear, and to ascertain if the manufacture of cloth of various grades of such shade and of a regulation uniform coat, with exchangeable buttons, can be provided for, so that the same may be found upon sale in clothing stores generally."

A thoughtful resolution was to this effect:

Resolved, That the presence of the United States cruiser Raleigh in the harbor during the reunion of the United Confederate Veteran Association is recognized and appreciated as a graceful recognition and courtesy extended by the honorable Secretary of the Navy."

This was heartily approved by the convention.

Resolved. That we are gratified to learn that the Adjutant General has prepared an appropriate ritual to be used upon funeral occasions, and that upon its approval by the Commander the same shall be adopted and promulgated as the ritual to be used by veterans upon all funeral occasions."

The following was adopted:

Resolved, That our most grateful and cordial assurances of appreciation are due, and are hereby tendered, to Col. W. H. Knauss and his generous associates for their tender but manly sentiments, as manifested in their care for the graves of our dead comrades near Columbus, Ohio."

The Tennessee delegation presented the following, which was readily adopted:

Resolved, That whereas Comrade W. C. Smith fought through the Confederate war, served his country in peace, and at the head of the First Tennessee Regiment sacrificed his life on the altar of our country on the firing line in the Philippine Islands; therefore be it

Resolved, That this tribute of love and esteem be placed on our minutes to the honor of this brave soldier and patriot."

The following officers were reelected by acclamation: Commander in Chief, J. B. Gordon; Commander of Department of Army of Northern Virginia, Wade Hampton; Commander of Department of Tennessee, Stephen D. Lee; Commander of Department of the Trans-Mississippi, W. L. Cabell.

LOVING CUP TO GEN. GORDON.

A happy incident occurred at the Charleston reunion in the presentation of a magnificent loving cup to Gen. John B. Gordon. The conception was by Miss Nannie Randolph Heth, sponsor for all the veterans. The presentation address was made by Gen. George Moorman on behalf of Miss Heth, and in its graceful delivery she said: "It is full of love, and comes as a gracious tribute from all the sponsors and maids of honor." Miss Heth was attended by her maid of honor, Miss Tebault, of New Orleans. In his acceptance Gen. Gordon paid his own kind of tribute to Southern womanhood. The loving cup is a very fine piece of the crystal workers' and silversmiths' art. It is about twelve inches high and has three handles. The inscription is:

To Gen. John B. Gordon,
From the Sponsors and Maids of Honor
of the South.
Confederate Reunion, Charleston, S. C.,
May 10, 1899.

SIX HUNDRED CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

There was distributed at the Charleston reunion a list of the six hundred Confederate officers who were sent South and placed under fire of Confederate guns in the harbor there for retaliating purposes.

Maj. Lamar Fontaine, of Lyon, Miss., sought to secure a reunion of the surviving members at Charleston, but failed. He now pleads afresh that this be taken in hand, so that the largest attendance possible may be at Louisville next year.

Maj. Fontaine reports remarkable experiences. He served in the Fourth Confederate States Cavalry, and was captured in a skirmish near Lynnville, Tenn., December 14, 1863. He escaped at Louisville, Ky., in January, 1864, was recaptured March 4, 1864, and escaped again at Bird in Hand Station, Pa., in April, 1864. He was captured at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864, and was wounded in knee, thigh, breast, and arm. He escaped from Hilton Head, S. C., December 12, 1864, and reached Charleston in four days. Maj. Fontaine asks the VETERAN: "Can you find out how many of the survivors now exist, and their addresses?"

In list of the "six hundred" Second Lieut. George H. Albright, from North Carolina, should be George N. Albright, who now lives at Stanton, Tenn.

The heading of the circular reads as follows: "This list is to be published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for July, with sketches of from ten to twenty lines about each, whether living or dead. This list sent to all who write for it. Will every friend interested report if this record is incorrect, and send brief notes of what he or she may know about any member of the 'six hundred?' Publication is deferred to July in the hope that as nearly a complete a record as possible may be secured."

CUSTODY OF CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

James M. Garnett, delegate from Franklin Buchanan Camp No. 747, U. C. V., Baltimore, Md., to the Charleston reunion, writes the *Baltimore Sun* a protest against the language of the History Committee concerning Confederate flags, in which it commends their continued custody. Comrade Garnett states:

I do not believe that this paragraph represents the sentiment of Confederate veterans or that the con-

vention at Charleston would have adopted it if they had been aware of its contents. Confederate veterans are unquestionably loyal to this government, as has been shown in many ways for nearly thirty-five years, but they are not "satisfied to have it keep our flags." Those flags should be restored to the custody of the States from which they originally came, and where there are no such States, as in the case of the naval flags, several of which are now deposited in the museum of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, they should be sent to the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., which will soon be transformed into the battle abbey of the South. The recent generous action of the Legislature of Michigan in restoring one such flag should be imitated by the Legislatures of all the Northern States and by the Congress of the United States, as was once recommended by President Cleveland, a noble recommendation that met with a heartfelt response throughout the whole South, but it caused such an uproar that it was never acted on. We love our relics, and we want to keep them ourselves. Nothing would tend more to strengthen that harmony of feeling, now so auspiciously begun, than the adoption of the above recommendation. I cannot enforce this view better than by referring you to the words of your own editorial of last summer, entitled "Give Back the Flags."

You then quoted Senator Foraker, who said, "It would be a good thing at this time to return the Confederate battle flags;" the *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*, which said, "The time to give back the captured flags has come. Ohio wants no longer the trophies taken from her sister States so long ago;" and the *Philadelphia Press*, which said, "It is believed that the time has come when the North should no longer cherish these tokens of a divided country." You concluded with the statement: "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."

If such a proposition was made, it has hitherto brought forth no fruits. The approaching meeting of that body at Terre Haute, Ind., I believe, will furnish an opportunity for a renewal of this proposition, and if the same cordial sentiment actuates it as has been evidenced in the Legislature of Michigan, it will not be long before the flags will be restored. That organization has sufficient influence in the Legislatures of the Northern States and in Congress to effect this object, and this is the only way in which it will be effected. The Confederate veterans are powerless in the matter, but it is an object dear to their hearts and will conduce more to fraternal feeling than anything else that could be done. Whoever witnessed the massing of the old battle flags, some twenty-five in number, at the head of the procession in Charleston on Wednesday last will realize how dear they are to the hearts of Confederate veterans and how they long to have the custody of those deposited elsewhere. Gen. Lee's report did not represent their feelings, and that paragraph should not have been adopted.

In the grand procession at Charleston there were twenty-nine Confederate battle flags, many of them scarred and riddled with bullets. Among them was the flag of the Fourteenth Louisiana, under which eleven men were shot while carrying it in battle.

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 is impelled to commend the remark of a delegate in the Charleston convention when action was being taken upon the report of the Historical Committee, that there was "too much fraternalism in it." The writer does not know the author of the remark, yet, while he does know and commend the integrity and patriotism of the committee membership, the "fraternalism" seems excessive.

It was well enough to emphasize the part the South took in the Spanish war as proof of the patriotism demonstrated ever since as well as during our great war. The VETERAN believes in the sincerity of President McKinley when he expressed the noble sentiment that "the time has come when we should share with you in caring for the graves of the Confederate dead," and it honors him in his expression. Whether sincere or not, he made a record as President of the United States that will tend, all the way down the centuries, to our proper and worthy recognition as patriots. The President is praised for his appointment of Gens. Fitzhugh Lee, Joe Wheeler, and Butler to important positions in the volunteer forces of the United States. The VETERAN commends his action in their appointment, and is proud of their records; but did he not give a very small proportion of the honors to the South, with her thousands of volunteer soldiers? He does not take risk that "Southern brigadiers" will again "dominate Congress." Gen. Lee, it will be remembered, was already in Cuba by appointment under President Cleveland, and remained there officially at the peril of his life and to the high honor of the United States through greater trials than any others experienced during the actual war period. It is not to the credit of the President that Lee has not been the chief representative of the United States Government in Cuba since it has had possession of the island. He doubtless accords with this sentiment, but the vicious policy of the party by whom he was put in office so holds its political lash that he could hardly afford to defy it.

The comment upon the custody of Confederate flags could hardly be considered in the scope of the committee. Many of these sacred relics are irreverently held in many State capitols in the North as trophies, as well as in the archives of the general government.

The longer the time, and the more capable the people become of judging as to the causes of our great sectional conflict, the clearer appears the justice of the

principles for which the South went to war, and we dishonor ourselves in apologizing. These criticisms are not intended as against the convention, for as on former occasions, delegates could not hear, and they accepted the reports without understanding them.

No, no, it is not only a crime to be timeservers on these lines, but it is bad policy; it is utterly unnecessary. Broad-spirited Americans who fought on the Union side would not have it so. At a banquet given by Union veterans to Confederates one of the latter said in his speech: "I went into the war thinking we were right, but now I *know* that you were right." The lack of response from the Union side was painful.

NOTES ON SHIPBOARD AT HAVANA.

March 30, 1899, is memorable in the writing of this by the wreck of the *Paris*. The City of Paris has just glided out to sea with a party of excursionists who have been on a tour, the tickets for which cost four hundred dollars each. The writer has been on a visit of just one day and night, and is hurried away by quarantine restrictions.

The wreck of the ill-fated warship is quite boldly above the water's surface, the mainmast being in almost perpendicular position and rising to an elevation of forty feet, while the other exposed parts look as the skeleton of some monstrous animal, the ribs being represented by iron beams which have not rusted as rapidly as the sheet metal. The wreck is in mid-harbor, and the city to the west with its domes and ancient towers, relieved by the green foliage in occasional open squares, makes a scene indelibly impressive. Morro Castle, with its adjacent fortifications, extends for perhaps a quarter of a mile on the opposite side of the bay. Looking toward the mouth of the bay, the sails and anchored steamers shut out all view of the exit. This ship, *Yarmouth*, of the Plant system, is the last to leave Havana that will be admitted into a Southern port before a quarantine that threatens to be absolutely prohibitory for the summer, consequently the ship is severely crowded. Five hundred soldiers of the Second Illinois Volunteer Infantry are taking passage upon it.

The water of the bay is quite clear and is free from disagreeable odor. The great amount of filth being cleared from Havana by the United States government is carried for miles out to sea before being dumped.

The foregoing was discarded after being put in type; but it is used now because of the ill fate of the magnificent ship, the *Paris*, which ran on rocks at The Manacles, near Cornwall, England, May 21, just fifty days from its departure from Havana. Latest reports indicate very little hope of saving the ship. It involves a loss of over \$2,000,000.

In the May VETERAN an error was made in placing the name of Miss S. Kennedy under the picture of Miss Jennie Hood, who was sponsor for Walker-Gaston Camp, Chester, S. C., at the State Reunion in Charleston in April, 1898.

The report of the Committee on Confederate Memorial Association work is remarkable. The superintendent and secretary boldly states:

There is on deposit in the Fourth National Bank in Nashville, Tenn., the sum of \$7,292 53; that he has obtained subscriptions, available when the full amount of one hundred thousand dollars has been secured, \$42,025; that he has further contributions promised amounting to \$4,500. The subscription of Charles Broadway Rouss, on which he has authorized us to draw at sight, \$20,000, \$100,000. Total is \$153,817.53. So that we have only \$46,182.47 to raise in order to secure the whole amount to meet Mr. Rouss's munificent donation, and when this is obtained we shall have the sum of two hundred thousand dollars.

And in this estimate we do not include the value of the Confederate Museum property at Richmond, nor do we include the sum of \$6,020.06, reported to be in the hands of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition Company, but which as we understand will be paid over to our Association whenever needed for actual use.

It will thus be seen that the work of the Association is in a most satisfactory condition, and there is every reason to hope and to believe that before our next annual meeting the whole sum needed to begin the erection of our memorial building will have been secured.

The trustees have for several years devoted their time and expended their personal funds in the prosecution of this work, and the executive committee has borne an especially heavy part of this burden.

The superintendent reports that there was a balance due him on May 1, 1890, on account of salary and expenses, of \$7,715.50.

We have been much pleased to know that the selection of Richmond as the city in which the memorial building is to be located meets with general approval, and we were especially gratified to learn from Mr. Rouss that it meets with his most cordial approbation.

To those who know the situation, this report is nauseating. The \$7,292 in a Nashville bank is less than the superintendent and secretary claims to be due him for services, while the unconditional amount promised is but little over half "what is due" him; and the \$42,025 is *conditional* to raising the entire amount. Ridiculous this boast, that "we have but \$46,182.47 to raise"—of the \$100,000 for which a plea has been before the Southern people for years, and toward which Mr. Rouss, independent of his \$100,000, has given more than all the cash reported as on hand to date!

The insinuations in the report that the committee has brought about reconciliation of the Southern people to the location at Richmond, that Mr. Rouss had given his "cordial approbation"—that it be erected in his own State capital!—and that the value of the Confederate museum is not included, are altogether insolent to the intelligent public. It would have been an easy thing to credit conditional subscribers with \$42,025 by naming them, and friends of the enterprise would like to know who and where they are. It appears that the Executive Committee would even rob Mr. Rouss of

honor for his generosity in order to credit the "superintendent and secretary."

The VETERAN is for the Memorial Institute, and at once accepted Richmond, regardless of what may have been considered "unfair methods" to fix the location. But it cannot refrain from protesting against the means adopted by the Executive Committee, managers of this benefaction. This Executive Committee of three, two controlling, have disregarded the protests of good men who have pleaded with them to investigate the improprieties of their appointee. Some may say the VETERAN is prejudiced because of the decision in favor of Richmond, but its every reader can bear witness that never has there been a sentence in it favoring Nashville as the place, although more cash has been raised in Nashville, and is now in the banks here, than from all other places combined, according to the above. The superintendent in his report stated that he had determined to try and secure a collection of portraits "with which to embellish it at the dedication," and complimentary response was made thereto.

The authority given this superintendent to solicit money to pay for portraits that he may select and contract for is an outrage upon the spirit of the movement, and should be rescinded. He had no right to solicit for and to apply funds to the purchase of pictures as he has done, and the convention in approving and accepting his action has set a precedent. He had no right to invest sums solicited by him in any way.

Let us all seek to aid Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss in his great work of building the Memorial Institute, the Battle Abbey, but do not allow the funds to pass through the hands of this man. Two years ago remonstrance was made against his department, but he begged to avoid newspaper controversy. Forbearance has not benefited the situation.

Further consideration of this matter induces increased emphasis of the unwarranted procedure in securing portraits or anything of the kind through solicitation of any agent. This sacred undertaking was proper in every way, and the appointment of a worthy agent to solicit funds to meet the sum offered by Mr. Rouss was consistent therewith, but the authority creating that agency was not given beyond the collection of cash for this fund alone. Gen. Gordon is a much occupied man, and all Confederate proceedings have heretofore been so consistent with the spirit of the organization that he evidently did not realize the shameful impropriety of this superintendent's action. Unless he realizes the inconsistency of allowing the "superintendent and secretary" to appeal for contributions to pay for such portraits *as he may fancy*, to have made at such prices as he may see proper to state, there is no other known method to stop it except through ap-

peals against it by those who have a right to speak on this subject. The Southern people are not willing that this man should solicit funds and apply them as he pleases. It will be very fine when he gets the twenty portraits painted valued at \$3,000 each to be placed in a Confederate memorial building! Of course the superintendent gets no concession from this price.

The VETERAN will protest against this to the extent of its influence. It would appeal to the Executive Committee of three members, but two of them have insolently disregarded warning and appeal from as worthy veterans as live. The Memorial Committeemen are hardly censurable under the circumstances, but hereafter they should know better. Reasonable space is offered herein, should they be inclined to show why they have disregarded these pleadings against the course of their "superintendent and secretary." Let them make showing of the \$42,025 subscribed, telling who and where the subscribers are.

These criticisms are made in sorrow. Southern people who revere Confederate memories should stand together and cooperate zealously to consummate such results as will redound to the glory of those who went down, even before tribute is paid to those who survived that awful struggle. Blessed are our dead who died in the war.

In his solemnly responsible duties the editor of the VETERAN tries to keep before him in his every act the scene of a line of battle comprising the Confederate army as a whole, two hundred and twenty-seven miles long, in intensest endeavor to defend their homes and their property against a similarly dense line of battle *one thousand and sixty-six miles* long—long enough to overlap it four times and have four hundred thousand men left! Then of our women and what they endured—let us draw the curtain and think! Such was the case for four years.

The VETERAN has a great duty to perform which it will not disregard, and it pleads with all men and women concerned to stand by it without ceasing, until their life work is ended. As stated in a recent issue, it appears that nearly half of those who have worked for the VETERAN during the past six and a half years are dead. Others, and many of them, are heartless enough to notify the postmaster to say "refused"—hence it is the solemn duty of every one who has faith to prove it by good works. Omitting new subscriptions, it requires an average of fifty per day to keep even in the twenty thousand list. Have you worked for the VETERAN, and do you still believe in its merit? If so, won't you *now* take up the work of its advancement? Prejudiced advertisers, who patronize all other important publications like the VETERAN, will not use it; hence to the subscription list mainly does it look for strength.

THE TROUP ARTILLERY.

BY W. A. HEMPHILL, OF ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

Just after the adoption of the ordinance of secession by the State of Georgia, January 19, 1861, the Troup Artillery, for several years previous a volunteer company of Athens, Ga., tendered its services to Joseph E. Brown, then Governor of Georgia. The company was at once placed under preparatory orders, and upon the fall of Fort Sumter, April 14, 1861, was ordered by Gov. Brown to hold itself in readiness to march upon a day's notice. In a few days thereafter the company received orders direct from the Confederate Secretary of War to proceed at once to Pensacola, Fla. Gov. Brown, being apprised of this, and being jealous of his command, countermanded the order, and on April 20, 1861, ordered the company to proceed at once to Savannah, Ga., and await further orders.

A writer in the *Athens (Ga.) Banner* says:

Assembling early the next morning around the old flag pole which stood on the hill near the Baptist church, and where now stands the Confederate Monument, the company was marshaled and with its two pieces of artillery, marched to the Georgia railroad depot and took the train for Savannah.

Such a scene was never before witnessed in the town of Athens. Gathered upon the parade ground of the company along the streets leading to the depot and at the depot of the Georgia road were thousands and thousands of people, having come from all the surrounding country to witness the departure for the war of the first company that left this section.

Among the thousands at the depot were fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, sweethearts and beaux, masters and servants, all to say good-by to "the bold soger boys" that were off for the war. With such a multitude and with such farewells as brought tears from the stoutest-hearted soldiers the scene beggars further description, and here we let the curtain fall.

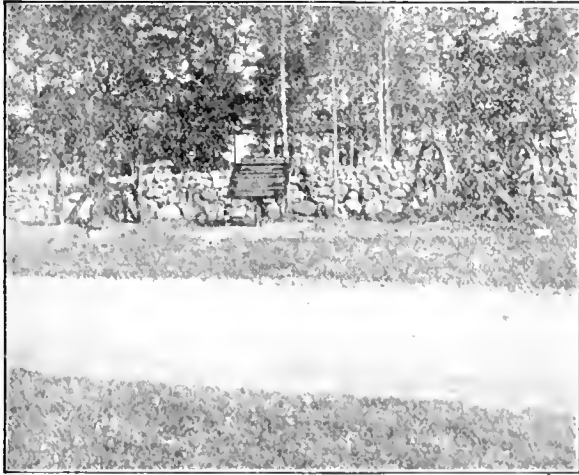
The Troup Artillery rendezvoused at Savannah, and was there regularly mustered into the Confederate service and furnished with a full battery of six guns. Remaining there until July 4, 1861, the company was ordered to Richmond, Va., and so was ready for engaging in the first battle of Manassas. The quartermaster's department at Richmond failing to supply the necessary equipage, horses, etc., in time for the company to reach Manassas, it was then ordered to report to Gen. Robert E. Lee, who ordered the company to proceed at once to Huntersville, W. Va.

Arriving there after some three day's hard marching, the company became an active factor in the Northwest Virginia campaign under command of Gen. Robert E. Lee. This was the roughest and most trying campaign of the entire war, and soon acquainted the men with the hardships, the privations, and perils of war.

Campaigning in that country until early in the month of October, and when Gen. Rosecrans' army had been driven back across the Gauley River and into Ohio, the company was ordered to Yorktown, Va., and became from that time until the surrender at Appomattox an active and component part of the Army of Northern Virginia, engaging in all of the principal battles fought by it, the grandest army of men that ever battled for cause and country.

At the battle of Gettysburg, on the second day of the fight, the artillery was in line with the other companies of Cabell's Battalion, opening the fight at about half-past two in the afternoon. Soon after the fight commenced I was wounded, being shot through the lower jaw and throat by a shrapnel.

The position of the first two guns, which were Parrott guns, is plainly seen in the picture herewith given.



SCENE ON CONFEDERATE AVENUE.

This road in the picture is called Confederate Avenue, and marks the line of Gen. Lee's army the second day of the fight. Our battery was immediately in front of the peach orchard, and in front of us was Sickles' Corps. We advanced a considerable distance that afternoon. The next day we fell back with Lee's army, having lost several in killed and wounded. Last year I visited the battlefield of Gettysburg for the first time since the fight. My wife and daughter accompanied me. I went to the place where our battery was in the fight, and where I was so severely wounded. What memories came trooping through my mind! I pointed out to my loved ones the different positions we occupied, to which they listened with thrilling interest. There were many changes in these long years, but I readily recognized the different places. I wish every soldier now living who was there then could return and visit that memorable battlefield. My visit there was one of the most interesting and pleasant of my life. Many of those who were brave participants in that awful struggle have "passed over the river." I could fancy they were present and were enjoying with me the scenes and events of the past.

The government is doing a great work in laying out avenues and marking the different places occupied by both sides.

At the close of the war, when Gen. Lee surrendered at Appomattox, our battery was near Lynchburg. We buried our guns to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy. I presume they are there buried to this day. Not long ago I was passing through Lynchburg and on the train was Gen. Webb, President of the New York College, and New York Commissioner for Gettysburg and Chickamauga battlefields. I related to him the story of burying the guns and pointed out the direction where they were. He seemed to be very much interested, and not long afterwards I received a letter from him telling me to go

and unearth those guns and carry them to Gettysburg and put them in the position they were in during the fight, and that he would pay all expenses, which was very liberal on his part. Lieut. C. W. Motes, of this city, and myself have the matter under advisement, and we intend to carry out the instructions of Gen. Webb. There is no more prominent place on the field of Gettysburg than the position the Troup Artillery occupied in that fight, marked on Confederate Avenue.

Some of the bravest men I ever saw were in this company. It is due to state that there was no more valiant soldier than Capt. H. H. Carlton, commander of the battery, who is living to-day in Athens, Ga., loved and respected by all who know him. He has two beautiful daughters, twins. One was the Georgia sponsor at Charleston, and the other her maid of honor. First Lieut. C. W. Motes lives in Atlanta, and is a worthy and popular citizen. It was at Bloody Bend, near Spottsylvania, that a most amusing and at the same time a most intrepid act was credited to the record of Lieut. Motes.

The Confederate forces were behind a small breastwork, and the Federal forces were preparing for the charge. The Troup Artillery was stationed near a blackjack swamp, and a little farther down the line Maxey's Texas Brigade had been stationed.

Suddenly the Federals charged the Texas brigade. The fight was furious; the brave Texans drove back the enemy time and time again. During one of these charges Gen. Maxey for some reason had gone to the rear for a few moments, and when the blue and gray columns met the Texans wavered and fell back, and the Yankees swarmed over the breastworks and into the trenches.

Just as this happened a few members of the Troup Artillery were sitting around a little fire, frying a piece of fat bacon. The grease was sputtering in the frying pan and the soldiers were smacking their mouths in anticipation of the rich repast in store (?) for them. Among the number was Lieut. Motes.

As the Yankees came over the breastworks the gun of the Troup Artillery nearest to them was wheeled



W. A. HEMPHILL.

around, and in a few moments the line of blue soldiers was being swept by a galling fire.

Lieut. Motes sprang up and dashed down to where the Texans were fighting, carrying with him the frying pan of hot grease. As he reached the scene of combat he put himself in front of the Texas Brigade, and, waving the frying pan over his head, led the charge, and the Yankees were soon driven back.

Gen. Maxey returned about that time and congratulated Lieut. Motes on his bravery. Motes's appearance just then should be noted. The grease was all over his face and clothes, and, being hot, had blistered the skin wherever it touched. He still had hold of the old frying pan, which had served him well in the charge.

Rev. Charles Oliver, who now resides in Atlanta, was another member of this celebrated company. Napoleon never had a braver soldier in his army than Oliver. I have seen him enjoy a battle as one would a football game. His black eyes would sparkle with delight, while a bright smile would play upon his face



LIEUT. C. W. MOTES.

in real enjoyment of shot and shell and the flashing of the guns.

The next morning after the second day's fighting at Gettysburg Oliver showed up with three Yankee horses and other things that he had captured in the enemy's lines during the night.

Another member who lives in Atlanta also, Dick Saye, a carpenter, deserves mention here. At the battle of Fredericksburg a shell fell behind the breastworks where our battery was. The fuse of the shell was sputtering and burning. All fell to the ground to escape the explosion, but Dick Saye ran to it and, bravely picking up the dangerous shell, threw it over the breastworks, where it immediately exploded without doing any harm. If this had been done by a Federal soldier, he would have received a medal of honor, which is given only for distinguished acts of bravery.

Another heroic member of the Troup Artillery, Bill Mealer, lives in Atlanta. At Dam No. 1, near Yorktown, a cannon ball struck Bill on the leg below the

knee. The lower part was held on by a small piece of the skin. Bill coolly took out his pocketknife and cut the skin in two and threw the foot and ankle away, saying: "D—— you, you never was any account, anyhow." Bill afterwards served in the cavalry, although having but one good leg. That was pluck for you.



I could go on and fill up pages with the brave deeds of the gallant members of this celebrated company.

If you visit the battlefield of Gettysburg, you will not fail to see the prominent position occupied by the Troup Artillery, as indicated by the tablets thereupon erected.

ELLISON CAPERS, GENERAL AND BISHOP.

BY A. I. ROBERTSON, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Ellison Capers' ancestry settled about the year 1690 in Christ Church Parish, on the seaboard of South Carolina. Grants of land from the "Lords Proprietors" are on record in the State archives to William Capers, dated 1694. Capers Island and Inlet are named for this family. William Capers, the grand-

father of Ellison Capers, was one of Marion's captains in the Revolution; his father, William Capers, was a distinguished and eloquent divine of the Methodist Church, and one of its first bishops in the South. His mother, Susan McGill, of Kershaw County, was of Irish descent.

Ellison Capers was born in Charleston October 14, 1837, and his early youth was passed in that city. His father



GEN. ELLISON CAPERS.

removed to Anderson County, and young Capers was appointed from there to the arsenal in Columbia. In 1859 he married Charlotte Rebecca Palmer, of St. John's, Berkeley, and moved to Winnsboro, S. C.,

where he taught at Mt. Zion Academy. He was later elected professor in the Citadel, with rank of second lieutenant, in which position he earned the love and respect of the cadets and his superior officers. He was then made major of the First Regiment, South Carolina Volunteer Rifles, for the Confederate service, and



BISHOP ELLISON CAPERS.

assisted Gen. Pettigrew in the organization and drill of that splendid command. He was constantly on duty with his regiment, and commanded the light battery on Sullivan's Island during the siege and bombardment of Fort Sumter. When Col. Pettigrew resigned to go to Virginia Mai, Capers was made lieutenant colonel. He resigned that position in 1861, and joined Col. C. H. Stevens in forming the Twenty-Fourth South Carolina Volunteers.

He did gallant service with that regiment on the coast of South Carolina and at Wilmington, N. C., during 1862. On James Island he led a gallant charge, in which the One Hundredth Regiment was routed and twenty-two of their number captured. At Secessionville Col. Capers received the thanks of Gens. Evans and Smith for the very brave services he rendered. In May, 1863, with Gist's Brigade, he was ordered to the relief of Vicksburg, where he was in a bloody fight. He commanded the left wing of the brigade from sunrise to midday, in which he received a severe wound in his left leg, and his horse was killed.

At Chickamauga he was again severely wounded. In 1863, at Dalton, Ga., he was promoted to colonel, and served gallantly at the head of his regiment. He commanded the brigade in the siege of Atlanta and the battle of Jonesville. At this battle the commanding general complimented him and the brigade on their splendid deportment against Sherman's assault.

In the bloody battle of Franklin, Tenn., Col. Capers

was a third time severely wounded. In February, 1865, he was promoted to brigadier general. He was assigned to Gen. Johnston's army in North Carolina, and placed in command of his old brigade. He was in all things faithful, serving his country devotedly.

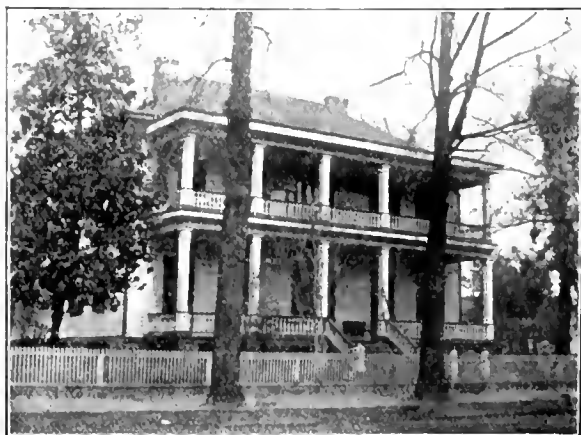
After the great war, in 1866, Gen. Capers was elected Secretary of State for South Carolina, and such was the extreme exigency of those times that he remained in that position even while studying for the Episcopal ministry, in which he was ordained in 1867 by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Davis. He then tendered his resignation as Secretary of State, but it was declined by Gov. Orr until the Legislature should meet, and Gen. Capers held the great seal of South Carolina until July, 1868, when he turned it over to F. L. Cardoza, a negro representative of Radical usurpation.

In 1882, at a Democratic convention, Gen. Capers was nominated, without his knowledge or consent, State Superintendent of Education. He positively declined to accept the position, deeming it inconsistent with his ministerial duties. Since then he has given himself up wholly to his sacred calling.

His military training from boyhood in the arsenal and citadel, and his active service in real fields of battle have fitted him well for fighting "the world, the flesh, and the devil." For twenty years he was the well-beloved minister of the mountain parish of Greenville, S. C. He then came to Columbia as rector of Old Trinity, and for five years the people of that parish were blessed in having the guidance of his strong yet gentle hand; in his ever-ready sympathy in all human needs, and his power of eloquence as a preacher.

In July, 1893, he was consecrated bishop. He has filled this last position as all others in which he has were blessed in having the guidance of his strong, yet nature.

Ellison Capers has never ministered out of his own diocese, with the exception of one year spent in Selma, Ala., where the people became very devoted to him, and at his consecration sent him a magnificent bishop's ring as a testimonial. He lives in Columbia, in one of the old-time houses of the place, spared from Sherman's fire, and the one in which Gen. Lafayette was entertained on the occasion of his visit to Columbia, in 1825. Here the Bishop spends those happy days which can be spared from the exacting duties of his high office, loved and honored by all the people.



HOME OF BISHOP CAPERS.

STORY OF OUR GREAT WAR (CONTINUED).

By the Late Mercer Otey, of San Francisco.

On arriving in Tennessee I was assigned to duty as instructor of tactics to the force of State troops he had gathered and was organizing for the field. After a month or two of this service, assisted by my old classmate, William M. Polk, son of Gen. Leonidas Polk, I was assigned as adjutant of the Thirteenth Arkansas Infantry, commanded by that courteous and chivalric gentleman, Col. J. C. Tappan, who afterwards won his brigadier's star at the fierce fight at Belmont, Mo., on November 7, 1861. This was one of the most hotly contested engagements of the war, and was Gen. Grant's advent to his remarkable career. Columbus, Ky., immediately across the Mississippi River, had been seized by Gen. Polk and the commanding bluffs fortified. Cairo, Ill., and Paducah, Ky., a few miles north, had become camps of rendezvous for the Federals, and active preparations were in process for possessing and holding strategic points of the Mississippi River. My regiment, the Thirteenth Arkansas Infantry, had a few weeks previously been moved from Fort Pillow to Belmont, and had gone into camp of reconnoissance, supported by two companies of cavalry commanded by Capt. Miller. They had been recruited in Washington and Issaquena Counties, Miss., as had also a battery of field artillery, commanded by Capt. Daniel Beltzhoover. This was a company of Louisiana's celebrated Washington Artillery Battalion. Our force was insignificant, probably twelve hundred men of all arms, while Grant swooped down on us with thirteen thousand troops. Payne's Federal brigade was threatening Columbus from Paducah, and this was believed to be the main attacking column. A sharp, short fight on Grant's part soon forced us to take refuge under the protection of the river bluffs immediately below our camp, which



MISS RETTA LEE DEROSSET,

Maid of Honor for N. E. Dist. Texas Division, U. C. V., 1899.

was gained under great difficulty and confusion, exposed as we were to a terrible fire from an enemy well protected by forests, while our little band was forced to retire over fallen timber and an open field in our rear. The character of the force and object of the movement being once determined, a couple of brigades were at once hurried from the Kentucky shore to our assistance, and the tide of battle changed in our favor, and the Federals were soon in full flight for their convoys, a mile above our camps. Gen. Grant was probably as near capture here by our cavalry as at any time during the war. The day following the battle I met under a flag of truce a Col. House (or Fouse) of some Illinois or Indiana regiment, and a Capt. Brooks, of another Illinois regiment, who came to care for the dead. On the battlefield Capt. Brooks and I came across the body of a dead surgeon who had been assigned to my regiment a day or two previously for temporary duty, which proved to be his brother.

Mounted at Columbus was a one hundred and twenty pound rifle gun, which had been named "The Lady Polk," in honor of the wife of the commanding general. This gun did efficient service during the battle of Belmont, and at the close of the battle had been left loaded. The gun was in command of an old cadet schoolmate, Capt. William Keiter, and nine men, when some few days after the battle it was discharged, which caused it to burst and the killing of Capt. Keiter and several of the gunners. Maj. Gen. Leonidas Polk, commanding the department, was standing within a few feet at the time, in company with his engineer officer, Capt. Ed Rucker. They were both hurled to the ground and covered with dirt and *débris* and severely stunned.

In July, 1862, my commission in the provisional army of the Confederate States having expired by limitation, I turned my face toward Virginia and enlisted for the second time in the Rockbridge Artillery, having reached the battery just after the disastrous defeat of Maj. Gen. John Pope on August 9. This occurred near Gordonsville, and is known as the battle of Cedar Mountain, Slaughter's Mountain, Cedar Creek, or Southwest Mountain. The movement on Richmond having been thwarted, Stonewall Jackson commenced his celebrated flank movement that turned Pope immediately to protect his rear along the Rapidan River. It was at this critical moment when President Lincoln, ignorant of Pope's whereabouts or his plans, telegraphed him to know where his headquarters were. "Bombastes Furioso Pope," as he was nicknamed by his old army comrades, replied that his headquarters were in the saddle, where they should be.

It was in this movement, and shortly after I had enrolled in the battery as a private, that I witnessed a sight that clung to me for many a long year. Five Confederate deserters who had been recaptured in the mountains of West Virginia had been tried by court-martial, convicted, and sentenced to be shot. It was their second offense, and no palliating circumstances could be offered. The old Stonewall Brigade, to which they belonged, was drawn up in a three-sided square, the five men, blindfolded, knelt at the head of five pits; the firing squad, half of whose guns contained blank and the remainder ball cartridges, stood at twenty paces distant; a solemn silence pervaded the scene, while the August sun blazed down on that band of veterans of many a bloody battle. They had braved death

on half a score of fields, and cared little for cannon's roar or musketry rattle, but now it was different; their nerves were not strung to that tension that is caused by the excitement of battle, and which generally superinduces indifference. This looked so cold, so deliberate, almost murder; but the discipline of an army must be maintained. The commanding officer gave the command: "Make ready! take aim! fire!" and the five bodies fell to earth, while the red, hot blood spurted out and trickled in little pools at their side. Immediately the whole brigade was placed in motion and marched by the dead bodies of their erstwhile comrades. My knees grew weak and the tears came gushing to my eyes as I remembered that far away in their mountain homes perchance some loved mothers and babes would watch in vain the return of these men who had sacrificed honor and life for their sakes.

August 27 we reached Bristow's Station, near Manassas Junction, and it was amusing to see a lot of Pennsylvania Dutch cavalry charge at our troops. I use the word "at" advisedly, for they seldom got within thirty or forty yards of us when, realizing we were not a guerrilla band, they would attempt a retreat, which generally resulted in their being unhorsed, for, of all riders, they were the worst I ever saw. Reaching Manassas Junction, we found a large depot of supplies, consisting of provisions of all kinds and an immense supply of fixed ammunition. The former we confiscated, and set fire to the latter. While thus engaged we were attacked by a brigade of infantry that had been rushed from Washington posthaste by rail to protect these very stores. It turned out to be Tyler's Brigade, and it was amusing the way we chased them for three miles with only the Rockbridge Battery. It was a running fight which our infantry could not keep up with. We would unlimber our guns as soon as we could find a favorable position, and, going into battery, bang away at the bluecoats until they found a protecting ridge, when off we would start again for

another position. But when the prisoners we captured learned they were confronted by the Stonewall Brigade how they did stare, wondering if that body of men were ubiquitous, for they had learned a day or two previously in Washington from their public papers that Stonewall Jackson had been annihilated by John Pope at Cedar Mountain! They imagined it only a guerrilla band, Mosby's or Ashby's, operating on Pope's line of communications, and were thunderstruck when confronted with the veterans of the Valley of Virginia, the Stonewall Brigade, that three months before had in three days crushed three different columns of their chosen commanders (Banks, Milroy, and Shields) at Front Royal and sent the former flying in full retreat down the Shenandoah Valley. Well did they merit the title of Jackson's "foot cavalry," for they appeared when and where least expected. Why, it has been often asked, was Jackson never defeated? Because his men never knew when they were, if ever, whipped. They followed their great leader blindly, unhesitatingly, and confidently.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

Overwhelming odds counted for naught with them if "old Jack" said the word—they would have marched, as they did on many an occasion,

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the gates of hell."

I never saw such fanatic faith as they exhibited in following him. Frequently a shout or a cheer would be heard away down the column, and it always proved to be either "Old Jack" trotting by or a Molly cotton-tail that the boys had disturbed in its nap and was scampering to more secure quarters.

After having fired the immense train of ammunition that had been sidetracked at Manassas Junction in twenty or thirty box cars, awaiting John Pope's fixing head or hind quarters, our column about dusk moved toward the old stamping ground of July, 1861. That night's march of seven miles was about the weariest I can remember, and it seemed interminable. Ten hours to cover seven miles—what in the world was the matter? We could hear no firing. The only sound that greeted our ears was the continuous discharge of those car loads of ammunition that was being destroyed. "Old Jack is powerful cautious all of a sudden," remarked one of our gunners at my side. Hour after hour he felt his way in front, while we poor, weary, foot-sore followers fell fast asleep in the fence corners, only to be aroused by a prod from the bayonet of the rear guard. When morning came and we began to look around we discovered where we were, occupying the battlefield of Bull Run of July, 1861, but in reversed position—i. e., we now holding that line of battle the Federals held the year before. We also began to understand old Jack's delay. He was waiting for that doughty old dog of war, Longstreet, to force Thoroughfare Gap and join him for a final battle with John Pope. All that day we lay exposed and expecting to be crushed by the superior force that almost surrounded us, while away off we could hear the dull boom of battle as Longstreet under Lee was gradually drawing nearer to our assistance.

What were the Federal commanders thinking of to permit this junction of two corps *d'armee*, Longstreet and Jackson, Lee's left and right hands? But how "Old Jack" did maneuver us around and what a bold



POLK MILLER, OF VIRGINIA.

front he made, and the hot fighting we had to do to maintain our position! I think it was on Friday, August 29, we were in battery in a clump of trees, banging away with our twenty-pound Parrotts at a column that was moving across an open plateau a mile or more away. It was a pretty sight, a solid column of a full division closed in mass. I could see the glint of glittering guns in the sun flashes. Capt. McLaughlin, of the battery, was watching keenly to measure the distance and the time of flight necessary for a shell to reach that mass. Suddenly turning to Lieuts. Poague and Graham he ordered the shell cut with certain seconds' flight. Instantly No. 5 of the first section (every man at the gun has his number, and is so addressed in action) brought the necessary shell, duly cut, and it was driven home by No. 1. Serg. Payne trained the gun, and we breathlessly awaited the result of Capt. McLaughlin's observation through his field glass. Presently he called out: "A trifle short, Sergeant." A second shell started on its flight. Ah! Hurrah! With naked eye we can see the effect. The column separated like a swarm of bees as shell after shell was planted in their midst, exploding as designed. Later on we learned from prisoners that it was Maj. Gen. Irwin McDowell's. However, a protecting ridge soon gave them immunity from us.

In a few brief minutes, just as we had squatted ourselves under the shady oaks for a short respite, up rode Lieut. Col. Sandy Pendleton, of Gen. Jackson's staff, and saluting Capt. McLaughlin stated it was the Major General's instruction that he at once report his battery to Gen. Stephen D. Lee, commanding the battalion of artillery at Groveton, a little farther down the line. We reluctantly arose from our resting place, and away we dashed. We knew that something was coming. There had been too much of a hushed stillness hanging in the atmosphere. It was a "subdued breathing spell before giants locked for the deadly embrace." Plans were nearly matured, and the moment had arrived for the death struggle. On reporting to Gen. Stephen D. Lee we found he had four other crack batteries awaiting our arrival before going into action at Groveton, the apex of the angle of our line of battle. Soon we had unlimbered and were in position. Hark! hark! a puff of white smoke and a shriek of shell whistled by, then another, and another. "We are in for warm work," I remarked to Bob Compton, who held his thumb over the vent as I rammed the charge home to the gun chamber. Robert E. Lee, Jr., the son of our noble leader, had the lanyard, and Serg. Payne trained the gun for the first shot. The distance was not so much a factor as it was two or three hours since. We were at close range—say one thousand yards—and our five batteries were pitted against five Federal batteries. We were going to have a duel. Capt. McLaughlin, commanding the battery, was earnestly discussing distances with his two lieutenants, William Poague and Archie Graham. Presently the bugler sounded: "Fire by battery." Reader, do you know what that means? It means theimps of death and destruction are about to commence the carnival of blood. It means fire and load, and fire and load, as fast as you can till you are dead or defeated—or your enemy is. An artilleryman as a rule doesn't have time to reflect, consequently he can't catch time to get scared when he is in action; he has too much de-

pendent on him. He hears the shriek of shell and shrapnel or the plunging and ricocheting of solid shot; but if they don't cut him down, he keeps right along in his duty according to his number, unless, as it sometimes occurs, he is commanded to take another number owing to death or disability of the other. When I look back and recall that artillery duel on August 29, 1862, I can't realize what I was spared for. Neither can I understand how any of us escaped that three or more hours of death-dealing missiles. When I recall the grimy, powder-stained faces and tattered and torn young artillerymen who fought there like demons, I can hardly associate them with the same elegant and courtly students and cadets of a few short months before. Look at Myrick, Minor, Macon, and others, standing there all covered with axle grease and tar, the white skin peeping through the threadbare blouse that hasn't been off their backs since we left our baggage at Cedar Mountain three weeks ago. See how oblivious they are to everything save serving the gun to which they are attached! Do they expect to get from this fight alive? Do you imagine they give the matter of life or death one passing thought? No! The reality is only apparent when a solid shot struck our esteemed Serg. Payne and tore a great hole in his right knee, then when ordered to bear him to the rear three of us supporting him in a blanket, placed him beneath the shade of a peach tree, where in less than ten minutes his spirit winged its flight to happier realms. There, too, beneath the same tree lay Willie Preston, of the Rockbridge Rifles, wounded to the death, his life's blood ebbing away! Poor boy! So young, so gifted, so beloved! Maybe the sweet songs that his mother, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, gave to the world were tinged by the memory of that youth whom she offered as the oblation of her heart.

Our comrade dead, we were once more at the battery, but the fierce fire had crippled us sadly, and it was not many minutes when "Old Jack," riding up, lifted his old gray cap, and, complimenting us, ordered us retired. Our lines being well established, the culmination of the day's work finds Pope in full retreat by three o'clock of the afternoon. As we drove our guns across the open plateau in front of a little piece of ground sheltered by timber we passed over heaps on heaps of red-coated zouaves who seemed to have suffered very heavily at this point, for 'twas immediately there where the command known as the Irish Battalion, one company being led by Capt. Lewis Randolph, their ammunition being exhausted, took refuge in a railroad cut, and for hours fought with rocks and clubbed guns.

But Pope's army was shattered and in full retreat for Chantilly, where the next day—the 30th—they made a final stand. Chantilly was the name of the beautiful Stewart residence, one of the old colonial families noted for its hospitality and all that adorns gentlemen of culture and refinement.

The Federals were well handled and fought gallantly to cover a retreat, losing one of their most cherished leaders, Maj. Gen. Phil Kearney, who, being in a stooping posture on his horse, was shot in reverse while riding from our line of battle. It was always a moment of regret when we heard of the death of any of the old army officers, as we entertained the opinion of them that a soldier feels for a foeman worthy of his steel.

Report of Arms engaged, Ammunition expended &c. in Walthall's Division, Stewart Co. Va.

Battle of Franklin, Nov. 30th 1864.

Commands.	Arms Engaged.		Ammunition Expended.		Duration of Engagement.		Casualties.									Arms, Accoutrements &c.							
	Rifles.	Col. 54.	Rifles.	Col. 54.	Hours.	Minutes.	Killed.			Wounded.			Missing.			Disabled or Abandoned.							
							Com. Officers.	N. C. Officers.	Privates.	Com. Officers.	N. C. Officers.	Privates.	Com. Officers.	N. C. Officers.	Privates.	Art. Officers.	Col. 54.	Infantry (Col. 17).	Art. Pieces.	V. B. Bells.	Cap. Pouches.	Bay. Scabbards.	W. B. Bells.
Walthall's Brig.	43	405	360	4110	2		15	30	40	23	31	59	20	27	40	37	176	212	212	212	126	212	212
Shelley's Brig.	134	866	6730	18,872	2		6	3	16	22	18	125		9	38	88	123	208	208	208	26	208	22
Walthall's Brig.		425		14,867	1		5	9	12	12	17	56				92	92	92	92	92	25	92	
Total.	177	1701	7090	37842	2	30	26	37	63	57	66	240	20	35	75	122	391	512	512	512	180	512	180

Battles of Nashville, Dec. 15th & 16th 1864.

Walthall's Brig.	35	447	1400	9583			2		2	2	9	22	18	66	279	35	388	484	415	454		45	138
Shelley's Brig.	15	717	3590	33,559			2		3	5	2	37	16	42	390	10	182	710	710	710		710	60
Walthall's Brig.		360		13,500			2	4	2	4	7	48	7	2	24	147	167	179	167	31	165	12	
Walthall's Brig.	50	1524	4990	56,742			6	4	7	11	18	98	41	108	652	348	1217	1334	7	1234	31	1334	200

RECORD OF WALTHALL'S DIVISION AT FRANKLIN AND NASHVILLE LATE IN 1864.

Capt. R. D. Smith, of the Columbia (Tenn.) Athenaeum:

The notebook you examined I carried in my pocket during the last year of the civil war. It contains my original reports, made at the time, and from which my official reports were copied and filed with my superior officers.

Some months ago Lieut. Wyllie, U. S. A., was stationed at Columbia, Tenn., as a recruiting officer, when I showed him this book. I was much interested in his comments on my reports of the battles of Franklin and Nashville especially, and how quickly, as a military man, regularly trained in such matters, he analyzed these reports in all of their details. His first remark was, "That is the most eloquent tribute to the Confederate soldier I have ever seen;" and then, "Volumes might be written from these details without doing them injustice." Unfortunately the general reader of to-day cannot analyze these reports as an officer in the army would, hence I give a few points for the VETERAN.

A regiment was composed of ten companies of one hundred men each, so that the total number of men in each regiment was about one thousand. A brigade is composed of two or more regiments, while a division has two or more brigades. Knowing these facts, Lieut. Wyllie said at once: "As Walthall's Division had three brigades, there must have been at least six thousand men in the beginning." He placed the number at the minimum. As a matter of fact, there were four brigades in Walthall's Division, hence the number of men who originally entered the Confederate army comprising those brigades was about fourteen thousand. As it is a well-known fact that the Confederate army was composed of the best men in our Southland, it will be easily understood that we had but few desertions, and as we were cut off from all other nations we had no means of recruiting our numbers; hence these reports show the casualties of war, the devotion and constancy of the men composing our army.

Compare the reports of Franklin and Nashville, and see the fearful losses we had sustained during the three

years of war. At Franklin, instead of Walthall's Division having about fourteen thousand men, we had only 1,878 rifles. In that battle we lost, not including the commissioned officers, in killed, wounded, and missing, 510. This number deducted from the total would leave 1,350 rifles ready for the next battle, which took place two weeks later. But instead of that number, we had in the battle of Nashville 1,374 rifles, which shows that fifteen of the men disabled at Franklin had reported for duty and were ready to continue the struggle to the end.

It may be well enough for you to explain that official reports were made as soon as possible after each battle, and if it was not positively known whether a soldier was killed or wounded he was placed on the list of missing, so the missing does not always mean that they escaped unhurt or were captured.

Capt. John D. Fry, Company C, Seventh Tennessee Infantry, who died a few years since at his home in South Boston, Va., was originally first lieutenant of that company and regiment. On the death of Capt. Baber he was promoted to captain without a dissenting vote, and upon reorganization he was again elected without opposition.

He commanded the old Company C under Stonewall with great credit until fearfully wounded, whereby he was disabled from active duty. He was afterwards assigned to duty in the post office department at Richmond, Va. After the war he returned to Gallatin, Tenn., for a while. However, during the war his heart had been captured by a bright and beautiful Virginia girl, and after his marriage he resided in Virginia.

Capt. Fry was one of nature's noblemen: modest, but brave, self-possessed under most trying circumstances, even in the heat of battle. He was polished in manners and thoroughly honest.

One of his comrades, Capt. H., writes of his son, John D. Fry, Jr., and daughter, Miss Mamie Fry, who reside at the old home in South Boston, as worthy descendants of their noble father. The latter especially won his regard by her warm-hearted hospitality on a recent visit to her home.

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 APR 10 1895

HARD TIMES ON HOOD'S RETREAT.

Sam B. Dunlap writes from De Kalb, Mo.:

I am a subscriber to the VETERAN, a resident of North Missouri, still living in the county where I enlisted in the Confederate service in April, 1861. I ask space to give a short outline of my experience with Hood's army in the winter of 1864, when near your city.

I was a member of the First Missouri Battery—a "shoeless Confederate." On the march to Nashville the Federals made a stand at Columbia, on the north side of Duck River. Our battery was sent with a detachment of cavalry and infantry to cross the river and if possible cut off the enemy. We crossed at Davis' Ferry on a pontoon. We had a very rough country to travel over. The night was so very dark we could not pick our road, and while encountering some of the huge rocks that came in our way broke down one of the wheels on the gun to which I belonged. The fifth wheel, which we kept for such mishaps, would not fit. The darkness of the night and the whizzing of Minies from the enemy's sharpshooters, made us think and act fast. Two men were sent to a farmhouse near by, and took the rear wheel off an old-fashioned Tennessee wagon, and our damage was soon adjusted. We had many obstacles to overcome during the night, and did not reach the main pike at Spring Hill (the point designated) until daylight November 30, 1864, only to find our game had escaped in the direction of Nashville. After a short rest we pursued them to Franklin, where occurred one of the most bloody battles of the war, in which our company performed its duty in this needless butchery of Confederates. The loss on both sides was very heavy. The next morning we found an artillery wheel, left by the enemy in the streets of Franklin, which was soon put in place of the farmer's wagon wheel, and the pursuit was kept up to within three miles of Nashville. Leaving the main army in front of the city, we were again sent with a detachment five thousand strong, under Forrest, to capture Murfreesboro. After drawing the enemy out of the fortification, as Forrest desired to defeat them on the open field, we lost the day by some of our infantry giving way, and narrowly escaped capture. The weather was cold for the climate, and many of our men were without shoes and thinly clad otherwise. I had on a pair of old boots full of holes, and when marching would frequently stop and empty the gravel that intruded on my toes. When the break in our lines at Nashville occurred we were near Murfreesboro, and our route of exit by the main pike was cut off. After a very circuitous march over some of the roughest country I ever saw, attended by severe hardships, we arrived at Columbia December 19, 1864, and made a junction with the main army. Two days previous to our arrival my old boots had entirely deserted my bleeding feet, and my barefoot track was plainly visible in the snow.

A short time before we arrived at Columbia one of my comrades (Taylor) and I, by permission, crossed the pontoon bridge in advance of the company. Arriving at a livery barn filled with soldiers trying to dry themselves around some smoky fires, I asked if any one in there had a pair of shoes to sell or give away. A boy of about fifteen years standing in the office door said:

"Yes. Come in." He produced a pair of half-worn cloth shoes and priced them at fifteen dollars. I gave him a twenty-dollar bill, and while he was out hunting change I stole a pair of heavy leather shoes partly covered up by an old Federal overcoat under a bunk in the corner, and when he returned they were changed from that hiding place to one under a coat of the same color worn by the writer. The boy soon returned with two ten-dollar bills, and said I could have the shoes for one of them, as he failed to get the change desired. Taylor and I left the barn with a step somewhat faster than we entered. I told Taylor he could have the cloth shoes, as they were about two numbers too large for me. We were both shod. The leather shoes were just my fit. I wonder if the person from whom I took those shoes is living? The shoes did me much good. We had many hardships to undergo the remainder of that retreat. Our company surrendered in North Carolina under Gen. J. E. Johnston, April 26, 1865. I should be glad to hear from any one who is familiar with these circumstances.

Chris J. Conradt, writing from Baltimore, states:

In the VETERAN of February there is an inquiry from Mr. R. B. Goodloe, to know where the dead from Fort Delaware were buried. Having been a prisoner there, I can answer that question. I was captured at Cash-town in our retreat from Gettysburg, taken to Baltimore, and thence to Fort Delaware. We lost a great many men there, and I, with others, was detailed to go over to the Jersey shore and bury them. We went over on sailboats, and the dead were placed in pine boxes and sent in steamboats. Holes were dug, about six feet square, and into these we placed as many as possible, usually about twelve. Whenever we found names we would mark the spot in some way. It was an awful task, getting the coffins from the steamboat to rowboats, in which they were taken ashore. I was at Fort Delaware for four or five months, and if a change was made in the order of burying our dead after that I do not know of it.

These words of commendation come from Mrs. Mary M. Thomas, Mayersville, Miss.: "I read the VETERAN with pleasure and with sadness too, sometimes, and can add my indorsement to that of many others, that you are doing a great work."

F. S. Halliday, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "In the February number you publish 'From a Southern Girl,' and note at the bottom that the author is unknown. It may be found in 'Southern War Songs,' by Carrie Bell Sinclair, and is called 'The Homespun Dress.' The air is 'Bonnie Blue Flag.'"

M. R. Clark, Lebanon, Tenn., in reply to inquiry of G. T. Willis about the Stuart brothers and Cy Means: "They escaped from prison on the night of November 14, 1864, at Camp Morton. Cy Means lives in Dallas County, Tex. John Stuart was wounded by a bayonet, and was left that night on account of being unable to travel. I should like to hear from any one who escaped that night."

MEMORIES OF WAR TIMES.

Clarence B. Collins writes from Dupedin, Fla.:

At no time during the civil war did the members of old Manassas Church, in the hill county of East Feliciana, ever give up the regular gospel services, and for a wonder the Sunday school flourished as it never did before or since. Many passing Confederate soldiers stopped at the little church and heard words which comforted them during some trying hour, and who knows but that when he met death upon some distant battlefield he was able to bless God for that little country church? Sometimes the seed fell upon good ground.

I want to tell you of one whom I "loved and lost" during those beautiful, yet dreadful days; one who laid his impress upon my young life and whose name I cannot yet mention without a quiver about the heart.

My boyhood home was not far from an immense fort erected by the Confederates upon a bluff where its great guns commanded the Mississippi River, and there during the hot summer of 1863 grim war unfolded its sublimest terrors. For many months the contending armies grappled and contested every hill, while the earth trembled 'neath the "bellowing of mortars" and the booming thunder of gunboats on the river. All the night long, like fiery shooting stars, great bombs would stream across the heavens; then fall with a mighty explosion upon the fort. Outside, and back among the hills, we who were non-combatants waited and listened with awe to the tremendous struggle; then we would turn our attention to the maimed and suffering fellows who were sent out to be cared for by the tender Southland women. Sometimes the unfortunate soldier wore a blue uniform, but that made no difference to those blessed women. They saw before them a suffering man, and they thought of the dear mothers and sisters in distant States yearning so tenderly for absent ones. It was in the ranks of the wounded that I found my lost Sunday school teacher, and of him I speak to-day with reverence and affection. He came to us on crutches, and my first sight of him was when he slowly made his way up the aisle and modestly seated himself on the bench by my side. He was but a boy, not then out of his teens, and I thank God that he has never grown old unto this day. I think of him always as a boy with the red stripes of an artilleryman upon his uniform, and I remember him, still as a boy, when, sixteen months later, I wiped the powder stains from his poor dead face and bore him away from his last battle.

I cannot tell the story now without a tide of emotion. But I thank God that my young friend's beautiful life was not in vain. When he came stumping up the aisle of that old church he hobbled right into my heart. The next Sunday he was taken into Church relationship and put in charge of a class of boys. He won their hearts, only to sadden them when he went away so suddenly and so heroically.

In those days of war and desolation the young boys of the South had but little chance for schooling, so our parents gladly availed themselves of the services of our new friend, Richard Hall, and one morning we all met at the old schoolhouse to resume our studies, which had been so rudely interrupted. Our everyday life was commonplace enough, but as I look back

through the shadows of more than thirty years I yearn to live it all again. I could tell how we frolicked and sung, how we hunted and fished, and how we scouted when the wave of war would sweep over us from time to time, or how on the Sabbath, with glorious bass our teacher sung Uxbridge or Laban or Arlington, or how in petition childlike and humble he would lead the prayers, and how by precept and example he taught us to be men of honor and truth. He came to us from Missouri away up next to the Iowa line. I don't know how he drifted so far South.

The spring and summer of 1864 were full of trouble and sorrow to our parents, but to the boy of fifteen no days were so glorious as those full of danger and adventure. Hall was our leader and our hero, and our love for him was a mixture of reverence and affection. I look back to that summer as one long holiday, but it ended in clouds and thunders and darkness.

On November 14 I saw my hero for the last time. I had seen him in so many perilous places and had ridden by his side through days of storm and nights of terror until we were careless of danger. When he left my side he went away with a laugh, and I saw him whirl his saber in the air as if in mere wantonness of strength. It was the joy of battle. A little later, where the earth was torn and trampled by rushing squadrons I found a poor bleeding piece of clay which I knew to be the tenement where my friend dwelt, but to my agonizing cry there was no response. The magnificent young soul had gone. I was only a boy of fifteen then, but even now I cannot bear a gloomy November day. When the winds come down from the North with cold and mist, when they wail through the naked woods and boom along the river, I seem to see a dead face turned up to a pitying sky, while two sorrowing boys kneel by their dead teacher. I thank God that I knew him, and I feel that I shall meet him again. This little story is a sorrowful memory of one who lived and loved and died.

Many persons still living about old Manassas Church recollect how we put the brave boy's body away, and how as the clouds rattled upon his coffin great guns on the river were sounding his requiem, and the far-off roar of battle hushed the voice of the mourners.

Just twenty years later I came back from the distant West and stood again by that grave. The sounds of war were hushed, and only a jorée was whistling its flutelike song, while the cheerful voice of singing guineas came up from a neighboring barnyard. Then I went on to the old church and knelt in the pew where I first met my boyhood friend.

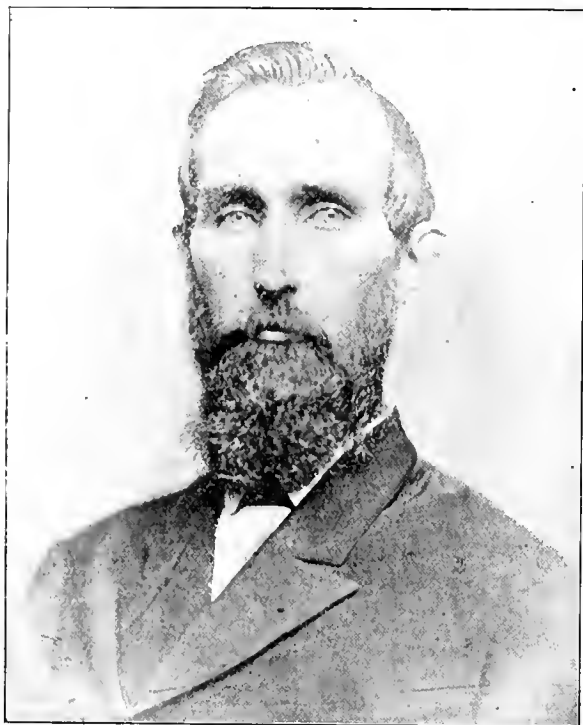
Comrade W. H. Cumming, of Alvord, Tex., requests the insertion of this: "If any member of Company F, First Tennessee Regiment of Volunteers, knows that M. T. Tuck was honorably discharged or paroled from the army, and will make affidavit to that effect and send it to his widow, Mrs. J. E. Tuck, No. 400 Seventeenth Street, Birmingham, Ala., he will confer a favor on her. If this is done, under the laws of Alabama, Mrs. Tuck will be entitled to draw a pension. Her husband was known as "Tom" Tuck.

Comrade G. L. Jennings, Kirk, Tex., wishes information concerning the grave of a Confederate soldier buried at Marietta, Ga.

COL. JOHN BURKE.

Judge C. C. Cummings, of Fort Worth, Tex., writes of the noted Texas scout for Lee, Beauregard, J. E. Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, and Jeb Stuart, leaders of the Army of Northern Virginia:

John Burke was born in Philadelphia in 1830, and at an early age was bereft of his parents and cast adrift to seek his fortune in his own way. At the age of eleven he made his way to New York City, where he mingled with the busy hum of men on the wharfs, in the streets, and around business offices, thus laying the corner stone, by these multiplied environments, of a resourceful character which fitted him as a child of destiny for a brilliant career. Possessing an exceptionally bright mind, he forged ahead of his fellows in "rustling up jobs." He was among the first of those who inaugurated the sensational feat of jumping off high bridges and casting himself headlong into the



COL. JOHN BURKE.

water. This he did with that dare-devil spirit of the Celt, for, as his name indicates, he is descended from the martyr, Robert Emmet, and the most eloquent of British statesmen, Edmund Burke, for whom he named a son.

He was both scout and spy. There is a difference between the two which I have never seen clearly defined. Literally, a scout means to hear and a spy means to see, and when Gen. Thomas Rosser says "he was the eyes and ears of Lee's army," we can appreciate the literal truth of this compliment to our hero. A scout is supposed to vibrate the lines of the contending forces and to learn, by hearing from others, the movements, strength, and force of the enemy. If taken in battle, he is treated as a regular prisoner of war. A spy is one who enters the lines of the enemy in disguise and spies out the land, and if captured, death by the most ignominious means is meted out to him; not

because he is any worse than others, but because he is considered more dangerous.

John Burke followed the shoemaker's trade by day and studied law at night, by the dim light of a pine knot or tallow candle, until finally he was admitted to the bar, and associated himself with his brother-in-law, Pendleton Murrah, afterwards Governor of the State. He took rank at once as a criminal lawyer along with such men as Jennings, Ochiltree, Henderson, Culbertson, and Clough.

At the first tap of the Confederate drum Burke enlisted at Marshall, and entered Wigfall's Regiment as a private in the company of Capt. Bass, who was afterwards colonel of the regiment. Early in the spring of 1861, before the battle of First Manassas, they were sent to the front in Virginia, and the regiment was always known as the First Texas of Hood's celebrated brigade. Burke's genius as a scout and spy developed itself at once on detached service in front of Washington, and by prompt and accurate reports of the strength and movements of McDowell's forces he aided Beauregard and Johnston in the first great victory at Manassas. He remained nominally with his company until the spring of 1862, and permanently left them at Yorktown to aid the several leaders of the Army of Northern Virginia in the capacity of scout and spy. He was with Jackson in his famous valley campaign that spring, and with Joe Johnston in locating his line around Richmond in his retreat from Yorktown, and with Johnston when he was wounded at Seven Pines.

He was Lee's most trusted scout. He had the honor of riding as scout and guide with Jeb Stuart around McClellan in front of Richmond, just before the seven days' battle.

In June, 1864, he accepted the position of adjutant general of Texas on Gov. Murrah's staff, and bade farewell to the Army of Northern Virginia.

During Col. Burke's expeditions as scout and spy he often went into the enemy's country in various disguises—at one time a truck farmer, at another a gentleman of leisure lounging around the capitol at Washington, invading the departments and gathering all sorts of valuable information. Fortunately he excelled as a mimic, and visiting in quick succession New York, Washington, and Philadelphia, going over the scenes of his old boyhood haunts, he was able to pick up army news from most reliable sources. By some means he possessed himself of a Federal major's commission of artillery and uniform, and this garb seemed best suited to his tastes. On one of these adventures he was captured in Philadelphia, heavily ironed and handcuffed, and was being conveyed by rail, under strong guard, to Washington, where death by hanging, after a drumhead court-martial, seemed to await him. As they were passing over a high trestle, the rumbling of the train indicated to him his position; and, remembering the many times he had jumped from High Bridge, in New York, he jumped overboard. It was night, and darkness threw a friendly veil over him. The trail rumbled on, and the guards made sure that, manacled as he was, he had saved them the job of a formal trial, and had gone in advance to his doom. But again he escaped, and in a few days was at Lee's headquarters, near Richmond. Again while scouting he drifted into the enemy's lines and was discovered

and so hotly pursued that he abandoned his horse and ran into a thicket, and thence into a barn, which happened to be empty—so empty that there was no place to hide. But he drew himself on to the cross-beams overhead, and breathlessly watched his pursuers search every nook and corner and then go away leaving him undisturbed.

Once he was riding a beautiful thoroughbred mare, captured by him a few days before, and was scouting in a lane bordered by high stone fences. Suddenly he discovered that the enemy were closing in before and behind him, and his only hope lay in a fearful leap, which he made. A shower of shot killed his horse and wounded him seriously. Reaching the house of a friend, his disguise was pierced by a servant girl, who disclosed his identity to the Federals. When they came in quest of Lee's famous spy he ran into the room of the beautiful daughter of his host, saying: "I am Burke; hide me, or I shall be killed!" The girl hastily turned down her feather bed, and he ensconced himself safely between it and the mattress. So once more he escaped detection. One of the most amusing of his escapades was when he ran into the house of a friend with the enemy close at his heels. His only refuge was in the wide-spreading hoopskirt of his hostess, which proved a safe retreat. It is said that Col. Burke killed twenty adversaries during his service for the Confederacy. In 1867, after Gen. Rosser had lectured in Fort Worth, Howard W. Peak, son-in-law of Col. Peak, wrote him a letter in regard to the reference in his lecture of Col. Burke's having "saved Lee's army."

He joined Gov. Murrah as his adjutant general at Austin, Tex., in 1864, and served on his staff during the remainder of the war. Gov. Murrah went to Mexico on account of ill health, and here Col. Burke remained with his old friend, the Governor, who had been so kind to him in his young days.

Returning to Texas, he resumed the practice of his profession at Marshall at the close of the war, and in 1865 married Miss Jennie Taylor. Col. Burke died at Jefferson, Tex., in 1872. His widow, now Mrs. F. M. Burrows, and two sons, John and Edmund Burke, and daughter, Alice, Mrs. Howard W. Peak, survive him and are residents of Fort Worth.

Comrade D. P. Lee, Cottonwood, N. C., writes of his brother, Maj. Pollock B. Lee, mentioned briefly in the December VETERAN:

In the battle of Chickamauga he was on Gen. Bragg's staff; he was aid to Zollicoffer, at Fishing Creek, Ky.; and was with Johnston when the end came, at Greensboro, N. C. He was the General's most devoted aid, and on leaving Charlotte, in June, 1865, the General presented him with his campaign atlas (Colton's), which is now in my possession. He placed upon brother the "unpleasant duty of returning to Federal keeping his own native town," Charlotte, N. C., the "Hornet's Nest of America." This was the last official act of the Army of Tennessee in North Carolina, and it was the only time I ever saw him let fall a tear. He was practicing law in Memphis before the war, returning after its close, formed the firm of Haynes, Henry, Lewis & Lee, and was buried there in 1866. I think he entered service in the first com-

pany and regiment from Tennessee, and should be glad to learn of those first comrades. His sword, presented by the ladies of Memphis, Tenn., is in my keeping for them. It will ever be valued and honored.

It has long been believed that North Carolina was first at Bethel, last at Appomattox, and loud and longest at Bentonville. Gen. Lee meant volumes and was in earnest when he prayed "God bless North Carolina!" The old State is burdened with the glory of her sons and her crown is all laurels, but the "Goober Grabbers" must be careful where they scratch. As I viewed the field that sad morning of April 9 the last fighting was done on our extreme right, on top of the hill near the McLain house, which was pointed out to me next morning by the Federals, who remarked: "There is where Gen. Lee surrendered." There lay the dead horses and damaged artillery and the new-made graves. To my questions, they said that sixty-four of our men had been killed. Now the only question with me is: Who were the troops engaged there? One thing is true—viz., not many of us knew or cared where we were during the passage of that sad drama. I was rear guard of about one thousand prisoners, going up that hill, having just passed Gen. Lee sitting under an apple tree near the branch (Appomattox). All firing had ceased far to the left, and when we were near the top of the hill the battle commenced with shell and shot firing overhead. It lasted only a few minutes, and ceased just as the flag of truce passed me going to Gen. Lee, under the apple tree a few hundred yards to the rear. As the flag passed, the prisoners remarked: "There goes Gen. Custis with a white flag." The flag came from the left, where Grant was, along the battle line to the extreme right, then down the hill. We marched the prisoners back to the branch, and in a few minutes many of the Federals from the lines in front were among us. I asked them why they were fighting up there when the flag of truce was down here, and they replied: "Gordon tried to cut his way out." You may guess what my reply and wish was. Sad were those scenes—sad to look upon graves filled after that grandest army was no more.

H. A. Smith, Cleveland, Ohio, writes this:

A late number of the VETERAN contains an account of the attempted capture of the United States steamer Michigan and the freeing of the prisoners on Johnson's Island, most of which I saw. During the last two years of the war I was on duty on the island, having charge of the men engaged in building the earthworks at Cedar Point. I was well acquainted with Capt. Cole when he sojourned at the "West House," and saw a great deal of him when he was a prisoner on the Island. He made me a present of a revolver, and also wrote for me an account of his life, which I have lost. I remember that it was very romantic. Cole was a very pleasant man, a good entertainer and social companion. I often took him with me on the Island, and no one had the least suspicion of his real purpose.

I have in my possession a copy of Hardee's "Tactics," which belonged to L. G. Hopkins, Company A, Twenty-Fourth or Thirty-Fourth Regiment, North Carolina troops, dated September 3, 1863. This is the address in the book. I forget how it came into my possession, but would be glad to restore it to him or to any of his relatives.

MAJ. JED HOTCHKISS.

So early as the twelfth century the family of Hotchkiss was prominent in England. Samuel Hotchkiss came to New Haven, Conn., in 1642, Windsor being a later home. The men were eminent in founding churches, holding civic offices of high sheriff and marshal, and, while leading the ranks in the French, Indian, and Revolutionary Wars, in times of peace were farmers and inventors.

In 1789 David Hotchkiss came from Cheshire, Conn., to New York. Jed Hotchkiss, son of Stiles and Lydia Beecher Hotchkiss, was born in Windsor, N. Y., on November 28, 1828. He distinguished himself at the academy, completing his Latin and Greek with the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, as was the frequent custom, adding French, German, Italian, Spanish, drawing, and painting as time and teachers permitted. To be a minister or a teacher was his prob-



MAJ. JED HOTCHKISS.

lem, but he never regretted his choice of the latter profession.

Making a walking tour through Maryland and Virginia in 1847, he chose the Old Dominion for his foster mother, and became tutor in the family of Mr. Daniel Forrer. He married Miss Sara Comfort, a childhood friend, in 1853, and built the Mossy Creek Academy, one of the best known in the South.

An ardent "old line" Whig, Mr. Hotchkiss opposed secession, but when war was declared he collected his surveying and mapping appliances, and joined Gen. Garnett at Laurel Hill, feeling that his topographical knowledge of the region would make him useful as an engineer. He was assigned to duty with Col. Heck on July 2, 1861, and began a map of the region, but on McClellan's attack he was ordered to conduct a retreat, so through a night of rain and darkness, through woods and laurel swamps, he led the men over several mountain ranges, saving the commands in his charge, while the others were captured. As adjutant he reor-

ganized the troops at Monterey, while continuing to furnish maps, and in August he became topographical engineer to Gen. R. E. Lee, at Valley Mountain. As the result of reconnoissance duty and exposure Engineer Hotchkiss took typhoid fever and went to his home at Churchville, where careful nursing saved his life. During his convalescence he made the maps for the reports of Gen. Loring and Col. Heck on the Rich Mountain and Lygart's Valley campaigns.

By invitation, in March, 1862, Engineer Hotchkiss joined Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, near Woodstock, and was commissioned topographical engineer on his staff as captain. Jackson's first order was brief but comprehensive: "Prepare a complete map of the Valley, showing every point of offense and defense from the Potomac to Lexington." The preceding fifteen years of observation, added to facility in sketching on horseback in his field notebook, with an eagle-like power of vision, soon furnished him a great fund of mapping material which was transferred to the large sheets.

As Jackson advanced to meet Shields at Kernstown, he directed Capt. Hotchkiss to choose a line for defense, and on the second day he reported the line selected at Stony Creek, at Edenburg. The engineer now led a hard life, burning bridges, reconnoitering, repairing roads, and rescuing wagon trains from quicksands. Once he rode all night, sixty miles, without rest. The engineer entered Winchester at Jackson's side, dashed after the enemy, and then returned to rally the citizens to extinguish the fires lighted by the retreating foe.

Again reported to Jackson, Capt. Hotchkiss guided a battery, led Taylor's flank movement around the Federal left, and was in the attack which decided the battle of Port Republic. For such stern duties his reward were the frequent crisp words, "Good, very good," from the great "Stonewall."

Capt. Hotchkiss was the first to lecture on "Jackson's Valley Campaign," always charming his audiences in England at Amherst, Harvard, Princeton, Chapel Hill, or Washington and Lee, making maps in colored crayons as he lectured. His crowning triumph was when before the learned societies of Washington he gave his lecture on "Topography in War," based on the Valley campaign, and the venerable historian Bancroft embraced him on the rostrum, saying: "It is the best thing I ever heard in my life."

But to return to 1862. Capt. Hotchkiss was in the battle of Cross Keys, sketched the positions on the field against Fremont's front, while Jackson slipped away to Richmond, surprising all the world save himself.

From Meacham's River the engineer was sent to Staunton "to make a map." By Jackson's order he mapped the region between Gordonsville and Washington, copies being given to Gens. Lee, Stuart, Longstreet, and Jackson, our division generals.

In Warrenton he bought a small compass with a chatoyant face. At the conclusion of the Maryland campaign Gen. Jackson presented to Capt. Hotchkiss the world-famous "old gray cap," made by Mrs. Jackson herself.

Lee and Ewell used Hotchkiss maps for routes and movements during the Gettysburg campaign. The

Chancellorsville campaign now opened, and Capt. Hotchkiss selected the route for the famous flank movement around Hooker. By Gen. Lee's orders the next day Capt. Hotchkiss led the ambulance and escort conveying the marvelous Jackson to the Chandler house, at Guiney Station.

Capt. Hotchkiss now served on Gen. Ewell's staff. He rode with Ewell the first day of Gettysburg, and then was sent to watch and report from Seminary Ridge. Gen. Lee said he "always had confidence in Hotchkiss maps."

In 1864 Gen. Lee sent Capt. Hotchkiss to choose a line of defense in the southwest valley to protect the furnaces and niter works. After riding hundreds of miles he presented his report, and Gen. Lee warmly complimented it. At the close of the Cold Harbor campaign Capt. Hotchkiss made in one day, at Gen. Lee's request, during heavy skirmish fire, a map of the line for ten miles from the Chickahominy to the Jotopotomoy Rivers.

On June 13, 1864, Gen. J. A. Early was placed in command of the Second Corps, and Capt. Hotchkiss was assigned to duty on his staff. He served Early during his Valley campaign against Sheridan. With Gen. J. B. Gordon he ascended Three-Topped Mountain, and made a map from there. He built a foot-bridge, and chose "hidden ways" by which the troops approached Sheridan. The remaining months of 1864 the Second Corps spent in Staunton, where Capt. Hotchkiss made the elaborate maps and reports of the year, during which period he had furnished over one hundred maps used by officers from Gen. Lee down.

He was with Rosser as engineer when the surrender came. He was paroled on May 1, 1865, in Staunton. His parole certificate was issued on May 27. The amnesty oath was signed on June 10, and the State oath on July 12. The United States Government demanded his maps, by order of Gen. Grant. Refusing to deliver them, he went to Washington, where after many rebuffs he saw Gen. Grant in person, who ordered and paid for such copies as he required for his reports, and courteously returned them all.

During the war Maj. Hotchkiss had borne a charmed life. Two horses were killed under him, and at the battle of the Wilderness his field glasses, which were held by their strap just over his heart, stopped a ball, and so saved his life. Nearly six feet tall, he was a picture of manly vigor and beauty in 1865.

Removing to Staunton, the county seat, Maj. Hotchkiss opened a select classical school for fifteen lads, sons of his fellow-soldiers, while in vacation he surveyed lands, issued maps for numerous companies, and at the end of three years was fully launched as a civil, mining, and consulting engineer. He also had tried to popularize the public school system, lecturing with Dr. Sears, of the Peabody Fund, all through the South, giving his war lectures for the benefit of churches and Confederate memorial associations, and on the Sabbath gave blackboard talks on Palestine and Jerusalem, graphic and delightful. He urged emigration of the best Northern and foreign people, and spent the winters of 1872-73 and 1874-75 in England and Scotland, lecturing on the resources of Virginia, notably before the Royal Society of Arts, and meeting with such honorable entertainment as few private citizens had ever received up to that time. "Stonewall Jackson's engi-

neer" was a open sesame to all English homes. By his efforts millions of dollars were invested in Virginia.

The death of Gen. Lee, in 1870, closed an important event in his life, as the General had undertaken a physical survey of the South, and had chosen Capt. Hotchkiss to take charge of the work.

In 1875 he prepared for the State a "Summary of Virginia," a wonderful mass of facts, figures, and detailed maps. He also was expert special agent of the census of 1879 on Virginia mineral statistics. From 1880 to 1886 he published "The Virginias," a vast compendium of reliable data on every resource of his beloved State, still an authority on such points. He was the Virginia commissioner to the New Orleans Exposition, and a judge of mines and mining at the World's Fair of 1893. He was expert topographer to the government, and also served on the Antietam and Fredericksburg battle fields commission. He was a founder and Fellow of the Geographical Society, and member of the American Philosophical Society, the Mining Engineers, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Virginia and Massachusetts Historical Societies, and the Scotch-Irish and Geological Societies. He was a member of the Army of Northern Virginia, and organizer and first Commander of the Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., of Staunton. His record reads: "Appointed June, 1861, in topographical engineering service on staff of Col. T. J. Heck; after battle of Rich Mountain, on staff of Gen. R. E. Lee, during Valley Mountain campaign. In March, 1862, assigned to staff of Gen. T. J. Jackson, and continued there until his death, in 1863; then remained on staff of Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, under Gens. A. P. Hill, Ewell, and Early until the end of the war, in April, 1865."

He was an active patron to the Y. M. C. A. and a charter member of the S. P. C. A. His last unfinished work was a bill before the Legislature for a geological survey of Virginia. He was also a member of several large coal and iron land companies. He had sent to the Confederate Publishing Company at Atlanta a history of Virginia during 1861-65, which is now being published.

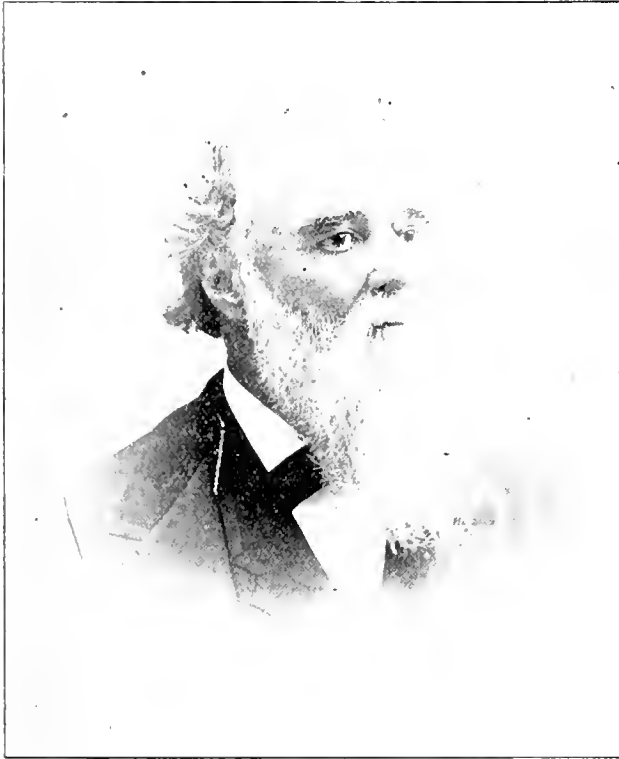
He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a Sunday school superintendent, and his last public appearance was on January 1, 1899, in the sanctuary he loved, the church of his fathers. On the 3d he was taken with *la grippe*, and meningitis ended his honored life at eleven o'clock on the night of January 17. With closed eyes and sealed ears his vigorous mind was still clear, and as his soul departed he crossed his hands in prayer, raising his face to heaven.

The "happy services" he always desired were simple, from his home, the Oaks. The old hymns, "There is a land of pure delight," "How blest the righteous when he dies," and "Servant of God, well done," were beautifully sung, the Scriptures read, and prayers offered. The Stonewall Jackson Camp escorted him to his rest. His fellow-elders, former pupils, public men, and near friends bore his body. Over him were placed three Confederate flags sent by tender hands. Of "the old staff" Rev. James P. Smith, D. D., of Richmond, was the sole representative, who pronounced the benediction over the flower-covered grave of one of the best of men.

The people of New Orleans have erected a monument to the memory of the late Rev. Thomas R. Markham, pastor of the La Fayette Presbyterian Church, in that city. The occasion of the unveiling of this beautiful monument adds interest to the following account of the finding of Gen. Cleburne's body among the thickly strewn dead of Franklin's bloody field.

John McQuaide, of Vicksburg, Miss., writes of an incident in the soldier life of Rev. Thomas R. Markham, recently deceased, which stamps the character and patriotism of the man:

"I knew Dr. Markham from the time he was a young man. This was his native city. Toward the end of the war we were thrown closely together. When the incident took place Dr. Markham was chaplain of Featherstone's Mississippi Brigade, Loring's Division.



REV. THOMAS R. MARKHAM.

in the Army of Tennessee, and I was serving in the artillery of Stewart's Corps.

"When the darkness of night had spread itself over the bloody field of Franklin, our artillery was moved up to within pointblank range of the enemy's works, with instructions to open fire on them at earliest day-break. I understood that the entire artillery of the army had similar instructions, and each gun was to fire one hundred rounds, after which a general assault was to be made by the infantry. A very short time before the firing was to commence, and the cannoneers were all at their guns, the order was countermanded. We did not understand what it meant, but I presumed it indicated that the enemy had evacuated Franklin. With permission I mounted my horse and started off to learn the situation, but I soon got in among the heap of slain, and it was with difficulty I could pick my way through them on horseback.

"As I was proceeding in this manner I recognized the body of Gen. Cleburne, who, so far, had been reported among the missing. There was not a sign of life anywhere, and the deathly silence was oppressive. I bent down, and as I looked into the marble features of our hero, our ideal soldier, my first thought was to have the body taken to a place of safety, so that it might be secured to the people for whom he died. I determined to take it in my arms and carry it to my command or to some place away from there. I still could see no living thing anywhere but my horse and a moving object in the distance in the shadows of the breastworks, and taking the chances that it was a friend I advanced, and found it was my dear friend Dr. Markham. I felt as if an angel had come to help me in my task of love. He had an ambulance and two brave members of the ambulance corps. They were searching among the fallen brave for those who might still be living and might be saved by prompt and timely attention. As I came up they were in the act of lifting up the body of Gen. John Adams, of Loring's Division, who, with his horse, was killed on the very summit of the enemy's breastworks, leading the most dashing and the most courageous charge ever made in any age or any war.

"I told Dr. Markham that Gen. Cleburne had been killed, and his body lay upon the field, pointing in the direction, and asked him to come with me and take charge of it. We went together and put it in the ambulance beside Adams, and I left him with his sacred trust. God bless his memory!"

The Confederate memorial service at Macon, Ga., April 26, was worthy the high purpose which occasioned it. The reporter designated it as the "thirty-fourth anniversary of the death of the Confederacy."

The address of Hon. N. E. Harris was not only satisfactory, but was very gratifying to the veterans, Daughters, and Sons. In it he paid tribute to an ever-faithful Confederate and friend as follows:

Our ranks are thinning fast, comrades. Let us keep the faith to the end. I miss several faces as I look over your forms to-day. One by one you are answering the roll call for the last time. Charlie Herbst died during the year. You will look for him in vain, comrades, when you come to dress yon monument for these beautiful ceremonies in the future. His hand hung the floral wreaths on the marble and lifted up the portraits of our mighty dead on the side of the silent shaft. Tender as a woman, loving as the brother of the household, he had a kind word for every one, and withal bore a deathless loyalty to the memory of our Southern heroes. He loved to linger among these shades and talk for hours over the buried hopes of our younger days. He lived in the past amid a nation's death scenes, and somehow I think I could never call his heart back from those times that tried men's souls.

I honor the blessed woman (Mrs. Chestney), your Secretary so long, ladies of the Association, whose blood itself flows from the veins of consecrated ancestry, who opened her doors to this poverty-stricken soldier in his latter years, fed him from her table, and welcomed him as a guest at her home. She made his declining years endurable by her kindness, and her tender hands closed his tired eyes in death.

A UNION SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE.

The address of Capt. William Rule, of Knoxville, Tenn., at the decoration of Federal graves near Nashville May 30 does him high credit. Capt. Rule served the cause of the Union in the great war, and has affiliated with the dominant party since. He was a true soldier, however, and in his integrity he now says in paying tribute to the memory of his dead comrades:

It had to come, and be it far from me at this day to step aside and lay the whole blame for it at the door of either party. It will do no good; it was inevitable. It is in the past, and we of to-day can well afford to turn our backs upon it, leaving it to the individual to work out his own conclusions in his own way to his own satisfaction, learning from it such lessons as may satisfy his own conscience.

The end came, and with it immortality for the name "Appomattox." There it was that the two great leaders of the opposing armies met to talk over terms under which the weaker could lay down arms but not honor; could furl the flag of the cause for which they had fought and failed. The great and magnanimous Grant was in solemn conference with the famous commander of the remnant of a great army of valorous American soldiers—Robert E. Lee, the able, pure, upright, chivalrous general who was too brave to prolong hostilities for his own fame when it involved a hopeless and useless sacrifice of human life. He and his ragged and hungry men may have for the moment felt the humiliation of capitulation, in which feeling they had the profoundest sympathy of the victorious chief to whom they had capitulated; but they had the proud satisfaction of knowing that so long as history is printed and read no man will ever dare to stand up and say that they had not defended their cause with as much valor and at as great cost as any similar number of soldiers ever did who were ever marshaled in any nation of the earth.

I shall not argue about which was right. In one sense both were right—both were honest. If it be true that actions speak louder than words, then it is not for me to say that the Confederate soldiers who fought so valiantly on so many bloody fields and endured so much suffering for four long years with so much fortitude were not sincere.

Comrade Rule pays high tribute to the South in the recent war with Spain, and he told this story:

A few weeks ago two fathers stood before two open graves in the national cemetery in Knoxville, into which were tenderly lowered two caskets, containing the remains of two Tennessee boys. One of these fathers was a soldier in the Union army, and he is an officer of high rank in the army now; one of the caskets held the remains of his son, who fell while leading his men up the heights of San Juan hill. The other father was once an officer in the Confederate service; the boy in the other casket was his son, and that son too fell leading his men up San Juan hill. Both were lieutenants in the regular army; both were Tennessee boys, who attended the same Tennessee university, and each had poured out his life's blood following the same flag on the same battlefield, and now the fathers—one who wore the blue, the other who wore the gray—

mingled their tears over the biers of their precious boys who had sacrificed their young lives on the same altar of patriotism in defense of the same flag and the same country. Ah! tell me not, in the presence of such a scene as that, that Americans are not Americans, even though they may have radically differed in the past!

The Union veteran sees in the splendid valor of the Confederate soldier a legacy to the nation in which he has a share. The Confederate veteran, and they of his household, know that whatever good has accrued from the final results of that stupendous struggle he and his have it in an equal allotment.

The preservation of the union of American States, it is now universally conceded, is a national benediction, and few are left who would deprive the men who wore the gray of its choicest blessings, had they it within their power. The buoyant strains of "Dixie" revive lustrous recollections of heroic days, and all may join in cordial acclamation, all may stand in reverential awe with bowed and uncovered head while hearkening to the soul-stirring melody of the "Star-Spangled Banner." The time is at hand when we are indeed and in truth one people, with a common interest, a common ambition, a common purpose, a common destiny.

Lieut. J. C. Hooker, of the U. S. Navy, in ordering subscriptions for his father at Amory, Miss., and himself, care of the U. S. S. "Winona," Mobile, Ala., adds:

"My father, D. R. Hooker, is an enthusiastic old Confederate of the Seventeenth Tennessee, C. S. A., and, while I am a loyal wearer of the Federal blue, I am nevertheless a native son of old Tennessee, and deeply alive to every legitimate memory and worthy interest of the old veterans of the Southern Confederacy—hence we both want your periodical.

"I have been serving, during the past three years, on the Pacific Coast and in Alaskan waters, and had never seen a copy of your admirable publication until I was ordered South and came home on a leave of absence."

The *Youth's Companion*, Boston, Mass.: "The United Confederate Veterans held their annual reunion in Charleston, S. C., the second week in May. From three thousand to five thousand veterans were in line on the day of the parade. The question of the care of Confederate graves by the national government, which was suggested by President McKinley in his speech at Atlanta last December, was discussed, and resolutions of appreciation were adopted. It was voted, however, that any legislation for this purpose should refer only to Confederate graves in the Northern States, as the care of such graves in the Southern States is a sacred trust."

Branham & Hughes write from Spring Hill, Tenn.: "We need, to complete our file of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the following numbers: March and April, 1894; July, 1895; January, 1896; November, 1897; and all of 1893. We are anxious to secure these for our school library." The VETERAN will appreciate above copies, and give twice the number in later issues.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

The fourth annual reunion was held in Charleston, S. C., at the same time as the meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, and was a most successful meeting. The attendance was larger than at any previous meeting of the Sons, and a larger number of camps were entitled to votes than ever before.

The first day's session was devoted to the speeches of welcome on behalf of the State and the city, and the responses on behalf of the visiting Sons. On account of the parade, the session was a very short one.

The second day's session was occupied with the arrangement of the credentials, the report of the credential committee showing sixty-four camps represented by delegates in the hall, and twenty-eight additional camps entitled to delegates. A resolution was adopted providing for the memorial services at the following morning's session in honor of Miss Winnie Davis, speeches to be delivered by one comrade from each division. A committee was appointed to extend greetings from the Sons to the United Confederate Veterans Convention, in accordance with the pleasing custom instituted at the very beginning of the Sons as an organization, in Richmond, in 1896. That evening at 5:30 o'clock a handsome collation was served the visiting Sons by the three local camps of Charleston.

At the third day's session, Friday, the committee from the United Confederate Veterans Association was introduced and extended a cordial and hearty greeting to the Sons. Telegrams and letters were read from absent officers of the Confederation. The sponsor in chief and all the sponsors and maids of honor of the U. S. C. V. was then escorted into the hall and seated upon the stage, and according to the programme the memorial services in honor of Miss Winnie Davis were held. At the close of this a motion was made to postpone the election of officers until the end of the session, but the convention would not agree to it. Mr. F. H. McMaster, of South Carolina, arose and delivered a speech, at the close of which he nominated Mr. R. E. Lee, Jr., as Commander in Chief. Mr. McMaster said:

"We have just finished memorial exercises in honor of Miss Winnie Davis, our chosen type of Southern womanhood, embodying all that is good and noble and pure, whose spirit will ever live in our land, inspiring us to deeds of heroism, patriotism, and high living. There is another character which stands out preëminently among those developed by the civil war, a character as pure and as holy as that of our ideal woman—a character before whose grandeur not only the South, but the North and the whole world, bows in acknowledgment of its unsullied splendor. Need I mention the name of R. E. Lee? And as the father of Miss Winnie Davis made R. E. Lee the Commander in Chief of the Confederate forces, I believe it would be a fitting incident to the close of the memorial exercises in honor of her, and one that would meet with her heartiest approval, if she could express it, for us to make as our Commander in Chief the grandson of our immortal commander; I therefore place in nomination R. E. Lee, Jr."

Comrade James Mann, of Camp Pickett Stuart No. 13, then secured the floor. Mr. Mann commenced by

saying that he arose to perform a painful, yet a pleasant duty—painful, because he must oppose the election of Mr. Lee; but pleasant, because he would present the name of one in every way worthy and deserving of the honor: Robert A. Smyth, the present Commander in Chief. Continuing, he complimented Mr. Lee personally. He had found him a very pleasant gentleman, but he believed that those who had borne the heat and burden of the day should have the honors. He then reviewed briefly the history of the Confederation of Sons, saying that Mr. Smyth had taken charge of the work two years ago, when there were thirty-seven camps, with a membership of about six hundred, while the Quartermaster General's book showed a deficit of about nineteen dollars; that after two years of constant and careful work Mr. Smyth was able to report one hundred and forty camps upon the rolls, with a membership of about six thousand, while from the Quartermaster General's report it appeared that there was about two hundred and twenty dollars



MISS ELIZABETH THOMAS, OF NASHVILLE.
Sponsor for Tennessee Sons at the Charleston reunion, 1899.

in the treasury. This, he said, was the evidence of Mr. Smyth's work for the Association's good.

He then said that no objection had been urged against the reelection of Mr. Smyth except that one State should not hold the office always, and that Mr. Lee, though a Virginian, was a member of Camp Moultrie, of Charleston, S. C., and that he joined Camp Moultrie only the day before. Mr. Mann argued that Mr. Smyth has earned the right to reelection, if he desired it. Feeling this to be true, and having the welfare of the organization much at heart, the speaker said that the Virginia delegates felt that they must cast the vote of that State as a unit for the present able and efficient Commander in Chief, Robert A. Smyth, of South Carolina.

Mr. McMaster then withdrew Mr. Lee's name, and Commander in Chief Smyth was unanimously reelected, when Mr. Smyth arose and announced that he had never been a candidate. He had been unan-

imously elected in Nashville in 1897, and when nominated in Atlanta for the second time he had declined to run, and only accepted the office for the second term at the unanimous request of the convention. He

term. He felt that his State and he personally had been sufficiently honored.

Mr. Parker, of South Carolina, stated that, when he understood that Commander in Chief Smyth would not be a candidate for reelection he with others had urged Mr. Lee to run. Mr. Lee got the floor, and stated that when his friends had asked him to become a candidate he did so with the understanding that no other names would be presented, and certainly not that of Commander Smyth. He said it was proper to elect men who had served the order as well as Mr. Smyth had done.

Comrade Walter T. Colquitt, of Atlanta, and R. E. Lee, Jr., were then placed in nomination. A ballot by camps was taken, resulting in the election of Mr. Colquitt, and then the election was made unanimous.

Mr. M. L. Bonham, of South Carolina, was elected Commander of the Northern Virginia Department; — Bankhead, of Alabama, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department; and Mr. B. H. Kirk, of Texas, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Considerable other business was attended to. The Adjutant General's report showed one hundred and forty camps on the roll, an increase of thirty-two camps during the past year. It further showed a balance of over two hundred dollars in the treasury, with no debts except the reunion expenses.

Retiring Commander Smyth then thanked the members for the courtesy and support which he had always received. Upon motion, it was decided to amend the Constitution and provide for the office of Past Commander in Chief. A committee of three was also appointed to draft resolutions of thanks to Commander Smyth. The newly elected Commander in Chief, Mr. Colquitt, then declared the convention adjourned.



MISS CLARA HALDEMAN, OF LOUISVILLE,
Sponsor for Kentucky Sons at the Charleston reunion, 1899.

stated that while he did not wish to appear discourteous, he must decline the reelection to serve for the third



Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Robinson and some friends in the floral parade, Nashville, Tenn., May, 1899. It was in this Poland wagon with Russian hitch—three

horses abreast— that Mr. Robinson carried President McKinley when in Nashville, escorted by veterans in their Confederate gray.

COL. E. W. COLE AND HIS WORK.

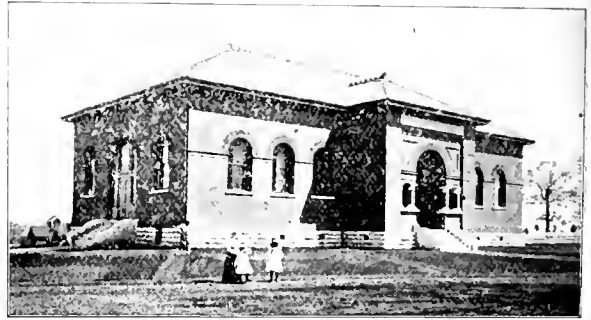
Prominence is given in this VETERAN to one who served the Confederate cause as railroad superintendent in the sixties. Merited recognition is not generally accorded those who served the Confederate Government in the capacity of civilians.

Edmund W. Cole, of Virginia ancestry, was born in Giles County, Tenn., July 19, 1827. He grew to young manhood on his mother's farm; then he came to Nashville. He engaged at first as clerk in a store. Afterwards, for two years, he was an employee of the post office, and then became general bookkeeper of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad.

When the great war made it necessary to vacate the roadbed, the rolling stock was parked at Decatur, Ga., a few miles east of Atlanta; but soon the Confederate Government required the use of this rolling stock to carry cotton to the port of Wilmington, where successful exportation was carried on regardless of the blockade for about two years.

After the war Col. Cole was Superintendent of the Georgia Railroad and Banking Company for two years—until his election, in 1868, to the presidency of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis system. In 1880 he resigned. During that year he be-

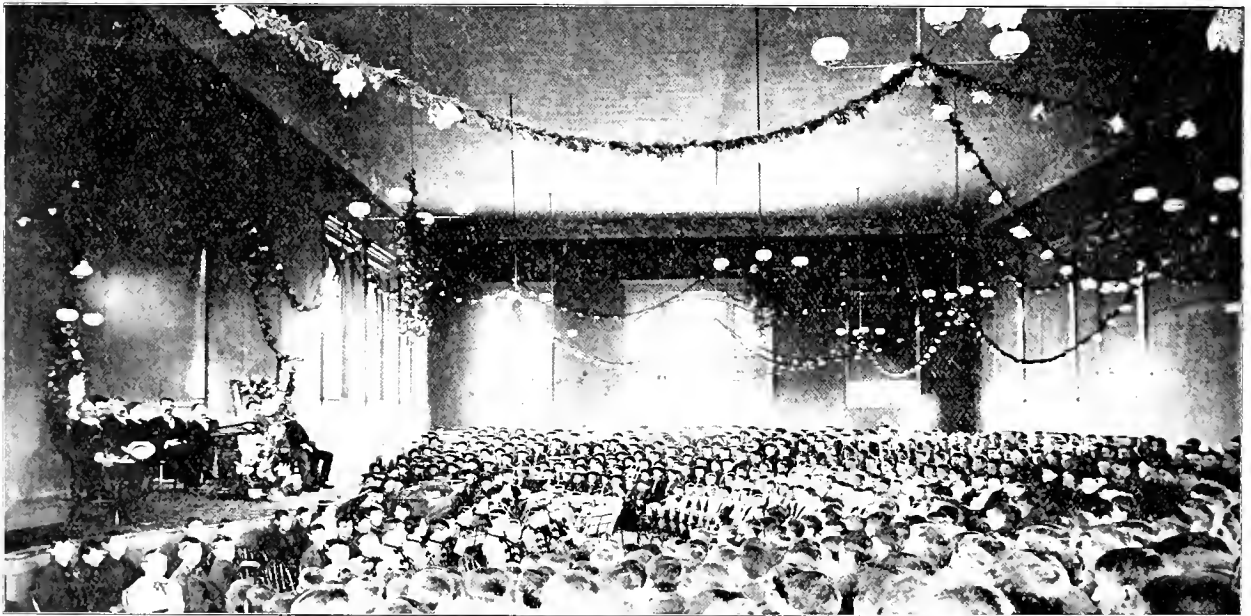
came President of the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia System, which he extended rapidly to Merid-



ANNA RUSSELL COLE AUDITORIUM.

ian, Miss., and to Brunswick, Ga. He resigned this great charge while in its most successful period, and retired to private life.

Col. Cole was one of the most prominent men in the South for its development after our great war. He was a friendly and a just man. Maj. J. W. Thomas, who succeeded him as President of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, mentions that in official association for nearly twenty years and in acquaintance



INTERIOR OF ANNA RUSSELL COLE AUDITORIUM, NAMED FOR MRS. COLE.

This was one of the last gifts made by Col. Cole to the Tennessee Industrial School. It cost \$10,000.



SCENE IN THE PARK AT TENNESSEE (COLE) INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

of forty years there was ever between them the most perfect understanding and good will.

Maj. Thomas, who was assistant to Col. Cole, recalls much of interest during the war period, being on duty much at the front. While removing the wounded from the battlefield of Murfreesboro his train was fired upon; but when the Federals realized that his detachment was removing wounded Confederates the firing ceased.

In her interest and concern for the cause of the South, Mrs. Cole, first wife of Col. Cole, told her husband that she wanted to work for the soldiers, and so persisted in her plea that he procured a loom upon which she wove cloth and did much other work for them with her own hands.

Col. Cole established the Tennessee Industrial School, to which he contributed many thousand dollars. He witnessed its magnificent development under Superintendent W. C. Kilvington to a family of nearly eight hundred children. After his almost boundless charities he left a very large estate.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE DR. G. W. F. PRICE.

BY BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

This is Flower Day in Nashville. It is a May day of brightness and beauty. The sunshine gladdens and glorifies the groves and gardens of our Rock City in Middle Tennessee. The floral procession floats in gorgeous splendor along our streets, and the bands are discoursing liveliest music, while tens of thousands

of men, women, and children crowd the sidewalks and through the windows and balconies in the line of march. The spectacle is wonderfully beautiful; it makes glad the heart of youth and young manhood and womanhood, and makes some of us with gray hairs think of the land where the sun never goes down and the flowers never fade. In the midst of it all my thought involuntarily turns to a friend who a little while ago went over into the mystery and glory of that other country, and my heart prompts me to tenderly place a flower upon his grave. What more fitting vehicle can be found for conveying what wells up from my heart than the pages of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN?

The late Dr. George W. F. Price is the friend whose name comes into my thought to-day. He loved this land for which the heroes of the Southern Confederacy gave their blood and their lives. In his character and career were embodied and exemplified the virtues which make the name of the Southerner of the highest type the synonym of what is truest and noblest in manhood.

In the olden days much was said and written of Southern chivalry, and it was no misnomer as applied to the men who wore the uniform of its soldiers from Washington to Lee, from Andrew Jackson to Joe Wheeler. And it is no misnomer as applied to Dr. Price, whose knighthood was as genuine as that of any warrior that ever faced the foe in the high places of the bloody field. Absolute devotion to duty, unselfish assiduity in the discharge of arduous labors in be-



Some illustrations are given in this VETERAN of a floral parade in Nashville during May. It was so pretty that in the earnest wish to have VETERAN friends know about it the few illustrations are given. It was considered to be the most beautiful display of

its kind ever witnessed, even in "Dixie Land." The scene above is from a point near the VETERAN office. The design is to represent the Parthenon, which was much admired at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition.

half of others, heroism that chose death rather than desertion of the post of honor and of peril—these qualities were accorded to him by the large circle who loved and honored him while he was living among us, but

gifted, heroic man on this Flower Day in Nashville, where he did his last work and where his body rests in hope.

Nashville, May 19, 1899.

Capt. J. D. Goodloe, born in Hopkins County, Ky., was a soldier of two wars, and died on September 15, 1898. He was a private in the Fourth Kentucky Regiment of Volunteers in the Mexican War, and when the Civil War broke out he was made captain of Company C, in the Eight Kentucky Volunteers of the Confederate Army, in which capacity he served with honor to the end.

Comrade E. L. Bradley died on November 21, 1898. He served in the Mexican War with Comrade Goodloe, in the same company and regiment, and enlisted in the Third Kentucky Regiment of Confederate Volunteers at Bowling Green in 1861. He was faithful to the Confederate flag until it went down in gloom at Appomattox.

Died, at his home in Waco, Tex., January 10, 1899, Capt. John M. Davis, eldest son of Col. James L. Davis, of Washington County, Va. This family has been represented in all the wars in which the United States has been engaged. Capt. Smith enlisted, when the South took up arms, as a private in Company D, Washington Mounted Rifles, First Virginia Cavalry, and followed Fitzhugh Lee to the end. Exposure in the army left his health wrecked, and he had been a sufferer for some time.

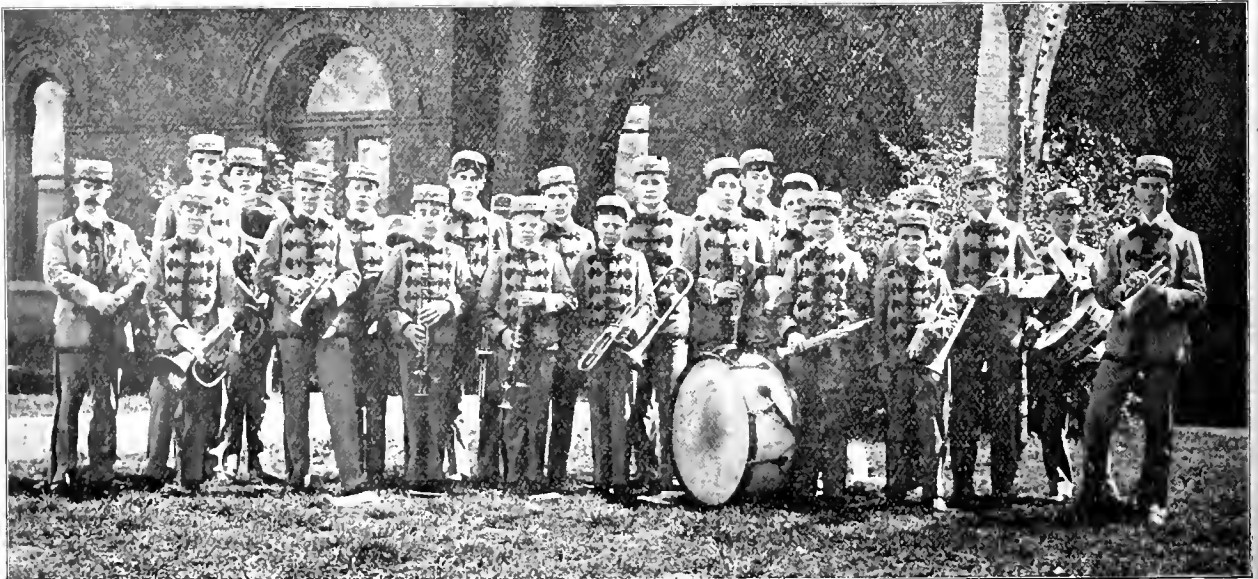
A comrade reports the death of Capt. Nat Crouch, who was captain of Company B, Ninth Kentucky Infantry. Comrade Alfred Clarke, St. Louis, writes: "I think it was Capt. Nat Crouch who demanded of the Federal Col. Moore at Hartsville, Tenn., 'What do you surrender?' and the reply came, 'My whole command.' He was a good soldier and a true gentleman."



REV. GEORGE W. F. PRICE.

who appreciate his worth more fully since his departure. His place of patriotic service was not on the tented field, but in the pulpit and the schoolroom; he was a Christian minister and educator who fought a good fight for his Lord and for Christian culture, and was faithful unto death.

The editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will not grudge the space for this remembrance of this pure,



BAND OF TENNESSEE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, IN FRONT OF MAIN BUILDING.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Many of the Daughters of the Confederacy attended the reunion of United Confederate Veterans in Charleston, and were received with honor by the people of that charming city, and by the veterans also. Among the number were Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, the gracious President, and Mrs. John P. Hickman, the efficient Recording Secretary, of the national order.

No attribute of the U. D. C. is deserving of more careful attention than the Historical Committee. At present its members are: Mrs. James Conner (South Carolina), Chairman; Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie (Texas), Mrs. James Mercer Garnett (Virginia), Mrs. Ellison Capers (South Carolina), Miss Mildred Rutherford (Georgia). They were diligent and earnest in performing their duty during the past year, and their report, read by Mrs. Conner at the annual meeting in Hot Springs, evinced research and care. The committee earnestly desires that each State Division take official action in recommending to schools within their borders those histories which have been carefully read and favorably reported upon. They also request publishers to send them material for examination, not only histories, but all books for school use in which examples given are just to the South.

In her paper Mrs. Conner quoted as follows from a report of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Chairman of the U. C. V. Historical Committee: "To permit historians of the North to give their version of that great war without a parallel presentation of facts relating to our understanding of the causes, our motives, our aspirations, would not be becoming in a nation which perished in its infancy in the most heroic struggle of the age. Its overthrow was marked by an honesty in accepting the results without a parallel in history."

The committee recommends the following textbooks: Mrs. Lee's histories, Rev. J. William Jones's "History of the United States," and Field's "Grammar School History."



MRS. LESLIE WARNER AND MRS. DR. M'GANNON.
Vehicle decorated with hand-painted tiger lilies.

The VETERAN is pleased to present the following report from Mrs. P. G. Robert, of St. Louis:

The second annual convention of the Missouri Daughters of the Confederacy was held at Higginsville on May 10, and was in every respect delightful. The attendance was much larger and the interest much deepened by the year's work. The convention most heartily indorsed the scheme of the Margaret A. E. McLure Chapter to compile a roster of the Confederate soldiers of Missouri, and the cordial coöperation of all chapters was pledged. The St. Louis delegation was highly delighted at the unanimous vote to hold the next convention in St. Louis.

A charming reception was tendered the delegates by the Confederate Home Chapter, and an afternoon visit to the veterans at the home was made an occasion long to be remembered.

The following officers were elected: Mrs. R. E. Wilson, of Kansas City, State President (re-elected); Mrs. P. G. Robert, St. Louis, First Vice President; Mrs. John Philips, Kansas City, Second Vice President; Mrs. Stonewall Pritchett, of Fayette, Recording Secretary; Mrs. James Gibson, Kansas City, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. A. E. Asbury, Higginsville, Treasurer; Mrs. M. Eastland, Lexington, Historian.

CARING FOR CONFEDERATE GRAVES NORTH.

Mrs. Janet H. W. Randolph, President Richmond Chapter, Grand Division of Virginia, United Daughters of the Confederacy, addressed the following letter to Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander of United Confederate Veterans, at Charleston, but for some reason it was not made public:

Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, No. 1, the Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy of Richmond, desire to call attention to the work done by them in an effort to have marked the graves of our prison dead. Three years ago our attention was called to the fact that these graves were scattered throughout the North and West, and that in a few years even the localities would be lost. Col. Knauss, a gallant Federal soldier, having sent an appeal that something should be done to mark the graves at Camp Chase. We first sent out circulars to eight hundred camps, but only eight responded. The Daughters sent letters to one hundred chapters, forty of whom responded. Again, last September we wrote one thousand letters to the camps, thinking surely a personal letter would bring some response. Two have responded. Can it be that we have forgotten these dead? The Georgia Daughters memorialized their Legislature in a most eloquent appeal. The Governor appointed a committee, but so far nothing has been done. When President McKinley proposed to care for the graves of the Confederate dead, a thing the women of the South would never consent to, we wrote to Gen. Wheeler asking that he petition the Senate and House of Representatives to make an appropriation of ten thousand dollars to mark the spots where are buried our prison dead. We had in vain appealed to their comrades. It is a blot on our fair name. We only asked of our Confederate organizations four thousand dollars. Let each camp represented at the reunion pledge themselves to send a contribution to this fund.

There is deposited in bank by camps, \$206.10; by Sons of Veterans, \$20; and by Daughters of the Confederacy, \$549.45, a total of \$775.55.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS BY CAMPS.

Virginia: Lee Camp, No. 1, \$25; Petersburg Camps, \$10; Pickett-Buchanan Camp, \$10; Tom Smith Camp, Suffolk, \$10; Lawson Ball, Lancaster, \$5; Turner-Ashby Camp, Winchester, \$5; Jeb Stuart Camp, Berryville, \$14.

Maryland: Army and Navy Society, Baltimore, \$50.
West Virginia: Stonewall Jackson, Charleston, \$50.
Missouri: Camp 729, Liberty, Mo., \$5.
South Carolina: Maxey Gregg Camp, \$22.10.

SONS OF VETERANS.

R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, \$10; Camp Moultrie, \$5; Camp No. 25, Richmond, Ky., \$5.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

North Carolina: Chapters at Raleigh, \$3; Washington, N. C., \$23.05; Asheville, \$5.

South Carolina: Chapters at Charleston, \$22.50; Cheraw, \$5; Sumter, \$5; Columbia, \$25; Marion, \$2; Georgetown, \$10.

Alabama: Chapters at Camden, \$3; Tuscaloosa, \$5.
Kentucky: Winchester, \$2.

Texas: San Antonio, \$5.75.

Georgia: Rome, \$5; Macon, \$10.

Florida: Brooksville, \$5; Jacksonville, \$5.

Maryland: Baltimore Chapter, \$100.

Missouri: M. A. E. McLure Chapter, St. Louis, \$5.

Virginia: Pickett-Buchanan, Norfolk, \$25; Warrenton Chapter, \$30; Waynesboro, \$26.25; Hampton, \$5; Staunton, \$10; Fredericksburg, \$25; Richmond, \$15; Mary Custis Lee, Alexandria, \$25; Seventeenth Virginia Chapter, Alexandria, \$10; Harrisburg, Va., \$10; Rappahannock, \$5; Culpeper, \$25; Petersburg, \$2.50; Leesburg, \$29; Chatham, \$2.

Tennessee: Nashville, \$10; Knoxville, \$5; Jackson, \$3.40; Bristol, \$5; Columbia, \$5; Chattanooga, \$5.

United Daughters of the Confederacy, \$25.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL LITERARY SOCIETY.

Mrs. Belle S. Bryan, President Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Richmond, Va., has sent to the Regents in the various States the following:

My Dear Madam: There are now on exhibition in this city a series of thirty-one oil paintings, made at Charleston, S. C., between the dates of September 16, 1863, and March 16, 1864, by Mr. Conrad Wise Chapman, who left his studio in Rome to take part with us in our great struggle. The paintings are of extraordinary interest, not only as works of art, but because they represent vividly the actual daily life and appearance of the men, batteries, and boats who successfully defended Charleston against every attack made on it from the water front.

These pictures would have great value for any museum as works of art, but for the South, for this museum, which holds the memories and relics of the entire Confederacy, they are priceless. They were executed on the spot, often under heavy fire, and were painted under the strong impetus of personal enthusiasm by the young artist, who was detailed for the specific purpose. They exist to-day without parallel or

copies, and above all they prove the fact, too often overlooked, that the Confederacy achieved remarkable results in the field of military service and invention.

To describe them as they deserve will be impossible at this time. Only a few striking points can be mentioned in this brief letter:

Picture No. 14 represents the submarine torpedo boat H. L. Hunley. This was the first submarine boat ever constructed. She sunk the Keokuk, and was herself lost, with all her crew. We have, therefore, the only authentic picture of a boat whose creation showed the power of the Southern mind to invent, and whose end proved once more the courage of the Confederate heart to dare any peril for the cause for which we fought.

In No. 4 we have the only picture of the David, the first torpedo boat ever used in naval warfare, and thus made forever famous.

No. 17 shows a night bombardment by calcium search lights, since become one of the most powerful aids in waging war.

Thus it will be seen that in each of the thirty-one pictures is represented some notable event of historic interest to us and all future generations, which we cannot afford to let pass away from us. We look to you to help us in securing them; we cannot do it alone. Can you not raise for this purpose one hundred dollars in your honored State. If each State will raise one hundred dollars toward this fund, we shall soon have the privilege of placing them in a permanent form in the Confederate Memorial Museum.

It is necessary to act in concert and with expedition in this matter. The failure on the part of one means failure for all.

Surely there are twenty men in your loyal State who will each give five dollars toward this purchase. I trust that your State may take the lead in this important work. In all Confederate work we have never yet appealed in vain to you, nor shall we now.

Please publish this letter in your daily papers, and also take such other steps as may seem best to you for the accomplishment of this end.

Address Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President C. M. L. Society, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Keller Anderson, Tennessee Regent, requests notice of all that is sent from her State. So do others.

STARS AND BARS IN SILK FIFTY CENTS.

The VETERAN has had a lot of silk flags made to order, size eight and one-half by eleven and one-half inches. They are the "stars and bars"—the first flag adopted by the Confederate authorities. Send one dollar for a flag and a game of Confederate Heroes. The flag to be delivered at once and the game in July.

Order three subscriptions to the VETERAN and get a flag free; or order four flags and one will be sent free.

N. J. HAMPTON—A PRIVATE'S WAR STORY.

Comrade Hampton has published a small book of eighty pages, illustrated, board covers, as "An Eyewitness to the Dark Days of 1861-65," while a private soldier in the Eighteenth Tennessee Infantry. List price, 25 cents. This book will be sent postpaid by the VETERAN for twenty cents—ten stamps. Any subscriber who will, in sending renewal, add a new subscriber can have the book free, and both can read it.



R. W. JENNINGS.

The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, Vol. II., page 130, states:

R. W. Jennings, the founder and manager of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, Tenn., was born in Edgetfield, S. C., March 19, 1838, where his father and grandfather had been reared. At the age of sixteen he commenced clerking in a retail store, and in 1855-56 he became bookkeeper for the Trion Manufacturing Co., at Trion, Ga. In January, 1857, he came to Nashville and secured a position as bookkeeper for the wholesale house of Gardner & Co., where he remained until 1861, when he entered the Planters' Bank as bookkeeper. In 1864 he filled an important position with the great house of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, where he was directed to overhaul and examine into the books of that firm running back for a period of nineteen years. In 1865 he was teller of the Falls City Tobacco Bank, Louisville, Ky., resigning this in December of that year to accept a partnership in the two firms of Evans, Garner & Co., New York, and Evans, Fite & Co., Nashville, the latter being the largest wholesale house which has ever been established in Nashville. Withdrawing from these firms in 1872, he was until 1884 the senior partner in the wholesale houses of Jennings, Goodbar & Co., Jennings, Eakin & Co., Jennings, Dismukes & Woolwine, and R. W. Jennings & Co. Thus Mr. Jennings brings to his work as a business educator the ripe experience of thirty years in actual business.

GEN. JACKSON WRITES A STRONG CARD.

Gen. W. H. Jackson, the distinguished proprietor of Belle Meade, says: "Having known Mr. R. W. Jennings for a number of years, and being satisfied as to his business methods and efficiency as an educator of youth to prepare them for practical business, I sent my son to his college, and it affords me pleasure to commend him to all who are contemplating the sending of their sons and daughters to such a school."

A SON OF GEN. FRANK CHEATHAM.

I take pleasure in stating that I attended Jennings' Business College and found it in all respects what it is claimed to be, a school of thorough instruction and perfectly equipped to prepare a young man for a business life. From the responsible positions held in this city by its graduates, I know this school to stand in the highest favor with Nashville business men. The best advice I can give to a young man entering business is to take a course under Prof. Jennings.

PATTON R. CHEATHAM.

(Mr. Cheatham is a son of the late Gen. Frank Cheatham, a hero of two wars. The position of Secretary for the Nashville Board of Underwriters, which he now holds, was given young Cheatham as soon as he left Jennings' College.)

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Write to C. A. Benscoter, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Southern Railway, Chattanooga, Tenn., for a copy of this folder.



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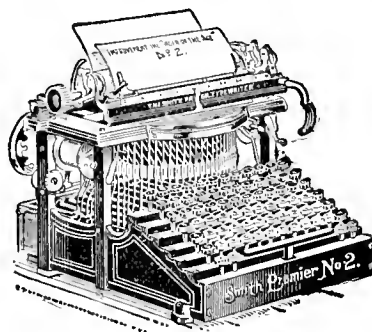
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Editor of the Veteran.**Nashville, Tenn.***RIPPA-N'S**

I felt better from the very first one I took. I had taken them for about a month, and was feeling so much better that I had forgotten about the bad feelings I used to have. The doctors called my trouble dyspepsia. I had it for about seven years, and had never in all my life been able to eat rich food or a very hearty meal. I often wondered why I should have so much dyspepsia. I would have what I call waterbrash sometimes four or five times a day, when clean water that seemed hot would run out of my mouth and the pain was something terrible for a minute, or else I would have pains at times in my stomach that would fairly double me up or pains in my shoulders and legs and all over me so that I would wish I was dead. I would send for the doctor, and when he came in he would say: "Well what is the matter now?" The best way to describe how I felt was just to say that everything was the matter with me and I felt bad everywhere. I think everybody who is troubled with their stomach ought to just try Ripans Tabules and they will soon know how valuable they are. My age is fifty-one years.

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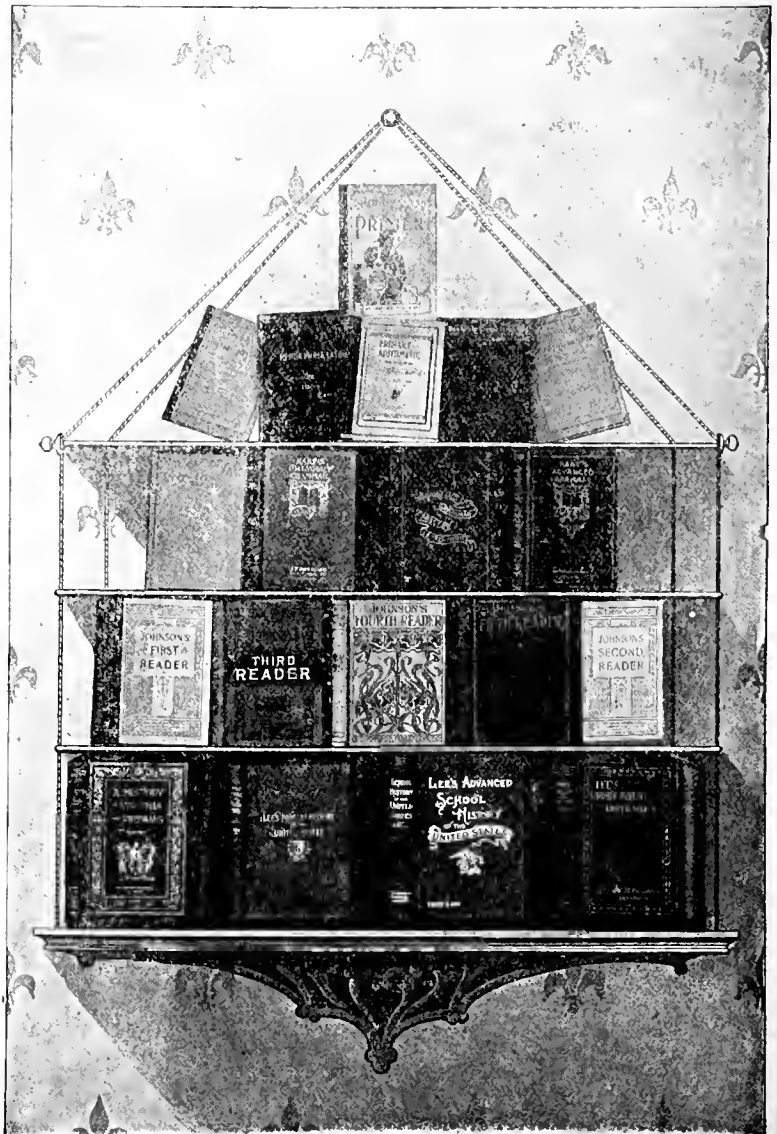
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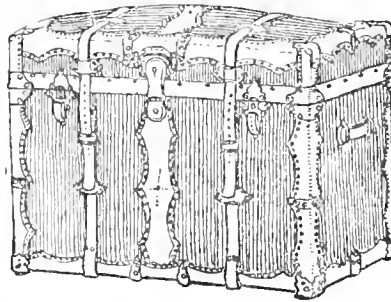
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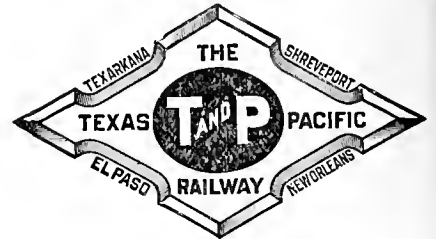
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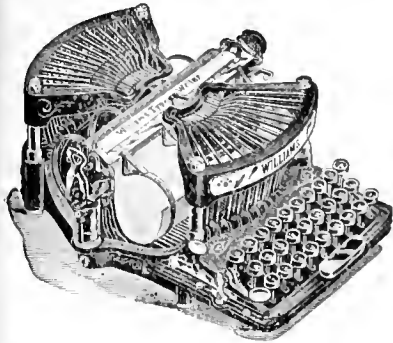
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The game or study of Confederate Heroes is designed to give in outline facts concerning some of the most prominent men and events in the history of the Confederacy. It will be issued and ready for delivery by July 15, 1899.

The game is played with fifty-two cards, divided into thirteen books. The name of each Confederate State is given, those of the President and Vice President, the full cabinet of President Davis from the rise to the fall of the Confederacy; all of the full generals, some of the lieutenant generals and major generals; distinguished naval commanders; and record of many daring and brilliant feats of the army and navy. The game is illustrated with flags, in colors, and portraits of cabinet and general officers, which make it a very valuable souvenir.



The statistics were prepared with great care by a most competent lady, who donates the proceeds to the Sam Davis Monument Fund, in the hope that it may be largely augmented, and also that the study may prove pleasant and profitable entertainment for all.

Copies of the game may be had for fifty cents, postpaid. Send orders to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

The Tennessee Legislature has authorized a strong committee to erect a Sam Davis monument on Capitol Hill, Nashville, Tenn., and new life is soon to be infused.

J. B. Tate
Feb 1900

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Potassium Chloride.....	.76
Lithium Chloride.....	Trace
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Calcium Bicarbonate.....	26.22
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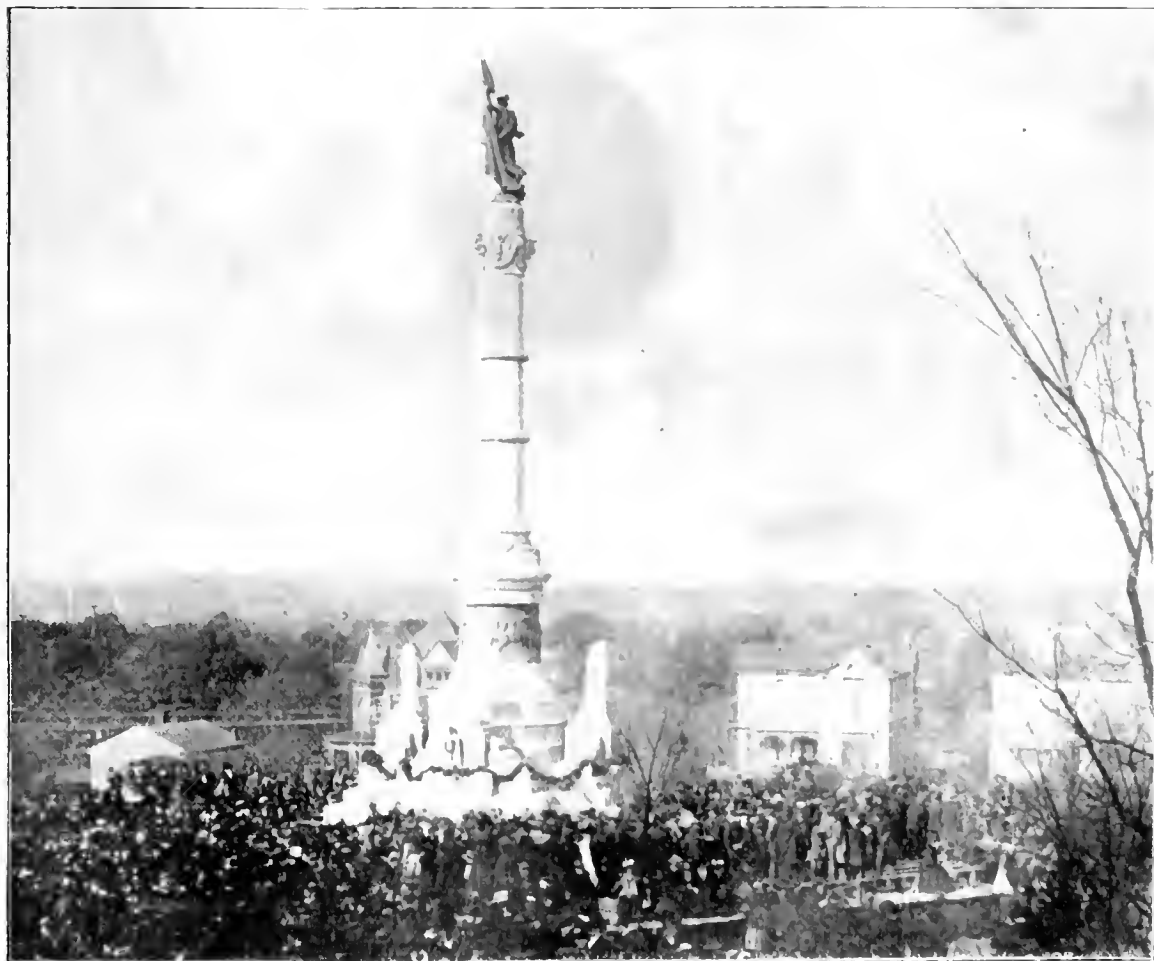
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GAME OF CONFEDERATE HEROES.

THE game or study of Confederate Heroes is designed to give in outline facts concerning some of the most prominent men and events in the history of the Confederacy. It will be issued and ready for delivery during August, a little later than originally planned.

The game is played with fifty-two cards, divided into thirteen books. The name of each Confederate State is given, those of the President and Vice President, the full cabinet of President Davis from the

rise to the fall of the Confederacy: all of the full generals, some of the lieutenant generals and major generals: distinguished naval commanders: and record of many daring and brilliant feats of the army and navy. The game is illustrated with flags, in colors, and portraits of cabinet and general officers, which make it a very valuable souvenir.

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Helena, Ark.
Macon, Ga.
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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. VII
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1899.

No. 7, 1899. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.



The above engraving shows half the front area of the Methodist Publishing House, and a little more than half its height in front. The top story is above that in which a part of two windows can be seen, while

there are three stories below the street in its extension back to the bluff of the Cumberland River. Bishop Fitzgerald happened to be passing when the photographer was "ready," and was detained.

MONUMENT AT MONTGOMERY.

Mrs. I. M. P. Ockendon furnishes interesting data:

The corner stone of this monument, erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association, was laid by President Davis in 1886, and the unveiling ceremonies were held December 7, 1898. Elaborate exercises commemorated that day in the history of the Association when, by its invitation, supplemented by that from the late Maj. Reese, President Davis came from his retirement at Beauvoir, Miss., to perform this sacred service. It was one of the grandest days of his life, for he came not only as the ex-chief executive of a nation that had existed without a stain, but as the beloved and honored representative of a people who loved him intensely. From that eventful day the monument approached completion as the available funds justified. The ladies of the Association never faltered, but moved slowly, steadily on to success. The work when done was presented to the State. The General Assembly



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

adjourned in order to be present, and the Governor and his staff had seats of honor. A great throng had assembled around the monument, and a grand procession of five thousand persons followed the carriages occupied by the ladies of the Memorial Association. It moved from the corner of Bibb and Moulton Streets—a spot historic, as it was the point from which moved the inaugural procession of 1861 as escort to the only President of the Confederate States of America.

The unveiling exercises were deeply interesting; business was suspended, and the military companies lent splendor to the scene in the capitol grounds. Earth seemed to have brought forth the flowers of spring to the brow of winter, and the very air was thrilled by the music of "Dixie," Southern *Marseillais*, "My Maryland," and "Bonnie Blue Flag." The orator of the day was ex-Gov. Thomas G. Jones, who sustained his brilliant reputation. His graceful introduction was by Col. William J. Sanford, another veteran.

Other speakers representing the four branches of the service were well chosen: Col. John W. A. Sanford paid glowing tribute to the matchless infantry; Maj. J. M. Faulkner, in describing the dashing cavalry, was pointed, practical, yet brilliant; Col. Hilary A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the United States Navy, vividly told of the Confederate navy that won the admiration of the whole world; and Capt. B. H. Screws conjured from the buried past the flash and flame of our artillery.

The following lines were recited as chaplets of laurel were placed on the statues:

With laurel wreaths we crown thee,
Our hearts accord the victory.

In unveiling the statue of infantry, Miss C. T. Raoul recited her own beautiful lines:

Pause ye who seek the noblest bier,
And wreath the laurel garland here.

"Artillery" was unveiled by Miss Lena Hausman, whose lines were written for the occasion by Mrs. Ida Porter Ockendon:

The deathless green, long set apart
For crowns, sprang from a patriot's heart.

The "Navy" was unveiled by Miss Janie E. Watts, who recited:

The leaf that wreaths a nation's bier
Wears the white luster of a tear.

"Cavalry" was unveiled by Miss Laura Martin, with Ticknor's fine lines:

Fame's temple boasts no higher name,
No king is grander on his throne;
No glory shines with brighter gleam,
The name of "patriot" stands alone!

The above stanzas were engraved on the pedestals of the respective statues. The presentation was made by Senator A. A. Wiley, on behalf of Mayor Clisby, for the ladies of the Memorial Association, while the State of Alabama was represented by Gov. Joseph F. Johnston; and Mr. Chappel Cory responded for the Governor in words elegant and simple.

The "Southern Confederacy" was represented by Miss Sadie Robinson, who, dressed in mourning, wore a cap of gray decorated with thirteen stars. She held a battle-torn Confederate flag while she recited "Furl that Banner," from Father Ryan, the poet-priest of Alabama. Miss Gorman, dressed in Confederate gray, sang "Dixie," and thirteen girls clad in Confederate colors surrounded the "Southern Confederacy" in representation of the galaxy of stars; then furling the old flag, they bore it silently away. Next came the "Last Roll Call" from saddened voices, then the silvery notes of "traps," when with bowed heads and tearful eyes the crowd received the benediction by Rev. Dr. Eager.

The monument adorns the capitol grounds, and stands within one hundred yards of the star which marks the spot where Jefferson Davis took the oath of office. Near by is the chamber where the first Confederate Congress was held, which has been dedicated to the "soldiers and seamen of the Confederate army." The cost of the monument was \$43,000.

The base is thirty-four feet square, made of layers of stone, which form steps leading up to four pedestals, on each of which is a statue. A circular bas-relief in

bronze presents a battle scene, at the base of which is inscribed the dedication. On the pedestals bearing the statues the lines quoted above are inscribed. From the common center rises a seventy-foot circular shaft, five feet in diameter, surmounted by a graceful figure representing "Patriotism."

A sketch of the monument would be incomplete without mention of Mrs. Sophie Bibb. Her ancestral record is interwoven with colonial and Revolutionary history, and her life was a part of the annals of the Confederacy. No more intensely Southern character graced the long line of beautiful and brave women of the South. She had under her tender care soldiers from all parts of the country who have told abroad the story of her devotion.



MRS. SOPHIE BIBB.

Besides her ministrations to the suffering in the hospitals, her carriage followed to the grave eight hundred who died here. And when she could no longer work for the Confederacy, she and her society devoted their service to the removal of Confederate dead from distant battlefields, and erecting headstones over them. The "Society for the Burial of the Dead" became the "Ladies' Memorial Association," she being the president and loyal leader of stricken women who did not idly repine, but who spent their time and energy in the discharge of duty. She lived until the foundation was laid, and then the work she had so ably performed was taken up by her own gifted daughter, Mrs. Martha Daudridge Bibb, widow of Col. Joseph B. Bibb.

By her succession to the Presidency of the Ladies' Memorial Association Mrs. Bibb brought to the work her personal charm, patriotic zeal, and executive ability. She modestly attributes her success in the work to the influence of her sainted mother. Heredity has certainly done its part, but Mrs. Bibb's magnetic personal charm has been a powerful factor in securing three appropriations from the State and imparting enthusiasm to her associates in the cause, without whom, she admits, her labors would have been in vain.

The VETERAN'S tribute to the work of Montgomery women would be so incomplete without reference to the late Sarah Herron that brief editorial mention is supplemented.

It seems improbable that but for her the writer would have survived an illness during which he was carried from a railway train into the ladies' hospital utterly unconscious from raging fever. The presence of that gentle, intelligent, Christian woman, after several days, reminded him of home and mother. There began that day the most beautiful friendly devotion the writer has ever experienced. Mrs. Herron's letters were such a treat that they were common property in the army, and at sight of the familiar handwriting Company B, Forty-First Tennessee Regiment, would assemble to hear the reading as soon as opened. Her letters were mellow with Christian counsel and rich

with wit and humor. That "mother number two" was faithful until called home to heaven March 10, 1899. Her mind was ever clear toward mankind, and her relation to Omnipotence was most intimate. It was well to have known her.

In this connection it is pleasant to copy in the VETERAN a poem by her gifted daughter, Mrs. Ada Herron Knox, who preceded her mother to the better land nearly twelve years.

MY CASTLES.

I built an air castle that towered so grand
It seemed to be reared by a magical hand;
It gleamed in the moonlight surpassingly fair,
It glittered in sunshine with jewels' rich glare;
The sweetest of flowers were strewn o'er its floors,
Their loveliness heightened by lamps, tinted rose,
Luxuries, perfumes, and paintings were there,
And music's soft harmonies enchanted mine ear,
My love and I lived in a world of our own,
Ecstatic as I ne'er was king on his throne!

The monarch who rules has but transient delight;
Oft splendor and joy in a moment take flight,
While soaring afar beyond earth, thought, and fear,
I saw not the clouds that were gathering near
Till a blast from the north, with merciless wrath,
O'erturned the air castle which hung in its path,
An east wind next came with its keen, cruel blight,
Destroying my treasures, extinguishing light;
My love, in the darkness, was borne far away,
While my beautiful castle was lost on that day.

When sad memory left me, and years had flown past,
I built me a castle both spacious and fast;
No jewels bedecked it, no light thereon shone;
To others attractive, 'twas mine all alone,
I piled in each room, with miserly glee,
Coins silver and golden; from toil ne'er was free,
I purposed to gain a low, sordid renown,
But my castle with weight of its burden fell down;
It sunk in the earth, and my wealth-dream was o'er—
The gold and the castle existed no more!

I'm living e'en now in a castle in air;
'Tis modest in structure—no glitter nor glare;
But hope enters often with promise and cheer,
And the help of the great of all ages is near,
'Tis sadly unfinished; but thought comes anon
With will and ambition to urge me build on,
I know that my castle's foundation is frail,
That mind will grow dizzy and heart often fail;
Yet to it I'm clinging with trembling and fear,
My last-beloved mansion—oh! my castle in air!

O day, blessed be, when my castles are gone!
Riches, ambition, and love, for'er flown,
A mansion of rest will be builded for me;
From grief, disappointment, and toil I'll be free;
Rejoicing e'ermore in foundation secure,
In beauty and treasure that always endure,
My rest will be sweeter most surely, when there,
For having lived sometime in castles in air!

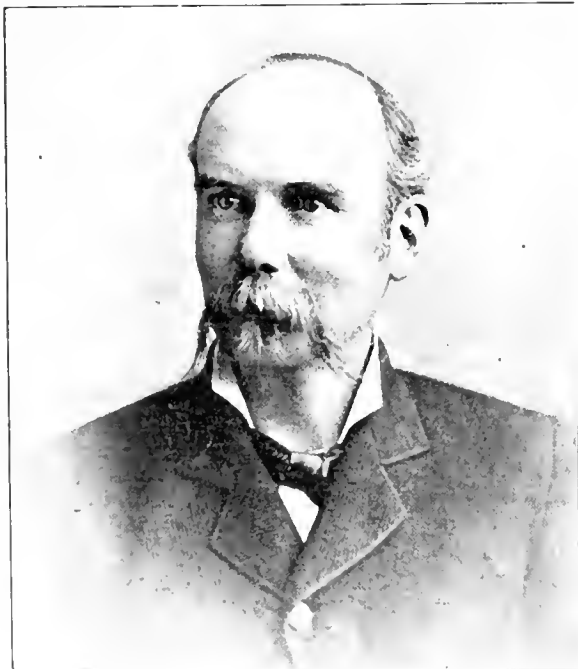
Through an advertisement in the VETERAN a subscriber heard most pleasantly from an old and dear comrade, who wrote: "I am a subscriber to the VETERAN, and to-day I see your ad. I wish I could recall fifteen years of my commercial life! I would give you an order for a carload of goods."

The address is wanted of some comrade of F. M. Wisdom, who was a member of Company C, Ninth Arkansas, under Gen. Ben McCulloch and Capt. Dave Stewart. Please communicate with J. C. Saunders, at McKinney, Tex.

TRIBUTE TO SAM DAVIS IN LOUISVILLE.

Jefferson Davis' birthday, June 3, was appropriately celebrated in Louisville this year. The attendance for Confederate memorial exercises at Cave Hill Cemetery was large, as it always is. Mr. John B. Pirtle was the master of ceremonies. He made a brief address, in which he illustrated the spirit of good will existing throughout the restored Union without any humiliating concession from the South. Rev. Dr. Estill delivered an appropriate prayer, following which was made the address of the occasion by Maj. W. J. Davis. His theme was the character of Sam Davis.

Three States stand in line facing the northern border of Southern territory, stretching from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi. Of these, Kentucky oc-



MAJ. W. J. DAVIS.

cupies the center, with Virginia, her mother, on the right, and Tennessee, her sister, on the left. Each of them is famous for statesmen, orators, poets, writers, soldiers, and patriots.

They would seem to constitute one territory, bearing in its several parts similar physiographic features, mighty rivers, noble forests, fertile soils bearing bountiful harvests in season, and beautiful landscapes.

Their people are homogeneous; they talk alike and look alike and have many things in common, and because they are so I name them, without prejudice to the other fair States in the galaxy of States, as a representative trio sustaining the virtues of their ancestry and adopting into their citizenship the best elements.

The men are brave and strong; the women are lovely and chaste; they love their country; they esteem their great men; above all, they admire and hold in highest honor true manhood and genuine womanhood. Manly men and womanly women are their pride and joy. Heroic deeds ever stir their hearts.

But Tennessee, distinguished for the noble part her sons have always borne from her earliest settlement by the name of the "Volunteer State," has without doubt given to the South, to America, to humanity, to the world, a hero of unparalleled nobility of soul. A mere lad, twenty-one years old, in pursuance of his duty, under orders, as scout within the enemy's lines, in uniform and bearing arms, was arrested, and important papers relating to Federal forts and forces in Middle Tennessee were found on his person. He was tried, convicted, and condemned to death. I shall not stop to characterize this procedure. When this youth was told the sentence of the military commission, he simply said: "It is severe, but I have done my duty and am prepared to die." Before his execution he was offered life and freedom several times, the last time as the rope was put around his neck, if he would divulge the name of his supposed Federal associate. He refused each time, with surprise and indignation that it could be supposed he would behave treacherously even to an enemy. In the extreme simplicity and directness of his superb manhood he kept his faith and went to his death rejoicing that he felt it easy to keep his honor.

In the city of Paris is a grand monument, one of the chief figures being that of D'Artagnan, the hero of romance, whom the French idealize as the highest type of a soldier of France; in the city of Nashville is a statue of this splendid boy, Sam Davis, and the Tennesseans, the Kentuckians, the Virginians, the Southland and the Northland, where pulses a heart-loving and admiring manhood in its superlative expression, idolize this hero of real life as the highest type of the American soldier.

HERO SON OF PATRIOT FATHER.

Cleland Davis, born November, 1870, was robust and studious in boyhood; and when sixteen years old secured an appointment at the military academy at Annapolis, under a competitive examination. Six years later he was graduated fifth in his class and was commissioned ensign.

When on shore duty, in 1896 and 1897 he was put in charge of the proving station at Indian Head, on the Potomac. He conducted the experimental firing and carefully watched results, deriving therefrom formula for the preparation of hardened armor plate, in which the conditions were the caliber of the gun, the weight and character of the projectile, the distance of the target, the velocity of the projectile at the moment of impact, the effect on the plate, etc. Tables for guns of every caliber were made from these, and were published by the Navy Department, due credit being given to the author.

Young Davis is noted as a mathematician, and his tables, known as "Davis' Tables," are now used for making specifications for the manufacture of steel plates for armored battleships and protected cruisers for gun boats.

The passage of the "Navy Personnel Bill," the 3d of last March, advanced Ensign Davis, owing to his position, to the grade of Senior Lieutenant; and his advancement ten numbers in this grade on Admiral Dewey's recommendation will be of some consideration, though such honorable mention, the highest commendation known in the navy, is a great and rare distinction.

The Helena, to which he has been attached since November, 1897, saw service on the southern coast of Cuba, and was actively engaged in the battles at Guantanamo, Cienfuegos, Manzanillo, etc. She reached Manila February 19. The campaign under Gen. MacArthur began February 27, when Davis, who had noticed the deficiency of artillery, suggested that a rapid-fire Colt automatic navy gun be attached to the division. This was done, and Ensign Davis (as he is still called, because the latest commissions have not been issued) was put in charge. He reported on February 27, with three marines, the regular gun crew, and remained ashore until April 4. During this time his gun and detachment accompanied the artillery in the forward movement, and at the attack on Cabalahan he practically saved a detachment of the Fourth Cavalry from destruction in attacking an insurgent intrench-



ENSIGN CLELAND DAVIS.

ment. The cavalry had suffered severely in attacking a very elaborate redoubt, losing thirty-five per cent of their number in killed and wounded. At this time a gun of the Utah Battery, and Ensign Davis with his Colt gun, were brought forward under cover to within one hundred and twenty-five yards of the insurgent trench. The combined fire of these two pieces absolutely silenced the redoubt. On March 27 Ensign Davis, at his own request, advanced to the bank of the Marilas River, within seventy-five yards of an insurgent trench on the opposite side. Here, as in the preceding case, he was under a vicious fire; but again he succeeded in absolutely clearing the trench, and forcing the surrender of the twenty men who remained in it alive. On March 29 he again went into action, on the railroad bridge at Guiginto, under a dangerous cross fire; and on March 31 he cooperated in the artillery attack on Ponta Malolos. On April 4 he went

forward to the Quinga River, and pushed the automatic gun forward to a position on the opposite bank within two hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's trenches. Here he was in temporary command of one of the guns of Lient. Flemming, and here, as in other places, he was under fire. On finishing his shore service he was recommended for promotion by Maj. Young, with warm indorsements from Maj. Gen. MacArthur and Maj. Gen. Otis.

Admiral Dewey, in transmitting his report of the Ensign Davis expedition, says:

Ensign Davis was a volunteer for this duty ashore with the army. He was engaged in all actions against the insurgents that took place on the northern front of the army between February 27 and April 4, and performed valiant service and rendered valuable aid to our troops. I therefore commend him to the department, and recommend that he be advanced ten numbers in his grade.

The crew of the Colt gun consisted of Corporal Thomas F. Pendergrast, and Privates Howard M. Buckley and Joseph Melvin, United States Marine Corps. These men performed their duty under very trying conditions in the most exemplary manner, and deserve high praise. I hope the department will reward in a suitable manner their services.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE DEWEY, *Admiral, U. S. N.*

Commanding the United States Naval forces on the Asiatic station.

During the latter part of April and the first of May the Helena cruised in the waters of the Sulu Archipelago. She returned to Manila on June 12; we find "Ensign Davis, with his little gun," ashore, and participating in the heavy battle of the 13th, according to special telegrams to the *New York Sun*, capturing a Philippine great gun with its ammunition, etc., and adding to the reputation he had made for "professional skill and striking gallantry," as the official reports state.

Such a remarkable record as this of Ensign Davis is well worthy a place in a magazine of history, and the *VETERAN* presents the above with pleasure.

C. W. Higginbotham, Calvert, Tex., asks for information as to the command to which R. G. Scott belonged. He was an Alabamian, but it is thought that he enlisted from Arkansas.

FOR JUST A GLIMPSE OF SOUTHLAND.

The city is most splendid with its throng and blaze of light
Ushered into glistening beauty by the winged hours of night;
But my heart turns to the Southland, its flowers and skies of
blue,

And it almost breaks with longing for just a glimpse of you!

You may talk to me of Broadway, its theaters so grand,
And the opera with its singers, the finest in the land.
What to me these lights and music, these sights both great
and new.

If my eyes are always aching for just a glimpse of you?

So I brush away the tear-drops that will start into my eyes,
And I shut from out my mem'ry our laughing Southern skies,
For it makes the work the harder to thus the old times rue—
But there steals in still the longing for just a glimpse of you!

—Gertrude Eloise Bealer.

New York City.

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.

Much commendatory correspondence has been received concerning the article about the Memorial Institute in the last VETERAN. Some comrades take a very gloomy view of the situation, and well they may. An honored official in Mississippi has recently written that he made a demand at Charleston for the return of the money from his State, and the agent said that after a meeting of the committee in June he would let him know, but that nothing had been heard of him since. A prominent official of the Daughters of Virginia "can't understand how the committee could have been made such fool of;" and then she ridicules the agent's methods of figuring up \$153,000, "not one cent of which he had in hand."

Application has been made to the President of the Memorial Association for a financial report, with promise to publish in full. Every Southern man and woman has a right to this knowledge. For some years now the Board has given out so meager reports that the public is kept in absolute ignorance of the facts. It is admitted, however, that the Trustees are not believed to be willingly negligent of their duty, but next time, with complaints from so nearly every section of the South, they cannot afford to leave a spider web of doubt concerning the true status of affairs.

The donations of Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis to the Louisiana Historical Association indicate clearly that the South's valued relics will never be collected into one place, as Mr. Rouss anticipated in making his beneficent offer, and the tendency is toward each State having its own institute for such a memorial collection. The VETERAN would like expressions of its friends throughout the country. Even if there should be prosecuted a high order of enterprise for Richmond, contributions to it from the other States should not deter from the sentiment for a collection in each State capital or some prominent city in each State.

Casual readers may be surprised at the intense concern for continued success of the VETERAN, but its steadfast patrons—comrades who will be faithful until death—know that it is beyond mercenary consideration. So true is this that its promoter would not discontinue it without worthy succession for any sum of money—not for a million. Besides, he deplores the coming time when its circulation will be diminished. Its growth has been steadfastly upward from the beginning. See the figures: Average for 1893, 7,683;

1894, 10,137; 1895, 12,916; 1896, 13,444; 1897, 16,175; 1898, 19,100; and so far in 1899 the average is over 20,000 copies per month. Reductions come, so new subscribers must be secured to make up for losses caused by the strange actions of some, who deliberately write that the veteran father is dead without offering to pay arrears; others do not extend even this courtesy, but direct the postmaster to say "refused." Others with the kindest words write that they must discontinue for one reason or another. These unhappy conditions are printed as an appeal to faithful friends to help increase the list. Cooperation on this line would make the list fifty thousand if you would do what you can in this respect. If you cannot do more, please send names of some friends whom you think would like the VETERAN, and specimen copies will be sent to them. Get four new subscribers, and a year will be added to your own subscription.

The editor of the VETERAN had the painful experience at one time during our great war to be the foremost soldier in the Confederate army—a position old soldiers appreciate, and one that fell to the lot of few. He was a skirmisher at the extreme right of his regiment, which was on the extreme right of the army in its attack upon a strong fort garrisoned by negroes (at Dalton, on Hood's Tennessee campaign). Race sentiment had never been so high before, and he considered at that critical time, realizing the evident impregnability of the works, whether he would not as soon be killed by a white man beforehand, even a Yankee, as to take his chances in that charge. That deplorable experience is recalled in connection with this fellow, this "most capable man living to write Confederate history," and who should be spurned by all honest, upright men. It was bad to fight former slaves, and it is no better to contend with such a white man who is not open and candid in his enterprises.

BURIAL PLACE OF GEN. BRAGG.—Inquiry was recently sent from this office to Mrs. Elise B. Bragg concerning the burial place of her husband, and in reply she states: "Gen. Braxton Bragg is buried in the cemetery in Mobile, in that portion called 'Soldiers' Rest,' set aside for Confederate dead. The Memorial Association gave me a large lot, on which there is a grass mound surrounded by a stone balustrade. A stone block marks the top, on which I hoped to have placed a simple monument, but as yet have been unable to do so."

The following are given as additions to the list of Confederate generals who have died since the VETERAN was established: Alex C. Jones, who was in Japan; Charles A. Ronald, Roanoke, Va.; Dr. A. Weisgner, Richmond, Va.

A. L. Scott, of Company G, Ninth Alabama, Bander, Tex., inquires of his old comrade, Tom Hollman, of the Ninth Alabama Regiment, Wilcox' Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

IMPORTANCE OF SOUTHERNERS COÖPERATING.

Action of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Mississippi at their last annual meeting induced the brief presentation, in part, of what the editor of the *VETERAN* did in that State during the sixties. He is not ashamed of the record, and a partial account of his experiences merits place in the *VETERAN* anyhow. The purpose in presenting it now, however, is to impress those who mean well with the ungracious actions of Daughters of that State of heroes in eulogizing a Yankee—let honorable Federal soldiers forgive use of the term in this connection—who bobbed up in 1893 as manager of a "confederate war journal," published in "Lexington, Ky., and in New York." Although Lexington was named first, that was no more the place of publication than Jackson or Port Gibson, Miss. The falsehood was exposed and the fact made known at the time that the thing was published by the Frank Leslie concern in New York, which it is well known was most severe on the South in her direst extremity. Some of these same abominable plates were remodeled and utilized to publish illustrated Confederate history (!). The *VETERAN* exposed the hypocritical thing, comrades generally repudiated it, and soon it ceased to appear. Next this same fellow starts a sheet to use again those detestable Leslie plates, a paper insulting to the South by its very name, and he is credited (!) with voting regularly with the party that kept an iron heel upon the Southern people all through the reconstruction period.

A well-meaning woman in Mississippi had a chapter named for this man, and when asked her reason for it said with evident pride: "Because he is the South's historian." For her error she has tried in truly patriotic spirit to make amends. Since then some Mississippi Daughters, in organized meeting, took occasion to commend this man despite his hypocrisy. The President of a chapter in public address said: "Let it be said to the everlasting credit of him whose honored name is our chapter's, that he has labored perhaps more zealously, more faithfully, and with a broader intelligence than any other to perpetuate the facts of this glorious history. All honor, all praise, to the chivalrous and great-hearted . . . and his noble work!"

A reporter who knows not of what he wrote states that very recently this alien got affidavits from reputable citizens of his recently adopted home to give his history, and the paragraph concludes with the exultation that the chapter at JACKSON, MISS., in deciding between the names of this fellow and Jefferson Davis, voted "twenty or more" for him, and "about ten" for the latter. Comrades of Mississippi, and noble mothers! will you allow such action to stand unrebuked?

The next move is a proposition from this fellow to

turn over to the Daughters in Kentucky a certain editorial part of his sheet—in the hope that the dying thing may be resuscitated—and this by Southern women in Kentucky! Before this sycophant started his insolent effort to deceive Southern people again he sent to the *VETERAN* a plea, the hypocrisy of which has been emphasized by his recent "proposition." He wrote: "I recognize the fact that the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* is the official organ of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the United Confederate Veterans, and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and we shall not under any circumstances, try to undermine or belittle the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. We shall not beg any organization for their patronage or recognition. . . . We have not been before any of their organizations or attended any of their meetings, or solicited their official recognition, and we shall not do so. . . . As to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, we do not expect to receive or publish any official documents, because that part belongs to you."

In the face of this he goes stealthily to work among Daughters of the Confederacy to induce chapters to indorse his work and to make his paper official organ!

It is grievous that any Southern women will allow this sheet a favorable thought when its vile source is considered. They might at least wait until some of the camps of heroes, who made record in that great war and gave prestige to the term, "Daughters of the Confederacy," take action. They should also have respect for their own general body, who, in its first annual meeting and at all successive conventions since, have acknowledged indebtedness to the *VETERAN* and have cordially accepted its offer to represent them officially and thoroughly.

A noble woman who has held high place in the Woman's Relief Corps of the Grand Army of the Republic wrote this office recently: "The original purpose of the Woman's Relief Corps is grand and noble, but a few ambitious women have made it a stepping-stone to their own selfish aims, and the prospects are that the usefulness of the order will, in a measure, be destroyed, and the objects be lost sight of in the race for office and self-advancement."

Can it be that Daughters of the Confederacy would adopt such means for the advancement of ambitious schemes? Surely they should be influenced by veterans and by the Mothers who remember with acute pain the thousands of unjustifiable outrages by the other side. God bless these mothers! and may their counsel to the Daughters who must soon represent them be not withheld, now that it is so much needed! or their worthy and noble influence may fail at last.

EXPERIENCES IN MISSISSIPPI.

The testimony that "truth is stranger than fiction" is illustrated by an address to Daughters of the Con-

federacy in Mississippi in their convention at Jackson. A reminiscence should entertain any who approve it, and they should be influenced thereby in future.

During the period that tried all the people of that noble State the writer spent much time among them as a Confederate soldier. Having been exchanged as a "Fort Donelson prisoner" in September, 1862, at Vicksburg, he was there, at Clinton and, in the reorganization of his regiment, at Shepherd Springs near the latter place for several weeks.

When redisciplined, after half a year in prison, we were sent to the front at Coldwater, in North Mississippi, and endured hard, disagreeable service there, thence back to Vicksburg, where the command remained until the close of the year.

The 1st of January, 1863, we arrived at Port Hudson, La., by boat down the river, and after some eventful experiences there—notably, the time when the United States man-of-war Hartford passed our fortifications, and the Mississippi was destroyed by our water battery—we returned to Mississippi via Osyka, and up to Jackson early in May.

After a few days in Jackson we went on a forced march to Raymond, and our single brigade (Gregg's) engaged in battle nearly all day against a corps of the enemy supposed to comprise at least ten times our number. In this battle, while marching by the flank abreast with his captain, we were exposed to a literal shower of bullets, the dust rising all about us as it would by the first heavy dash of rain, and of the eight men—four in our front and four in our rear—seven experienced the effects of the leaden hail in half a minutes' time, and the lives of many of our best were surrendered that day. The wonder is that any escaped.

The second morning thereafter Grant's large army so overwhelmed us that our small Confederate force was compelled to evacuate the capitol city in much haste before breakfast. What a thrilling, pathetic memory that is! The movement was northward through a pelting rain and deep mud. The citizens were in carriages, wagons, and on foot, all mixed in with the small Confederate force in that section, fleeing before the invaders. Pemberton was then being enveloped at Vicksburg.

A little later, with such reinforcements as could be secured, we were sent toward Yazoo City via a village called Livingston, under a hot sun through a lane eleven miles long, without any turn. It was a "long lane." The writer was taken sick on the way, and an officer of his company, yet living, who tarried with him in his distress, ambulances being inaccessible, threatened to cut with his sword the officer in command of the rear guard because of his demand that we move faster. A severe illness followed, but through the tender nursing of kind women, all now dead, at old Benton, he

was soon able to rejoin his command, which he did at Yazoo.

Our zigzag march in the plan to rescue Pemberton's army from Vicksburg was futile. It had its attendant privations, and after the surrender of that garrison, July 4, 1862, we were soon back at Jackson to endure a siege memorable to all who were in it.

Grant's consolidated army now closed in about the capital, and the Confederate forces under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston held out for six days, during which time there was done some of the most brilliant fighting of the war. One day there was carried around the line of our intrenchments several battle flags captured in open field despite the great odds against us.

An event remarkable to the writer is recorded in connection with the necessity to advance our skirmish line. He was one of fifty volunteers to do so, all of whom did not return. Then it fell to his lot to be assistant to the officer in charge of the skirmish line on the final night of our occupancy. The astute Joseph E. Johnston did not propose to surrender, and so he got away by muffling the wheels of our cannon and the army marching so quietly that the Federal commander was utterly unconscious of it. The last order to be executed was doubtless by the writer, which was to crawl along our skirmish line and whisper to each soldier about how to get away. Each was to follow the action of the soldier to his right, whether in moving by the flank or to the rear. We missed our way to the bridge, held for escape across the Pearl River, until, for the better protection of the army, the bridge had been fired. Luckily the twilight served us to find the route, and we crossed over before the burning endangered its stability.

We had been in Jackson, where citizens refused us water from their cisterns, and again when they drew it and ran with vessels to supply their defenders, and, later still, when the desolation was painful beyond expression. The writer recalls a long walk in the central part of town during the siege, when he did not see a living person or thing save one old negro man. The houses were generally open, with much elegant furniture deposited along the streets and scattered about the yards, but abandoned by the owners, who had fled to places of personal safety.

The miles of hard marching in Mississippi, the drinking of stagnant water during much of the war, the privations and perils endured, if written in detail would fill volumes. To assert that no soldier in the Confederate army did more faithful service for the people of Mississippi in defending their homes from invasion and destruction than the editor of the VETERAN would not be extravagant. He asks, however, only his share of gratitude and recognition. Would that all Mississippians could recall the privations and the persistency in their defense by the Confederate army! What a picture at Grenada when President Davis reviewed the Confederate army there under J. E. Johnston! The area selected was a concave, and such that every soldier in the march could see each of his forty thousand comrades. That panorama, if well executed on canvas, making the central point the place occupied by the President of the Confederacy, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and many others on horseback, would enlist the admiration of mankind.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.

Walter T. Colquitt, Commander in Chief; L. D. Teackle Quinby, Adjutant General, Atlanta, Ga.

Army of Northern Virginia Department: M. L. Bonham, Commander; H. H. Watkins, Department Adjutant, Anderson, S. C.

Army of Tennessee Department: William B. Bankhead, Commander; —, Department Adjutant, Huntsville, Ala.

Army of Trans-Mississippi Department: Brant H. Kirk, Commander; —, Department Adjutant, Waco, Tex.

Special Department conducted by Robert A. Smyth, Charleston, S. C.

Continued progress is being made in the work of the Confederation under the able management of the new officers. Commander in Chief Colquitt, of Atlanta, is proving himself a thoroughly efficient officer. He has taken hold of the work of the Confederation with that determination which is a guarantee of success.

The following new camps have been added to the roll: No. 141, Camp Phil Cook, Albany, Ga.; J. W. Gillespie, Commandant. No. 142, Camp Singletary Pettigrew, Washington, N. C.; W. D. Grimes, Commandant. No. 143, Camp Micah Jenkins, Summerville, S. C.; Legare Walker, Commandant.

An enthusiastic camp is being organized at St. Louis, Mo., one of the letters reporting one hundred men on the roll. Camps are also in progress of organization at Augusta, Ga.; Union, W. Va.; and Shelbyville, Ky. Mr. Hamilton Branch, Jr., the enthusiastic adjutant of the Savannah Camp, is organizing a Camp in Screven County, Ga. Thus it may be seen that the prospects are bright for the speedy chartering of several new camps.

Considerable activity is being shown in the various divisions with regard to meetings. The Louisiana Division, under the able management of Commander W. H. McLellan, held its reunion at Baton Rouge, La., July 3, 4. This strong division was organized practically only a few weeks before the last reunion.

The South Carolina Division, now leading the Confederation with fifty-one camps to its credit, will hold its Fourth Annual Reunion at Chester, S. C., on July 26, at the same time as the Veterans. On account of the promotion of its Commander, by election to the command of the Northern Virginia Department, it was necessary for a new Division Commander to be appointed. Commander in Chief Colquitt made a happy choice in commissioning Hon. H. F. Weston, of Columbia, to fill the unexpired term of Gen. Bonham. Mr. Weston has been prominently identified with the work from the beginning, and is a man of much popularity in his State, and he will prove an able successor to the previous Commander. Commander Weston has appointed James A. Hoyt, Jr., of Columbia, as his Division Adjutant; and a full staff of assistants, in the selection of whom he has shown great judgment.

Commander in Chief Colquitt has not yet heard from all the comrades whom he has selected for his staff, so we are not able to publish a full list of appointments this time. However, Mr. L. D. Teackle Quinby has been appointed Adjutant General, and Mr. E. Leslie

Spence, Jr., has been retained as Quartermaster General. This latter officer has proven so efficient and able that his services were too valuable to be dispensed with.

LOUISIANA HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

BY GEN. J. A. CHALARON, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The regular meeting of this Association was held July 5, 1899, eleven members being present. The Custodian's report was of deep interest, as it gave an idea of the incalculable value of the relics and documents recently presented by Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis to the Association. In part the report is as follows:

As Custodian I beg to report the hall and collection in a clean and attractive condition. The number of visitors in the past quarter has been well maintained, some eight hundred having registered, which evidences that fully twenty-five hundred persons have viewed the collection since we last met, as only one out of every three cares to register. This number, though not up to the four thousand that came in the preceding quarter, which was our carnival season, is, however, in excess of the attendance in the same quarter of last year.

In the history of the Association no period will stand more noted than that which I now review; for it has brought us into possession of the most valuable and sacred relics, papers, and mementoes of President Jefferson Davis, of the daughter of the Confederacy, and of the Davis family.

With gracious words Mrs. Jefferson Davis, with the hearty concurrence of her remaining daughter, Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes, has sent to our hall a wealth of sacred and valuable relics. In sending them, she wrote: "The pressure brought upon me by Montgomery, Richmond, and other places, for relics, is very great, but my heart is in the New Orleans Memorial Hall. There I feel I owe my most affectionate gratitude, and to this place I sent my dearest relics." And in another letter she says: "In my desolation I turn with grateful appreciation to New Orleans, remembering all she has done and felt for my dead, and need no assurance of the care the Historical Association will take of the things confided to them."

Twenty-one cases and packages have come to us from Beauvoir. Their treasures have been unpacked and placed in the annex of our hall, with the kind assistance of Mrs. Joseph R. Davis, a niece of President Jefferson Davis, which lady had assisted Mrs. Jefferson Davis in having the boxes packed, and in the decision she arrived at for the disposal of the contents of the historic home at Beauvoir. In those days of their final distribution we can rejoice in having had at court a zealous friend in Mrs. Jos. R. Davis.

A first examination and hurried review of this noble gift reveals, in part, the following articles: Dress coat, vest, pants, white gloves, black necktie, pair of shoes, pair of slippers, two pairs of socks worn by Jefferson Davis, last hat (derby) worn by him, envelope full of his hair, gold watch worn by him at the battle of Monterey, a gold-headed cane, a carved cane, field glasses—all used by him; a cup and saucer used by him in prison at Fortress Monroe; his paper weight; a pen receptacle, made by his old slave, which article he kept on his desk; a gold pencil, bequeathed to him by his

attached messenger in the war office, Washington, D. C., Patrick Jordan; a pipe, with an albatross leg stem, given to Jefferson Davis by an English officer during his visit to Warwickshire, England; commission of Jefferson Davis, given him by President Andrew Jackson; a promotion of Lieut. Davis in 1833, because of services in the Black Hawk War (this commission bears an indorsement of a Federal that he captured it at Mr. Davis' hill plantation); inkstand used by President Davis in the Executive Mansion at Richmond; family Bible, given by Jefferson Davis to his wife Varina Jefferson Davis, with his written indorsement to that effect, and one from Mrs. Davis, presenting it to Memorial Hall; picture of Pope Pius IX. (framed), with an autograph and a Latin sentence inscribed on it by his holiness, bearing his seal, and certified to by Cardinal Barnabo Pref. (The Pope sent this picture to Jefferson Davis while a prisoner at Fortress Monroe. Accompanying the picture is a crown of thorns, made by Mrs. Davis, that hung above it in Mr. Davis' study; two Roman Catholic scapulas and a blessed medal, sent to President Davis while in prison, by the Sisters of Mercy of Savannah, and worn by him; silver crown, presented to Jefferson Davis by three Confederate gentlemen of New Orleans; photo of Jefferson Davis immediately after his release from Fortress Monroe (one taken in 1868, one of the family in 1884, and one—large size—of his house in Washington, Ga., where Jefferson Davis held his last cabinet meeting); one large engraving, the "Triumph of Christianity over Paganism," one large photograph of a crucifixion group, one engraving of Christ—all from Jefferson Davis' study; an engraving of the bust of Albert Sidney Johnston, in a frame made by Jefferson Davis' old slave, Robert Brown; photograph of the grave of Joseph Evans Davis, at Richmond; chair usually used by Jefferson Davis in his study; a photograph of the flag of the Tenth South Carolina; a framed certificate (on satin) of Jefferson Davis' membership in the Association Army of Tennessee; a framed set of Confederate bills with verses entitled, "The Confederate Bill"—all from Jefferson Davis' study; a Federal guidon taken by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson's forces, which cost the lives of sixteen of the victors and vanquished; piece of the first Yankee flag captured in the war between the States, taken from the steamer St. Nicholas in Chesapeake Bay; piece of the flag of the Alabama, or 290; piece of the flag of the Jefferson Davis Legion; small flag carried through the war, given to Miss Winnie Davis; section of a walking cane, made from a piece of the flag staff of Fort Sumter; piece of the Montgomery (Ala.) flag hoisted over the State House during Alabama Secession Convention; piece of the Secession Ordinance of South Carolina; two files containing original dispatches from Gens. Joseph E. Johnston, J. B. Hood, and other generals, addressed to President Davis and to Gen. Bragg, military adviser to the President, concerning operations in Georgia, Tennessee, and the Carolinas—some three hundred dispatches in all, with indorsements; Gen. Bragg's letter book, and his indorsement book, while military adviser to President Davis; some seventy-five packages of letters on many subjects addressed to him by prominent people, many of them indorsed in Jefferson Davis' handwriting—over a thousand letters; some twenty packages of his manuscripts, of his books, and of his

controversial papers; some twenty packages of newspapers and clippings from papers relating to his official and personal matters; a large number of badges presented to Jefferson Davis; Jefferson Davis' parole at Fortress Monroe; written permission to visit him while at Fortress Monroe, given to his niece; Jefferson Davis' written account of the fettering of his person at Fortress Monroe; one package of twenty-seven letters from President Davis to Mrs. Davis and Miss Winnie; 350 volumes on war and miscellaneous matters; 800 magazines and pamphlets; 140 valuable engravings and photographs of prominent Southern statesmen, generals, and persons; and hundreds of minor articles too numerous to enumerate in this report.

Among the relics of Miss Winnie, are: Her photograph when five years of age; her bracelet when a baby; her toys, playthings, and childhood furniture; her school books and school aprons; her esecritoire; her watch; her paint box, and many of her drawings and paintings; her riding equipments—hat, surcingle, and whip; her diary while in Europe; curios gathered by her at Pompeii, and during her travels; a Mexican vase and cup used by her in her studio; a large number of badges and souvenirs given to her at different times; her guitar; her fans, two painted by her; the carnival robes and jewelry worn by her when Queen of Comus in New Orleans, and in which she stood for the painting that adorns Memorial Hall—in all, several hundred articles connected with her life and person, of touching and sacred interest.

Mrs. Davis also presented many books, papers, and articles of her own, that are precious from the associations that surround them. Among them are: A banner presented to her in New Orleans by the United Confederates in 1892; a wooden spoon made for her by Gen. Scott; rocking horse used by little Jefferson Davis; a chair donated to, and highly prized by, Miss Winnie; a screen made by Miss Winnie; picture of Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes, with photographs of her children and residence at Colorado Springs; bust of Father Ryan, donated by him to Jefferson Davis.

This noble gift of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, in conjunction with her former presentation of 1891, makes our Jefferson Davis collection immeasurably superior to any collection of his relics in existence. It comprises over 1,000 of his books, 1,200 pamphlets and magazines, 200 photographs and engravings, 400 relics and articles that were his, Miss Winnie's, and his family's, with more than a thousand letters addressed to him; hundreds of his manuscript writings; his message book; his letter books; his official papers, that alone contain over two thousand different documents; his sword, and numerous other articles. When fully catalogued, the Jefferson Davis collection will certainly exceed six thousand articles. [Other donations to be published next month.]

George K. Hemphill, Company D, Wilson's Twenty-Fourth Regiment, Tennessee Infantry, living near Fulton, Ky., desires to hear from any member of his old company. He is old and feeble now.

F. M. Farmer, Newbern, Va., desires information concerning Jonathan Raines, a volunteer from Bland County, Va. He has not been heard from since 1872, when he was in Titus County, Tex.

LAST ROLL.

R. T. Owen, Adjutant of Camp John H. Wallace, Shelbyville, Ky., writes:

Capt. Tom Wallace was as good a Confederate as has ever been mentioned in the VETERAN, a typical Southern gentleman, and was descended from good Revolutionary stock. He was one of the charter members of the John H. Wallace Camp No. 237, U. C. V., of this place, and was proud of his record as a Confederate soldier. He was a well-known breeder of and dealer in fine horses: upright and honorable in all his transactions, courteous and refined in character. He died March 6, 1899.

Capt. Wallace was born in Crittenden County, Ky., May 8, 1841; the son of Arthur H. Wallace and Letitia Preston Hart. He was reared and educated in Louisville. When the war between the States came on he was engaged with A. D. Kelly & Co., of



CAPT. TOM WALLACE

New Orleans, of which firm his father was a retired partner. He joined the Crescent Regiment, and was with that command at the battle of Fort Donelson. He escaped by putting on Federal clothes and obtaining from Gen. Grant a pass through the Federal lines. He then joined Gen. Basil Duke's regiment, rising from a private to a captaincy. While on recruiting service he was again captured near Cincinnati, and sent to Johnson's Island. After the war closed he engaged in steamboating on the Ohio River. In 1867 he was married to Miss Mary Dade, of Christian County, and settled on a farm inherited from his father. He moved with his family to this county in September, 1886. His wife died soon afterwards, leaving him with five children: Mrs. Clarence D. Boyd, of Nashville, Hart and Tom Wallace, Jr., Misses Mary Dade and Lea. About two years ago he married Miss Mary Adair Bermondy, of this place, a granddaughter of Gov. Adair. Two sisters, Mrs. Hancock Taylor

and Mrs. Susan Alexander, of Louisville, survive Capt. Wallace. Rev. Donald McDonald officiated at the funeral, and his Confederate comrades attended in a body.

LIEUT. SIDNEY SMITH ABERNETHY.

W. J. White sends report from Warrenton, N. C.: Lieut. Abernethy was born in Wake County, N. C., July 15, 1832. He volunteered in 1861 in the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, and was made third lieutenant, being afterwards promoted to second lieutenant. He resigned in this regiment to join the Fifty-Fifth North Carolina, and served for some time as drill master at Camp Mangum, at Raleigh. He then rejoined the Thirteenth Regiment, and his former captain, C. N. Allen, having been wounded at Gettysburg, Lieut. Abernethy received command of his old company. He was in action at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and other hard-fought battles, and was captured with twenty-six of his company at Kelly's Ford in 1863. He was subsequently sent to several Union prisons, among them being Point Lookout, Johnson's Island, and Fort Delaware. His prison life covered nineteen months and five days. He was placed between the fires of the Confederate and Union batteries at Charleston while a prisoner, and after the close of the war was sent from Fort Delaware to Morehead City, N. C., whence he returned home. His colonel (Frank Parker, Thirtieth North Carolina), in speaking of Lieut. Abernethy, said: "He was a gallant soldier; he always did his duty, and did it well." He died at his home, near Warrenton, June 25, 1897.

Comrade H. W. Burton, Corsicana, Tex., sends a sketch of Capt. John H. Harrison, who died at his Texas home November 4, 1897: "He was a native of Pickens County, Ala., and when very young moved with his parents to Neshoba County, Miss., where he grew to manhood. When the war was brewing he enlisted in Company E, Thirty-Fifth Mississippi Regiment of Sears's Brigade, French's Division. He was elected first lieutenant, and then captain, serving in the latter capacity under Gen. Hood. He was at the siege of Vicksburg, and participated in the great battles of Corinth, Franklin, and Nashville. In the latter engagement he was captured and sent to Johnson's Island, where he was kept a prisoner until June 15, 1865. He had several narrow escapes, but was not wounded. Soon after the war he was married, and moved to Navarro County, Tex., where he engaged in farming. In war he was brave and patriotic, and in the peaceful pursuits of life he was kind, courteous, and considerate. His wife survives him, and continues an appreciative interest in the VETERAN."

Comrade Robert Kennor Thompson, a member of Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., died at his home, in Brownwood, Tex., March 22, 1899. He enlisted in the service of the Confederate States at Dallas, Tex., when about seventeen years old, under Col. Ed Gurley, of Waco, Tex. The latter was under Gen. (?) John A. Gano. Comrade Thompson was in Company I, Thirtieth Texas Cavalry. He had two brothers older than himself, who also fought for the Confederacy. During his service he was wounded in the hand, and though he suffered from pain and loss of blood, he did

not falter, but remained in his saddle until a complete victory was gained. In 1898 he received injuries from a moving train which caused his death. He was highly esteemed by his comrades, who sincerely mourn their loss.

M. P. GENTRY WINSTEAD.

Merideth P. G. Winstead died October 22, 1898, at his home, in Franklin, Tenn. When the great war came on he volunteered and took position with the South; joined Capt. J. P. Hanner's company, and served gallantly as a member of that company until



MERIDETH P. G. WINSTEAD.

after the battle of Perryville. There he and the late James R. Neely fell side by side, each losing a leg. He was a member in high esteem of the John L. McEwen Bivouac and of the Starnes Camp. He was proud of the part he took in the war, and kept a roster of the company. The memory of the boys and of his war experience was always fresh in his mind.

MRS. MARY ISAIAH MOBLEY.

Mrs. Mobley was born November 20, 1820, near Winnsboro, S. C. Of pious parents, she early testified to her own piety by choosing these words to embroider on her sampler:

"Children in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsel of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your mind employ."

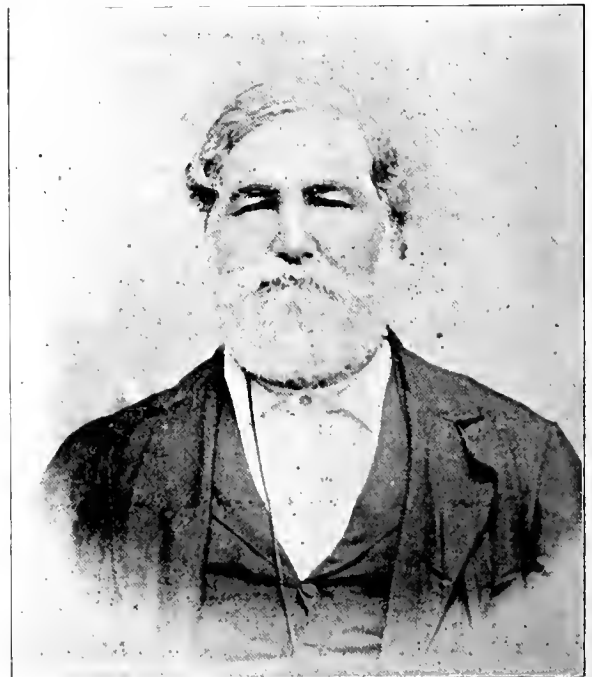
This counsel she followed herself, and elevated those around her by her example. In early life she was married to her cousin, Dr. Isaiah Mobley, a highly accomplished gentleman, who graduated at Chapel Hill, N. C., at the South Carolina College, and at the Medical College at Charleston. He died in 1859, leaving his wife the mistress of several extensive plantations and

many slaves. Accustomed to wealth, she ruled wisely and mercifully, endearing herself to her many slaves. She was beautiful, and richly endowed by culture.

Such women as Mrs. Mobley was were as naturally a product of the South as are the flowers that spring from her soil. She gave her only son to the cause of the South. He was but sixteen years old, and served under Capt. O. Barber until his death. After his death the mother, still with undaunted courage, faced the darkening future. She did much noble work among the sick, wounded, and dying soldiers who came her way, and letters came to the day of her death from those whom she had befriended; and from the same sources letters came to the bereaved family after her death, which occurred in May, 1892, at the age of seventy-two years. "The Oaks," her beautiful home, was burned November 27, 1891.

Mr. Augustus B. Reeves, Ingram, Tex., reports the death of his father, Dr. C. S. Reeves, who did valuable service in the Confederate army. He was surgeon of the Thirty-Fourth Alabama Regiment during the entire war; and in a single night, after the battle of Stone's River, he performed more than a hundred amputations. He was a successful physician, and was beloved by all his friends, especially by his old comrades. He died June 15, 1899.

Comrade James E. Gatewood died on October 17, 1898, at his home in Lonoke, Ark. He was born in Tennessee in 1832, and after graduating at the University of Oxford, Mississippi, he went to Arkansas, where he practiced law until the early days of the great war. He enlisted and served with distinction in Gen. Cabell's Arkansas Brigade. He was a fine character in all respects, and was always loyal to the memories of the Confederate cause. He never tired of working to promote the interests of the Confederate soldier.



MAJ. JAMES E. GATEWOOD.

BLUECOATS AT LIBERTY HALL.

BY JULIA B. REED.

It was in November, 1864, that a tall Confederate knocked at the door of Liberty Hall; six feet, with square shoulders, dark auburn hair, prematurely tinged with white, deep-blue eyes, tender enough to have belonged to a woman, joyous enough to have been a boy's. Without any trace of impatience, he rested his elbow easily against the broad door jamb as Aunt Chloe's slow footsteps dragged through the hall.

"Auntie, will you tell Mr. Stephens that an old friend wishes to see him?" The voice was extremely winning with its vibrating chords of sympathy, love, and gentleness; a voice that would be eloquent in passion, scathing in anger, stirring in enthusiasm; a voice that would never weary you, one that would calm and hush the storm of soul with touch too light to be felt.

Aunt Chloe ushered him into the close, musty parlor. Ranged around the walls in Puritanic primness stood the black hair chairs, so shiny and so "slicky;" the damask curtains hung in stiff, regular folds, excluding all the bright autumn day, and the family portraits looked down grim and austere in the half light. The soldier glanced about the room with a smile of pity. "A dear woman's hand is needed here," he murmured, making his way back to the sunny veranda, and there sat with cap in hand dreamily tracing J's on the dust-covered bench.

Aunt Chloe's turbaned head looked from the doorway: "Walk right upsta'rs, sah. Mars Elick's in his bed dis mornin'."

"Why, hello, Reed!" was the cordial greeting in that high-pitched, penetrating voice. "Come round and have a seat. What's the news, my boy?"

"Sherman is burning and laying waste all before him. Atlanta is in ashes; the women and children without shelter and food. It is believed, Mr. Stephens, that he has ordered a detachment here to capture you. You must be ready to leave at any moment. I will run the train down for you as soon as direct news of his movements reaches me."

A marvelous light flashed from those wonderful eyes, then lay in them like a great sea of flame. The thin lips were folded closer; there was no sound in the room save the ticking of the clock. Soon the fire in the eyes burned out, the compressed lips parted, and the chief, with a silence more telling than either, said slowly: "It is just what I expected." There was another pause, broken, at length, by a cheerful "All right, Bob. How are your father and George?"

"Thank you, sir, they are very well; I had letters yesterday. I am sorry you are sick, Mr. Stephens."

"Yes, it's nothing. John A. came down last night. I was glad to have him here. Ah, there he is! John, here's Bob Reed."

"How are you, Reed? Glad to see you, old fellow. You are looking splendid."

A shadow flitted across Mr. Stephens' face.

"Mr. Stephens, aren't you uncomfortable in that beaver?" The tall Confederate looked wistfully at the thin, wan brow on the pillow, crowned with a silken beaver.

"Well, it isn't exactly comfortable, but my head was so cold I had to put it on."

"Why, I can beat that, Mr. Stephens; you let me put

this shawl under your head, and you will feel like a different man."

Mr. Stephens smiled up into the eyes bent over him. "You are a pretty good nurse, Reed. Well, that is better;" and a sigh of comfort escaped the pale lips.

"Where are your headquarters, Reed?"

"At Greensboro now."

The piercing eyes looked straight into Mr. Reed's for a moment, and filled with mirth at the blush that mantled the younger man's cheek and brow. "Very convenient, eh, my boy? She's a fine girl, Bob; win her if you can. No man's any account without a wife." His eyes closed wearily, and silence fell upon the little group. A mouse, misinterpreting the stillness, ventured from her hiding place.

"Look here, Uncle Alex," spoke John Stephens quickly; "I'm going to get rid of these mice; they are a nuisance. They ate up two or three of my collars last night."

"How will you do it, John?" was the question, with eyes still closed.

"In a trap."

Mr. Stephens raised up on his elbow: "Now I can tell you, John, you will do no such thing. These mice are great company to me when I am alone, and I will not have them caught in traps. You may replace your collars at my expense." In those black eyes there was a warning kindle, and the subject of mice was discreetly dropped.

"Well, Mr. Stephens," warmly the slender hand was held in the strong grasp of the uniformed man, "be ready any hour to leave. When Sherman starts this way from Atlanta, I shall come for you."

"You are a brave fellow, Reed. God grant that you do not suffer through me!"

Each looked earnestly into the other's eyes. There was a slight convulsive pressure, as one sometimes gives when there are no words and the tears want to start, and Alex and John Stephens sat alone.

Three days later there was a quick rap at the front door of Liberty Hall, and before the old knocker had ceased resounding the door was thrown open and this same tall Confederate bounded up the stairway. In the hasty steps Mr. Stephens recognized the danger signal.

"Has he left Atlanta, Reed?"

"Yes, Mr. Stephens. Are you ready?"

"How much time have I?"

"Thirty minutes."

Mr. Stephens gathered up his writing material and threw it in a valise. "Reed, I wish you would go down and call them together, so that I can tell them good-by."

He heard his friend's footsteps across the threshold, and knew that he was alone. Irresolute, he stood for a moment before the press. With almost shamefacedness, he opened it, and, reaching up to the highest shelf, drew down from its furthest corner a little brown box. Like something human it lay in his hand, and the sigh measured a pain that was keen and sharp. 'Twas but a small, dark box, and it held only a bit of broken slate, a pressed bunch of sweet pinks and mignonette tied with a golden hair, a note in a girlish unformed hand, beginning, "My Dear Teacher," and signed, "Your Loving Pupil." That was all, but it

told a life story; hopes crushed as soon as born lay among the fragments, and a broken heart was entombed therein. The note, so opened and so closed, was a timid request that she be not called upon to recite for the visitors that afternoon, made as she would have made it of her mother; but the teacher bowed in agony of soul that noon, with the scrawl against his lips. She wondered at times why he started as she rested her hand trustingly on his while he worked out the sums on her slate. She cried herself to sleep one night, fancying that he was angry with her; and he was dreaming of her that night as one dreams of paradise. But he never told her that he loved her; and she never guessed it, poor little maid. He hid the truth and suffered; she never found it, and suffered. When too late for her to know, his lips confessed what his heart had covered o'er all the desolate years. Tenderly he looked upon the little locked box. No need to raise the lid; he could close his eyes and see every yellow petal, trace every letter in that note, recall every jagged point on the piece of slate. The stern chin quivered, and a mist was before the fearless eyes.

"Mr. Stephens!"

He did not answer. He slipped the box in the valise, hid it, as he had always hidden life's mystery and pain.

The slaves had gathered in the hallway, and as Mr. Stephens came down the steps, beaver on, valise in hand, pitiful sobs broke from the dusky group. Mr. Stephens lifted his hand, but no words came.

"O, my Marster!" old Silas clasped him in his arms, and those were the only articulate words that rose above the sobs of a broken-hearted circle. No potentate e'er received richer homage than the tears that fell on his hands and feet.

"Silas," Mr. Stephens laid his hand on the bowed gray head, "you and Ned bring the homespun and jeans, and let me give it out. You will find the thread and buttons too. Go with them, Aunt Chloe, and show Silas and Ned where the things are. Aunt Chloe, bring the flannel also; you may need it before I get back to you." At this intimation of a prolonged absence, the weeping broke out afresh.

The three returned with full arms, and as a patriarch bidding farewell to his household, he divided among them his possessions. There was many a low-spoken "Bless you, my marster!" as turbaned mamnies received the year's apparel for them and theirs; and pickaninnies peeped from behind their mothers' skirts to see the bright new cloth.

"Silas, you have the smokehouse key; give them their weekly rations as usual. Mr. Allen will let you have all you need at the store."

"Mr. Stephens, we must be many miles from here by sunset." In the young soldier's voice rang a note of sympathy that every slave's quick ear caught and understood. With a kindred touch, they turned to him: "De Lord bless you, Mars Robert, fer takin' our good marster from de Yankees!"

"Yes, Reed, you are right; we must go. But I hate to leave these people; I hate to leave them. They have been so true to me." He was o'ermastered for a moment, and the brave man wept. Gently Robert Reed took his arm and led him toward the door; and had it been the dead body of their master being borne

forever from their sight, more distressed mourning would not have filled the hall. They followed him to the door, down the steps, to the front gate; watched him board the train; watched till the train flashed beyond vision; then turned back, a sad procession, to the deserted hall.

It was just about sunset when a line of horsemen rode up before Liberty Hall. "Here! open the gate!" yelled one to an old negro woman crossing the yard.

"Good ev'nin', sah," low courtesied the dame. "Is yer huntin' fer anybody?"

"Yes; we are hunting for your owner, Alexander Stephens."

"Well, I declar', sah; I'se mighty sorry. Marster's done gone out fer ter take a little ride. Will yer light, sah, tell he come home?"

"Yes, old woman; you just open the door, and we'll make ourselves at home. See here, we want a rousing good supper."

In less than an hour Aunt Chloe stood back of the captain's chair, waiter in hand, as she was wont to stand behind "Mars Elick" while he took his solitary tea. Jocular remarks were passed upon the scarcity of forks and spoons, more intelligible to their sable hostess than her self-invited guests imagined.

"Yes, sah," she explained deferentially; "Mars Elick ain't, fer common, had so much comp'ny, an' we ain't zackly pr'ared. Jes' him an' us is here mos' de time."

Old Silas chuckled behind the pantry door as he thought of a hollow log filled with silver away down in the woods. He plucked at Chloe's sleeve as she passed through for hot cakes: "What's dat you tole 'em? What de Lord gwine say ter you?"

"Humph! You reckon de Lord hold me 'sponsible fer dat? No sah, nigger. De Lord knows who's I'm dealin' wid. He knows Ise jes' he'pin' Mars Elick; no lie fer him ain't gwine ter count."

Judge John N. Lyle, Waco, Texas, writes:

It seems hard to settle on a suitable name for the great war of 1861-65. Comrade P. G. Robert, of St. Louis, suggests in a recent number of the *VETERAN*, the "War of Conquest," which is good, but indefinite. His objection to "Civil War between the States" is well taken, as it was not that kind of a war. Stonewall Jackson called it "The John Brown Raid, Resumed and Extended." Why should not the South in her literature adopt the name suggested by her greatest military leader? . . . The eminent historian and philosopher, Dr. Draper, in his "History of the Civil Wars of America," has stated the issue in a sentence: "It was against the uncontrollable growth of the antislavery idea the South was forced to contend." This puts it truthfully and mildly. If he had said "Against abolition, nullification of the laws of Congress, and treason to the constitution the South was forced to contend," it would have been as truthful and more forceful.

At a memorial service away down in Mississippi Congressman "Private" John Allen was the orator, and he was speaking of Sam Davis and the monument, when a little girl present turned to her aunt, in whose care she was, and said: "I know all about Sam Davis; he is Mr. C——'s friend, and the grandest man that ever lived."

Some day in the flowery month of May or June is invariably set apart in every Southern city where Confederate soldiers rest, as an occasion to honor their memory by placing flowers on their graves. From every quarter the VETERAN has received accounts of these beautiful memorial services, and with pleasure has observed the increased interest in this feature of the sacred work of various Confederate associations.

On May 13, the date fixed by the government as "Decoration Day," the graves of the nation's soldiers were done a like honor, and Southern people have read with tender pleasure that in many cases the Confederates who sleep in Northern graves have been given a share of this honor by the G. A. R. committees. Characteristic of this spirit, an extract is taken from the published report of the decoration services at the National Capital:

"There was a small but impressive service in connection with the ceremonies at the cemetery, which passed unnoticed by many of the thousands there gathered. Following the suggestion made by President McKinley in his Atlanta speech, the graves of the one hundred and thirty Confederate soldiers interred in the National Cemetery were decorated with as unsparing hands as were those of the Union dead.

"In a remote corner, beyond mounds beneath which lie the thousands of Union dead, has been the resting place for thirty years of a few who fought for the South. Some of these Confederate dead were brought into Washington during the various engagements in Virginia near the city, others were taken prisoners and died here, while others, from one cause and another, came into Washington and died while the struggle was still raging."



MISS NANNIE MAY TROTTER, FRANKLIN, N. C.,

Sponsor for Charles L. Robinson Camp 917, at Charleston reunion, 1894.

7**

CAMP CHASE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Veterans of the North and South clasped hands on May 19 and planted flowers on the graves of the silent sleepers at Camp Chase Cemetery, where twenty-two hundred Confederate soldiers are nearly all buried in nameless graves.

The American Waterworks Association was holding its annual meeting in Columbus, and by invitation of Col. W. H. Knauss the delegates attended the memorial ceremonies. The occasion furnished the inspiration for the organization of an association of men who have vouchsafed their support to Col. Knauss in perpetuating the Camp Chase movement, and have promised to carry tidings of good will and brotherly love from Ohio to the States from whence they came. It will probably be known as the Camp Chase Memorial Association, and will recruit members in the North as well as in the South; it will solicit funds for decorating graves of the Confederates buried there and to erect a shaft symbolic of the bravery and sacrifices made by these unknown dead.

Col. Knauss awakened the inspiration for the formation of the association in a brief address in which he called attention to the fact that Gov. Hayes, of Ohio, was the first Northerner to take a step toward caring for the graves of the Southern soldiers buried there. He reiterated the fact that Gov. Hayes paid a farmer living near fifty dollars a year for keeping the place presentable. Gov. Bishop had failed to carry out the laudable enterprise of his predecessor, and not until Gov. Foraker's first term was the good work of Gov. Hayes resumed.

The organization was effected by electing Rev. John Hewitt, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, President; Gen. Walter S. Payne, of Fostoria, Ohio, Vice President; Hon. Samuel L. Swartz, of Columbus (mayor), Secretary; and Col. W. H. Knauss, Treasurer.

A committee of which Rev. Mr. Hewitt is chairman was appointed to draft a constitution and set of by-laws to be adopted at the Confederate Decoration Day.

Writing from Tallahassee, Fla., W. W. Keith states:

The VETERAN holds a dear place in my heart, because it records history that would be untold. Every day the old heroes of the great war are passing away, but they have lived and died in the knowledge that they were right in fighting for the principles they believed in and that they were defeated not in shame, but honorably and creditably to the generations to come. These veterans are not asking the perpetuation of the history of that war at the hands of any one man; they ask no sympathy; they ask no rewards of those who now sympathize with them in their losses and defeats of that war; they want a fair record furnished by those who saw and felt the dangers and hardships of that four years' struggle. I want to emphasize here that we sons of veterans are not energetic enough in obtaining history from our fathers. Soon we cannot take it from their lips, and it is a duty we owe our children's children to point out that the VETERAN is the most accurate and complete history of that war.

Mrs. Norman V. Randolph sends an account of the regular meeting of the Richmond Chapter, which is making fine progress, and is greatly interested in its work.

SOME SINGULAR FATALITIES.

BY C. E. MERRILL, NASHVILLE, NOW IN KENTUCKY.

The casualties of war are properly designated "fatalities." That word builder builded wiser than he knew, since few men can long participate with ordinary observation and intelligence in the thrilling events of war without becoming more or less fatalists, whether they admit it or not. The writer was promoted first lieutenant and detailed by Gen. Sidney Johnston at Bowling Green from the ranks of the Twenty-Second Mississippi Infantry to drill the Thirty-First Alabama (afterwards the Forty-Ninth) Regiment, two regiments from that State having been assigned the same number (the Thirty-First), and consented to surrender or hold the designated number by lot. Within two weeks Fort Donelson fell, and I kept with the Forty-Ninth on the way South. I was appointed adjutant of the regiment and afterwards adjutant general of the brigade (Gen. Thomas M. Scott's), and participated in the two days' battle at Shiloh and in every other battle fought under Bragg, Joe Johnston, and Hood save when at home on wounded furloughs.

But to return to the appointments of Fate. One day while our army occupied the parallel lines of breastworks against Gen. Sherman at New Hope Church in the summer of 1864, Dr. H. V. Weeden, of Alabama, assistant brigade surgeon, said: "M., get your horse and ride with me to the rear. I want to show you something." We rode back about a mile, to where our wagons were parked on a small spring branch. Pausing near an immense white oak tree, Dr. Weeden remarked: "See that poor fellow lying there? He was killed during the night. Two or three days ago he said to his company commander: 'Look here, captain, unless you detail me to drive a wagon or do other less hazardous work, I intend to desert. I feel somehow, but can't explain it, that I shall never see my wife and baby again unless I keep out of harm's way.' The captain remonstrated with him—tried joke and importunity, but to no purpose. 'John, you have ranked for nearly four years as the bravest man in our regiment; have led several forlorn hopes, and were the envy of the bravest. I cannot believe you will show the white feather now.' 'White feather or black,' retorted the soldier, with eyes full of mist and a sad, far-away expression, 'you must send me to the rear this day, or I shall desert to-night.' The captain, knowing what manner of man his favorite soldier was, sent him to the wagon train. Last night," continued Dr. Weeden, "the poor fellow took shelter, as you see, (for his body has not been moved) behind this tree—his head flush against it and his feet pointed straight away, as he thought, from any possible stray shot. During the night, however, his head got turned slightly away from shelter while he slept. It cannot be less than two thousand yards to Sherman's line. Some Union soldier, perhaps to reload, threw up his musket and sent a wild curving shot in this direction. Though it had nearly spent its force, it came down at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and landed as squarely in the poor fellow's eye as if it had been placed there with one's fingers. Does it not indeed seem that what is to be will be?"

It certainly did, and still does.

Capt. Ed Hieronymus, now Inspector of Weights

and Measures in the New Orleans (La.) Custom House—where he has been, except during a short interval, for six or seven years, because his efficiency defies the vicissitudes of party change—was one of Gen. John H. Morgan's boy captains from Kentucky during the great war (as you so pertinently designated the bloody years from 1861 to 1865.) Cheering on his men in one of the many battles Morgan fought in Tennessee and Kentucky, young Hieronymus was struck in the left side by the fragment of a shell, which resulted in the loss of three ribs. He wears a wire screen over the wound as protection from sudden impact. The second night after the battle he occupied a room with another Confederate soldier who had what was thought to be, and was, a slight wound in the foot. Capt. Hieronymus time and again kindly implored him to bear his sufferings less noisily, so that each of them might perhaps get an hour of refreshing sleep. But in vain. The slightly wounded man kept it up all night, and died inside of twenty-four hours. Capt. Hieronymus, the "mortally wounded" young officer, is alive yet. It is hard to say, but surely the element of pluck must enter largely in contributing to such recoveries, and fate does the rest.

I knew two or three soldiers who died without a symptom of illness or a scratch anywhere on the body. The surgeons pronounced it nostalgia. Hundreds died of it on both sides of the line.

I read in the VETERAN the story of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's death at Shiloh with mingled emotions of pity and regret at the lack of common sense and presence of mind that would have saved to his country that valuable life. I refer to Col. Baylor's article. He was an aid on Gen. Johnston's staff at the time. The details are, in short, that Gen. Johnston received a very small wound just below the knee which he thought insignificant, as indeed it was, but an artery was cut. After a time he began to reel in his saddle, and was assisted to dismount by his friend and aid, Gov. Isham G. Harris. Lieuts. Baylor, O'Hara, and others hurried in search of a surgeon and ambulance. They were gone for a long time. Meantime Gen. Johnston had been removed to the rear, bleeding all the way. Lieut. Baylor returned and received into his lap, to relieve Gen. Preston, the head of the great soldier. "I looked down and saw," says the Lieutenant, "a stream of blood issuing from the wound. It had trickled away and settled in a dark pool six or eight feet off." What a long, long time the great, strong hero was dying! And, alas! the pity of it. If some one of the group had simply pressed his thumb firmly on the artery two or three inches above the wound, until some one could have tied a hard knot in a handkerchief and with a small stick twisted it, the knot above the wound, into an improvised tourniquet, Gen. Johnston would have been able to sit erect till the surgeon came. Really, there was no absolute need of a surgeon. At every little military school in the country (even in some of the common schools) students are taught in ten minutes how to stanch the flow of either venous or arterial blood. But it ought to need no schooling of any sort. Gen. Johnston's staff must have been completely overcome and rendered helpless in the presence of the sad and startling catastrophe. A nose bleed is more difficult to suppress. The great general ought not to have died. If he had

lived—but alas! herein again comes the inevitable “fatality.”

Our brigade was lying flat on the ground awaiting the order to rise and charge the Federals, who were cannonading, shelling, and sharpshooting us from their breastworks at Corinth October 3, 1862. Turning his head slightly, Sam K. looked up and remarked: “Better lie down, Adjutant. These balls are coming awful thick.” “That doesn’t matter,” I started to reply. “No one can die till his time comes, and”—but before the sentence was completed a Minie ball struck the soldier square in top of the head, killing him instantly. If he had only been standing up!

To be killed and wounded, or rather to escape either casualty, is no sign of bravery or the reverse. I have known “dodgers” to be killed behind trees or as they ran away, and some of the bravest always in the front, who came through scores of battles without a scratch.

Col. Baylor says that after Gen. Johnston’s death Gen. Beauregard called off our victorious troops at sundown. I was there, and the sun was an hour and a half high. In July, 1864, while Hood was in Atlanta, I met Gov. J. G. Harris for the first time, as he was discussing Gen. Beauregard’s report of the battle, in which he said: “Night stopped the pursuit.” I asked Gov. Harris if the report was correct. “No, sir,” replied he, in his earnest, emphatic way. “When I rode back to report to Gen. Beauregard I found the latter in an ambulance near the church. The sun was two hours high. I reported that our troops had somehow been ordered to stop and stack arms, but thought it must be a mistake. ‘No,’ said Gen. Beauregard, ‘I sent the order. We will gather up the fruits of the victory to-morrow. John Morgan is over east of the river. He will keep Buell back.’ As if a few hundred cavalymen could hold back twenty thousand infantry! I protested, but in vain. I told Gen. Beauregard he would regret the loss of those two hours as long as he lived. He only smiled.”

In Washington, D. C., fifteen years after the above conversation, in 1879, I wrote up the interview for the *Courier-Journal*. Showing it to Gov. (then Senator) Harris, he said I had reproduced it almost word for word, and that he thought my memory most remarkable.

Comrade Stan C. Harley, Gurdon, Ark., inquires about the survivors of Gen. Pat Cleburne’s Division of Sharpshooters, and states: “I was detailed as a sharpshooter at Meridian, Miss., after Gen. Hood’s disastrous campaign in Tennessee, in which several members of the sharpshooters had been killed and wounded. As I recall them the men who composed this famous body of men at that time were Serg. Walter L. Bragg, Company H, Sixth Arkansas, commanding; James Griswold, of the same company; Charles Trickett, Arkansas; Walter Norris and John C. Knox, of Company B, First Arkansas; James Lane, Fifteenth Arkansas; Sam Mizer, Seventh Arkansas; John or George Decker, Eighth Arkansas; John McKinney, Sixth Texas; John Driscoll and Barney Roark, Tenth Texas; James Patterson, of Alabama; Lieurgus A. Saller, Company C, First Arkansas; a German from the Sixth Texas (name forgotten); and a middle-aged man from Arkansas. The latter was a quiet man for whom the boys had the greatest respect. If this should

meet the eyes of any of the boys, I should be much pleased to hear from them by letter or through the VETERAN. I was with them about four months, and loved them well. We had five Whitworth and ten Kerr rifles in our squad, with an extra man.

The Whitworth rifles had telescopic sights on them, and after a fight those who used them had black eyes, as the end of the tube rested against the eye while taking aim, and the “kick,” being pretty hard, bruised the eye. The caliber was .40 inch. I have an article from the assistant inspector general of Gen. W. J. Hardee’s Corps, in which he says: “This rifle was guaranteed under favorable circumstances to hit the size of a man fifteen hundred yards. In the field they were considered to be a most efficient corps in operating against artillery and mounted men, preceding as well as during engagement. Maj. Gen. Pat Cleburne, who paid great attention to details, valued the services of the sharpshooters very highly, he having on one occasion witnessed through field glasses the unhorsing of a mounted man at fifteen hundred yards. The article mentioned above states concerning the cartridge: “The bullet, having the section of a circle, was a cylindrical bolt of about one and one-half inches in length, somewhat alloyed. It looked fearfully long by the side of the short .58 caliber Minie bullet of the Enfield and Springfield rifles, and was made to fill the bore by upsetting. The cartridge was similar to the muzzle-loading paper cartridges, except the paper of this cartridge was a parchment. The bullet was incased in this paper, which served as a patch. The powder charge was at least one hundred grains, for, as heavy as the rifle was, there was so much recoil as to necessitate a recoil pad on the butt.”

I do not remember this “recoil pad,” for I think after trying them the boys threw them away as useless.

The last fight in which we were engaged was Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865. The battle on our part of the line was in an old pine field, where the pines were so thick that you could see but a short distance ahead. We were placed in the rear to keep up stragglers, and had quite a severe experience, as we were constantly exposed to shot and shell, but fortunately none were killed or wounded. To cover our division in the rear we were continually marching from flank to flank, and had some amusement at one point with a company of a South Carolina regiment that had gotten lost.

I wish the VETERAN was in the hands of all old Confederate soldiers and their children.

VETERANS AT SPRINGFIELD, MO.—The Campbell Camp, No. 488, U. C. V., of Springfield, Mo., has a membership of eighty-four. It is making a spirited effort to raise ten thousand dollars for a Confederate monument to be erected in 1900. There are five hundred and five Confederates buried at Springfield. At the recent annual election the following officers were elected: Commander, N. Hawkins; Lieutenant Commanders, George M. Jones, J. C. Gardner, J. R. Hampton, J. E. Elliott; Adjutant, N. B. Hogan; Quartermaster, W. M. Schultz; Commissary, J. W. Brown; Surgeon, Dr. S. E. Mitchell; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. E. A. Roberts; Chaplain, W. J. Haydon; Treasurer, E. F. Cantrell. Other officers are: Seth Bacon, F. R. Porter, Milt McCoy, T. J. White, and J. D. Perminor.

THE FIGHT AT FORT GREGG.

E. C. Cottrell, Dranesville, Va. :

In the VETERAN of February, 1898, is published a letter written by Gen. N. H. Harris to Gen. Longstreet, dated February 12, 1864, for the purpose of explaining the movements of his (Gen. Harris') Mississippi Brigade, and also to defend it against the incorrect statements of Longstreet, published in a San Francisco paper. In this letter he speaks of being ordered by Gen. Lee to report to Gen. Wilcox on the morning of April 2. He then speaks of the movements of his brigade after a consultation with Gen. Wilcox, using the following language: "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, in command, and the Nineteenth and Forty-Eighth Regiments in Battery Alexander, taking personal command of that work. In Battery Gregg there was a section of the Washington Artillery under the command of Lieut. McElroy."

The latter statement I wish to correct. To make this correction I quote from Pollard's "Lost Cause:"

"In Fort Gregg there was a small and mixed garrison. Capt. Chew, of the Fourth Maryland Battery of Artillery, was in command of the work. There were added to his battery of two three-inch rifles and thirty men, a body of men known in the vulgar parlance of soldiers as 'Walker's Mules,' dismounted drivers to whom were given muskets. These men were Virginians and Louisianians who belonged to Walker's artillery brigade, and they amounted in round numbers to about one hundred. The remainder of the garrison, about one hundred and twenty, were some men from Harris' Mississippi Brigade and some North Carolinians. Both of these commands—Mississippians and North Carolinians—had been driven back from the picket lines and had fled into Fort Gregg for shelter.

"Having run over Fort Alexander, the enemy moved on Fort Gregg with cheers. Confidently, in beautiful lines, and in all the majesty of overpowering numbers did the Federal troops advance upon the devoted work. They had got within fifty yards of it, and not the flash of a single rifle had yet defied them. The painful thought passed through the ranks of their comrades who watched in the distance that the garrison was about to surrender. But instead of a white flag there was a puff of white smoke, and artillery and infantry simultaneously opened on the confident assailants, who, staggering and reeling under the death-dealing volley, at last gave way and retreated in masses, under cover. A loud and wild cheer rang out from the Confederate lines, and was answered in exultant tones by the heroic little garrison in Fort Gregg. But reinforcements were hastening from the lines of the enemy. There were none to send to the succor of the garrison; every Confederate soldier was needed at his post, and no reserves were at hand. As the enemy again came up in battle array the troops moved forward in serried ranks, and soon the fort was canopied in smoke. It seemed by mutual consent that the conflict ceased on other parts of the line, while both sides stood silent and anxious spectators of the struggle at the fort. As the smoke lifts it is seen that the Federals have reached the ditch. Those in the distance could descrie lines of blue uniforms swarming up the sides of

the works, and as the foremost reached the top they reeled and fell upon their comrades below. Once, twice, and thrice they reached the top, only to be repulsed, and yet they persevered, while the guns in the embrasures continued to fire in rapid succession.

"Presently the sound of artillery ceased, and the Federals mounted the works and poured a rapid fire on the defenders within. Many of the garrison, unwilling to surrender, used their bayonets and clubbed their guns in an unequal struggle. But such resistance could be of short duration; and soon loud huzzas of the enemy told that the fort had been taken, and with it the Confederate army cut in two."

I escaped capture in the following way: I was in the early morning fight (about daylight), and after the enemy had been driven back through the aid of the infantry there was quiet, neither side making any movement for about two hours. In the meantime a detail of men, myself of the number, was sent back to the yard of an unoccupied dwelling house about four hundred yards in the rear of the fort, to cook rations for the men. We had not finished our work when the enemy again attacked, about 9:30 o'clock. Believing the fort would eventually be captured, and realizing the fact that the rations could not be gotten to our comrades at that juncture, we sheltered ourselves as best we could until the fight was over and the fort surrendered, and then hurried back to the river road, and by it to Petersburg. In this way I escaped capture until the surrender at Appomattox.

G. Garwood, Bellefontaine, Ohio: "At the battle of Wilson Creek, Mo., when the enemy was repulsed, Col. Seignel was cut off from the main army and retreated past Dug Spring Hospital with just forty-two infantry men. He rode an artillery horse with harness on. Having assisted in extracting a bullet from the leg of a comrade from Ohio, I was going back to join my command when I saw some Federals coming down a small hill on the Fayetteville road between the hospital and the battle ground. After crossing the creek the infantry got behind a barn on the right, and Col. Seignel could not make them advance until he had ridden forward in front of the hospital. He ordered one of our field surgeons to surrender and ordered his men forward from behind the barn, some seventy-five yards away. As they marched past the hospital I counted them and there were just forty-two. They went on toward Fayetteville, but probably took another road a mile or two beyond and marched back to Springfield. Soon afterwards a major came along and inquired if Seignel had passed that way. Upon being informed, he remarked that he was after him, and started in a slow walk. I haven't heard whether he caught him."

A Federal called at the residence of Mrs. Myers, near Wartrace, and asked of her three sons, who were in the Confederate army, and to his questions she replied continually: "I don't know." Finally she was asked where her husband was, and she replied, "He is in heaven, I reckon, where he went ten years ago."

Miss Davidson was riding a fine horse near her Tennessee home, when the Federals demanded the animal. She told them that they could not have her horse without taking her, and that she did not intend to go with them.

GEN. THOMAS R. R. COBB.

A. L. Hull writes from Athens, Ga., inclosing a letter written by Rev. R. K. Porter, chaplain of Cobb's Brigade, to Gen. Howell Cobb, describing the death of Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb at Fredericksburg:

BATH, GA., January 9, 1863.

My Dear General: I leave here for Athens to-morrow on a second sad visit before my return to Virginia. It has been in my heart to write you ever since the night of that dreadful day before Fredericksburg, but I could not bring myself to the hard task, and even now I know not what to say. If I were by your side, I could tell you many things. I could at least weep with you. Doubtless you have had from others a detail of all the circumstances preceding, attendant upon, and following the 13th ult., and I will not repeat any of them. I was with him in the earlier part of the battle, when it began to rage in its fury. He was, as everywhere, perfectly himself, cool and collected, with that wonderful beaming out of self-conscious power that always so distinguished him. It was the cool, settled, self-possession of white heat of a man who knew every circumstance of the occasion, and yet held himself and his command clear, steady, and nobly in hand. As the death hail rained around, his sonorous voice, inspiring courage in every heart, rang out clear and glorious in his order. He was everywhere up and down his line. His very presence was power; his position was the key to the left of the whole line. The enemy knew this, and so did he. As they threw column after column against him he would calmly hold his men, with but a scattering musket shot until you could count the Yankee buttons, then as steadily as on dress parade he could be heard "Ready! aim! fire!" and it was a simultaneous roar. Before it the advancing horde would go down like wax. O, it was magnificent to see him there! Georgians never stood to their work better, for all the long day they never moved from their position. He had with him of his brigade only the infantry of Philip's Legion, the Eighteenth and Twenty-Fourth Georgia, but he was himself a regiment. At his own urgency for my personal safety I left the position and rode down the line a mile to our Legion infantry and battery. Coming back, I entered the road to go up to the hospital, when John Rutherford dashed up to me, saying: "Ride up, the General is wounded." He was on his way for Elridge. I hurried on to get a room for him, but found that they had stopped him at the hospital, and there, on a common stretcher, I met my best and noblest friend, broken, dying, though I did not dream then of fatal results. Elridge told me from the first that he feared the wound was mortal, but I could not think so. I believe the General did not think the issue would be so soon, for he would have spoken of it to me. He suffered great pain, the whole thigh bone being shattered and all the main arteries cut. He never rallied from the shock. As his head lay on my arm I constantly bathed his pale face. "Porter, it is very painful," he said again and again. Stimulants were administered and everything possible done, but he suddenly sunk into insensibility, and then for the first time I believed his life in danger. He could not be aroused, and soon the glorious light went out forever. I carried the body to our camp, and there had it dressed for burial.

Some ladies near brought me a linen shirt for him, a coarse box was made, and we took the body to Richmond. At the undertaker's shop we were putting him in the case when Mr. Memminger came in. He wept over him as a brother, and offered to do anything to help us. At Charlotte we missed connection, and when I went to pay the bill at the hotel I found it all settled by those who loved and honored him. You



GEN. THOMAS R. R. COBB.

know how we were met in Augusta, and the dreadful going to Athens.

He was my tentmate, messmate, bedfellow for sixteen months. He was the noblest man I ever knew. My heart was his as no other man can ever have it forever. He needed no dying testimony. His life of holy duty done, of high honor, done evermore to Christ, of faithful work, is enough for that.

Comrade J. H. Lunford writes from Craft, Tex.; "I was a member of Douglas Texas Battery. We went into the battle of Atlanta with four twelve-pound Howitzers, supported (I was told) by South Carolina troops, who captured four brass twelve pound Napoleons. These were turned over to Capt. Douglas on the field. When our troops fell back that evening the Federal prisoners and the captured guns were brought off by our cannoneers, drawn by captured horses. The outfit was comparatively new, the guns bearing the date 'Chicago, 1863.' We used those guns at Jonesboro, Florence, Shoal Creek, Columbia, Franklin, and Nashville. One was lost by an explosion, and next day, while defending the rear of the army after defeat at Nashville, we were captured, with our guns. Most of us soon escaped, but the guns were lost forever. Perhaps these are the guns about which inquiry was made by Gen. C. I. Walker in the VETERAN of May, 1897, page 207."

BLUCHER OF THE DAY AT MANASSAS.

Comrade T. O. Chestney, Macon, Ga., sends this article, the kindly spirit of which will be fully appreciated:

In the recent communication to the VETERAN regarding the respective parts taken by Gen. E. Kirby Smith and Col. (afterwards Gen.) Arnold Elzey at First Manassas several errors occur, not very important perhaps in themselves, but tending to mystify the reader. I call attention to them merely to assist in reconciling apparent conflict of evidence as to facts.

In the heading of the article by Mr. Washington Hands in the February VETERAN he is located in the First Maryland Artillery. This is incorrect, and should read "infantry," as you will readily see from the context. Again, in quoting the newspaper extracts furnished by Mrs. Buck, in the March number, it is stated of Elzey's command that "this became Elzey's Brigade after Gen. Kirby Smith's promotion." This is also incorrect, as the brigade had been organized at Winchester and Elzey assigned to its command a month previous to Manassas. It was designated the Fourth Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah, and comprised the First Maryland, Third Tennessee, Tenth Virginia, Thirteenth Virginia, and Beckham's Battery. See report of June 30, 1861, page 470, Series I., Vol. II., official records, published by the United States. See also page 27 Johnston's "Narrative."

In one of the clippings before mentioned allusion is made to "Johnston's Division." We all should know that Gen. Johnston commanded the Army of the Shenandoah and, by right of seniority, all the Confederate States forces assembled at Manassas. In several of these extracts and quotations Gen. Kirby Smith is spoken of as commanding Elzey's Brigade. Now, Elzey personally commanded his own brigade, though of course he was subject to the orders of his superior officer, Gen. Smith, who was then engaged in bringing forward the delayed troops of Johnston's army as rapidly as possible toward the scene of conflict. Thus it will be seen that both these distinguished officers were filling their appropriate positions. Gen. Kirby Smith, who with his own staff preceded Elzey's column, was shot from his horse by the enemy's skirmishers who were concealed in a pine thicket immediately in front of Elzey's Brigade, then temporarily halted and awaiting orders as to the direction to be taken. This was before any charge had been made or ordered, and even before we came in sight of the enemy's line of battle!

The volley from these skirmishers disclosed their position, and Elzey promptly seized the opportunity and advanced his three regiments and battery (the Thirteenth Virginia having been temporarily detached at the railroad station) flanking the Union right, with the result well known. I was aid-de-camp on Elzey's Brigade Staff at the time and was not twenty feet from Gen. Smith when that gallant general was shot down, my own horse being slightly wounded by the same fire, and therefore my testimony is direct.

It was simply a decree of fate that Gen. Smith was disabled before Elzey's troops became engaged, and the latter officer was given full credit for his successful movement, which was determined entirely by the sequence of events and the inspiration of the occasion.

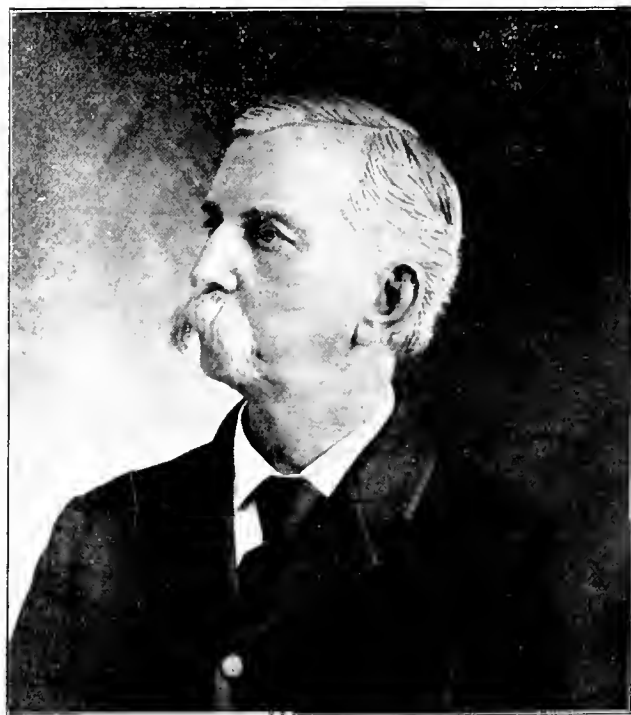
The term "Blücher of the day" was certainly applied to Col. Elzey on the field that day, and was said to have originated with Gen. Beauregard. Gen. Johnston personally complimented Gen. Elzey on the part taken by him, and his promotion followed immediately thereafter.

In Johnston's "Narrative," page 33, he says a fifth brigade was formed for Brig. Gen. E. K. Smith, of the Nineteenth Mississippi, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Alabama and Standard Battery. This was before the movement to Manassas was begun, and is mentioned to show that Gen. Smith and Col. Elzey had really separate commands and the brief connection at Manassas was only temporary or accidental, arising from the fact that only a portion of Johnston's troops arrived in time and Gen. Smith went forward with the first of them.

THE MISSOURI CONFEDERATE HOME.

An old soldier, Comrade Brown, writes from the Confederate Home of Missouri.

Our Superintendent, Col. George Erwin Patton, is of an old Tennessee family. In his name are blended two of the most honorable pioneer families in that State, and he is greatly beloved by his fellow-veterans. When scarcely sixteen years old he enlisted and staked all the hopes of his young life on the issues of the war. He followed the banner of Gen. Sterling Price throughout his campaigns and glorious victories with the Missouri State Guard in the spring and summer of 1861, entering the regular Confederate service in the fall of the same year. The record of his command, the First Missouri Confederate Brigade, has never been surpassed for soldierly chivalry, intrepid daring, and hard and successful fighting. The brigade crossed the Mississippi River to Memphis, and went to Corinth in



COL. GEORGE E. PATTON.

the spring of 1862 over five thousand strong; and when paroled at Jackson, Miss., in May, 1865, surrendered less than two hundred muskets!

Col. Patton's left arm was carried away on the heights at Vicksburg in May, 1863, near the spot where fell his cousin, the lamented Col. Eugene Irwin, of the Sixteenth Missouri Infantry. He was also a Tennessean.

The good people of Missouri have provided a splendid home for old Confederates and their wives. The doors have ever been thrown open to Confederates from other States who have become citizens of Missouri. In fact, men who were citizens of this State at the time of enlistment form a small percentage of the inmates. There are many from Virginia, and every Southern State is represented. We have old soldiers who served with Bragg, Hardee, Cheatham, Bate, Stewart, Forrest, and Jackson. All the old soldiers are in sympathy with each other. The Superintendent is kind, patient, and forbearing, and yet the discipline is firm. Lynch Turner is the commandant. There are now about one hundred and fifty inmates in the home, which is about the limit of its capacity. The main building accommodates about eighty people, and is splendidly appointed with dining room, kitchen, parlor, office, sitting room, and a library with four thousand volumes. There are also a laundry, storeroom, commissary's room, fifteen cottages with a capacity for eighty inmates, and a hospital with room for twenty-five.

We have a splendid farm of three hundred and sixty-two acres, with necessary stock and implements. The products of this farm, with the appropriation from the State, support the home. We all read the *VETERAN* regularly, and wish every true Southerner would contribute to its interest and support.

THE RETREAT FROM NASHVILLE.

Col. R. H. Lindsay, Shreveport, La., commander of the Sixteenth Louisiana Regiment, Gibson's Brigade:

In the April *VETERAN* I read with pleasure "Last Shot Fired at Battle of Nashville," which brought to my memory something not hitherto published.

About 11 A.M. of that day the Louisiana Brigade was in position, our right resting on the Franklin pike. A brigade of negro troops made an assault on our line, but were soon badly demoralized by our fire. I sent out a detail of three men to capture the colors (we had no use for prisoners), and they returned with a handsome flag, on which was inscribed: "Presented by the Colored Ladies of Murfreesboro, Tenn." I gave it to the color bearer, and when Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee came along he remarked on the handsome flag. He asked me to give three cheers, so it would go down the line and encourage the troops on our left wing. While standing with Gen. Lee a ball went through the rim of my hat. Again while looking for sharpshooters a ball passed through my hat, coming out at the crown, and the third shot tore a V-shaped hole in the shoulder of my overcoat. About three in the afternoon of that day I saw our men on the left giving way and the enemy sweeping up our line. Gen. Gibson ordered me to keep the trenches until we had orders to retreat. As I left the trench I met Gen. Edward Johnson running rapidly. He told me he was just from prison, and was too tired to go farther. Soon afterwards he

was again a prisoner. With my color bearer I made for the pike, where our horses were. The enemy had some guns, and swept lanes in which were the retreating Confederates. About dark Gibson's Louisiana Brigade formed the rear guard to protect our badly demoralized army.

I quote from Gen. Lee's report of that evening: "At Nashville when Hood was defeated Gibson's Brigade was conspicuously posted on the left of the pike near Overton Hill, and I witnessed their driving back with the rest of Clayton's Division two formidable assaults of the enemy. I recollect near dark riding up to a brigade near a battery and trying to seize a stand of colors and lead the brigade against the enemy. The color bearer refused, and was sustained by his regiment. I found it was the color bearer of the Thirteenth Louisiana Volunteers and Gibson's Louisiana Brigade. Gibson soon appeared at my side, and in admiration of such conduct I exclaimed: "Gibson, these are the best men I ever saw. You take them and check the enemy." Gibson did take them, and did check the enemy.

Hood, in his "Advance and Retreat" gives to Gen. Gibson and his command the credit of staying the disorder in the army and stopping the panic. He says: "Gen. Gibson with the Louisiana troops succeeded in checking and staying the first and most dangerous shock which always follows immediately after a rout." Gibson's Brigade and Fenner's Battery acted as rear guard to the rear guard (old soldiers will appreciate the meaning of those words), and continued as rear guard until relieved by Gen. Ross and his cavalry.

When we reached Franklin the Louisiana Brigade formed line from pike to railroad and kept the enemy in check until all of our wounded and ammunition train safely crossed the Harpeth River, then the brigade turned in good order and formed line on the outskirts of Franklin, our right resting on the pike. Here it was Gen. Lee was wounded in the foot. After this the enemy became more cautious, and our army crossed the Tennessee River and went to Tupelo, Miss.

Maurice Thompson, the well-known poet and Confederate veteran, being a guest of honor at a recent entertainment given in Indiana by the Loyal Legion, made an address concerning which the *Indianapolis News* states: "The third speech of the evening, remarkable for the enthusiasm it evoked, was made by Maurice Thompson, an invited guest, who, as is well known, was a Confederate soldier during the war for the Union. His speech was closely punctuated with applause, and at its conclusion the entire audience rose and gave prolonged applause amidst a general waving of handkerchiefs."

The *Louisville (Ky.) Commercial*: "The expression all over Louisville is of unqualified joy because the grand body decided to hold the next reunion here. There will be any number of schemes to make the old war-scarred heroes have a fine time." The paper is kind enough to state: "The reunion number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, issued during May, which was gotten out for the recent event at Charleston, is one of the finest publications in America. It glitters with elegant pictures of many of the Southland's beautiful girls and sparkles with fine nuggets of war history."

INQUIRIES FOR AND BY CONFEDERATES.

Comrade George I. C. McWhirter, Newberry, S. C., would like to know if John T. Beavens, of Company C, Thirty-Third Ohio Regiment, is living, and writes: "After having fought at Tunnel Hill, Ga., Resaca, Altoona, Cassville, Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, and many other places, John and I met between the vedette lines, when I exchanged tobacco for John's pocketbook, which I now have. Our command, Stoval's Georgia Brigade, fronted Gen. Thomas' Corps, and the Twenty-Eighth South Carolina, to our right, fronted Gen. Logan's. We had quite a time, Johnny and Yank, swapping newspapers, tobacco, knives, etc., for several hours, but as soon as Gen. Hood found it out the trading ceased. We were in an open field, about one hundred yards apart."

W. S. Malone, Farmer, Tex., desires to hear from some member of Company A, Bacon's South Carolina Infantry, C. S. A. He needs proof of his enlistment to enable him to draw a pension from the State of Texas under the recent pension act.

Comrade T. J. Lamonds, of that place, writes that he made inquiry through the January VETERAN for one of his old comrades from whom he had not heard in many years, and that he received a letter from him a few days after the VETERAN was issued.

Comrade W. J. Pace, Temple, Tex., desires to hear something from survivors of Barksdale's Brigade, of which he was a member, and, continuing, adds: "I have seen many accounts of the battles in which we participated, but none from Longstreet's Corps, McLain's Division, or Barksdale's Brigade. Most of them have been from officers. I was a high private (six feet, one inch) in Company D, Thirteenth Mississippi."

The address is wanted of Capt. James Burnes, Company H, Eighth Tennessee Volunteers, or a member of that company. The request is made in order to obtain testimony that will enable a worthy and afflicted Confederate soldier to draw a pension.

Mrs. J. M. Duncan, Jr., of Yazoo City, Miss., would like to correspond with some survivor of Company G, Second Louisiana Rifles (Capt. Dunn), who knew James W. Wright, of Mississippi, and can give information of his last moments.

George K. Hemphill, of Company D., Wilson's Twenty-Fourth Regiment of Tennessee Infantry, is living near Fulton, Ky. He is old and feeble, and desires to correspond with any of his old company.

Isham Browler, of Company A., Seventh Kentucky Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry, seeks information concerning Wat Spears, a member of his company.

Mrs. E. F. Williams writes from Gainesville, Ala., inquiring for information concerning an old cannon lying near the wharf at that town. She states: "No one here knows how it came. One man says that Gen. Forrest had it brought here on a boat, and as he paroled his cavalry here this statement may be true. We wish to have the gun removed to the Confederate cemetery, where it may be preserved, and thought perhaps some surviving members of Forrest's Cavalry might be able to give something of its true history."

ECTOR'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

Comrade R. Todhunter, Higginsville, Mo., writes:

Noting the many prominent commands mentioned from time to time in the VETERAN, I have seen no record of what I consider, with pardonable pride, one of the best brigades in the Confederacy. I refer to Ector's Texas Brigade, composed of the Ninth Texas Infantry, Tenth, Eleventh, Fourteenth, and Thirty-Second Texas dismounted cavalry; and for the last year of the war the Twenty-Ninth and the Thirty-Ninth North Carolina Infantry (Eleventh Texas, after the battle of Murfreesboro, remounted).

Now if any brigades in the Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi did more fighting from the beginning to the close of the war than did this, history has so far failed to record it. Note its deeds at Wilson's Creek, Corinth, Iuka, Richmond, Ky., in the Kentucky campaign under Gen. Kirby Smith; Murfreesboro; Mississippi, under Gen. Johnston against Grant and Sherman; Chickamauga; the hundred days' fighting from Dalton to Atlanta, including Peach Tree Creek and Jonesboro; the Tennessee campaign, including the charge at Altoona; control of the pontoon bridges to Columbia, Tenn.; two days' fighting at Nashville; under fire every day while in charge of the rear of Hood's army out of Tennessee and after crossing the Tennessee River, ordered to report to Gen. D. J. Maury, at Mobile. From this place the brigade was sent under Gen. R. L. Gibson to Spanish Fort, there remaining over two weeks, fighting continuously though outnumbered many times by the enemy. Both armies entrenched within three hundred yards of each other.

In many of the above engagements, though our loss was from thirty to sixty-three per cent of the effective strength (Chickamauga sixty-three per cent) no engagement exceeded Spanish Fort in severity.

The various campaigns and engagements grouped above will be recalled by members of many brigades in the Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi, as they fought side by side with us.

I deem it a duty while esteeming it a privilege to say that we never met a foe in open field whom we did not drive, nor did we ever meet a foe who could drive us. In some battles a brigade or command on the right or left of ours giving way, it was necessary to move by the flank in retreat. In that event firing of small arms did not cease, nor did the enemy's loss lessen. In many battles—notably Richmond, Ky., Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga—Ector's Brigade was among the first of the infantry to open and the last to close.

The regiments comprising this brigade entered the Confederate service over eight thousand strong, and surrendered at Meridian, Miss., under Lieut. Gen. R. Taylor, to Gen. E. R. S. Canby only five hundred and forty men, nearly all of whom were battle-scarred. Every commander of this brigade was, during the war, either killed or wounded. Gen. Ector, who commanded longer than any other officer, had his leg shot off at Atlanta. Being an old man at that time, he was never able to resume duty. Some of the most prominent men in the State of Texas to-day were members of that brigade.

THE SIX HUNDRED CONFEDERATE OFFICERS

Placed under Fire of Confederate Cannon in Retaliation.

ALABAMA.

- Capt. J. W. Burton, Sixth Infantry; residence, Montgomery; captured at Gettysburg July 4, 1863.
- Capt. R. F. Campbell, Forty-Ninth Infantry; residence, Village Springs; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.
- Capt. Charles E. Chambers, Thirteenth Infantry; residence, Tuskegee; captured at Gettysburg July 4, 1863.
- Capt. J. N. Chisolm, Ninth Infantry; residence, Florence; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
- Capt. L. S. Chitwood, Fifth Infantry; residence, Clayton; captured at Spottsylvania May 19, 1864.
- Capt. J. H. Ellison, Second Infantry; residence, Mobile; captured at Spottsylvania May 19, 1864.
- Capt. J. W. Fannin, Sixty-First Infantry; residence, Tuskegee; captured at Spottsylvania May 8, 1864.
- Capt. J. D. Meadows, First Infantry; residence, Florence; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.
- First Lieut. R. H. Adams, Staff; residence, Faunsdale; captured at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., September 24, 1863.
- First Lieut. J. J. Andrews, Staff; residence, Florence; captured at Florence, Ala., November 30, 1863.
- First Lieut. A. J. Armstrong, Forty-Sixth Infantry; residence, Columbia; captured at Champion Hill, Miss., May 16, 1864.
- First Lieut. Dwight E. Bates, Artillery; residence, Selma; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
- First Lieut. William T. Bishop, Sixteenth Infantry; residence, Florence; captured at Bexar, Ala., June 20, 1863.
- First Lieut. J. D. Bond, Fifty-Ninth Infantry; residence, Haynesville; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.
- First Lieut. J. P. Breedlove, Fourth Infantry; residence, Tuskegee; captured at Gettysburg July 4, 1863.
- First Lieut. H. A. Chadbourne, Tenth Infantry; residence, Selma; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
- First Lieut. W. N. Cidyard, Third Infantry; residence, Mobile; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.
- First Lieut. Paul H. Erle, Twenty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Jefferson; captured at Missionary Ridge, Tenn., November 23, 1863.
- First Lieut. J. L. Haynes, Fourteenth Infantry; residence, Talladega; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
- First Lieut. A. J. Kirkman, Fourth Cavalry; residence, Florence; captured at Lauderdale County, Ala., October 30, 1863.
- First Lieut. Ed J. Mastin, Staff; residence, Huntsville; captured at Charleston, Tenn., December 28, 1863.
- Second Lieut. W. H. Allen, Forty-Ninth Infantry; residence, Guntersville; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.
- Second Lieut. W. P. Bass, Fifteenth Infantry; residence, Salem; captured at Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- Second Lieut. W. H. Bedell, First Cavalry; residence, Tallahassee; captured in Tennessee October 28, 1863.
- Second Lieut. A. C. Foster, Fourth Cavalry; residence, Florence; captured at Florence, Ala., November 30, 1863.
- Second Lieut. James L. Leonard, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Tuskegee; captured at Swansboro, N. C., April 30, 1864.

ARKANSAS.

- Col. V. H. Manning, Third Infantry; residence, Hamburg; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.
- Maj. William E. Stewart, Fifteenth Infantry; residence, Madison; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.
- Maj. Micajah R. Wilson, First Infantry; residence, Hamburg; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.
- Capt. David Arbuckle, Seventeenth Infantry; residence, Fort Smith; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.
- Capt. J. L. Brent, Eighteenth Infantry; residence, Lenville; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.
- Capt. George K. Cracraft, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Lake Village; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.
- Capt. David B. Coulter, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Center; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.
- Capt. W. A. Ferring, Third Infantry; residence, Little Rock; captured at Arkansas, September 8, 1863.

Capt. A. B. Israel, First Cavalry; residence, Powhattan; captured in Missouri December 25, 1863.

Capt. H. L. W. Johnson, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Arkadelphia; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Capt. J. M. C. Jones, Cavalry; residence, Berryville; captured on Arkansas line October 4, 1863.

Capt. John C. Patterson, Fourteenth Infantry; residence, Yellville; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

First Lieut. J. B. Baxter, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Monroe; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

First Lieut. P. H. Benson, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Jonesboro; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

First Lieut. D. T. Bronaugh, Sixteenth Infantry; residence, Liberty; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

First Lieut. C. W. Cargill, Tenth Infantry; residence, Little Rock; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

First Lieut. G. W. Carter, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Arkadelphia; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

First Lieut. J. W. Greer, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Helena; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

First Lieut. W. A. Hancock, Cavalry; residence, Marion; captured at Arkadelphia, Ark., October 30, 1863.

First Lieut. Madison Hixson, Sixteenth Infantry; residence, Clarksville; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Second Lieut. Cicero M. Allen, Second Cavalry; residence, Marion; captured at Cold Water Ford, Miss., November 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. M. S. Bradburn, Sixteenth Infantry; residence, Liberty; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Second Lieut. M. B. Burnette, Tenth Infantry; residence, Marion; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Second Lieut. O. H. P. Caldwell, Nineteenth Infantry; residence, Magnolia; captured at Big Black, Miss., May 17, 1863.

Second Lieut. D. M. Coffman, Cavalry; residence, Smithville; captured in Missouri December 25, 1863.

Second Lieut. Robert Y. Dilliard, Sixteenth Infantry; residence, Nashville; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Second Lieut. W. O. D. Evans, Seventeenth Infantry; residence, Washington; captured at Natchez, Miss., December 25, 1863.

Second Lieut. T. P. Peak, Artillery; residence, Washington; captured at Natchez, Miss., December 25, 1863.

FLORIDA.

Capt. William Bailey, Fifth Infantry; residence, Leon County; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.

Capt. William E. Ballentine, Second Infantry; residence, Pensacola; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.

Capt. G. Finley, First Cavalry; residence, Marianna; captured at Missionary Ridge, Tenn., November 23, 1863.

Capt. J. C. Falbot, Fifth Infantry; residence, Lake City; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

First Lieut. T. S. Armstead, Eighth Infantry; residence, Marianna; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

First Lieut. Saunders Myers, Fourth Infantry; residence, Apalachee; captured at Missionary Ridge, Tenn., November 6, 1863.

Second Lieut. Alex L. Bull, Fifth Infantry; residence, Tallahassee; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

Second Lieut. James Collins, Fifth Infantry; residence, Monticello; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

Second Lieut. S. M. Davis, Fourth Infantry; residence, Clayton; captured at Missionary Ridge, Tenn., May 19, 1864.

Second Lieut. Reuben N. Hall, Fourth Infantry; residence, Apalachee; captured at Missionary Ridge, Tenn., May 19, 1864.

GEORGIA.

Maj. B. F. Booton, Third Cavalry; residence, Rome; captured at East Tennessee January 10, 1864.

Capt. John P. Allen, Fifty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Dawson; captured at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., September 19, 1863.

Capt. J. D. Ashton, Fourth Cavalry; residence, Burk County; captured at Summerville, Ga., September 12, 1863.

Capt. William Barnes, Ninth Artillery; residence, Atlanta; captured at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., September 9, 1863.

Capt. Thomas M. Carter, Fourteenth Infantry; residence, Jackson County; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

Capt. I. H. Connelly, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Griffith County; captured at Spottsylvania, Va., May 10, 1864.

Capt. H. R. Deadwiler, Thirty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Elbert; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. William L. Dumas, Fifty-Third Infantry; residence, Forsythe; captured at Knoxville, Tenn., November 29, 1863.

Capt. J. A. Edmunds, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Fayetteville; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

Capt. C. R. Ezell, Fourth Infantry; residence, Jasper County; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

Capt. A. C. Gibson, Fourth Infantry; residence, Lagrange; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

Capt. William I. Gorham, Staff; residence, Hamilton County; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

Capt. H. E. Harrison, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Chatham County; captured at Trevillian Station June 11, 1864.

Capt. Thomas W. Harris, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Oglethorpe; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. John T. Henderson, Sixty-First Infantry; residence, Irvineville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. F. W. Hopkins, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Thomasville; captured at Louisa C. H. June 11, 1864.

Capt. Thomas W. Kent, Forty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Wrightsville; captured at Gettysburg July 5, 1863.

Capt. James W. Lemon, Eighteenth Infantry; residence, Cobb County; captured at Knoxville, Tenn., November 29, 1863.

Capt. George W. Lewis, First Infantry; residence, Bainbridge; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. Daniel McDonald, Sixty-First Infantry; residence, Brooks County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. Andrew J. McLeod, Fifty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Camden; captured at Gaines's Mill June 1, 1864.

Capt. J. R. McMicel, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Buena Vista; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

Capt. R. L. Miller, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Chatham County; captured at Pavillion Station, Va., June 12, 1864.

Capt. William C. Nntt, Fifty-Third Infantry; residence, Griffin County; captured at Knoxville, Tenn., November 29, 1863.

First Lieut. William J. Boswell, Fifty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Canfield; captured at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., September 9, 1863.

First Lieut. James Boss, Thirty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Monroe County; captured at Wilderness May 6, 1864.

First Lieut. Sanford W. Branch, Eighth Infantry; residence, Savannah; captured at Gettysburg July 4, 1863.

First Lieut. Benjamin L. Brown, Fifty-Ninth Infantry; residence, Fort Gaines; captured at Gettysburg July 5, 1863.

First Lieut. J. L. Burney, Forty-Ninth Infantry; residence, Twiggs County; captured at Gettysburg July 4, 1863.

First Lieut. Thomas I. Carr, Forty-Third Infantry; residence, Jefferson County; captured at Champion Hill, Miss., May 17, 1863.

First Lieut. R. Childs, Fourth Infantry; residence, Clinton; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

First Lieut. J. D. Delvach, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Tatnal; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. W. H. Delvach, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Bryan; captured at Louisa C. H., Va., June 11, 1864.

First Lieut. N. B. Durham, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Clarke County; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

First Lieut. Daniel W. Garrett, Eleventh Infantry; residence, Morgan County; captured at Wilderness May 6, 1864.

First Lieut. Chris C. Grace, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Perryville; captured at Wilderness May 6, 1864.

First Lieut. J. G. Greer, Fourth Infantry; residence, West Point; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

First Lieut. W. W. Halbert, Fourth Infantry; residence, Augusta; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

First Lieut. W. D. Ivey, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Milford; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

First Lieut. Eugene Jeffers, Sixty-First Infantry; residence, Macon; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. P. P. Lyon, Eighteenth Infantry; residence, Canton; captured at Gaines's Mill June 1, 1864.

First Lieut. J. J. Maddox, Thirty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Milton; captured at Locust Grove, Va., May 6, 1864.

First Lieut. James W. Maxwell, Fiftieth Infantry; residence, Coffee County; captured at Cold Harbor June 1, 1864.

First Lieut. John G. Morgan, Forty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Clinton; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

First Lieut. M. M. Mosely, Third Infantry; residence, Banks County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. Henry I. Moses, Fifty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Blakely; captured at Gaines's Mill June 1, 1864.

First Lieut. G. W. Roughten, Forty-Ninth Infantry; residence, Sandersville; captured at Locust Grove, Va., May 6, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. R. Avant; Sixty-First Infantry; residence, Macon; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. Andrew J. Barton, Fifty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Gainesville; captured at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., September 9, 1863.

Second Lieut. John B. Bentley, Twenty-Second Infantry; residence, Lincolnton; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. W. C. Cherry, Fourth Infantry; residence, West Point; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. H. Chew, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Augusta; captured at Trevillian's Station, Va., June 11, 1864.

Second Lieut. John T. Davies, Fourteenth Infantry; residence, Amherst County; captured at Wilderness May 6, 1864.

Second Lieut. G. K. Ford, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Wayne County; captured at Louisa C. H., Va., June 11, 1864.

Second Lieut. D. W. Goodwin, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Greensboro; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. F. N. Graves, Sixty-First Infantry; residence, Lumpkin; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Augustus M. Green, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Youngsboro; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

Second Lieut. T. J. Gunn, Fifty-First Infantry; residence, Houston; captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864.

Second Lieut. D. T. Harris, Twenty-First Infantry; residence, Forsythe; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

Second Lieut. R. Harvey, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Bryan; captured at Trevillian's Station, Va., June 11, 1864.

KENTUCKY.

Col. G. W. Woodfork, Cavalry; residence, Paducah; captured in Ohio July, 1863.

Maj. J. Bennett McCreary, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Richmond; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

Capt. John B. Austin, Second Cavalry; residence, Charlotte; captured in Dickson County, Tenn., October 27, 1863.

Capt. Thomas C. Eastin, Eighth Cavalry; residence, Lexington; captured at Buffington's Island, Ohio, July 19, 1863.

Capt. T. M. Hammack, Tenth Cavalry; residence, Morganford; captured at Rutland, Ohio, July 10, 1863.

Capt. R. D. Logan, Third Cavalry; residence, Lancaster; captured at Lancaster, Ohio, July 25, 1863.

Capt. C. L. Miner, Cavalry; residence, Waco; captured in Ohio July, 1863.

Capt. Almarine A. Norris, Cavalry; residence, Buskville; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

First Lieut. W. P. Crow, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Stanford; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

First Lieut. B. S. Drake, Second Cavalry; residence, Lexington; captured at Buffington's Island July 19, 1863.

First Lieut. W. T. Dunlap, Second Cavalry; residence, Marshall; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

First Lieut. Hugh P. Dunlap, Tenth Cavalry; residence, Paris; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

First Lieut. Felix G. Eakins, Twelfth Cavalry; residence, Henderson; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

First Lieut. Isham A. Fox, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Richmond; captured at Buffington's Island, Ohio, July 19, 1863.

First Lieut. W. A. Kendall, Third Cavalry; residence, Denton; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

First Lieut. Baraby Logson, First Cavalry; residence, Fairmount; captured at Charleston, Tenn., December 28, 1863.

First Lieut. Hansal Moles, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Alleghany; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

First Lieut. George C. Nash, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Owen; captured at Buffington's Island, Ohio, July 19, 1863.

Second Lieut. M. L. Aldrich, Third Cavalry; residence, Dallas County; captured at Syracuse, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

Second Lieut. S. P. Allensworth, Second Cavalry; residence, Todd County; captured at Salinesville, Ohio, October 26, 1863.

Second Lieut. S. S. Atkins, Tenth Cavalry; residence, West Liberty; captured at Mt. Liberty, Ohio, July 18, 1863.

Second Lieut. A. B. Chinn, Eighth Cavalry; residence, Lexington; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

Second Lieut. S. M. Cowan, Cavalry; residence, Somerset; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

Second Lieut. W. B. Ford, Eighth Cavalry; residence, Winchester; captured at Buffington's Island, Ohio, July 19, 1863.

Second Lieut. R. B. Haynes, Third Cavalry; residence, Denton; captured at Buffington's Island, Ohio, July 19, 1863.

Second Lieut. J. S. Hughes, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Stanford; captured at Buffington's Island, Ohio, July 19, 1863.

Second Lieut. G. W. Hunter, Eighth Cavalry; residence, Bardstown; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

Second Lieut. William F. Leathers, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Lawrenceburg; captured at Buffington's Island, Ohio, July 19, 1863.

Second Lieut. Benjamin F. McNear, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Owenton; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

Second Lieut. J. O. Meadows, Third Cavalry; residence, Bonham; captured at Syracuse, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

Second Lieut. J. D. Morris, Eighth Cavalry; residence, Winchester; captured at Buffington's Island, Ohio, July 19, 1863.

Second Lieut. L. D. Newton, Third Cavalry; residence, Union; captured at Buffington's Island, Ohio, July 19, 1863.

Second Lieut. D. N. Prewett, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Perryville; captured at Buffington's Island, Ohio, July 19, 1863.

Second Lieut. Charles E. Richards, Fifth Cavalry; residence, Warray; captured at Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 1863.

"All Morgan's Cavalry captured on the raid into Ohio. Good and true men among them. I know many of them intimately. R. H. A."

LOUISIANA.

Lieut. Col. P. F. De Gournay, Artillery; residence, New Orleans; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Lieut. Col. E. S. M. LeBreton, Fourth Militia; residence, New Orleans; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Capt. I. G. Angel, Fifth Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured at Rappahannock, Va., November 7, 1863.

Capt. John Elliott, Second Infantry; residence, Floyd; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. E. J. Hall, First Cavalry; residence, New Orleans; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Capt. H. E. Henderson, Staff; residence, Alexandria; captured at Wilderness May 5, 1864.

Capt. L. Lastrauskie, Tenth Infantry; residence, Abbeville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. William B. Kemp, Ninth Cavalry; residence, Greensboro; captured at Port Hudson July 9, 1863.

Capt. Lewis H. Malareher, Seventh Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured at Wilderness May 5, 1864.

Capt. William A. Martin, Seventh Infantry; residence, Baton Rouge; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

Capt. W. E. O'Riley, Ninth Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured at Rappahannock Station, Va., November 7, 1863.

First Lieut. J. C. Bartholomy, Twentieth Infantry; residence, St. James; captured at Port Hudson, La., May 23, 1863.

First Lieut. James D. Bowman, Fifteenth Infantry; residence, Bastrop; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. J. M. Burgess, Eighth Infantry; residence, Holmesville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. P. H. Cavanaugh, First Infantry; residence, Liberty; captured at Wilderness May 5, 1864.

First Lieut. Bolivar Edwards, Cavalry; residence, Covington; captured at Port Hudson, La., November 23, 1863.

First Lieut. J. Fickerson, Fourteenth Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured near North Ann, Va., May 23, 1864.

First Lieut. J. S. Fitzpatrick, Fourteenth Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured near North Ann, Va., May 23, 1864.

First Lieut. T. J. Hudson, Ninth Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. T. E. Kelley, Sixth Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. Daniel Mahoney, Tenth Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. John Markew, First Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured at Gettysburg July 5, 1863.

Second Lieut. Charles I. Batchelor, Second Infantry; residence, Red River; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Charles A. Chisolm, Tenth Infantry; residence, Red River; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. R. Cottingham, Third Infantry; resi-

dence, Columbia; captured at Haines Bluff, Miss., April 30, 1863.

Second Lieut. A. V. Duralde, Ninth Infantry; residence, Baton Rouge; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Second Lieut. Richard M. Fletcher, Second Infantry; residence, Vernon; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. L. Hempstead, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Dubuque, Ia.; captured at Wilderness May 5, 1864.

Second Lieut. John Kilmartin, Seventh Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. S. H. May, Tenth Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

MARYLAND.

Maj. W. W. Goldsborough, First Infantry; residence, Baltimore; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Capt. W. H. Griffin, Artillery; residence, Baltimore; captured at Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864.

Capt. Eugene Digges, Second Cavalry; residence, Baltimore; captured at Martinsburg, Va., October 15, 1863.

Capt. George Howard, First Cavalry; residence, Baltimore; captured at Hawes' Shop May 27, 1864.

Lieut. F. C. Dulcy, Cavalry; residence, Montgomery County; captured at Gettysburg July 5, 1864.

Lieut. C. D. Fitzhugh, Cavalry; residence, Hagerstown; captured at Antietam September 14, 1862.

Lieut. J. E. B. Pue, Cavalry; residence, Montgomery County; captured at Hanover Junction May 24, 1864.

MISSISSIPPI.

Maj. I. Fontaine, Cavalry; residence, Austin; captured at Lexington, Ala., December 14, 1863.

Maj. Thomas H. Johnson, First Infantry; residence, Fernando; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Capt. Thomas Boyd, First Infantry; residence, Morrisonville; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Capt. H. T. Coffee, Forty-Eighth Infantry; residence, New Orleans; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. A. I. Lewis, Cavalry; residence, Natchez; captured at Chadborne County, Miss., February 14, 1863.

Capt. Thomas Q. Munce, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Keenzie; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 24, 1864.

Capt. Joseph L. Purgason, Thirty-Second Infantry; residence, Port Gibson; captured near Corinth, Miss., May 4, 1864.

First Lieut. Charles L. Burnett, Infantry; residence, Port Gibson; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

First Lieut. J. C. Carson, Staff; residence, Natchez; captured at Trevillian's Station, Va., June 12, 1864.

First Lieut. W. H. Frizzell, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Holmes; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. John H. Allen, Twenty-Ninth Infantry; residence, Grenada; captured at Chickamunga, Tenn., September 20, 1864.

Second Lieut. William L. Barton, Second Infantry; residence, Tupelo; captured at Tupelo, Miss., May 4, 1864.

Second Lieut. F. W. Bassonett, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Union; captured at Chester Gap, Va., July 24, 1863.

Second Lieut. William M. Bulloch, Forty-Eight Infantry; residence, Bovina; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. John R. Cason, Seventeenth Infantry; residence, Holly Springs; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.

Second Lieut. A. H. Farrar, Thirteenth Infantry; residence, Grenada; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. Tim Foley, Nineteenth Infantry; residence, Vicksburg; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Benjamin L. Grant, Twenty-Second Infantry; residence, Pentatash; captured at Falling Waters, Va., July 14, 1863.

Second Lieut. Robert J. Howard, First Infantry; residence, Byhalia; captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Second Lieut. W. T. Jeffers, Cavalry; residence, Port Gibson; captured at Claiborne County, Miss., February 14, 1863.

Second Lieut. Joel W. Jones, First Infantry; residence, Smithville; captured at Claiborne County, Miss., July 9, 1863.

MISSOURI.

Capt. Peter Ake, Second Cavalry; residence, Iverton; captured at Helena, Ark., November 3, 1863.

Capt. Moses J. Bradford, Tenth Infantry; residence, Raleigh; captured at Helena, Ark., July 4, 1863.

Capt. J. G. Kelley, Staff; residence, St. Louis; captured at Smithville, N. C., February 29, 1864.

Capt. Schuyler Lowe, Artillery; residence, Independence; captured at Rodney, Miss., January 29, 1864.

First Lieut. Alex M. Bedford, Third Cavalry; residence, Savannah; captured at Big Black, Miss., May 17, 1863.

First Lieut. William Halberton, Cavalry; residence, Dent; captured at Lawrence County, Ark., October 7, 1863.

Second Lieut. Peter G. Benton, Eighth Infantry; residence, Cassville; captured at Helena, Ark., July 4, 1863.

Second Lieut. George C. Brand, Second Cavalry; residence, Brownsville; captured at Holly Springs, Miss., May 3, 1863.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Col. John A. Baker, Third Cavalry; residence, Wilmington; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 21, 1864.

Col. G. N. Folk, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Morgantown; captured at Kingston, N. C., June 22, 1864.

Lieut. Col. T. L. Hargrove, Forty-First Infantry; residence, Oxford; captured at South Anna Bridge, Va., June 26, 1863.

Maj. J. R. McDonald, Fifty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Fayetteville; captured at Gaines's Mill, S. C., June 1, 1864.

Capt. W. I. Alexander, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Wilkesboro; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Capt. R. W. Atkinson, Second Cavalry; residence, Wilson; captured at Hanover C. H., Va., May 27, 1864.

Capt. John C. Blair, First Cavalry; residence, Boone County; captured at Yellow Tavern, Va., May 11, 1864.

Capt. S. S. Bohannon, Twenty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Yadkin County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. Nero G. Bradford, Twenty-Sixth Infantry; residence, Lenoir County; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Capt. C. R. Brumley, Twentieth Infantry; residence, Concord; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Capt. E. McN. Blue, Thirty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Moore County; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Capt. John L. Cantwell, Third Infantry; residence, Wilmington; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. David L. Cockerman, Fifty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Jonesville; captured at Rappahannock Bridge, Va., November 7, 1863.

Capt. Alex T. Cole, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Rockingham; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. John Cowan, Third Infantry; residence, Wilmington; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. A. S. Critcher, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Watanga; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. W. H. Day, First Infantry; residence, Halifax; captured at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.

Capt. W. B. Dewar, Thirty-First Infantry; residence, Chalk; captured at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 1, 1864.

Capt. H. M. Dixon, Thirty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Moore County; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Capt. H. D. Fowler, First Infantry; residence, Ballsville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. J. C. Gorman, Second Infantry; residence, Wilson; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. J. H. Gilbert, Fifty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Newton; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Capt. Samuel H. Hartsfield, Third Cavalry; residence, Kinston; captured at Hanover County, Va., May 27, 1864.

Capt. Samuel H. Hines, Forty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Milton; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

Capt. H. W. Horne, Third Infantry; residence, Fayetteville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. Thomas L. Johnson, First Infantry; residence, Eden-ton; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. W. H. Kitchen, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Scotland; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. John G. Knox, Seventh Infantry; residence, Rowan County; captured at Wilderness May 5, 1864.

Capt. J. K. Kyle, Fifty-Second Infantry; residence, Fayetteville; captured at Spottsylvania May 21, 1864.

Capt. J. W. Lane, Sixteenth Infantry; residence, Hendersonville; captured at Wilderness May 6, 1864.

Capt. Thomas C. Lewis, Eighteenth Infantry; residence, Wilmington; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. W. G. MacRae, Seventh Infantry; residence, Wilmington; captured at Wilderness May 6, 1864.

Capt. J. W. Moore, Third Cavalry; residence, Wilmington; captured at Greenville, N. C., December 17, 1864.

Capt. W. F. Murphy, Fifty-First Infantry; residence, Clinton; captured at Bermuda Hundred, Va., June 16, 1864.

Capt. Samuel I. Parham, Fifty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Henderson; captured at Rappahannock Station, Va., November 7, 1863.

First Lieut. S. S. Abernathy, Thirtieth Infantry; residence, Forestville; captured at Kelly's Ford, Va., November 7, 1863.

First Lieut. Wyatt B. Allen, Sixth Infantry; residence, Wake County; captured at Rappahannock Bridge, Va., November 7, 1863.

First Lieut. T. M. Allen, Fourth Infantry; residence, Fairfield; captured at Gettysburg July 4, 1863.

First Lieut. W. T. Anderson, Fifth Infantry; residence, Fayetteville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. H. E. Arp, Twenty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Smithville; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

First Lieut. G. W. Avant, Thirty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Chatham County; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

First Lieut. B. W. Birkhead, Twenty-Second Infantry; residence, Ashboro; captured at Hanover Junction, Va., May 24, 1864.

First Lieut. J. W. Brothers, Sixty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Kingston; captured near Kingston, N. C., June 22, 1864.

First Lieut. John S. Bullock, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Tranquility; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. Robert B. Carr, Forty-Third Infantry; residence, Magnolia; captured at Gettysburg July 4, 1863.

First Lieut. A. A. Cathey, Thirty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Charlotte; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

First Lieut. David A. Coon, Eleventh Infantry; residence, Lincolnton; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

First Lieut. George W. Corbett, Eighteenth Infantry; residence, Caintuck; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. I. H. Darden, Third Infantry; residence, Snow Hill; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. John O. Fink, Eighteenth Infantry; residence, Carrs; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. John M. Guyther, First Infantry; residence, Plymouth; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. John F. Gamble, Fourteenth Infantry; residence, Shelby County; captured at Spottsylvania May 19, 1864.

First Lieut. W. G. Harrington, Twenty-Fifth Artillery; captured at Cox's Farm, Va., July 12, 1864.

First Lieut. J. A. Haertsfield, First Infantry; residence, Ballsville; captured at Spottsylvania July 8, 1864.

First Lieut. T. B. Henderson, Third Cavalry; residence, Jacksonville; captured near Henderson, N. C., December 17, 1863.

First Lieut. J. M. Hobson, Second Infantry; residence, Raxville; captured at Spottsylvania July 8, 1864.

First Lieut. H. J. Jenkins, Infantry; residence, Murfreesboro; captured at Gates County, N. C., June 9, 1864.

First Lieut. Julian A. Latham, First Infantry; residence, Plymouth; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. A. N. Leatherwood, Twenty-Ninth Infantry; residence, Fort Humbree; captured at Clay County, N. C., February 19, 1864.

First Lieut. C. P. Mallet, Third Infantry; residence, Fayetteville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. John D. Mallory, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Burckhorn; captured at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864.

First Lieut. Frank McIntosh, Eighteenth Infantry; residence, Richmond; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. M. McLeod, Twentieth Infantry; residence, Carthage; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

First Lieut. J. I. McMillan, First Infantry; residence, Wilmington; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. Nathan S. Mosely, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Warrenton; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. F. F. Patrick, Thirty-Second Infantry; residence, Columbia; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

Second Lieut. George N. Albright, Sixth Infantry; residence, Melville; captured at Rappahannock Station, Va., November 7, 1863.

Second Lieut. H. B. Allison, Sixty-Second Infantry; residence, Sampson; captured at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., September 9, 1863.

Second Lieut. M. C. Andrews, Twenty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Orange County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. T. P. Barrow, Third Infantry; residence, Washington; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. A. Blain, Sixteenth Infantry; residence, Franklin County; captured at Falling Waters, Va., July 14, 1863.

Second Lieut. J. H. Bloodworth, Fourth Cavalry; residence, Wilmington; captured at Brandy Station, Va., October 11, 1863.

Second Lieut. Alex H. Brown, Thirtieth Infantry; residence, Chatham; captured at Kelly's Ford, Va., November 7, 1863.

Second Lieut. David S. Bullard, Eighteenth Infantry; residence, Owensville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. John M. Burgin, Twenty-Second Infantry; residence, Marion; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. C. M. Busbee, Fifth Infantry; residence, Raleigh; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. E. A. Carver, First Infantry; residence, Forestville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. B. Chandler, Thirteenth Infantry; residence, Yanceyville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. George S. Coble, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Graham; captured at Hanover Inn, Va., June 26, 1863.

Second Lieut. Joseph B. Coffed, First Infantry; residence, Tarboro; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. I. Coggin, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Froy; captured at Gettysburg July 1, 1863.

Second Lieut. J. C. C. Cowper, Thirty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Suffolk; captured at Gettysburg July 1, 1863.

Second Lieut. C. M. Crapon, Third Infantry; residence, Smithville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. T. D. Crawford, Navy; residence, Washington; captured near Washington, N. C., February 24, 1864.

Second Lieut. A. B. Davis, First Cavalry; residence, Morgantown; captured at Petersburg May 7, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. F. Doles, Thirty-Second Infantry; residence, Wilson; captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864.

Second Lieut. E. W. Dorsey, Eleventh Infantry; residence, Whitesville; captured at Gettysburg July 5, 1863.

Second Lieut. John Q. Elkins, Eighteenth Infantry; residence, Whitesville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Mich E. Fennell, Sixty-First Infantry; residence, Leesville; captured at Bermuda Hundred, Va., June 16, 1864.

Second Lieut. Francis F. Floyd, Fifty-First Infantry; residence, Whitesville; captured at Bermuda Hundred, Va., June 16, 1864.

Second Lieut. H. Y. Gash, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Morgantown; captured at Jackson's Mill, N. C., June 22, 1864.

Second Lieut. R. A. Glenn, Twenty-Second Infantry; residence, New Salem; captured at Hanover, Va., May 23, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. C. Gordon, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Morgantown; captured at Jackson's Mill, N. C., June 22, 1864.

Second Lieut. B. A. Gowan, Fiftieth Infantry; residence, Whitesville; captured at Bermuda Hundred June 16, 1864.

Second Lieut. A. J. Gurgans, Third Infantry; residence, Onslow; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. H. Harget, First Infantry; residence, New Berne; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Edwin S. Hart, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Burrack; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. F. Heath, Sixty-Seventh Infantry; residence, New Berne; captured at Swift Creek, Va., April 26, 1864.

Second Lieut. L. J. Henderson, Third Infantry; residence, Jacksonville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Gilbert P. Higley, Fifty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Lumberton; captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864.

Second Lieut. William H. Ivey, Second Cavalry; residence, Clinton; captured at Spottsylvania May 7, 1864.

Second Lieut. A. J. Howser, First Infantry; residence, Lincoln; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. C. Hines, Fifth Cavalry; residence, Jackson County; captured at Jack's Shop, Va., September 22, 1863.

Second Lieut. William P. Johnson, First Cavalry; residence, Charlotte; captured at Bristow Station, Va., November 25, 1863.

Second Lieut. W. T. Jones, Thirty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Moore County; captured at Petersburg June 17, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. E. King, Third Infantry; residence, Onslow; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. C. C. Lane, Third Infantry; residence, Snow Hill; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. B. Lindsay, Thirty-First Infantry; residence, Wadesboro; captured at Cold Harbor June 1, 1864.

Second Lieut. G. H. Lindsay, Fifty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Madison; captured at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864.

Second Lieut. Z. H. Lowdermilk, Third Infantry; residence, Randolph; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. R. H. Lyons, Thirty-First Infantry; residence, Black Rock; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Maj. William P. Emanuel, Fourth Cavalry; residence, Charleston; captured at Louisa C. H., Va., June 11, 1864.

Maj. Martin G. Zeigler, Cavalry; residence, Cokesburg; captured at Stony Creek, Va., May 7, 1864.

Capt. Henry Buish, Twenty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Charleston; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 24, 1864.

Capt. William L. Campbell, Eleventh Infantry; residence, Waterboro; captured at Petersburg, Va., May 13, 1864.

Capt. T. B. Martin, Cavalry; residence, Spartanburg; captured at Petersburg, Va., May 7, 1864.

Capt. S. B. Meacham, Fifth Infantry; residence, Yorkville; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

Capt. Docithens C. Moore, Cavalry; residence, Cokesburg; captured at Jarratt's Depot, Va., May 8, 1864.

Capt. James M. Mulvany, Twenty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Charleston; captured at Petersburg, Va., May 7, 1864.

Capt. Thomas Pinckney, Fourth Cavalry; residence, Charleston; captured at Wawes Shop, Va., May 28, 1864.

First Lieut. F. M. Banglenan, First Infantry; residence, Florence; captured at Hanover, Va., May 23, 1864.

First Lieut. A. W. Burt, Seventh Infantry; residence, Hamburg; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

First Lieut. Henry I. Clinton, Twenty-First Infantry; residence, Timmonsville; captured at Petersburg June 18, 1864.

First Lieut. W. W. Covington, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Bennettsville; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 11, 1864.

First Lieut. T. W. Easterling, Fifth Cavalry; residence, Charleston; captured at Trevillian's Station, Va., May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. S. T. Anderson, First Infantry; residence, Chester; captured at Gettysburg July 19, 1863.

Second Lieut. W. S. Bissell, Second Infantry; residence, Charleston; captured at Gettysburg July 4, 1863.

Second Lieut. William Epps, Fourth Cavalry; residence, King Tree; captured at Louisa C. H., Va., June 11, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. I. Gallman, Fifth Infantry; residence, Unionville; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

Second Lieut. M. P. Galloway, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Marlboro; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Second Lieut. David Gordon, Fourth Cavalry; residence, King Tree; captured at Louisa C. H., Va., June 11, 1864.

Second Lieut. Jesse G. Hallford, Eighth Infantry; residence, Tim. Dio.; captured at Cold Harbor, Va., May 30, 1864.

Second Lieut. I. A. Jarrett, Cavalry; residence, Spartanburg; captured at Rocky Creek, Va., May 7, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. E. Johnson, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Liberty; captured at Old Church, Va., May 30, 1864.

Second Lieut. Nathan B. Lusk, Twelfth Infantry; residence, Cherokee; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

TENNESSEE.

Col. A. Fulkerson, Sixty-Third Infantry; residence, Rogersville; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Lieut. Col. T. N. Daugherty, Eighth Cavalry; residence, Livingston; captured at Livingston, Tenn., February 8, 1864.

Capt. H. Baker, Third Cavalry; residence, Natchez; captured in Tennessee September 10, 1863.

Capt. J. W. Boyd, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Jackson; captured at Corinth, Miss., July 1, 1863.

Capt. J. H. Barke, Second Cavalry; residence, Knoxville; captured at Lancaster, Ky., July 15, 1863.

Capt. G. R. Campbell, Cavalry; residence, Manchester; captured at Shelbyville, Tenn., October 29, 1863.

Capt. Leroy P. Carson, Thirty-Fifth Infantry; residence, McMinnville; captured at Sequachee Valley, Tenn., August 19, 1863.

Capt. W. H. Craft, Cavalry; residence, Nashville; captured at White, Tenn., February 26, 1863.

Capt. W. N. James, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Carthage; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Capt. Samuel J. Johnson, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Sparta; captured at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864.

Capt. James P. Lytle, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Unionville; captured at Bean's Station, Tenn., December 14, 1863.

Capt. J. R. McCallam, Sixty-Third Infantry; residence, Knoxville; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Capt. John Nicks, Cavalry; residence, Hawkins; captured at Hickman County, Tenn., December 25, 1863.

Capt. T. F. Perkins, Eleventh Cavalry; residence, Franklin; captured at Williamson County, Tenn., December 8, 1863.

Capt. James H. Polk, First Cavalry; residence, Ashwood; captured in Middle Tennessee January 14, 1864.

First Lieut. Elijah Boddie, Seventh Infantry; residence, Gallatin; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

First Lieut. W. P. Callahan, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Livingston; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

First Lieut. J. M. Cash, Fourth Cavalry; residence, Livingston; captured at Lexington, Ky., February 8, 1864.

First Lieut. M. A. Douglass, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Gallatin; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

First Lieut. Henry C. Fleming, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Spencer County; captured at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864.

First Lieut. Thomas J. Goodloe, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Winchester; captured at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864.

First Lieut. P. D. Hunter, Eighth Cavalry; residence, Nashville; captured at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., September 9, 1863.

First Lieut. C. L. Hutcheson, Sixty-Third Infantry; residence, Georgetown; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

First Lieut. John D. Jenkins, Fourteenth Infantry; residence, Clarksville; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

First Lieut. J. T. Lauderdale, Second Cavalry; residence, Claiborne; captured at Spring Place, Ga., February 29, 1864.

First Lieut. Jesse Loddford, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Livingston; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

First Lieut. Sidney A. Morgan, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Sparta; captured at Spring Place, Ga., February 29, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. H. Adams, Fifty-First Infantry; residence, Covington; captured at Ringgold, Ga., November 25, 1863.

Second Lieut. W. B. Allen, Sixtieth Infantry; residence, Newport; captured at Big Black, Miss., May 17, 1863.

Second Lieut. W. H. Anderson, First Cavalry; residence, Murray; captured at Columbia, Tenn., October 11, 1863.

Second Lieut. B. Arnold, Twenty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Sparta; captured at Huntsville, Ala., February 24, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. G. S. Arrants, Sixty-Third Infantry; residence, Zollicoffer; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Second Lieut. Thomas E. Bradley, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Smith County; captured at Chickamauga, Tenn., September 19, 1863.

Second Lieut. R. C. Bryan, Second Cavalry; residence, La Grange; captured at Salem, Miss., April 13, 1863.

Second Lieut. J. A. Burnett, Fiftieth Infantry; residence, Blountsville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. M. Cameron, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Sparta; captured at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. C. Campbell, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Cookeville; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Second Lieut. Henry H. Cook, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Franklin; captured at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864.

Second Lieut. C. D. Covington, Forty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Lebanon; captured at Lebanon, Tenn., February 6, 1863.

Second Lieut. William B. Easley, Forty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Vernon; captured at Hickman, Tenn., January 23, 1863.

Second Lieut. G. R. Elliott, Fourth Infantry; residence, Allegheny; captured in White County, Tenn., January 8, 1864.

Second Lieut. A. J. Elzey, Seventeenth Infantry; residence, Columbia; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Second Lieut. Z. W. Ewing, Seventeenth Infantry; residence, Lewisburg; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. H. Hastings, Seventeenth Infantry; residence, Shelbyville; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. H. Henderson, Thirty-First Infantry; residence, Madisonville; captured at Monroe County, Tenn., February 2, 1864.

Second Lieut. John M. Henry, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Hartsville; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Second Lieut. John W. Hooberry, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Nashville; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. J. Irvine, Ninth Cavalry; residence, Columbia; captured in Maury County, Tenn., November 8, 1863.

Second Lieut. T. Irwin, Eleventh Infantry; residence, Nashville; captured at Missionary Ridge, Tenn., November 25, 1863.

Second Lieut. W. C. Knox, Fourth Cavalry; residence, Shelbyville; captured at Wilson County, Tenn., November 15, 1863.

Second Lieut. Joseph B. Lewis, First Cavalry; residence, Rutledge; captured at Union County, Tenn., December 4, 1863.

TEXAS.

Capt. R. C. Gillespie, Forty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Fort Worth; captured in Southwestern Virginia October 25, 1863.

First Lieut. W. A. Collin, Seventh Infantry; residence, Coffeeville; captured at Raymond, Miss., May 12, 1863.

First Lieut. J. E. Cobb, Fifth Infantry; residence, Liberty; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.

First Lieut. T. I. Duval, Thirty-Second Cavalry; residence, Anderson; captured at Deer Creek, Miss., January 14, 1864.

Second Lieut. S. C. Adamson, Eleventh Cavalry; residence, Fannin; captured near McMinnville, Tenn., October 4, 1863.

Second Lieut. H. Coffee, First Cavalry; residence, Daingerfield; captured near Franklin, Tenn., April 27, 1863.

VIRGINIA.

Col. Evan Rice, Fifty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Essex County; captured at Falling Waters, Va., July 14, 1863.

Lieut.-Col. Charles B. Christian, Forty-Ninth Infantry; residence, Amherst County; captured at Cold Harbor, Va., May 30, 1864.

Lieut. Col. James C. Council, Twenty-Sixth Infantry; residence, St. Stevens; captured at Petersburg, Va., May 15, 1864.

Maj. P. V. Batte, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Petersburg; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 15, 1864.

Maj. Thomas P. Branch, Staff; residence, Petersburg; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 16, 1864.

Maj. W. H. Hood, Militia; residence, Berlin; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 15, 1864.

Maj. David A. Jones, Staff; residence, Harrisonburg; captured at Spottsylvania, Va., June 10, 1864.

Maj. A. A. Swindler, Seventh Infantry; residence, Sperryville; captured at Rappahannock County March 18, 1864.

Maj. Richard Woodrum, Twenty-Sixth Artillery; residence, Union; captured at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.

Capt. H. A. Allen, Ninth Infantry; residence, Portsmouth; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Capt. B. G. Brown, Seventh Infantry; residence, Albemarle County; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Capt. J. O. B. Crocker, Ninth Infantry; residence, Norfolk; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Capt. E. Carter, Eighth Infantry; residence, Henrico County; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Capt. R. S. Elam, Twenty-Second Infantry; residence, Lynchburg; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Capt. W. T. Johnson, Eighteenth Infantry; residence, Henrico County; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Capt. George W. Nelson, Staff; residence, Rockbridge County; captured at Millwood October 26, 1863.

Capt. Peyton Alfriend, Thirty-Ninth Infantry; residence, Petersburg; captured at Petersburg July 9, 1864.

Capt. T. H. Board, Fifty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Bedford County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. James McD. Carrington, Artillery; residence, Charlottesville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. William P. Carter, Artillery; residence, Millwood; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. Jones R. Christian, Third Cavalry; residence, North Kent County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. Emmet E. DePriest, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Richmond; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. Abner Dobbins, Forty-Second Infantry; residence, Jacksonville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. James Dunlap, Twenty-Sixth Artillery; residence, Union; captured at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.

Capt. H. C. Dickinson, Second Cavalry; residence, Liberty; captured at Chickahominy, Va., May 12, 1864.

Capt. W. P. Duff, Fiftieth Infantry; residence, Jonesville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. J. B. Fitzgerald; residence, Norfolk; captured at Black Water, Va., August 22, 1862.

Capt. R. E. Fraser, Signal; residence, North Kent County; captured at Spottsylvania May 20, 1860.

Capt. A. U. Finks, Tenth Infantry; residence, Madison County; captured at Spottsylvania May 20, 1860.

Capt. W. L. Guthrie, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Prince Edward County; captured at Spottsylvania May 20, 1860.

Capt. T. M. Gobble, Forty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Abingdon; captured at Spottsylvania May 20, 1860.

Capt. D. C. Grayson, Tenth Infantry; residence, Luray; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. Bruce Gibson, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Upperville; captured at Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864.

Capt. J. M. Hughes, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Richmond; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. J. M. Hillsman, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Amelia County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. J. W. Helm, Forty-Second Infantry; residence, Jacksonville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. Lewis Harman, Twelfth Cavalry; residence, Staunton; captured at Vidiersville May 5, 1864.

Capt. J. E. Hodges, Thirty-Second Infantry; residence, Norfolk; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. T. B. Horton, Eleventh Infantry; residence, King William County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. A. R. Humes, Twenty-First Cavalry; residence, Abingdon; captured at Lectown, Va., July 3, 1864.

Capt. George Hopkins, Tenth Cavalry; residence, Hanover County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. F. W. Kelly, Fiftieth Infantry; residence, Tazewell County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. A. M. King, Fiftieth Infantry; residence, Abingdon; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. I. A. Lipps, Fiftieth Infantry; residence, Wise County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. W. S. McConnell, Forty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Estelville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. Charles D. McCoy, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Charlottesville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. R. H. Miller, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Buckingham County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. William C. Nunn, Fifth Cavalry; residence, Plymouth; captured at Trevillian's Station, Va., June 11, 1864.

Capt. George W. Mercer, Twenty-Ninth Infantry; residence, Rural Retreat; captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 6, 1864.

Capt. Isaac Kuykedall, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Romney; captured at Springfield, Va., February 18, 1864.

Capt. J. W. Lovett, Twenty-Second Cavalry; residence, Hampshire County; captured at Capon Bridge, Va., January 31, 1864.

Capt. C. I. Lewis, Eighth Cavalry; residence, Charleston; captured at Shepherdstown, Va., July 3, 1864.

Capt. W. T. Mitchell, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Pittsylvania County; captured at Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864.

Capt. T. A. Moon, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Halifax County; captured at Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864.

First Lieut. William Asbury, Sixteenth Cavalry; residence, Wayne County; captured at Wayne County, Va., February 15, 1864.

First Lieut. I. Arrington, Forty-Second Infantry; residence, Campbell County; captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

First Lieut. J. C. Allen, Seventh Cavalry; residence, Edenburg; captured near Romney, Va., February 2, 1864.

First Lieut. A. R. Angel, Forty-Second Infantry; residence, Franklin County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. E. Lee Bell, Tenth Infantry; residence, Luray; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. W. L. Bernard, Thirty-Seventh Cavalry; residence, Franklin County; captured at Leesburg, Va., July 16, 1864.

First Lieut. Samuel F. Carson, Fifth Infantry; residence, Augusta County; captured at Morton's Ford, Va., February 6, 1864.

First Lieut. Jesse Child, Forty-Second Infantry; residence, Warrenton; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. Isaac Coles, Sixth Cavalry; residence, Pittsylvania County; captured at Brandy Station, Va., June 9, 1864.

First Lieut. T. C. Chandler, Forty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Bowling Green; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. James H. Childs, Fourth Cavalry; residence, Richmond; captured at Herkham's Station, Va., January 6, 1864.

First Lieut. H. T. Colter, Fifty-Third Infantry; residence, King William County; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

First Lieut. C. Chaddock, Thirty-Third Infantry; residence, Luray; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. T. S. Doyle, Thirty-Third Infantry; residence, Staunton; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. L. B. Doyle, Fifth Infantry; residence, Lexington; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. P. W. Dalton, Forty-Second Infantry; residence, Taylorsville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. S. M. Dent, Fifth Cavalry; residence, Alexandria; captured at Yellow Tavern, Va., May 11, 1864.

First Lieut. C. R. Darricott, Fifth Artillery; residence, Hanover County; captured at Hanover, Va., May 10, 1864.

First Lieut. A. W. Edwards, Fifteenth Cavalry; residence, Princess Anne County; captured near Richmond, Va., May 11, 1864.

First Lieut. C. B. Eastham, Tenth Infantry; residence, Harrisonburg; captured at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. J. W. O. Funk, Fifth Infantry; residence, Winchester; captured at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. J. W. A. Ford, Twentieth Infantry; residence, Lewisburg; captured near Washington, D. C., July 14, 1864.

First Lieut. Joseph W. Gilcock, Twenty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Lexington; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

First Lieut. D. W. Gariet, Forty-Second Infantry; residence, Morgantown; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

First Lieut. J. W. Grever, Sixtieth Infantry; residence, Tazewell County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. John W. Gilkerson, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Mint Spring; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. William F. Hart, Twenty-Fifth Artillery; residence, King William County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. C. D. Hall, Forty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Lee County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. C. P. Harper, Twenty-First Infantry; residence, Mecklenburg County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. I. H. Hawkins, Tenth Infantry; residence, McGaheysville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. H. L. Hoover, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Staunton; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. Albert G. Hudgins, Navy; residence, Richmond, Va.; captured at Albemarle Sound, N. C., May 5, 1864.

First Lieut. Henry C. Howlett, Fifth Cavalry; residence, Petersburg; captured at Chesterfield C. H., May 11, 1864.

First Lieut. Robert B. Howlett, Fifth Cavalry; residence, Cobb's Creek; captured at Yellow Tavern, Va., April 23, 1864.

First Lieut. W. L. Hunter, Forty-Fifth Cavalry; residence, Waynesboro; captured at Aldir, Va., April 23, 1864.

First Lieut. George H. Killian, Fifth Infantry; residence, Waynesboro; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. T. I. Kirk, Fourth Infantry; residence, Christiansburg; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. David M. Layton, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Mt. Meridian; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. John F. Lytton, Fifth Infantry; residence, Long Glade; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. T. S. Mitchell, Forty-Second Infantry; residence, Martinsville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. Benjamin C. Maxwell, Artillery; residence, White Hemlock; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. T. O. Mass, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Louisa County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. John O. Murray, Twelfth Cavalry; residence, Richmond; captured at B. & O. R. R., Va., October 25, 1863.

First Lieut. Benjamin D. Merchant, Fourth Cavalry; residence, Manassas; captured at Antioch December 29, 1863.

First Lieut. W. H. Morgan, Eleventh Infantry; residence, Carroll County; captured at Milford Station, Va., May 21, 1863.

First Lieut. William McGauley, Ninth Cavalry; residence, Warsaw; captured at Ashland, Va., July 1, 1864.

First Lieut. James W. McDowell, Twentieth Infantry; residence, Greenbrier County; captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.

Second Lieut. P. B. Akers, Eleventh Infantry; residence, Lynchburg; captured at Milford Station, Va., May 21, 1864.

Second Lieut. I. H. Allen, Forty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Boone County; captured at Logan County, Va., December 9, 1863.

Second Lieut. T. A. Applebury, Forty-First Infantry; residence, Fluvanna County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. John G. Brown, Fortieth Infantry; residence, Front Royal; captured near Mechanicsville, Va., May 30, 1863.

Second Lieut. Hugh M. Brinkley, Forty-First Infantry; residence, Norfolk; captured at Nansemond County, Va., September 1, 1863.

Second Lieut. F. C. Barnes, Fifty-Sixth Infantry; residence, Marysville; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. Robert C. Bryan, Forty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Abingdon; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Robert S. Bowie, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Abingdon; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Barney B. Canoy, Fourth Infantry; residence, Elk Creek; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. C. F. Crisp, Tenth Infantry; residence, Luray; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Alex B. Cook, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Louisa County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. George B. Chalkley, Fourteenth Infantry; residence, Petersburg; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. R. C. Campbell, Fifty-Third Infantry; residence, King William County; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. A. B. Cawthorne, Twenty-Sixth Infantry; residence, King William County; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 10, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. B. Carder, Fourth Infantry; residence, Marion; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. John W. Davis, Twentieth Cavalry; residence, Clarksburg; captured at Frederick City, Mo., July 10, 1864. "Took oath at Hilton Head and was kicked out of prison."

Second Lieut. W. B. Dodson, Fifth Cavalry; residence, Danville; captured at Yellow Tavern, Va., May 11, 1864.

Second Lieut. Michael H. Duff, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Washington County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. John A. Donaghe, Tenth Infantry; residence, Parnassus; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. William A. Dawson, Twenty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Collaws; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Norman D. Embry, Eleventh Infantry; residence, Peneville; captured at Milford, Va., May 21, 1864.

Second Lieut. William L. Enos, Twenty-Sixth Infantry; residence, Wood County; captured at Petersburg, Va., June 16, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. Walker Frasier, First Cavalry; residence, Loudoun County; captured at Rapidan, Va., October 11, 1863.

Second Lieut. C. Fractas, Third Infantry; residence, Petersburg; captured at Howlett's Farm, Va., June 10, 1864.

Second Lieutenant James I. Fulcher, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Glade; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. S. H. Finks, Tenth Infantry; residence, Madison County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. James W. Groom, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Louisa County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. John T. Ganaway, Fiftieth Infantry; residence, Chatham; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. T. M. Graveley, Forty-Second Infantry; residence, Martinsville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. S. Gilmore, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Lebanon; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. L. Green, Fifth Cavalry; residence, Petersburg; captured near Richmond, Va., May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. W. George, Twenty-Sixth Artillery; residence, Princeton; captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.

Second Lieut. S. W. Carvey, Third Infantry; residence, Norfolk; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. Ben H. Hutchison, Eighth Infantry; residence, Loudoun County; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. Hopkins Harden, Ninth Infantry; residence, Scottsville; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. J. L. Hempstead, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, —; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

Second Lieut. F. R. Haynes, Twenty-Fourth Cavalry; residence, Cobb's; captured at Gloucester, Va., October 5, 1863.

Second Lieut. R. B. Hash, Fifth Cavalry; residence, Stevensville; captured at Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864.

Second Lieut. Samuel J. Hutton, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Glade Spring; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. William H. Hatcher, Forty-Second Infantry; residence, Liberty; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. J. Henrize, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Lebanon; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. W. Harris, Fifty-Eighth Infantry; residence, Bedford County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. S. Hicks, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Goochland County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Pat Hogan, Fourth Infantry; residence, Lexington; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. John W. Hughes, Forty-Fourth Infantry; residence, Cobham; captured at Spottsylvania May 13, 1864.

Second Lieut. S. Horace Hawes, Artillery; residence, Richmond; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Samuel A. Johnson, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Louisa County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. H. C. Jones, Fiftieth Infantry; residence, Gladesville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. George F. Krizer, Fifth Infantry; residence, Martinsville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. T. I. King, Forty-Second Cavalry; residence, Greenville; captured at Charles City C. H., Va., December 13, 1863.

Second Lieut. Festes King, Artillery; residence, King William County; captured at Charles City C. H., Va., December 13, 1863.

Second Lieut. I. Stanton King, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Abingdon; captured at Charles City C. H., Va., December 13, 1863.

Second Lieut. J. P. Kelly, Fourth Infantry; residence, Newbern; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. W. Kretzer, Twelfth Cavalry; residence, Harrisonburg; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Drury Lacy, Twenty-Third Infantry; residence, Prince Edward County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Russell W. Legg, Fiftieth Infantry; residence, Turkey Cove; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. John Long, Tenth Infantry; residence, Bridgewater; captured at Bridgewater, Va., May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. John L. Lambert, Fifty-Second Infantry; residence, Greenville; captured at Cold Harbor, Va., May 30, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. P. R. Leigh, Fifth Cavalry; residence, Gloucester; captured at King and Queen County, Va., June 7, 1864.

Second Lieut. L. C. Leftwich, Navy; residence, Lynchburg; captured at sea May 7, 1864.

Second Lieut. G. B. Long, Fourteenth Infantry; residence, Petersburg; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Second Lieut. Rodes Massir, Artillery; residence, Cowsville; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. J. W. Manck, Tenth Infantry; residence, Harrisonburg; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. Eli A. Rosenbaum, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Abingdon; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Capt. E. D. Camden, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Sutton; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. J. I. Dunkle, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Franklin; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. A. H. Edgar, Twenty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Lewisburg; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. J. H. Johnson, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Franklin; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. J. A. Sipps, Fiftieth Infantry; residence, Wise County; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Capt. J. W. Mathews, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Beverley; captured at Wilderness May 5, 1864.

First Lieut. Earle C. Andis, Fourth Infantry; residence, Elk Creek; captured at Morton's Ford, Va., February 5, 1863.

First Lieut. M. E. Bowers, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Franklin; captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

First Lieut. W. W. Boggs, Twentieth Cavalry; residence, Wheeling; captured at Loudoun County, Va., July 15, 1864.

First Lieut. Henry Fry, Thirty-Seventh Infantry; residence, Wheeling; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. George W. Finley, Fifty-Sixth Infantry; residence, Clarksville; captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

First Lieut. N. A. Haskins, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Buchanan County; captured at Wilderness May 5, 1864.

First Lieut. O. H. P. Lewis, Thirty-First Infantry; residence, Beverley; captured at Highland County, Va., November 10, 1863.

Second Lieut. L. D. Bland, Eighteenth Cavalry; residence, Franklin; captured at Pendleton County, Va., January 19, 1864.

Second Lieut. Thornton J. Berry, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Salt Lake; captured at Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

Second Lieut. F. Pousse, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Weston; captured at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

Second Lieut. W. N. Hendrix, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; residence, Fairmount; captured at Wilderness May 5, 1864.

Second Lieut. A. R. Humphries, Twenty-Sixth Infantry; residence, Lewisburg; captured at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.

Second Lieut. C. P. Johnson, Cavalry; residence, Hampshire County; captured at Burlington, Va., December 3, 1864.

ANSWERS TO REQUESTS CONCERNING THEM.

Benjamin Drake, Frankfort, Ky., sends *data* about Kentuckians who were among the "six hundred."

Maj. J. Bennet McCreary, afterwards Lieutenant Colonel Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, lives at Richmond, Ky. He has been Governor of the State, served several terms in the United States Congress, and is one of the most prominent men in Kentucky.

Capt. Thomas C. Eastin returned to his home in Fayette County after the war, was elected sheriff, and died a few years ago.

Capt. R. D. Logan died at his home in Boyle County recently, respected and loved by all who knew him.

Capt. M. D. Logan, whose name does not appear in the list, was one of the "six hundred." He obtained a special exchange at Fort Pulaski, and was afterwards lieutenant colonel of the Third Kentucky Cavalry. He died at his home in Boyle County, Ky., a short while ago. He was a brother to Capt. Bob Logan, and descended from the famous pioneer Logan.

First Lieutenant W. P. Crow died soon after the war. He was a true soldier.

Lieutenant Ben S. Drake lives at Lexington, Ky., and takes great interest in everything pertaining to the great war.

First Lieutenant Isham Fox died a few years ago at his home in Madison County, Ky. He was a good soldier and citizen.

First Lieutenant Hansan Moles was killed by a bushwhacker soon after the war.

Second Lieutenant A. B. Chinn lives at Lexington, Ky., and is a successful and respected merchant.

Second Lieutenant W. F. Leathers died several years ago at the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Missouri. He was probably the oldest man among the "six hundred," and no truer, braver man ever existed.

Second Lieutenant D. N. Prewett lives near Danville, in Boyle County, Ky. He has always been true to the Southern cause.

Second Lieutenant Frank P. Peak, Byrne's Battery, resided in Chicot County, Ark. He was captured near Buffington Island, died, and was buried on Morris' Island. His name is not in the published list. No braver soldier, no truer friend, no purer Christian gave his life for the South. He was one of the best of all the six hundred heroes.

Col. John L. Cartwell, Wilmington, N. C., was a private in Company H, Palmetto Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, in the Mexican war. In 1861 he was exempt from military service by reason of his being clerk of the Confederate States Court for the district of Cape Fear, and also as a magistrate, but was in active service from April, 1861, until June, 1865. During this time he served respectively as captain of a company of brigade guards, captain of Company F, Third North Carolina Infantry, colonel of Fifty-First North Carolina Infantry. He is the compiler of the list of six hundred officers sent from Fort Delaware August 20, 1864, put under fire in Charleston Harbor, and sent from there to Fort Pulaski, Savannah River, Ga., and starved at both places in "retaliation," so called. All the lists of the six hundred were originally obtained from his made at the time. Forty of the six hundred were not under fire, but were in the hospital at Beaufort, S. C. Col. Cartwell was one of the founders of the first organization of veterans of the



GEN. D. H. HILL.

civil war, the "Association of Officers of the Third North Carolina Infantry." The association has been in continuous existence to the present time. Of late years the enlisted men have been eligible for membership, and the word "officers" has, by vote, been dropped from the title. Col. Cartwell now resides at Wilmington, N. C.

Mr. W. N. Cameron, President of the Coleman (Tex.) National Bank, writes that he was one of the six hundred officers about whom much is to be published in the next issue, and that he read Judge Cook's article in the VETERAN with much interest.

Lieut. J. L. Greer, of Company D, Fourth Georgia Regiment of volunteers, one of the officers confined in Charleston, was wounded in side and arm and taken prisoner at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va., May 10, 1864; was first taken to Point Lookout prison, then to Fort Delaware, and from there to Charleston with the other Confederate officers. While suffering with his wound, he was sent with thirty-five sick and wounded to Beaufort Island, and was exchanged in December. After the surrender he returned home, and afterwards went to Texas. His address is McKinney.

George M. Albright, second lieutenant Company F, Sixth North Carolina Regiment, was born February 14, 1840, and enlisted in May, 1865. He was in the first battle of Manassas; was wounded at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862, from which wound he was disabled for several months. He was captured at Rappahannock Station November 7, 1863, and was sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained until March, 1864; he was then moved to Point Lookout, Md. Later he was sent to Fort Delaware, and in August, 1864, was placed with comrades on board the old ship Crescent, and was confined with them in the hold of the vessel for eighteen days. On Morris' Island they were placed in a stockade within range of Confederate batteries. After six weeks, during which time he suffered all kinds of indignities at the hands of negro guards, he was removed to Fort Pulaski. Here the treatment was worse than at any other place. In November he was sent to Fort Delaware, where he remained until the close of the war. He now lives at Lebanon, Tenn.

F. C. Barnes, Chase City, Va., writes of his interest in the list of the six hundred officers, and adds: "I was lieutenant of Company G, Fifty-Sixth Virginia Regiment, Garnett's Brigade, Pickett's Division; was captured July 3, 1863."

Comrade T. D. Crawford, Ocala, Fla.: "My rank was first lieutenant of Company B, Twenty-Sixth Georgia Regiment, Gordon's Brigade. At the time of my capture I had made application for transfer to the navy. The transfer was not made because of the loss of our seaports."

Capt. Samuel J. Parham, of North Carolina, was born August 3, 1844. He was a son of Asa Parham, of Granville County, four of whose sons were in the Confederate army. Capt. Parham entered service at the beginning of the war, and except while in prison or on parole, was actively engaged until its close. His comrades have reported of him many deeds of daring and valor. He was captured at Rappahannock Station, Va., November 7, 1863. In 1866 he married Miss

Maria L. Southerland, of Mobile, Ala., who, with one daughter and five sons, survives him. He was an accomplished gentleman, a thorough and energetic business man, and for several years was mayor of Henderson, N. C. He died March 3, 1880, true to his convictions of constitutional liberty, and loyal to the great principle for which the South contended: sovereignty of the States.

W. C. Nutt, captain of Company A, Fifty-Third Georgia Regiment, writes: "November 29, 1863, I was severely wounded while charging the fort at Knoxville, Tenn., and was taken prisoner and kept at the field hospital until able to walk to Knoxville, where I was confined in the county jail to await transportation. I was then removed to Nashville, where I was in the penitentiary for a short time; then to Fort Delaware; then South with the six hundred for seven months' torture; finally was sent back to Fort Delaware, where I was released in June, 1865. I now live in Orlando, Fla."

Lieut. G. S. Cobb, Swepsonville, N. C., makes a correction: "I was captured June 26, at South Annex Bridge, and fired the first shot. I was in command of eleven men, and had orders to hold the bridge at all hazards; we held it until reënforcements arrived, and never did surrender. No men in the service were more gallant."

Lieut. W. J. Boswell, Company B, Fifty-Fifth Georgia Regiment, was in Charleston Harbor, one of the six hundred. He was taken as prisoner from Fort Delaware, and he never recovered from ill health brought on by the severity of that trip. He related that they killed, during confinement in the harbor, thirty pet cats belonging to the Federal officers, and ate them to avoid starvation."

Benjamin D. Merchant, Manassas, Va., sends information about two of the six hundred who were with him on Morris' Island: "First Lieut. James H. Childs, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, died at his residence



GEN. J. B. VINET.

near Warrenton, Va., July 19, 1878. First Lieut. S. M. Dent, Fifth Virginia Cavalry, died in Alexandria, Va., January 30, 1893."

Comrade W. B. Allen, Greensboro, N. C., writes of his capture and experiences as one of the six hundred: "We were taken from the field by train to Washington, where we were kept in the old capitol, and while there we were visited by Belle Boyd. The men were sent to Point Lookout, and the officers to Johnson's Island. We were kept at the latter place until ordered by the doctor to the hospital at Point Lookout; from there we were taken to Fort Delaware, and thence to Charleston Harbor. Here we were kept under fire for forty days. Once during that time we were placed on a transport while truce was being held, and firing began rapidly. Great excitement followed receipt of news of the fall of Atlanta and of Fort Pillow. On leaving Charleston Harbor we were taken to Fort Pulaski, where the "retaliation" consisted of low diet and brutal treatment. The experiences here were terrible, and I have understood that one hundred and fifty out of six hundred died in three months. We were taken to Fortress Monroe (for the second time) to be exchanged as sick and wounded, but instead we were taken back to Fort Delaware. We were paroled June 13, 1865."

Capt. W. H. Day, Raleigh, N. C., sends correction of list, stating that he was captured at Spotsylvania May 12, 1864.

First Lieut. Benjamin L. Brown, Blakely, Ga., states: "I was sent from Fort Delaware in a squad of three hundred, landed on Morris' Island September 7, 1864, and remained there under range of guns for forty days; was then carried to Fort Pulaski, where rations were scant and poor. Thirty-two of our party died from disease while there."

J. G. Brown, Front Royal, Va., sends this correction: "I was in the Forty-Ninth Regiment, Virginia Infantry; time of my capture, May 30, 1864."

Gilbert P. Highley was descended from English ancestors, who settled in Connecticut about two hundred years ago; the only son of G. H. and Martha Highley, and was born in East Granby, Conn., in 1823. He came South in 1848 and settled in Lumberton, N. C., where he was married in 1850 to Miss Ann Eliza Norment. When the war came on he warmly espoused the cause of his adopted country, and enlisted as a private in Company F, Fifty-First Regiment, North Carolina troops. He served as first lieutenant of this company until his capture at Cold Harbor, Va., in 1864. The last fourteen months of the war he spent in prison, most of the time in Fort Delaware, and was one of the six hundred placed under fire of Confederate guns in Charleston Harbor. He was refused exchange because he was a Northern man by birth, but on this account was treated with marked courtesy. He was a brave soldier, true to his adopted home and her cause, and willingly shared the hardships of war. After the war he returned to Lumberton, where he resided until his death, in 1896.

Albert Newton Leatherwood, residence Fort Humbree, Clay County, N. C.; enlisted and was commissioned second lieutenant in Company E, Thirty-Ninth Infantry, November 6, 1861; wounded December 31, 1862, at Murfreesboro; promoted and commissioned

first lieutenant August 10, 1863; captured in Clay County, N. C., February 19, 1864.

J. L. Haynes, first lieutenant Company I, Fourteenth Alabama, Gen. Perin's Brigade; former residence near Lineville, Ala.; present address, Van Alstyne, Tex.

Lieut. C. D. Covington, Company B, Forty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment, Col. Searcy commanding; enlisted at Lebanon, Tenn., in the fall of 1861; served in the Army of Tennessee, and was captured near Lebanon while recruiting for the army; early in 1863 was sent to Murfreesboro, then to Louisville; and in turn to Camp Chase, Fort Delaware, Johnson's Island, Point Lookout, Maryland, back to Fort Delaware, Hilton Head, and then to Charleston, where he was confined with the "six hundred." He writes that he had terrible experiences there, fearing death from starvation more than from guns or disease. Their guards were negroes, who were very brutal in their treatment. He was taken from Charleston Harbor to a point near Savannah, and was afterwards exchanged at Richmond. He now lives near Lebanon, Tenn.

First Lieut. A. J. Armstrong, Forty-Sixth Alabama Infantry, who was in Charleston Harbor with the six hundred, now lives at Balkum, Ala.

Miss Susan B. Hines, Milton, N. C., writes: "I received the names of Confederate officers directed to my brother, Capt. S. H. Hines. He was exchanged and reached home in June, 1865. He was in the mercantile business in Danville, Va., and later lived in Richmond until his death, on Christmas morning, 1870, at the burning of Spotswood Hotel, while endeavoring to rescue a friend from the flames."

Capt. C. Irvine Lewis, Kanawha Rangers, Eighth Virginia Cavalry, is one of the survivors of the six hundred. He has been a practicing physician at Ganley Bridge, W. Va., ever since the war.

Comrade J. W. Matthews, Alvon, W. Va., writes:

I was mustered into the service of the Confederate States May 18, 1861, at Grafton, Va. (now West Virginia), and served as a private until November, 1862, when I was elected lieutenant. I held this position until my regiment was captured, May 5, 1864, at Wilderness, Va. I was never absent from duty on account of sickness or wounds, although I had my sword shot out of my hand in the charge on Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. I was promoted to captain after that battle. When captured I weighed 160 pounds, and after the torture on Morris' Island my weight was 100. I was not sick, but starved.

The *Cumberland Presbyterian*: "In the columns of the VETERAN from month to month, the war, without its bitterness and blood, is lived over again. The future historian of the civil war will find its files a mine of information."

John L. Ward, 160 North Cherry Street, Nashville, Tenn., wants information as to what company and regiment Capt. W. B. Ward belonged. It is known that he was a cavalrman in Gen. Longstreet's Corps.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

BY MISS R. C. WEBSTER.

Mrs. Andrew Erwin was formerly Miss Mary Webster, of Maury County, Tenn., a daughter of Mr. Jonathan Webster, who was a prominent planter on the Little Bigby River. When barely nineteen, she was married to Col. William Tait, of North Carolina, a cousin of Gov. Zeb Vance, of that State. He lived but a few months, and she afterwards married Col. James W. Camp, of Virginia, a highly educated and wealthy planter living near Huntsville, Ala. This union lasted for nearly twenty years, and was regarded as "the romance of her life." When she was thirty-nine years of age she was again married, her choice being Col. Andrew Erwin, a brother of Mrs. John Bell, of Tennessee (whose husband was the last Whig candidate for the Presidency), Mrs. Hitchcock and Mr. Isaac Erwin, of Mobile, and Mrs. Porter, of Louisiana. He was the uncle of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, who is Minister to Russia under McKinley's administration. His eldest brother James married the only daughter of Henry Clay.

Mrs. Erwin's lovely home at Beechwood, Tenn., was headquarters for many of the officers of the Tennessee army. For six weeks previous to the battle of Murfreesboro there were encamped within her spacious grounds Gen. Hardee (with his family), Breckenridge, Cleburne, Bragg, Polk, and J. E. Johnston. Her broad sympathy extended to all alike, and she showed no difference between officers and privates.

Of this remarkable woman her sister, Miss Rowe Webster, has this to say:

"I am proud to say that she reared me from childhood, and that I helped her in caring for the sick and wounded, and in sending the convalescents back to their commands. In her home she entertained graciously, even lavishly, and among those who often spent the summer at Beechwood were Mrs. Player (a daughter of Mrs. John Bell), with her four sons; Mrs. Hitchcock and two sons, Ethan Allen and Henry, and her daughter, Miss Carrie; Miss Sallie Turner, now Mrs. Shepherd; Miss Mary Turner, now Mrs. George Searight; and Miss Anna Erwin, afterwards Mrs. James Woods.

"During that time the English government sent a representative to America to inspect our military tactics. He was a Col. Freemantle, chosen from the Cold Stream Guards, who were selected from the best families to guard the queen's palace. He spent several weeks at Beechwood, and wrote a book called 'Six Months in the Confederate States.' In this he



MRS. ANDREW ERWIN.

mentions the ladies he met there, among whom were Mrs. Erwin, the Misses Hardee, Mesdames Green, and Miss Rowe Webster. He liked the South better than the North, and seemed to be one of the family. When there was a lull of hostilities Beechwood was a social center. In addition to many lovely traits, Mrs. Erwin possessed a beautiful Christian character, and her good influence was felt wherever she went. I remember a dinner party at Beechwood when some of the generals were present. Among the guests was Senator Voorhees, who had been 'dumped over the lines.' He remarked near Mrs. Erwin: 'I was never more punished than when I saw the stars and stripes wave over my prison.' Gen. Hardee said: 'Voorhees, say that louder, and we will all hear it.' So he repeated it in a louder tone. He went South in a day or two. I also remember the generals discussing the question of superseding Gen. Bragg on account of his misfortunes as a commander, though he was true to the South.

"In 1863, in order to get away from the Yankees, I went to Huntsville, Ala., but it was from the frying pan into the fire, as the Yankees poured into the city, and I was arrested a few days later by Gen. O. M. Mitchell (Cincinnati), of geography notoriety. My offense was having been seen with a tiny Confederate flag in my hand. My niece, Miss Rosa Turner, and Miss Mathews had played with a grace hoop with one of these flags attached, and the three of us were summoned to his tent. He began his questioning, saying to me: 'Don't you know I could send you to Fort La Fayette in five minutes?' I said: 'That would be very rapid traveling; I do not know that I could make the trip in that time.' I could see a lurking smile in his eyes, and he said: 'What is your jail made for, Miss?' I answered: 'To put outlawed men in, sir.' He then said: 'No man, woman, or child shall say in my tent that they are Rebels.' I said: 'I am a Rebel, open and aboveboard. You had better watch that class who are good Rebels when I see them and good Federals when you see them, when they want favors done. You know where to find me.' Said he: 'Are you a lady?' 'Who doubts it?' I said. 'You women get to your homes,' he replied, and if I had had a pistol I should have shot him. He was a poor, cowardly man—sat all the time behind his desk buying cotton in gold while he paid his soldiers in greenbacks. He never went to the front, but sent the Fourth Ohio and other soldiers to fight his battles. This regiment went out fifteen hundred strong, and at the close of the war there were but fifty left! They were brave men, and we women were wicked enough to count the empty saddles on their return. This Gen. Mitchell had some bad men in his command, and was bad himself. He died of yellow fever on the coast of Charleston.



MISS ROWE WEBSTER.

THE LATE HENRY B. PLANT.

A call upon Mr. H. B. Plant, founder, chief promoter, and President of the Plant System of Railway and Steamship Lines, founder and President of the Southern Express Company, on the last of March, 1899, at the Tampa Bay Hotel is memorable because of his animated and thoroughly cordial manner. Request for an account of his connection with the Confederate government was made, when he referred to Col. T. T. Wright, through whom he would cheerfully furnish the data. Mr. Plant went North soon afterwards, and his death occurred before opportunity to see Col. Wright presented itself. That gentleman now pays this personal tribute:

It is with a thrill of sadness that I refer to the passing away of the late Henry B. Plant, the South's great benefactor and the genial friend whom I have known for thirty-six years.



HENRY B. PLANT.

Henry B. Plant was a man who commanded our confidence, our respect, and our affections. Those who came in contact with him can never forget his beaming eyes, that serious yet kindly expression of face, and commanding presence which marked him as a man of no ordinary type. Of his business traits—his untiring industry, his sagacity, his integrity, his love of justice and fair dealing, inspiring from the beginning to the end his almost unparalleled business career—I may not speak. Words fail to express sentiments in this regard which friends already entertain. Silence and the warm pressure of the hand are in such moments the only possible and most expressive utterance of our thoughts.

The death of Mr. Plant brought no financial disaster to the world's marts of trade. He was not a wrecker nor a gambler in stocks, but a creator, a developer, a reclamer of barren Southern wastes. He bridged the floods and pierced the jungles with rail-

ways. He converted barren deserts to fertile plains where men love to dwell. He lit lamps of learning to illuminate and dispel the dark of ignorance. Industrious and frugal, with a genius for business, he accumulated wealth which enabled him to enrich the South with industrial creations which have given employment to thousands of faithful workers. What a blessing is wealth to good men! Nations that develop little wealth develop little civilization.

When Mr. Plant assembled national and international congress in the interest of industrialism and science, the governments of earth honored them with representatives. The government of the United States published the proceedings of some of these assemblies, which have received deserved recognition by men of learning throughout the world.

Mr. Plant was not a member of any Church. His creed was contained in a few words: "I try to do all the good I can, and the least harm." While honoring his own simple faith, he did not despise that of his neighbor. What better one can any of us possess? It was that of the Man of Galilee.

Possibly the most admirable trait in the character of Mr. Plant was his loyal friendship. When he believed in a man nothing could turn him. Marplots and human brutes who delight in carnage, he would not tolerate. With advancing years he grew gentle and tender where men are apt to become suspicious and cynical. He had the power of discerning men. He saw the difference between pretense and honesty, yet he never grew sour, but always, unto the very end, had charity for the infirmities of men.

When borne to his last resting place, in the lovely Connecticut valley, grateful Southern friends came to pay silent but sincere respect to the memory of their departed friend. The Governors of Florida, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina were represented by delegates, who placed floral wreaths on the casket of the South's benefactor and friend, Henry B. Plant.

Hope is still entertained that a history of Mr. Plant's connection with the Confederate government may yet be procured as illustrative of the exalted relations of Mr. Davis and his administration to a Northern man, without requiring the oath or any kind of pledge, but relying upon his unsullied honor.

Comrade B. D. Guice, from near Natchez, Miss., reports the death, on June 1, of Hon. W. C. Yerger: "He was a beloved member of Camp No. 20, U. C. V., and was a constant reader of the VETERAN. He often said to me: 'Now, old comrade, do not let my subscription run out, for I do not want to miss a single copy of the VETERAN.' He joined Texas Cavalry, Company D, West Adams Regiment, as a private; served with that company until 1863, when he was elected first lieutenant of Capt. Sylvester York's company in the Fifth Louisiana Cavalry. Comrade Yerger was twice wounded during the war: the first time was while he was a member of the Texas Cavalry and at Young's Point, near Vicksburg, Miss.; the second time at Hadnot's Hill, on Red River, in Louisiana. He was beloved by all his men, and respected by all his superior officers. He was frequently complimented for gallantry, and especially on one occasion for carrying important information through the enemy's lines."

LARGE SHIPMENT OF SHOES.

EXTRAORDINARY RECORD OF A NASHVILLE FIRM.

Messrs. Richardson Brothers & Co., shoe merchants of Nashville, "broke all records" in their orders to ship to their customers on July 1 *three thousand cases of shoes.*

One of the daily papers had this to say about it at the time:

"Last year the trade journals of the country made a great ado over the fact that a Southern shoe house shipped in one day 900 cases of shoes. This was probably a record breaker up to that time, but it remained for a Nashville firm to see this shipment and raise it several thousand cases.

"To-day Richardson Brothers & Co., shoe dealers on the Public Square, began on the shipment of 3,000 cases, the largest one day's shipment ever made by any shoe house in the South. These cases will average twenty-four pairs of shoes each, aggregating 72,000 pairs, enough to put shoes on every adult and half the children of the city of Nashville.

"This is not an accumulation of orders, but it represents the orders for July 1, and the firm is simply anticipating the order one day to facilitate matters. These shoes go to Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, and Florida.

"An indication of trade expansion in the shoe line of this city is that a lot of these go to Louisiana, Western Mississippi, Texas, and Arkansas, a territory which has heretofore been sold only by St. Louis. Eight months ago Nashville houses put men in the field, and the result has been most satisfactory.

"Nashville is the largest shoe market in the South, and even now the firm of Richardson Brothers & Co. are shipping goods to Eastern Kentucky and West Virginia, through Louisville.

"One thing about this big shipment which begins to-day is that every order is complete and is not divided up into several blocks, as is usually done by small wholesale dealers.

"It will require the firm and railroads two days to handle these cases, as it will require eight cars to haul them to their various destinations."

The leading members of this firm—Ed R. Richardson and J. B. Richardson—were sturdy Confederate soldiers from Alabama. They came to this city after the close of the war, and engaged with various mercantile enterprises as clerks. Their enterprise and energy have contributed in no small degree to making the Nashville shoe market one of the leading branches of trade in this city, and demonstrating the pluck and recuperative powers of the depleted and impoverished Southern soldier.—ED. VETERAN.

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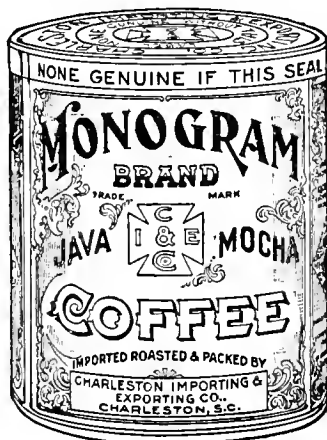
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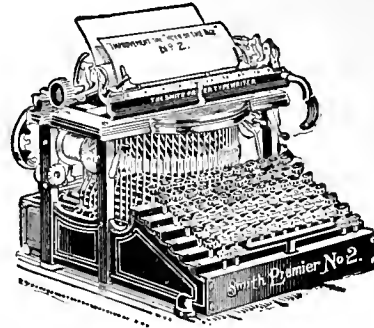
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I felt better from the very first one I took. I had taken them for about a month, and was feeling so much better that I had forgotten about the bad feelings I used to have. The doctors called my trouble dyspepsia. I had it for about seven years, and had never in all my life been able to eat rich food or a very hearty meal. I often wondered why I should have so much dyspepsia. I would have what I call waterbrash sometimes four or five times a day, when clean water that seemed hot would run out of my mouth and the pain was something terrible for a minute, or else I would have pains at times in my stomach that would fairly double me up or pains in my shoulders and legs and all over me so that I would wish I was dead. I would send for the doctor, and when he came in he would say: "Well what is the matter now?" The best way to describe how I felt was just to say that everything was the matter with me and I felt bad everywhere. I think everybody who is troubled with their stomach ought to just try Ripans Tabules and they will soon know how valuable they are. My age is fifty-one years.

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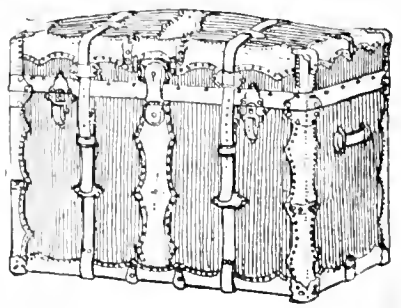
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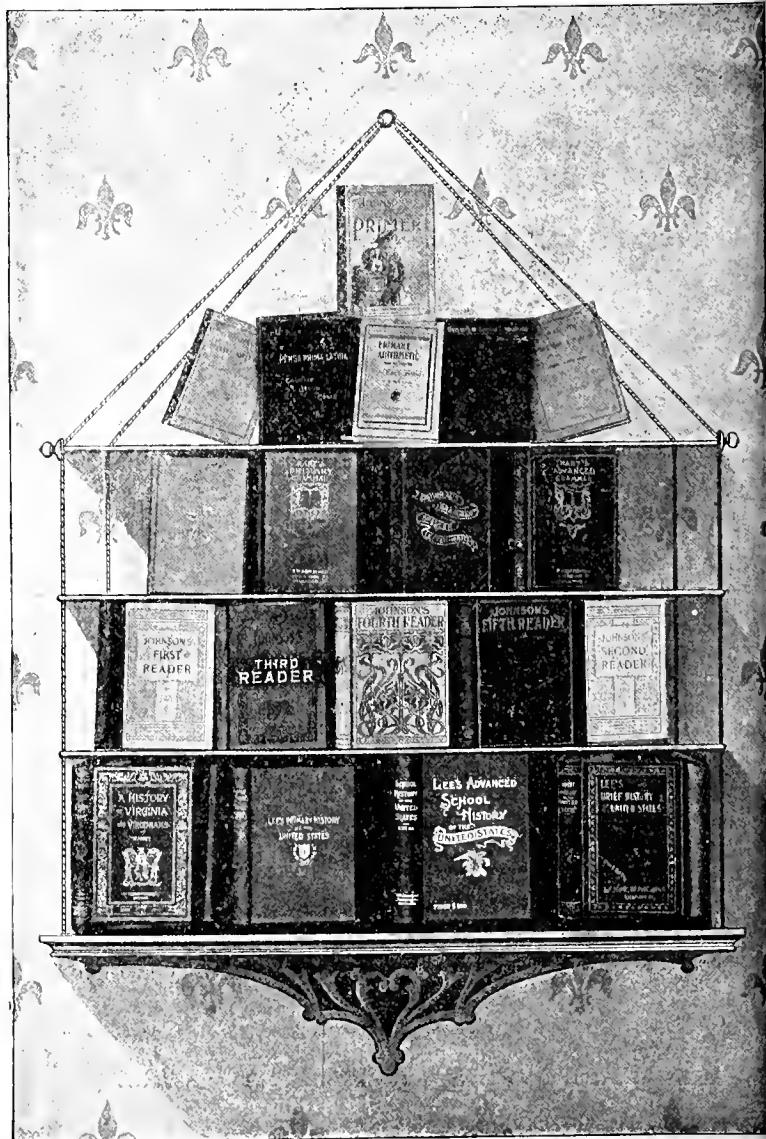
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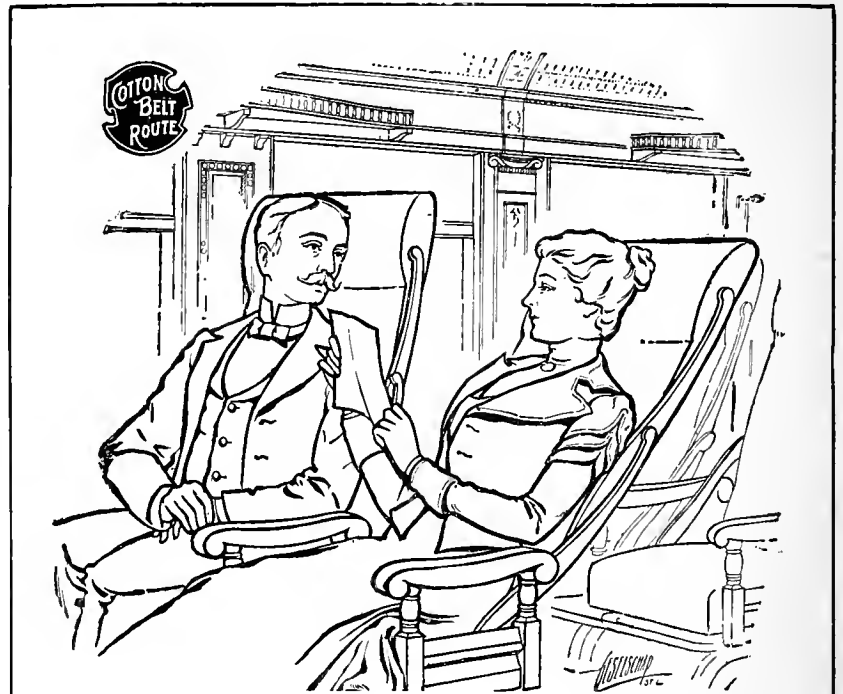
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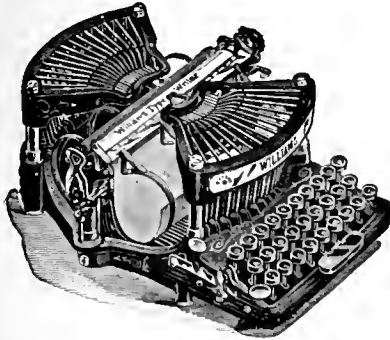
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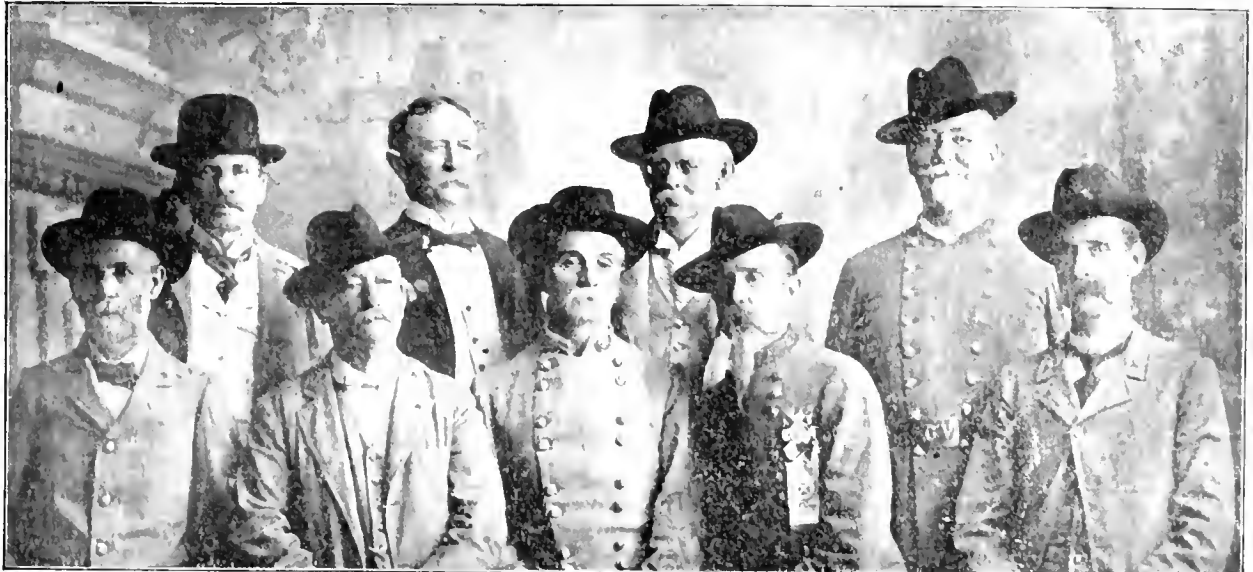
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Young ladies of Lebanon, Tenn., who represented the Southern States at dedication of monument there. See page 313.



Gen. G. W. Gordon and members of staff, Tennessee Division, at Charleston. Gen. A. J. Vaughan, Commander, was absent.

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Silver Chain Bracelets, Full Size	1.25 each.
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Union Central Life Insurance Co.

OF CINCINNATI.

Total Assets, December 31, 1898	\$ 21,048,198 30
Total Liabilities, December 31, 1898	18,211,945 70
Gross Surplus, by 4 per cent Standard	2,836,252 54
Total Amount Issued in 1898	37,115,980 09
Total Insurance in force December 31, 1898	120,573,687 96
Total Number Policies in force, Dec. 31, 1898	66,118
Total Paid Policy holders since organization	15,190,206 90

GAINS IN 1898.

A Gain in Membership of	7,539
A Gain in income of	\$ 514,252 99
A Gain in Interest Receipts of	93,913 46
A Gain in Gross Surplus, 4 per cent	257,875 67
A Gain in Assets of	2,343,068 09
A Gain in Amount of Insurance of	14,056,333 00
A Gain in Amount of New Business written of	1,219,757 00

The average interest rate for 20 years on actually invested assets has been 6.74 per cent, and the death rate three-fourths of one per cent.

The Receipts from Interest for twenty-five years have more than paid all the Death Losses.

J. A. YOWELL, STATE AGENT,

28 Chamber of Commerce,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the *VETERAN* cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

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.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The *VETERAN* is approved and indorsed officially 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. VII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1899.

No. 8. / G. V. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.



The above plate was loaned the *Dalton* (Ga.) *Citizen* by Capt. G. W. Orr, agent of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, of Dalton. Recently, while cleaning up the big freight warehouse, some old plates were found in a pile of *débris*, unmounted. The *Citizen* states that evidently they had been used by some one for counterfeiting Confederate government notes, or perhaps some official of it had secreted them during the war and lost sight of them afterwards. They are interesting relics.

Concerning this plate Mr. John W. Faxon, a banker of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes:

I am under the impression that no notes of the Confederate government were printed bearing the imprint of the notes you send. The pink note of five dollars had a similar back and the printed words, "Five Dollars." I think the fifty-dollar impression was intended for the back of a fifty-dollar note, and was in the hands of counterfeiters.

A great deal of counterfeit money was circulated

through the South by the Federal army, for the purpose of depreciating Confederate money, thereby preventing the people from selling their produce to the Confederate army. It worked to such an extent that the Confederate government in 1863 sent the writer as a detector of Confederate counterfeit money to Knoxville, Tenn., to report to Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, depository for the government at Knoxville.

A great deal of counterfeit money came through Cumberland Gap, and it was stated that it was printed at Richmond, Ky. In one lot of money (about \$10,000) brought in a coffee sack by a hotel keeper by the name of Patterson from Cumberland Gap the writer declared one-third of it to be counterfeit.

At some future time when I can do so I hope to be able to furnish you with some information as to the "manufacture" of Confederate money by the Confederate government. For about one year, while suffering from disability, I was employed in the Treasury Department at Richmond and at Knoxville.

REUNION ORPHAN BRIGADE, GLASGOW, KY.

The annual reunion of the Orphan Brigade, held at Glasgow, Ky., July 21, 1899, was an important event with Kentucky Confederates. It was well attended. Gen. Joseph H. Lewis, the last commander of the brigade in battle, presided at the meeting.

The heavy rain did not interfere with the enjoyment of the day, and the dinner was served in the courthouse in true Kentucky style. Early in the afternoon the business meeting was held in the Circuit Court room, second floor. The handsome room was richly decorated with flags, bunting, pictures of Confederate generals, and a bust of Gen. Lewis. Gen. Joseph H. Lewis presided, and Secretary Thomas D. Osborne was at his desk. Rev. Capt. F. G. Railley led in prayer, asking God to deal tenderly with these loved heroes. Capt. Railley served in the recent war with Spain.

A letter from Rev. Jo. Desha Pickett, who was chaplain of the Orphan Brigade, written to Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm with a message to the orphans, was read. He is living near Chicago. It is as follows:

"I should be delighted to attend the reunion of our dear old brigade to-morrow at Glasgow, and thereafter pay you a visit at your dear 'old Kentucky home,' but am on the sick list, and have been since December, 1891, and am without hope of earthly remedy. This is not known, I presume, to many of my friends, not even of the brigade. We are at present making our home with our son John, and my chief social occupation is with my loving little grandchildren. I have become so deaf that I am denied the privileges of the ordinary social circle, but my hearing will, of course, be restored at the proper time. Be pleased to give my love, in hope of the final reunion, to any of my old comrades whom you may personally meet. I shall surely be with them in spirit and in prayers, as I ever am daily."

The "History of the Orphan Brigade," by Capt. Ed Porter Thompson, was highly commended, and the author was given hearty thanks by the convention.

The roll of the dead, embracing those who had died since the last reunion, in 1896, was called, and the following names were given:

Second Kentucky Infantry: Capt. Joel Higgins, William Wilkins, John McGowan, Capt. Dan Turney, John H. Lee, William Thompson, Phil Uhring, and Al Mershon. [The Secretary should not fail to record in his Second Kentucky Infantry list the name of Mr. Charles Herbst, who died in Macon, Ga. He was faithful and worthy.—EDITOR VETERAN.]



COURT HOUSE, GLASGOW, KY.

Fourth Kentucky Infantry: W. H. Condor, Joe Cole, John Adair, W. R. McQuown, Joshua Higden, and William Williams.

Fifth Kentucky Infantry: Capt. Thomas Henry.

Sixth Kentucky Infantry: Forsyth Winn, Virgil Hewitt, J. W. Smith, Theodore Alcock, John L. Stout, Hess, Gillock, Cosby Duke, and Dr. J. Ed Pendleton.

Ninth Kentucky Infantry: Capt. W. A. Crouch, Henry Barker, Ben Desha, and George R. Bell.

First Kentucky Cavalry: J. Crit Ireland.

Cobb's Battery: Capt. Frank Gray and C. Hutton.

Morgan's Men: W. W. Brooks, George B. Eastin, Ben D. Cowherd, Merritt Smith, and William E. Spencer.

On account of the long delay since the reunion of 1896 there was a large degree of uncertainty as to those who had died during the three years. Many additional names will be furnished to the Secretary, and all members are requested to notify the Secretary of a death as soon as it occurs.

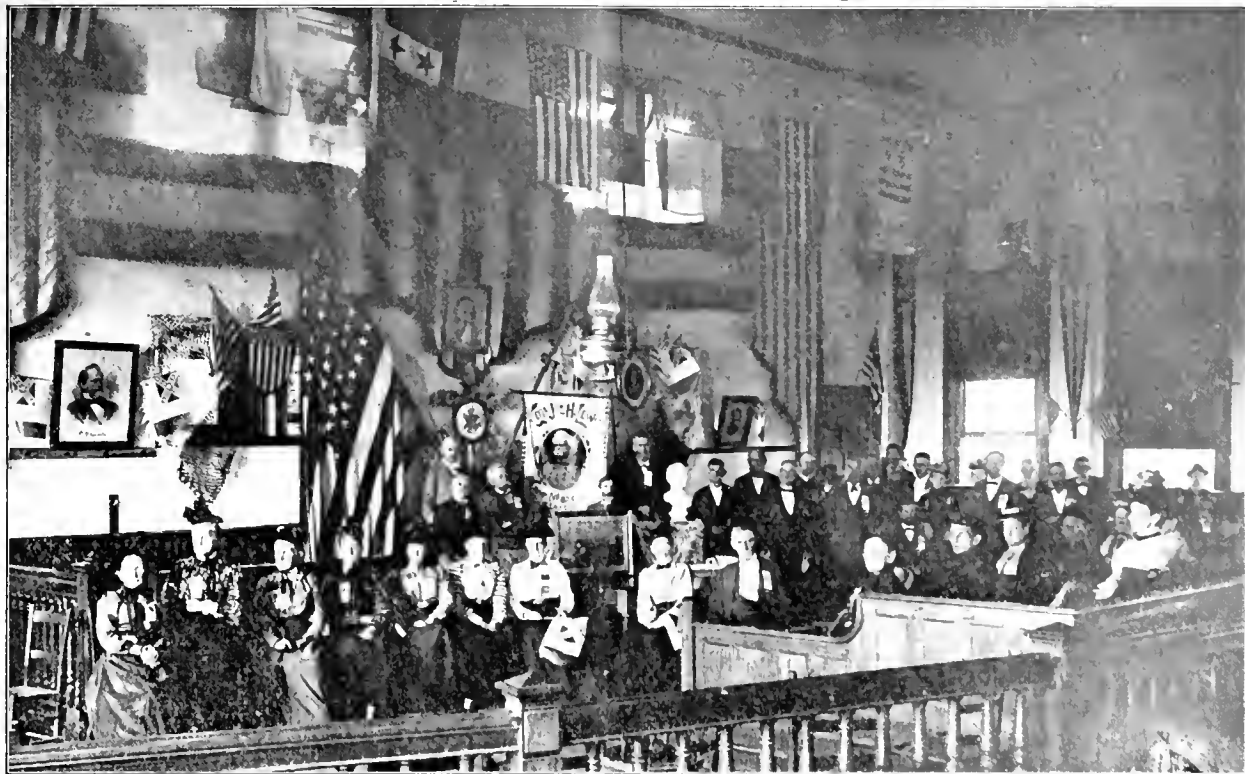
Gen. Lewis then spoke as follows:

"*Friends and Comrades:* The list of the dead, incomplete as it is, reminds us that it will not be many years before the last one of us will be gone, leaving to future generations very little besides our record, made in the four years of civil war.

"That reminds me that it might not be impertinent for me to tell some of you younger people what that record is. I hope you rising generation will take advantage of what there is in it worthy of imitation. Whatever is not commendable, as a matter of course, charge to us.

"The Orphan Brigade left Kentucky in February, 1862. After we had been in camp in Tennessee a month or more, we returned to Kentucky the latter part of April, 1865. During that period many of us had wives, children, parents, brothers, or sisters separated from us hundreds and sometimes thousands of miles, separated as long as the war lasted. We engaged in the pitched battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Chickamauga, Jackson, and many, many more, in which hundreds of our men were killed or wounded, and there was hardly a man who had not the mark of a bullet on his body.

"I want to explain to this great assembly about this profuse hospitality and these beautiful decorations and these emblems, handiwork of lovely women—about this honor to a few old gray-haired men—which I do modestly. Listen, young men and girls, listen: It is because, while we were unsuccessful, we risked our lives daily for four years, enduring all the privations of war and obeying all orders for the four years, marching at midnight or under a torrid sun, fighting in a great conflict for what we believed was right. When we were unsuccessful we came home with almost nothing save honor. Ever since we've been faithful, obedient, loyal citizens. Boys, it don't make much difference whether you are successful or not, provided you try to do what is right. Let nothing deter you from carrying out what you think is right to do. That is why we fought our battles, and that is why to-day people in Kentucky delight to honor us, although our deeds were in vain. It is very sad to see our comrades fading away in death, yet we are used to that, for after every battle, when the regiment was aligned, we found vacant places. We are accustomed to seeing death thinning



COURT ROOM, GLASGOW, KY., WHERE OFFICIALS OF THE ORPHAN BRIGADE AND DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY ASSEMBLED.

the ranks of the old brigade. My friends, nothing gratifies me more than to see here, in my native county, this large assembly gathered to honor these old soldiers who have nothing to give in return. I am satisfied there will never be another reunion in this place, and not many more in Kentucky. All of us have passed the half-century mark; I am more than threescore and ten—the end is not far off. I want to say—it may be for the last time—that I have never been ashamed of this command nor of the cause for which we fought."

Col. J. B. Pirtle announced that a gentleman at Winchester, Tenn., was caring for the graves of eighteen or more members of the brigade buried there; that he might die, and the brigade should take steps to have the graves looked after. The Secretary was directed to write in regard to the matter.

On motion of Capt. Sam H. Buchanan, the heartiest thanks of the brigade were given to the people of Glasgow and Barren County for unsurpassed hospitality.

Resolutions earnestly commending the "History of the Orphan Brigade," by Ed Porter Thompson, were passed. In commending the book, Capt. John H. Weller said: "This is the most remarkable book ever written, first, because it records the deeds of the most remarkable men who ever went into battle, for more men received hospital wounds than were enlisted; secondly, they endured more hardships; thirdly, they had a less percentage of men of foreign birth—there were more Kentuckians, more Anglo-Saxons, than in any command in either army, as shown by a Northern scholar and a Republican; fourth, it is the most remarkable book because it gives a biographical sketch of every man in the command. It is the masterpiece of history in all ages and all time. There has been

no money made by the author. It has been a labor of love, and he deserves greater patronage."

REUNION AT AUSTIN, TEX.

One of the most enthusiastic and interesting Confederate meetings of the year was the eighth annual meeting and reunion of the United Confederate Veterans of Texas, held in the city of Austin May 3 and 4. Old Confederates from every quarter of the Lone Star State were in attendance, and the presence of many leaders of the glorious cause made the meeting a memorable one. Among these were Gen. Polley and staff, Congressman Lanham, Adj. Gen. Scurry, Col. J. B. H. Miller, Judge Carleton, H. W. Graber, ex-Gov. Lubbock, Hon. John M. Raegan, Col. Sam Maverick, Gen. W. L. Cabell, of the Trans-Mississippi Division, and Col. H. M. Dillard.

The veterans were welcomed by Commander J. H. B. Miller, whose fine address was responded to by Gen. Polley, on behalf of the Texas Division. The orator of the day was Hon. S. W. T. Lanham, who began by paying a beautiful and well-deserved tribute to Hon. J. H. Raegan, the only surviving member of the Confederate Cabinet. He spoke of the war with Spain and the Southern heroes who made record therein—Ensign Bagley, Hobson, Wheeler, and Lee. Continued applause followed the speaker's allusion to the heroism of the privates in the Southern army, to Jefferson Davis, and to the women of the Confederacy.

The grand parade was participated in by mounted police, Sons of Confederate Veterans, fire department, and members and officers of the different camps with their sponsors and maids of honor. Upon arrival at

the capitol the veterans were cordially welcomed in the governor's reception room by Gov. and Mrs. Sayers.

Gen. Gano, of San Antonio, addressed the meeting on the return of the flag of Terry's Rangers by the Governor of Indiana. He stated that at the Dallas Fair there would be Confederate Day, Texas Day, and Indiana Day, and that on one of these the flag would be returned.

From the published proceedings of the convention the following is taken:

Gen. Polley announced that a resolution had passed at the reunion at Atlanta for each State to present a flag to Gen. Moorman, the adjutant general, who has done much work for the Association free of cost. He said that the flag had been ordered at a cost of \$50. He wanted to know how it was to be paid for. The answer was a shower of silver on the stage, and soon the \$50 was contributed.

The report of Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff S. O. Young, was very satisfactory, and his address in connection with it was practical and encouraging. These quotations from it may be read with profit by camp members everywhere: "To my mind this question of reaching each individual adjutant directly and personally from division headquarters is the most important problem that confronts us. If expenses were great, if our proposed constitution did not relieve the camps of one-fifth of the per capita they pay now, if anything more than a little zeal and activity on the part of the officers of the various camps were asked, I should be silent. However, nothing more is asked, nothing more needed than that the camps perform their plain duty and promptly remit to these headquarters their per capita tax. . . . It is disheartening to see where so much good can be accomplished, and then to be debarred from accomplishing almost anything at all by the lack of interest and coöperation and the want of zeal on the part of the officers and members of the various camps."

The report of the Committee on Credentials was submitted and adopted, and a vote taken on the constitutional revision. Comrade Hess, of San Antonio, offered an amendment to Section 3, Article 6, reducing the per capita tax from ten cents to five cents. He argued that five cents would be sufficient for all expenses, and that his camp was not in favor of making the division a banking institution. Gen. Polley then spoke in favor of the proposed amendment to the constitution doing away with brigadier generals. He also spoke on the financial amendment, and said that ten cents per capita was sufficient, and that there were a great many incidental expenses that should be met. The vote was put on the financial amendment and lost by a *civis voce* vote. A division was called for. The Adjutant General was asked if five cents per capita would be sufficient. He said "Yes," and the amendment was unanimously adopted. By a unanimous vote all the constitutional amendments were adopted.

The report of the committee on the condition of the Confederate Home was heard, and included the following: "The Legislature, now in session, has seemed disposed to meet the wants of the Home. The Senate has already acted liberally. The House of Representatives has been urged by your committee in the attached communication and by personal appeal to the

members to be a little more liberal than their appropriation bill, as reported by the finance committee, indicates, and to increase their appropriation, and we have good reason to believe that they will do so, and that the Home will be provided for during the next two years."

When the chair announced the election of officers F. A. Wood nominated Gen. Polley for reelection. His election was unanimous.

Gen. Cabell in an address told the veterans not to allow any old soldier to be buried in a potter's field. He eulogized the women of the Confederacy and urged the veterans to give the Daughters of the Confederacy all the assistance they could. He spoke of pensions, and said that if he were in Congress he "would vote to give the old soldiers \$40 per day." "The men who whipped us ought to be well paid." He said that it was not a war of the rebellion, but a revolutionary war, "and a pretty big one, too." At the conclusion of his address the orchestra played "Dixie." Gen. Cabell announced that he would invite all the camps in the Trans-Mississippi Department to be at Dallas when the Terry's Rangers' flag was returned.

A resolution was introduced asking the Legislature to make an appropriation for a tombstone over the grave of Gen. Ben McCullough.

Fort Worth was selected by acclamation as the next meeting place, and it was decided to hold the next meeting May 22, 1900, "as long as necessary."

The following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the



MISS IDA DALLAS, INDEPENDENCE, TEX.
Sponsor for "Hood's Texas Brigade Association."

Miss Dallas is the only child of Col. and Mrs. J. W. Dallas, of Independence, Tex., beautiful and accomplished. Her father was of Company I, Fifth Texas, Hood's Brigade.

citizens of Austin, John B. Hood Camp, the press, Daughters of the Confederacy and Republic, and the railroads for the many kindnesses, also our sympathy for Joe Brown, who lost his hand in doing us honor."

MONUMENT DEDICATED AT LEBANON, TENN.

The hearts and the homes of the people of Lebanon, Tenn., were cordially opened on July 27, to the multitude of visitors who gathered to witness the unveiling of the handsome monument that pays worthy tribute to the Confederate dead there.

A special train from Nashville carried about three hundred people and veterans to the hospitable little city. The guests were conducted from the trains to the courthouse, where Hon. E. E. Beard delivered an address of welcome sincere and cordial. When the noon hour came there was more than enough hospitality to go around, and the visitors feasted on "the fat of the land" in the various Lebanon homes.

At Cedar Grove Cemetery, where the monument stands on the Confederate "privilege," a rostrum had been erected under the shade of a matchless oak, which, like the memory of our heroic dead, has grown fresher and stronger and purer as the years have passed.

As the opening prayer was made by Col. W. G. Shepherd the scene presented was one never to be forgotten. Veterans with scars of battle and frost of years, many of them sorrow-laden, smiled with joy as they stood proudly around so fitting a memorial to their brave and fallen comrades, while many of their son and daughters lent a touch of beauty to the picture and learned a lesson of heroism.

The first address was by Hon. Andrew B. Martin, of Lebanon, a courtly Southern gentleman, with characteristic Southern grace and eloquence born of sincerity. He was followed by Mr. Earl Lester, son of a gallant Confederate soldier, whose address was heartily applauded. He spoke as a representative of the younger element of Confederates, and dwelt upon the importance of continuing the memorial work so effectively begun. He mentioned the glorious Southern leaders, and pointed to the grave of Gen. Hatton, who sleeps in Cedar Grove Cemetery, paying tribute to him as one of the bravest of the brave. Gov. McMillin was introduced, and was never listened to with more rapt attention. The keynote of his speech was the sterling qualities of the Southern soldier as evinced by the remarkable progress of the South since the war. He cited the barrenness and desolation of this section when the devastations of bloody defeat had swept over it; then told how the high spirit, the undaunted courage of its wrecked and penniless men, and of its loyal and courageous women, had made it one of the grandest countries in the world. Then, its institutions—industrial, social, and financial—were few; while now, what a land is ours! The address was cheerful, bright, and encouraging, lightening the hearts of the old soldiers and stimulating them and their young representatives to further and finer work. He closed with a glorious tribute to Southern womanhood, and introduced as the next speaker Col. William J. Stone, of Kentucky, who was greeted with hearty applause. It is well to state here that, of the fifty Confederates who sleep under the monument at Cedar Grove, nine are Kentuckians, and therefore it was peculiarly appropriate to have Com-

rade Stone present. In his polished, graceful style he told of the struggles and the triumphs, even in defeat, of many of the bravest of that band known as "Morgan's men," of which he was one. Mr. Stone is an admirable representative of that class of Southern men who have fought their hardest battles since the sixties, and have come out victors.

These speeches were interspersed with music from a band composed entirely of young ladies, who were assisted in the singing of the beautiful old Southern songs by thirteen young ladies representing the Confederate States. They were Misses Mary Harkreader, Vista Doak, Annie Sue Gambill, Birde Gwynne, Willie Lester, Alice Williamson, Dora McGregor, Gertie Fakes,



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, LEBANON, TENN.

Willie McFarland, Porter McFarland, Martha Martin, Mary Barbee, Laura Ireland.

A reference to those who participated in the exercises would be incomplete without mention of Mr. Andrew K. Miller, to whom is largely due the credit of the monument. Mr. Miller very modestly tells the story of the movement from the time it began, sixteen years ago, to the day of the unveiling, dwelling with gratitude on the valuable assistance he received from his comrade, Mr. W. H. Harkreader, and others. He disclaims the personal credit that is widely accorded him by those who know the story of the movement, and insists that he would have been powerless without the cooperation of his comrades. His original idea was to mark with a simple stone the spot where his dead comrades lay. Even this plan met with frequent discour-

agements, and at times it would seem that success was not to come. But the untiring energy, the singleness



ANDREW K. MILLER.

of purpose, and the determination of Mr. Miller is fully illustrated by this monument standing in the picturesque little "city of the dead" at Lebanon. And so long as it shall stand to honor the memory of those who sleep at its feet, so long shall it honor those who worked so faithfully and so lovingly to attain it.

For *data* which follows the VETERAN is indebted to the files of the *Lebanon Democrat* and to the courtesy of its editor, Mr. E. E. Adams:

"The monument is eighteen feet high and is five feet square at the base. The pedestal is twelve feet high, and is surmounted by a statue six feet high of a Confederate infantryman, with gun at parade rest. The work was done by Mr. J. D. Shelton. The names on the monument are those of the soldiers who are buried in the cemetery, and the blank spaces on the south and west sides are left for those who may be buried there hereafter. The inscriptions are as follows:

"On the east side: General, Robert Hatton; Colonels, J. K. Howard, R. C. Sanders, E. I. Golladay, J. W. Hardy; Majors, W. H. Williamson, S. A. Carter, Dr. J. L. Fite, Dr. O. C. Kidder; Captains, J. H. Britton, J. R. Lester, J. F. Coe, J. D. Kirkpatrick, J. H. Anderson, Rev. B. W. McDonnold; Lieutenants, Pat O'Brien, W. H. Parrow, C. T. Burgess, J. T. Lane, W. D. Martin, S. M. Allen, L. A. Trice, A. G. Settle; Privates, G. M. Shutt, J. D. Lester, G. Stratton, J. Chandler, L. B. Settle, J. T. Hankins, I. P. Cox, J. T. Cox, W. R. Britton, E. R. Pennebaker, J. H. Ragland, R. A. Davis, D. K. Donnell, Sr., J. A. Rutherford, J. M. Martin, O. T. Barbee, G. Donnell, J. L. Hearn, L. Spears, W. P. Eason, C. R. Glenn, R. A. Hearn."

"On the north side: 'Sacred to the memory of Confederate soldiers who sleep in this cemetery, and to their surviving comrades who shall rest here. Immortal heroes, your unparalleled courage, your blood, your pa-

triotism have bequeathed to all generations an example of sublime heroism and to your country an eternity of fame. The Confederacy, without an army, navy, or government, 600,000 volunteers, sustained the assault of 2,778,304 men, supported by the strongest government in the world, for four years. Its destruction rendered necessary a public debt of \$2,708,393,885, the sacrifice of 349,944 lives, and 1,366,443 pensioners."

"On the west side: 'Capt. Brown, Company D, Second Kentucky Regiment; A. Whitlock, Company A, Second Kentucky Regiment; P. Whitlock, Company E, Second Kentucky Regiment; Henry Dorsey, Company A, Second Kentucky Regiment.'"

A touching incident occurred at the Miles House during the reunion at Charleston. Gen. F. M. Parker, formerly colonel of the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, while talking to a party of friends, was approached by an old comrade who extended his hand and asked: "Do you know me?" The general answered that he did not recall his name. The stranger said: "You should never forget me, as you and I were shot at Chancellorsville by the same bullet." The general's face beamed with that light of love which is felt only by one soldier comrade for another. He said, "Capt. Tripp, how are you?" and they walked away together.



MISS EMMA NORRIS HUME, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Miss Emma Norris Hume, Sponsor for the District of Columbia at the Charleston reunion, is the daughter of Hon. Frank Hume, of Virginia, now a resident of Washington. He was a member of Company A, Twenty-First Mississippi Regiment, and was seriously wounded in the noted charge of Barksdale's Brigade at Gettysburg. It is said that during the war he was a confidential friend of Gens. R. E. Lee and J. E. B. Stuart. Miss Hume is a worthy representative of the aristocratic family from which she comes.

Miss Hume is a member of the Mary Custis Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, of Alexandria, Va. She was the unanimous choice of Canip No. 171 for their sponsor, and was elected by a rising vote—a worthy compliment to the gracious and charming young woman she is.

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.

UNDERWOOD SUES THE VETERAN FOR \$50,000.

On the morning of July 28, 1899, John C. Underwood sent to me a letter by two attorneys at law, in which he demanded that I retract and apologize for criticisms of his report as agent and superintendent of the Confederate Memorial Institute; also that I publish in the VETERAN a more complete account of the report, or he would seek satisfaction in the courts. I had carefully selected the part of practical interest to friends of the sacred enterprise, but had omitted a part of the report in which Gen. J. B. Gordon had praised him very highly in this flattering language:

Allow me to present to you Gen. Underwood, the man who raised the money and erected the noble monument over the Confederate dead at Chicago, and who is now doing so much to secure the funds with which to build the memorial edifice at Richmond. He should receive the thanks of all Confederates, and will have the gratitude of the Southern people.

I believe Gen. Gordon perfectly sincere in his very complimentary utterances, and although the words will grate upon a multitude who know better, it must be borne in mind that for the sake of peace this multitude of patriots have waited in silence, as has the VETERAN, trusting that some change would occur in the situation, and he evidently has known nothing of what will be developed by this suit.

Gen. Gordon, surrounded by battle-scarred veterans of the South, is the most magnetic man, doubtless, living, and on such public occasions he illustrates the chivalric, noble nature of the old South more admirably than can any other. This statement will not seem extravagant to those who have been present and seen his heroic, bullet-pierced face, his superb figure, and remember that every intonation of voice seems to be perfect. Gen. Gordon, as stated in my criticism, is a much occupied man, and he could not have been expected to be familiar with the multitude of issues which he has had to present to the conventions and discuss their merits or the reverse. Gen. Gordon makes mistakes, as do all others—unless it be Underwood. He may be impracticable at times, and by his generous nature he has often suffered unjustly; in this critics, who know thoroughly the many objectionable acts of Underwood officially, would have been harsh in their censure, and I did not believe that to copy that part of the report would be any more just than to quote from Underwood's own statement, in which he affected this extraordinary modesty: "It is greatly embarrass-

ing to be presented to you so flatteringly." Then, after thanking the Commander, he continued: "It is true that many years ago I raised the money and builded a monument over the Confederate dead at Chicago," etc.

Underwood's letter demanding that I retract and print the unfortunate words of praise by Gen. Gordon and his fulsome exhibition of himself, concluded:

For myself and on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association, I now request that you publish in the next issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a true and correct statement of the proceedings of the Charleston Convention of May, 1899, upon the report of the Confederate Memorial Association, which are contained in the *Charleston News and Courier* of May 13, . . . being in all about one and one-eighth columns, and that you fully retract the insinuations of your said editorial which are derogatory of the Executive Committee and of myself as Superintendent. A copy of the *News and Courier* referred to will be presented to you with this communication by my attorneys, and I shall be obliged if you will favor me with a prompt answer in writing.

Frankness requires that I should add that if you decline this, our reasonable request, I shall myself, and believe the members of the Executive Committee will, seek against you and the publishers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN such satisfaction as the courts afford.

When I had been asked by one lawyer various formal questions about whether I owned and edited the VETERAN, and whether I wrote the editorial referred to, he said that my statements were false, and when I told him he should not say that to me, he replied that he did not mean it offensively. He went on to say that unless I retracted the Executive Committee would crush the VETERAN, that they would not permit it to exist, and I replied that "I would not retract it for the VETERAN." I would no more have done so than I should have deserted my colors and comrades in battle, and I could not have done that. I don't possess that kind of courage (?). The other lawyer, who treated me with proper courtesy, urged that I consider the matter carefully, and suggested that I defer an answer to the next day, but I designated that afternoon, knowing that I should have to start on a trip that night. My attorney happened to be occupied in court until too late to properly consider the matter, so I left at night on Confederate business that could not be deferred, and in my absence the libel suit was brought.

In addition to a declaration of sixteen long and closely written pages, Underwood has published an elaborate article, in which he seeks to prejudice the public against me and the Frank Cheatham Camp of Confederate Veterans of this city, and he also criticises severely its Adjutant. There is nothing practically in Underwood's long article written against the "person who credits himself as the editor and proprietor" of the VETERAN, but his demand of \$50,000 is so serious that careful attention is given the entire

subject, and reasons are furnished which I believe will satisfy the public of the propriety and justice of my criticism. I never feel at liberty to devote any part of the VETERAN to criticism of persons or measures until I am assured they are of the gravest importance.

When Underwood "happened," as I understood at the time, "by the merest accident" to come to Nashville at the time President W. D. Chipley was here and wanted an agent, it occurred to me as providential and that, of all men whose services might be procured, he was the most suitable for the important position. He had managed to secure much of the credit for the Chicago monument, and was in general favor, as I understood at that time. Soon afterwards it was determined that he make his headquarters here. An office was secured, and a Nashville bank was made depository of the funds. It was generally pleasing, to those who were anxious for the enterprise to succeed, that the working interests of the Confederate Memorial Institute were so concentrated and the helping hands of men and women were extended to assist said Underwood in his work. At a public meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy he was invited to make an address, to advise them how best to accomplish the raising of funds.

Just here I will use extracts from a letter that I wrote to a member of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Institute on January 26, 1898. He had told me that he was not satisfied with its prospects:

You will recall our confidential conversation early in the Memorial Institute movement, and that I begged you to wait and see developments before going on record in condemnation of the scheme. Our relation has been such all along that I can afford, I am sure, to be confidential and candid with you. The VETERAN is not the place for expressions that would affect the moral tone of the Southern people, except to strengthen them in their resolution to build it. But a calamity that I fear will be fatal comes of the doings of Underwood in this city. He secured invitations to meetings of Daughters, and his sickly praise of them and his egotistic methods for himself disgusted every one that I ever heard refer to him.

The Centennial Exposition Company furnished him the best place in the entire Exposition (by the circle in the Commerce Building), where he displayed some pictures, had a music box, also a solicitor and a collection box for the memorial fund, but not a veteran or Daughter of the Confederacy did I ever learn of being taken into his counsel or coöperating with him in any way. I did see some Union veterans who put money into the box. They gave me their names, the dates, and amounts; but I have never heard of his reporting any receipts from that collection box during the six months. He had made an elegant book in which to keep a record of contributions—a book that would have been fitting to go in the corner stone—and yet the record in that book was kept with a smear-

ing indelible pencil. When I saw it there were not more than one-fourth of the names that had any amount put down; the woman in charge said, in replying to my question, that it was not desirable to record the amounts. This fact is consistent with the lack of knowledge by those who have a right to know about it. That Centennial Exposition management, it will be remembered, agreed most generously with the *home* Confederates and Daughters to devote one-third of the gate receipts for the three days of the Confederate reunion here to the Battle Abbey fund, whereby the agent of the fund should have been on hand as a volunteer to do all he possibly could toward the success of the attendance during that time, but instead, incredible as it must seem, he went about securing an attraction outside the grounds by elaborate fireworks and a presentation of the Battle of the Alamo.

There was an Executive Committee of twenty-one, each member being either an ex-Confederate soldier or a prominent citizen of Nashville, which committee was in charge of all reunion arrangements, and Underwood was asked by the Exposition management and by this Executive Committee to avoid an opposition show to the Centennial Exposition, because it was giving one-third of its net receipts to the Battle Abbey; and it was insisted that all parties should work to increase the attendance at the Exposition during the three days of the reunion, in order to increase the amount of money that would be received by the Battle Abbey fund. But Underwood would not yield, and he was then told by the Exposition management that if he persisted in getting up his opposition show said management would spend an additional amount of money in order to have a finer display of fireworks, etc., in the grounds than he could possibly get up outside; but all to no purpose, and the ex-Confederate soldiers who attended the reunion will remember the advertisement and attempt to get them to attend the "Battle of the Alamo" on the outside. He reports a loss of \$1,369.29 by his impropriety and folly in this venture. There are no known exceptions to the assertion that by his egotism and his pompous, domineering methods he lost not only the coöperation of those who in the outset were anxious to help him, but that he left Nashville less esteemed by the people generally than any man who has ever held a place of honor and trust here.

Soon after the Exposition he called at the VETERAN office and begged that there be "no newspaper war," and I replied that the cause was too sacred, and I sincerely hoped such publicity might be averted.

In his declaration he states that, being "an ex-Confederate soldier and devoted to the Southern people," and having established a reputation for success in such work, etc., as well as *on account of his record as a Confederate soldier (!)*, he was chosen over a personal friend

of mine who was "an active applicant" for the position. In reply to this I declare that I had never heard, nor even thought, of a competitor for the position. In criticising his action I had the same motive that has induced me to labor unceasingly for the success of all Confederate interests.

Underwood's making the Methodist Publishing House a party to this suit is wholly unjustifiable. It was an unjust thing to involve a Christian organization in a suit for libel. The members of this Church are Southern and more conspicuously in sympathy with Confederate sentiment than any other religious body. This Publishing House is the property of every member of the Church, and in this prosecution he sues over a million of Southern people! For what does he involve it? The VETERAN is the most thoroughly indorsed and repeatedly commended periodical doubtless in the English language. Save as printers, the management of the Publishing House have nothing whatever to do with the VETERAN, and he must have known it. It would be an insult to every member of the United Confederate Veterans for the printers of their organ to investigate the proots before printing. To sue this Publishing House for libel is not only defamatory to it, but to every Christian organization that seeks to meet the expense of its own periodicals by printing outside jobs. These printers have never known anything whatever in regard to contents of the VETERAN until issued. In this connection I assert—and this number is not submitted for their approval or rejection—that in my varied experience through many years of having printing done by contract I have never known more correct business men. The declaration, a copy of which was sent to them, comprising sixteen closely typewritten pages, they were to examine carefully and employ a lawyer to defend them against libel! Every partner in the million owners of the Publishing House is herewith informed that I shall endeavor to make defense for it as well as myself, and at my own expense. I mention here that neither I nor any of my ancestors were ever members of the Methodist Church.

When the testimony is all in I feel that a just public must see that I am censurable only in waiting so long before making known the unfortunate methods of Underwood as Superintendent and agent of the Confederate Memorial Institute. His every official act should have been made public to the Southern people. The largest organization in Tennessee, the Frank Cheatham Camp, sent to Gen. C. A. Evans, acting President of the Board of Trustees after the death of President Chipley, a series of charges against Underwood's official conduct and against his personal deportment, which they deemed a discredit to the worthy cause in which he had been employed. Then a request for specifica-

tions was made by the General, and they were sent him, but the petitioners were informed that the Executive Committee would not permit presentation of the charges to the Board! What does all this mean? The VETERAN has absolute faith in the patriotism and uprightness of members of this Board, but it has long been surprised and pained that they have permitted these things to go on without public protest. I have believed that they were persuaded that unjust prejudices existed against Underwood, were led to believe that success was in sight, and that any investigation would ruin the plans he proposed. Are they anxious enough for the success of the Battle Abbey to achieve it in a dishonorable way? It is not wanted on any such conditions. I volunteer to speak for the people in whose hearts this subject is most sacred, and for them say, No. Not a stone is to be procured that would cause humiliation and dishonor. Sooner let the earth swallow every sacred relic and memory be blotted out.

Personally I have sought as well as I could, in proper self-respect, but in vain, to know what the Executive Committee were doing. One of them told me, just after the Atlanta reunion, that while they had not made public the list of subscriptions I would "be furnished for publication in sixty days the report showing there were some thirty thousand dollars in cash, and a full report made." He said, furthermore, that he had gone to New York and "fixed it so that Rouss was bound to pay the \$100,000, and that if he died his estate would be bound to pay it." This is consistent with the course of members of this committee and the Superintendent toward Mr. Rouss. In the history of public benevolence I have never heard of any man so abused through his benefactions. This man Underwood evidently sought to intimidate him, and yet Mr. Rouss has shown over and over so great desire to have the Institute project succeed that he has submitted to outrageous criticisms rather than complain. I have had in my possession for a long time copies of correspondence between Underwood and Mr. Rouss. Patrons of the VETERAN ought to know of this correspondence, and although Mr. Rouss may prefer that it be not printed, in his anxiety to consummate the undertaking, Underwood compels me to make showing, and in doing so the record will place Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss, the faithful Confederate, the marvelously successful merchant, whose patriotic acts already exceed those of any of his fellows by deeds already performed, on a pinnacle that few men can reach. His career in this respect shows the character of a man who should be perpetuated in bronze to the last generation. Mr. Rouss had generously, independent of his munificent offer of \$100,000, determined to aid the enterprise in procuring the other \$100,000, by giving \$500 per month. Advantage seemed to be taken of this lib-

erality, and when, after a long time, these gifts were deemed to be of no benefit, he declined to continue them. Conferences and correspondence were had, of which the following is a part:

Underwood, on January 27, 1898, in a letter to Mr. Rouss, and after references to conferences with himself and others, wrote:

. . . I again state that I did say to Colonel (meaning Col. A. G. Dickinson, who had represented Mr. Rouss upon the Board of Trustees) that I would know whether I could succeed in my solicitations by January 1, 1898, which fact was by me assured and reported to President Chipley, members of the Board of Trustees, and yourself prior to that date; but I did not say to Col. Dickinson that I would have the money collected by that time. I told him further, in answer to direct questions, that I hoped to secure \$100,000 in subscriptions during the winter and spring of 1897-98, and be able to make a satisfactory report to the Confederate Memorial Association Trustees at the annual meeting just prior to the United Confederate Veteran Convention, some time in the summer of 1898; and also reiterated what I had previously said in your office in Gen. Chipley's presence, in substance, that "if I discovered I could not succeed I would announce it and get out, for I would not use any man's money in an attempt to carry on a futile enterprise." . . . The arrangement made with you by Gen. Chipley and myself was simply the carrying out of said previously expressed conditions under your voluntary proffer, and was not modified or changed by either of us in any particular whatsoever. It had no limitation as to time, and was made on the basis of your paying \$6,000 annual interest on your proffered large donation as an expense fund with which to carry on the business of the Association, the same to be drawn periodically; and in proof thereof the first payment was \$1,000, another payment of \$2,000, and several of \$500 each, but all averaged and kept within a monthly ratio incidental to the said \$6,000 annual interest agreed upon. Consequently I was astonished at the position taken by yourself when I last saw you. . . . Anyway, it is certain that I have been kept in the dark, when, if the reverse had been the case, much possible trouble might have been avoided. . . . You seem to have overlooked the record facts, and I deem it both my official and friendly duty to notify you thereof, and transmit the enclosures. I request a reply at your earliest convenience.

To this Mr. Rouss replied, addressing him as General Underwood:

NEW YORK CITY, February 9, 1898.

Dear Sir: Replying to yours of the 27th ult., will say that I hoped my previous correspondence with Gen. Chipley, running back to September and October of last year, added to my conversation with you upon the occasion of your visit here in January last, had sufficiently defined and explained my position as to make further correspondence between us unnecessary; but the issues which your letter forces upon my attention require consideration which must be met, otherwise silence upon my part may imply assent to the

construction affirmed by you as to my action and the conditions of my contribution to the Memorial Fund.

I cannot but believe that if Gen. Chipley were alive there would be no cause for disagreement, as he would not only admit my right to discontinue further contributions when I did, but would also indorse the propriety and wisdom of my refusal to contribute further to an effort which, up to that time, had shown no results worth considering, and which even now does not claim to have anything in prospect except "hopeful" promises, which may or may never be realized, and which, if reduced to possession, would come from a source which would be humiliating to the great body of Confederate veterans and the people of the Southland, whose pride in the great Memorial would have lost its sanctity and enthusiasm when it became evident that that monumental offering to their heroes was the product of a forced appeal to that section of the country which represented the conqueror, instead of being the free and sacred offering of the people for the defense of whose rights and homes and good name they had sacrificed life and treasure and all to protect and exalt. It is, however, due to me to say that while this view has always been held by me, yet I never permitted my personal idea to control those of the Board of Management, being willing at any and all times to submit to its determinations, whatever they might be. My contribution of one hundred thousand dollars to the Memorial Fund, which was made in good faith at the time offered, is now, and has always been, subject to the call and disposition of the Board of Managers whenever they were in position to ask for it. Not only this, but in order that they might be facilitated in their efforts to obtain subscriptions to the Memorial Fund from the people of the Southland, I offered to give them an amount which would start them in procuring their portion of the Memorial Fund. And while this aid was not promised for any length of time, and indeed was only intended to start the enterprise, yet I continued the gift until it has now reached fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, or more than the whole amount collected to date. Nor would I have discontinued this aid if I had seen the evidence of present accomplishment, or of any prospects of results in the near future. I could not get my own consent, nor did I believe the consent of the Board of Managers could be obtained, to spend five hundred dollars a month without anything to show for it.

It is true you claim to have promises of aid from certain parties in the North and West; but to my mind their letters, upon which you base your hopes of realization, are only kind expressions of sympathy which any public man would gladly give to be pleasant and agreeable, especially as it was in line with popular sentiment. I consider your letters, properly analyzed, as amounting to very little; and this opinion is intensified when it is remembered that they were the result of your personal entreaty, and not a freewill offering; with the final outcome to be a matter of public appeal from them to their people throughout the agencies of the press and banquets. And when you reflect that even these uncertain promises were only gotten recently, and after a year's efforts, it does seem to be a poor result for the expenditure of six thousand dollars.

Now, sir, the foregoing statement has been forced from me by your letter, but I do not mean, in anything

that I have said, to criticise you personally. Doubtless you did your best, which, like previous experience, resulted in failure. The only thing I do think you wrong in is to insist upon remaining in the field where expenditure promises only wastefulness, if the future is to be judged by the past. I am sure the Board of Managers will approve my course when they consider all the facts involved.

As to the point you make that my promise to pay six thousand dollars to the Memorial Collection Fund was without qualification, and therefore perpetual in its nature, I reply that for me to have given such a pledge would convict me of a folly not in accordance with my well-known business methods. Neither Gen. Chipley, if alive, nor Col. Dickinson, nor Mr. Smith, who were present at the interview in my office, to which you allude, would, I am sure, be willing to say that my gift of five hundred dollars a month was anything more than one of grace and option, to be terminated at my pleasure.

As to your complaint that the discontinuance of my contribution has hampered you in your work, I do not see how a work can suffer where no results were being produced. Nor do I see why it was necessary to expend three thousand dollars of the six thousand amount, or ten dollars a day, in such work as was done. You surely must have had, when my contribution ceased, a considerable part of this fund for expenses on hand.

In speaking as I have of the Northern contributions, I do not mean to say that we should reject or spurn any aid from Northern people. Far from it. I only meant to say that we should not approach them, indiscriminately, in the form of personal appeal and entreaty, as you seem to have done. There are many men and women in the North and West who would consider it a privilege to contribute to the great Confederate Memorial, and where this was the case the offering should be treasured as much as that from any other section. But let the main fund come of the small offerings contributed by the men and women of the South. Let each individual have the opportunity to give, if only a mite, to the great monumental heart-offering. I might be willing to erect that memorial myself, but what claim have I to monopolize a right which belongs to each and every individual citizen of the Southland? As well might one individual have claimed the right to erect the nation's monument to George Washington at the national capital, to the exclusion of each and every American citizen, as for one, or a few individuals in the South, much less a few rich men of the North, claim the right to themselves erect the memorial which was to honor Confederate heroes and their achievements as the heart-offering of the Southern people. How would it look for the Revolutionary patriots and American people, on the score of poverty, or for any other reason, to have solicited the people of England to aid them in erecting the nation's monument to George Washington? Would the spectacle be less startling which saw the Southern people appealing to those of the North to help them, for the same reason, to build a memorial to their heroic dead?

In conclusion, I wish to say that whatever may be the mode adopted by the Confederate Memorial Association for collecting the one hundred thousand dollars proposed, my subscription of like amount is ready

to be handed over to them the moment they are ready to receive it, under the agreement. I am not only willing but anxious to do my part in the consummation of the great memorial project, and this, too, cheerfully and promptly.

CHARLES B. ROUSS.

The publication for which I am sued by Underwood was made upon a careful reading of his report from a solemn sense of duty, and I believe my Confederate associates will not impute to me motives of malice. Indeed, there was no "bad blood" in it; I was simply trying, and I think the article will show it, to protect the great body of Southern people from injury, for I believed the improprieties—and that was the worst word I used—of Underwood in the management of this whole affair were calculated to do the cause he represents, and which we all have so much at heart, great injustice. In truth, there is but little in the article complained of that can be criticised; and after complaining of the insult to the Southern people, as I considered by his patronizing language, it will be seen that the picture question is the foundation, the corner stone of complaint, and it was mainly that impropriety which I condemned.

The Memorial Institute is not a hobby, but it is a living subject, dear to every Confederate soldier and to every true Southern woman. One noble man had offered a large sum of money if an equal amount could be raised, and Mr. Underwood was put in charge of the undertaking to supplement the sum procured by spontaneous subscriptions, and for which he was to be paid a certain salary, this salary to be raised from friends of this noble cause and, as it was an annual salary, to be extended by the time required to finish it.

At the time of making his report at Charleston, he exhibited some pictures from the platform, and stated that he contemplated a number of others, making in all about twenty pictures, and for which values of from \$2,500 to \$3,000 apiece was estimated. He was going to "give" very largely to the cause in this way. This was approved by "unanimous vote," and Underwood complains that he was improperly criticised for this act, when it was a pure donation upon his part, and that it was a donation is made prominent in the lawsuit. Underwood had been hired by the year at an annual salary, and nothing was contemplated but that his entire time should be given to the raising of the remainder of the one hundred thousand dollars in money. To appropriate his services to raise this large sum for pictures while his salary was going on under contract to procure cash sums made it anything but a donation. Besides, he was using his official position to secure this outside money, which was by far the worst part of it.

Then the VETERAN complained at his deciding what pictures should be made for the Memorial Institute, he to be the judge as to whose pictures should go in

it. To say the least, this was a most indiscreet and presumptuous thing for any man to assume.

My article was intended to bring this extraordinary matter prominently before Confederate comrades and our friends—the very source from which this money was to be raised in Comrade Rouss's proposition.

"Gen." Underwood has held on to an appointment at a salary that he claims of \$4,000 a year and an allowance of \$500 for traveling expenses to raise money to build a "Battle Abbey" for the South against earnest protestation of those most concerned, because of his improprieties and failures to perform his duty; and then he switches off from the work assigned, not canceling his salary (see his report) to procure portraits to go in the Battle Abbey or somewhere else. He is soon to do a great deal of "giving." There was published in the *Richmond Times* (news article) recently that he proposed to raise \$50,000 with which to purchase pictures that he is to "give," and HE is deciding what pictures to have painted. The paper mentioned that HE will allow but four Virginians in the collection. Facing a \$50,000 suit for slander, or even prison bars, I will protest at any peril against his methods and his retention in office, and I would plead with every man and woman who has even respect for the South's heroes to use their influence against the continued agency or authority of any kind to this "Volunteer Aid-de-Camp Confederate Army."

What a mystery about that conditional \$42,000! No pleadings seem to be sufficient to induce the giving of names of these subscribers to the public. It is understood that they are Northern men. Are they ashamed for the world to know that they were willing to contribute to the South's "Battle Abbey?" or did they suppose that the full amount would never be raised and venture the subscription in this way, even to depositing the amount in banks and concerns with which they are connected? Underwood prints a list of places of deposit at the North, among them J. P. Morgan & Co., New York, \$5,000; the Florida East Coast Railway, New York, \$5,000; the Carnegie Steel Company, Pittsburgh, \$5,000, etc., although he reported at Charleston that the \$42,000 was conditional to all the sum being raised. How mysterious! The Southern people are grateful for any evidences of kindly sentiment from the North, but this prolonged mystery is detestable.

It will be seen that for nearly two years Underwood, together with a control of the Executive Committee—five in all, and rarely but three present—had kept in secret the principal things they did. This innermost secrecy was exposed by Gen. J. A. Chaloron, of New Orleans, whereby he printed correspondence between Underwood and Northern men, principally members of President McKinley's cabinet. These letters all indicate a desire upon their part simply to preserve rec-

ords "not already sent to Washington." They favor gathering these relics in the same spirit that the government is publishing the official records of the War of the Rebellion. Since writing the above I have had access to the correspondence. It is chilling on a summer day. John Sherman wrote him: "Now that the war is happily over, and both sides have been benefited as the result of it, there is no reason why either side to the controversy may not preserve the evidence of self-sacrifice and heroic deeds by both the Southern and Northern people." In brief, the Hon. Mr. Sherman is willing that the South may build it; but nothing is reported as being given by him.

Mr. Lyman J. Gage was most liberal of all in the spirit of his letter, telling the Superintendent to go to New York and other Eastern cities, and that he would help him in Chicago. The Southern people, it is seen, are not considered. He reports Mr. Gage as subscribing blank dollars. In estimating other amounts he states: "Gross estimate of original Southern subscriptions, \$14,000 (may not get \$4,000)." What a compliment to the South, especially in this connection!

In this published correspondence Underwood not only belittles the good faith of the Southern people in asserting that they may not pay one-third of what they promised, not even \$4,000 out of \$14,000, but he expresses regret that he bothered about small subscriptions—the kind that are asked for and paid in by thousands of people scattered through the South. Let the memory of our dead who labored to that end bestir the living to courage and determination to stop these methods as speedily as practicable.

COST OF THE CHICAGO MONUMENT.

A recent letter from a comrade in Chicago, who wants Underwood to have credit for building the monument there, states: "When we had raised \$1,500, Underwood took the matter in hand and completed it." It will, therefore, be accepted that others inaugurated the movement, and remembered also that Underwood, in a pathetic plea to the whole South, took up subscriptions at the Birmingham reunion, the roll of Camps having been called, and each subscribing as it could afford to save the honor of the Southern people, on the ground that he had contracted for it and that then the debt must be paid. Thousands will recall paying their mite who are now treated to the boast: "Gen. Underwood builded the monument at Chicago."

His own financial report of that affair states that he received: Cash from Chicago and other Northern sources, \$11,808.63; cash and credit from Southern sources, \$4,896.63. He aggregates other sums, \$7,942.26. Total, \$24,647.52. He then credits his account: By cash and exchange for erection of monument, \$10,000. Balance, \$14,647.26. The report con-

cluded with mention of the balance on hand, \$75,92. His report credits much in the way of transportation favors, "Pullman car accommodations, banquets, martial music, and regimental incidentals."

There is of this a charge of \$3,500 for United States ordnance and a credit of \$3,815.80 paid out on that account. At this rate, adding the ordnance feature, if he were to complete the "Battle Abbey" it would cost the actual donors over \$225,000—much more than Mr. Rouss's original donation.

HIS BOASTED RECORD AS A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

So much is said in this connection deprecating "controversy between Confederates" that it seems proper to give some *data* from Mr. Underwood's own account of his services as a Confederate and soldier that those who have so greatly esteemed the "General" need not worry.

In the preface of his book about the Confederate monument in Chicago he states, "I, as far back as the later sixties, reasoned that the time would come when all sections would recognize the individual and collective bravery," etc., "displayed by the defeated Confederates, as well as by the victorious Federals, and determined that I would bring about a general recognition of the valor and endurance displayed by *both* of the formerly opposing elements," etc. This indicates business shrewdness, whether or not patriotism. The speculator studies an important financial question. For instance, he reasons that cotton will be high, and he buys; or wheat will be low, and he sells short.

Mr. Underwood records himself as a "Volunteer Aide-de-Camp Confederate Army"—that he had come South in July, 1862, having graduated in Polytechnic School, New York State, *nearly a year and a half after the war began*. He was born in 1840, so he was hardly "too young" in the beginning. He was also "appointed Lieutenant Colonel *authorized* Cavalry P. V. C. S., and ordered to recruit in Kentucky, May, 1863." He reports that he "was captured when ill of typhoid fever in Tennessee" during the summer of 1863, and was made "prisoner of State and of war." In even more elaborate biographies of himself he does not mention that he was ever in hearing of a gun. He did publish, however, a thrilling account of his peril in meeting a Federal wagon train; that he could not escape, and that a former personal antagonist happened to be in the lead and said to him, "All right, John," and let him pass. He was kept a prisoner of "State" or "war" a long time. It appears he was paroled twice, but not privileged on his honor to enter an insurgent State; yet, playing the "citizen's dodge," he was so thirsty for fame as a warrior (?) that he came to Nashville; but the Federal Gen. Granger wouldn't agree for him to go farther South.

MAKING THE VETERAN OFFICIAL ORGAN.

It is neither to the credit of Underwood's modesty nor his integrity that he boasts of being instrumental in having the VETERAN made the official organ of the United Confederate Veterans. He states: "As early as 1894 I was instrumental in having his periodical—the CONFEDERATE VETERAN—adopted by the United Confederate Veterans, then assembled at Birmingham." The record made at the time shows that Underwood is in error as to this.

He had cordially volunteered to "see" a friend of his, and did see him and say something when I reminded him of it on the last day, and his friend nodded his head; but I never heard of his doing aught else.

The VETERAN, immediately after the reunion, May, 1894, states that just before the convention closed Capt. George B. Lake, of South Carolina, conferred with Capt. B. H. Teague, of the same State, who offered the resolution, and Capt. Lake seconded it." Sketches of Lake and Teague were published at the time, and due credit given them. Capt. Lake, in reply to my request, has written:

As you have asked it, I will give you what I know about making the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the official organ of the United Confederate Veterans. Before the reunion at Birmingham in 1894 you wrote to me that you would like for me to be at Birmingham—that you had special reasons for it. I went. . . . After you had introduced me to some gentlemen at the Caldwell Hotel, you said you would like for some understanding to be agreed to, how and when the motion should be made to make the VETERAN the official organ of the United Confederate Veterans. I do remember that later on you were very much disappointed, and said to me you feared that nothing would be done.

When all the work of the convention had been finished, and some one had said a motion to adjourn was in order, I saw how deeply disappointed you appeared. I asked Gen. Gordon to wait a second before putting the motion. I then asked Dr. B. H. Teague, of Aiken, S. C., to offer the motion making the VETERAN the official organ, which he did, and I seconded it. The motion was carried without a dissenting voice. After it was carried, however, some one said there were other like publications, and that the body should not discriminate. Gen. Gordon said, "You are too late," and the convention adjourned.

Capt. Lake was buried alive with his company in the Crater battle, Petersburg, himself and three others only surviving out of thirty-four in the company.

Capt. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C., who is a member of the Board of Trustees, wrote, August 26, 1890:

In reply to your letter of August 12: I offered a resolution, which was seconded by Capt. George B. Lake, of Edgefield, S. C., just before the adjournment of the United Confederate Convention at Birmingham, Ala., making your journal—the CONFEDERATE VETERAN—the official organ of the Association. The vote was in favor of the resolution.

It is a fact that, instead of being helpful in having the

VETERAN adopted officially, he came very near defeating the object. If I had depended upon him, it certainly would have failed. I don't believe he designed to defeat the project, but I was not prominent enough to secure his interest. I was not one of the generals.

Upon the score of obligations, I will reply to his claim that he has been largely instrumental in the success of the VETERAN that I cannot conceive how he has been worth net to it as much as one dollar a year.

The patronizing manner of Underwood's report, which I did not hear nor learn of until after returning from Charleston, I regarded as an insult to the intelligence of our people, and the criticism was not as strong as I wanted to make it. To illustrate, consider this statement alone, "So we have but \$46,182.47 to raise," where he only started out to raise part of \$100,000, and two-thirds of the amount claimed by him to have been subscribed was conditioned to all the other being paid.

I was influenced in my conviction that it was neither wise nor well for him to be authorized to solicit money to buy portraits, to determine what portraits should be made, and to make terms with artists for the reasons already assigned, and further from his connection with the Chicago and Southern States Association, of which he had been made General Manager and resigned so summarily as to disappoint his friends.

The following paragraph is from a letter by Gen. John B. Gordon, August 21 (who is at Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va., in hope of recuperating after severe strain since the loss by fire of his residence and much of its valuable contents, near Atlanta), to whom I had given notice of the libel suit.

I am not advised as to the character of the criticisms of which you speak. . . . Without looking into the matter at all, I have no hesitation in saying that nothing could induce me to believe that you had intentionally wronged any man, much less a Confederate soldier.

Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General, writing from New Orleans, expresses regret that "suit has been brought against you for any cause, as, from our long acquaintance and close friendship, I do not think you would unnecessarily wound the feelings of any one, much less give cause for a damage suit of such large proportions."

CONCERNING ACTIONS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

While the VETERAN has never criticised the Board of Trustees, it mentions the singular fact that President W. D. Chipley, of the Board, in his report at Nashville, June 22, 1897, said, as published in Adj. Gen. Moorman's report:

To set at rest many reports in relation to the location of the fire-proof memorial building which it is designed to erect, I will state that the Board of Trustees have this matter entirely in their charge, as provided in the charter, Comrade Rouss assuring the Board that it will be left entirely to their judgment and decision.

It is the understanding of the Board that until the full

amount has been provided no decision will be made, and up to this time no discussion relative to the location has been had by the Board.

At the next convention, in Atlanta, July 20, 1898, the Board selected a location without even submitting the matter to the United Confederate Veterans' Convention, then in session there. In discussing the report at Nashville, Gen. J. A. Chalaron, representing Louisiana, requested record in the minutes that he voted against the report; and Col. J. B. Richardson, of New Orleans, notified the Board that the organization was illegal, according to the laws of Mississippi, in which it was chartered.

There was called by President Evans a meeting of the Board of Trustees in Atlanta in the early spring of 1898—at least it was understood that the superintendent and secretary sent out the order, as directed—and there was a liberal attendance from Nashville to see what consideration would be shown the plea to remove Underwood. A sufficient number for a quorum was not present, and I telegraphed Gen. George D. Johnston, of Alabama, one of the most accessible members, and he wrote from Tuscaloosa April 6, 1898: "Your telegram received this morning. I was not aware previously of a meeting of the Confederate Memorial Institute at Atlanta on Thursday."

It was believed that the Superintendent would try to avoid a meeting of the Board, that further time at \$4,500 a year might be secured.

Concluding this unhappy but very necessary publication, I assert that I could not have failed to bring this important matter to the attention of the Southern people, who rely upon me for information upon all such subjects, and I could see no hope of making the deplorable condition known except in the VETERAN.

The VETERAN was conceived and established for the purpose of making public record by me of all moneys collected for a sacred Confederate cause, and I would not accept money without being at liberty to use the donors' names. It may be that my views of the duties of an agent handling such funds are extreme. I know that I have been grieved for a long time over the actions of Superintendent Underwood, and I was so astounded at proceedings in Charleston that I felt the only hope of correcting what I believed to be an improper course was through the VETERAN. I believed that comrades did not understand it at all.

I am so tired of controversy that I dreaded to take this matter up. I hesitated to perform what I considered duty; but since his lawyers charge me with printing falsehoods in the VETERAN and sue a million of Southern people on my account, and tell me that the Executive Committee will crush the VETERAN, I know no way out of the difficulty but to appeal to every man and woman who believes in the rectitude of my course to rally as they never did to a defense against the insult to their intelligence in that patronizing report. Camps can take formal action, and report their views upon the justice of my criticism. Every one can help by sending one or more new subscriptions, and each can see that their own renewal is made promptly.

[Continued on page 371.]

THE YANK AND THE REB.

BY LUCIUS PERRY HILLS.

WHITE fingers were strewing memorial flowers where the fallen Confederates lay,
The boys who had fought 'neath the stars and the bars in their ragged old suits of gray,
And I laid a white rose on a grave at my side, a token tender and true
To the courage of those who had fought as my foes, as I was wearing the blue.

Near by stood a veteran, grizzled and bent, who held in his trembling hand
A tattered old flag that in many a fight had led his Confederate band,
And I saw the tears start to his dim, misty eyes as he gazed on that banner there,
And folded it round the bullet-scarred staff with a sad and reverent air.

Then one who had worn not the blue nor the gray, standing there by the graves of the dead,
With a cold, sneering smile on his lips the while, in a tone of mockery said:
"Just see that crippled old Johnny there, with his worn-out shred of a flag,
Wiping the tears from his watery eyes at the sight of the old rebel rag.

The flag of a cause that he knew was unjust and of ignominious birth,
That represented no tangible thing in the heavens or on the green earth:
A flag"— "Hold a moment, my friend," I said, "while I ask you a question or two:
Pray, where were you then, in the sixties, when the Gray was fighting the Blue?"

Not following where that old banner led, or you would acknowledge, I ween,
That it represented a courage as great as the world has ever seen;
Nor bravely facing those legions in gray, or you would certainly know
That none but a coward would cast a slur on a gallant but fallen foe.

I stood on the line in many a fight, and heard the wild Rebel yell,
And saw those ragged old legions charge through 'toms of shot and shell;
And my heart said then, and repeats it now, as every true heart must,
That never an army fought like that for a cause they deemed unjust.

I thought they were wrong, and I think so still, for I am a Yank, you see;
But through triumph and rout I had never a doubt they were thinking the same of me;
For no hypocrite host could ever boast of soldiers who fought so well,
Of those who would face with an equal grace the battle's raging hell;

And I yield no jot of my loyal pride, or of love for the flag of the free,
When I bow my head o'er the graves of the dead who fell in the ranks of Lee,
And I claim the right of a soldier, who did his best for the Union flag,
To honor the vet whose eyes grow wet at the sight of that battle-torn rag.

For 'tis proof to me of a loyal soul, that will never desert a fight,
But will bravely defend to the bitter end the cause he deems the right;
And I know that henceforth he will prove more true to the Union stripes and stars,
Because he will not dishonor now the fallen stars and bars.

S**

And whenever within our time, my friend, a foreign foeman comes,
And a call to arms, with the rude alarms of the bugles and the drums,
Then you, once more, as you did before, safe at your home may stay,
While your country's foes will be thrashed by those who wore both the blue and the gray."

The foregoing poem was recited to the editor of the VETERAN by the author in Atlanta, and the memory of his sincerity will remain indelibly impressed on the mind.

Through its Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sue H. Walker, the Southern Memorial Association, of Fayetteville, Ark., writes:

In renewing its subscription to the VETERAN, this Association wishes to express the highest appreciation of your excellent magazine.

The April (1898) VETERAN contained a picture of



MRS. LIZZIE POLLARD, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.,
President of the Southern Memorial Association.

the Confederate monument at this place, and a short history of the work of the Association written by its President, Mrs. Lizzie Pollard. With the erection of the monument our labors did not cease. Since that time the Association has been incorporated, and during the last two years over five hundred dollars has been spent in improving and beautifying the grounds.

On June 3, "Memorial Day," the auxiliary membership was inaugurated. This is composed of ex-Confederate soldiers and their sons, who obligate themselves to pay a stipulated sum yearly to assist the ladies of the Association in their work and enable them to establish an endowment fund, the interest from which will eventually be sufficient to meet all necessary expenses. Mrs. Pollard is still the efficient President of the Southern Memorial Association.

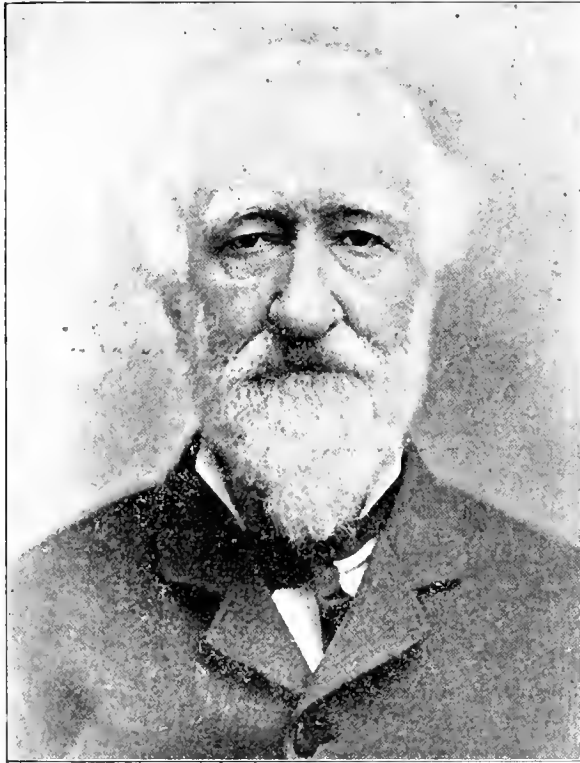
Isiah Browder, Company A, Seventh Kentucky Regiment, inquires for his old comrade, Watt Spears, of Mississippi.

FULL OF YEARS AND HONORS.

Mrs. T. A. Robertson, Columbia, S. C.:

Col. Cadwalader Jones was born August 17, 1813, at Mt. Yallant, the residence of his maternal grandfather, Gen. Allen Jones, in Northampton County, N. C. His father was the son of Col. Cadwalader Jones, of Orange County, N. C., an officer in the navy during the war of 1812; and his grandfather, Maj. Cadwalader Jones, was aid-de-camp to Gen. Lafayette in the Revolution of 1776. The same sword that was presented by his grandfather by Gen. Lafayette, and that was drawn in defense of liberty during the revolution of 1776 and in the war of 1812, was worn by him during the war between the States, and now hangs by his bedside.

Col. Jones graduated from Chapel Hill, N. C., at



COL. CADWALADER JONES, COLUMBIA, S. C.

the age of nineteen, and married Annie Isabella Iredell January 5, 1836. The same year he began the practice of law. For more than a quarter of a century he was connected with the political history of his State, and with its public affairs. In 1857 Col. Jones sought retirement from the excitement of political life, and moved with his family to York County, S. C., where he was a prominent cotton planter and slave owner.

Two of his sons enlisted early in the great war, in which he not only encouraged but joined them. He organized a company of volunteers at Rock Hill, S. C., on the 13th of August, 1861; was elected captain, and on the organization of the Twelfth Regiment, S. C. V., he became major. His first war experience was at Hilton Head, where, amid the sand hills of the island, his battalion was subjected to the disastrous shelling of the enemy's overpowering fleet, and barely escaped

utter ruin. His next was at the battle of Port Royal, where the enemy were repulsed. The Twelfth Regiment was then attached to the celebrated brigade composed of the First, Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Regiments of S. C. V., under command of Gen. Maxey Gregg. After his death, at the battle of Fredericksburg, Gen. Samuel McGowan succeeded to the command. The Twelfth Regiment, therefore, was a part of Gen. A. P. Hill's Corps and Gen. Jackson's light division. He fought in all the bloody battles around Richmond, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill; then followed Jackson to Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Ox Hill; thence into Maryland and back to the surrender of Harper's Ferry. Afterwards in the bloody battle of Sharpsburg, where Col. Barnes was killed, Col. Jones succeeded to the command of the regiment.

In the glorious defense of the heights at Fredericksburg, while death was rampant and carnage on every side, a very laughable incident is related of Col. Jones. The Minnie balls were flying thick and fast, and some of his men were disposed to seek slight shelter for protection, when he ordered them to stand firm and not to dodge. About that time a cannon ball whistled in close proximity to the Colonel's head. Of course he dodged very gallantly himself, and the men laughed. Then he gave another order. He said: "You may dodge the big ones."

Col. Jones's reminiscences of the war are ever interesting, and nothing gives him more pleasure than to talk of those stirring times. In speaking of Jackson recently, he said: "The name of Jackson will always have an audience, however trifling the matter, and it makes but little difference whether it be 'Stonewall' or 'Old Hickory.' On the return of our army from Maryland, Gen. Jackson seemed to be in a hurry as well as in a bad humor. Gen. A. P. Hill was in the lead with his division, and was not moving fast enough to please the General. He said to Hill: 'You are marching too slow.' Hill moved up accordingly. Presently Jackson rode up and said: 'You are moving too fast.' This irritated Hill, and he said, 'You had better take charge yourself, and regulate the pace;' to which Jackson replied, 'You will consider yourself under arrest;' and ordered Gen. Branch to take command. When we bivouacked that night I received orders to take my regiment on picket duty. I called at Gen. Hill's tent for instructions. He and Gen. Branch were seated together. I addressed my remarks to Gen. Hill, and he promptly but good-naturedly said: 'I refer you for instructions to Gen. Branch; that inspired old fool Jackson has me under arrest. I couldn't please him on the march this morning.' He was relieved next day. On another march, the day we reached Harper's Ferry, strict orders had been issued to allow no straggling. Some half dozen men stopped at a well to fill their canteens. Jackson happened to pass, and, seeing them, asked: 'To what regiment do you belong?' 'The Twelfth South Carolina.' He immediately ordered the arrest of Col. Barnes, who was not released until we were ordered to take position for the attack on the enemy's batteries at Harper's Ferry, two days later. Having recalled these rough matters, I must modify my story by telling something of the other side of the character of this grand old hero. Beneath that historic old gray coat

there was as big a heart as ever led an army to victory. On the same march our army halted at Martinsburg. I met Jackson as he passed in the rear of the depot, and he asked me if there was anything of value in the depot. I said that there was not, and remarked that I had been looking through the building for shoes for my men, who were nearly barefooted. 'How many?' he said. I answered that there were about a dozen or more. 'I have just captured a box of shoes,' he said, 'and will send you some to-night.' About ten o'clock they arrived, and were speedily distributed. I slipped my feet into a pair of them with extreme satisfaction, and the men all hurraed for Jackson."

Col. Jones is now living in Columbia, S. C., eighty-five years of age; is very jovial, and takes much interest in the affairs of life.

MONUMENT AT GREENSBORO, GA.

Mrs. A. H. Smith, Greensboro, Ga.:

During the dark days of the sixties, when all mercantile business was at a standstill, our stores in Greensboro were used for patriotic purposes. A hospital was established here, and many sick and wounded soldiers were brought for treatment. The resident physicians and citizens of the town and county were glad to minister to the wants of these noble men who had fought for the South, many of whom were doomed to die and be buried far from home and loved ones. These graves are all marked by headstones. After the war a memorial association was organized here, and every year the 26th of April is appropriately observed as memorial day. In 1897 the Miles W. Lewis Chapter, U. D. C., was organized. Aside from the sentiment which prompted the organization and the many deeds of local charity was a desire to erect a monument to the memory of the fallen heroes who have slept so long in our quiet cemetery. The mem-



MONUMENT AT GREENSBORO, GA.

bers worked faithfully toward this end, and with cooperation of the other ladies of the country and the Confederate veterans they have realized their hopes. The monument is of fine Italian marble, twenty-five feet in height, and is surmounted by a life-size figure of a Confederate soldier. It stands in the courthouse square, and bears suitable inscriptions sacred to the memory of "our dead." The unveiling took place, with beautiful ceremonies, about a year ago.

Charles Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga., has published a list of surviving Confederate Congressmen, provisional and regular, which he sends to the VETERAN, revised to date. Of the two hundred and seventy-one members originally composing this body, only thirty-nine are living: Clifford Anderson, Georgia; Macon; John D. C. Atkins, Tennessee, Paris; Hiram P. Bell, Georgia, Cumming; Mark H. Blandford, Georgia, Columbus; R. J. Breckinridge, Kentucky, Danville; H. W. Bruce, Kentucky, Louisville; T. L. Burnett, Kentucky, Louisville; S. B. Callahan, delegate from Creek and Seminole nations, Muskogee, Ind. T.; J. A. P. Campbell, Mississippi, Jackson; David W. Carroll, Arkansas, Little Rock; A. S. Colyar, Tennessee, Nashville; J. L. M. Curry, Alabama, Richmond, Va.; S. H. Darden, Texas, Wharton; A. T. Davidson, North Carolina, Asheville; (Rev.) L. H. Ford, Kentucky, St. Louis, Mo.; Thomas C. Fuller, North Carolina, Raleigh; John Goode, Jr., Virginia, Norfolk; Joseph B. Heiskell, Tennessee, Memphis; William D. Holder, Mississippi, Jackson; John F. House, Tennessee, Clarksville; Thomas Johnson, Kentucky, Mt. Sterling; Henry C. Jones, Alabama, Florence; John M. Martin, Florida, Ocala; Augustus E. Maxwell, Florida, Pensacola; Thomas Menees, Tennessee, Nashville; N. L. Norton, Missouri, now of Texas; Jehu A. Orr, Mississippi, Columbus; Roger A. Pryor, Virginia, now of New York City; James L. Pugh, Alabama, Eufaula; John P. Ralls, Alabama, Gadsden; James G. Ramsey, North Carolina, Salisbury; John H. Reagan, Texas, Austin; Frank B. Sexton, Texas, El Paso; Robert P. Trippe, Georgia, Forsyth; Josiah Turner, Jr., North Carolina, Hillsboro; George G. Vest, Missouri, Kansas City; Thomas N. Waul, Texas, Neyland; Peter S. Wilkes, Missouri, now of California; John V. Wright, Tennessee, Washington, D. C.

Comrade Henry W. Fudge, Rock Hill, S. C.: "About the 1st of April, 1865, on the march from Richmond to Appomattox, near Farmville, after the capture of four or five prisoners, we concluded to investigate some of their baggage. One lieutenant, of New York State, to whom I gave especial attention, had a well-filled bundle across his shoulder. The exterior of the bundle was a bright new piece of oilcloth, which seemed very desirable from the standpoint of we 'Rebs.' I suggested to the lieutenant that I should consider it extremely polite on his part if he would let me have that oilcloth. After declining my request he decided to accede, and when he unburdened himself I found the contents of the cloth to be a nice, new quilt. I carried this to a near-by farmhouse and left it in charge of a pretty young lady, who said it was her Cousin Jane's quilt. I should like to know if any of the parties mentioned are still living, and if 'Cousin Jane' ever got her quilt."

DABNEY CARR HARRISON.

BY CAPT. THOMAS D. JEFFRIES, CHASE CITY, VA.

While history crowns with laurels the victorious warrior, the Christian soldier is seldom extolled and given the plaudits of the world.

Attila, of the fifth, and the Duke of Alva, of the sixteenth centuries, are remembered in the chronicles of war for their devastations and cruelties, Napoleon for his brilliant campaigns, and Washington for unselfish patriotism. Havelock and Hedley, vicars of Crimean fame, asserted that the saying, "the worse the man the better the soldier," was an untruth.

In our civil war there were high types of Christian men on Northern and Southern sides. Dabney Carr Harrison, a Confederate, was a true model of a Christian soldier. He was a Virginian, born in Albemarle County in 1830, and son of Rev. Peyton Harrison. For more than two centuries his ancestors and their collateral kindred have been identified with whatever is most illustrious in the annals of Virginia history. Two



DABNEY C. HARRISON.

were signers of the Declaration of Independence. On his mother's side it was said by William Wirt that "Dabney Carr was considered by far the most formidable rival in forensic eloquence that Patrick Henry had to encounter."

Harrison was educated at Princeton, and afterwards studied law at the University of Virginia. He soon abandoned this profession, and entered upon the study of theology at Union Seminary. While in his twenty-seventh year he was chosen chaplain of the University of Virginia. He afterwards removed to other fields of usefulness, when his peaceful labors were disturbed by our national troubles in 1861. His cousins, Maj. Carter H. Harrison, Holmes and Tucker Conrad, and his brother, Peyton Randolph Harrison, had been killed on the plains of Manassas. The Conrads were shot at the same moment, and, falling side by side, lay as in the sleep of children almost in each other's arms. The noble death of these young men stirred the soul of Dabney C. Harrison to its depth.

From the beginning of the war he had long desired to share the hardships and dangers of his compatriots. Nothing but his sacred office—that of a Presbyterian pastor—had held him back. Now he hesitated no longer. "I must take my brother's place," and nothing could deter him from his resolution.

By vigilant personal exertions he raised a company of infantry, of which he was chosen captain. They entered the service of the Confederacy, and were assigned to the Fifty-Sixth Virginia Regiment. The writer commanded a company in the same regiment, and well remembers when Capt. Harrison marched with it into the camp to be mustered into the service at Richmond. His pleasing address, classic features, serene and contemplative countenance, frank and cordial nature soon attracted attention and endeared him to all the officers.

He sought to be an example to his men and that his

Christian spirit should radiate among them and those around him. He endured the discomforts of camp life so cheerfully that the most despondent and incorrigible could hardly fail to catch some quickening ray and desire for emulation from his sunny spirit. While his discipline was firm, his sorrow that his men should need it was so manifest that they tried to do right for his sake. The views of Havelock and Hedley that the Christian was the truest soldier he tried to impress on their minds. His example for good permeated the entire regiment.

In the winter of 1862 the regiment was sent to Bowling Green, Ky., and attached to Floyd's Brigade, which was subsequently sent to Fort Donelson, Tenn. It arrived while preparations for battle were being made. That week at Donelson was one of exposure, peril, exhausting trials, and almost unbroken sleeplessness. The weather was very cold, February 12-16. Rain fell in torrents, and driving snow and sleet followed. Those who experienced it will never forget it. [This is well stated.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

These trials Capt. Harrison endured with the rest of his comrades. Breastworks were hastily prepared, despite the disagreeable elements.

"You ought to be braver than the rest of us," said some of his brother officers to Capt. Harrison one day, after witnessing some exhibitions of his serene fearlessness in danger.

"Why so?" said he pleasantly.

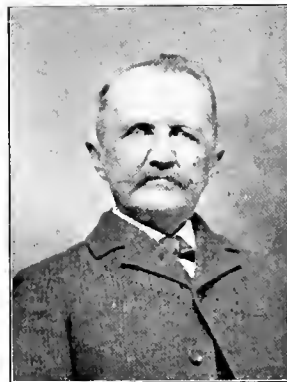
"Because," said they, "you have everything settled for eternity. You have nothing to fear after death."

"Well, gentlemen," said he solemnly, after a moment's pause, "everything is settled with me for eternity, and I have nothing to fear."

He was inspired by the sentiment:

"That the brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and unnatural;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues
And bravely dares the dangers nature shrinks from."

It was his invariable custom to assemble his men for prayer. One of these services occurred on the morning of one of the days at Donelson, before it was



CAPT. THOMAS D. JEFFRIES.

light enough to read. It was the last day of fighting. Capt. Harrison called up his men for worship. They came, and others near joined the solemn scene. My company was next to his in line. He repeated Psalm xxvii., and led in prayer with great fervor and power. As the light of the morning appeared faintly above the eastern hills this sublime strain of the ancient Hebrew warrior fell on their ears: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

As the skirmish line of the enemy was seen coming in the distance this outburst of courage and faith aroused the souls of the listless like the sound of a clarion: "Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

In the transporting strain which follows, although thirty-seven years have elapsed, I still see his earnest eyes lifted to the clear heavens, while faith looks far beyond them: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."

His desire was near its fruition. He was standing near the threshold, and the hand of God was about to draw aside the separating veil.

And how inspiring to men about to enter battle this exhortation, which closes the Psalm: "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord!"

As the sun rose on the morning of that bloody day it saw him enter the conflict. With dauntless heart and drawn sword he cheered on his men. His words were: "Follow me." At length he fell, and the fierce tide of battle swept on, and the frozen earth trembled amid the roar of cannon beneath his prostrate form. His hat was pierced by four balls. One marred that splendid brow. A more deadly aim drove a ball through his right lung. His face was to the foe, and his step onward, even when from loss of blood and exhaustion he sunk upon the frozen ground.

There he lay suffering from his wounds an hour or more before being removed. No complaint was uttered by him. After all the assistance that could be rendered by his company and men of his regiment, he was placed on a stretcher and carried to Nashville, Tenn., on a steamer, where he breathed his last as the boat was landing. He gave expression of his great desire to sleep in Virginia soil; but, amid the confusion and excitement incident to the retreat of the army, where his body was interred will never be known until the morning of the resurrection.

His last words were for his country—for the Confederacy, whose liberty, honor, and righteousness were inexpressibly dear to him, for which he wept and made supplication in secret, for which he cheerfully endured hardships and perils as a Christian soldier, and for which he was content to die.

Had he lived, the lines of Dryden could be repeated of him:

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpowered with arms, deserts his cause;
Unshamed, though foiled, he does the best he can,
Foes may subdue, but honor is of man.

LAST CHARGE AT APPOMATTOX.

William Kaigler, Dawson, Ga., writes again:

I find in the February VETERAN replies to my article which appeared in the November issue of last year, in regard to the last fighting done at Appomattox by the Army of Northern Virginia. It was not my intention in writing the article to get up a controversy on the subject, but to give the facts, which are admitted by many who were present. Both Capt. Metts and Mr. McLaurin admit that they were neither present nor in the fight on the morning of the surrender. One was at the headquarters of Gen. Grimes, in the rear; the other riding in a different direction from the fight, looking for his command. The only evidence offered by them in support of what they claim is from hearsay, and from what they could gather from others long after the occurrence; therefore their statements cannot

be wholly relied on as facts. The statement of Gen. Cox is only from recollection, after thirty years have elapsed. He is liable to be mistaken, as it is not probable that he would remember every incident of the memorable day. The proof I offered in support of my statement, as to who did the last fighting on the morning of the surrender of Gen. Lee was from Gen. Longstreet's "History of the Civil War" (this author was in a position to know every movement of the army and all orders for the disposition of troops), Cook's "History of the Life of Gen. Lee," and Derry's "History." Other historians bear me out in my statements. The letter of Gen. Evans is more to be relied on than the statement of Gen. Cox, as on that day he commanded Gen. Gordon's old division, which was in front of the army (his old brigade in advance), and made the attack selected by Gen. Gordon to cut through the enemy's lines on the Lynchburg road. Said letter was written only a few years after the surrender, when everything was fresh in his memory. From the testimony offered by different writers in reply to my article, it is evident that the few remaining of that gallant band of sharpshooters of Gen. Gordon's old division "burned the last grain of powder and directed the last bullet from the noble army of Gen. Lee."

Comrade T. M. Bigbee, Cameron, Tex., writes:

In the October VETERAN an article on "Pickett's Brigade at Gaines's Mill," by J. Cooper, concludes:

"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 that it was Hood's."

This statement is absolutely wrong, for not only did Hood's Brigade carry the fortifications referred to, but captured the very guns attributed by the writer to Pickett's Brigade. Moreover, an entire regiment of Federal troops from the State of New Jersey surrendered to Maj. J. C. Rogers, then in command of the Fifth Texas Regiment. There are many now living in Texas who will testify to these facts, among them W. A. Nabours, who served throughout the war along with myself in the Fifth Texas. He states: "Hood's Brigade was sent from Richmond to join Jackson in the Valley, which it did, returning with him around McClellan's right flank. Late in the evening of June 26 Jackson fired the signal gun that he was in position. Gen. Hill at once attacked the enemy at Mechanicsville, and the battle lasted until night, the Confederates being victorious. Next day (June 27) the battle of Gaines's Mill was fought. The engagement had continued for several hours before our command arrived on the scene. We were marched by flank, into the pine woods, and formed in line of battle. En route, we passed troops in a disordered condition, coming out, who said: "Don't go there; you will be killed."

Up to this time the enemy's line had not been broken. Soon after forming for battle we were ordered to fire. We continued firing for a few minutes, when Gov. Lubbock came along our line and told us to fix bayonets, for we were soon to charge. We drove the enemy from all of their works, clearing the field, and firing soon ceased for the day. This comrade could not have seen Hood's Brigade marching in

column after the fortifications were taken. I was orderly sergeant of Company G, Fifth Texas Infantry, and was in all of the battle."

I do not make this correction in order to detract from the merited reputation of Pickett's Brigade, but for the sake of true history.

Mrs. Mary A. Hammer, Mayhew, Miss., writes:

In the April VETERAN is mentioned the death of Capt. Nathan S. Boone, of Gen. Forrest's escort. Forrest fought Wilson's raiders stubbornly at an old Baptist church called Ebenezer (since called the battle of Ebenezer), between Maplesville and Plantersville, Ala. They made the next stand in Selma, where there were breastworks, and another battle was fought. The Confederates were scattered, and the Yankees came on down as far as Cahaba. We lived on the main road leading from Cahaba to Linden, Ala. About dark one of my neighbors notified me to be on my guard, as the Yankees would certainly be there that night. I was alone except for my five sleeping little ones and an old servant who had volunteered to do all in his power to protect us. I placed lighted lamps in the rooms, and seated myself on the front porch to wait. About eleven o'clock I heard the clatter of horses' feet crossing the bridge, the clanking and jingling of sabers and spurs, and quickly they were at the gate. With the first "Halloo" my heart gave a bound, for I knew they were our men. It was Capt. Boone who addressed me: "Well, madam, are you frightened to death?" I replied: "No, sir; but I am so glad that you are not Yankees. Was Gen. Forrest killed? We heard today that he received a severe saber cut over the left ear." He said: "No, madam; Gen. Forrest was well this evening. I am the man who has the saber cut." His head was bound in a large towel. Soon a courier came inquiring for Gen. Forrest's horse that was wounded and had been ordered to my house. I told him we had sent the horse to the house of a neighbor, and I called a negro to accompany him there. When they reached the house the horse had been sent farther for safe-keeping, and to this day I had never heard of the horse or the courier or the captain of Gen. Forrest's escort until the interesting article appeared in the VETERAN. Gen. Forrest left a glove at Plantersville, and it is now in possession of Mr. Perry McGhee, Stanton, Ala. Are there any members of Company D, Fourth Alabama, living? I should like to hear of Mr. Jonathan Rose and other wounded soldiers who were cared for at our home.

WORTHY HONOR TO MISS SALLIE TOMPKINS, OF VIRGINIA.—In Richmond, Va., there has occurred the rare instance of one having lived to receive due honor and appreciation. Miss Sallie Tompkins, who has been fittingly called the "Florence Nightingale of the South," was present on May 24 at the Confederate Museum in Richmond, when her portrait was presented to the Virginia room of that institution. Readers of the VETERAN will recall the sketch of this lovely woman published in the issue of October, 1898, and will be interested to know that some of her friends, remembering her loving care of the sick and wounded soldiers during the war, have made to the Virginia room the presentation of this handsome portrait, as a memorial of her faithful and valuable services. The

Times states: "Miss Sally L. Tompkins was born at Poplar Grove, in Mathews County. Naturally patriotic, loyal, and true, she, as soon as the war between the Northern and Southern States commenced, determined to do what she could for the Southern soldiers. She obtained, free from rent, the house which then stood on Third and Main Streets, which belonged to Judge Robertson, and converted it into a hospital. When the order came from the government that the private hospitals must be closed, hers was found to work so well that she was presented with a captain's commission, thus making her an officer in the army, and giving her the legal right to manage the hospital, which continued to care for and comfort many of the suffering soldiers till the end of the war. It seems most appropriate that this tribute should be paid to one so worthy."

PATHETIC BURIAL AT MIDNIGHT.

Comrade Col. J. W. Simmons, Mexia, Tex.:

The Tennessee army had been retreating before Sherman's hosts all summer. The one hundred days' battle of that memorable campaign had ended. Atlanta had fallen, and Gen. Johnston had been relieved. Gen. Hood had taken command and had made his famous speech, in which he said he was going to advance, and that he believed the army would rather advance on parched corn than to retreat on full rations. Every one in hearing hallooed themselves hoarse in rejoicing over the idea of advancing. "Advance on parched corn" became a common expression in the army, but little did we think it would be a reality, as it did on many occasions before the campaign ended. I remember to have seen men picking up scattered grains of corn where cavalry horses had been fed.

The fatal, though then appreciated, advance was soon made. We had marched a few days in the direction of Tennessee, had left Georgia, and were pass-



MISS HANNAH GRACE NOLEN, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.,
Sponsor for Second Alabama Brigade at the Charleston reunion, 1899.

ing through North Alabama, and my division (Edward Johnston's) was that day in the rear of the army. I belonged to the division provost guard, whose duty it was to bring up the rear of the army. I was on duty in charge of five men, with instructions to remain one mile in the rear of the army and to allow no one to remain behind. The sun was hot, the lanes were long, and the roads dry and dusty. When the sun was setting that afternoon, as we were passing an old-fashioned farmhouse, a farmer hailed us and said one of our men was in the house dying. We found him to be intelligent-looking, of middle age, and probably five feet eleven inches high. He wore a suit of home-made Confederate gray jeans. An examination of his effects failed to disclose his identity other than that by the Palmetto buttons we supposed that he was from South Carolina. We had no time to lose; dark was soon upon us, and we were very tired from a day's long march. The old farmer showed that he was not a Southern man, but he exhibited a kindly feeling. He allowed us to bury our comrade in his family burying ground, and to make a rude coffin of some planks from his barn. Two of us made the coffin while the others dug a grave, and by the time the poor soldier was dead the preparations for his burial had been completed. It was about one o'clock when one of the boys held a torch and we laid him to rest while a short prayer was said. Then we lay down on the soft grass beside the grave and slept until daylight, when we continued our journey.

Brig. Gen. Ben Eustace Benton, Commander of the Second Brigade, Arkansas Division, U. C. V., at ninth annual reunion at Charleston, S. C., is of a family distinguished alike in peace and in war. A nephew of Gen. Ben McCulloch, of Texas, and a grandnephew of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, he has in a marked degree inherited their distinctive characteristics of sterling honesty and unflinching courage, both moral and physical. He was born in Tennessee, but in childhood was carried with his parents to Texas.

In October, 1855, although but a boy, he was one of the famous Callahan Expedition into Mexico, his father, the late Lieut. Col. Nat Benton, Thirty-Second Texas Cavalry, commanding one of the companies. He



GEN. BEN EUSTACE BENTON.

was desperately wounded, but survived to serve his State and the South four years in the Confederate service.

In February, 1861, he went with the State troops under Gen. Ben McCulloch to capture the headquarters and stores of the United States Army at San Antonio, Tex. He was sent as first lieutenant, commanding a detachment to secure the surrender of Fort Mason from Capt. E. Kirby Smith, Company B, Second United States Cavalry, who was afterwards the famous Confederate general. He remained in command of Fort Mason until April 17, 1861, when he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in Company B, First Texas Mounted Rifles, commanded by Col. (afterwards Brigadier General) Henry E. McCulloch, and was successively promoted to be second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain, and assistant adjutant general.

Some years since he married Miss Maggie E. Walker, sister of C. T. Walker, of Little Rock, and granddaughter of the late Col. Creed Taylor, of Jefferson County, Ark.

Since 1866 Gen. Benton has resided at Pine Bluff, beloved and respected by every one.

SAW GEN. POLK KILLED.

Rev. J. M. Wyckoff, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, and a Union veteran, writes from Broadlands, Ill.: "Rev. Ira Landreth sent me the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for May. I am glad the people of the South stand nobly by the boys in gray. I see a description of the death of Gen. Leonidas Polk in this number. I was the only private soldier in Sherman's army that witnessed his death. I belonged to Company D, Twenty-first Illinois Veteran Volunteer Infantry (Grant's old regiment). I was on picket Monday night, June 13, 1864, and it rained almost incessantly. On Tuesday morning the sun shone out bright and clear. My position was where I could see Bald Knob, as we called it, of Pine Mountain. Quite early in the morning Gen. Sherman with one orderly rode up to my post, raised his field glasses and looked at a group of Confederates on the crest of Bald Knob. He did not look more than half a minute when he directed his orderly to go and have one of the six-pound rifled cannons sent to him at once. (We had two of these cannons that we kept on the picket line all the time.) The cannon was at hand very soon, and leveled at the group. After it was fired the group scattered, and Sherman ordered the cannon back. We got the word in some way that morning that Gen. Polk was killed.

In line with what has been written in the VETERAN concerning explosive bullets, Comrade John W. Inzer, Ashville, Ala., writes: "I never saw one of these shots in my life; but while supporting our skirmish line in the engagement at Davis' Cross Roads, Mc-Lemore's Cove, Ga., I was sitting on my horse when two shots struck the limbs of a tree near me and exploded; one following the other in from three to five minutes. The loud reports from these shots made me believe that they were explosive, and I believe they came from Thomas' Corps. A comrade now living here was near me then, and shares my opinion."

A strong article on this subject appeared in the VETERAN for April, 1899.

GREAT STATE SEAL OF GEORGIA.

Wallace P. Reed, in the *Atlanta Constitution*, gives an interesting account of how Mrs. Mary A. Barnett, widow of the late Honorable N. C. Barnett, Secretary of State through the Confederate war period, and for many years afterwards, preserved the great seal of Georgia when the capitol was captured by Sherman's army.

Along with many interesting reminiscences, he quotes the following from Mrs. Barnett's own account:

"On Friday afternoon of November, 1864, a scout came into Milledgeville, then the capital of the State, bearing the intelligence that Gen. Sherman was within a few miles of the city.

"The members of the Legislature, then in session, were in a state of confusion and dismay at the near approach of the commanding general, Sherman, whose name was but another for murder, theft, fire, and the sword.

"Another scout confirmed the report that Sherman was approaching the capital, and this, as a matter of course, caused a general stampede from the capital, as none wanted by any possibility of arrest to fill Federal prisons or face death or wounds worse than death, there being no opposing force to meet the hordes that would soon tramp the streets of the goodly little town.

"Morning came and found a silent city, with the men watchful and with bated breath waiting with anxious faces the next play in the horrid drama before them. The day passed on, every one in uncontrollable suspense, till about 4 o'clock, when Sherman's advance guard came in. They were quiet and orderly. The mayor met them, surrendered the city to them, and they retired in the same quiet manner in which they came.

"There was one who had not deserted his trust, but was at his post when the guard from Sherman came in—the keeper of the seals of the State and acts of the last Legislature (just stampeded). His son sent him word: 'The Yankees are in town!' He took the seals and papers, passed out of the eastern door of the capitol, walked down to the bluff of the river, stayed till everything was quiet in the city, and then came home, bringing the seals and acts with him. He walked up to me, his wife, and, giving the seal of State and unfinished acts of the Legislature into my charge, said: 'I leave to-morrow morning at 4 o'clock, and you must guard these, for I am responsible for them.'

"He, I, and the youngest son carried the seals of State under the house, and after wrapping them carefully, dug a deep hole in the angle of a brick pillar and buried them there. The clock struck twelve just as we finished.

"Confidently expecting the house to be burned, after carefully securing the acts of the Legislature against dirt and moisture, I carried them to the pigpen and carefully buried them. I had four fine porkers in the pen, and I thought that the heat of their bodies would help to keep the papers safe, and subsequent events proved this to be so.

"After Gen. Sherman and his men had crossed the bridge and burned it behind them I exhumed the acts and placed them in safety for Col. Barnett, if he should ever return. Later, when the State officers returned,

State property was brought back, the duties of governor and officials were resumed, one of the seals of State was taken up from its long rest and found none the worse for that rest.

"The Legislature met in Macon, and when the body was called to order and investigation made, it was found that not one scrap of paper pertaining to the adjourned session of 1864 had been destroyed. I think if the members of the Legislature had been told the unique hiding place of the acts during those days of terror and uncertainty, they would have greeted them with shouts of merriment."

GEN. L. O'B. BRANCH.

Lawrence O'Bryan Branch was born in Enfield, N. C., November 28, 1820. His grandfather was a distinguished patriot of the Revolution of 1776, and the history of his State affords evidences of his daring and patriotism. He was the son of Joseph and Susan O'Bryan Branch, both of whom died when he was quite young; his uncle and guardian, John Branch, was Governor of North Carolina, United States Senator, and Secretary of the Navy under Gen. Jackson, also Governor of Florida. With him young Branch went to Washington, where his early education was conducted by S. P. Chase, then a teacher in that city. Mr. Chase was afterwards Secretary of the Treasury during President Lincoln's administration.

On returning to North Carolina young Branch's studies, preparatory to college, were conducted by the well-known instructor William J. Bingham, in Orange County. In January, 1835, he was matriculated at the University of the State, and passed with credit through the freshman class. He was withdrawn at the end of this year by his guardian, and sent to Nassau Hall, Princeton, where he graduated in 1838, with the first honors in that renowned institution. He delivered the English salutatory at the commencement, being then only eighteen years of age. He commenced the study of law with Judge John Marshall at Franklin, Tenn., and when the course was completed he settled in Tallahassee, Fla.



GEN. L. O'B. BRANCH.

Not being of age, the Florida Legislature passed a special act which allowed him to be examined, and to practice, if pronounced qualified by the judges. He was admitted, and practiced with great success during the years of 1841-43. In 1844 he married Miss Nannie Blount, the accomplished daughter of Gen. W. A. Blount, of his native State, and returned there, settling in Raleigh, where he engaged actively in the practice of his profession. His merits were soon appreciated, and he was selected as a member of the literary board, director of the State Bank, elector on the Presidential ticket (Pierce and King), and in 1852 was President of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad. With his active superintendency this road sprang into useful

ness and profit, while his genial and frank manner, with his prompt and stern sense of right, won the respect and affection of all with whom its varied interests brought him in contact. Here, he believed, was the sphere of his usefulness, but the congressional district had become disorganized, and, without solicitation on his part, he was elected in 1855 to represent the metropolitan district in Congress. He was again elected in 1857 without opposition, and in 1859 by an overwhelming majority. This was the last session of the United States Congress prior to the civil war. Important and difficult positions were occupied by him. As a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, his celebrated speech on Cuba in the House of Representatives marked him as one of the statesmen of the age. On the resignation of Hon. Howell Cobb, he was on December 2, 1860, tendered by the President the Secretaryship of the Treasury, which high honor was promptly declined.

One of the cherished memories of this distinguished North Carolinian is to be found in the botanical garden at Washington. Mr. W. R. Smith has taken much interest in collecting "memorial trees," and just on the left of his cozy home, within the inclosure, the first tree to attract attention is the L. O'B. Branch, one of the tallest and handsomest in the grounds. It is just on the right of the walk leading from the main entrance to the conservatory.

The clouds had become dark and heavy in the Southern sky, and Mr. Branch determined to give his best services a grateful oblation on the shrine of patriotism. He joined the "Raleigh Rifles" as a private, but was induced by the Governor of the State to accept the position of quartermaster and paymaster general of North Carolina, which position he held only for a short while, however, while preparing for active duty on the field. He organized the Thirty-Third Regiment of North Carolina State troops, and commanded it with marked ability and energy. He was soon thereafter promoted by the President from a colonelcy to the command of the Fourth North Carolina Brigade, and assigned to duty at New Berne. Here with a mere handful of men he met Gen. Burnside's Corps and made a gallant stand, but was obliged to retreat before a foe outnumbering his command three to one, though no honors were lost.

After this battle Branch's Brigade joined the Army of Northern Virginia, and its deeds of valor are a priceless heritage to the descendants of that brave little band. They led the assault against McClellan in the battles around Richmond, were the first body of troops to cross the Chickahominy, and more than fifteen battle fields were stained with their blood. Of its five colonels, two fell on the field of battle and two were wounded and taken prisoners, and their force reduced more than a third in killed and wounded. The battles of Hanover C. H., Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frasier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, Manassas, Fairfax C. H., and Harper's Ferry attest the valor of this brigade and the chivalric bearing of its chief. For its gallantry at Hanover C. H. Gen. Branch received a congratulatory letter from Gen. Lee, which is now on file with valuable papers, and thanking him personally for his gallant services. It was the proud task of this brigade to save the day at Cedar Mountain. As it approached the scene of action it was discovered that

Gen. Taliaferro's famous Stonewall Brigade was completely overpowered and retreating, the enemy closely pursuing. Gen. Branch, at the head of the brigade, moved on to victory, cheering and driving the enemy back. That night they occupied the field for which they had so nobly contended. A sword which had been captured from Lieut. Boyle, adjutant of the Twenty-Eighth New York Regiment, on that day by Col. Davidson, of the Thirty-Third North Carolina, was presented to Gen. Branch by the latter, who said that no honor which his brigade could confer would be too great to manifest the terms of appreciation cherished by them for the manner in which he had led them on that occasion.

It was on the memorable battlefield of Antietam, on September 17, 1862, that his precious life was yielded a sacrifice on the altar of his country, and his pure spirit winged its flight to a higher sphere amid the shouts of victory, the object of admiration and love of his associates, and embalmed in a nation's affections and gratitude.

Comrade K. F. Peddicord, Palmyra, Mo., sends a war time clipping from the *Louisville Journal*, which recounts the execution of E. S. Dodd, at Knoxville, who was convicted as a spy. On the same day David O. Dodd was hanged at Little Rock. E. S. Dodd was a member of Terry's Texas Rangers, and lived at Richmond, Ky. His last letter to his parents (father and stepmother) is copied. It is most pathetic:

KNOXVILLE JAIL, January 6, 1864.

Mr. Travis Dodd, Richmond, Ky.

My Dear Father: Under far different circumstances from those by which I was surrounded when I last wrote you, I write this letter. I am under close guard, and under sentence of death, pronounced against me by a court-martial held in this city. I was captured in Sevier County while on my way to join my command with Longstreet.

After relating the story of his capture, he continues:

I was charged by the court-martial as a spy, but the charge and specifications could not be sustained; yet they have condemned me to be hung as a spy, the execution to take place the day after to-morrow. I feel prepared to meet my fate as a soldier, and firmly rely upon God's promises to save the penitent. . . . I am treated as kindly by the guard as could be expected. The Rev. Mr. Martin, of the Presbyterian Church, is visiting me and affording me much consolation. I feel, dear father and mother, that if I suffer the penalty to-morrow the exchange of worlds will be for the better. . . . Do not grieve for me, dear parents, for I am leaving a world of sin and misery for one of perfect bliss. I can say no more.

Your loving son,

E. S. DODD.

In a letter to his old friend and fellow-scout, W. T. Hardison, Comrade George S. Tate, Lynnville, Tenn., gives an amusing and interesting account of their scouting experiences:

About September 16, 1863, our cavalry had been falling back, and our regiment, James T. Wheeler's First Tennessee, was encamped near the Big Spring. An order came to our company for two volunteer scouts to go into the enemy's lines and report as

soon as possible. The order was read at roll call in the evening, and you and I stepped out. For supper that night you may recall that we had very salty beef, and that we started before day, without breakfast or water, into the lines of the enemy, keeping near the road upon which we had retreated. We passed the pickets safely, and decided to seek information at a house we knew, which was about half a mile from their front line. Walking cautiously at the rear of the garden, we saw four or five Yankees digging potatoes, their guns stacked! They saw us about the same time, and we retreated at a very fast gait. You seemed to be stampeded, though you moved head up, evidently bent on charging the picket line; I, duck-legged, brought up the rear, and when we had run about two hundred yards I jumped a fence and lay down in the weeds. You hesitated, then joined me, and in a few minutes they were passing in all directions, hunting for us. Though the weeds were but two feet high, we stayed there until dark, undiscovered. The night was cloudy, only enough stars shining to mislead us, as we read them erroneously. After traveling nearly all night we went to sleep, and awoke on the banks of the Chickamauga. We had had no water for thirty-six hours, and were almost famished. The road was about twenty yards away, and a picket stood at the ford of the creek, about two hundred yards away, so we spent the day there with nothing to eat.

At dusk we saw some children going to a spring, and we went home with them. Their mother came out and gave us some of the best cold chicken and bread I ever tasted, the first food we had had in forty-eight hours.

The enemy had advanced, and again we tried to get into our lines. We ran up behind one picket and then over some who were asleep, in vain efforts to get back. Finally, worn out, we laid down on a ridge and slept as best we could. Before day we were awakened by a picket firing near us. Then we got into our lines, and were with Cleburne when he charged about sundown, and drove the Yankees across the Chickamauga.

Mrs. M. M. Durham, Blackstock, S. C.: "I read with pleasure each VETERAN as it comes, and am proud of its success. I send some names of those to whom I should like you to send sample copies. The VETERAN should be precious to every Southerner."

WINNIE DAVIS MONUMENT, HOLLYWOOD.

The Winnie Davis monument, contributed to by admirers of Miss Davis in the North, South, East, and West, will be unveiled in Richmond November 9, the second day of the meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. This monument has been the voluntary contribution of friends and admirers of Miss Davis. An ex-Federal soldier (Harrison T. Chandler, Cleveland, Ohio) wrote: "I have the pleasure of inclosing a check for one hundred dollars as contribution to the Winnie Davis Monument Fund. Let me assure you I never wrote a check with greater pleasure, nor have I been more greatly honored than by the kindness of your people in permitting an ex-Federal soldier to contribute to this fund. Would that we had more people like the lamented Miss Winnie Davis!"

Letters have been written to all chapters of the

United Daughters of the Confederacy who have sent their offerings of love, asking that each will submit an inscription, subject to the Monument Committee and Mrs. Davis. The committee hopes, as this unveiling is peculiar to itself, that the railroads will give us better rates, thus allowing persons from every part of the country to participate in the unveiling of the monument to Winnie Davis, and, through her, to the women of the South—we desire no other.

MRS. N. V. RANDOLPH,
President Richmond Chapter.

GEN. DAVID A. WEISIGER, OF VIRGINIA.

Of the death of a gallant Confederate general, the *Richmond Dispatch* states:

Gen. David A. Weisiger, a veteran of two wars, the hero of the battle of the Crater, a successful business man, and a Christian gentleman of wide acquaintance, is dead. Ripe in years and enshrined in the affectionate remembrance of his friends, he passed peacefully away.

Gen. Weisiger, as a man, was sunny and bright always. A philosopher he was, who saw life's brightest side. And often, by a beaming smile or tactful words, of which he had such a large vocabulary, did he show that side very attractively to others less happy than himself. He was always affable, and his was that cordiality which has made the old Virginia gentleman a type among men never to be forgotten, ever to be the object of pride and aspiration among the young. It came from the heart of man, only overflowing into words of cheer and friendly solicitude, and the strong grip of a manly hand. Gen. Weisiger's greeting to a stranger won for him a lasting friend; to a friend it was a benediction.

Not only did he stand out as a man among men for these gentlemanly traits, but he was a soldier among soldiers. He was as gentle as a woman in the social circle, but as fearless and daring as a young lion upon the bloody field of battle. Nature made him timid where no danger was, and divinely brave in the teeth of calamity and death! Richmond knew him as a gentleman of the old and best type; the Old Dominion and the South knew him and felt grateful to him as a soldier. He was a veteran of two wars, and whenever the story of the battle of the Crater is told his name will stand forth as its hero.

The Weisigers are a large family, scattered through the whole eastern part of the continent. The characteristics of the family have been intelligence, bravery, and honesty of convictions, and a high sense of honor. David Addison Weisiger was born December 23, 1818, at "The Grove," the ancestral home, in Chesterfield County. He was the son of Daniel Weisiger and Senora Tabb Smith, daughter of Col. William Smith, of Revolutionary fame. David's grandmother was Miss Elizabeth Mayo, of the ancient Mayo family of Richmond. It was his great-uncle and her brother who was the owner of Mayo's bridge, of this city. His paternal grandfather was Samuel Weisiger, who came from Germany, of a family prominent for military achievements.

He was residing in Petersburg when the Mexican war began. Gen. Weisiger was about twenty-five years of age then, and soon became second lieutenant of Company E, First Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, Col. John F. Ham Trammock commanding. Capt. Fletcher

H. Archer was commander of the company. This gallant body was organized in Petersburg on December 3, 1846, and was mustered into the service of the United States December 15, 1846. The regiment reached Mexico early in 1847, and served to the end of the war on Gen. Taylor's line. August 1, 1848, saw the old company, now veterans, every one, back in Petersburg. While in Mexico the General was appointed adjutant of the Virginia Regiment, and in that position performed his duties in a most faithful and efficient manner. He was a model officer when serving his company, and made a proud record during the war.

On his return from the war Lieut. Weisiger again entered business.

His life was the like of hundreds of other private citizens of those times, and with hundreds of others he began to feel as the sixties drew on that one of the most terrific strifes recorded in the history of man was at hand, and in like manner began to prepare for it. He was already captain of a volunteer company. And when the cloud did burst Capt. Weisiger was among the very first to enlist, and because of his fitness and experience as a soldier was chosen in April, 1861, major of the Fourth Virginia Battalion of Volunteers, made up of Petersburg companies. Soon his battalion was ordered to Norfolk. After arriving there and performing some duty as a battalion, a regiment was formed by the addition of other companies, known then and afterwards throughout the war as the Twelfth Virginia Infantry, of which he was made colonel. This regiment, with the Sixth Virginia Infantry, was stationed at what was known as the "Intrenched Camp," a little way out of Norfolk. At the reorganization of the army, in May, 1862, Gen. Weisiger was reelected colonel, with J. M. Taylor as lieutenant colonel and John P. May as major. Maj. May was killed at Second Manassas, and was succeeded by J. Richard Llewellyn. After the evacuation of Norfolk, May, 1862, the following regiments formed the Second Virginia Brigade, commanded by Brig. Gen. William Mahone: the Sixth Virginia (Mahone's old regiment), the Twelfth Virginia, the Sixteenth Virginia, the Forty-First Virginia, Sixty-First Virginia, and, up to the battle of Seven Pines, the Third Alabama.

Gen. Weisiger remained colonel of the Twelfth Regiment until after the battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864, when he was commissioned brigadier general, his commission dating from this celebrated action, in which he commanded Mahone's old brigade, of which the Twelfth Regiment was always a part. He was one of the most gallant officers of the Confederate army, of great dash and approved courage. He commanded his regiment, and also his brigade, in many of the leading battles in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged. He was in the fights around Richmond in the summer of 1862, ever in the front of command, and at the battle of Malvern Hill behaved with conspicuous bravery. Gen. Mahone paid him a high compliment in his official report of that famous engagement.

At the battle of Second Manassas, August 30, 1862, when Gen. Mahone was wounded, the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. Weisiger, who led it to its most advanced point on the right of the Confederate lines. At this point he received a severe wound, which disabled him until the following July. He was suc-

ceeded in command by Col. William Allen Parham, of the Forty-First Virginia, the latter remaining in command of the brigade in the battles of Crampton's Gap and Sharpsburg, and until its return to Virginia. Near Winchester Gen. Weisiger rejoined his regiment, and, being senior colonel, was frequently in command of the brigade. He participated with his command in most of the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. At the battle of the Wilderness, in 1864, Maj. Gen. Richard H. Anderson being wounded, and the command of his division devolving upon Gen. Mahone, whose brigade formed a part of it, Col. Weisiger succeeded to the command of the Second Brigade. From the Wilderness to the close of the war, except when for a few days he was absent recovering from a wound received at the Crater, he commanded his brigade, and was present in several battles, including those of Spottsylvania C. H., Cold Harbor, the Crater, Johnston's Farm, Aiken's Farm, Burgess' Mill, Hatcher's Run, and Cumberland Church. In the battle of Aiken's Farm, August 10, 1864, he handled the brigade with wonderful skill when it was nearly surrounded by a greatly superior force.

Gen. Weisiger's dashing and successful charge at the Crater connects him inseparably with this fight. He won his greatest distinction here, and became known as the "Hero of the Crater."

To understand Gen. Weisiger's part in this fight, it is necessary to recall the immediate circumstances which led to his famous charge. Disheartened by the failure of his repeated attempts to break the Confederate lines by direct assault, Gen. Grant finally approved the plan, suggested to Gen. Burnside by one of his officers, Lieut. Col. Henry Pleasants, to construct a mine and blow up the salient to the right of Blandford Cemetery, and in the event of its success to force his troops through the breach while the Confederates were dismayed by the explosion. Grant in the meanwhile made a powerful feint north of James River, which, however, he meant to turn into a real attack upon Richmond should he find the lines of that city thinly garrisoned. To meet this powerful demonstration Gen. Lee had been compelled to detach five of his eight divisions north of the James, which left him, together with his infantry, with but thirteen thousand men on the Petersburg front. Grant, finding Richmond securely guarded, ordered the troops he had sent north of the James to return on the night of July 30 to take part in the assault, which he had now determined to make when the mine should be sprung. At daylight on the 31st the mine was sprung with terrific explosion, burying under its debris the whole garrison of the Elliot salient.

Undoubtedly had the assault been made by resolute troops directed by determined officers nothing could have prevented the Federal forces from entering Petersburg, for Meade had massed for the assault sixty-five thousand troops within a few hundred yards of the doomed salient, while, as has been stated, there were but thirteen thousand Confederates on the whole Petersburg front. But the Federal forces were themselves demoralized by the terrific explosion, and rushing over the intervening space between the Federal and Confederate lines, sought shelter under the crumbling sides of the Crater, instead of going forward. This delay enabled Lee to send for two brigades of

Mahone's division from the right, the Virginia and Georgia brigades, though to do so he had to uncover his whole right flank. Under the personal direction of Mahone, these two veteran brigades came swinging down the valley in the rear of the Confederate lines, and entered, in single file, the covered way leading to the Crater. When within about two hundred yards of the salient, filing again to the right they began to form line of battle in the ravine immediately in rear of the former Confederate position. The Virginia brigade under Gen. Weisiger formed line of battle facing the Crater, but just as the Georgia brigade was ready to move out of the covered way to form on the left of the Virginians, suddenly a brave Federal officer, who had gotten his men in and around the Crater well in hand, called to the Federals to charge.

Then it was that the Virginia brigade, led by the gallant Weisiger, charged to meet the oncoming host, and won the day.

FIFTY EXPOSED AS THE "SIX HUNDRED."

Comrade J. T. Tucker, Winchester, Ky., writes:

I was one of fifty officers taken from Fort Delaware on June 24, 1864, for the purpose of being exposed to the fire of Confederate guns. But arriving at Hilton Point we were anchored about two miles from shore and confined in the hold of a merchant vessel, guarded by fifty Federal officers and the boat's crew of fifteen men. The cooking for the one hundred and fifteen men was done in the hold where we were confined, and the heat was intense. We were there from June 24 until August 3, when we were exchanged for fifty Federal officers. I belonged to Gen. Morgan's brigade. Chenault was colonel, I was lieutenant colonel, and McCreary was major. I was in the Green River stockade fight, when Col. Chenault was killed, and I was one among those sent by Gen. Morgan under a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the stockade, when the Federal officer met us with a smile on his face and said: "Lieutenant, if it were any other day I might, but on the Fourth of July I must have a little brush first." I knew then that it was a fight to the death. Previous to this, in command of four companies, I was ordered to burn the stockade, and while our boys were setting fire to it I went around, saw what it was constructed of, and knew that we could not take it. We were whipped, and I lost my noble men. Among them was my colonel, Chenault.

The names of the fifty officers are:

Major generals: Ed Johnson, Frank Gardner.

Brigadier generals: J. J. Archer, George H. Steuart, M. Jeff Thompson.

Colonels: Norvell Cobb, W. H. Peebles, John A. Jaquess, Basil W. Duke, R. C. Morgan, W. W. Ward,

M. J. Ferguson, William H. Forney, Benjamin E. Caudill, James Pell, J. M. Hanks, William M. Barbour, A. S. Vandeventer, James N. Brown.

Lieutenant colonels: J. T. Fitzgerald, Oliver A. Patten, C. L. Haynes, Phil E. Davant, James F. Brewer, Marshall J. Smith, William Lee Davidson, William M. Parseley, A. C. Smyley, Joseph T. Tucker, D. H. Lee Martz.

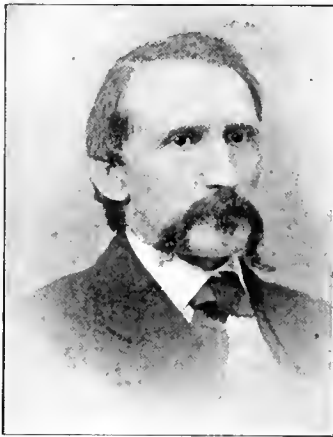
Majors: E. J. Sandern, T. H. G. Smith, J. E. Grace, J. W. Caldwell, R. E. Nash, Thomas B. Webber, Charles M. Henry, William H. Manning, T. J. Carson, Linnville J. Perkins, F. F. Warley, Thomas E. Upshaw, H. A. Highley, W. T. Emmet, D. W. Anderson, Thomas Steele, J. Moore Wilson, Alcee Dupree, Thomas E. Jackson.

THE POPE AND THE CONFEDERACY.

William E. Curtis, in special correspondence to the *Chicago Record*, gives some interesting facts in connection with the attitude of Pope Pius IX. toward the Southern Confederacy. While the pontiff never formally recognized the Southern States as a nation, his correspondence with the authorities at Richmond was highly considerate, and is very interesting.

The belligerency of the Southern States was recognized by Queen Victoria May 13, 1861; Emperor Napoleon, of France, did the same on June 10 of that year; the King of the Netherlands, June 16; Queen Isabella, of Spain, June 17; and the Emperor of Brazil, August 1. On October 12, 1862, Pope Pius IX. wrote to the archbishops of New York and New Orleans, making an appeal to their "apostolic zeal and their episcopal solicitude for the happiness and welfare of their respective people, exhorting them to make efforts in his (the pope's name, as well as in theirs, for the restoration of peace, the termination of the disastrous civil war then raging in America, and the re-establishment of concord and charitable love throughout the whole country." This letter was of a purely ecclesiastical character, and had designedly no bearing on politics. At the date on which it was written, New Orleans had been captured and Gen. Butler had proclaimed martial law there. The prelates to whom the Pope addressed these letters were Archbishop Hughes, of New York and Archbishop Odin, of New Orleans, both of whom complied with his request and ordered prayers for peace.

Mr. Curtis quotes extensively from Dr. Jose Ignacio Rodriguez, a most learned diplomatist and a recognized authority on diplomatic history. The latter considers that "the attitude of the two prelates, especially of Archbishop Hughes, who was a personal friend of Mr. Seward, in favor of the preservation of the Union, is a matter of historical and diplomatic record." Archbishop Hughes, in writing on the subject, stated: "If a division of the country should ever take place, the Catholics will have had no voluntary part in bringing about such a calamity." He aided the government substantially when a call was made on the State of New York for militia to sustain the laws; the Sixty-Ninth Regiment was mainly composed of Catholics, and Meagher's Irish Brigade and Cocoran's Legion were subsequently raised. He was also sent to Europe on a diplomatic mission. After the Trent affair, November, 1861, there seemed probability that the European powers would recognize the Confederate States.



COL. JOSEPH T. TUCKER.

and at the request of Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln, Archbishop Hughes went to Europe to use his influence for the good of the United States. He sailed late in 1861, and returned to America in August, 1862. While there he had a satisfactory interview with Napoleon III., and did successful work in Rome. Letters received from Pius IX. shortly after his return show the effects of the prelate's influence. The contents of those letters were made known to Jefferson Davis sometime afterwards, and he opened correspondence with the Pope, to whom he wrote as follows:

To His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., Most Venerable Head of the Holy See and Sovereign Pontiff of the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church: The letters addressed by your holiness to the venerable heads of the catholic clergy of New Orleans and New York have been communicated to me, and I have read with emotion the terms in which your holiness has been pleased to express the profound sorrow which the carnage, ruin, and devastation of the present war, waged by the government of the United States against the States and the people which have elected me to be their President, have produced in your holiness. I refer to those letters by which your holiness directed the prelates above alluded to and their clergy to exhort the people and the authorities to exercise charity and show love for peace.

I deeply appreciate the Christian charity and sympathy which inspired your holiness when making such an earnest appeal to the venerable clergy of the Catholic Church to work for the reestablishment of peace and concord. It is for this reason that I consider myself bound by duty to assure your holiness, personally in my own name, and in the name of the people of the Confederate States, that we have been very deeply moved in our hearts by the feelings of love and Christian charity which have guided your holiness on this occasion, and to state furthermore that these people, though threatened with cruel oppression and horrible carnage, even in their own individual homes, wish, nevertheless, and so they have always wished with fervor, to see the end of this impious war; that in our prayers to the Heavenly Father we have expressed the same feelings with which your holiness is animated; that we have no ill will toward our enemies; that we do not covet any possession of theirs; that we struggle against them only to cause them to cease to devastate our country and shed the blood of our people, and that our only desire is to be allowed to live in peace under our institutions and laws which protect everybody, not only in the enjoyment of all temporal rights, but also in the free exercise of religion.

I pray your holiness to accept from myself and from the people of the Confederate States our sincere thanks for your holiness' efforts in favor of peace. May the Lord prolong the days of your holiness, and keep your holiness in his holy guard!

JEFFERSON DAVIS,
Pres. of Confed. States, etc.

To this letter Pope Pius IX. replied December 8, 1863, as follows:

Illustrious and Honorable President, Greeting: We have just received, with all proper benevolence, the persons sent by you to deliver to us your letter of the 23d of September ultimo. We have learned with pleasure through the said persons and through your letter what was the nature of the feelings of joy and

gratitude which were excited in you, illustrious and honorable President, when given information about the letters written by us to our venerable brothers, John, Archbishop of New York, and John, Archbishop of New Orleans, on the 18th of October of the preceding year, wherein we made an earnest appeal to their compassionate feelings and episcopal solicitude, and exhorted them to endeavor, with fervent zeal and in our name, to induce the people of your country to put an end to the disastrous civil war which is raging there, so as to secure for your people the benefits of peace and concord and charitable love for each other.

It has been particularly gratifying to us to be informed that you and your people are animated by the same desires of peace and concord which we in the letters above referred to inculcated in the venerable brothers of ours to whom they were addressed. May God be willing to grant that the other people of America, and of the authorities who are at their head, seriously considering what a grave thing civil war is and how much misfortune and wrong it carries with it, should listen to the inspirations of a calmer spirit, and resolutely adopt a policy of peace!

As to us, we shall never cease to address the most fervent prayers to Almighty God, requesting him to inspire in the whole people a spirit of peace and charity and to free them from the great evils which now afflict them. We pray at the same time to merciful God to bestow upon you the light of his grace, and cause you to be attacked to us by a perfect union. Given at St. Peter, Rome, December 3, 1863, the eighteenth of our pontificate.

PIE IX.

Miss Richard Snead sends an account of the memorial services at Athens, Ala., on Decoration Day:

This occasion was observed with more than usual interest by a great many people, visitors and townspeople, and the services were most impressive. The crowd assembled in the Cumberland Church at three o'clock in the afternoon, and shortly afterwards the Thomas Hobbs Camp of Confederate veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy, led by the Athens Brass Band, marched into the church. The speaker was Col. Colyar, a gallant Tennessean, who was a member of the Confederate Congress. He spoke eloquently of the dear dead heroes whom we are glad to honor. When he had finished his address the procession marched to the cemetery, where the graves were decorated. The Daughters have recently had the bodies of the Confederate dead removed to a circular plat set apart for this purpose, and in the center of this it is their intention to erect an appropriate monument.

Mrs. Street Hudspeth, Bandera, Tex., desires information concerning the death of her father. "He was a Confederate soldier named Harvey S. Fee, and belonged to Wright's Regiment, Slemon's Brigade. He went from Arkansas into Missouri on Price's raid, and was captured at the battle of Ransas Plains in the fall of 1864. From there he was sent to St. Louis, Mo., and has never been heard of since. One of his comrades, who jumped from the train at St. Louis, brought the last news of him. He was slender, weighed about one hundred and forty pounds, and had black hair and blue eyes. He was sergeant in his company."

STORY OF OUR GREAT WAR (CONTINUED).

By the Late Mercer Otey, of San Francisco.

Friday, September 5, 1862, Gen. Lee crossed the Potomac into Maryland, determined to carry the war into the enemy's country. We had been marching and fighting ever since we gave battle, on August 9, to Pope at Cedar Mountain, where our baggage had been left, so that we had nothing but what remained on our backs. We were hungry and dirty and lousy, and the skin was visible through our flannel or jeans shirts. The first thing I did when I reached the river was to wash my underwear and hang them on a friendly blackjack bush to dry, while the cool waters covered my nakedness and cleansed my battle-begrimed body. "Old Jack" always exercised great consideration for his troops in marching, and division and brigade commanders were instructed to rest the men ten minutes in each hour.

We were considerably exercised as to our destination. We thought surely we were headed for Washington, and naturally were eager to make a dash for the capital. The contrast of the country we were marching through was very great to the desolate fields of old Virginia behind us. Waving corn tassels and golden sheaves of wheat, with fruit-laden orchards, greeted us on all sides. We plucked the young ears of corn and mixed it with green apples and hardtack, which, when all stewed together in some frying pan, made a delectable dish that we relished greatly. Apple butter could be had in abundance, also plenty of milk and potatoes, with an occasional piece of bacon or beef, with an onion thrown in, and we fared sumptuously.

The roads over which we marched were macadamized, and therefore we suffered but little from dust, whereas in Virginia the soil being light and the roads but little worked, the troops suffered greatly. Frequently some staff officers of a division or corps commander attempting to keep up the appearance of a neat toilet would invite the jibes and jests of the troops, who, marching patiently in the dust raised by his careless riding, would give vent to their feelings in language that was not exactly decorous and respectful. If the offending official was wise, he would return laugh for laugh, and all would pass off pleasantly. But all natures are not alike. One aid-de-camp I remember well, whom nature had endowed with long curling mustaches, of which he was very proud, had the bad habit of continually stroking them with his gauntleted hand as he carelessly clattered along the column, perfectly indifferent to the distressing cloud of dust that the poor patient infantrymen had to swallow and snuff, so he was greeted with shouts of "Where did you get them mice, mister? Pull 'em outern your mouth. I knows they's there, for I see their tails a wiggling," etc.

A few days after fording the Potomac our column reached Frederick City. About half a mile from that place the column was halted and "Old Jack" sent forward his inspector general, Col. Kidd Douglass, to select a suitable camp beyond the city. We sat in the corners of the worn rail fence that guarded each side of the pike to protect the fields of magnificent corn, with visions of the beautiful and bountiful things we

were told awaited our entry in Frederick City that had been prepared by the patriotic sympathizers of "Maryland, My Maryland."

I proposed to some of the boys that we go at once and be the first to enter the city where the fair ones were waiting to greet us with good cheer. Some of the boys said that it was impossible to pass the line of sentinels that "Old Jack" had thrown across the pike at the head of the column. "Well, boys," I said, "I haven't been a cadet under 'Old Jack' four years without learning something. If any of you fellows want to get into Frederick City, just follow me." Fortunately, I had observed the fields of magnificent corn that grew on each side of the pike were planted in lines parallel to the pike and quite thick, so that all I had to do was to climb the fence when no officer's eye was on me, and, taking a corn row a hundred yards or so away, scoot down it past the sentinel at the head of the column and in a jiffy I was in Frederick City with three or four of my daring comrades.

What a time we had! Everything was free, and the citizens told us to help ourselves. How refreshing the cool lager beer in the Dutch cellars and the ice cream and iced drinks of every description! I was sauntering along a street lined with handsome residences, when I was hailed by a gentleman sitting on a porch with a half dozen beautiful ladies surrounding him, and was invited to enter. I did so, and, being asked if I had dined, replied 'No.' I was immediately ushered into a magnificently appointed dining room, where I found half a dozen "Johnny rebs" trying to strike a general average for the many meals missed since we commenced the campaign. The ladies were dressed in silks and satins, and were waiting on the boys with the greatest assiduity. You can imagine how I felt amidst such charming company when you consider my personal appearance: my hair was long, my beard unshorn, my trousers splotted and daubed here and there with axle grease and tar from the gun carriage or caisson; I had no coat, only a light Canton flannel shirt ripped and torn so badly that my (once alabaster) skin showed very conspicuously on all quarters of the quadrant. And then after dinner to have a promenade through the clustering vines laden with grapes, with a beautiful lady on each arm listening intently to the blood-curdling tales of battle—ye gods! certainly this recompense was enough to brave the anger and punishment that I knew was sure to be meted to me when I reported to my battery for duty. Well, all things must end. Within three days somehow the soldier snuffs in the air that indefinable something that warns him to get to camp. Playing truant is jolly fun while it lasts, but "O what a difference in the morning!"

Well, my fun having spent itself—for I had nothing else to spend—I hied myself to camp, and found the battery parked in a lovely grove of trees, where the good boys were resting themselves in the shade. I was immediately called before Capt. McLaughlin and ordered to give an account of my absence. What could I do but cry: "*Peccavi!*" Tremblingly I awaited the sentence that consigned me to sit out in the wheat stubble field between the guns in the hot sun and to stand ten hours of additional guard duty. Away I was marched to the field, one hundred yards from where my comrades were enjoying their *dolce far niente*, read-

ing, and smoking. My *siesta* in the sun was soon interrupted by marching orders, and, limbering up, away we went, headed southward, after blowing up the beautiful stone bridge over the Monocacy River to prevent the Federals pursuing us too vigorously. The 13th and 15th of September found us investing Harper's Ferry, where "Old Jack" had penned up Gen. Miles and some eleven thousand of McClellan's army, together with seventy-three pieces of artillery, thirteen thousand small arms, and a large quantity of military stores, all of which fell into our hands. Our divisions each occupied Loudon Heights and Bolivar Heights, with "Old Jack" stopping the bung-hole of the barrel. How our batteries on the heights rained down the shot and shell on those poor fellows! I understood then that one of our shells took away the leg of the commanding general. It always struck me as strange how quickly news like that was communicated from their army to ours.

Having gotten the infantry penned up, we were told to not be surprised if their cavalry should make an attempt to cut their way through our lines. So the second night of the investment we lay close to our guns, momentarily anticipating an attack—a night attack, of which all old soldiers have a horror. I had just gotten into a comfortable snooze when bang! bang! rattlety-plang-plang, and up I jumped, expecting to be sabered then and there, as the Russians at Inkerman. I saw nothing. I rubbed my eyes; none of my comrades had stirred. I listened eagerly, and looking down saw at a glance the cause of my alarm. It was old "Monk" Thompson, who, lying on his back with "fly trap" open, was snoring for dear life. I felt like giving him a bat, but concluded I wouldn't make a further fool of myself, so turned in and was soon fast asleep.

Paroling this large body of prisoners gave us a day or so more of rest, and by this time, having expiated part of my sentence, I enjoyed the shade of the spreading oak. Just here happened a funny thing that, little as it was, may have been the cause of my being to-day still in the land of the living.

One of the boys had been off foraging for fruit, having borrowed one of the battery horses for the trip. As he came trotting into camp with two haversacks filled with pears the brute stumbled, and a dozen or so of pears went rolling on the ground. I and others made a dash for the fugitives, and just as I spread my right hand for the coveted prize down came a burly fellow with his knee across my fingers—result, a badly broken finger, and consequent bandaging. This trifling accident kept me out of the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, on September 17.

Kind reader, you must not blush at the business I was engaged in during the bloody battle of Sharpsburg. Owing to my broken finger I was detailed to remain with the quartermaster's train in Shepherdstown, a small town on the south bank of the Potomac. You must remember that in time of activity in the field the soldier has little or no opportunity to look after his wearing apparel. Consequently nearly all are more or less troubled with vermin. It is almost impossible to be free from them. They get into your clothing and lay their eggs or nits in the seams of your underwear, that the ordinary boiling soapsuds have little or no effect upon. The only remedy we found to be effica-

cious was to boil the garments in a strong decoction of tobacco. Such was my occupation while McClellan, with 87,000 men of all arms, was pressing Lee at Sharpsburg, whose entire strength was 35,255, of which the total effective infantry was 27,255.

It may appear that one would congratulate one's self on being kept out of a battle, but somehow all during those two days I felt uncomfortable and unhappy at being compelled to remain away from the battery. I knew they were in action and were bound to suffer, but I wanted to be with them.

It was at this battle that one of the cannoneers of our battery remarked to Gen. Lee as he rode by: "General, are you going to put us in again?" The General turned, and not recognizing him, replied: "I suppose so; but who are you, my lad?" "I am Robbie, sir," replied his son, Robert E. Lee, Jr., who, from the heat and dust of battle was scarcely recognizable.

The night of the 19th our army safely recrossed to the Virginia shore, and I joyfully rejoined my comrades, who had suffered considerably in action.

The morning of the 20th, some brigades of the Federals having followed us across the river, Gen. A. P. Hill, commanding our rear guard, turned upon them and drove them pell-mell into the Potomac, and there was witnessed one of the most terrible slaughters of the war. The surface of the river, quite broad at this spot, was blue with the floating bodies of the enemy, their officers reporting a loss from one brigade alone of three thousand men killed and drowned. This permitted us to quietly pursue our way to Winchester and go into camp to give the troops the repose so much needed.

Here I received an appointment from President Davis as first lieutenant of the signal corps, with orders to report to Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, commanding a corps d'armee at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

In sending the name of a new subscriber Comrade W. C. Lyons, of Kirkwood, Mo., writes: "Mr. Frederick Dings, who now becomes a subscriber, is in his ninety-second year, and his love for the Confederacy is as fresh and warm as it was when he sacrificed his all for it in the sixties. He was one of the few German citizens of St. Louis who espoused the Confederate cause. He sent two sons to the front, one of whom was killed early in the war; the other served to the end. When the war closed the father and son returned to Germany and spent several years, afterwards entering business in St. Louis." Comrade Lyons shows his interest and appreciation by sending the names of two Confederates who are without the *VETERAN*, and adds: "One has only to read the *VETERAN* to become deeply grateful for the great work it is doing. The memory of our glorious cause is as dear to us as heaven."

Comrade T. N. Staggs, Bangs, Tex., wishes to find some one who can testify to his services in the Confederate army under Capt. Mires, whose company was placed under Col. Lay at Louisville, Ark. Later it was under Gen. Doetry, and was disbanded at Camden at the surrender.



GEN. DANDRIDGE M'RAE.

Gen. Dandridge McRae was born in Baldwin County, Ala., on October 10, 1829. He was early trained to the duties of the farm. He received his education under a private tutor and entered the State University of South Carolina, from which institution he was graduated in the class of 1849. The same year he removed to Arkansas and settled in Searcy, where he was subsequently admitted to the bar. He rose rapidly in his profession, and soon gained an extensive practice. He served his county six years as County and Circuit Clerk. In 1861, when the war was imminent, Gen. McRae was State Inspector General on the staff of Gov. Rector, and naturally was among the first to go into the Confederate service. He was actively engaged in organizing troops for the State, and was sent by the military board to muster in Gen. N. B. Pearce's Brigade of State troops. Even at that time the Missourians were driven from the State by the Federal generals, Lyon and Sigle. Gen. Ben McCulloch, in command of Arkansas and Indian Territory, issued a proclamation to the people of Arkansas to go to the borders and repel invaders. Many companies organized and reported to McRae, who, at the request of the General, took command and moved into Missouri toward Springfield, to make a diversion while the General moved to Carthage to relieve Parsons, of the Missouri State Guard. Upon his return to Arkansas McRae organized a regiment of infantry and was made colonel of the same. He took part in the battles of Oak Hill (Wilson's Creek), Pea Ridge, Corinth, and all of the early engagements on the Missouri borders. He crossed the Mississippi River with his regiment when the troops under Van Dorn were transferred east of that river. He remained there for some time, but was sent to Arkansas to raise another army in the West, where he raised a second regiment and aided in recruiting several others. They were formed into a brigade known as McRae's Brigade, and he was assigned to the command with rank of brigadier general. When Little Rock was taken by the Union forces the State was virtually cut in two, the Arkansas River being the dividing line, and Gen. McRae was assigned to the command of the department of Northern Arkansas. He was in the battle of Helena and captured the only fort taken, also Jenkins Ferry and Prairie Grove. In the spring of 1864 Gen. Davidson came by White River, landed at Augusta with the Third Minnesota Infantry, and sent out a company of about ninety men to reconnoiter. This company encountered several hundred men under Gen. McRae. A fight ensued, and the Federals fell back in good order, suffering a great loss in killed and wounded.

At the close of the war Gen. McRae returned to his home as soon as the reconstruction laws would permit. He resumed the practice of law at Searcy, where he was eminently successful. In 1881 he was called to

assume the duties of Deputy Secretary of State. At the New Orleans Exposition in 1884 he took personal charge of the Arkansas display, having been appointed by the State and by the United States as acting commissioner. When the State decided to continue the exhibit at New Orleans through the American Exposition he was made the State Commissioner in charge. He served as chief commissioner of the North, South, and Central American Exposition at London, and as Chairman of the National American Shipping League and President of the Board of National Commissioners. He compiled a comprehensive pamphlet on the products and resources of Arkansas, and was Vice



GEN. DANDRIDGE M'RAE.

President of the State Bureau of Information. In 1888 he was appointed by the United States Treasury Department expert for gathering information.

Gen. McRae died on April 23, 1899.

John Y. Rankin, Brownwood, Tex., writes of the late Comrade John H. Blackstone: "He was a member of Camp Stonewall Jackson, U. C. V., No. 118, Brownwood, Tex. He enlisted in the Confederate service from Jefferson, Tex., at New Orleans, March, 1862, Company H, Twenty-Fifth Louisiana Regiment, Gibson's Brigade. He participated in the engagements at Farmington, Miss.; Perryville, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Jackson, Miss.; Chickamauga, Ga.; Peachtree Creek, Ga.; Jonesborough, Ga.; Florence, Ala.; and at the Spanish Fort. He was wounded many times, but bore his suffering bravely, served to the end, and was paroled at Vicksburg. He afterwards moved to Brownwood, where he was standard bearer of our camp, and was a delegate to Nashville to the convention there. He was our Vice Commander at the time of his death."

Comrade M. M. Mobley, Company H, Twelfth Kentucky Regiment of Forrest's command, died at his home, near Trenton, Tenn., December 4, 1898.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE COL. J. M. GRAVES.

LEXINGTON, KY., July 31, 1899.

Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.:

My Dear Sir: It has been in my mind for quite a little while to send you a simple tribute to the memory of Col. James M. Graves. He was born near Lexington, Ky., December 7, 1834, and died at his home in this city January 8, 1899. He was more to me than friend—he was my brother in all the word could mean except in blood. My companion in earlier life, my companion in war, and when peace came to us he was still the sturdy, trustful, manly, devoted friend. It was my privilege to know him well in every relation of life—as husband, gentle, tender, and loving; as father, kind, considerate, indulgent; as friend, loyal, sincere, devoted; and as soldier, chivalrous, brave, daring. A man of retiring disposition, yet as strong in his convictions and as fearless to assert them. He lived in Lexington all of his life save the years of the war.



COL. JAMES M. GRAVES.

He was honored with many positions of public trust. He was cashier of the Lexington City National Bank and a director in the Security Trust and Safety Vault Company at the time of his death, both of which places he held for many years, and by his strict integrity and business acumen won for himself the greatest confidence. He was in precept and practice a modest Christian gentleman, and his inward life bore strongest outward evidences of the trusting faith of his soul in God, and when death reaped the harvest he took from earth a light that left darkest shadows on many a loving heart. I bring this tribute wreathed in tenderest love as an offering to the memory of him who in life was true to every conviction of duty, who gave his early manhood to his country, and when war had ended, resuming peaceful avocations, he was no less faithful and sincere in accepting the changed conditions.

On July 25, 1867, he married Miss Addie G. Allen,

of this county, who survives him, and who has been untiring in her devotion to the Confederate cause. She held the office of President of the Honorary Confederate Veteran Association for several terms, and was later elected President of the State Association of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Col. Graves enlisted at Lexington in 1862 as a member of the Signal Corps, Breckinridge's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee, and was in the following battles: Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the Chattanooga-Atlanta campaign, Jonesboro, Dalton, Franklin, and Nashville. He was surrendered by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, at Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

He was the son of Mrs. Polly Cloud Graves, a sketch of whose life appeared in the *VETERAN* of June, 1897. This venerable mother was born in this county February 16, 1797. She has passed the century line, and still lives to mourn with the many the loss of her noble son, who was never forgetful nor neglectful of his mother.

COL. WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON.

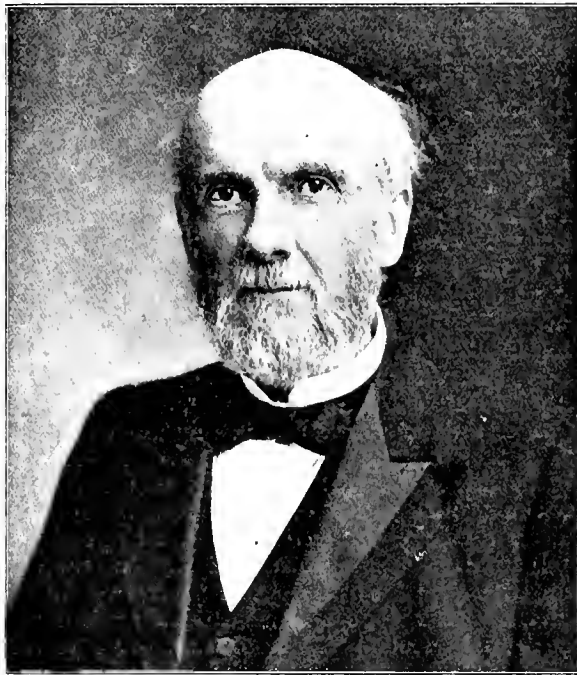
The *Louisville Courier-Journal*, July 16, has this to say of the life and the recent deplorable death of an eminent Southerner and Confederate intimately associated with President Davis during the great war.

Col. William Preston Johnston, the eldest son of Albert Sidney and Henrietta Preston Johnston, was born in Louisville January 5, 1831. His parents were of Scotch-Irish descent, his paternal grandfather, Dr. John Johnston, of Salisbury, Conn., having settled in Mason County, Ky., in 1790, and his maternal grandfather, William Preston, of Montgomery County, Va., having come to Louisville in the second decade of this century, where he had a large estate, now embraced chiefly in the city. At the age of four Col. Johnston lost his mother, and his father having moved to Texas, he was reared by his maternal relatives in Louisville, and was educated in the schools of that city. Later he attended the academy of S. V. Womack, in Shelbyville; Center College, Danville; and the Kentucky Military Institute, at Georgetown. In 1850 he entered the junior class of Yale College, and graduated with distinction in 1852. He was an earnest student and a great reader, excelling in school and college for scholarship, and at Yale carrying off some of the first prizes in English composition. After graduation he entered the law school of the University of Louisville, and received his diploma in March, 1853.

On July 6, 1853, he married, in New Haven, Rosa E. Duncan, daughter of John N. Duncan, of New Orleans, La. He then settled in Louisville and engaged in the practice of law, and except for a short period, when he lived in New York, resided here until the war between the States. Being thoroughly Southern in his convictions, when President Lincoln issued his proclamation for troops, which he believed were for the subjugation of the South, he aided in recruiting several companies for the Confederate army, and was appointed major of the Second Kentucky Regiment, but was soon transferred to the First, with same rank. The regiment participated in the early operations of the Army of Northern Virginia; but, his health failing, he accepted, in May, 1862, the invitation of President Davis to become a member of his official family as aid-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, in which ca-

capacity he served during the remainder of the war, having been captured in company with Mr. Davis after Gen. Lee's surrender, and was imprisoned for some time in Fort Delaware. His relations with Mr. Davis were of the most confidential character, contributing to the strength of the administration by the high qualifications he brought to the trust and the confidence reposed in him by his chief. It was especially fortunate for Kentuckians that he held such a position, as he was able to render valuable service to the officers and soldiers, both in the field and in prison, never tiring in his efforts in their behalf.

Upon his release from prison, after a year's residence in exile in Canada, he returned to Louisville and resumed the practice of law. In 1867, while thus engaged, he was invited by Gen. R. E. Lee, who had become President of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., to the chair of History and English Literature, and removed to that place. During ten years



COL. WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON.

he discharged with ability the duties of this responsible position, his merit as a scholar and wide acquaintance in the South attracting many of its youth, to whom he was in many instances both instructor and guardian. During this period he wrote the "Life of Albert Sidney Johnston," published by the Appletons in 1878. The task was a delicate one for a son to write the biography of a father whose prominence naturally involved the consideration of many questions of personal and official controversy. But the calm and judicial cast of his mind, supplemented by his thorough scholarship, enabled him to produce a work which, while faithfully presenting the cause of the South and the claims of his father to the distinction he enjoys as a man and soldier, has received the commendation of the most distinguished civil and military critics both North and South. In the whole range of biography there are few more ably written or more charming volumes.

In 1880 Col. Johnston accepted the presidency of the Louisiana University at Baton Rouge, and in the three years during which he held this position he thoroughly reorganized the institution and left it in a prosperous condition. In 1883, when Paul Tulane, of Princeton, N. J., a former resident of New Orleans, made to Louisiana his generous offer to endow a university, the administrators of the fund, at whose head was the late Senator Randall Lee Gibson, a Kentuckian and college mate of Col. Johnston, whose character and qualifications he knew well, invited him to organize and take charge of the institution to be founded. To this great work he devoted the remainder of his life, with a success which has few parallels in the history of new institutions. The indefatigable zeal and practical judgment with which he applied himself to the work attracted to his assistance all the best elements of the professional and social life of New Orleans and the State, and the result is shown in the splendid university, with its various departments, housed in elegant new buildings, surpassed by few older institutions. The number of students for the current year has been over seven hundred, nearly all of whom are from New Orleans or the State of Louisiana. In addition to this he organized the Sophie Newcomb Memorial College, an institution for girls, endowed by Mrs. Warren Newcomb, which is a part, though under separate management, of Tulane University. The influence of such institutions upon the moral and intellectual tone of New Orleans cannot be overestimated, and is apparent to all who have noted the progress of these institutions, before the establishment of which the youth of the city had to seek a higher education in other States or be limited to the academic course in the common schools. Already the graduates of Tulane are filling the highest positions in every department of life—on the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the medical ranks, and, with its excellent art and training schools, in fine arts and industrial enterprises. No nobler work has been done by any one for the advancement of the South, and in the results of his labors, both in the splendid buildings erected by him and in the intellectual elevation of the city and State wrought by its *alumni*, its organizer and director during its infancy could have no more appropriate monument.

During the heavy labor incident to such an undertaking, aggravated by feeble health through a number of years, Col. Johnston has made many contributions to literature, both in prose and verse, together with lectures and addresses before colleges and before various literary and other associations. His active mind was always in touch with the world's literature, and his fondness for reading never flagged.

On October 19, 1885, Col. Johnston's first wife died; and in April, 1888, he married Miss Margaret Avery, of Iberia Parish, La., a lady of rare worth and culture, who survives him. His children who were of the first marriage were: Albert Sidney, who died in 1885, aged twenty-four; Henrietta Preston, wife of the Hon. Henry St. George Tucker, of Lexington, Va., for four terms member of Congress; Rosa Duncan, wife of George A. Robinson, of Louisville; and Margaret Wickliffe, wife of Richard Sharpe, Jr., of Wilkesbarre, Pa. His eldest daughter, Mary Duncan Johnston, died unmarried in Louisville November 25, 1893; and his young-

est, Caroline Hancock, wife of Thomas C. Kinney, of Staunton, Va., died in Louisville July 26, 1895.

He leaves surviving him a sister, Miss Henrietta P. Johnston, of Louisville; a half-brother, Hancock M. Johnston, of Los Angeles, Cal.; and two half-sisters, Mrs. William B. Prichard, of San Francisco, and Mrs. George J. Denis, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Col. Johnston was a man admirable in all the best elements of manhood, firmly grounded in principle, beloved and admired by all who knew him, and a model in all his domestic relations. In breadth and tenacious firmness of conviction, as in his well-cultured mind, he was not unlike his father, who, with the stern qualities of the soldier combined a gentleness and love of man and nature as rare as it is admirable, and as truly an attribute of true greatness.

The many friends of Col. Johnston who knew him in his early manhood in Kentucky, and those who have learned his worth everywhere, but especially in New Orleans, where he had left the most enduring impress of his character, will hear of his death with sorrow and long cherish his memory.

The death of Mrs. Carrie Bell Buchanan occurred at her home in Louisville on January 19, 1899. Mrs. Buchanan was a spirited and one of the most useful of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and her chapter, the Albert Sidney Johnston, passed the following:



MRS. CARRIE BELL BUCHANAN.

"Resolved, That in the loss of our sister, whose presence was at all times helpful and pleasant, and whose sympathy and encouragement was an inspiration to our work of caring for the indigent widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers, we have sustained a loss deeply and universally felt, and while we bow with submission to the will of the Almighty in taking her unto himself, we desire to put on record our expression of the loss we have sustained in her death, and to entwine about her grave a chaplet of immortelles."

(Continued from page 352.)

DISCOURTEOUS TREATMENT OF A LARGE CAMP.

That the following petition could not be gotten before the Board of Trustees will illustrate the very strange actions of the Executive Committee:

At a meeting of Frank Cheatham Camp No. 35, of Nashville, Tenn., with three hundred and eighty members, held on the first Friday in January, 1898, a committee was formed to examine particularly into the status and condition of the "South's Memorial Institute," especially into its management by said Secretary.

At a meeting of said Camp, held on Friday evening, March 4, 1898, the committee submitted its report, accompanied by the following resolutions, which were fully considered, adopted, and ordered transmitted to Gen. C. A. Evans, the Vice President of said Institute:

"Resolved, That we most earnestly condemn the methods adopted by Comrade John C. Underwood, Secretary of the South's Memorial Institute, for the purpose of raising money for said Institute, as evidenced by his correspondence with Comrade J. A. Chalaron and the published letters of Maj. William McKinley, Lyman Gage, John Sherman, and others. The knowledge of this has filled us with mortification and shame, and we feel that we have been humiliated and degraded without cause or excuse.

"Resolved, That such methods of raising money for the Memorial Institute is a radical and fundamental departure from the ideas, suggestions, and plans originally adopted to accomplish the end in view. As we understand, it has been proposed to erect, at some suitable place in the South, a grand memorial building, which shall contain the historical evidences and relics of a sacred cause, and stand for all time as a monument to the daring and valor of the men and the noble sacrifices and faithfulness of the women of the South to that cause; that the proffered magnificent donation of Charles B. Rouss, a true Confederate comrade, who has made his home for many years upon a Northern soil, toward the erection of such a monument and memorial was to be supplemented by the humble and loving gifts of those whose hearts and minds cherished the sad memories of that great conflict.

"Resolved, That, in our opinion, the lack by Comrade John C. Underwood of a just appreciation and correct view of the work he has been called to do, and his inexcusable blunders and improper administration of the affairs of his trust, stamp him as not the right man for the place—that it will be impossible for him ever to command the respect and cooperation of the people of the South to the extent of making his work successful. With all deference to the wisdom and ability of its members, we respectfully recommend to the Board of Trustees that his resignation be asked and demanded, and another be selected in his place and stead.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished Gen. Clement A. Evans, Vice President of the Board of Trustees of the South's Memorial Institute, and that through him they be brought to the attention of all of the trustees at the earliest possible moment; and that we most respectfully ask a just and fair consideration of these suggestions and recommendations.

"In testimony whereof the camp has caused these presents to be signed by its Commander and Adjutant, and attested with the great seal of the State Association.

"M. S. COCKRILL, *Commander*;
"JOHN P. HICKMAN, *Adjutant*."

SPECIFICATIONS SENT WHEN REQUESTED.

To Gen. Clement A. Evans, Chairman Board of Trustees, South's Memorial Institute :

Camp Frank Cheatham, of Nashville, Tenn., sometime since forwarded to you a series of resolutions looking to the removal of Mr. John C. Underwood as Secretary of your Board, and the appointment of some one else in his place and stead; therefore the Camp begs leave to submit the following specifications in support of said resolutions, and upon which they were based :

1. The war record of Mr. Underwood does not command that respect and admiration that it should for one filling so important a place as he does in this work.

2. His record in connection with the monument erected at Chicago over the Confederate dead is one of failure. The association having this matter in charge was plunged heavily in debt by Mr. Underwood; and when the United Confederate Veterans took hold of the matter there was owing over half of the cost of the monument, and which was brought to the attention of the Veterans at the Birmingham Convention. Yet he arrogates to himself the entire credit of this monument.

3. His course in connection with raising funds for the South's Memorial Institute indicates a woeful lack of just appreciation of the sacredness, dignity, and true aim of this work, as was evidenced by his personal interviews and solicitations of the coöperation of the members of President McKinley's Cabinet, and his letters pertaining thereto.

4. The results of his efforts are so meager and unimportant as to clearly indicate that he has not the proper capacity and talents for the place of Secretary and general agent in this work.

5. He has shown bad management and general unfitness for the place of Secretary and general agent in the following particulars :

(a) He managed, in the short time he was located in Tennessee, to estrange the United Daughters of the Confederacy, so that they positively refused to coöperate with him.

(b) He antagonized the Executive Committee of the Tennessee Exposition Company, so that they refuse to pay over a fund of more than six thousand dollars, being one-third of three days' gate receipts of the Exposition while the United Confederate Veterans were in session in Nashville.

(c) He undertook to give a counter show or attraction during said three days, which was an utter failure, as it deserved to be. It caused the South's Memorial Institute to be sued in our courts for debts in connection with that show, which brought it into disrepute, and which they should have paid.

For these and other causes and reasons which might be enumerated the said Camp thinks that his resignation should be requested and another put in his place.

Camp Frank Cheatham feels a very deep interest in the South's Memorial Institute, which is so dear to the heart of every Confederate soldier, and it offers to your Board its resolutions and these specifications,

without any personal feelings or the slightest malice against Mr. Underwood. Respectfully submitted.

ROBERT L. MORRIS, *Chairman*.

As testimony in proof of the justice of my criticism, I copy from report of proceedings by these Confederate organizations at Nashville, Tenn., August 10, 1899 :

At the regular meeting of Frank Cheatham Bivouac No. 1, Tennessee Division, and Camp No. 35, U. C. V., held on Friday evening, August 4, 1899, the following preamble and resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted by standing vote :

"Whereas our most worthy and highly esteemed comrade and friend, S. A. Cunningham, inspired by truly patriotic motives, a sense of justice, a dislike of shams, and a love for all things sacred to the Confederate soldier, has thought it necessary and proper to criticize in an editorial of the June number, 1899, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the report of the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association, and the action of its Superintendent and Secretary, John C. Underwood; and whereas this veteran and survivor of many notable and bloody battles of the war between the States (all of the names of these battles in which he so nobly fought being now difficult to recall), conceiving that he was grievously injured in his honor and purse by this editorial, has brought suit for \$50,000 damages in the Federal Court at Nashville, Tenn., against our comrade, S. A. Cunningham; and whereas, believing that the work of the said Executive Committee and that of the Secretary and Superintendent of the Memorial Association directly concerns the honor and good name of every true Confederate soldier, living or dead, that their official acts are open to fair and just criticism, that no public report made by them contains such facts as every member of the United Confederate Veterans' Association is entitled to be made acquainted with, that our comrade has offered space in the columns of his paper for a reply, and a refutation of any untrue or unfair statements, if any have been made, and that differences of this character should be fought out in an official organ of the Confederate Veterans' Association and not in the courts of the country; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we hereby, as a Confederate Bivouac of Tennessee and a Camp of the United Confederate Veterans, pledge our hearty sympathy and moral support to our brave comrade and brother, S. A. Cunningham, and to his paper, in his contest with said J. C. Underwood, and beg of him to continue his work until a full and intelligent showing of all the acts of said Executive Committee and the Secretary of the Memorial Association have been made.

"In testimony whereof the Camp has caused these presents to be signed by its Commander and Adjutant, this August 5, 1899.

"F. S. HARRIS, *Commander*;
"JOHN P. HICKMAN, *Adjutant*."

These proceedings were had while I was absent from the city and State, and without my knowledge.

A paper from John P. Hickman, Adjutant of the Camp and Adjutant General of the Tennessee Division, on this subject, is to appear in next issue.

REUNION OF BLUE AND GRAY AT EVANSVILLE.

THE National Reunion of the Blue and the Gray, to be held at Evansville, Ind., October 10, 11, 12, 13, is well under way, and will be the largest gathering of the kind ever held in the United States. This reunion is under the auspices of Farragut Post, G. A. R., and the committees are formed from the best business men of the city. The Transportation Committee is doing good work, and is promised that very low rates will be given for the occasion. The reunion was conceived in a patriotic spirit and will be carried out on a high plane, to more fully emphasize and carry into effect the sentiments expressed by President McKinley at Atlanta and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee at the Chicago Peace Jubilee. A large number of the U. C. V. Camps throughout the South have already given the committee their indorsement and promised to attend in large numbers.

Evansville is admirably located for the holding of the reunion, being, as it is, the gateway of the South, and right on the banks of the Ohio River, which was once the dividing line, but is so no longer. Evansville is a city of 70,000 inhabitants, and has hotel accommodations for thousands of people, as they have just opened a magnificent new hotel in addition to the ones they had. The reunion will be held at the Tri-State Fair Grounds, which are just at the edge of the city and accessible from all street car lines. The committee will also have great attractions in the city proper during the evenings of the reunion, consisting of a monster steamboat parade going up by the city just before dark and returning just after dark. There will be a plentiful display of fireworks on the steamboats. There will also be boat races on the Ohio River, cycloramas, and almost everything to make the stay of the visitor a pleasant one. The committee in charge have great hopes that President McKinley will honor the occasion with his presence, and several prominent generals from both sides of the war have promised to attend. A monster parade will be another of the features, and in fact the committee is working all the time adding new attractions, and it is safe to say that the coming reunion will be the largest ever held.

There will also be a large sham battle on one of the days of the reunion. Good prizes will be offered for competitive drills.

MCKINLEY WILL SEE THE BLUE AND GRAY

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 24, 1899.

C. J. Morris, Secretary Blue and Gray, Evansville, Ind.

The President has expressed a willingness and desire to visit Evansville in October, provided he visits Chicago. We feel quite confident he will come. We have been greatly assisted by Senator Fairbanks. J. A. HEMSWAY

The city council has invited the President of the United States to be our guest during the Blue and Gray Reunion in October. If the President makes his contemplated visit West, he will come to Evansville. His coming here is therefore a reasonable certainty. President McKinley said to the mayor and the rest of the committee that went to Washington to invite him that he was anxious to come to Evansville again, and he desired to meet Gens. Gordon, S. D. Lee, and other representative Southern veterans here on this occasion. Consequently a committee, with the mayor at the head, has been selected to go South and personally extend to a number of these Southern representatives a cordial invitation to meet the President and be the guests of this city.

The sentiment expressed by President McKinley at Atlanta last December, that "every soldier's grave made during the unfortunate civil war is a tribute to American valor," is the basis of this reunion. Evansville is about to get the honor of furnishing the stage, securing a suitable audience, and bringing the principal characters here for the enactment of this grand national drama, the theme of which is to be the honoring of the Confederate dead by formally proclaiming their valor in conjunction with the Federal dead. This will be the first grand step along the line of adjusting sentimental conditions between the North and South. The full settlement

of all enmity engendered by the great war should be made the work of the survivors who were the participants, as they alone can formally do this. Through a sentiment of honoring, by both sides, the sleeping heroes the innermost chamber of the Southern heart can be opened to the North.

To look upon the Southern people as rebels and consign their dead to traitors' graves keeps an open breach between the sections. To acknowledge the valor and fortitude of their soldiers, to give them credit for fighting conscientiously, and forget the differences which were settled by the war simply ratifies the example set by Grant when he refused to take Lee's sword. Fraternity between all sections of this nation is necessary for its strength and perpetuity, and to preserve a republic is as grand a work as to establish it.

Our city seeks the enviable reputation of coming to the front on these patriotic lines. Doing this will bring to us many of the best people of the nation as our guests. The work in hand must be properly done, and for once Evansville will demand the loyal support of every citizen. Our city government has acted. The occasion is a supreme one. There are times when citizens must respond to the call of public duty, and the *Courier* believes the people of this city will prove themselves equal to this, her greatest undertaking.

—*Evansville Courier*, August 12.

CONFEDERATE MILITARY HISTORY.

A LIBRARY OF CONFEDERATE STATES HISTORY, in twelve volumes, written by distinguished men of the South, and edited by Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia. The Confederate Publishing Company, Atlanta, Ga. 1890

The extensive Confederate publication, in twelve volumes, bearing the title of "Confederate Military History," has been brought to our attention by reports of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans. The purpose of the undertaking was to present a library of general information on the issues involved in the great contest between the Northern and the Southern States, and also the military history of the Confederacy by separate States.

In the first volume Hon. J. L. M. Curry clearly and convincingly discusses the constitutional questions involved in the secession of States from the Federal Union as those questions appeared in the political *status* of 1860. To Prof. W. R. Garrett, of Tennessee, was assigned the task of portraying the policy and the action of the South in territorial extension, with all the benefits which the Union derived from the policy of American expansion advocated by the South. Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, follows in the same volume with a full presentation of the civil and political events which brought on the Confederate movement, and he adds to his contribution sketches of President Davis and his Cabinet, Vice President Stephens, the generals and the lieutenant generals of the Confederate armies.

The next ten volumes contain military history of the States engaged in defending the Southern Confederacy against the military forces of the United States: Maryland, by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson; Virginia, Maj. Jed Hotchkiss; North Carolina, Prof. D. H. Hill, Jr.; South Carolina, Gen. Ellison Capers; Alabama, Gen. Joe Wheeler; Mississippi, Col. Charles E. Hooker; Tennessee, Ex-Gov. Porter; Kentucky, Col. J. Stoddard Johnson; Missouri, Col. Moore; Arkansas, Gen. Harrell; Louisiana, Prof. Dimitry; Texas, Gov. Roberts; West Virginia, Gen. Robert White.

The twelfth volume has a most admirable history of the course of the Southern States during the odious reconstruction period and the material progress of the South since the war. This production is from the fair mind of Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee. Capt. Parker writes of the wonderful Southern navy. Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., describes graphically the *morale* of the Confederate armies; and in the same volume Gen. Evans outlines the military history taken as a whole. Other important features appear in all these volumes, especially the sketches of very nearly all the generals of the Confederacy.

This truly great contribution to Confederate literature, written by devoted Confederates, and edited by Gen. Evans, of Georgia, surpasses anything yet undertaken on behalf of the Southern cause, and will be received and preserved as an invaluable compendium of the records of the most momentous period in American history.



R. W. Jennings
1859

In our June issue we gave to our readers a photo of Prof. R. W. Jennings, taken this year (1899). The above shows his photo-autograph as it appeared forty years ago. At that time he was head bookkeeper for the wholesale house of Gardner & Co., Nashville. The following testimonials will be of interest:

Thomas D. Fite, Sr., a retired merchant of Nashville, and who was identified with the wholesale trade of the South for half a century, says: "R. W. Jennings, the proprietor of Jennings' Business College, was my partner in the wholesale dry goods trade for six years, he having exclusive charge of the countingroom, and it is needless to say his work was in the highest degree satisfactory; in fact, he has been for a long time considered one of the most scientific bookkeepers this country has ever produced. I sent my two sons to his college for the reason that I knew the man, and knew that he had the entire confidence of the business community for thoroughness and reliability."

Mr. J. H. Fall, of the firm of J. H. Fall & Co., Nashville, one of the largest wholesale hardware houses in the South, says: "I have known Mr. R. W. Jennings, President of Jennings' Business College, quite well for many years. His long identity and close connection with the mercantile and banking world enables him to conduct a business college based upon actual experience, and this feature gives his school, in my judgment, a decided advantage. Several of our employees were trained by Mr. Jennings, and all, without a single exception, are methodical, painstaking, and reliable. I therefore unhesitatingly endorse and commend this college to all who are seeking a business education."

Gen. W. H. Jackson, the distinguished proprietor of Belle Meade, says: "Having known Mr. R. W. Jennings for a number of years, and being satisfied as to his business methods and efficiency as an educator of youth, to prepare them for practical business, I sent my son to his college, and it affords me pleasure to commend him to all who are contemplating the sending of their sons and daughters to such a school."

W. C. Collier, President of the Collier

Grocery Co., Nashville, says: "I have known Mr. R. W. Jennings since my early manhood. His business life has been prominent, varied, and extensive, and has qualified him, and eminently so, to successfully conduct a business college from actual experience. Mr. Jennings is an extra good judge of business qualifications of young men, and his certificates commending his graduates will be of great benefit to them in their efforts to get positions. Our head bookkeeper and three others of our employees were trained in this college, and I can therefore, and without reserve, strongly commend this excellent school to all those needing business training."

Judge Thomas H. Malone, Chancellor of this division, and Dean of the law department of Vanderbilt University, says: "I have known Mr. R. W. Jennings, of the Jennings Business College, for about thirty-five years. Both as a practicing lawyer and as Chancellor I have had occasion to examine critically his statements of complicated transactions and his expositions of erroneous bookkeeping. I always rely with great confidence upon his expert opinions, and, believing that he, as an expert, has no superior among us, I think he is eminently qualified to be at the head of a business college, and his success proves it."

Judge H. H. Lurton, who resigned the position of Chief Justice of Tennessee to accept that of United States Circuit Judge, says: "Prof. R. W. Jennings possesses great skill in all matters pertaining to the science of accounts, and as an educator in commercial matters he has no superior. While upon the supreme court of Tennessee I had occasion more than once to pass upon his work as an expert in unraveling complicated accounts, and found him clear and most satisfactory." Judge Lurton sent his son to this college.

Judge E. H. East, ex-Chancellor, Nashville, says: "I have known Professor R. W. Jennings, Principal of Jennings' Business College, for many years, both personally and professionally, and know he has a large and varied experience in all matters pertaining to bookkeeping, partnership disputes, detecting forged signatures, etc. I have consulted with him on these matters and had him employed by my clients in the settlements of the books of complicated partnership accounts. He is an expert in the comparison of handwritings, detecting the genuine from the spurious. His business college stands at the head, and in its management he is now mainly engaged."

They Speak Out Strongly,

EIGHT GRADUATES IN ONE BANK.

S. J. Keith, President Fourth National Bank (capital and surplus, \$1,400,000), Nashville, says: "I can state with much pleasure that I have known Mr. R. W. Jennings for more than twenty years, both as a wholesale merchant and afterwards as the Principal of Jennings' Business College, and that I es-

teem him as a gentleman and a business man, and believe the instruction given the students in his college will be of great benefit to them. The Fourth National Bank now has in its employ eight of the graduates of that school."

A. W. Harris, Cashier American National Bank, Nashville, says: "I take pleasure in stating that I have known Mr. R. W. Jennings, Principal of Jennings' Business College, long and intimately as a business man, and believe that the instruction given students in his college will be of great value to them. We have now employed in the American National Bank four of his graduates."

Edgar Jones, President Union Bank and Trust Co., Nashville, says: "I have known R. W. Jennings since 1861, when we were both bookkeepers in the Planters' Bank of Tennessee, and later as a wholesale merchant of the highest integrity, and after this as the Principal of Jennings' Business College. The teller of this bank is a graduate of that school, and so also is one of my sons. I can therefore commend it to all who may desire a practical equipment for the business of life.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Many delightful summer resorts are situated on and reached via Southern Railway. Whether one desires the seaside or the mountain, the fashionable hotels or country homes, they can be reached via this magnificent highway of travel.

Asheville, N. C., Hot Springs, N. C., Roan 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 Resorts," descriptive of nearly one thousand summer resorts, hotels, and boarding houses, including information regarding rates for board at the different places and railroad rates to reach them.

Write to C. A. Benscoter, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Southern Railway, Chattanooga, Tenn., for a copy of this folder.

J. BAILEY BROWN,

CANDIDATE FOR

City Judge of Nashville.

Subject to Approval Democratic
Primaries.

Election October 12, 1899.

SOUTHERN SUMMER RESORTS.

To one who has seen the mountain regions of North Carolina it seems incredible that so many thousands of people, in quest of pure air, magnificent scenery, and healthful surroundings, should annually flock to the Adirondacks of New York and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. These latter resorts do not compare in any respect to the North Carolina country. Their so-called mountains are dwarfed by those of the "Old North State;" while as for lakes, trout streams, hunting grounds, and landscapes at once gracious and majestic, there is no approach to a comparison.

Yet year after year our people journey in regiments to New York and New Hampshire, spending vast sums of money for mountain cottages and summer fare, while within eighteen hours of Washington is a region infinitely more attractive in every way—better for health, for bodily comfort, for outdoor sports, and for gratification of the artistic senses. Everybody knows or has heard of Asheville. Thousands have enjoyed its wonderful scenery, and have been restored to health by the life-giving atmosphere and the balsamic zephyrs wafted from the mountain sides. But how few know, or even guess that there are a hundred possible Ashevilles in that sapphire land—some on the Piedmont plateau, others higher up—and that magnificent lakes and clear streams filled with trout abound on every side. There is a district larger than the State of Massachusetts, easily accessible by rail, well provided with excellent inns and the most picturesque driving roads, and with room for tens of thousands of summer homes in the most beautiful locations imaginable. The area is as large as that of Switzerland; the climate is more equable and wholesome; the opportunities for healthful outdoor life far more abundant and attractive.

Northern people have begun to recognize the Southern States as refuges from their killing climate during February, March, and April, and beautiful residences are springing up in Aiken, Thomasville, and such points in the interior, while all along the coasts of Florida and the Gulf, as far west as New Orleans, splendid and luxurious hotels are to be found in great numbers. But for the heated period the tide of travel turns ever northward, with its concurrent stream of money, notwithstanding the fact that in Western North Carolina there are loftier mountains, more gracious valleys, greater opportunities for fishing, hunting, and open-air recreations, and the most bracing and beautiful climate in the world. This can be accounted for upon only one hypothesis—that the people generally know nothing of the unparalleled beauties and resources of North Carolina.

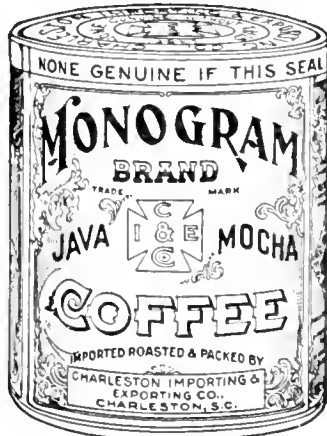
Virginia has fared much better in respect of having her attractions made notorious. For generations past such resorts as the Old Sweet, the Greenbrier White Sulphur, Capon, Orkney, Rock Enon, and others of like fame and character have enjoyed a national reputa-

tion, while of later years such magnificent sanitariums as the Bath County Hot Springs have taken rank with Carlsbad and Aix-les-Bains. For more than half a century the Greenbrier White Sulphur Establishment has been a center and a common meeting ground for the old Southern aristocracy, and there the best society of that section has been always typified and represented. The field of Virginia health resorts may be said to be completely occupied. In North Carolina, with the exception of Asheville, which has no summer season, we have simply a magnificent territory as yet practically unexplored.—*Washington Post, July 9, 1899.*

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On account of the National Encampment G. A. R., at Philadelphia, Pa., September 4-9, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its lines to Philadelphia and return at very low rates. Tickets will be sold September 1, 2, and 3, limited to return September 13, 1899. An extension of final limit may be obtained until September 30 by depositing tickets with the joint agent at Philadelphia between September 5 and 9, and on payment of a fee of 50 cents.

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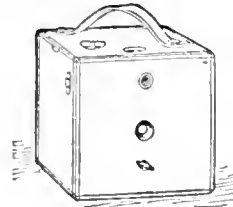
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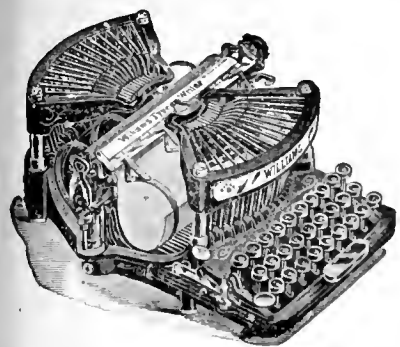
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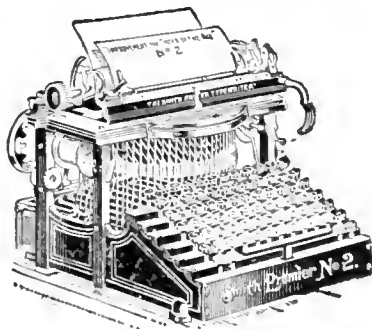
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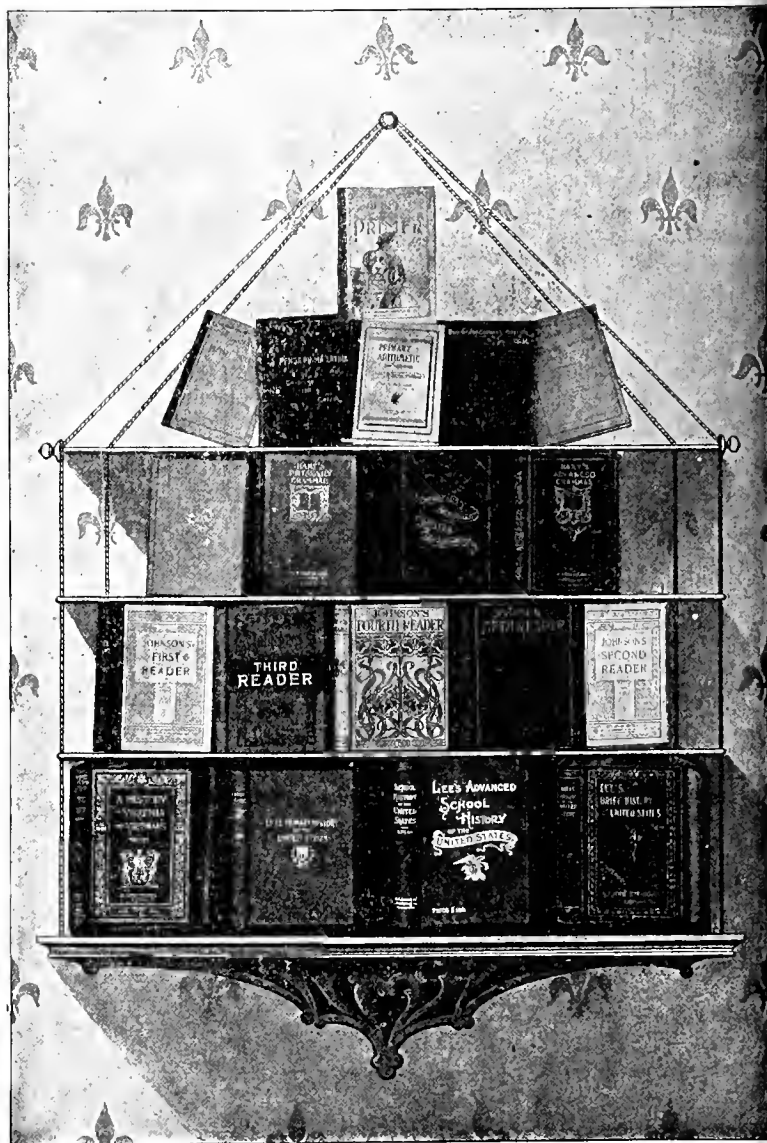
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OCTOBER 10, 11, 12, 13, 1899.



UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
FARRAGUT POST, G. A. R.



"Every soldier's grave made during the unfortunate civil war is a tribute to American valor."
PRESIDENT WM. McKINLEY.

"I feel that when one section extends the right hand of fellowship to the other it is the duty of the other to grasp and hold it."

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.



Northern and Southern Veterans of the Civil War will meet in Evansville, Ind., next October 10-13, for a Grand Peace Jubilee and National Reunion. Distinguished Generals of both sides will be there, and thousands of Blue and Gray veterans will be present. War dramas, prize drills, military maneuvering, and patriotic speeches will be accompanied by marching soldiers, beating of drums, rattle of musketry, and booming of cannon. This will awaken the martial spirit and bring back to the veteran the impulse of youth. President McKinley and Gen. Lee are expected to be present. Cheap rates will be secured from railroads and steamboats. Make your preparations to be in Evansville that week.

For particulars or further information address

C. J. MORRIS,
Sec. Blue and Gray Committee,
50th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A.,
EVANSVILLE, IND.

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home, with most refined influence. Write for cat-
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24 pound cans of our

and in order that our agents will sell every lady in the
land that is asked to buy, we allow them to give with
every pound can of Baking Powder a beautiful pitcher
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It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. . . . Sold by every druggist in the malarial sections of the United States. . . . No cure, no pay. . . . Price, 50c.



First Tasteless Tonic ever manufactured. All other so-called "Tasteless" Tonics are imitations. Ask any druggist about this who is not PUSHING an imitation.

WHOLESALE.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 6, 1899.

PARIS MEDICINE Co., City.

Gentlemen:—We wish to congratulate you on the increased sales we are having on your Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. On examining our record of inventory under date of Jan. 1st, we find that we sold during the Chill season of 1898, 2660 dozen Grove's Tonic. We also find that our sales on your Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets have been something enormous: having sold during the late Cold and Grip season 4,369 dozen.

Please rush down order enclosed herewith, and oblige,
Yours truly,

MEYER BROS. DRUG CO.
Per Schell.

They All Recommend Grove's.

RETAILER.

KEDRON, ILLS.

PARIS MEDICINE Co.,

Gentlemen:—I handle seven or eight different kinds of Chill Tonics but I sell ten bottles of Grove's to where I sell one of the others. I sold 35 bottles of Grove's Chill Tonic in one day and could have sold more if I had had it on hand. Mr. Dave Woods cured five cases of chills with one bottle.

Respectfully,
JOHN T. VINYARD.

CONSUMER.

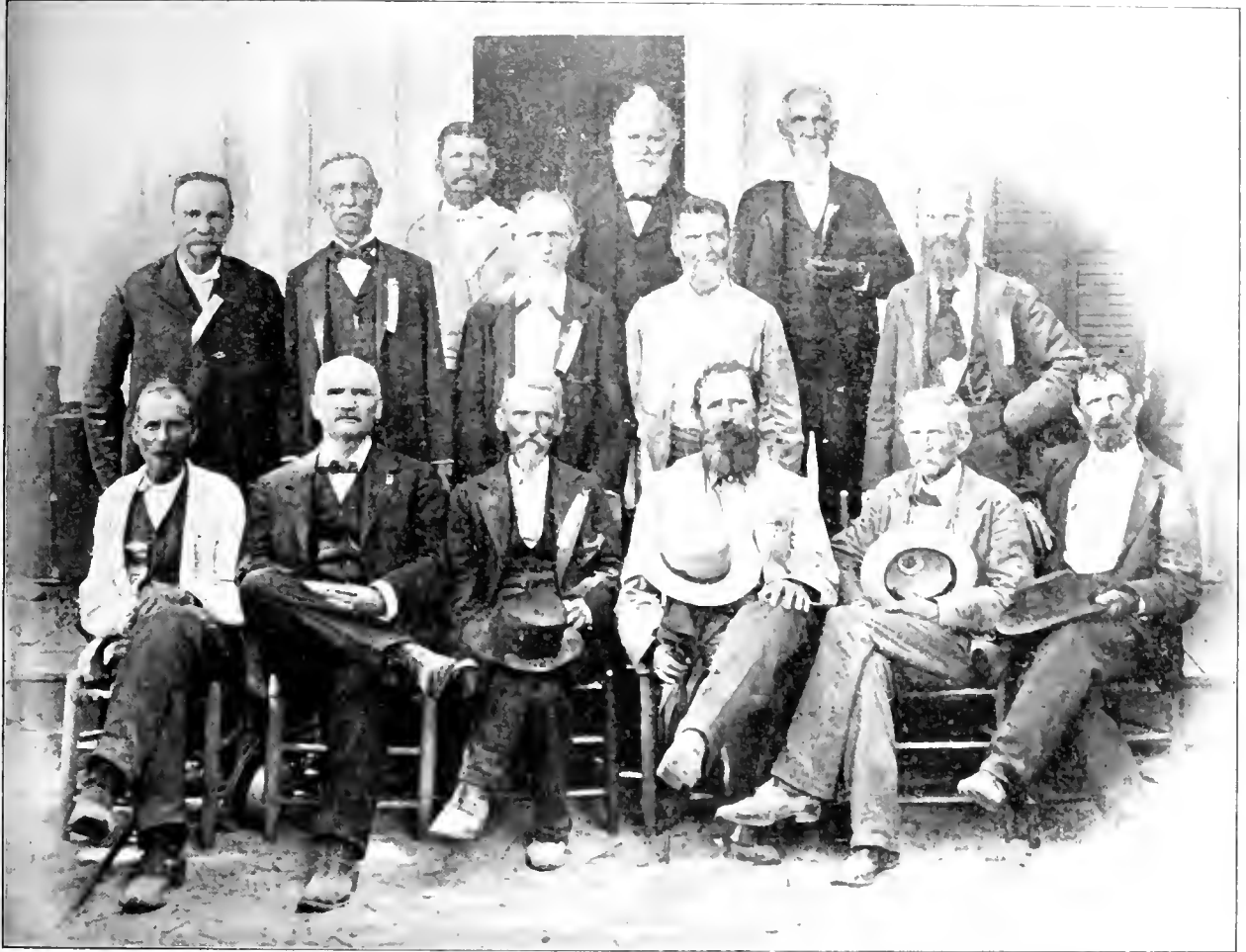
WHITESBORO, Tex., Sep. 13, 1898.

PARIS MEDICINE Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—I write you a few lines of gratitude. I think your Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is one of the best medicines in the world for Chills and Fever. I have three children that have been down with malarial fever for 13 months and have bought Chill medicines of all kinds and Doctor's bills coming in all the time until I sent to town and got three bottles of Grove's Tonic. My children are all well now and it was your Tasteless Chill Tonic that did it. I cannot say too much in its behalf.

Yours truly,
JAMES D. ROBERTS.

Confederate Veteran.



SURVIVORS OF THE TWENTY SECOND MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT, CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

SURGEON GEORGE C. PHILLIPS, LIEUT. COL. B. J. REED, MAJ. C. BOCKLEY,
 TOBI WELLS, CAPT. FLOYD R. VAUGHAN, JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, MATTHEW FLETCHER, THOMAS BOYD, J. L. SMITH,
 E. J. DURN, PHIL CHAMBERLAIN, TOM MERRILL, WASH COOLEY, J. T. COLEMAN, BENJAMIN HUGGIE

An addressed envelope is inclosed with this VETERAN, in the hope that each subscriber will write in the interest of the VETERAN and the cause it represents. The libel suit against its proprietor, to be called in the Federal court at Nashville October 16, induces the special desire to have a general expression of sentiment. These answers will be regarded as confidential unless consent to the contrary is given. General cooperation in behalf of the VETERAN would result in much good. The VETERAN will ever continue faithful.

The annual meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Richmond November 9-11 is attracting general interest. The various railroads will give special rates, and the people of that splendid Southern city are making ready to extend a warm welcome to their guests and entertain them in true Virginia style. On the second day of the convention the monument to Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy, is to be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. A visit to Richmond will be of interest.

THE JONES UMBRELLA "ROOF."

A NEW UNION TWILLED SILK "ROOF" \$1.00

RE-COVER YOUR OWN UMBRELLA.

The Adjustable "Roof" fits any frame, requires no sewing, and can be put on in a minute. You can re-cover your own umbrella without the slightest trouble or moments delay.

Take the measure (to the fraction of an inch) of your old umbrella; count the number of outside ribs; state if the center rod is steel or wood; send to us with \$1.00 and we will mail postpaid, a Union Twilled Silk 25 or 26 inch Adjustable "Roof" (27 or 28 inch, \$1.25; 29 or 30 inch, \$1.50). Umbrella "Roofs" all sizes and prices from 50 cents to \$8.00 each, according to quality. If you are not absolutely satisfied in every particular, send the "roof" back, and we will refund the money at once, including stamps you have used for postage. Over a quarter of a million "Roofs" sold.

Booklet, "Umbrella Economy" with simple instructions necessary with your order.

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50c LATEST FAD. 50c
FRIENDSHIP
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25c FOR 35c
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Union Central Life Insurance Co.

OF CINCINNATI.

Total Assets, December 31, 1898	\$ 21,048,198 30
Total Liabilities, December 31, 1898	18,211,945 70
Gross Surplus, by 4 per cent Standard	2,836,252 54
Total Amount Issued in 1898	37,115,980 09
Total Insurance in force December 31, 1898	120,573,687 96
Total Number Policies in force, Dec. 31, 1898	66,118
Total Paid Policy holders since organization	15,190,206 90

GAINS IN 1898.

A Gain in Membership of	7,539
A Gain in income of	\$ 514,252 99
A Gain in Interest Receipts of	98,913 46
A Gain in Gross Surplus, 4 per cent	257,875 67
A Gain in Assets of	2,343,068 09
A Gain in Amount of Insurance of	14,056,333 00
A Gain in Amount of New Business written of	1,219,757 00

The average interest rate for 20 years on actually invested assets has been 6.74 per cent, and the death rate three-fourths of one per cent.

The Receipts from Interest for twenty-five years have more than paid all the Death Losses.

J. A. YOWELL, STATE AGENT,

28 Chamber of Commerce,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it closes. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the rate of 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.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially 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. VII
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No. 9, 1899. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

REUNION OF THE TWENTY-SECOND MISSISSIPPI.

Report by Phil Chew, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.:

On the front page is a group of survivors of the Twenty-Second Mississippi Regiment, in attendance at a reunion of that regiment held at Stafford's Well, near Winona, Miss., on June 23, 1899. This regiment was mustered into service at Iuka, Miss., early in 1861, to serve "for three years or during the war," and it served until the final surrender of all the armies, April 26, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C.

In the early part of the war it was in the brigade of Brig. Gen. John S. Bowen, of Missouri, and although it was afterwards transferred from his command, yet an enthusiastic attachment between Gen. Bowen and the regiment began when it was in his command and continued until his death. The area of the regiment's service was in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and North Carolina, and it was engaged in most of the important battles that were fought in that territory, among which were Shiloh, Chickasaw Bayou, Corinth, Champion Hills, Big Black, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, New Hope Church, Resaca, Peach Tree Creek, Kennesaw Mountain (July 22), and in all the fierce battles in the Sherman campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. It was with Hood at Franklin and Nashville in the Tennessee campaign, and volunteered under Gen. Forrest and covered Hood's retreat in the winter of 1864 from Nashville to the Tennessee River. It was under Forrest at Sugar Creek, Tenn., and captured a number of Federal cavalry horses, which the men rode to the Tennessee River. This was the last fight Forrest was engaged in, covering Hood's disastrous retreat, and he gave the Federals such a good licking that they did not attempt to follow him again. The good grub, blankets, and overcoats we captured that miserable, cold winter's day will never be forgotten by the writer as long as memory lasts. This regiment was engaged for over four years in active service, covering a large territory, from Louisiana to Kentucky and from Mississippi to North Carolina; marched thousands of miles, was en-

gaged in over one hundred battles and skirmishes, where men were killed and wounded, and surrendered with two hundred and eighteen men out of an enlistment of twelve hundred.

The few survivors of this once formidable regiment are now scattered over many of the States of the Union, North and South. At the reunion on June 23 an organization of the regiment was effected, and the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Col. H. J. Reid, President, Acona, Miss.; Maj. T. C. Dockery, Vice President, Love Station, Miss.; Judge Leroy B. Valliant, orator for next annual meeting, Jefferson City, Mo.; Tobe Wells, Historian of the regiment, Jackson, Miss.; Phil Chew, Secretary, 14 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.



GEN. JOHN S. BOWEN.



WINNIE DAVIS WOOSLEY.

The father of this fair girl, Thomas A. Woosley, served through the war in the Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, with the Army of Northern Virginia. He was five times wounded. It is a coincidence that at the Charleston reunion, while riding on the same car with Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, she noticed "Tennessee" on his badge, and asked if he knew a Mr. Woosley, of Shelbyville, who named his daughter for Winnie Davis.

MOSBY AND HIS MEN.

The dedication at Front Royal, Va., of the monument to the six men of the Forty-Third Battalion of Virginia Cavalry on the anniversary of the day on which they were hanged, September 23, 1864, is most appropriate. Col. John S. Mosby has written an intensely interesting account of it for the *Richmond Times*. He states:

"At the time it occurred I was away from my command, wounded. Sheridan, with an overwhelming force, was pushing Early up the Shenandoah Valley. He had sent Torbert with two divisions of cavalry to cut off his retreat at New Market. Wickham, in command of Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry division, had repulsed them at Milford, and Torbert was retreating down the valley. Capt. Sam Chapman (the same Chapman whom McKinley recently sent as chaplain to preach humanity in Cuba) with a detachment of fifty or sixty men went to the valley to strike a blow that would impede Sheridan's march, by breaking his line of communication. . . . At Front Royal Chapman saw an ambulance train under an escort of cavalry coming down the pike. As he had not heard of Torbert's defeat and that he was retreating down the valley, and not dreaming that a corps of cavalry was in supporting distance immediately behind it, he attacked the escort and drove it back on the main body. Having leaped into the midst of overwhelming numbers, he had to call off his men and abandon what he had won. A

body of cavalry was sent around to intercept his retreat, and formed across his path. Merritt's whole division was in pursuit. When Chapman's men came upon the cavalry in the road that barred their way they opened upon them with their six-shooters and cleared away the obstruction. There was no time to parley or to take prisoners. The momentum of Chapman's charge swept away all before it. The enemy had attempted to cut off Chapman, and had got cut off; but six of Chapman's men were captured."

Col. Mosby then quotes from official reports, etc., which show that neither Merritt, Torbert, nor Custer mentioned the hanging. He continues:

"It was their duty to report the fact, and, if justifiable, to report the circumstances that justified it; but none of them were willing to assume the responsibility and odium or to go on record about the hanging. No matter whether they were active or merely passive in the business, their silence gives it a dark complexion. A few days later I returned to my command. Many prisoners had been captured, but the men had taken no revenge; they were waiting for me. I determined to demand and enforce every belligerent right to which the soldiers of a great military power were entitled by the laws of war, but I resolved to do it in a humane manner and in a calm and judicial spirit. I felt in doing it all the pangs of the weeping jailer when he handed the cup of hemlock to the great Athenian martyr. It was not an act of revenge, but a sentence—not only to save the lives of my own men, but the lives of the enemy. It had that effect. I regret the fate that thrust such a duty upon me, but I do not regret that I faced and performed it."

Then follows correspondence which relates to the hanging of seven of the enemy in retaliation. The whole affair is most tragic, and the erection of the



COL. JOHN S. MOSBY.

monument commemorates an event of deep interest and of historic importance.

In a letter Col. Mosby recently wrote to a relative living in Nashville he states:

"I have two sons and four daughters. My eldest son, Beverly Clarke, is practicing law at Spokane, Wash., and John S., Jr., also a lawyer, lives at Denver, Colo. My eldest daughter, May, was born at Franklin, Ky. She married Mr. Campbell, and lives at Warrenton, Va., my old home after the war. Another married daughter, Stuart, named for Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, lives in Washington City, and two single daughters are in Baltimore."

The reunion of Mosby's men at Front Royal, Va., September 23, was in all respects one of the most satisfactory events of the kind that has ever occurred, the pleasure of the occasion being marred only by the absence of Col. Mosby himself. The special event of the reunion was the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of the seven of Mosby's men who, while prisoners of war, were shot or hanged in the streets of Front Royal on September 23, thirty-five years ago; also to the memory of another of that famous band, A. C. Willis, who was hanged soon after in Rappahannock County, Va., by Col. Powell, U. S. A. About one hundred and fifty of Mosby's men were present, besides many other Confederates and their friends. The thanks of the VETERAN are cordially extended to Mr. H. T. Sinnott for a vivid account of the event:

"In the cemetery where the monument to the martyrs had been placed about five thousand people had gathered. The services were opened with prayer by Rev. Sid Ferguson, a distinguished member of Mosby's command. Judge Giles Cook presided. Among the speakers were Judge A. E. Richards, of Louisville, Ky., and Hon. Henry M. Downing. Capt. Frank W. Cunningham, of Richmond, sang 'Shall We Meet beyond the River?' as thirteen ladies of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of the Memorial Association formed around the base of the monument and deposited there thirteen laurel wreaths, representing the thirteen Southern States. The Winchester band played 'Dixie,' after which the drum corps struck up, and the vast audience dispersed after having witnessed one of the most impressive services ever held here.

"After the services at the monument Mosby's men met at their headquarters and selected the old officers: Lieut. Ben Palmer, Commander; Private John H. Alexander, Lieutenant Commander; and Rev. Sid Ferguson, Chaplain. They passed resolu-

tions of thanks to the ladies and Veteran camp at Front Royal for their entertainment, and ordered a telegram to be sent Col. Mosby expressing regret for his absence and renewing their assurance of love and admiration for him. The camp also indorsed the action of the committee in locating the monument where it is, and thanked them for their labors. The next reunion is to be at Fairfax Courthouse.

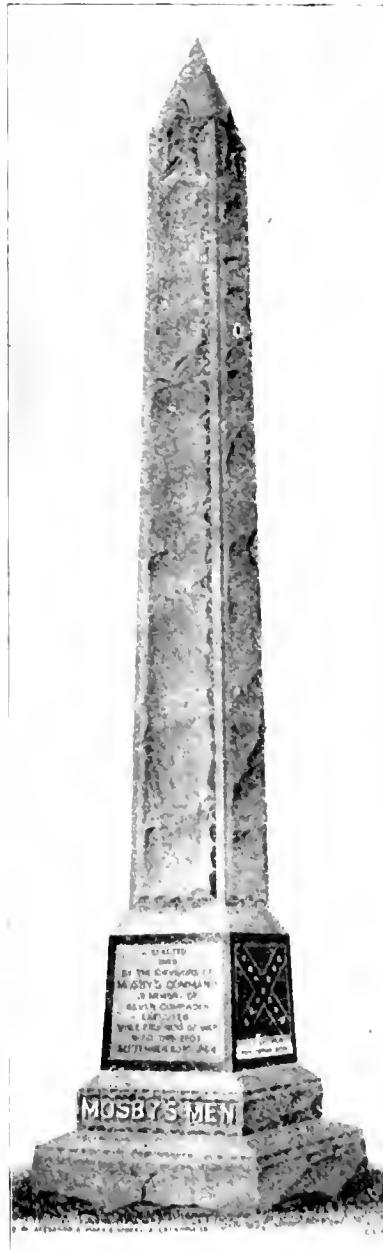
"Altogether it was a delightful occasion. Among those present besides Maj. Richards and Gen. Payne were Capt. S. F. Chapman, who commanded the Confederates at Front Royal when the men were captured who were hanged and shot, Capt. Fountain Beattie, Capt. Joseph Nelson, Lieut. Frank Rahm, Lieut. Ben Palmer, Lieut. John Page, and Col. Thomas Smith, of Warrenton.

"The monument is twenty-five feet high, with a base of rough granite, five feet square, with stars and epaulettes inscribed on the side: 'In everlasting honor of Thomas E. Anderson, David L. Jones, William Thomas Overby, — Carter, Lucien Love, Henry C. Rhodes, Albert C. Willis, Forty-Third Battalion Virginia Cavalry, Mosby's command, C. S. A.'"

"Among visiting camps were the Jeb Stuart Camp No. 36, commanded by Col. T. D. Gold, of Berryville; Stover Camp No. 20, from Strasburg, Va.; Capt. R. D. Funkhouser, Commander; Turner Ashby Camp, Winchester, Va.; Lieut. Hottell, Commander; and the William Richardson Camp, of this place, Commander Col. Giles Cook, Jr. These camps were well represented, and made a fine appearance."

The following comrades were elected by Dibrell Bivouac No. 12 August 19: B. F. Chapman, President; D. S. Harmond, W. T. Jones, Vice Presidents; W. G. Loyd, Secretary; S. M. Snell, Treasurer; Archer Beasley, Chaplain; J. L. McCrory, Sergeant at Arms; S. T. Hardison, Surgeon.

At the last meeting of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, held on Friday evening, September 1, 1899, preamble and resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted as follows: "Frank Cheatham Bivouac has heard with poignant sorrow of the death of Mary, the only child of our beloved comrade, Hon. J. A. Trousdale, of Daniel S. Donelson Bivouac, Gallatin, Tenn., and, moved by impulses of comradeship and admiration for the noble life of her father, and what we know of the mother, and their distinguished families for generations, expresses its heartfelt sympathy in the loss that has fallen upon the family."

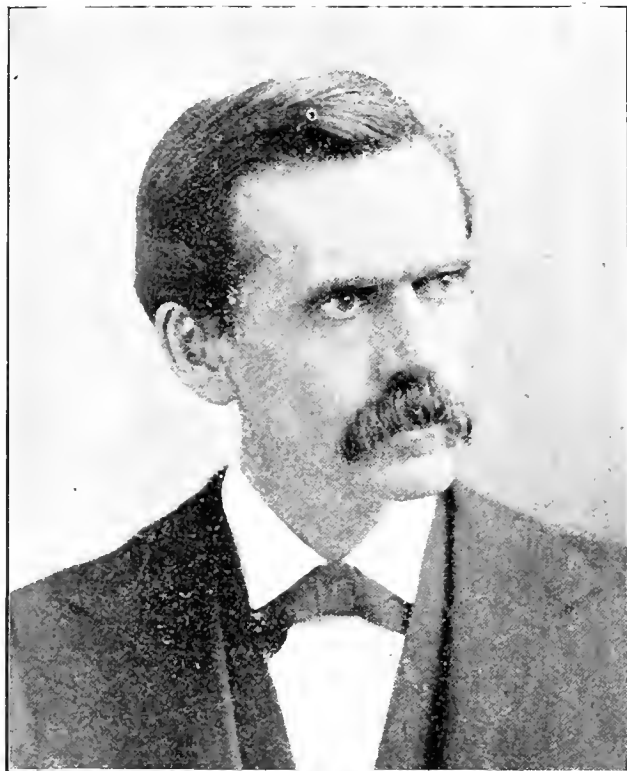


MONUMENT AT FRONT ROYAL, VA.

JULIUS A. TROUSDALE.

Rev. James H. McNeilly, D.D., of Nashville, writes:

Every Confederate veteran in Middle Tennessee will feel that the death of Julius A. Trousdale takes from us one of the noblest men and bravest soldiers our State has ever produced. It was with great grief that his comrades laid him to rest. There was in every heart a feeling of personal loss and that our grand old commonwealth was bereaved of one of her foremost citizens. Julius A. Trousdale came of splendid stock. His forbears were tried men and true in the cause of liberty. His grandfather was with Washington at Yorktown. His father was William Trousdale, who was with Jackson at New Orleans, who commanded a regiment in the Florida war, and who won a brigadier general's commission for gallantry in Mexico,



HON. JULIUS A. TROUSDALE.

being desperately wounded at Chapultepec. He was afterwards Governor of this State. His son was worthy of such ancestry, and it was only his own modesty and unselfish patriotism that kept him from being elevated to the highest office in his State. He was born on the 20th of August, 1840, in Gallatin, Tenn. After receiving a good education he graduated in law, and established himself in the practice in his native town. He was a fine lawyer and commanded a large practice.

In 1861 Mr. Trousdale enlisted in the defense of the South as a member of Bate's Second Tennessee Regiment. In the battle of Shiloh, April, 1862, he was severely wounded and disabled for active service in the field, but with devotion and courage he served to the end of the war in the quartermaster's department. His wound was a cause of suffering to the end of his life.

He was enthusiastic in his love for the Confederate cause, and was an active member of Donelson Bivouac.

Julius A. Trousdale entered into public life as a Representative from Sumner County in the Legislature of 1871. He was elected to the State Senate in 1873. After this he reengaged in the practice of law. In 1885 and in 1893 he again served in the Legislature. At this last session he was chosen Speaker by a unanimous vote, every Democrat, Republican, Prohibitionist, and Populist voting for him. This was to fill an unexpired term. The public school system of Tennessee was successfully championed by him.

In 1880 Mr. Trousdale was married to Miss Anna Berry, of Nashville. One child, a daughter, lived to complete her education and to be the pride of her parents. When suddenly, in the very glory of a beautiful young womanhood, she was taken from earth the father's heart was broken, and he followed her in less than a fortnight. She died on the 29th of August, 1899. He had been deeply depressed by the death of a favorite nephew and by the long sickness of his only brother. His health was feeble, and the shock of this terrible bereavement was more than he could bear. On the 7th of September, 1899, his noble spirit passed into the great unseen, to the companionship of his beloved child.

The announcement of his death brought gloom to the whole commonwealth. He was widely known, and "none knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise." In his native town business was suspended by proclamation of the Mayor while the funeral services were held. The bar of Gallatin in a body and the Donelson Bivouac of his old comrades in arms attended his body to Nashville, where they were met by Frank Cheatham Bivouac, and the last sad offices of love were rendered as he was laid by the side of his lovely daughter in beautiful Mt. Olivet.

In the character of Julius A. Trousdale a just estimate must seem like exaggeration to those who knew him not. He was as open as the day, transparent as the air, direct, sincere, candid. One always knew where to find him. He scorned all evasion and trickery; he was a man of the highest principle, and never consciously wronged a human being. He was brave in both physical and moral courage, and was true to his convictions at any cost. He thought carefully and deeply, and when his judgment was settled he held firmly to his opinions. He never feared the face of man nor dreaded the clamor of a multitude. He was the stuff of which martyrs are made. He was noted for his charity. His heart was sensitive to every cry of need and his hand was opened wide to help. For fifty-nine years he lived among his own people, a conscientious, faithful, hard-working, earnest life; and when he laid down his work and entered into rest he carried with him the respect and love of every man, woman, and child in his community. The South may well be proud of such a son and cherish his memory forever as a member of that goodly brotherhood.

A young but very enthusiastic chapter is the W. L. Cabell (Old Tige) Chapter No. 228, of Lockesburg, Ark. Their first public entertainment was given recently and a nice sum realized, which will be devoted to the fund for the erection of a monument to the Confederate dead at Little Rock.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

The minutes of the fourth annual convention of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have reached the VETERAN office in pamphlet, and reflect much credit upon the organization. Brief account of the action of the convention was published in the June VETERAN, but the following extracts from the very creditable historical report will be of interest:

"Let us at the outset state with all the earnestness, and with all the emphasis of which we are capable, that if we accomplish anything it must be done by tireless and intelligent effort. We may meet year after year and pass patriotic resolutions, but they will amount to nothing if we do not work when we return from our annual reunions to our several homes.

"Is there any real need of undertaking such work as has been delegated to this committee? We answer that a deplorable condition, and not a theory, confronts us. We know that tens of thousands of boys and girls are growing up into manhood and womanhood throughout the South with improper ideas concerning the struggle between the States, and with distorted conceptions concerning the causes that led up to that conflict. This state of affairs ought to be remedied, and will be if our Confederation does its duty.

"We have asked each member of our committee to urge upon each camp in his State the importance of gathering reliable *data* for the use of the future historian. Many items of great interest and of prime importance can be secured now from active participants, if we make the proper effort. This is a sacred duty that we owe to the living, and to the dead, and to those who are yet unborn; if we wait till the last Confederate shall have gone to join the silent majority, many statements will be in dispute forever.

"The establishment of truth is never wrong. When we realize, as all of us must, that from the gloom of overwhelming defeat at the hands of superior numbers a righteous cause arises and appeals to posterity to render a verdict in accordance with the truth, loyalty to the memories of our dead, patriotism and self-respect all urge us to go forward in our work till we are amply repaid for all of our labors by a glorious consummation of our undertaking.

"Your committee has made an earnest effort to ascertain what United States histories are used in the schools of this republic. We have corresponded with school officials in every State and Territory. We have, so far, not found a single Southern history north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers. In the South, thousands of schools use Northern histories. We do not condemn any work solely on the ground that it is a Northern publication, nor would we indorse any work whose only claim to recognition is Southern authorship. What we desire placed in the hands of millions of American youth is a work that metes out exact justice to both sections of our great country, a work that tells the truth and nothing but the truth. This is all we should desire. We should be satisfied with nothing less."

Report by G. K. Renaud, Division Adjutant:

The first annual reunion of the Louisiana Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, was held in Baton Rouge July 3 and 4, 1899. The meeting was

called to order by Comrade Hugh Waddill, of Camp Henry Watkins Allen, Baton Rouge. Rev. Mr. Gresham opened with a prayer. Comrade W. H. McLellan was reelected Division Commander.

Among the many entertainments furnished by the hospitable people of Baton Rouge was a flower parade, in which the first prize was won by the Sons of Veterans' carriage. This trap contained Miss Etta Blouin, sponsor for Camp H. W. Allen, and Misses Ammis and Williams, maids of honor.

The Louisiana Division is quite young, having organized on January 10 of this year with a membership of thirty-two, which has increased to two hundred. Comrade McLellan, the new Commander, is twenty-six years old, and is very popular with the Division. He is general superintendent of one of the largest knitting mills in the South.

The reunion was successful and delightful. The following camps were well represented by delegates: Camp Beauregard, New Orleans: G. K. Renaud, W. H. McLellan, T. J. Renaud, Alden McLellan, W. Rogers, William C. Beck, Moise Conrad, Sidney St. J. Eshleman, Martin H. Manion, and V. Landry. Camp P. J. Gilbert, Napolconsville: John Marks, Eugene Rogers, L. O. Leland, W. Rogers, Clay Rogers, Robert Gilbert. Camp Ascension, Donaldsville: M. E. Maurin, S. St. Martin, Joe St. Martin, Alfred Garbet, Raymond Landry. Camp H. W. Allen, Baton Rouge: W. M. Barrow, H. M. Wax, Robert Shroder, L. P. Ammis, G. Jones, S. Baume. Camp Charles A. Brusler, Plaquemine: James A. Chiapila, B. A. Rodriguez, C. Hubert, Philip Rostel, C. S. Hebert, W. L. Ewin.



Miss Mamie Fry, of South Boston, Va., an ardent Confederate worker, daughter of the late John D. Fry, who commanded Company C, Seventh Tennessee, Archer's Brigade, and who was so desperately wounded as to incapacitate him for further active field service. He was afterwards chief of a division in the Post Office Department in Richmond until the evacuation.

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.

MOTIVE FOR CRITICISING UNDERWOOD.

As stated last month, I felt that Underwood's appointment as agent of the Memorial Institute was providential—if the race is blessed with divine guidance. I was personally and as editor of the *VETERAN* his earnest friend, and most sincerely sought to advance the cause in every practicable and honorable way under his management. I have never neglected an opportunity to advance the interests of the noble enterprise when occasion suggested it, and although I have for a long while felt that each State should have a collection of its own, I have never before put this opinion on paper, lest it injure the one place in which all should take pride, and perform some part, until that was completed. In this connection I will add that, considering location specially and the sacred surroundings, my instincts were favorable to Montgomery (Nashville, Atlanta, and Memphis are equally well situated for it), but that sentiment has never been penned before; and, whatever may be the verdict in the libel suit, my conscience approves the assertion that I have been blessed with ability to consider our entire people, as I believe I should if awaiting the judgment day.

For a multitude of intensely thrilling considerations Richmond merits the location; and while it was a broad, far-seeing patriotism that induced Comrade Kouss to favor Washington (which was so objectionable to many for most satisfactory reasons), it was fitting to consider with earnest favor his own State capital, and all the more so because he never made a plea for it. In all the Southland there should be a thrill at the mention of RICHMOND; and no matter how zealous we may be for other localities for the collection of Confederate relics, we can well afford to contribute to the collection already so splendidly begun there by the women of Virginia. Tennesseans and others who subscribed are not taking advantage of the conditions to avoid letting their subscriptions go to Richmond, although they might do so with propriety.

The wording of these subscription receipts may be interesting in this connection. Mine, for five dollars, is dated April 11, 1896, and stipulates as follows:

The association, as soon as organized, will issue to the subscriber a certificate of membership upon the surrender of this receipt. Each dollar subscribed entitles the subscriber to a certificate of membership in his or her name or that of any person designated by the subscriber. This subscription is made and accepted with the understanding that if not used within one year

from this date, for the purpose intended, it shall be returned to the subscriber.

My work covered too broad an area for me to espouse with the *VETERAN* the cause of Tennessee comrades, who became so indignant with Underwood's course as to make official complaint to the President of the Board of Trustees; and even when they were so contemptuously ignored by refusal of the Executive Committee to present their petition to the Board for consideration I would not retard the cause by printing any account of it, hoping on and on that matters would be righted and that the Southern people might know eventually what was being done.

As evidence that there was no personal animosity, it will be remembered that the name of the superintendent was not given, and it was sincerely hoped that it would not be necessary to make record of his name in such unhappy connection. If he had not engaged attorneys as messengers with a written demand that I retract and that I publish the fulsome praise of himself, but had furnished a report of what he had done, it would have been published with pleasure. A report has long been wanted. Remember that reasonable space was offered in the *VETERAN* for him and members of the Executive Committee, and that the Board of Trustees was not at all criticised.

Mr. Underwood is evidently mistaken in his conclusion concerning the motives for the criticism. From the time that I regarded the Board so fortunate in securing him I never had any successor in mind. I was a delegate to the Charleston convention, and was anxious to be present in the hall, but I was obliged to do clerical work at the headquarters established for the *VETERAN*. My efforts to continue sending the *VETERAN* to comrades who cannot pay and to widows of many who are dead compel me to zeal and economy all the time; so I never had an hour's outing during the sessions nor any opportunity to attend them.

I had lost sight of the Memorial Institute movement; indeed, I was not expecting any report from its superintendent, having become so utterly discouraged by his methods and the minority part of the Executive Committee who had controlled previously, and when I read the report so adroitly worded as to claim credit implied of every good thing done in connection with it I was astounded, and wrote the criticism concerning the report, as I felt it deserved, in its patronizing tone. I resented it for every Southern man and woman who have any interest in the Institute. It was of no concern to me personally, but I saw how Gen. Gordon and others were so deceived by the report that I felt obliged to expose it. Acceptance of the report by the convention would have been reprehensible but for the fact that proceedings have almost invariably been upon reports so clear and of such unquestioned merit that voting has been merely formal. "Whatever they do is

right" is so generally accepted that action has been in the main without consideration. Then, when I read of the extraordinary departure of the superintendent from the duties to which he had been assigned, and had the assurance to ask approval of that departure, and his acclaim that he was *giving* a lot of *portraits* procured by money that he had solicited while clothed with authority as agent to solicit it for another purpose, I was impelled more than ever before with the public duty of stopping, if possible, such a procedure. My conscience so approved my course that, serious as may be the consequences, I maintain a clear conscience in the performance of a solemn duty.

A member of the Board of Trustees of the Memorial Institute writes Underwood that he regrets that "the controversy between you and him, representing the people of Nashville on the one hand and the Confederate Memorial Association on the other," has occurred. This gentleman has ever been a faithful friend of the VETERAN, and its most cordial good will has ever existed toward him. He means well.

The people of Nashville are not responsible for the controversy. The criticism was made from a conviction of public duty, and there is not a line in it that involves the Trustees of the Memorial Association. They did not know what was being withheld from them by the Executive Committee—two controlling of the three present—and a bare majority of that committee was present when it was decided to insult one of the best organizations in the brotherhood of Veterans by withholding their official plea from the Trustees at a meeting in Atlanta. They should thank the VETERAN for giving notice that they had been out-

raged by such action involving so important a matter. It should be remembered, too, to the credit of that Confederate camp, that its official action against Secretary Underwood imperiled their chances for the location. As proof of this, the Secretary and members of the Executive Committee who cooperated with him induced the trustees to locate it at a meeting of the U. C. V., without giving the convention opportunity to discuss the question. That was at the Atlanta reunion.

This comrade states: "It would have been better to let time materialize the shortcomings of Underwood, if they exist," etc. Does not the comrade realize that nearly two years had elapsed after these improprieties occurred, which had been officially made a year and a half before? If this comrade will reread Underwood's report, he will see the assertion that there is a balance due him of \$7,715.50, on account of salary and expenses to May 1, 1860; whereas members of the Board, unsolicited, inform the VETERAN that there will be nothing due him until the entire amount is raised. Then the report of the Board read by President W. D. Chipley at the Nashville reunion in 1867 gives the amount in bank here as \$6,410.57, while this superintendent now reports the amount as only \$7,202.53. This good friend nearly four years ago wrote a severe criticism against Mr. Rouss, which I declined to publish and did not preserve, as it seemed so unjust and severe; but I did preserve a letter with business feature in it. See the handwriting of his reply below.

It is grievous that this comrade was made to believe that he must espouse the cause of the man who deceived him against a friend who expected to be loyal to him in his worthy aspirations to all eternity. He certainly could not have intended his letter for publi-

Nov 23/1890

Mr. A. A. Cunningham,
My dear Comrade,

In light of the protestations of the friends of Mr. Chas. B. Rouss, I am glad now that you did not publish my criticism of him, etc. A comrade of his (who deems Richmond to be the favored city) says Rouss is all right but "has bad advisers." So now that we are inclined to have confidence in the man himself, we shall keep an eye on the "advisers."

cation. His voluntary statement in behalf of Underwood borders upon the ludicrous in the light of that correspondence with the VETERAN office in 1895, when he states: "Since Mr. Rouss's money would be a donation from a citizen whose home and business is in the North, and in reality it would be Northern money." Let the fact not be overlooked herein illustrated that the VETERAN has ever been properly appreciative of Comrade Rouss in his generous purposes to exalt the fame of Confederate soldiers and Southern women.

This dear, good friend has simply made a mistake. He would not "crush" the VETERAN, and I am not going to be mad with him, however much I may regret what he has done.

COMMENTS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Col. James D. Tillman, who commanded the regiment in which I served as a Confederate soldier, in discussing resolutions upon the suit for libel before the survivors of many Tennessee Regiments at Petersburg, said: "I most cheerfully and cordially indorse the character of my old comrade in arms, S. A. Cunningham. He was an officer in my regiment, a soldier and a gentleman, a man of untiring energy and constant application to his duties as a soldier and officer first, and then to the preservation of dates and memorandum of the incidents of the march and the battles, which serve as the foundation of true history. He kept the best journal of the movements of his command that I have ever seen by one whose position gave him no wider field of vision. When I wish to know now where we were on a certain date and what was done and who did it, I consult his journal or diary, and rely implicitly upon his accuracy and freedom from prejudice and partiality."



COL. TILLMAN IN WAR TIMES.

While I performed the duties largely of an officer in my company and served much as sergeant major of the regiment, I never was honored with a commission. Being small for a soldier, I was permitted to carry a shorter gun than the regulation, a fine Enfield rifle, but it was one of the best guns in the service.

The report of that convention is as follows:

"Resolved by the Eighth Tennessee Consolidated Regiment, in convention assembled at Petersburg, Lincoln County, Tenn., in reunion, that in the controversy just beginning by law, wherein John C. Underwood, of Chicago, Ill., is the plaintiff and S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is defendant, that in said controversy or lawsuit our brother and comrade, Cunningham, is entitled to all our moral support and sympathy and to all the financial support that we as individuals are able to give the said Comrade Cunningham, and that we invite the attention of the managing committee ap-

pointed by the United Confederate Veterans' Association to look after this matter and do our Comrade S. A. Cunningham that justice and show him that consideration which he deserves in this controversy. . . . We extend to him our greetings and undivided sympathy in said lawsuit. We do further, as a matter of encouragement to our Comrade Cunningham adopt the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as our organ, and do commend said magazine to all good and true Confederate veterans, to their sons and daughters, and we do urge them to immediately become subscribers to said journal, that Brother Cunningham may be the better able to defend his cause in said lawsuit; also that a copy of these resolutions be furnished the VETERAN for publication."

The first response that came from the Trans-Mississippi: "I am deeply moved at the course things have taken in reference to the Memorial Institute. I have read your article carefully, and, regretting as I do, I know of no other course you could have adopted, seeing it as you did and believing it as you evidently do. The VETERAN is the mouthpiece of the U. C. V.'s, their sentinel on duty; and if Gen. Underwood has done as you charge, your sounding the alarm will be approved and appreciated in the end. . . . I do not care to be involved in any Confederate controversy, but will and do send you herewith \$10 to help you with your lawyer's fee and \$3 for new subscriptions."

A Daughter writes from Columbia, S. C.: "I am truly sorry to see the trouble you have gotten into in regard to the Underwood matter, and hope you will soon have him deposed from the office he so unworthily fills. Let me assure you that you have the full support of all the Veterans here. My father is Commander of the camp at —, and the Sons of Veterans have a camp named for him. He is very much interested in the matter, and has asked his camp to support you in your position."

A Louisiana veteran writes: "The Underwood editorial in the August VETERAN is admirably written, and will have an excellent effect. The libel suit will do you good, as do doses of poison in some cases of illness."

An ever-faithful comrade of St. Louis, Mo.: "I have read your editorial for June, Underwood's article, and your reply. I hardly think he will be willing to go into court with *that* showing. Next month I shall send what I can for the Battle Abbey to *you*."

The President of a chapter in Louisiana, to Commandant F. S. Harris, Cheatham Bivouac: "Your letter received, and attention given it by our chapter; also the article in July VETERAN, and we indorse *fully* Mr. Cunningham's opinion in regard to the matter."

The President of The Tennessee Association of Confederate Soldiers writes to the Adjutant General: "Cunningham is right, and must be sustained by the entire moral support of all the Confederate organizations."

A faithful veteran of Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I do not see how any gentleman or a man with *any* sense of honor or self-respect could retain the superintendency of such a grandly noble enterprise after receiving such a scathing letter as dear old Comrade Charles Broadway Rouss wrote to Underwood."

Rev. A. T. G—, Springfield, Tenn., who always writes to the point: "The August VETERAN throws a flood of light on the long-delayed Confederate Memorial Institute which every genuine old 'Reb' will thank you for. We on the outside have been wondering a long time what had become of that important enterprise. I am for you all the way."

Extract from resolutions unanimously adopted by Camp No. 384, U. C. V., at Prairie Grove, Ark., September 9, 1899:

"Whereas we should be pleased at the success of the undertaking to establish a Memorial Hall, yet we believe that the success and continued publication of the VETERAN is of far more importance and interest to the masses of old Confederate soldiers than the Memorial Hall; therefore,

"Resolved, That we indorse the VETERAN and its good editor in his course, and desire to uphold him in his efforts to give the facts concerning the Underwood agency."

A comrade writes from Fayetteville, Tenn.: "After reading your article in the June VETERAN I think it not only proper and just, but that you would have been remiss in duty had you done otherwise. Holding as you do the position as editor of the authorized organ of the Association everywhere, you have the right to call attention to dereliction of duty on the part of trustees and officers."

A friend writes from New Orleans: "I have seen Underwood's publication. Whatever of sympathy he might have enjoyed has been utterly destroyed by his recent publication. In ventilating the conduct of others he has laid himself open to assault."

The Albert Sidney Johnston Camp No. 802 met at Martin, Tenn., September 8, 1899. The object of the meeting was, in the main, to consider and take action in regard to the controversy between S. A. Cunningham and J. C. Underwood. After the two articles appearing in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN (our official organ) were read and deliberated upon, the following resolutions were offered by Comrade H. C. Cowardin:

"Resolved: 1. That we have ever found in our Comrades J. P. Hickman and S. A. Cunningham true men of unswerving integrity, loyal in the great work of perpetuating the deeds of our Spartan Southrons, and that we consider the resort to the courts in the matter by J. C. Underwood a very serious error, illy advised, and can only result in damage to our cause, and on its face shows a feeling foreign to any one having the sacredness of the cause of the Association at heart.

"2. That it is further the sense of this camp that in order to reach a peaceable settlement we would recommend that the Executive Board of the Memorial Association appoint a committee to thoroughly investigate the matter and make their report.

"3. That it is the deliberate conclusion of the camp that if the acts of a public servant cannot be discussed and criticised in a public way by private individuals or the press, especially the official organ, such as the CONFEDERATE VETERAN sustains to the U. C. V., then public offices should never be created."

Official: J. T. Wilkes, Adjutant; W. T. Lawler, Commander.

A comrade from Winchester, Tenn.: "Your article is noble in sentiment, admirable in phraseology, and will please those who know you and those who do not."

The foregoing is in sharp contrast to a postscript that Underwood publishes. It reads: "I have read Cunningham's last effort in the VETERAN, and think it puerile in the extreme, and I think it will fall far short of the sympathy that he expects to arouse."

The Adjutant of a Louisiana camp writes: "I wish to express the indignation of our camp at the manner in which you are being persecuted by the self-styled martyr, Underwood. You will always have the support of our camp as an organization, and I think I can say individually. You will confer a favor by conveying to Cheatham Bivouac our approval of their action."

The Lafayette McLaws Camp, of Savannah, Ga., has taken an active interest in my behalf in the suit for libel, passing resolutions that gratify me.

A State official from Jackson, Miss., wrote on September 18: "I have read with much interest your show up of Underwood. I lost interest in the Memorial Institute project after it was turned over to him. You show him up in good style."

A good Confederate of North Carolina writes under date of September 13: "You certainly did get your fire up in your last editorial; and though I have only a few minutes, I must write you a line to congratulate you. He cannot meet your arguments. You simply laid him out. You showed him up to be just the man I thought he was. He impressed me that way the first time I ever saw him (at Birmingham). I don't think he will want any further roasting. Rouss's letter was sufficient in itself to satisfy all reasonable thinking men what his object was. You have got all of the old boys behind you. They know you are right on general principles."

REUNION OF TENNESSEE REGIMENTS.

From report by Secretary Goodrich:

The Eighth Tennessee Consolidated Association of Confederate Veterans met in their eighteenth annual reunion at Peters-burg, Tenn., September 20, 21, Col. J. D. Tillman presiding. Wednesday night was devoted to business of the Association. Its name was changed to "Eighth Tennessee Consolidation of Confederate Soldiers," including portions of the First, Third, Eighth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-Third, Thirty-Second, Forty-First, and Forty-Fourth Regiments, Freeman's, Morton's, and Carnes's Batteries.

Col. John W. Morton was present, and thanked the Association cordially for including his command in its membership. A resolution was adopted cordially indorsing Comrade S. A. Cunningham, editor of the VETERAN, in the controversy between himself and John C. Underwood, agent for the Battle Abbey Fund. Mulberry, Tenn., was selected as the place of the nineteenth annual reunion, in 1900.

The election of officers resulted as follows: F. M. Kelso, President; J. B. Thomison and Capt. Ed Douglass, Vice Presidents; John M. Goodrich, Secretary; Dr. A. M. Hall, Treasurer; Elder E. W. Walker, Chaplain; C. M. Buchanan, Sergeant at Arms.

Comrade George Cowan addressed the Association in the interest of the monument at Franklin, Tenn. The first day was devoted to handshaking, recounting war incidents, and a social good time generally. Prof.

Miller, of Elizabeth College, at Petersburg, delivered a cordial address of welcome, which was appropriately responded to by Col. Tillman. Patriotic addresses were delivered by Col. John H. Anderson, Capt. John W. Morton, Capt. W. P. Tolley, Judge W. S. Bearden, and H. T. Childs. Sincerest thanks were voted to the good people of Petersburg and vicinity for their cordial and splendid entertainment.

A BRIEF BUT PARALLEL STORY.

Children, listen to me. I shall tell you a story. We have a neighbor who is rich and liberal. He wants to build a house in which to keep interesting and beautiful things. They are not for sale, but to look at and talk about. The house will cost \$200, and he will give \$100. Well, nearly all the neighbors agreed to try to raise the \$100. Several good girls said they were going to help, and they did get over \$9 subscribed, and hired me to raise the balance. I found some rich fellows who don't belong here, and they agreed to give \$42 if I should raise the remainder. Then I got the promise of \$4.50; so, children, I secured the consent of most people to let it be built at a suitable place, and then, the rich neighbor has agreed to give part of the \$100 when I collect a part. *So I have but \$46.16 to raise!* That isn't much of a \$100, is it?

That is not all. Everybody knows that it is my business to beg money to do this, so I have gone outside of instructions, and have a surprise for you. See these beautiful pictures? I have begged enough to pay for some of them, and have decided to keep on begging money so that I can furnish a lot of pretty things to go in the building as my donation. I built a fine shaft in a distant city, and have claimed all the credit of it so boldly that people think I did it myself.

Our rich neighbor is peculiar—very. Besides giving the \$100, he even offered to pay \$6 a year toward expenses, and he paid fifty cents time and again; then he paid \$1, and again \$2—when he suddenly got cross, and said that he was going to quit. I tried to make him believe that he had promised and would have to pay on just the same; but he wasn't afraid of me, and my bold talking and writing didn't do any good. Then my particular chums said that if I got all of the \$100 I could beg on until I got my pay besides; but I put my bill in just as if it was to be paid anyhow, and they have not objected; so if I can keep on begging, I surely will help myself.

I am one of the captains, and rarely associate with plain folks, and I get very mad when anybody crosses me. Not long since an impudent boy dared to criticize me, and in writing about him it was difficult to refrain from the use of words not fit to print—and I can fight to a finish without whining.

Hunter & Welburn will furnish Wyeth's "Life of Forrest" at \$3.20 in Nashville, or \$3.40 by mail.

CARD FROM ADJT. JOHN P. HICKMAN.

Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN: In the *Lost Cause* for July there appears a voluminous article from "General" J. C. Underwood, in which he assumes to attack me. If all the readers of his article knew the "General" as well as the people of this city, where both he and I are well known, I should not deign to reply.

Until reading his six pages (Underwood *vs.* Cunningham), I did not know I was in the case, but thought his suit was against Mr. Cunningham, as editor of the *VETERAN*. In fact, after reading his diatribe, I was very much impressed with the Latin aphorism, *ver. et praterca nihil*.

In the first place, as to my "impassioned harangue" before the Chancellor, I reply that I was in the court when the motion to dissolve the injunction was heard—not there of my own motion, but was sent for by an attorney for complainant, when I was told by one of the attorneys of the "General" that he had made certain charges against me, and which charges were infamously false, and I denounced them as such. This is the extent of my "impassioned harangue." I presume his attorneys told him of my language, and although he has been in our city several days since, and knows the location of my office, he failed to demand an explanation.

He is certainly mistaken as to my having made an active canvass for the position held by him. I remember to have spoken to Capt. J. B. Briggs on the subject, and further than this nothing was done. At least I know I did not interest my friends in my behalf, nor did I trouble the trustees with my "importunities." However, I had a right to solicit the position, *although the "General" was in the saddle.*

Now, as to my owing the Association \$447.60: In February, 1896, I wrote a number of prominent Confederates throughout Tennessee, calling a meeting in my office for the purpose of organizing an Association to raise funds for the South's Battle Abbey. At this meeting Gen. A. J. Vaughan, on motion of Gen. W. H. Jackson, was elected chairman, and I was elected secretary. When nominated for the position I declined, saying I did not have time to attend to it, as all the work would fall upon the Secretary, whereupon it was the unanimous voice of the meeting that if I would accept I could employ a stenographer, and that all incidental expenses should be paid, and that I would receive compensation for my services. This was on February 15, 1896, and I occupied the position till November 1, 1896, eight and a half months, and at which time the Association ceased to exist. During that time the incidental expenses amounted to \$246.95, leaving a balance in my hands of \$200.45. I have vouchers for the expenses, and among them is \$140 for stenographer and typewriter, \$57.75 for printing, \$33.50 for postage, \$7.80 for hall in which Col. Robert White, of the Executive Committee, was to speak, \$7.55 for expressage, and 55 cents for newspapers. Certainly my services were worth the \$200.45, when it is a fact that of the \$7,294.34 now in bank about \$5,000 of it was put there through the exertions of the Association of which I was Secretary.

The General seeks to sneer at and belittle Frank Cheatham Bivouac, which is Camp No. 35, U. C. V., but I dare say it has as many men of brains and as good fighting material as any camp in the South. It

numbers among its members Maj. Gen. (now United States Senator) William B. Bate, Maj. Gen. W. H. Jackson, ex-Gov. and ex-Chief Justice Peter Turney, ex-Gov. John P. Buchanan, Brig. Gen. Tom Benton Smith (the youngest general in the Confederate army), Brig. Gen. George Maney, Hon. Thomas Menees and Hon. A. S. Colyar (members of the Confederate Congress), Col. John H. Anderson, Thomas Claiborne, David C. Kelley, George H. Morton and Baxter Smith, with majors, captains, lieutenants, and privates (of which I am one) galore, and the bivouac numbers four hundred and one members, of as good material as ever belonged to the Confederate army, the best army ever in any field. Each and every member of the bivouac can well compare records with "Gen." Underwood.

To be a member of Cheatham Bivouac the applicant must have been a soldier until the close of the war, or shot out in the meantime. *A soldier paroled in 1862 could not be a member.* JOHN P. HICKMAN.

The above card should have appeared in the August VETERAN, but was crowded out, and is now offered for publication in this number. Since writing it Mr. Underwood has written another card, in which he attacks me, and I therefore add this as a part of my first card.

I told Mr. Underwood personally that I had collected \$447.60 that had not been turned over to Col. Wood or himself, but that \$246.95 of the amount had been expended in actual necessary expenses in making the canvass for subscriptions. Underwood has already received from Mr. Rouss some \$4,500, and from his report submitted at the Charleston convention the Association then owed him \$7,715.50, making a grand total of \$12,215.50. Now, how much cash has this amount secured? From his own reports but little, but he does claim to have a number of "promises to pay"—whether collected or not time only can tell. During the time that I was Secretary for the fund more actual cash was raised in Tennessee alone than had been by the "General" during his entire management.

Mr. Underwood took up his abode in Nashville about the 1st of September, 1896, and remained here about a year and a half. During that time he succeeded in estranging all of the Confederate associations in the city, and Frank Cheatham Bivouac appointed a committee to investigate his management of the sacred duty imposed upon him. The result of the investigation was that the committee brought in a report criticising his actions and submitting resolutions demanding his removal, which were unanimously adopted at its meeting in January, 1898. These resolutions, together with the specifications upon which they were based, were forwarded to Gen. C. A. Evans, of Atlanta. Sometime thereafter they were returned to the camp with the information that the Executive Committee would not hear or consider them. The humblest camp has the right of protest, and that protest should receive at least a respectful hearing; in fact, this is a right granted our poorest and humblest citizen. The protest should be heard and civilly answered, although its prayer be not granted. But not so thought the Executive Committee: the protest was returned not even submitted to the Board of Trustees. Remember, this was in January, 1898, several months before the Battle Abbey was located. The camp knew at the time of the passage of the resolutions that they would challenge the hatred of Underwood for Nash-

ville, and that he would use his every influence to defeat the location of the Battle Abbey here. The camp acted upon principle, regardless of the results and heedless of the enmity of Underwood.

At the Atlanta convention in 1898, when it was shown that Tennessee had subscribed in cash about \$5,000 and Virginia only about \$30 toward the Battle Abbey Fund, Virginia was given the Battle Abbey—whether through the influence of Underwood with the committee or not your deponent saith not. This, too, in the face of the assurance by President Chipley that no location should be agreed upon until all of the money was raised, when each competing city in the South should be allowed to present its claims.

Underwood says in his card that he has not seen the August VETERAN, when it was issued and mailed to subscribers on the 4th day of September, his reply appearing and being mailed on September 25. This is strange, very strange, and still more so when it is known that he has been in Nashville consulting with his attorneys since the August VETERAN was issued. Why hasn't he seen it? He certainly has had every opportunity. Maybe, and most probably, he is unable to answer the mountain of truths piled up by Cunningham; and no doubt he will try to keep these truths from the jury that hears the case of Underwood vs. Cunningham, but he cannot.

Gen. Chipley, in his report submitted to the Nashville convention in June, 1897, reported that Underwood had in bank at Nashville \$6,410.57. Underwood, in his report to the Charleston convention, May, 1899, reports in the Nashville bank \$7,202.53. What has become of this difference of \$2,118.04? Was it lost in the battle of the Alamo, or did it go for some of his innumerable "incidentals," as did \$14,000 of the \$24,000 collected for the Chicago monument—the monument costing only \$10,000?

Comrade William R. Kenan, Wilmington, N. C., promptly corrected the statement in May VETERAN that Gen. MacRae was killed in battle, but publication was delayed. He wrote:

William MacRae, the seventh son of Gen. Alexander MacRae, was born in Wilmington, N. C., on September 9, 1834. In April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the company from Monroe, N. C. He was soon elected captain, and assigned to the Fifteenth North Carolina Infantry. Being possessed of the highest order of military talent, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel in April, 1862, colonel in May, 1863, and to brigadier general in August, 1864. His brigade, consisting of the Eleventh, Twenty-Sixth, Forty-Fourth, Forty-Seventh, and Fifty-Second North Carolina Infantry Regiments, had already been made famous by Pettigrew, but under his leadership the highest degree of discipline and proficiency was attained, for no position was considered too strong to be assaulted if MacRae ordered it. He surrendered at Appomattox C. H. on April 9, 1865.

Having received a thorough education as a civil engineer, he was soon appointed general superintendent of the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad, leaving it in 1870 to take charge of the Macon and Brunswick Railroad. Afterwards he assumed the management of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, of Georgia. In-

cessant labor wrecked his iron constitution, and he died in Augusta, Ga., on February 11, 1882. His remains rest in beautiful Oakdale Cemetery, this city.

LAST FLAG OF TRUCE AT APPOMATTOX.

BY MRS. A. I. ROBERTSON, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Robert Moorman Sims was born December 8, 1836, and reared in Lancaster County, S. C. He graduated at the South Carolina Military Academy in 1856. At the call to arms he was of the very first to volunteer in defense of his State, enlisting as private in Capt. John D. Wylie's Company, Ninth South Carolina Infantry, commanded by Col. J. D. Blanding. Sims was a gallant and fearless soldier, and was soon promoted to adjutant and inspector general of Bratton's Brigade, and through several terrible campaigns he did his full



COL. R. M. SIMS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

share of the desperate fighting, being wounded several times. Always cool, brave, modest, and unostentatious, he was again promoted to the adjutant generalcy of Longstreet's Corps. It was his sad duty to bear the last flag of truce at Appomattox. The following description of the event is by a soldier of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers:

"At a maddening gait a single horseman dashed up the lane toward the Union lines and struck them immediately in front of the One Hundred and Eighteenth. As he rode he swung violently above his head an oblong article white in color. As he drew nearer a red border was plainly seen around its edges. It was, in fact, a towel improvised into a flag of truce, and the two great armies that for four years had so fiercely contended for the mastery were at last brought to

terms in this quiet Virginia vale. This towel had been purchased by Col. Sims a short time before in Richmond for \$40 in Confederate money. It is now in possession of Mrs. Gen. Custer."

In a letter written by Col. Sims to a member of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers twenty years afterwards in regard to the flag of truce he stated:

"I did not exhibit the flag until near your line, consequently was fired upon until I got to or very near your people. I went at a full gallop. . . . At the head of the column we met Gen. Custer. He asked: 'Who are you, and what do you wish?' I replied: 'I am of Gen. Longstreet's staff, but am the bearer of a message from Gen. Gordon to Gen. Sheridan, asking for a suspension of hostilities until Gen. Lee can be heard from, who has gone to meet Gen. Grant to have a conference.' Gen. Custer replied: 'We will listen to no terms but that of unconditional surrender. We are behind your army now, and it is at our mercy.' I replied: 'You will allow me to carry this message back?' He said, 'Yes,' and directed two officers to go with me. We rode back to Gordon in almost a straight line.

Just after I left Custer he came in sight of our lines. He halted his troops, and, taking a handkerchief from his orderly, displayed it as a flag and rode into our lines."

In the political turmoil of 1876, when the eyes of the world were turned on South Carolina and the tension was so great that it seemed almost as if our State would again inaugurate a civil war, Col. Sims came to the front with the same cool intrepidity he had shown in battle, and again served his country with his best efforts. He served as Secretary of State for three terms.

His battle of life ended December 9, 1898, when he bore in his last flag of truce, the white flag of everlasting peace. With him passed "over the river" one of the old guard, always valiant in times of war, patient and courteous in times of peace.

A splendid reunion was that of the Joe Johnston Camp, U. C. V., held in Mexia, Tex., late in July. People came from all directions within a radius of fifty miles, and the crowd was estimated to be nearly five thousand. In writing of the event Col. J. W. Simmons, of Mexia, Tex., states: "We think ours was the grandest reunion in the South this year. Our camp is in a flourishing condition. Our reunions pay for themselves, and we now have about \$200 in the treasury." Joe Johnston Camp owns forty acres on Jack's Creek, including a fine spring of clear, cold water—Just the place for such an outing. The programme consisted of business meetings, addresses, patriotic music, and songs, all of which combined to make a splendid success of the reunion.

A. O. Norris, Adjutant, Graham, Tex.: "The annual reunion of Young County Camp No. 127 was held on the Clear Ford River August 23-25, and was considered by all present as the most enjoyable ever held. The management of the reunion was by the Sons and Daughters. The camp, after seeing the interest manifested by the Sons and Daughters, and realizing that it was only a short while that they could hold aloft the flag they so dearly loved, kissed it and placed it in the hands of the Sons to care for and hold and cherish."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SAN ANTONIO.

The design of the Confederate monument now being built in San Antonio by the Barnard E. Bee Chapter, U. D. C., is from the pencil of Miss Virginia Montgomery, of New Orleans. The design is symbolical in each exquisite detail—the stars, the wreaths of ivy, the circlets of laurel upon the outspread wings of butterflies, the square granite shaft, the sword, gun, and bayonet in the furled "Stars and Bars," the Confederate soldier with uplifted arm—all emphasizing "Lest we forget" and "Our cause is with God," the inscriptions on the monument.



The work of the Barnard E. Bee Chapter in erecting the first historic monument in the city of San Antonio is most commendable. In less than three years, led by their indefatigable President, Mrs. A. W. Houston, they have, by tireless efforts, secured the means for rearing this beautiful memorial to honor the Confederate heroes wherever they fell. All worked faithfully, but it is not amiss to mention especially the name of Mrs. J. P. Nelson, who alone, by her personal endeavor,

or, contributed \$500 to the cause. As a token of appreciation, the Daughters awarded her a rich and beautiful medal.



MISS VIRGINIA MONTGOMERY

Miss Virginia Montgomery, the artist and designer of the monument, is the first Southern woman to have her name inscribed on a monument, and well deserves the compliment the Barnard E. Bee Chapter has paid her in accepting her design.



MISS JULIA ELLA TEAGUE.

Daughter of Col. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C., Maid of Honor to Barnard E. Bee Camp No. 84, of Aiken, S. C., Charleston, S. C., Reunion U. C. V., May, 1890.

The annual reunion of the Louisa Camp of Confederate Veterans was held on September 1, at Louisa Courthouse, Va. Among the visitors were members of R. E. Lee and George E. Pickett Camps, of Richmond, under command of Lieut. Commanders Joseph C. Dickerson and Burgess, respectively. The visiting camps were met at the train and escorted through the town to a large grove on its western border. Commander William Kean made the address of welcome, and it was briefly responded to by Lieut. Commander Dickerson. Congressman John Lamb was next introduced, and made a happy address, in acknowledgment of the honors paid the Richmond veterans. A typical reunion dinner was spread under the luxuriant oaks of that picturesque village, and was heartily enjoyed. After dinner Lee and Pickett Camps marched to the residence of Comrade Jesse J. Porter, of Louisa Camp, who was confined to his home from illness, and tendered their grand old comrade their respects with a serenade. Seated in a reclining chair, he expressed his appreciation. At the request of Mr. Porter, the camps were escorted into the house and introduced individually by Col. W. T. Woody. The band played "Auld Lang Syne," and the veterans bade their sick comrade adieu. They returned to the grove, where short addresses were made by Comrades Dickerson and Lamb, of Lee Camp, and J. L. Shelton and R. L. Synor, Jr., of Louisa County.

TRIBUTES FROM UNION SOURCES.

In the *VETERAN* for January, 1899, Mr. I. F. Bush, who was a courier for Gen. Joseph Wheeler, gave an interesting and thrilling account of how he captured Col. James B. Kerr, of the Federal army. In a letter to the *VETERAN* Prof. Alexander Kerr, of the University of Wisconsin, and brother of the Colonel, states:

By the merest accident a copy of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* for January, 1899, recently fell into my hands. On page 28 I find an interesting account of the capture of my brother, Col. James B. Kerr, when he was out on the skirmish line near Nashville, in the winter of 1862. The writer, I. F. Bush, shows such a friendly spirit in what he says of my brother that I am prompted to write in response to his inquiry and to ask you to forward the letter to him. In Mr. Bush's story of the capture he omits, no doubt unwittingly, one or two important particulars, which my brother told me when he was at home on a furlough early in 1863. The horse he rode was a hard-bitted animal, that he found impossible to turn, although he exerted the strength of an athlete with both hands upon one rein. He had no intention, as I understand, of pursuing his man so far ahead; but when he found himself unexpectedly in the position so graphically described by Mr. Bush, he did the only thing that a reasonable human being could do under the circumstances: threw up his hands and surrendered.

The generous treatment which my brother received at the hands of Gen. Joseph Wheeler gives me a thrill of gratitude even at this late day. Many a man in this section of our common country rejoices in the splendid record which the old hero made last year in Cuba.

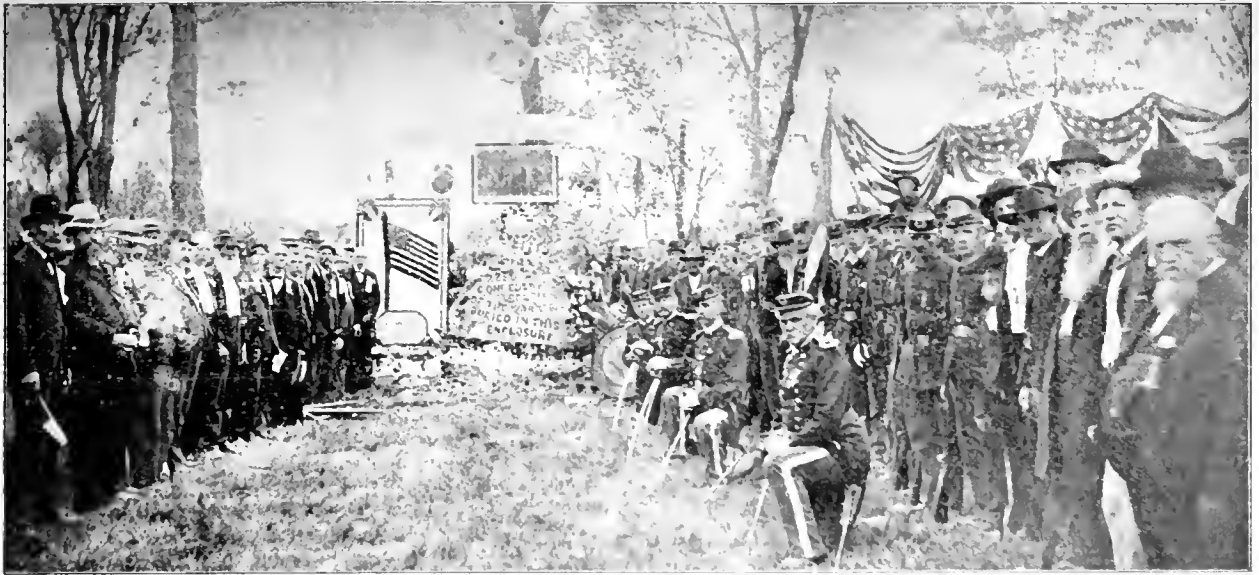
Mr. Bush touches upon one trait of my brother's character and brings it out very truthfully. Col. Kerr had in a marked degree the power of making friends of all classes of people with whom it was his fortune to be associated. Hence I am not surprised that Gen. Wheeler and Mr. Bush combined to do him a favor in his hour of trouble. During the few days when he was a prisoner the Confederate soldiers used to crowd around him, eager to exchange stories and confidences.

His wife's request, that if he were destined to die he should not be killed in a small skirmish, but in a big, fair, open battle, was granted. On the 27th of June, 1864, the Seventy-Fourth Illinois, commanded by my brother, Lieut. Col. Kerr, was in the thickest of the fight at Kennesaw Mountain. He was in the very front of the attack. He never asked his men to go where he did not lead. Col. Marsh had gone to the rear, owing to ill health and the infirmities of age. The regiment had been ordered to march into the jaws of death for a reason which has never been explained; but it was composed of men who were accustomed to obey orders. Col. Kerr was wounded so severely that it was quite impossible for him to leave the field, and on the evening of July 3, after six days of intense suffering, talking continually in his delirium of his young wife and the regiment, he died a prisoner of war in Atlanta. Months afterwards, in the winter of 1865, I had his remains removed to Rockford, Ill., where a suitable monument marks his grave.

TRIBUTE TO SAM DAVIS BY WIFE OF A UNION VETERAN.—Mrs. Ada E. Ryan, of Chicago, national instituting and installing officer of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Union Veteran Legion, recently read a paper before the Ladies' Auxiliary No. 11 (Chicago) on "The Martyrdom of Sam Davis." The Union Veteran Legion is an association of Union soldiers who served at least two years, unless discharged on account of wounds received in battle. The Ladies' Auxiliary to this organization is similar to the Daughters of the Confederacy and to the Relief Corps of the G. A. R. In her paper Mrs. Ryan gave a concise history of the tragic and heroic death of the young Southern martyr, and wrote in conclusion: "Toward the warm Southland, where the Southern sun kisses the blossoms of peace that breathe a sweet perfume over the graves of dead but not forgotten heroes, let us turn our eyes for lessons that may well teach the sage for ages. In the nameless graves that speak with silent tongue of the awful pestilence of war let us forget man's inhumanity to man in contemplation of that sterling manhood which knew no fear, no selfishness. We cannot build monuments to all our heroes, but for such heroes as Sam Davis no monument can do justice; and if it please Fate to let us stand in the shadow of that shaft, let us not forget its lesson, but let us tell our sons the story of Sam Davis, who valued life, but *honor* more. We have but one life, yet that is not so precious that we may prolong it in treachery and dishonor. Rather let it end, as did that of our hero, where it may sink into the sleep of ages, clothed in the undying glory of honor, fidelity, and truth. Mothers, when you go to your homes to-day call to your side your sons and your neighbors' sons, and tell them the story of Sam Davis: 'If I had a thousand lives, I would give them all before I would betray a friend.' A monument is soon to be erected by voluntary contribution to the memory of our hero. I say *our* hero, for surely no section or people can keep to itself such a heroic spirit."



MRS. ADA E. RYAN, LONGWOOD AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.



DECORATION DAY AT CAMP CHASE, OHIO, 1899.

UNION AND CONFEDERATE VETERANS ASSEMBLED TO HONOR CONFEDERATE DEAD.

Col. W. D. Hamilton, orator of the occasion, said:

"My Friends: It is easy to hate our enemies. It is natural to retain a spirit of enmity against those who have injured us. It is the mission of Christianity to give us lessons of forgiveness, and the Son of God came from heaven to teach us not only to forgive our enemies, but to love them. In this there is an inference that we ourselves may have given some cause to make enemies, and that there is something good and lovable even in those who differ from us.

"It is not our province to discuss the cause of our civil war. It is enough for us to know that these men buried here were innocent. It cannot be traced to the men who took the field on either side. Its origin was embodied in the constitution, and grew out of the unfortunate existence of slavery when it was formed and came down to us through nearly a century of bitter legislative contention, and was finally disposed of in that bloody court of which we and they formed a part.

"During all this time the social relations between the sections became less and less cordial and the business intercourse more and more strained. We cultivated the habit of belittling all that was good and magnifying all that was bad in each other, so that when the contest came it was a struggle between the so-called 'mechanics and small-fisted farmers of the North' and the 'domineering slave drivers and arrogant aristocrats' of the South.

"The war brought destruction and left untold sorrow, but it cleared away the obstacles to a better knowledge of each other. Our former impressions were entirely upset by the wonderful courage and nobleness of character displayed on both sides.

"Never were armies composed of men more earnest in their efforts, intensified if possible during the last two years as the forces of the South were driven back to become the defenders of their homes against the increasing strength of a powerful invading army. It is little wonder that the women of the South whose homes were ruined, and the women of the North whose sons

lie scattered in unknown graves, should retain a feeling of bitterness. Heart wounds were given which saddened the lives of a generation and have magnified the task of conciliation which the best men and women on both sides have undertaken and which these floral tributes to the Confederate dead to-day are designed to promote.

"On occasions like this we feel there is a holiness in flowers. They are the mute companions of our purest thoughts and give expression to our tenderest sympathies. They are angels from the realm of nature employed to bear our message of affection to the dead.

"The fraternal spirit which prompts our presence here to-day is the harbinger of a time when the American people will gather annually, bringing the roses of the North and the magnolia blossoms of the South as a tribute to American valor, to strew on the graves of every soldier who fell in battle or died in prison for a cause which he had been taught from pulpit and from family altar to believe was right.

"We do not need to approve the cause they defended, but we honor the courage they displayed. I look upon our good President, Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, Gen. John B. Gordon, of Georgia, and Gen. Joe Wheeler, of Alabama, as the inspired prophets of reconciliation, and I will include the honored chairman of this assembly and the noble company of ex-Confederate soldiers of Kentucky who recently united in sending a floral shield containing the banner of the stars and stripes borne aloft by the supporting arms of the blue and the gray as their contribution to our memorial day.

"It may be that the spirits of those we desire to honor are far beyond the reach of these little tokens of our remembrance, but, like the influence of prayer, the act will serve as a benediction to ourselves and prompt us in the spirit of that heroic poem at Gettysburg 'to highly resolve to dedicate ourselves anew to the work' of healing the wounds and cementing the bonds that unite our common country.

"It should be the mission and first duty of every

lover of his country to encourage social and business intercourse between the sections, that we may become better acquainted with and appreciate the good qualities of each other.

"I have mingled much with the people of the South, and have a high regard for them. They trace with just pride their descent from the clans of Scotland, the Cavaliers of England, and the Huguenots of France. Coming down through one hundred and fifty years almost unchanged by immigration which they never courted, they have contributed their full share to the development of a distinctive type of American character which leads the Saxon race in courage, oratory, and invention.

"Their mode of life made them courtly and hospitable; their gallantry and pride made them elegant and brave. They had been educated to believe that their peculiar institution was right, that it had the protection of the constitution and the sanction of the divine law. When the crisis came they flew to arms to maintain their view of the constitution even at the expense of the Union, while we of the North took up arms to preserve the Union even at the risk of the constitution.

"We frankly concede to the South all that they claim in the way of fortitude and courage: that their field marshals were unsurpassed in history; that their field and line officers were gallant gentlemen; and that the rank and file of their armies displayed a courage and endurance which added luster to the American character. We do not forget, however, that they were met on more than a hundred battlefields and finally vanquished by armies also American, greater and better equipped, it is true, but composed of officers and men whose skill and courage were at least equal to their own.

"The result of the struggle has sealed the fate of slavery throughout the world, but the greatest blessing it brought to the South was the liberation of the white race and the removal of the embargo that slavery had placed upon Southern development. All classes frankly admit that they would not leave the Union now nor reinstate slavery if they could.

"They met their reverses without humiliation, like a brave people, and where nothing was left of their former life they began anew without a murmur, proud of their pride and their poverty. They never ceased to be loyal to themselves and their traditions, and cherish with a natural and pardonable pride the memory of their fallen heroes and loved ones, and although they feel, as many of us do, that the extension of the franchise to the ex-slaves was premature and the sore cause of nearly all their later troubles, yet they have shown during the Spanish-American war that they are no less loyal to the stars and stripes than we are. More than this it would be ungenerous for us to ask.

"For more than one hundred years after the defeat of the last of the Stuarts on Culloden's bloody field the faithful Highlanders cherished the memory of their fallen prince. Their warlike songs even yet express loyal devotion to royal Charlie. Yet these Highland clans are among the most loyal subjects to their queen to-day and her most trusted defenders, and it was the grandsons of the tartaned followers of the Stuarts that shattered Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo.

"Our brothers of the South are working manfully to

meet the new conditions which confront them. In the olden time 'cotton was king,' and their ample source of wealth, their climate and soil, combined to produce a cotton which gave them the markets of the world. They feared no competition, and sought no other industry.

"The vast resources of their heaven-favored land lay dormant. The magic voice of a hundred mountain streams had been calling for generations: 'There is a power in me. Come, build your mills by my side, and I will spin and weave your cotton at home.' The unmelted iron in unnumbered hills had been calling: 'There is a power in me. Come with your skilled labor and build your furnaces and rolling mills, and I will make your towns and cities centers of industry and wealth.' The testimony of the marble rock was added, saying: 'There is a power and beauty in me. Come with your artists and chisels, and I will help to bring elegance and refinement to your homes.'

"The weary slave of the cotton field, as he leaned for rest on his hoe, had no ear attuned to hear these voices. The easy-going master, as he rode to the hunt or the races, might perhaps have heard, but he cared not to listen, and the years went by in wasteful idleness till the struggle came and all was changed. After thirty years of bitter training a N— South has stepped into the arena of industry as our competitor.

Capital and skill have gone to the aid of their newborn energy. The voices of nature have been listened to. The music of four hundred thousand spindles is heard in the cotton mills of Georgia, and a new brand of goods has been introduced into the markets of Boston and Liverpool. The furnaces of Alabama are competing with those of Pennsylvania in the market of Pittsburg. The marble quarries of Tennessee rival those of Vermont in the markets of the North, and have recently sent some of their products to the ports of Italy.

"In the better light of a third of a century both sections are learning to look upon the civil war not as heated participants in its events, but rather as thoughtful students of its results.

"We can now see that God was preparing the nation through a sacrifice of blood to become his consistent agent in the difficult task of advancing civilization in the dark places of earth and in extending Christian liberty among the islands of the sea. It was the training of the civil war that made the unparalleled achievements of the past year possible.

"The sons of the blue and the gray fulfilled the promise of their fathers when they fell into the line side by side to test the power of Spain. And they have divided the honors of a most brilliant campaign on land and sea between them. The daring spirit of Lieut. Hobson, of Alabama, is the pride of the North as well as the South.

"The dashing courage of Col. Roosevelt, of New York, with his Rough Riders from both sections, has won the admiration of us all, and we old soldiers of the cavalry recognize a gallant brother in Gen. Joe Wheeler, that ubiquitous trooper of Alabama, who used to bother us so much when we wore the blue and he the gray. And a startled world joins us with uncovered heads in paying homage to that phenomenal hero of the Asiatic seas, George Dewey, of Vermont.

"It is time that we bury the bitterness of the past when we reflect that in the scales with which anxious nations are weighing us to-day not only will these names be placed, but the character and ability of Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson be estimated side by side with that of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and the soldierly qualities of both armies will be equally considered in determining the nation's place among the powers of the earth.

"My fellow-citizens of the gray and the blue, as we distribute these flowers on the graves of more than two thousand of the nation's Confederate dead, I feel that we should thank God that we and they were permitted to belong to that generation of soldiers who were selected to work out His plans, however mysterious, for the generation of the republic."

COL. HAMILTON IN WAR TIMES.

Col. Hamilton writes of how he acted in the sixties:

At your request, I will state that in the spring of 1864, while my command was stationed at Athens, Ala., I was ordered by Gen. Sherman to go to Florence with my regiment, the Ninth O. V. Cavalry, and eat up the supplies of corn, bacon, and other products



COL. W. D. HAMILTON.

of that splendid country which were of so much value to Gen. Forrest during his raids into Tennessee.

One evening, two days after my arrival, I found one of my companies in possession of a large amount of silverware, including valuable family plate, marked with the owner's name. A sergeant and squad with a six-mule team in search of supplies had found it in a cave covered with a pile of corn.

I directed that the silver be gathered up and brought to my headquarters, and next morning I sent it back to a Mr. Key, whose place was about nine miles from camp on the river bottom, stating how my men had found it, and suggesting that if he had any other val-

nables hid out he take them to his house, where they would be perfectly safe. He came to camp to thank me for my unexpected courtesy to a "rebel," as he presumed I knew he was. After an interesting interview he stated that his wife had authorized him to invite that Yankee to dinner if he thought him a proper person to be introduced into their family, and the occasion was fixed for the next day, when I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Key and a family of very interesting daughters.

While at table a servant came to say that there were soldiers in the yard. This was a surprise both to the family and to me. The enemy was known to be in force across the river, but I had stationed an officer and fifty men without their knowledge in a strip of timber overlooking the locality. The soldiers, however, proved to be one of the squads sent out with a team in search of supplies, and who happened to come at this inopportune time. The sergeant had simply called for the keys to the smokehouse and corn crib!

Mr. Key, who had gone out, told him that I was in the house. This, the sergeant said, made no difference, as he was acting under orders. After consulting me the keys were given, and the wagon was loaded with corn and bacon. I frankly admitted, on his return to his seat, that I was in the most embarrassing position I ever experienced, having been introduced into his family as a gentleman, and seated at his table as a friend, while my men were outside robbing his smokehouse and corn crib, and I could not say one word to stop them. I remarked that twelve teams had gone out that morning by my orders for the same purpose, in compliance with my orders from Gen. Sherman, but I had no orders in regard to silverware or the treatment of family property, and I felt that it would neither weaken the Confederacy nor strengthen the Federal cause to prove ourselves vandals.

Twenty-five years afterwards I was escorted to that same table by the youngest daughter, who was a little black-eyed beauty of four years when I was there before, but now a recent happy bride. She led me to a seat at the table, where she had placed a silver cup with her name (Lottie) engraved upon it. "This," she said, taking it in her hand, "was given to me on my first birthday. It was among the pieces taken by your men and returned by you. I have placed it at your plate, thinking perhaps that out of it you might drink my health."

The foregoing, I think, Mr. Cunningham, embraces the main features of that interesting incident as I related it to you. I think I also told you of my acquaintance with Hon. ——— Patton, of Florence, and of giving him three good, but "sore-backed," horses for one my men took, breaking the only team he had left while he was trying to plow corn, and that I afterwards called upon him in Montgomery three days after he was inaugurated governor of the State, in 1866, and was introduced to the State officials as a "Yankee who, with his command, had done more for the Union cause and to reconcile the people of Northern Alabama to their defeat than he was aware of, for he taught us that there were gentlemen in the North."

Among other pleasant recollections to which I think I referred was the acquaintance of the family of Capt. Coffee, whose only daughter, a bright girl of fourteen years then, is now the wife of Capt. Campbell, of Flor-

ence; and the Colyar family, one of whom was Mrs. McGuire (I think), a young widow then. She afterwards became the wife of Mr. Colyar, editor of the *Nashville American*, whom I remember you said you knew.

I have written you, my dear sir, at greater length than I intended, or perhaps the occasion justified, but I feel the importance of the work needed in bringing the sections nearer to each other fraternally than they have ever been, and that conditions were never so auspicious as now, and anything that I can do will be gladly done to assist, and this must be largely done through the press on both sides. Bitterness still exists on both sides in some quarters, and the press lends its powerful influence in sometimes publishing stories and statements which should be more carefully edited.

In closing I would say that if there is anything I have written or can write that you think of any value to you, I am "yours to command."

THE SCALES BROTHERS.

Joseph H., James R., Nathaniel M., and Noah W. Scales, sons of Absalom Scales, lived in Patrick County, on the southern border of Virginia, and were respectively twenty, eighteen, and fifteen years old—the last two being twins—when the war began. They were Scotch-Irish, their ancestors having settled in Rockingham County, N. C., sometime in the eighteenth century. The two oldest, Joseph H. and James R., received their early education at the school of Dr. Alex. Wilson, near the famous old Hawfield's Church, in Alamance County, N. C. The breaking out of the great war found them at the Virginia Military Institute. As soon as the State seceded from the Union, Gov. Letcher ordered the corps of cadets to Richmond, under command of Maj. T. J. Jackson, where they were employed for some time in preparing for the field the raw levies of soldiers as they arrived from the South. In the autumn of 1861 the oldest of these brothers re-



COL. J. H. SCALES.

ceived a commission as first lieutenant in the provisional army, C. S. A., and was assigned to duty as adjutant of the Fifty-Fourth Virginia Infantry, which commission he held until the spring of 1862, when the regiment was reorganized and he was elected captain



MISS DIXIE MAY SCALES.

of Company H, in which company his brother James was made first lieutenant. They followed the fortunes of the regiment until after the battle of Chickamauga, when the captain resigned and returned to Virginia, where he was detailed for special duty by Gen. Kemper. He remained in this service until the war ended. The vacancy caused by his resignation was filled by Lieut. J. R. Scales's promotion to the captaincy, which office he filled acceptably until the close of the struggle. He surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. The exposure he suffered during Gen. Hood's winter campaign in Tennessee developed consumption, from which he died in November, 1866. He was a number of times in command of the regiment as senior captain, and distinguished himself for daring and gallantry on several occasions.

The twin brothers, in the spring of 1861, and when barely fifteen, joined a company which became a part of the Forty-Second Virginia Infantry. At the battle of Kernstown, near Winchester, Va., in April, 1862, Nat M. was mortally wounded, and died in a day or two, not quite sixteen years old. Their captain had these boys detailed as baggage guard, on account of their tender years, but their ardor could not be restrained, and they rushed to the front and joined their comrades. These boys went into the army in affluent circumstances and came out penniless, but the survivors have never been known to regret the sacrifice they made or to doubt the justice of a cause which they considered holy. Nat W., after the war, went South and lived in several of the cotton States. When last heard from he was in Texas. James H. graduated at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery in 1871, and is practicing his profession in Black Rock, Ark.

C. H. Gambill, LaVergne, Tenn., seeks information concerning the whereabouts or fate of a Capt. Gambill, who served in John T. Morgan's Alabama Cavalry, in the Confederate army, or he would like to learn of his family.

LOUISIANA HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Additional Articles to List Published in July Veteran.

Besides Mrs. Davis' presentation, there have been added to our collection in the past quarter one hundred and thirty other relics and documents, presented by twenty-three different persons. Among these are many valuable gifts, and the contributors are as follows: By J. W. Carnahan, a meerschaum pipe used through the war by W. H. Atkinson, Company A, Red River Sharpshooters. By Col. David Zable, for Army of Northern Virginia, crayon picture of Gen. Zebulon York, of Louisiana. By Mrs. W. H. Adams, one iron fork, with handle made from a bone of a dead Federal soldier (given to Bat Barrow, her father, during his imprisonment in New Orleans in 1863); two orders from headquarters at Corinth May 2, 3, 1862, signed by Gen. Beauregard and Gen. Bragg; news of the battle of Manassas, written by J. Hunt Collins. By Mrs. Ida A. Richardson, badge worn by her grandfather, Nathaniel Cox, at a reception given Gen. Lafayette; badge of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division, to Charleston Reunion. By Mrs. Charles L. Ball, of St. Louis, Mo., a lock of hair of Gen. Zollicoffer, clipped by her father while the General's body was in the hands of the Federals, who killed him. By J. W. Carnahan, piece of shell fired into Fort Sumter by the Federals, obtained by him on visiting the fort during the Charleston Reunion. Charles Smith made a similar gift. By Col. C. W. Kilborne, G. A. R., twelve special orders of Gen. Butler to him when assistant provost marshal in New Orleans; plan of the battle of Baton Rouge made at the time; order from Gen. Bowen, Provost Marshal, General Department of the Gulf, to have A. M. Holbrook, editor of the *Picayune*, produce a certain paper; pamphlet brief in Supreme Court, State of Louisiana, during Federal occupation; three printed orders of Gen. Butler; one printed General Order No. 1, Adjutant General's Office, January 6, 1863, about freeing slaves; five printed orders from Conscript Bureau, C. S. A., Shelbyville, Tenn., Gen. Gideon Pillow, commanding; eighteen orders from Gen. Butler to him as assistant provost marshal; five letters from foreign consuls at New Orleans; four intercepted Confederate letters; list of Confederate officers captured at Port Hudson and retained in New Orleans; three papers concerning Confederate prisoners in New Orleans; notice of seizure by Federal authorities of Gen. D. W. Adams' house; list of Louisiana dead buried at Marietta, Ga. By Mrs. J. G. Blanchard, photograph of her husband when first enlisted, and three framed certificates of his membership in U. C. V. Associations; large photograph of survivors of Point Conpee Battery. By Miss Katharyn Dykers, one sheet bond paper manufactured for the Confederate States; one copy of No. 1, Vol. I., of *Southern Punch*, August 15, 1863, published at Richmond, Va.; the Constitution of the Confederate States, as telegraphed to the *New Orleans Delta*, and cut from said paper; sketch of Rebel fortifications at Haynes Bluff; map showing the route of the late expedition commanded by Rear Admiral Porter, U. S. N., in attempting to get into the Yazoo River by the way of States Bluff; map of operations of the Yazoo Pass expedition under command of Lieut. Watson Smith.

U. S. N., 1863. By Mrs. J. B. Richardson, on deposit, uniform coat of her husband, Col. J. B. Richardson, worn by him during the war, and in which he was married to her; one handkerchief with embroidered Confederate flags, presented to him in 1861, and carried by him through the war (and it was placed on the coffin of Jefferson Davis while he lay in state at the City Hall in New Orleans in 1889); one engraving of Confederate generals; one cane, cut from a hickory growing near Andrew Jackson's grave at the Hermitage.

At a late meeting of the Executive Board of the Confederate Museum at Richmond a touching letter was read from Mrs. Jefferson Davis, presenting several valuable articles to the museum. Among them was a prayer book, which was sent by Mr. Davis when in prison at Fortress Monroe to his son, Jefferson Davis, and Miss Davis' Bible, which she used when at school.

WANTS HIS UNIFORM.—Capt. L. M. Davis writes from Rock Hill, S. C.: "About January, 1865, under orders from the Secretary of War, Confederate States Government, I attempted to cross the Mississippi River a few miles above Fort Adams. I was detected and run into a swamp by a detachment of Federal soldiers from a gunboat lying at Fort Adams, commanded by Capt. Donum (I think). My trunks, six or seven in number, were taken. Two of them contained clothing of Col. J. P. Jones's wife and children. These were sent under flag of truce to Gen. E. K. Smith's headquarters at Shreveport, La., and the others were kept. One of the latter contained a captain's new Confederate uniform. If any survivor of that gunboat can give me any information of what became of the trunks, and especially the uniform, the information will be greatly appreciated."

J. V. Harris, M.D., Key West, S. C., writes: "At the battle of Shiloh I handled quite a lot of steel breastplates, which I found scattered over the battlefield among the Federal tents. I have never seen any account of the use of breastplates during our great war, and as it was the only instance of the use of armor in modern times, I think some mention should be made of it. The breastplates were of steel (about one-sixteenth of an inch thick), in two pieces, made to be worn inside the vest. They covered the thorax and abdomen, and looped in front with brass fastenings in the manner of corsets. I noticed the word 'Giffany' stamped upon the back of one of the breastplates. It seems that they did not work. I examined one which had a bullet hole through it. It was in the left plate, just over the position of the heart."

"Half a dollar in silver for a chew of tobacco!" was the frequent announcement by a soldier of the Orphan Brigade (Kentucky) when on retreat from Corinth to Tupelo. The remark was made to some horsemen, when one of them took from his pocket a piece of tobacco, handed it to the soldier, who accepted it and gave in return the promised coin. The proffered pay was declined, and inquiry as to who had been so generous elicited the name of Gen. Bragg, whereupon the soldier at once assumed military air, and standing at present arms, announced: "Serg. Berry, Ninth Kentucky." The incident illustrates the gallant spirit of the Kentucky Confederates.

WHO WAS THE OFFICER?

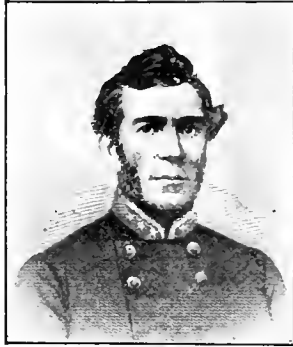
Comrade C. M. McCouley, First Arkansas Brigade, Little Rock, Ark., writes:

The campaign of Gen. Braxton Bragg in Kentucky in 1862, the sanguinary battle of Perryville, and his subsequent and most successful retreat was unprecedented, and has never been accorded that importance in history which it merits. Though Gen. Bragg was not a favorite with historians, he was a great and an able general.

It was not the intention of the authorities at Richmond that Gen. Bragg should invade Kentucky with the intention of trying to hold the State, although that was made to appear the sole purpose. The object of the invasion was to relieve the pressure upon Gens. Van Dorn and Price in the Southwest and of Gen. Lee in the Northeast. The defeat of Van Dorn and Price at Corinth certainly hastened the retreat from Kentucky. That was no such retreat as Napoleon's from Moscow, but rather a triumphal march with streaming banners and shouting soldiers. It was indeed a conquering army returning home bearing all the spoils of war. In writing of this battle Maj. Gen. Gilbert, of the Federal army, characterized it as "the mysterious battle of Perryville."

What did Gen. Bragg accomplish? He inflicted a loss of fifteen thousand men upon the enemy in killed, wounded, and captured, while his own loss was three thousand five hundred, including Gen. E. Kirby Smith. He brought out twenty-five hundred head of beef cattle, a wagon train forty-five miles long well laden with army supplies, and he burned at Camp Dick Robinson over three million dollars' worth of the enemy's stores.

The Arkansas brigade at the battle of Perryville was held in reserve and moved from point to point on the line of battle, with orders to close promptly any breach that might occur in our lines. The breach came one evening after dark, and the Arkansas brigade moved at quick time through the darkness, smoke, and dust to within fifty yards of the blazing line of the enemy. Then, slackening to common time, we poured into their ranks the most destructive volley I ever witnessed. Loading as we advanced, two other volleys were fired, the last being not over five paces from their lines. The Seventh Arkansas Regiment, which I then commanded, was fronting the Twenty-Second Indiana, and I have been told that the latter was almost annihilated. Here the Arkansas brigade captured five stands of colors. The charge ended the battle of October 8. Being slightly wounded, and sickened at the groans of the wounded and the pale and powder-stained faces of the dead, I turned to the left and walked some distance toward the Bardstown and Perryville pike. As I turned to retrace my steps I heard the rapid approach of a horseman. I drew my pistol and awaited his coming. He was uniformed, and I



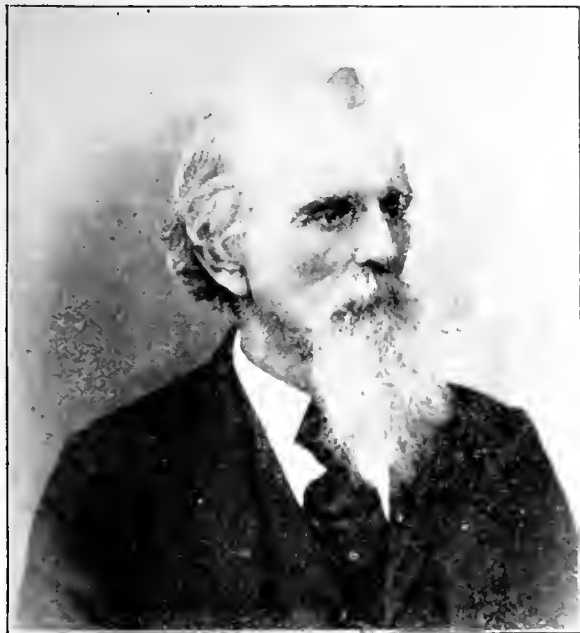
GEN. BRAGG.

think was a staff officer, and he cried out as he came up: "Here is water for the — Indiana Regiment." I told him his regiment was killed or captured, and noticed that he must have had about a hundred canteens of water about him, some tied to his horse's neck and saddle. My first impulse was to shoot him, but I decided to take from him several of the canteens, and advised him which way to go in order to trace the remainder of his comrades. He said: "Well, my friend, I shall take your advice; and as you have done me a good turn, I shall do you one. Gen. Buell is but three miles back of here, with one hundred thousand men, besides those you fought to-day." I should like to know who that officer was.

Ben H. Bell was born in Carteret County, N. C., in 1837. He was the son of William B. Bell, and grandson of Burton Harderty, a soldier of the war of 1812-14. His early education was limited, but he worked his way through school and into Trinity College, North Carolina. While in his sophomore year (June, 1861) he enlisted as a private in the Second North Carolina Regiment. When the Federals advanced upon Richmond, via Manassas Junction, his regiment was ordered to report for duty at that place. Delay in transportation prevented their arrival in time to participate in the battle. Soon afterwards he with many others was sent to the hospital at Fredericksburg, where many noble Christian women went to nurse the sick and wounded. In the fall of 1861 Gen. Burnside was fitting out an expedition for the coast of North Carolina. The fort was in command of Col. White, with five companies from the Tenth North Carolina Heavy Artillery. New Berne was under command of Gen. Branch, who was engaged in constructing breastworks on the south side of Neuse River, from which to defend the town. Early in March following Burnside, who had taken Roanoke Island, was reported to be entering Neuse River with his fleet, en route to New Berne. On March 10 Burnside made the attack with artillery and infantry. The extreme right of the Confederate breastworks was in charge of militia poorly armed and without military instruction. These troops soon gave way, and as a consequence the whole of the Confederate troops were compelled to flee to escape being captured, and New Berne, with its naval stores, cotton, etc., was taken. Fort Macon had become isolated, and Burnside seemed to fear to attack it. The Federals believed the war would soon end, and Burnside sought to get possession by means unbecoming a brave commander: he had circulated little leaflets which fell into Confederate hands, offering pardon, peace, homes, etc., to all who would abandon the fort. These means failing, he was forced to attack. Comrade Bell was wounded about this time (April 10) in some infantry fighting, and was unable for duty in the bombardment. Early in the morning of April 9 Burnside opened fire on the fort both from land and sea. Had the attack been from sea only, it would have been useless, but the fort was constructed without anticipation of a land attack. Seeing that all other means had failed to force surrender, Burnside directed all of his batteries on the magazine, and succeeded with his cone-shaped balls in penetrating the walls, thus endangering the magazine. Early next morning terms of surrender were agreed upon.

Not until late in the fall of 1862 was there any exchange of prisoners. The Federal line was closely guarded, and extended from New Berne to Washington, part of the way through a dense poocoson. Comrade Bell informed himself of the situation and attempted to gain way into the Confederacy, in which he succeeded. Later he was detailed as special scout, furnished with a fast horse, and all necessary equipments. Being sub-

stantially aided by his uncle, Rufus W. Bell, a wealthy Southern sympathizer, and Miss Emeline Pigott, he succeeded in conveying to the Confederate camps much medicine and provisions that were sadly needed. When Gen. D. H. Hill was in command of Goldsboro the scout made his way there and was rendered assistance and given encouragement and sympathy. He was captured on one occasion by a company of Federal cavalymen who had been looking for him. They confined him in a small house in the woods, from which he made a wonderful escape.



B. H. BELL.

ments, when John C. Brown commanded it. After the fight at Jonesboro Gen. Edward Johnson took command and the division bore his name until captured the second day at Nashville. Then until the surrender it was not in charge of any one officer continually. Gen. Anderson's horse was shot from under him at Jonesboro; he was wounded in the mouth, mortally, it was thought, but he returned to the army just before the surrender. I do not know what became of Gen. Withers after he left the army at Chattanooga.

The Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac, Camp 426, U. C. V., held their eighth annual reunion at Brownsville, Tenn., July 27. The exercises were held at Johnson's Lake, two and a half miles west of the town, and a large crowd was in attendance. After a few rousing Southern songs had been sung, the procession formed and marched to Cuthbert Memorial Hall, which was decorated in the loved Confederate colors, and whose walls are adorned with portraits of some of the most notable of the Confederate leaders. Seated on the rostrum were the Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., a number of distinguished guests, and many old soldiers. The first address was made by Judge John M. Taylor, of Lexington, after which the people partook of barbecue and "Brunswick stew." Capt. R. W. Haywood, a well-known attorney, who is a Mexican and civil war veteran, made an address. Ex-Congressman C. B. Simonton, of Covington, also made an address.

Comrade P. G. Robert, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

I am moved by Comrade John N. Lyle's letter in the July VETERAN to amend my proposed name of the war. He is right in his suggestion that "The War of Conquest" is indefinite. It may be interpreted to mean that the Confederate States intended to make a conquest of the so-called United States. Such a thought, of course, never entered the brain of any Confederate, though the enemy did charge us with such intent.

This ex-Confederate scout and soldier married in Orange County, N. C., and now lives at University Station, in that State, with his devoted and talented family.

Interesting historical *data* is received from Comrade W. G. Bell, Congo, Ala., who states:

Comrade B. M. Thomas is not wholly correct in his statements in the May VETERAN concerning Maj. Gen. Jones M. Withers. While the army was stationed at Corinth a division was organized of the brigades of Gardner, Chalmers, Manigault, and Patton Anderson. Gen. Withers took command of this division, and continued in command until the army fell back from Tullahoma to Chattanooga, in July, 1863, when he retired and Maj. Gen. Hindman succeeded him. The latter retired after the battle of Chickamauga, and Gen. Patton Anderson commanded the division until after the Jonesboro fight except in one or two engage-

ments, when John C. Brown commanded it. After the fight at Jonesboro Gen. Edward Johnson took command and the division bore his name until captured the second day at Nashville. Then until the surrender it was not in charge of any one officer continually. Gen. Anderson's horse was shot from under him at Jonesboro; he was wounded in the mouth, mortally, it was thought, but he returned to the army just before the surrender. I do not know what became of Gen. Withers after he left the army at Chattanooga.

Having had occasion of late to refer certain persons to a study of Elliott's Debates I recalled to mind, by the law of association, I suppose, certain facts of significance: That the Federalists wished this country to be called "Washingtonia," or "Columbia," proposals which were rejected, because the delegates were assembled to make "a more perfect union," and not a nation; so also that the Federal Legislature should be called a "Parliament," likewise refused, since they were an assemblage of the representatives of sovereignties, and hence would provide for a "Congress," and not such a sovereign body as was and is the Parliament of England. Again, when it was proposed to empower the President of this "Union" to coerce any State which might secede, it was refused on the ground that they were making a "Union," and not a government of force. Therefore when Abraham Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand men to force the Confederate States back under the powers at Washington he usurped an authority with which the convention that framed the constitution refused to empower his office. My amendment therefore is to call the late contest "The War of Coercion," which will not only designate the men who were invaders, but contain the germ of the genesis of the Union and the history of its subversion.

UNION SOLDIER SLAVE OWNERS.

John E. Rastall, adjutant First Regiment, Eastern Shore Maryland Volunteer Infantry, writes:

The First Regiment, Eastern Shore Maryland Volunteer Infantry, was organized at Cambridge, Dorchester County, Md., in the fall of 1861, and was commanded by James Wallace, Esq., an attorney at law and farmer. He owned nine slaves, and had some of them in camp with him as servants. Capt. John R. Keene, of Company C, also had slaves with him, his father being the owner of about sixty. Other officers of this regiment had slaves in camp with them. The regiment was organized for home service—at least many of the men were enlisted with this understanding, so that when ordered out of the State into the two counties of Eastern Virginia there was much dissatisfaction. Company A (Capt. John C. Henry, of Cambridge) was mustered out of the Federal service, and many then went South and enlisted in what I believe was the First Maryland Volunteer Infantry of the Confederate army. In the battle of Gettysburg we met and fought this regiment and wounded and captured one of our old men of Company A, who informed us that Capt. Henry and several of our old comrades were directly in our front fighting us. This on the Federal right near the base of Culp's Hill. Previously Company B, when ordered into Delaware, had laid down their guns and refused to do service outside the State, but at Gettysburg they served loyally. Company K, Capt. Littleton Long, also had trouble, and the records show that a large majority of the company was dishonorably discharged. The regiment was never treated by the Federal government as were other Northern regiments. It was held back. There were so many slaveholders in the command that the enlistment of their servants during the absence of the owners from home, and consequent loss of service, caused great dissatisfaction. The slaves of these loyal men, who lost their property while away from home fighting for the Union, were never paid for, though a record of each slave is kept at the county seats of Eastern Maryland. The government had agreed to respect the right of property in slaves on the part of owners who remained loyal to the Union, but nevertheless while away from home fighting for the Union these same slaves were enlisted and freed. I suppose there were similar experiences in regiments of other border States.

Our regiment served three years, and was honorably discharged, many of the men "veteranizing" into the Eleventh Maryland Volunteer Infantry.

The venerable Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, of New York and Brooklyn, who for many years has contributed regularly to the *New York Evangelist*, and continues to do so since Rev. Dr. Field resigned the active management of that old and able Presbyterian journal, and which is now edited by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and under the business management of her son, Mr. Henry Houghton, in a recent issue states that only a half dozen of the old historic Protestant church buildings remain in the lower part of New York; that one of them, that stolid stone structure with its square, stumpy tower was built in 1819, and that near it is where "the heroic young martyr-spy, Capt. Nathan Hale, was executed. It was then in Col. Henry Rutgers's orchard.

N. R. Oakes, Kemp, Tex., writes of a comrade:

Miley Steele, brother to Dr. I. D. Steele, Nashville, Dr. Newton Steele, Chattanooga, and Judge Robert Steele, Tallahassee, Fla., enlisted in Company D, Thirty-Second Mississippi Regiment, in March, 1862. At that time this regiment was stationed at Corinth, Miss., and engaged in many skirmishes that year. The first battle of consequence was that of Perryville, Ky. Comrade Steele was in every battle from that to Lovejoy Station, Ga., and was never wounded until the engagement at New Hope, Ga., where he was wounded in the thigh. He was in our last reckless charge that broke the enemy's lines at Chickamauga, and witnessed our defeat at Missionary Ridge. He was detailed and often volunteered many dangerous undertakings, but never counted danger when duty called. The Confederacy lost one of her bravest when Comrade Steele fell dead at Franklin on top of the breastworks to the left of the pike leading from Columbia into the town. He was never heard to murmur or to disobey, and professed great faith in the cause of the South and in the ability of our leaders. Above all, he was a true Christian, having joined the church at Dalton, Ga., a fact which his relatives never knew.

James Montgomery, Elizabethtown, Ky., writes:

I wish to correct the statement of Comrade Stanfield in February issue, page 61, as to the number of Morgan's command that escaped with Adam Johnson at Buffington's Bay, Ohio, and Belleville, Va., about twelve miles above. Only about one hundred and twenty escaped, and that by swimming the river. I was about the last in the column to attempt it, and as I went in I met Gen. Morgan some distance in the river, returning to the Ohio shore. He could have escaped, but preferred to take care of his command. When about halfway across I discovered no one was behind me, and glancing back saw the column going on up the river, and then I discovered the gunboats were on us. It was a moment of indecision. Like Randolph's man who had the bear by the ears, "it was bad to hold on, and worse to let go." Knowing the danger of turning a horse in a stream, I kept ahead under fire of the gunboats, which were opposite me by the time I got over.

A young lady identified with the work of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was recently a stranger in a great city, and circumstances forced her to accept a slight courtesy from a gentleman whom she had but recently met. In answer to her prompt note of thanks this courtly Southern gentleman wrote: "No, indeed, you are not due me any thanks. It is always a pleasure and an honor to serve a lady, and especially so for me if she is identified with the loved cause in which my father gave his life, and which is dear to the hearts of all Virginians."

Comrade T. J. Young, Austin, Ark., sends this record: "Since the organization of Camp James Adams the following members have died: Comrade B. C. Powell, Company F, Fifteenth Tennessee Cavalry, under Forrest. He died March 19, 1898. Comrade James V. Choat, who served in the Seventeenth South Carolina Regiment during the war, died August 19, 1898. Comrade T. L. Boyd, of Company H, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, died January 1, 1899."

GEN. LEE'S LAST OFFICE.

BY REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, CHAPLAIN GENERAL U. C. V.

When our great chieftain, after the close of the great "War between the States," turned his back upon offers of pecuniary assistance and positions with large salaries and bright promise of rich emoluments, and went to preside over Washington College, at Lexington, Va., in order, as he expressed it, to "teach young men to do their duty in life," he built with the first money he could secure for the purpose a commodious, neat, and substantial chapel. In the basement of this chapel was the college library, the office of his secretary, and Gen. Lee's own office. This latter was neatly but not extravagantly furnished with desks, bookshelves, chairs, and especially a large round table at which the President sat in an armchair, and on which he wrote, with letters, pamphlets, stationery, etc., conveniently arranged and always kept in that neat order which so eminently characterized the man.



FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF OFFICE.

Here he received members of the faculty, students, or other visitors with the cordial, easy grace which made a visit to the office so pleasant.

On Wednesday, September 28, 1870, President Lee was at his post of duty, and after attending morning chapel service, as was his wont every day, he went into his office and was busy all the morning with his correspondence, etc. At 3 o'clock he went to his home for dinner, leaving a half-finished letter on his table. At 4 o'clock he presided over an important meeting of the vestry of his Church—Grace Episcopal Church—from which he did not return home until 7 o'clock, finding the family waiting tea for him. He started to ask a blessing, when he was smitten with the fatal disease from which he died soon after 9 o'clock on the morning of October 12.

His office has been kept ever since just as he left it. The half-finished letter, the inkstand, pens, letter heads, pamphlets, packages of letters, college reports, etc., all remind one of the great President who on

that day left his busy workshop to enter so soon upon his glorious rest.

The visitor to this Mecca of our Southland—the tomb of Lee and the grave of Stonewall Jackson, "Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia"—will be sure to enter this beautiful chapel and look with interest on the pew the lamented President always occupied. Then he will gaze long and with intense gratification on the pure white marble just in the rear of the college platform, in which the genius of Edward Valentine has produced one of the most superb works of art on this continent and given us a veritable "Marse Robert asleep."

He goes below and gazes with solemn awe on the vault in which sleep the ashes of America's greatest soldier, the world's model man; and then he turns into the office where there are such precious mementos, such hallowed memories of the greatest college President which this country ever produced.

May the office be ever preserved just as he left it, and future generations of students draw inspiration from the precious memories which cluster there!

August 28, 1890.

The VETERAN has heard that this office furniture, which is of antique pattern, was a gift from a Miss Jones, of Baltimore.

MODEL CAMP IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

At the annual reunions of the South Carolina Division it has been the custom of Gen. Walker, the Division Commander, to invite the Commanders of camps, regiments, and brigades to meet him and report on the standing of their commands. At the late reunion at Chester, S. C., among many others, a report was submitted from Camp A. Burnett Rhett No. 757, U. C. V., which shows what can be accomplished by the earnest work of enthusiastic Veterans. For the imitation of other camps and to show what can be done by live, active work, we reprint its report:

REPORT OF COMMANDER S. C. GILBERT.

"CHARLESTON, S. C., July 25, 1899.

"To Gen. C. I. Walker, Commanding South Carolina Division U. C. V.:

"*Dear Comrade:* Camp A. Burnett Rhett was organized on the 13th of February, 1896, with thirty-five members, with a view of aiding old, indigent Confederate soldiers. Not long after organization we found that something should be done to establish a burial, sick, and widows' fund, so in 1897 we adopted the plan of giving a fair for this purpose. The merchants and citizens responded very liberally, but the attendance was not what we had a right to expect for a cause like this, consequently we did not meet with the patronage that it deserved. However, it gave us a moderately good bank account, and since the fair we have received valuable aid from parties who became interested in this work of charity in caring for these old soldiers.

"Since organization we have expended the following amounts: Burial of old soldiers, \$520; widows of old Confederate soldiers, \$151.51; sick members of Camp A. Burnett Rhett, \$95; other charities, \$15. Total, \$771.51. Money on hand and in bank, \$1,300.

"Camp A. Burnett Rhett has now one hundred members, with a good number of applications on file

awaiting their turn. We have confined ourselves strictly to the one hundred members, believing that a larger number of camps in any community will prove more beneficial than a large membership in a single camp. We find also that monthly meetings in the cities are better than quarterly meetings, having tried both. When our meetings were held quarterly our average attendance was about eighteen; since we have adopted the monthly meetings we find more interest taken in camp matters, and have an average attendance of forty.

"I would suggest that the Commanding General of the South Carolina Division select some energetic Veteran to organize another camp in the upper wards of Charleston, as there is ample material for this purpose to make a first-class camp, and I think that Maj. Julius Wagner might be induced to take up this work. I mention with a great deal of pleasure the material that composes Camp Rhett. With one exception, every man went into the Confederate service as a private soldier, and ninety per cent of them at the close of the war surrendered with muskets on their shoulders. This record we are very proud of, for we all know that these are the men who bore the brunt of our unequal struggle for a just cause. We adhere strictly to the laws governing the U. C. V. in admitting members. We do not, however, confine our work of charity strictly to the members of the camp, but any old Confederate in distress never appeals to us in vain, and we have our latchstring on the outside. Our meetings are all held with open doors, and any old veteran or son of a veteran will always meet with a warm welcome from these private soldiers of that sacred cause.

"Respectfully, S. C. GILBERT, *Commander.*"

WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

The final meeting of the Charleston Reunion Committee was held sometime ago, and the following extracts are copied from the proceedings:

The kind and generous care with which opportunities were created for the good old veterans to gather and revive days of hardship and recount the battles, sieges, and fortunes through which they had passed were never to be forgotten; and in the closing years of the United Confederate Veterans, as in the early days of the stirring times that made them heroes, these dear old fellows turn and point with love to Charleston. Thus in sentiment, the chief aim, a most thorough and splendid success has been recorded.

J. O. Lea, Treasurer, reported cash received through F. W. Wagener, Chairman Finance Committee, per his report as follows:

CITY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

E. H. Pringle, Chairman.....	\$ 2,526 00
J. R. Read, Chairman.....	2,056 54
C. P. Poppenheim, Chairman.....	607 00
T. R. McGahan, Chairman.....	1,637 00
C. Wulbern, Chairman.....	7,102 00
C. Wulbern, Chairman, outside of city.....	2,383 37
W. K. Steedman, Chairman Committee on Housing and Quarters, sale of cots.....	453 20
W. H. Evans, Chairman Music Committee, from concert.....	1,091 00
J. M. Connelley, Chairman Committee on Dormitory.....	61 25
D. L. Sinkler, Chairman Steamboats and Excursions.....	61 22

Mrs. A. T. Smythe, from unexpended appropriation.....	\$ 04
J. H. Averill, Quartermaster, account sale of material left on hand.....	630 76
John A. Smith, Secretary for Committee Housing and Quarters, sale of cots.....	257 07
W. H. Dunkin, Chairman Decoration Committee, sale of sign.....	25 00
	<hr/>
	\$18,884 45

By cash paid for committees on	
Amusements, etc.....	\$ 348 19
Auditoriums and Halls.....	458 01
Battlefields.....	30 15
Badges and Printing.....	404 80
Carriages and Horses.....	485 17
Confederate Hotel.....	1,237 21
Confederate Reunion Dormitory.....	887 10
Commissary.....	4,251 08
Decorations.....	1,690 61
Houses and Quarters.....	2,124 14
Ice Water.....	103 64
Information.....	531 50
Music.....	1,751 59
Programmes.....	65 00
Receive Visitors.....	209 28
Social Functions.....	664 52
Steamboats and Excursions.....	253 51
Signs.....	285 03
Veterans.....	199 65
Veteran Surgeons.....	78 58
Ladies' Auxiliary Association on Information.....	35 00
Local Camps Sons of Confederate Veterans.....	50 00
Chief Quartermaster.....	175 00
Expense Account.....	1,632 82
Special Relief.....	932 87
	<hr/>
	\$18,884 45

The committee records its thanks to Mr. Lea for his kindly services and for the faithful performance of every duty imposed upon him, and for his watchfulness and care of all expenditures, materially thereby assisting in the grand success of the U. C. V. reunion.

Signed: Charles Inglesby, Chairman; George B. Edwards, James F. Redding, Auditing Committee.

The "special relief" account is money turned over to Maj. Barker after all the legitimate accounts had been paid. The amount, \$932.86, was to be used in a very novel and most useful manner. Many people made great preparations for the entertainment of guests, and on account of the free accommodations by the Executive Committee losses were encountered; and Maj. Barker was delegated to remedy these losses as far as possible. In pursuance of this purpose Maj. Barker expended \$849.64. It is safe to say that no such wise and humane expenditure of a convention surplus has ever been made before.

Mrs. James C. Gillespie, of Columbia, Mo., would be gratified to learn something of the fate of her father, Edwin Rutherford Parker, who went from Baton Rouge into the Confederate army, and was lost to her from that time. She heard that he had some position in Hood's command and was killed; then that he died in prison. It was even suggested that he was confined at Dry Tortugas Isle and kept there after the war, but this cannot be said to have any foundation.

It is a strange fatality that two sons of John Parker, of Missouri, should have disappeared in this way, the other being John M. Parker, a young man and single. It is thought that the latter was captured and imprisoned in St. Louis, and afterwards made his escape and again joined the army.

GEN. McLAWS AND HIS DIVISION.

Maj. Alfred Edwards, Decatur, Tex.:

Gen. Lafayette McLaws was a Georgian by birth, and appointed to West Point from that State. After graduating from that institution he was assigned to active duties in the army. He was under the command of Gen. Taylor during the Mexican war, and participated actively in the campaigns. He married Miss Emily Taylor, of Louisville, Ky., a niece of Gen. Zachary Taylor. He went with Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston to Utah, and saw service in the Indian wars.

At the breaking out of our civil war he was a captain in the Seventh United States Infantry, regular army, and stationed at Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Tex., which at that time was several hundred miles from a railroad. Before learning of the imminence of the war between the States he, Lieut. Marmaduke (afterwards Gen. Marmaduke, of Missouri), and Lieut. John G. Taylor (afterwards Col. Taylor) obtained leave of absence and came to the States to visit their families and friends.



GEN. LAFAYETTE McLAWS.

Gen. McLaws, after arriving in Louisville, made all his final reports, settled his accounts with the government, and tendered his resignation, which was accepted. He went immediately to his native State and tendered his services to the Confederate government. He was made a colonel and placed in command of the Tenth Georgia Regiment, and sent to the Peninsula of Virginia under the command of Gen. Magruder. He was soon made brigadier general, and after the battle of Seven Pines was made a major general, and four brigades were assigned to his division—viz., one from South Carolina, commanded by Brig. Gen. Kershaw; one from Mississippi, commanded by Brig. Gen. Barksdale; two from Georgia, one commanded by Brig. Gen. Howell Cobb, the other by Brig. Gen. Semmes. The division was assigned to Longstreet's Corps, which was known as Corps No. 1, Army of Northern Virginia; and McLaws's division was Division No. 1, and hence it became Division No. 1, Corps No. 1, Army of Northern Virginia. Hood's and Pickett's were the other two divisions of the corps.

Gen. McLaws and his division participated actively in all the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, and as evidence that they bore their share of the dangers and hardships of the war I will call attention to the fate of his brigade commanders. Gen. Kershaw established a reputation for bravery and courage at the battle of Manassas, which he maintained throughout the entire war. He afterwards commanded the division. Gen. Barksdale was killed at Gettysburg; Gen. Semmes, at Antietam; Gen. Howell Cobb resigned, and was succeeded in command of the brigade by Gen. T. R. R. Cobb, who was killed at Fredericksburg; Gen. Humphrey, who succeeded Gen. Barksdale, was so severely wounded in the Valley of Virginia that his life was for a long time despaired of and he was incapacitated for further service.

In an article of this character it is impossible to even

give an outline of the services rendered by Gen. McLaws and his gallant old division, so I shall only refer to a few instances that now occur to my mind.

Gen. McLaws was in command of the portion of the line of the Army of Northern Virginia that included Fredericksburg before the battle there, and the defense made by Col. Fiser and his gallant regiment, the Seventeenth Mississippi, against the advance of the Federal army won for them a fame that will last as long as time. During the battle of Chancellorsville Gen. McLaws was detached from the main body of the army, and, in command of his own and Gen. R. H. Anderson's divisions, was ordered to Salem Church, where he met Gen. Sedgewick, of the Federal army, with a largely superior force, and drove him across the Rappahannock River. In the Maryland campaign, at Frederick, Gen. McLaws, being again detached and in command of his own and Gen. R. H. Anderson's divisions, was ordered to take Maryland Heights and to cooperate with Gen. Jackson in the capture of Harper's Ferry. His success in this enterprise is a matter of public history, but no history can do justice to the obstacles and difficulties he overcame, and none but those who were with him in Pleasant Valley—with Harper's Ferry in his front and the Federal army with a force largely outnumbering his in his rear and steep, precipitous mountains upon both flanks—can ever know his calm and courageous demeanor, or the quiet manner with which he reassured his subordinate officers and men, formed his plans, and made disposition to meet these adverse circumstances.

Later in the war Gen. McLaws was transferred from the Army of Northern Virginia and placed in command of the Department of Southern Georgia and South Carolina, known as the Department of Savannah. The record made by him and his gallant old division is a part and parcel of the Army of Northern Virginia. No history of the stirring times of 1861-65 can be complete without their mention. I speak from personal knowledge. I was first assistant and afterwards chief of ordnance on the staff of Gen. McLaws.

W. H. Stokes writes to the VETERAN from Welch, W. Va.: I am compiling material for a catalogue of the college fraternity, Chi Phi, together with a biographical record of its members. A chapter or branch of this society was established at the "Military College, Nashville, Tenn.," just at the outbreak of the war. The records unfortunately became scattered, and we have been unable to obtain any information about two of the members, Messrs. Craddock and Newton, the former of whom it is supposed took the records home with him sometime during the winter of 1860-61. The Christian names of these gentlemen have been forgotten in the lapse of years, and it will of course be difficult to locate them. Craddock is stated to have been from the State of Arkansas and Newton from Louisiana or Mississippi, and they are known to have enlisted in regiments with the Confederate army from those States at the very beginning of the war. Newton is reported to have been living in California a few years ago. It has occurred to me that as your valuable paper has a wide circulation among Confederate veterans, and as you are at Nashville, you might be able to render me some assistance in this matter. Please advise me if there are any records now extant of the old military college."

COMMANDERS OF DICK DOWLING CAMP.

GEN. C. C. BEAVENS.

Entering the Confederate States service in June, 1861, in Company G, Seventh Louisiana Regiment,



COMMANDER C. C. BEAVENS.

under Col. Harry I. Hays, he took part in the first battle at Bull Run and Manassas, and in all battles around Richmond up to that of the Wilderness. He was appointed color bearer of the regiment at Gettysburg, and was captured at the Wilderness in May, 1864. He did not surrender his colors, and for six months after he was sent a prisoner to Point Lookout, Md., he retained them, finally returning them to Dixie by a friend who escaped while being exchanged. After the war he went to Houston, Tex., where he carried on a lucrative book business until 1878. He served as city assessor and collector for two terms, and also in the Houston volunteer fire department. He was one of the organizers and directors of the Firemen's Charitable Association, and moved to Galveston in 1885. While there he organized Camp McGruder, United Confederate Veterans, and several times served as Adjutant of the camp. Returning to Houston, he joined the Dick Dowling Camp and has been twice elected Commander. He was appointed Quartermaster General of the southeast subdivision of Texas United Confederate Veterans, with rank of Colonel, and was afterwards appointed its Brigadier General.

He has been a constant worker in the United Confederate Veterans' Association, and has done many acts of kindness for needy comrades, and is still an active man as Reporter of Harmony Lodge No. 861, Knights of Honor, and Secretary of Protection Council No. 17, Order of Chosen Friends, and has passed through all the offices in both lodges.

Comrade Beavens was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1842, and was reared in New Orleans. He is now in his fifty-seventh year. He has reared a family of four sons and one daughter, all born in Houston, where he was married to Miss Lou Risley March 15, 1870.

FORMER COMMANDER OF THE CAMP.

Comrade Will Lambert died at his home in Houston, Tex., in October, 1898. Of his character and honorable career the *Houston Post* said:

There were few men in the State better known than Will Lambert. His father was an officer in the regular army, and died in Brownsville, Tex., when Will was a mere lad. He entered the army as a drummer boy when he was quite young, but on account of his youth he was removed from service by his brother. Later he enlisted in Col. Rip Ford's famous body of Indian fighters, and participated with them in some of the most sanguinary battles of that bloody period. When the civil war broke out he joined a company commanded by Capt. Robinson, and served with it during the dark days of 1861-65. After the war, in Austin, Tex., he became identified with the press. He was chief clerk of the House of Representatives for a number of years, was a member of the State volunteer guard and an active worker in the Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., of which he was a prominent member. He was the first to start the organization of camps of ex-Confederates in the State, and was also one of the first directors of the Childs-Drexel Home for Union Printers, in Colorado. Some years ago he acted as Secretary to the national convention which met in St. Louis, and in various other capacities he demonstrated his ability and the affection and esteem in which he was held among his fellows.

To know Will Lambert was to be his friend. He was the possessor of a happy, sunny, jovial disposition, was always ready to help a comrade in distress, and had many other traits of character which endeared him to all who knew him, and they were many.



THE LATE WILL LAMBERT.

FORCES OF LEE, GRANT, JOHNSTON, SHERMAN.

Comrade W. S. Chapman, Indianola, Miss., writes :

In the March VETERAN I had an article which, from the best information then obtainable, showed the relative strength of Grant's and Lee's armies at the beginning of the Wilderness-Petersburg campaign, and of Sherman's and Johnston's at the beginning of the Dalton-Atlanta campaign. The purpose of that article was not to minimize the reputation of Gen. Lee and his gallant soldiers, if such a thing were possible, but to correct misstatements about Gen. Johnston and the Army of Tennessee. The May number contains reply of Comrade Jones.

If Comrade Jones, by quoting Gen. Early, implies that we are jealous of the fame of Gen. Lee and his army, I deny the assumption, but claim that the fame Gen. Johnston and the Army of Tennessee should be accredited with on merit has never been "equitably distributed." So generally has this been recognized that immediately after the March VETERAN was issued I received a number of letters thanking me for the article mentioned. They came from soldiers entirely unknown to me, who served under Gen. Johnston. Of these I quote, with permission, the shortest one :

"SPRINGFIELD, TENN., April 3, 1899.

"Comrade Chapman: I write to thank you for your excellent article in the March CONFEDERATE VETERAN, received to-day. Joe Johnston was the greatest general on either side during our war with Lincoln, and yet but little comparatively is being said about him and his campaigns. That he would have beaten Sherman to death if he had been let alone, there is not a shadow of doubt in my mind. And I am also sure that we lost our independence by his removal from the command of that splendid army. I felt then that a fatal mistake had been made, and I have felt so ever since. Yours very truly,

A. T. GOODLOE,

"First Lieut. Co. D, Thirty-Fifth Alabama Reg."

Gen. Lee himself had used all his great powers and influence to prevent the removal of Gen. Johnston from the command of his army, making plea "that if Gen. Johnston was not a soldier America had never produced one; that if he was not competent to command that army, the Confederacy had no one who was." (Gen. Bradley T. Johnson's "Life of Joseph E. Johnston," page 117.)

That was all that could be said. It implied, in Gen. Lee's opinion, that no other person in the Confederacy was so competent to command our army as was Gen. Johnston.

In perfect harmony with that opinion stands that of the great commoner, Alexander H. Stephens, who said: "Sherman, with a force in front and rear about equal to that of Grant, commenced his movements on Atlanta about the same time that Grant commenced his on Richmond. In front of him Johnston stood at Dalton on the 7th of May with an army of about forty-five thousand. With this, by his unsurpassed masterly skill and strategy, he succeeded in checking and thwarting Sherman's designs for months, as Lee had baffled those of Grant." (See Stephens' "School History of United States," page 458.)

In the short time allotted to Johnston he had accomplished wonders. He had whipped Sherman in every

direct assault, and had no troops captured in battle, nor guns or breastworks. The soldiers were buoyant, confident, and courageous. Johnston's loss was trifling; Sherman's, large. This campaign was not eclipsed by any of the war, save that of Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley in 1862, the joint product of Jackson's skill, strategy, and generalship, and the military wisdom and prescience of Gen. Johnston, who sent him there for the purposes so grandly and matchlessly carried out by Jackson.

To Comrade Jones's declaration, "That the soldiers of other armies of the Confederacy were not only the equals of their brothers of the army of Northern Virginia, but the peers of any soldiers that ever marched under any flag or fought for any cause 'in all the tide of time,'" I give assent unqualifiedly.

The soldiers of Lee under Pickett and Heth at Gettysburg displayed no grander or more desperate courage than the soldiers of Hood under Brown, Cleburne, French, and Walthall, at Franklin. There is this difference only, the soldiers of Lee had in him the most implicit trust and confidence.

Comrade Jones is "surprised that an intelligent Confederate should quote with seeming approval any figures or statement given by Gen. Horace Porter in the remarkable romance about the war which he published in the Century." I sought faithfully to find a Confederate account of the strength of Lee's army, and only quoted Gen. Horace Porter's statement of the number of troops at the Wilderness battle—commanded, by Gen. Lee and Gen. Grant, separately; and subsequent investigations convince me that Lee's strength numerically was overstated about eleven thousand.

Comrade Jones says that Grant had two hundred and seventy-five thousand in all on this campaign, and Lee from first to last could not exceed seventy-five thousand. He further says, "that Grant crossed the Rapidan with one hundred and forty nine thousand one hundred and sixteen immediately opposed to Lee, while Lee had within call only sixty-two thousand; but only half of that with which he promptly moved on and attacked Grant's army in the wilderness." I shall be obliged if he will cite his authority for this statement.

Grant's army immediately opposed to Lee was composed of Meade's army and Burnside's Corps. On April 30 Meade's army (official report) numbered 99,438, and Burnside's Corps added, made the strength of Grant's army as follows: Officers, 4,400; men, 114,300. A total of 118,700, and 274 field guns. ("Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. IV., page 152.) Gen. Beauregard places Butler's army at Bermuda Hundreds at 30,000; it was probably 30,000. And after careful research I am inclined to the opinion that the Southwest Virginia column and the Valley army combined would not exceed 30,000, and that Grant's entire army at no time from the Wilderness to Petersburg exceeded 200,000.

Col. Walter H. Taylor, in his book, "Four Years with Gen. Lee," page 136, puts Lee at the Wilderness with 64,000. His reinforcements as follows: At Hanover Junction, Breckenridge, 2,200 (Gen. E. M. Law says 2,700); Hoke's Brigade of Early's Division, 1,200; and Pickett's Division. At Cold Harbor Hoke's Division joined Lee, the aggregate of these two divisions Col. Taylor places at 11,000, and his total reinforcements

at 14,400; making the aggregate of all the troops engaged under Lee from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, 78,400.

To these Col. Venable of Lee's staff adds Keitt's South Carolina regiment, and Finnegan's Florida brigade. To all these add the divisions of Colquitt, Ransom, and Whiting, of Beauregard's command, and the brigades of Gen. Eppa Hunton, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, and Col. Elliott, and divers other troops charged with the defenses of Richmond, and Lee's army would then approximate close to 100,000. From Gen. Pendleton's official report, Lee had at the Wilderness battle 213 field guns.

In the first day's battle of the Wilderness Lee probably had not more than 50,000, and Grant about double that number present. Three divisions of Lee's and Burnside's Corps of Grant's army were engaged only in the second day's battle. The result of the two days' battle, Gen. Webb states, was favorable to Lee. ("Battles and Leaders," Vol. IV., p. 152.)

It would stagger the credulity of a man of even ordinary judgment to accept without challenge the statement that Lee deliberately hurled 31,000 against 149,166 soldiers, and such statement could not possibly add to his reputation, if true. I am constrained to believe, from further investigations, and from the unreasonableness of the statement, that Comrade Jones is, in this, mistaken.

Comrade Jones further dissents as follows: "As for Gen. Porter's statement that Lee had in January, 1865, 74,408 men present, and present for duty of this aggregate, 61,748, it is so wide of the mark that, as Secretary Marcy said of certain statements made by Gen. Scott, 'it is really difficult to reconcile this with the slightest desire to be accurate.'"

Gen. Porter made no such statement. The quotation of Porter in the March number was inadvertently extended too far. My figures were taken from Confederate sources. I quoted "Strength of the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by Gen. Robert E. Lee, Confederate States army, returns (before surrender at Appomattox) January 10, 1865. Present for duty: Officers, 4,213; men, 57,535; aggregate present, 74,408; aggregate present and absent, 150,554." from "Confederate Soldier in the Civil War," page 315. These numbers are the aggregates of divisions, and certainly approved by Gen. Lee himself. The valley district cavalry of Wharton's Division was omitted, which would swell the numbers given.

Comrade Jones hazards the statement that at this period Lee had only 33,000 men to guard thirty-five miles of breastworks and to meet Grant's mighty army of 162,234. If this statement is true, then Lee's losses were frightful, from casualties or desertions, or both. On December 20, 1864, the strength of Lee's army at Petersburg, compiled from official reports, is stated at 66,533 present for duty. Grant's forces December 31, 1864, were 110,334. ("Battles and Leaders," Vol. IV., pp. 593, 594.)

Comrade Jones is at fault again when he says "at that period (January 10, 1865) Sherman was moving up through North Carolina with a force of 100,000, and Johnston now had only 18,000 to oppose him." Johnston was given command by Gen. Lee February 23, 1865, and neither is he nor his gallant army responsible

for the unchecked march of Sherman to the sea. Under Johnston the army was barring Sherman's progress as effectually as Lee's was barring Grant's.

I am volunteered the information that Grant could have moved his army by way of City Point and reached Petersburg fortifications "without losing a man or firing a gun."

If Beauregard on the 15th of June, 1864, with 2,200 could repulse 18,000, on the 16th with 10,000 repulse 66,000 in several desperate assaults on the Petersburg fortifications, and on the 17th whip 90,000, capturing 2,000 of the enemy, and on the 18th repeat these successes with 15,000, killing and wounding nine to one, it was good judgment exercised by Grant, it seems to me, for him to tempt fortune along the overland way to Petersburg rather than first hurl his army against Lee's at Petersburg.

Grant and Sherman in 1864 knew that the material for the armies of Lee and Johnston was exhausted. Deserters were away to stay. Conscription could gather in no new subjects. Therefore it was their aim to kill and maim as many of our troops as possible, and thereby deplete the two Confederate armies. For this reason Grant made his mad drive against Ewell's breastworks on May 12, capturing twenty pieces of artillery, 2,800 men, with two generals. While the partial victory was costly to Grant, it had a depressing effect on the army of Lee. Gen. E. M. Law ("Battles and Leaders," pp. 143, 144) says: "So far as the Confederates were concerned it would be idle to deny that they, as well as Gen. Lee himself, were disappointed at the result of their efforts in the Wilderness on the 5th and 6th of May, and that Grant's constant hammering with his largely superior force had, to a certain extent, a depressing effect upon both officers and men. We knew that our resources of men were exhausted, and that the vastly greater resources of the Federal government, if brought fully to bear even in this costly kind of warfare, must wear us out in the end."

R. Y. Rudicie, Trion, Ga., corrects an error:

I deem it my duty to correct a statement I notice in the February VETERAN. On page 27 you state, in writing of the appropriation now being made by the several States, that Georgia was paying or appropriating \$195,000 to her veterans. I am sure you are unwilling to do us injustice, but you were misinformed. Georgia's appropriations run as follows: To pay maimed and disabled Confederate soldiers \$192,500; to pay indigent soldiers, \$238,000; to the widows of Confederate soldiers who died in the service or since from wounds or diseases which were contracted while in the service, \$230,000. These are the figures that speak the sentiment of a grateful State for the heroism of the men who placed one of the brightest and saddest pages in American history. Georgia is devoting to her veterans \$660,500—more than half the other Southern States combined.

Mr. Rudicie also adds: "We have a roster law in Georgia, which provides for the registration in every county, in the clerk's office, of a complete roster of every soldier who went from the county to the army, when he enlisted, when discharged, and whether wounded, killed, or promoted. The State provides the blanks and each county pays for the work."

TWO OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

A comrade writes from St. Joseph, La.:

In reading the list of Confederate officers who were confined under fire of the Federal guns at Charleston, I am reminded of a very interesting incident that occurred there. Mr. J. Charles Carson, of the Jeff Davis Legion of Cavalry, was captured at Trevilian Station in June, 1864, and sent to Johnson's Island. He and Capt. J. M. Hobson, of North Carolina, were of the six hundred sent to Charleston under fire of the Confederate guns. These two gentlemen became bunk mates, occupying the same quarters. Mr. Carson recognized among the officers of Gen. Gilmore's staff a young lieutenant whom he had known before the war in social circles in New York. He wrote to this young officer reminding him of their former acquaintance, requesting an interview with a view to softening the asperities of the situation; but the young officer replied that he could not, according to military etiquette, have social intercourse with a prisoner of war; but in lieu thereof he sent Mr. Carson a box of good things for a Christmas dinner, among which was a large ham. Mr. Carson and Capt. Hobson were delighted to get it, and in casting about as to how they would have the ham cooked, they decided to get one of the negro soldier guards to cook it, as negroes were good cooks by nature. So they called upon the negro guard, gave him the ham to be cooked and returned that evening, promising to pay him for his trouble. In seasonable time the negro brought to them a large dish covered with a newspaper, stating that this was the ham. The dish was set down before them on the ground, and upon lifting the paper they discovered that the entire body of the ham had been cut out, leaving only the skin and bone.

Mr. Carson was so indignant at the robbery perpetrated upon him that he cursed the negro thief, abusing him roundly. The negro was armed, and was about to attack Mr. Carson, cursing him in turn, when Capt. Hobson leaped upon the negro, bore him down, and caught him by the throat, and, being a very powerful man and a perfect athlete, he was choking the negro to death in his fury. Just then the sergeant of the guard, a powerful negro, came up, and was about to run his bayonet through Hobson, when the Captain told him that if he touched him he would break the neck of the man he had down. The negro thief by this time recognized the superiority of his Anglo-Saxon antagonist, and cried out to the sergeant, "You let us alone—dis white man and me understands each other," and expressed such good nature that Hobson let him up and peace was made, but they had no ham for dinner that day.

This Capt. Hobson is the father of the gallant Lieut. Richmond P. Hobson, who distinguished himself so magnificently at Santiago during the Spanish-American war. Mr. Carson lives at Natchez, Miss., and upon hearing of the gallant feat of Lieut. Hobson, told some friends of this incident during our great war, in which Capt. Hobson, of North Carolina, was associated, and wondered if Lieut. Hobson could be his son. The papers located the father of Lieut. Hobson at Greenville, Ala., and Mr. Carson wrote him, asking if it was possible that his bunk mate under the Confederate guns at Charleston and the hero of the fight with

the negro guard could be the father of Lieut. Hobson. Captain (now Judge) Hobson, wrote him that he was, and spoke very feelingly on the adventures they had endured together.

H. E. Jackson, of Company C., Cobb's Cavalry Legion, has written an interesting letter of the famous Hunterstown fight, which occurred July 2, 1863. The letter was addressed to "the three front men in the Sixth Michigan Cavalry." The following extracts are given:

I was in the front and came near being killed. Gen. P. M. B. Young came flying down the pike, hat in hand, with your men in close pursuit, firing at him constantly. He ordered a charge, and the two lines rushed at each other and had a hand to hand conflict. You three front men made at Col. Deloney and myself, and soon the left and rear man of these three struck my colonel over the right eye near the temple, and he fell paralyzed on his horse's neck. Seeing this, the middle man gave him a thrust and would have killed him, but I knocked his saber up. Meanwhile the third man was fighting me. After my colonel was helpless I had to combat all three of you, and narrowly escaped death. Pretty soon your men whirled and retreated, and for several paces the blue and the gray were mixed up, knocking, cutting, and shooting each other. Finally we ran into your dismounted men, who were on both sides of the road, and into a large barn on the left. Every door and window was a blaze of fire, and every man who was with me fell. . . . I looked back, and saw that my nearest men were fifteen or twenty steps back, and were making to the rear. I did likewise, and we went into a piece of woods, where we received a heavy shelling from your battery. . . . When your men first whirled and retreated, I ran with my horse's head even with the hip of the horse of one of the three (now rear) men, nearly halfway back to your dismounted men. I could have killed him, but as I sprang forward to thrust my saber into his back my conscience said, "No," so I passed him and others for the boys behind to attend to. . . . We rode up to Hunterstown next morning and found our men lying here and there at the above-mentioned barn. My brother-in-law had been killed and his pockets had been turned inside out. His watch, knife, spurs, and all he had were gone. His hat lay by his side with two holes in it, made by the ball which had passed through his head. Two or three of us were detailed to bury these men, and we placed them in a corner of a field near where they fell, under a big cherry tree.

Capt. J. W. Williams, of Greensboro, Ala., recently took steps to recover his sword, which he surrendered during the sixties to an officer in the Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves, at South Mountain. Seeing his newspaper notice in regard to the incident, the surviving members of the Fifth Reserves have taken measures to assist Capt. Williams in its restoration.

Capt. Thomas G. Carter, of Deadwood, S. D., would like to correspond with some member of the Pointe Coupee (La.) Artillery who was with his command at Nashville December 15, 16, 1864.



Dr. W. W. Parker, a man noted for his wide charities, scholarly attainments, and brilliant record as a Confederate soldier, died at his home in Richmond, Va., August 4. Of his life and military achievements the *Richmond Times* states:

In the passing of Dr. Parker Richmond loses one of its grandest citizens. He was a physician of far more than local reputation, a Christian gentleman, and a philanthropist.

He did more charity work than any score of persons in the city. His life and his talents were given without money and without price to the poor people. He always had many patients to look after, yet he found time to superintend the work of many charitable organizations and to attend his church services.

He was a public-spirited man. No one took a livelier interest in movements looking to the upbuilding of the city.

Dr. Parker was born May 5, 1824. He was a native of Caroline County and was a son of the late Col. Stafford H. Parker, who held an office at the capitol for some years prior to the war. He came of a proud and distinguished lineage and had the best training this country afforded for a medical education. Then his father sent him to Paris, where he had practical experience in a hospital under the most noted French physicians and surgeons.

Dr. Parker had a brilliant war record. Parker's battery made itself famous. He entered the service in the infantry and served in the Peninsula campaign. Returning to the city, he met with Mr. J. Thompson Brown, who was just back from the fights in West Virginia. They and some of their friends decided to organize a new company. At first the plans were to form an infantry company, but later it was determined to organize a battery. Dr. Parker secured four guns. He was made captain and Mr. Brown first lieutenant. After horses had been secured the question of drivers came up. J. C. Parkinson went to Charles City and neighboring counties and got such men as were needed. He became second lieutenant, and served with great honor and distinction.

This battery was regarded as the finest in the service. It went through many battles, dealing death and destruction to the enemy. He could have become a general, but he declined promotion, saying it was the height of ambition to command the Parker Battery.

The battery was with Jackson during a part of his Valley campaign. It did excellent work at Sharpsburg, at Fredericksburg, and in the Wilderness battles. Capt. Parker developed a remarkable genius for war. He was quick to plan and rapid to execute his plans. He was allowed to have his way in most things. During a battle he would often discover a weak point in the lines and send to the general commanding for infantry to assist his battery in gaining

a point of vantage, and his requests were granted without question.

Many anecdotes are told of Dr. Parker's fighting qualities and of his love for his men. He was the commander, physician, and often spiritual adviser of his soldiers. When in camp he spent Sunday in his tent at worship. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, in a speech here a few years ago, said that Parker's Battery, which was in his battalion, had made him a general. Shortly before the war ended Dr. Parker was made major, and Lieut. Brown was promoted to a captaincy.

When hostilities ceased Dr. Parker resumed the practice of his profession in Richmond. He was always a successful physician. He had an extensive practice, but much of it was charity work. Perhaps half of his time was given to work of charity. The Male Orphan Asylum, of which he was President, was the institution in which he was most interested. He was the founder of the Magdalen Home, and took an active part in several other organizations. A portrait of Dr. Parker was recently presented to the Lee Camp, United Confederate Veterans.

S. D. Clack (Company D, Third Tenn.) Memphis, Tex., reports the death, on June 27, 1899, of William W. Orr, of Company H, Third Tennessee Infantry. With his brothers he helped organize that regiment at Lynnville, Tenn., May 17, 1861, and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. Though twice dangerously wounded—at Chickamauga and on the Dalton-Atlanta campaign—he returned to his regiment promptly, and performed the full duty of a soldier until the stars and bars sank in radiant splendor on the field of Bentonville. After the war he married Miss Emeline D. Cowden and removed to Texas, where he amassed a handsome fortune and was highly esteemed for his sterling qualities.

J. W. Ramsey writes from Trenton, Tenn.: "Lieut. Charles A. Elder, of Company F, Fourth Regiment, Tennessee Infantry, died at Elderly, Tenn., September 5, 1899, aged sixty-one years, and was buried in Oakwood Cemetery, at Trenton, Tenn. The Elders are among the oldest settlers of Gibson County, and no one was more highly esteemed than Lieut. Charles A. Elder. He was the father of a large family of refined and cultured children, all of whom are married except one daughter and one son."

Miss Nita Menefee, of Washington, Va., died on December 16, 1898. She organized the Rappahannock Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, of which she was elected Secretary. She was an earnest worker in the organization, and was actively interested in memorial work, especially in the erection of a monument at Washington to honor the memory of the heroes of Rappahannock.

Comrade J. S. Kelly, Duck River, Tenn., reports the death of Comrade John Jewell, which occurred January 1, 1899. He was seventy-three years of age, and died suddenly at his farm near Duck River. He belonged to Company C, Ninth Tennessee Cavalry, Ashby's Brigade, and was one of the six men who fought sixteen armed Federal soldiers at Jackson, La., in 1863.

COMRADE JOE E. JONES.—Readers of the VETERAN and many friends of the Confederate soldier element will learn with regret that Capt. Joe E. Jones is dead. This sad event occurred at the home of his nephew, John W. Jones, at Estill Springs, June 26, 1899. The reveille sounded for our dear old comrade, and in death, as in life, he answered promptly.

Capt. Jones was born in Franklin County, Tenn., August 15, 1834. He enlisted at Austin, Tex., in Company B, Fourth Texas, Hood's Regiment, in May, 1861, and served as a private through the entire campaign until paroled April 9, 1865.

Some weeks before his death he was thrown from a wagon and seriously hurt, and had never fully recovered from it, though he attended the last regular meeting of the bivouac.



JOE E. JONES.

He was an organizer of ability, and prominent in the affairs of his town and county. No man stood closer to the people than "Uncle Joe Jones," as he was familiarly and affectionately called by his legion of friends, both old and young.

He was a man of great benevolence and broad charity, contributing liberally of his means to relieve distress and suffering wherever found.

He had been for twenty years a trusted employee of the N., C. & St. L. Railway system at Cowan and Estill Springs, and the company manifested their esteem and regret for his loss by making reductions to all who wished to attend his funeral; and the large assembly of people who attended proved the esteem in which he was held. At his request, he was buried by the Masons and bivouac conjointly, and was dressed in his Confederate uniform. The floral offerings were numerous and handsome.

Comrade Jones left one brother, Hon. W. L. Jones, former Trustee of Franklin County, and a Mason of prominence; also two sisters, Mrs. Z. T. Fagg, of Estill Springs, and Mrs. C. S. Darnell, of Hill County, Tex.

Capt. Jones was President of Turney Bivouac at the time of his death, having served in that capacity for six

years, besides two years as Vice President. He was a zealous and active veteran of the truest type, cooperating earnestly and enthusiastically in every work and undertaking of the camp.

Officers of other Southern States in the United Confederate Veterans' Association will remember his constant and active support as well as his presence at nearly every meeting from its organization up to the last one, at Charleston, and with him the last seemed the most enjoyable. On Saturday preceding his death he was reciting to his comrades on the streets of Winchester the magnanimity of the people of Charleston, their unbounded hospitality, and of the historic surroundings.

His last motion before the bivouac was to nominate and help to elect as sponsor for the bivouac Miss Dana Slaughter, and to especially request her to attend the State reunion at Murfreesboro in this capacity. Alas! he little dreamed that her first mission of love would be to cover his grave with flowers.

Capt. Jones was a Mason of high standing, having served I still Springs Lodge, of which he was a charter member, as Worshipful Master.

JAMES FRANK HENDERSON.

The following tribute is from the Confederate Veterans of Columbia, Tenn., to Comrade James Frank Henderson:

"James Frank Henderson, late of Bigbyville, Tenn., who was a member of Leonidas Polk Bivouac No. 3 and of William Henry Trousdale Camp No. 495, U. C. V., died August 9, 1899.

"Resolved: 1. That a memorial page in our minutes be inscribed to the honor of our deceased comrade, showing his military record in defense of our beloved Southland, with the following facts from our register of membership: Comrade Henderson registered as a member of this bivouac and camp May 3, 1897. He was born October 21, 1826, in Maury County, Tenn. He enlisted in the Confederate States army in 1861 as a private in Company E, Third Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. He was wounded at Resaca, Ga., and also at Jonesboro, Ga.; was paroled in May, 1865, and died August 9, 1899.

"2. That in the death of Comrade Henderson another brave Confederate veteran has crossed over the river and rests under the shade of the trees.

"3. That these resolutions be published in the Columbia newspapers and in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased as a testimonial of our condolence and sympathy with them in the loss we have all sustained."

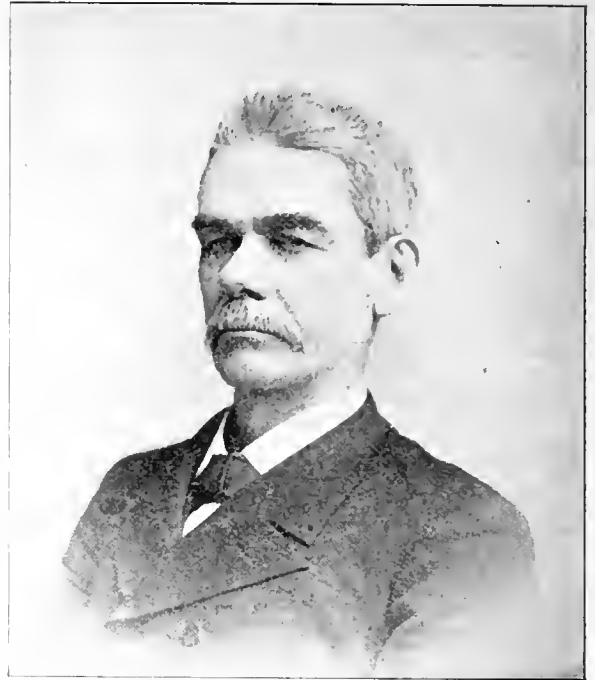
The resolutions are signed by Comrades J. T. Williamson, M. B. Tomlinson, and W. S. McCandless, and were unanimously adopted.

LIEUT. T. B. HOOKER.

Lieut. T. B. Hooker was a gallant soldier in Tyler's Twenty-Third Arkansas Regiment, and was often commended for bravery. His grandfather, Thomas Wynns, commanded a sea vessel during the war of the Revolution, and his father, J. F. Hooker, fought bravely under Gen. Jackson at New Orleans in 1815. Comrade Hooker was fired with the same spirit that prompted his ancestors, and during the siege of Port

Hudson with half a dozen men he crossed the fortifications, crawled a quarter of a mile or more into the woods to ascertain the enemy's situation, and when volunteers were called to take charge at a point where many had refused to go he was among the first to respond to the call. He was standing near Gen. Gardner when he surrendered to Gen. Banks, who said: "Gen. Gardner, you are the leader of a brave little band, worthy of a better cause." Gen. Gardner surrendered his sword, saying: "This is no time to discuss causes." The surrender was made July 9, 1863. The number of soldiers in the garrison was fifty-five hundred, but on July 9 there were little more than two thousand effectual fighting men. Gen. Banks is said to have had forty thousand men.

Comrade Hooker was sent to Johnson's Island, where he was imprisoned for fifteen months and eight days, suffering from cold, hunger, and illness, and being forced with other prisoners to eat all the rats they could catch. After the war he returned home, married an estimable lady, and devoted his attention to planting, locating in Delta, Miss. His wife died in 1881, and afterwards he married Miss Marshall, of Iuka, Miss. He closed his honorable and useful life on the 17th of September, 1882.



JUDGE THOMAS J. PORTIS.

conspicuous for his zeal in behalf of a Confederate Soldiers' Home in Missouri. For nineteen years he was attorney for the Missouri Pacific road, a position which he filled with honor and ability. He was married in 1852 to Miss Emma Stringfellow, of Marion, Ala., and she and three children survive him. Judge Portis was a popular member of the Elks, and was a distinguished and esteemed citizen. He was noted for his literary tastes and attainments, and took a prominent part in the Duodecimo Literary Club, of St. Louis. He possessed a fine library.

GEN. A. T. HAWTHORNE.

The Memorial Committee appointed by Camp Sterling Price No. 31, U. C. V., at Dallas, Tex., consisting of Gen. W. L. Cabell, F. G. T. Kendall, and James B. Simpson, adopted resolutions on the death of Gen. A. T. Hawthorne, from which the following extracts are made:

Alexander Travis Hawthorne was born near Evergreen, Conecuh County, Ala., January 10, 1825. He was reared in Wilcox County and educated in the schools of Camden, at Evergreen Academy, and Mercer University, Macon, Ga. He graduated in law at Yale College in 1847, and soon thereafter enlisted as a volunteer in the war with Mexico. In 1849 he located at Camden, Ark., in the practice of law, and in December, 1850, married Miss Anna Medley, of Tennessee.

In the beginning of the civil war he enlisted as a member of the City Guards of Camden. He assisted in organizing the Sixth Arkansas Regiment, and was elected lieutenant colonel of the regiment during the Kentucky campaign in 1861. After the death of Col. Richard Lyon he was promoted to command of the regiment. He participated in various battles, and at Shiloh so distinguished himself that he was made a brigadier general. He was afterwards transferred



LIEUT. T. B. HOOKER.

JUDGE THOMAS J. PORTIS.

News of the death of Judge Thomas J. Portis was received with regret by his comrades in many States. He died at his St. Louis home after a prolonged illness, at the age of seventy-two years. Judge Portis was a native of Alabama, and spent his boyhood in Selma. He was educated in North Carolina, and admitted to the bar in Cahaba, Ala. During our great war he was lieutenant colonel of the Forty-Second Alabama Regiment for a time, and was afterwards chief of staff to Gen. John Adams, who was killed at Franklin, Tenn. In 1871 Judge Portis went to St. Louis, where he lived to the time of his death. As a Confederate he was

to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he participated in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Jenkin's Ferry, and Helena. After the war, in com-



GEN. A. T. HAWTHORNE.

pany with a party of friends, he traveled extensively in Brazil as the guest of the imperial government, the policy of the government being to encourage immigration from the Southern States. Returning to the United States, he came to Texas in 1874. In 1880 he was ordained a minister of the Baptist Church, and continued in the work until failing health forced him to retire. For years Gen. Hawthorne was a great sufferer, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation until his death on the last day of May, 1899.

CHARLES J. BOWER.

The death of Comrade Charles J. Bower occurred at his home in Kansas City, Mo., in July. At the time of his death he was county assessor, a position he had filled with general satisfaction. Mr. Bower was fifty-six years old, and was a native of Chillicothe, Ohio. He was a private in the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, under Gen. Morgan, during the great war. After the war he studied law two years at Covington, Ky. He then graduated from the Cincinnati Law School, after which he went to Kansas City, where he remained until his death. Comrade Bower was proud of his record as a soldier. He campaigned in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi, and was in many notable engagements, but came out without a scratch. When the war was over Mr. Bower carried \$15,000 in money with him to Kansas City, and most of it is now in a safe in his office at the courthouse; he also had framed above his desk many samples of the Confederate bills

and shinplasters. He was present when Morgan captured the Union general Hobson and twenty-two hundred men, and later saw Hobson exchanged for Morgan. He was with the command when Morgan was killed. At the close of the war the regiment surrendered to Gen. Hobson, the man whose sword Gen. Morgan had received in surrender scarce a year before. An enlarged picture of Capt. Barrett, who was captain of his company, hung over his office desk.

John Ring, of Alexander's Company, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, on the last Sunday evening of August, 1899, had taken a bath and was dressing, when he suddenly fell dead. He had been afflicted with dropsy for about a year. He was a good citizen and kind-hearted neighbor.

Joseph Wilson, of T. C. H. Miller's Company, Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, a neighbor of Comrade Ring, died on the same day. He was taken sick that morning, but his condition was not regarded serious until about an hour before his death. He was a good man in every way.

Mike Kelley is dead. After a protracted illness he passed away at his home in Brinkley, Ark., August 19, 1899. He was born in County Clare, Ireland, in 1836. During the war he served in the Confederate army, Anderson's Company, Dobbin's Regiment, Arkansas Cavalry. Readers of the VETERAN will remember the article written by his old comrade of the sixties, Capt. B. M. Hord, of Nashville, and published in January, 1894, in which mention is made of his courage and modesty, his sunny temperament, and lovable qualities as a companion. Those who have that number are certain to enjoy reading it again. Mike, as he was



THE LATE MICHAEL KELLY.

familiarly known by companions in arms, was always ready for duty. Comrades surviving will hear with sorrow of his passing over.

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

The VETERAN acknowledges indebtedness to many comrades for information from which the list of generals is revised as it appears below, among them Chaplain J. William Jones, Richmond; Charles Edgworth Jones, Augusta, Ga.; Charles Ritch Johnson, Toledo; Col. John M. Harrell, Hot Springs, Ark.; R. D. Stewart, Baltimore; Lemuel P. Conner, Natchez, Miss.; John G. Nixon, Prairie Grove, Tex.; Washington Taylor, Norfolk, Va.; Maj. Sidney Herbert, the well-known military writer; Fred Greenwood, Norfolk; and Miss Annie Grant Cage, Mississippi.

Some conflicting statements have been received, and the VETERAN earnestly desires further information that may aid in the preparation of a correct list.

LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

Buckner, Simon B., Frankfort, Ky.
Hampton, Wade, Columbia, S. C.
Lee, Stephen D., Starkville, Miss.
Longstreet, James, Gainsville, Ga.
Stewart, A. P., Chickamauga, Ga.
Wheeler, Joseph, Wheeler, Ala.

MAJOR GENERALS.

Bate, William B., United States Senate, Tennessee.
Butler, M. C., ex-United States Senator from North Carolina.
Fornay, John H., Jenifer, Ala.
French, S. G., Winter Park, Fla.
Churchill, Thomas J., Arkansas.
Heth, Henry, Washington, D. C.
Hoke, Robert F., Raleigh, N. C.
Gordon, John B., Atlanta, Ga.
Law, E. M., Yorkville, S. C.
Lee, G. W. Custis, Burk Station, Va.
Loma, L. L., Washington, D. C.
Lee, Fitzhugh, Virginia (now in Havana).
Martin, W. T., Natchez, Miss.
Maury, D. H., Richmond, Va.
Polignac, C. J., Orleans, France.
Ransom, Matt. W., United States ex-Senator from North Carolina.
Rosser, T. L., Charlottesville, Va.

BRIGADIER GENERALS.

Alexander, E. P., Savannah, Ga.
Armstrong, Frank C., Arkansas (now of Washington, D. C.).
Anderson, G. T., Anniston, Ala.
Bagley, Arthur P., Texas.
Baker, Lawrence S., Suffolk, Va.
Bowles, Pinkney D., Alabama.
Brent, J. L., Baltimore, Md.
Battle, C. A., North Carolina.
Boggs, W. R., Winston, N. C.
Bell, Tyree H., Arkansas (now of Fresno, Cal.).
Cabell, William L., Arkansas (now of Dallas, Tex.).
Capers, E., Columbia, S. C.
Cosby, George B., Sacramento, Cal.
Cockrill, Francis M., United States Senator, of Missouri.
Clark, John B., Jr., Rockville, Md.
Cumming, Alfred, Augusta, Ga.
Cox, William R., Raleigh, N. C.
Davidson, H. B., Sacramento, Cal.
Duke, Basil W., Louisville, Ky.

Dobbins, Arch J., Arkansas.
Evans, C. A., Atlanta, Ga.
Ferguson, S. W., Greenville, Miss.
Finley, J. J., Florida.
Frost, D. M., St. Louis, Mo.
Greene, Colton, Memphis, Tenn.
Gano, Richard M., Dallas, Tex.
Gardner, W. M., Memphis, Tenn.
Gordon, G. W., Memphis, Tenn.
Govan, D. C., address unknown.
Harrison, G. P., Jr., Opelika, Ala.
Hawthorne, A. T., Camden, Ark.
Hunton, Eppa, Warrenton, Va.
Harris, N. H., now in Europe.
Hodge, George B., Kentucky.
Hebert, Louis, Breaux, La.
Hogan, James, Mobile, Ala.
Jackson, W. H., Nashville, Tenn.
Johnson, B. T., Amelia C. H., Va.
Johnson, A. R., Texas.
Johnston, R. D., Birmingham, Ala.
Johnson, George D., Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Jones, Alex C., Japan.
King, William H., Austin, Tex.
Kirkland, William W., New York.
Lane, James H., Auburn, Ala.
Lyon, H. B., Eddyville, Ky.
Logan, T. M., Richmond, Va.
Lowry, Robert, Jackson, Miss.
Lewis, W. G., Tarboro, N. C.
Lewis, Joseph H., Frankfort, Ky.
McComb, William, Gordonsville, Va.
McNair, E., Washington, Ark.
Maclay, R. P., Cook's Landing, La.
Moody, Thomas M., Alabama.
Morgan, John T., United States Senator.
Munford, T. T., Uniontown, Ala., and Lynchburg, Va.
Maney, George, Nashville, Tenn.
McCausland, John, Mason C. H., W. Va.
Miller, William, Florida.
Moore, John C., Texas.
Nichols, F. T., New Orleans, La.
Page, R. L., Norfolk, Va.
Payne, W. H., Warrenton, Va.
Pryor, Roger A., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Pettus, E. W., United States Senate.
Selma, Ala.
Robertson, B. H., Washington, D. C.
Robertson, F. H., Waco, Texas.
Reynolds, D. H., Arkansas City, Ark.
Roberts, William P., Raleigh, N. C.
Sharp, Jake, Jackson, Miss.
Shelley, C. M., Birmingham, Ala.
Slaughter, J. E., Washington, D. C.
Smith, Thomas B., Nashville, Tenn.
Sneed, John L. T., Memphis, Tenn.
Sorrell, G. M., Savannah, Ga.
Stuart, George H., South Bend, Ind.
Tappan, J. C., Helena, Ark.
Thomas, Allen, Venezuela.
Taylor, T. H., Louisville, Ky.
Toon, T. F., Elizabethtown, N. C.
Vance, Robert B., Asheville, N. C.
Vaughn, A. J., Memphis, Tenn.
Walker, James A., Wytheville, Va.
Wharton G. C., New River, Va.
Wright, M. J., Washington.
Wright, G. T., Griffin, Ga.
Walker, H. T., New York, N. Y.
Wallace, W. H., Columbia, S. C.
Waul, T. N., Galveston, Tex.
York, Zebulon, Natchez, Miss.
Young, W. H., San Antonio, Tex.
Gen. M. J. Bulger, of Jackson Gap, Ala., is not classed with general officers, but his commission was evidently issued. He was the senior of the general officers. Gen. T. N. Waul, of Galveston, Tex., is next, and both were at the Charleston reunion.

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PROF. WELTMER.

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Cures every disorder of the Kidneys, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bladder Troubles, and even the hopeless cases of Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Trial bottles of this remarkable remedy are now being mailed free to every sufferer sending name and address to the Peruvian Herbal Remedy Co., 640 Second National Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. Do not delay, but write to-day; it may save your life. (949)



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Townsend's Corn Salve. Guaranteed to cure. G. E. TOWNSEND, M. D., Bowling Green, Ky.

Photo Pocket Mirror



Latest Parisian Novelty; perfect mirror on both sides, transparent, with concealed photo; large variety; actresses, etc. Read Hot Seller; Agents Sell 1 to 200 Daily; \$5 Worth of Fun showing to friends. Samples 10c. Catalogue of other Fast Sellers FREE.

Y. KRUEGER MFG. CO., CHICAGO.

LADIES I Make Big Wages —AT HOME—

and will gladly tell you all about my work. It's very pleasant and will easily pay \$18 weekly. This is no deception. I want no money and will gladly send all particulars to all sending 2c. stamp. MRS. A. H. WIGGINS, Box 1, Benton Harbor, Mich.



SPECTACLES at wholesale. Send for catalogue. Agents wanted. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Chicago, Ill.

REUNION HYMN.

The sound of battle dies along our broken line,
The roaring of our guns is stilled for evermore,
God of our fathers, aid us with thy power divine;
Be thou our Captain, as thou wast in days of yore.

I hear the trampling of the great Confederate host,
The marching of the lion hearts who fought with Lee,
Teach us, O God, the cause we fought for is not lost;
Instruct our hearts to know the things we cannot see.

From out the darkness and the shadow and the cloud,
Amid our agony and suffering and pain,
Speak thou, Jehovah, from thy mighty throne, aloud;
Teach us our fathers' blood has not been shed in vain.

The nation that they wrought for is vanished from the earth;
The freedom that they fought for was not won;
But the glory of our hopes shall know another birth,
That shall lift our hearts to heaven as the rising of the sun.

In the coming of the morning, in the breaking of the day;
In the building of the puissant mighty people now to be;
The shedding of our fathers' blood the nation shall repay,
And in the nation's hall; their sons shall make the nation free.

Steel thou, O God, our arm, and make it strong and true
To guide our banded Union to its destined goal,
Till the bloody sweat and bitter sorrow that we knew
Shall melt in human love and make thy people whole.

—St. Julian Grimk—

KNOXVILLE STREET FAIR AND TRADE CARNIVAL.

For the occasion of the Merchant's and Manufacturer's Free Street Fair and Trade Carnival at Knoxville, Tenn., October 11-13, 1899, the Southern Railway will sell tickets to Knoxville and return at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold October 10, 11, and 12, and from points in East Tennessee on October 13, same being limited to return until October 20, 1899. From points within a radius of 200 miles of Knoxville tickets will be sold for something less than one fare for the round trip on October 11 and 12 and for morning trains of October 13, limited to return until October 15.

An interesting programme will be carried out each day and very attractive and beautiful exhibits have been arranged, so that those taking advantage of these very low rates will witness one of the most beautiful carnivals yet seen in the "Queen City of the Mountains."

For further information call on Southern Railway Ticket Agent

Drunkenness Cured.

It Is Now Within the Reach of Every Woman to Save the Drunkard.

A TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.

The Remedy Can Be Given in Tea, Coffee, or Food. Thus Absolutely and Secretly curing the Patient in a Short Time without His Knowledge.

This cure for Drunkenness can show or dance into thousands of bath-tubs, and dressings. It does its work so subtly and so gently that the devoted wife, sister, or daughter looks on the drunkard as reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or cooperation. The discoverer of this grand remedy, Dr. HARRY, has sent a sample of the remedy free to all who will write for it. Enough of the remedy is provided to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or in food, and that it will cure the drunkard in a quick and permanent way. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. HARRY, 23 Glen R. Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail a free sample of the remedy to you, securely sealed in a plain wrapper. You will also receive how to use it, books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace.



MRS. CHAS. W. HARRY.

It takes a woman to overcome obstacles. Mrs. Chas. W. Harry, 929 York St., Newport, Ky., said to our reporter: "I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery, and privation due to my husband's drinking habits. Learning there was a cure for drunkenness which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy is odorless and tasteless, he never knew what it was that so quickly relieved the craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up in flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home." Mr. Harry was told about his wife's experiment, and he gives her the credit of having restored him to his senses. It is certainly a remarkable remedy, cures a man without his effort, does him no harm, and causes him no suffering whatever. Hundreds of others are reported; even the worst cases where the habit seemed to have blotted out the last remaining spark of self-respect. I heartily advise all to send for a free trial to-day. It will brighten the rest of your life.

SOUTHERN AUTHORS COMING TO THE FRONT.

A short time since, the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va., received a cablegram from the Government Department of Education in Porto Rico, notifying them of the adoption of their Carmex "PRACTICAL SIGHT-WORD READING CHART AND PHONIC EXERCISE AND PRIMER," with an order for several thousand dollars worth of the Charts. There followed from the department a letter from which we take the following extract:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
HEADQUARTERS,
DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY,
BUREAU OF EDUCATION,
SAN JUAN, P. R., June 29, 1899.

Gentlemen:
You have doubtless received by cablegram our order for 500 English Carmex Reading Charts.
Your chart compared with all the principal charts in the market, and its selection for the schools of this island was due to the fact that it contained more material, and is better adapted to children having slight knowledge of English, than any other present.
Very respectfully,
WALTER S. CLARKE,
President Insular Board of Education.

Thus it will be seen that, after an examination by educational government experts, the Carmex Chart is pronounced the best for teaching the fundamental principles of the English language. This is a high compliment to a Southern author. Miss Fannie D. Carmex, a teacher in the primary department of the public schools of Roanoke, Va., by years of patient labor, prepared the Chart, and it is published by the Richmond house referred to. Very soon after its preparation it was adopted for exclusive use in the public schools of Virginia. Since that numerous adoptions have followed. The chart will probably be adopted for use in Cuba and other Spanish-speaking countries. The publishers are already negotiating with parties in South America in regard to introducing it there.

Besides the above, the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company issue about seventy text-books, and have forty or fifty more in course of preparation. Their wonderful success in the textbook line is exceedingly gratifying, and shows conclusively that whenever Southern authors have a fair chance they come to the front. The text-books published are exclusively by progressive Southern teachers who are thoroughly familiar with the needs of the schools of the South, and are giving the best energies of their life to the education and material advancement of our people.—*Ex.*

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S CELEBRATION.

On account of Admiral Dewey's Reception at Washington, D. C., October 2 and 3, 1899, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its lines to Washington and return, at rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold September 29 and 30, with final limit to return October 8, 1899. The Southern Railway offers convenient schedules, and through sleeping cars to passengers en route to Washington on this occasion.

For further information, call on any ticket agent of the Southern Railway.

FREE BALDNESS CURE.

**Prevents Hair Falling Out, Removes Dandruff,
Stops Itching, and Restores Luxuriant
Growth to Shining Scalps, Eye-
brows, and Eyelashes.**

People who need more hair, or are anxious to save what they have, or from sickness, dandruff, or other causes have lost their hair, should at once send their name and address to the Altemheim Medical Dispensary, 882 Selves Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will forward, prepaid, by mail a sufficient free trial package of their remedy to fully prove its remarkable action in quickly removing all trace of dandruff and scalp diseases and forcing a new growth of hair. It also quickly restores premature gray hair to natural color, produces lustrous eyebrows and eyelashes. The remedy has cured thousands and no one need fear that it is harmful. Write to-day for a free trial package. It will be mailed securely sealed in a plain wrapper so that it may be tried privately at home.

Miss Emond was totally bald, the hair follicles, not only upon her head, but upon her eyebrows, being completely contracted, not the sign of a hair be-



MISS EMMA EMOND.

ing found. Of course she was the object of many experiments, all of which failed, and the offer of a well-known dispensary to send a free trial of their remedy was peculiarly alluring to her. She sent for the free trial, followed all directions faithfully, and soon she was rewarded by a growth of hair which for thickness, quality, and luxuriance was as remarkable as the result was gratifying. Miss Emond lives in Salem, Mass., at 470 Washington Street, and naturally feels very much elated to recover from total baldness. (882)

A REBEL OF '61. By Joseph R. Stonebraker. Wynkoop, Hallenbeck, Crawford Co., New York and Albany.

In this unpretentious work the author has told the story of his part in the great war with a sincerity and an earnestness that will evoke admiration and interest from every one of his Confederate comrades, as well as from the future students of Confederate history. In the preface Mr. Stonebraker states: "I am not one of those who half-apologize by saying that we fought for what we believed to be right. I think we fought for what was right. . . . It is now more than thirty years since the conflict ended, and I have never had a regret for any part I took in the strife."

\$5 A MONTH.

Fine Solid Gold and Filled-Case Watches, with Elgin or Waltham Movements, sold on payments of \$5 a month to any honest person, and delivered to purchaser on receipt of first payment.

W. S. FINLEY,
703 Church St., Nashville, Tenn.

THE SOUTHLAND.

BY CLIFFORD M'KINNEY TAYLOR.

Sweet as the sweep of beguiling sleep
Which closes our weary eyes
Is the blissful rest that fills our breast
When we lounge 'neath tropic skies.

Soft as the air some beautiful fair
Breathes over the ivory keys
Is the music which floats in matchless notes
From the boughs of the tall pine trees.

And the odor which clings where the
jessamine flings
Its perfumes out to night
Brings rapturous dreams like the hope
which beams
From eyes with love made light.

O give me the bliss, the soft, sweet kiss,
That the Southland brings to me,
And I'll ask no more, while I roam the
shore
Of life's wild murmuring sea.

CONVENIENT AND QUICK SCHEDULES TO THE EAST VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

The schedules now offered passengers *en route* east via the Southern Railway are unexcelled, and afford quick, comfortable, and convenient service to parties from Middle and West Tennessee.

By leaving Memphis at 9:15 A.M., passengers arrive at Washington 9:05 P.M. the second evening, and at New York 6:23 A.M. This train passes through the beautiful scenery around Asheville, and carries Pullman sleeping cars from Memphis to Saunbury, and Saunbury to New York.

Another train leaves Memphis at 8 P.M., arriving at Washington the second morning at 7:40 A.M., Baltimore 9:12

A.M., Philadelphia 11:35 A.M., New York 2:03 P.M. This train passes through Chattanooga, Bristol, Tenn., and Lynchburg, Va., and carries handsome Pullman Drawing Room sleeping cars from Memphis to New York without change, and through day coaches from Memphis to Washington. At Chattanooga café observation car is attached, and meals are served en route as far as Radford, Va.

Coming via Nashville, passengers leave Nashville at 9:30 P.M. and arrive at Washington at 6:42 A.M. second morning, Baltimore 8 A.M., Philadelphia 10:15 A.M., New York 12:43 P.M. This train carries handsome Pullman sleeping cars from Nashville to New York via Chattanooga and Asheville without change, and passes through the beautiful scenery of Western North Carolina, "The Land of the Sky," by daylight.

By leaving Nashville at 3:30 P.M. connection is also made at Chattanooga with train leaving at 10 P.M. and arriving at New York at 6:23 A.M. the second morning.

The equipment of this system is unsurpassed, and elegant dining cars are operated on Southern Railway trains.

For detailed information, communicate with nearest Southern Railway ticket agent, or address C. A. DeSaussure, G. P. A., Memphis, Tenn.; J. P. Billups, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

✽ Brown's Corn Salve. ✽

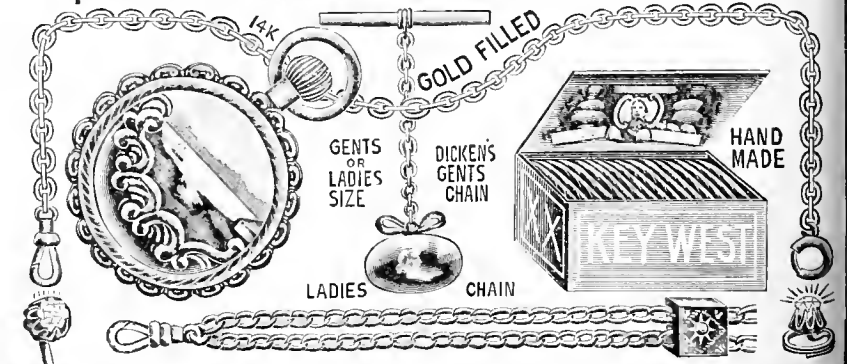
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A \$25 WATCH FREE That's What You Will Say When You See Our Offer.



THE watch case is made of **Bim-tallic Goldline** finely engraved; looks exactly like a Solid Gold Case, and will last a lifetime. The movement is one of the best manufactured, warranted correct time keeper, stem winder, guaranteed for five years. **We are manufacturers of High-Grade Cigars**, and in order to quickly introduce our **latest cigars** we give one watch free with your first order of 50 cigars at price of \$3.98. No money required until you have examined the goods. **To order watch and cigars**, send us your address, stating nearest Express Office, and we will send you, free of charge, a Gentleman's or Ladies' Watch, as above described, and 50 cigars; if you will promise us that you will examine the goods, and, if found as represented, pay Express Agent \$3.98 and express charges, the cigars and watch are yours. If you want to take advantage of our offer, **order at once**; we will ship cigars and watch promptly. If you send \$3.98 with order, will inclose as an extra present a Gentleman's or Lady's Watch Chain free, and will fill your order without delay. Full satisfaction guaranteed.

G. GARFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

78 and 80 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

[Badge of Daughters of the Confederacy.]

Ah, dear old flag, how you carry me back
To the roll of the drum and the bugle's blast.
To the martial tread of the men in gray,
To the brave, bright days of the dear, dead past.
And like a mirage in eastern skies
The longed-for scenes flash into view,
And I see once more the long gray line,
As Dixie's troops march strong and true.

I see far off on the distant plain,
Where white tents gleam 'neath the setting sun,
The Southern Cross float on the breeze,
And the soldiers thrill at the echoing gun.

Far off to the right in a wooded dale
"The wilderness" light is raging still,
And the stars and bars, as they rise and float,
With hope and courage the soldiers fill.

And rank and file, as they fire and load,
Look to that flag as their guiding star,
While the wounded warrior, who carried it once,
Cheers as he sees it flashing afar.

In storm and siege and battle's roar
This flag has floated fair,
And many a hero gave his life
To uphold its proud career.

And many a woman has prayed and wept,
As she stitched and stitched with love
Red bars and white together,
And stars in the blue above.

And many a wife and mother
Has charged her heart's delight
To guard the flag from danger
Throughout the deadly fight.

And many a noble Southern lad
Has died in the foremost van,
Charging for home and honor,
The Confederate flag in his hand.

Ah! well, but the storm has swept us,
Ah! well, but the day is past—
Still, out through the rifts in the storm clouds
Gleam colors that glow and last.

And rolling down the ages,
Wherever brave deeds are told,
The Southern Cross above the clouds
Will float till the world grows cold.
—Susanna Bryan.

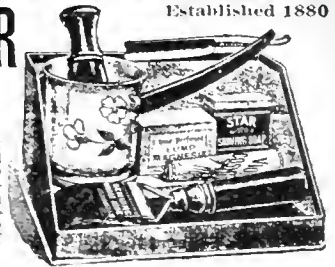
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OUR SPECIAL OFFER

To get you started as a regular customer we will send you 1 Gents richly engraved \$8. stein wind watch the cases are specially made of fine German silver overlaid with 14k. gold outside and inside making a strong and durable case. Fitted with a special improved nickel jeweled & plate movement with extra dust cap, warranted 10 years. 1 gold plated chain and clasp, 1 handsome and complete shaving set with richly decorated mug, brush, genuine swedish razor, real horse hide strop with handle, star shaving soap, french cosmetic, perfume, hot sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination if pleased pay the express agent only..... \$3.79



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Enter a new 20 Shirts in One; says Laundry bills. Cut shows a few of the 20 beautiful stylish patterns (with corners turned back). Peddler Seller. Agents make \$10 daily. SAMPLE 25 CENTS. Cut from other first sellers FREE.

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A GUARANTEED CURE FOR CORNS, CUTS, SORES, ETC. Will not make the foot sore while using. If your druggist cannot supply you, send ten cents in stamps for full-size box to

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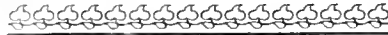
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The Oldest, The Best, and
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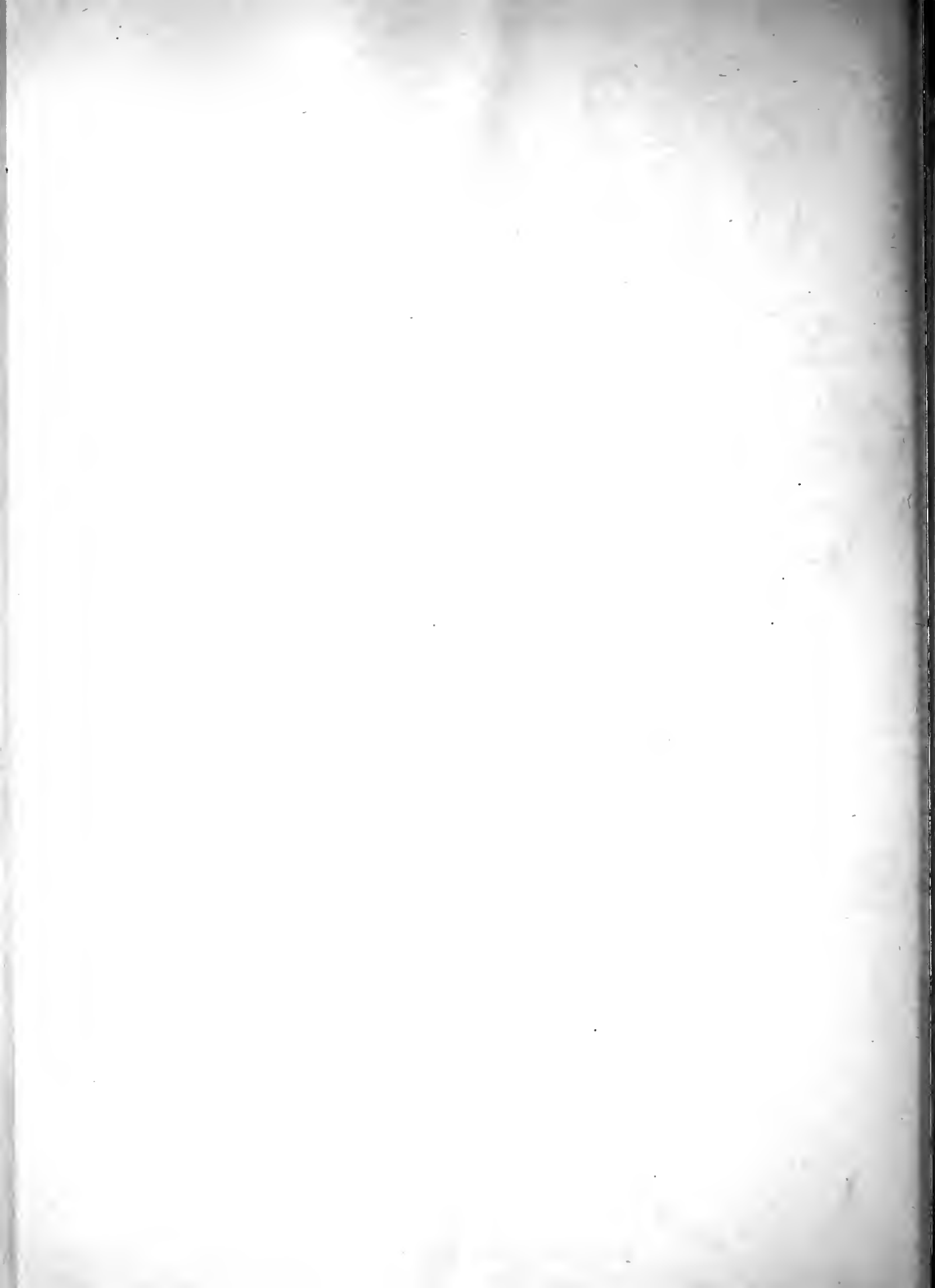
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Ivory Soap is healing, cleansing and refreshing. It is wholly free from impurities, and leaves the tenderest skin soothed by its mild, creamy lather.

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Any person wishing an enlarged copy of this picture may mail to us 10 Ivory Soap Wrappers, on receipt of which, we will send a copy (without printing) on enamel plate paper, 24 x 17 inches, a suitable size for framing. THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI, O.





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Over \$10,000,000 in resources.
Over \$6,000,000 annual income.
Over 5,000,000 in assets.
Over \$3,000,000 in net surplus.
Over 112,000 policy holders.

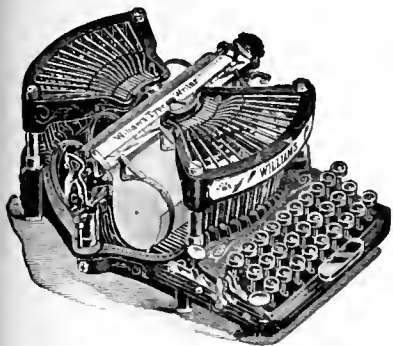
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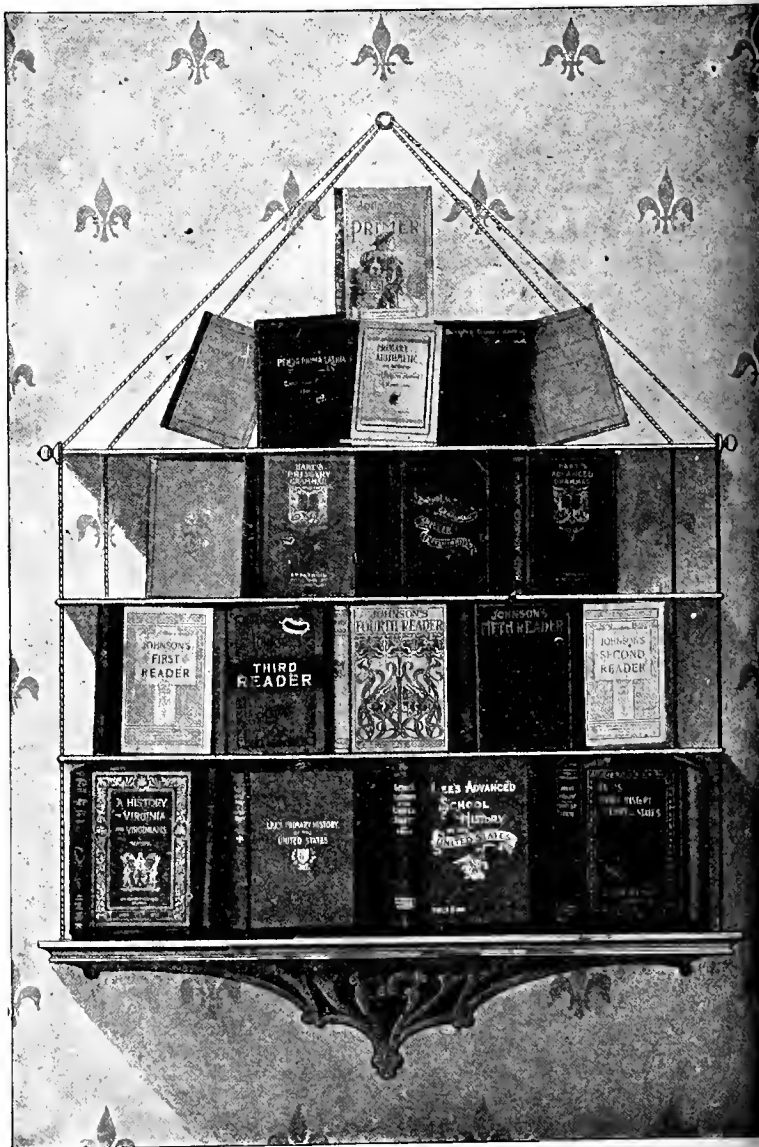
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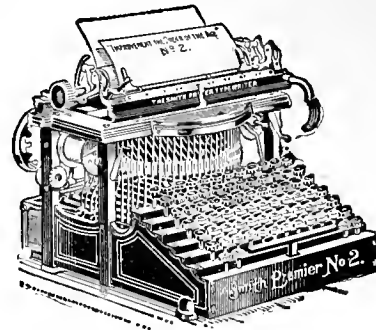
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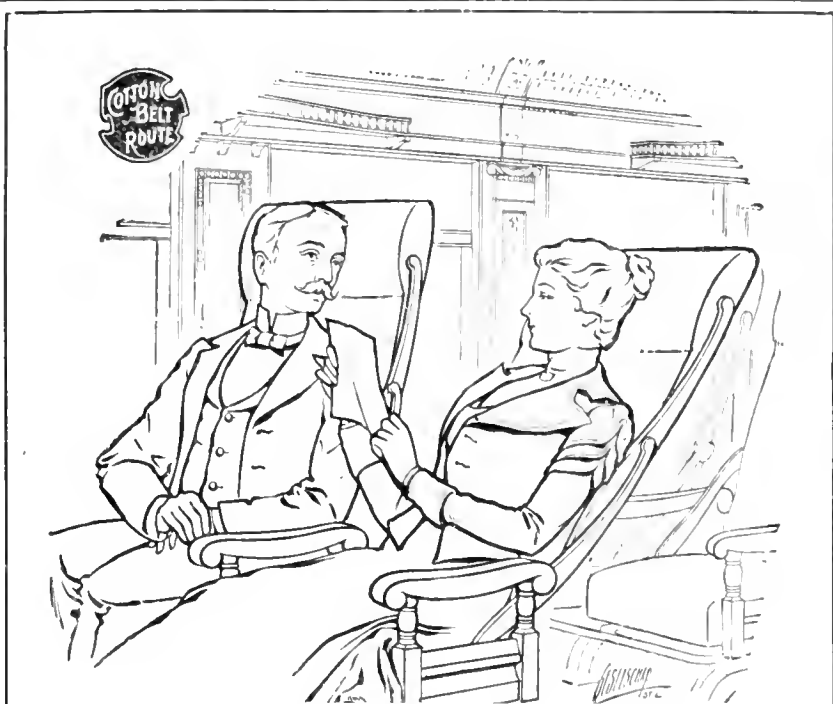
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BY JOHN ALLEN WYETH, M.D.

[Dr. Wyeth is a native of Alabama, served under Forrest when very young, and is now an eminent surgeon in New York, with international fame.]

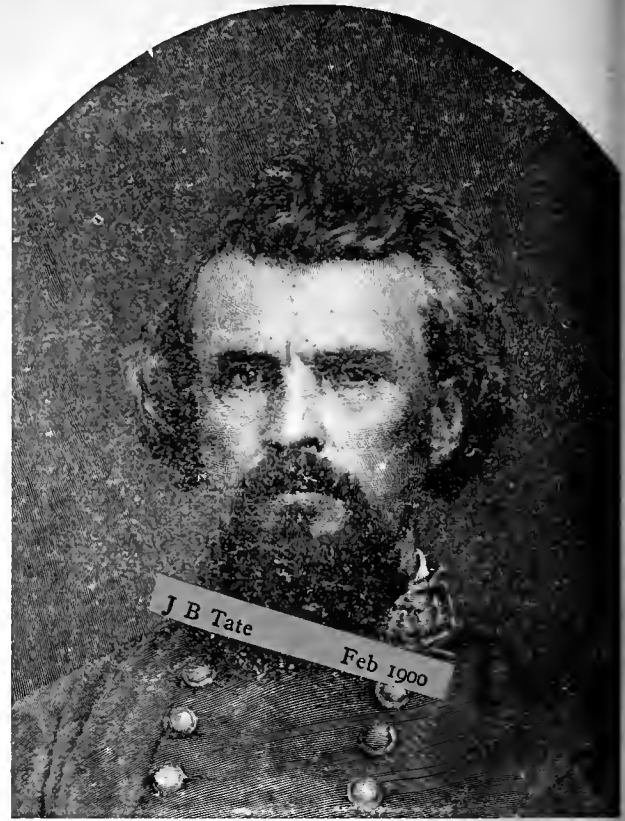
This life of Gen. Forrest, published by Harper & Bros., instantly becomes one of the standard histories of the Confederate war. The VETERAN, desirous of giving it the greatest possible prominence, will furnish the book at publisher's price, \$4, and give a year's subscription with the order. This may be a renewal or a new subscription to any address. Sent postpaid.

The VETERAN acknowledges from the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Bros., New York, a history of Lieut. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, written by Dr. J. A. Wyeth, of New York, who was a boy soldier under him in the sixties. The author has done his work wisely and well—wisely in waiting until this late day, when mutual admiration and respect for the courage and military genius of an American soldier, regardless of the color of his uniform, take the place of prejudice.

Maj. B. M. Hord, of Nashville, one of the first to read it, writes: "If a history of the brilliant strategy of this untutored genius of war had been written earlier, there certainly would have been more doubts of the accuracy of his wonderful achievements; but time has sifted much of the false from the true, and the latter is sustained by the official records in the War Department, strengthened by the authenticated statements of surviving members of his staff—officers who rode with their great and matchless leader from the beginning to the end of his unparalleled career." The men of his staff and escort who survived the war have, as a class, been eminently successful through these intervening years.

The author has done his work well, with studious care, accuracy, and impartiality, yet so startling is the history of the things accomplished that the history reads like a romance when knighthood was in flower and when Cœur de Lion led his mailed warriors against the infidels; yet, as already stated, the official records sustained his statements throughout and verify the old maxim that "facts are sometimes stranger than fiction."

It has been questioned by some high authorities on military tactics whether the genius of Forrest in handling troops was not confined to a limited number, say a few thousand—when he "could best concentrate rapidly and strike unexpectedly." A careful reader of this history who will study attentively the character of the man under all the various conditions of his marvelous career, in triumph or defeat, must admit that the limit of his ability as a commander was never tested. As a subordinate officer his steel-blue eyes had flashed with their fighting fire over some of the most important and bloody battlefields of the war, notably Shiloh, Chickamauga, and Franklin, and in every instance his



LIEUT. GEN. N. B. FORREST.

(From frontispiece of the book. Copyrighted by Harper & Bros.)

"fighting instinct" saw the opportunity for dealing deadly blows that either escaped the attention of his superiors or they were too timid to take advantage of them. Standing near the river bluff where he had led his command on the evening of the first day at Shiloh, and seeing the disorganized condition of Gen. Grant's troops, he sent word to his commanding officer that another charge would drive them into the river; but Beauregard, at his headquarters in the rear, thought otherwise, and the order was not given. From a tree into which he had climbed on the evening of the desperate day at Chickamauga he observed the beaten columns of Thomas, a mingled mass of fugitives swarming into Chattanooga, and sent word to Gen. Bragg that if he would press them he could take the town and drive Thomas across the Tennessee River before daylight; but Bragg did not act upon his suggestion. When Hood drew up the most glorious little army that ever faced a gun before the impregnable trenches of Franklin it was the steel-blue eyes of Forrest that saw at a glance the great sacrifice of life it would cost to take them, and modestly suggested that Schofield be flanked out of his position by placing his command between him and Nashville, rather than assault direct; but Hood decided differently. It was the instinct of a born genius for war, fettered by subordination, asserting itself against mechanical skill.

The book should, and doubtless will, have a very wide circulation, presenting as it does a full and authentic history of this most distinct and original commander—a man who rose from a private to be a lieutenant general, and never knew the manual of arms.

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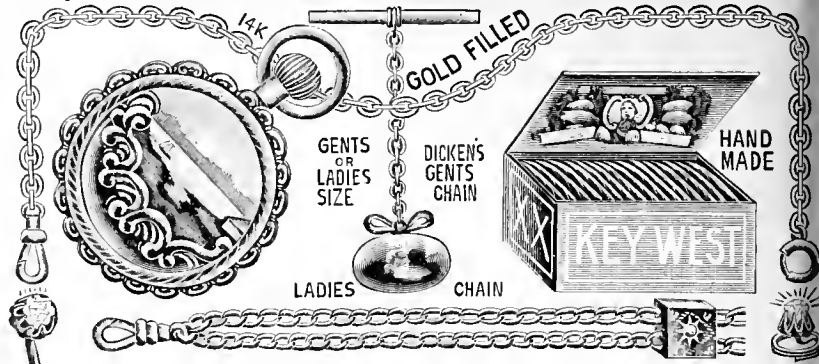
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Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

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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.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially 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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VOL. VII

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 10, / S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

It was thought that further space concerning the Underwood slander suit would not be necessary, but it seemed best at a later time to give as much as could be gotten into four or five pages, which made it necessary to hold over articles already in type for this issue. Important among these are tributes to dead comrades, an account of the monument dedication at Shelbyville, Tenn., with addresses from Bishop Thomas F. Gailor and United States Senator T. B. Turley, and an account of the Grand Camp of Virginia in its annual convention at Pulaski City, which includes the very able report read by Dr. Hunter McCreire, Chairman. It will be given in full next month.

While withholding a report of the annual convention and reunion of Arkansas Division, the VETERAN mentions now with pride the selection of V. Y. Cook as the new Commander. It seems fitting to say Gen. Cook, for he was not only a Confederate hero but commanded a regiment in the Spanish war, of which ninety-six per cent were of Confederate stock.

STATE REUNION, TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

THE reunion of the State Division of Tennessee Veterans, held at Murfreesboro October 11 and 12, was a decided success. The old historic town of Murfreesboro was beautifully decorated in the paraphernalia of Confederate days, and a real "housewarming" given the "Boys in Gray." Everybody was delighted, and Tennessee hospitality was reflected fully by Rutherford County people. Distinguished guests graced the occasion, and the women of that section vie with each other in making the old gray-haired veterans of the sixties feel good.

Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, the oldest Confederate officer in Tennessee; Col. J. M. Taylor, of West Tennessee; J. J. Turner, of Gallatin; W. J. Hale, of Hartsville; the heroic Kelso, of Fayetteville; Judges S. F. Wilson, Cook, Bearden, and Houston; Messrs. Bailey and Smith, of Clarksville; Maj. Clift, of Chattanooga, and others of Franklin, McMinnville, Pulaski, Columbia—people galore were among the noticeable visitors. Lebanon sent a bouquet of beauty composed of sixteen young ladies, who handled the fiddle and the bow with ease and grace and sang Southern airs. It is estimated that twelve thousand people partook of the barbecue, and provisions were plentiful for three thousand more.

Altogether it was an occasion which comported with the hospitality of a people who know how to entertain.

Such meetings of veterans among such a people make those who fought for their principles feel that, although not triumphant politically, they have succeeded in implanting memories that will never die.

A delightful anticipation by the Nashville Daughters of the Confederacy is the promised visit of Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and other distinguished ladies from



MRS. KATE CABELL CURRIE, PRESIDENT U. D. C.

the Lone Star State, en route to Richmond. They are to be entertained on Saturday evening by Mrs. Gen. John C. Brown, an ex-President of the United Daughters, and still an active worker in the cause, in her elegant Nashville home.

ANNUAL MEETING OF U. D. C.

The Richmond Chapter, Grand Division of Virginia, United Daughters of the Confederacy, send greeting to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Southern Memorial Association, Veterans, and Sons of Veterans.

The sixth annual convention will be held in Richmond November 8-11. At this meeting many questions of importance will be brought forward to be voted upon by the regularly accredited delegates, and it is expected that each State will be largely represented. We also hope that many Daughters besides delegates will be present.

The Richmond Chapter has always felt that to the Southern Memorial Association too much honor cannot be given. They preserved the burial places of "our dead" during the "times that tried men's souls," when they often had to meet in secret, and not as we do now with colors flying and our loved cause vindicated. Although they cannot send delegates to the convention, they can send representatives to whom we will gladly give place of honor, not only in the convention but at the unveiling of the Winnie Davis monument, which takes place November 9, the second day of the meeting. We also request that Veterans and Sons of Veterans send representatives to do honor to the memory of the "Daughter of the Confederacy."

The railroads, through the courtesy of Mr. W. A. Turk, General Passenger Agent of the Southern, and Mr. Joseph Richardson, of the Southwestern Passenger Association, have given us one first-class fare for round trip over their roads. Mr. Fry, proprietor of the Jefferson Hotel, which will be headquarters, has made special rates. He has given the use of his convention hall, ballroom, and room where ladies from the Bureau of Information will be present to attend and give information concerning other hotels or boarding places.

The entire week will be devoted to Confederate work. The regents of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society will meet on Monday, the 6th; the State convention of the Grand Division of Virginia on Tuesday, and Wednesday will be the opening day of the convention of United Daughters of the Confederacy, which will continue throughout the week.

As Richmond is dear to the hearts of all Confederates, and many will be likely to avail themselves of this opportunity to see its many points of interest, we are expecting a large attendance and will bid all a cordial welcome.

Committee on Information: Alabama Division, Mrs. Theodore Ellyson, 800 Park Avenue, Richmond; Arkansas, Miss Kate Rucker Lee, Richmond; District of Columbia, Mrs. Robert Christian, West Grace Street; Florida, Mrs. R. A. Patterson, Richmond; Georgia, Miss Katherine Styles, 104 East Franklin Street; Kentucky, Mrs. Bland Spottswood Smith, 715 East Franklin Street; Louisiana, Mrs. Sarah C. Nesmeyer, 1,200 Florida Avenue; Maryland, Mrs. Thomas P. Leary, Jr., Grove Avenue; Mississippi, Mrs. McIntosh, 809 West Franklin Street; Missouri and Indian Territory, Miss Lizzie Townes, 516 East Franklin Street; New York, Mrs. Preston Moore, 107 East Grace Street; North Carolina, Miss Manie Robinson, 206 Harrison Street; South Carolina, Mrs. W. P. De Sessure, Fourth and Main Streets; Texas, Mrs.

Charles Bolling, 908 Floyd Avenue; Tennessee, Mrs. Clara Nash, 708 East Grace Street; First Virginia Division, Mrs. Virginia Hall, 304 North Twelfth Street; Grand Division of Virginia, Mrs. E. C. Minor, Mrs. E. P. Valentine, Richmond; West Virginia, Mrs. Thomas A. Brander, 100 East Franklin Street.

All letters addressed to members of the above committee will be promptly answered.

MRS. N. V. RANDOLPH,
President Richmond Chapter;

MRS. JOSEPH BRYAN,
President Confederate Memorial Literary Society.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF GEORGIA DAUGHTERS.

The Georgia Division of Daughters of the Confederacy held their annual meeting the first week in October at Athens, and never has there been a more patriotic or enthusiastic assemblage of Southern women. The establishing of the Winnie Davis Memorial and action on several important matters will make the meeting a significant one in the history of the organization. At the first convention of the Georgia Division after the death of Winnie Davis it was decided that this division would not only contribute to the memorial at Richmond, but would erect one on Georgia soil, where the loved Daughter of the Confederacy last appeared before the assembled Confederate Vet-



MASTER MERIWETHER BAXTER,
Grandson of Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, first President of the U. D. C.

erans. Since that time active interest has been taken in the proposed memorial, which culminated in the decision at the Athens meeting that the memorial should be in the form of a dormitory at the State Normal School at Athens. This will afford opportunities for hundreds of daughters and granddaughters of Confederate soldiers, as well as materially aid in fulfilling educational needs of Georgia girls. Many rousing and convincing speeches were made before definite action, and the students of the school were wild with enthusiasm when the decision was finally made.

The resolutions introduced by Mrs. M. A. Lipscomb regarding payment of slave claims of the Southern States elicited great interest, but were so unexpected and involved so many important questions that many sympathetic women in the assembly were intimidated from doing more than applaud the splendid address.

The introduction by Miss Mildred Rutherford of resolutions to the effect that the Daughters of the Confederacy petition the next Legislature to return to the Georgia Normal and Industrial College the appropriation taken from it last year was met with a unanimous vote of favor.

The preservation of Liberty Hall, the old home of Stephens, and of Heard House, in Washington, the scene of the last meeting of the Confederate Cabinet, were subjects bringing about interesting discussion. Mrs. C. C. Sanders, of Washington, representing the claims of Heard House, and Mr. William Sanford, of Crawfordsville, the interests of Liberty Hall.

Of Miss Mildred Rutherford and her very creditable work the *Atlanta Constitution* states:

That noble work Miss Rutherford has done in this, that, and the other movements was the observation always made when that universally popular woman's name was mentioned. Her report as Historian of the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy was an able effort and a manuscript not only invaluable to that body but invaluable to all those interested in the history of the State. It was Miss Rutherford who inspired the application made by the State Normal School for the Winnie Davis Memorial, and it was she who inspired the first enthusiasm in the matter. Still further manifesting her unselfish interest in the education of Georgia girls and her determination to work for their interests in all parts of the State, she introduced the resolution, unanimously passed, that the Daughters of the Confederacy petition the Legislature to give back to the Georgia Normal and Industrial School the \$2,500 taken from the annual appropriation some time ago, this appropriation being necessary to complete the industrial equipment of the school.

One important question discussed in the convention, and one most properly having its place there, was the preservation of Confederate relics, a work that seems to devolve upon the women of the State. As the Daughters of the Revolution are doing excellent work toward preserving Georgia's relics and records, it becomes the duty of the Daughters of the Confederacy to carry on the same work in the interest of Confederate history. Georgia has already done an excellent work in her part of the Confederate Museum in Richmond, and it now seems timely that work for the preservation of the State's relics be well on the way. A museum of records and relics is not merely a subject

to interest the people of the State, but one of universal interest. The sum of \$150 was pledged, and the matter will be laid before the several chapters, to be acted on at the next meeting.

MEMPHIS WOMEN TO HONOR FORREST.

Mrs. Kellar Anderson, Corresponding Secretary:

October 13, 1899, the Confederate Memorial Association held a meeting to devise a plan to aid in the Forrest monument movement, which the Confederate Historical Association and Veterans are urging so strenuously. A final conclusion was reached to assess ourselves, each lady present pledging \$5, and a goodly sum for this worthy cause was at once entered upon the Treasurer's books; and, furthermore, each member promised to see others and secure cooperation along this line, and we confidently believe we shall secure a handsome sum as our contribution. We hope the day is not far distant when we can invite our friends to participate in the ceremonies of unveiling a fitting monument to commemorate our inimitable Forrest.

At this meeting I was instructed to officially express to the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the confidence and sympathy of the Confederate Memorial Association in the prosecution for libel now pending against him, and our belief in his final vindication.

HISTORY OF THE KNOXVILLE CHAPTER, U. D. C.

BY MRS. J. W. S. FRIERSON, HISTORIAN.

Nestled in the heart of the Tennessee mountains are many true hearts which beat in unison with those of the Daughters of the Confederacy wherever dispersed.

Responsive to the efforts of a few kindred spirits, led by Mrs. Lonlie Zollicoffer Sanson, 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 Sanson, 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, while 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 so much to their real pleasure and attractiveness. She also 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.

We have recently interested ourselves in inciting in

the Sons of Veterans 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.

Apropos of the anticipated meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Richmond in November, the following statement concerning the last meeting of Davis's Cabinet, as related by Hon. John H. Reagan, will be of interest. Mr. Reagan, it is generally known, is the only surviving member of the Cabinet of either President Davis or President Lincoln during the great war:

The last meeting of all the members of his Cabinet with Mr. Davis was held in Richmond. Before the President left the Confederate capital Mr. Trenholm, Secretary of the Treasury, was taken sick and left Richmond for his home at Charleston, S. C., but found himself unable to travel farther than Greensboro, N. C. Mr. Davis and the remaining members of his Cabinet left Richmond shortly after. At Danville, Va., where we stopped for a time, there was a Cabinet meeting or conference at which all were present except Secretary Trenholm. When we arrived at Greensboro another meeting was held. Secretary Trenholm was in Greensboro, but was too ill to attend the meeting. He attempted to make the journey with us when we moved on, but when about twenty miles from Charlotte, N. C., he became so ill he could not go on, and thereupon tendered his resignation to Mr. Davis, who at once appointed me Acting Secretary of the Treasury.

At Charlotte we all met again with Mr. Davis, except Mr. Trenholm. It was while we were at Charlotte that Mr. George Davis, Attorney-General of the Confederacy, came to us and said he was in doubt what to do; that his home and property at Wilmington had fallen into the hands of the Federals, and his children, without a home, needed his care and attention. At the same time he did not feel like abandoning the President and his party. When the situation was made known Mr. Davis and all of us agreed that it would be better for him to stay and look after his children, and he was prevailed upon to do so. After leaving Charlotte there were with Mr. Davis Secretary of State Benjamin, Secretary of War Breckinridge, Secretary of the Navy Mallory, and myself as Postmaster General and Acting Secretary of the Treasury. We held meetings and consultations at Abbeville, S. C.

We crossed the Savannah River early one morning, and after we had had breakfast we held a conference, and here Mr. Benjamin left us and made his way out of the country. Those of us who remained went on to Washington, Ga., with Mr. Davis. There we held conferences at which Mr. Davis, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and myself were present; but there was never a full council of the Confederate Cabinet after we left Richmond. At Washington Secretary of the Navy Mallory left us. When Mr. Davis left he left Mr. Breckinridge there to wind up the affairs of the War Department and me to wind up the affairs of the Post Office Department, and also to turn over to the agents of the Richmond banks the money we had brought along. After this work had been completed Mr. Breckinridge struck out for the West, hop-

ing to be able to rally the remnant of the Southern army and continue the war. I followed and overtook Mr. Davis, and was with him when he was captured.

Before we reached Washington Mr. Breckinridge and myself had advised Mr. Davis to disguise himself in a soldier's uniform, make his way to the coast and thence to Havana, where he could take an English vessel for the mouth of the Rio Grande. Then he could make his way through to the West; and in the meantime the plan was that Mr. Breckinridge and I should rally the remnants of the regiments of the Southern army and be in readiness for Mr. Davis's coming to continue the contest. At Washington I mingled with the men a great deal and became convinced that no considerable proportion of them would join our proposed movement, and I communicated my observations to Mr. Breckinridge; but he was of the opinion that he could rally an effective force, and left for the West for the purpose of putting the plan into execution. The result is known, and perhaps it is better so.

TRIBUTE TO A FAITHFUL COMMANDER.—The Abner Perrin Camp, of Edgefield, S. C., recently held an election for successor to Capt. George P. Lake, who removes to Lexington, Ky. Gen. T. W. Carwile presided. Comrade John Kennerly, who possessed "fitness and ability," was chosen by the camp as its new Commander. Maj. R. S. Anderson was elected as a Vice Commander, and O. L. Dodson was chosen to succeed L. Charton and W. H. Burrel, deceased.

The following was offered by Comrade W. N. Burnett, and adopted:

"Whereas this camp with much regret accepts the resignation of Capt. George B. Lake as Commander, one who took so much interest in keeping up the organization and devoted so much of his time and energy toward keeping alive the memories of the trials and sufferings of the Confederate soldier and cause which he loved so well and fought so valiantly to maintain, who never lost sight of the fact that every Confederate soldier, no matter what his circumstances, was near and dear to him; therefore be it

"Resolved, That in the departure of Capt. Lake from our midst we shall be deprived of the services and influence of as brave and gallant a soldier as ever went to battle, as was evinced on many fields, and whose kind words and advice we shall miss in our meetings; and that this camp tender to him, together with his family, our best wishes and earnest prayers for his success and welfare in his new field of labor."

R. D. Steuart, of Baltimore, corrects the list of surviving Confederate generals as published in the September VETERAN: "Maj. Gen. E. M. Law lives at Bartow, Fla.; he is Superintendent of the Florida Military Institute. Brig. Gen. George H. Steuart (not Stuart) lives at South River, Anne Arundel County, Md. Maj. Gen. Harry Heth and Brig. Gen. A. J. Vaughan died within the past month."

W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., wants to know if Capt. (or Lieut.) Sarvin, of A. J. Smith's command in the winter of 1864, is yet living. This Federal was very kind to a lady (now Mrs. F. H. Ervin, of Columbus) who at that time was living in Pontotoc, Miss., and she would be much pleased to hear from him.

REUNION OF BLUE AND GRAY AT EVANSVILLE.

From letter of Lieut. M. M. Barnes, Nashville:

It was my pleasure to be present at the reunion of the blue and the gray at Evansville, Ind., on October 11, 1899. Company B, Confederate Veterans, of Nashville, Tenn., received an invitation through Maj. Eakin, the Mayor of Evansville, to attend, and arrangements were perfected through Marcus B. Toney, a member of the company.

Company B, with sixty-six men in line and a drum corps of seven, under command of Capt. Mark S. Cockrill, with William Aimison first lieutenant and M. M. Barnes second lieutenant, left for Evansville Tuesday night, 10th inst., and arrived at Evansville about 2:30 A.M. Delayed by a small wreck between the depot and Camp Farragut (three and one-half miles distant), our car was not switched out until about 4 A.M.; so the boys did not get but a little over one hour's sleep before reveille was sounded—in fact, some of them did not retire, but remained up, as mischievous as of old, playing pranks on all who were asleep.

The camp was aroused early, and many inquired what command ours was. When told that it was the Confederate Veterans from Nashville much cheering resulted. Everybody seemed wild with enthusiasm. Maj. William Nelson (U. S. A., retired), Director General of the reunion, sent down his lieutenant, and assigned the men to comfortable quarters. Good tents, with a bale of straw to each, were already set up, and four men assigned to each tent. There were three tents at the head of the company, with cots for the officers. Candles and candlesticks were also furnished. Late as was the hour, a good hot lunch was served on our arrival. Nothing was omitted that could add to our comfort, all of which was highly appreciated.

Reveille, roll call, and guard mount being over, Maj. William Nelson sent his lieutenant with an invitation to the officers of Company B and other officers, to breakfast at his headquarters. It was a very pleasant gathering and an odd sight to see ex-Federal and ex-Confederate officers seated at the same table, in full uniform and with their side arms, laughing and telling over jokes of the war. It was good for the soul of every man who saw it.

Breakfast over, the officers retired to their respective commands. Our company, the only Confederate organization present, formed and marched to the place assigned them in line. Then came the time for the grand love feast, the like seldom if ever seen before. The G. A. R.'s came by thousands to extend congratulations and friendship. Capt. Cockrill had to open the ranks of the company to accommodate the vast throng who came to extend the hand of fellowship. Men and women, fathers and mothers and their children, all wanted a shake of the hand. Finally the ranks were closed, it being about the hour for the appearance of his excellency, William McKinley, President of the United States. The President's salute, which was being fired from a battery on the grounds, and the movement of troops gave quite a military appearance to the scene. Unfortunately, just at this time there began a general downpour of rain, which continued for three hours or more, compelling citizens and troops to seek shelter. The President's party occupied a temporary

awning, from which the speeches were delivered. After the speaking the President and Cabinet returned to the city.

The rain ceased about 1 P.M., and the companies returned to their tents for dinner, after which they were reformed, and the crowd began to collect again for more handshaking, which continued until we were ordered to march to a designated point to hear a speech from Mayor Eakin, of Evansville. Many touching scenes were witnessed while congratulations were being indulged in. Ex-Federal and ex-Confederate soldiers would grasp each other by the hand and shake with tears in their eyes, and it would probably be a minute before either would speak a word. Many times good-by was spoken with the injunction: "May God prosper you and take care of you!" "Come to the reunion next year at Louisville, Ky., if you are living, and we shall meet you again."

The company left Camp Farragut about three o'clock in the afternoon and returned to the city; then, at the request of the citizens, it paraded the principal streets. It was an odd sight to witness a full company of old ex-Confederate soldiers in their gray uniforms, with arms, equipments, and blankets across their shoulders, marching through the streets of a Northern city. It was an object lesson of actual campaign life of 1861-65, and was appreciated. The portraits of Grant, Lee, and Dewey were seen along the route.

After a pleasant visit to the armory of the Cleveland Grays we marched to the depot and took the train for Nashville. Arriving here at 4 A.M. Thursday, 13th inst., we voted, and at 10 A.M. left on a special train for Murfreesboro to attend the annual State reunion. We regretted that our stay at Evansville was so short. All were highly pleased with the reunion, and wished that every ex-Confederate soldier in the land could have been present. We believe in giving encouragement to these reunions in the future, as great good will be the result. We desire to tender our thanks to every person connected with that grand reunion for the courtesies shown, and especially to Maj. William Nelson.

This Confederate company had the post of honor in the parade, and would have occupied seats on the platform but for the rain.

Many things occurred which illustrate the spirit of good will on both sides. Col. W. A. Hemphill, of the *Atlanta Constitution*, who, like the true soldier always does, was glad to tell of noble things of his enemies who were at the front in the sixties, in an impromptu address mentioned with pride the record made by Confederates and their sons in recent months and days.

He called attention to the cable about the men of the Tennessee Regiment in the Philippines, who had already served their time and were on the transport, Indiana, on their return home. Their services were needed in attacking the Filipinos. They immediately disembarked, and fought and won the battle of Cebu. Col. Hemphill stated that as he passed through Nashville the people were making preparations to give this regiment a glorious welcome on their returning home, and that they deserved it.

When he referred to Naval Cadet Wood, who was killed on the *Urdaneta*, he said that he wanted to tell them more about this brave Georgia boy. He grad-

uated fifth in his class at Annapolis, was of splendid physique and bearing. He was first ordered to the Iroquois at Boston. He wrote to the Secretary of the Navy and told him that he was educated by his country for service, not for play. This pleased Secretary Long, who replied that that was the kind of stuff the American navy was made of, and transferred him to the Philippines. Col. Hemphill stated that he had in his pocket a copy of a letter that young Wood had written to a lady friend stating that the Urdaneta was not fit for service, but that he would not hesitate a moment about doing his duty, although he felt that he was going to his doom. Sure enough, before the letter reached home, he was killed.

Col. Hemphill was given, on his arrival in Evansville, a reunion badge which represented a Confederate soldier and a Federal soldier standing with clasped hands. This badge he had on the lapel of his coat at the banquet. He called attention to it, and said he wanted a living picture of the badge. Gov. Mount, of Indiana, was sitting with the speakers, and Col. Hemphill crossed over and said to Gov. Mount: "You did a brave and generous deed in carrying the Confederate battle flag back to Texas. When I remember that you were among the first that crossed the Chattahoochee under Sherman when he advanced on Atlanta, I am not surprised at your generous deed. The men who were in front during that struggle are capable and worthy of doing these things. I want to extend to you the thanks of the South for what you have done, and I want us to make a living tableau of this badge by clasping each other's hands," which was done in front of the audience. The whole audience, hearing what Col. Hemphill said, and seeing Gov. Mount and himself standing with clasped hands, rose and cheered.

Early in the morning, the last thing before adjourning, Col. Hemphill, in a few felicitous and graceful sentences, proposed a toast to the ladies who had honored the banquet with their presence; and his tribute to "American women, the queens of our homes, crowned with beauty and radiant with all the virtues and grace of the highest type of womanhood," was a perfect gem.

Mr. F. M. Bunch, of Pulaski, Tenn., sends a piece of poetry which was written by a fellow-prisoner after the fall of Fort Donelson February, 1862. He would like to know the author's fate. It is entitled "The Fall of Fort Donelson."

GAME OF CONFEDERATE HEROES.

Delay of bringing out the "Game of Confederate Heroes," which was promised in July, is deeply regretted. The contract for engraving and printing was placed with the strong and ample house of the Brandon Printing Company, and the work was begun promptly. All the engravings have been ready for several weeks, but a lost shipment of material of a very fine grade has caused the delay. Diligence by wire and mail to trace it were unavailing, and another supply was ordered, which, they assure us, will enable them to supply all demands within the next thirty days. None of the multitude of those who have ordered this "Game of Confederate Heroes" regret more deeply than the VETERAN this unexpected and unavoidable delay.

INQUIRIES BY AND ABOUT VETERANS.

W. M. Ives, Lake City, Fla., would like to know what regiment of Van Cleave's Division on January 2, 1863, it was that, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., advanced in front of the last fighting Confederates in the wood where Preston's Brigade fought; also who was the Federal soldier on the extreme left of the regiment which charged in the open field in front of Finley's Brigade at Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864. Besides, he desires the address of any of the Second Missouri Infantry and the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry under Capt. Hines, who surrendered in the blockhouse in Mill Creek Gap, near Dalton, Ga., October 13, 1864.

E. B. Surface, Glendale, Tenn.: "My father was a private in the Confederate army, Company F, Thirty-Sixth Virginia Regiment, Smith's Brigade. In June, 1864, at the battle of Piedmont, a little town below Staunton in the Valley of Virginia, the Confederates under Breckinridge, Davis, and Jones were defeated by the Federals under Hunter. As the Federal line came up a 'little man' kindly took up my bleeding father, assisted him to a spring, performed some additional act of kindness, told him good-by, and hastened on. I should like to learn, if possible, who it was that performed this magnanimous deed, of which I have heard my father speak so often."

Dr. J. N. Boyd, Cooper, Tex.: "D. Sturdevant enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862 near Nesbitt, Miss., in the Forty-Second Infantry. He was captured at Gettysburg and died in prison. His widow lives near here, and is in destitute circumstances. She desires to apply for a pension from the State of Texas under the law lately passed, but knows of no one by whom she can make proof of her husband's service. She does not remember his company nor his captain's name. Perhaps some reader of the VETERAN can give the desired information. Letters addressed to me will be promptly answered."

S. Avery, Aspermont, Tex.: "In the Battle of the Wilderness I was a member of a squad composed of about fifty men under Capt. Ham, of Company A, Forty-Seventh Alabama Infantry, McLaws's Brigade. We were sent to the left, up the branch, and halted in about half a mile, lying down in the branch. I was sent forward to reconnoiter; went about seventy-five yards, but saw nothing and returned to the line. Just as I reached it a line of the enemy appeared and commanded us to surrender. Being on my feet, I made my escape, though a storm of bullets were sent after me. I have never seen nor heard of any of the squad since, and would like to hear from Capt. Ham or any of the members surviving."

J. H. Gray, corner Fourth and Vine Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio: "I was a cannoneer in King's Brigade at the battle of Chickamauga. We fought Saturday afternoon in the woods east of Brotherton's and in the field south of that place against Bate's and Clayton's Brigades; also against Fulton's and Gregg's Brigades. Sunday morning we fought Woods's, Bate's, Clayton's, and Brown's Brigades across the Poe field; also the Eufaula Battery. As I wish to write the history of my brigade in that battle, I should like to hear from any one in the above organizations who will give me their experiences or recollections of the battle."

LEAVE US OUR DEAD.

Leave us our dead! for they alone are ours;
 "They died for us!" And so we claim one day
 To scatter on their graves our woodland flowers,
 In memory of a country passed away.
 Touch not our closing wounds with salve of gold,
 Else would they bleed afresh, recalling youth.
 If we are "rebels" yet, our dead we hold
 As blessed of God! We cannot barter truth.

You called them "traitors"—they who calmly rest
 Beneath our cypress hung with mosses gray,
 As tired children on their mother's breast
 Await the dawning of the perfect day.
 If they were "traitors" so are we, forsooth,
 And flattery cannot soothe our fearful guilt away.
 If it be treason to defend the State
 And hold the faith our fathers held of old—
 If this be treason, we have borne the weight
 Of Northern taunts and obloquy. Insult us not with gold!

Restore the dead! Then can we stoop to hear
 The charmer's voice, so subtle and so sweet;
 Bring back the brave, the true, the ever-dear,
 Who gave up life in sacrifice complete;
 Or blame us not if to our tear-dimmed eyes
 Your stripes seem dyed in reddest Southern blood,
 While the fixed stars in marshaled order wise
 Shine on us from the conquered banner's rood—
 As on our heroes' graves we blossoms lay
 Sweet as the memories of long ago,
 Not for the purpose of a grand display,
 But just because we loved and prized them so!

Washington, D. C.

Judith Gray.

SPIRIT OF LOUISVILLE FOR THE REUNION.

The following extract from a speech delivered by Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., at a mass meeting of the people in that city October 6, illustrates how the people of Louisville and Kentucky regard the coming reunion of the United Confederate Veterans:

The men who come to this reunion will be in every way worthy of your hospitality and honor. Whatever else may be said of the Confederate soldier, all will admit that he was honest in his convictions, he was true to his allegiance, he was brave in the defense of his land, and he exhibited a self-denial and a heroism which are not surpassed in the annals of the world.

The time has long since passed when wise or patriotic people seek to belittle the valor of the men who wore the blue or the gray. The glory of the one, from whatever source, only magnifies the glory of the other, and as we uphold Southern courage and chivalry we add laurels to the brow of the men of the North who overcame such valiant foes. The American war has produced history which will be read with absorbing interest in all ages to come. It lasted 1,504 days. During this time there were 2,261 engagements, and in these and by the resultant influences of war 304,000 men died on the Federal side and nearly 200,000 on the Confederate side. When the awful struggle ended there were still a million men with steady and measured tramp marching upon the armies of the South, and there were scarcely more than 100,000 Confederates left to face this tremendous array.

These dreadful years of war, these serried hosts in deadly combat in 2,261 engagements, created a courage, a patriotism, and a chivalrous devotion which has never been surpassed. Such long-continued carnage, such wide and universal battle and conflict, produced a generation of men who were brave, self-reliant, and

patriotic, and who have written in fadeless characters the story of American manhood and courage.

Once a year these men who wore the gray meet to renew the love and associations of common suffering and common sacrifice and to pledge anew to each other the affection and the admiration which was the outgrowth of the sad and dreary experiences of those dark and trying days. They come this year to Louisville. The Confederate Association of Kentucky, the people of Louisville, all the men and women of the State, have bid them come and be our guests, and we are to give them a Kentucky welcome.

Fellow-citizens, these men will justify all you can do to render their stay pleasant, and you will do wisely and well to plant in their hearts kindly and generous remembrance of the people who have thus bid them come to their homes. They will gather from the East, the West, the North, and the South. There will be some in that throng who on that fatal day in July, 1863, charged the heights at Gettysburg, and on its uplifted plains and rockysides wrote in letters and lines of blood the superb gallantry of the Confederate legions. Others will come with the marks upon them of the awful carnage at Chickamauga, that most terrible of all modern battles, where in great heaps of gallant slain and in crimson-dyed waters the world read in undying figures the heroism and courage of the American volunteer soldier. Some will be with us who in the darkness of dreadful night at Franklin waded the ditches flowing with human blood and clambered with feet stained with its red impress upon the breastworks, to which they only found access over the heaps of their slain brothers, who had already sprung to death amidst a destruction so dreadful that the devils in hell smiled as they witnessed its terrors. Others will be here who stood in the angle at Cold Harbor and received, only to slay, the flower of the Federal army as many times as they essayed to take those works, behind which, with a grim, immovable courage, the men of the South stood to welcome them to a death which was indescribably terrible, because it slew as brave men as ever rushed to meet a foe. Some of those will be here who charged at the "Hornet's Nest" at Shiloh, and made most heroic assault in the effort to destroy Prentiss and his hosts, who defied the ceaseless attack of the men who followed the knightly Albert Sidney Johnston as he died pointing them toward the foe. Men will be here who were with the immortal Stonewall Jackson, and by their splendid endurance and matchless devotion made his fame eternal—men who received from their association with him a crown of glorious immortality. There will be here some who rode and fought with the peerless, fearless Forrest, and who on that terrible day at Tishomingo Creek sabered and slew many of the multitude who had been sent to destroy him, and followed that untutored soldier, whose brilliant strategy and magnetic leadership won for him the world's applause. And, fellow-citizens, you will have here the men who followed our own brave and matchless Breckinridge across the bloody valley at Murfreesboro, and who rode with the gallant Morgan on his amazing marches and matchless raids, which stamped this magnificent Kentuckian as one of the superbest cavalry leaders in the world.

Surely Louisville will be proud to receive heroes like these and extend to them the heartiest welcome.

CHAMP FERGUSON.

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

A typical mountaineer—such was Champ Ferguson. The times in which he lived called forth physical energy, egged on by passion. The acts of his adversaries prompted his motives, and raging war made his career in the strife of 1861-65 an epitome of blood.

Champ was at his home, a citizen, when the tocsin was sounded, and stayed there until his own precincts were invaded. A rabid fire eater passed his house with a troop of Blues. Champ Ferguson's little three-year-old child came into the porch waving a Confederate flag. One of the men in blue leveled his gun and killed the child. O anguish! how that father's heart bled! His spirit welled up like the indomitable will of the primitive Norseman. In a moment of frenzy he said that the death of his baby would cost the "blue-coats" a hundred lives. And it did. One hundred and twenty is believed to be the number he put to death.

He took to the woods, and for four years his war upon them was unrelenting and vengeance was never appeased. It increased with the raging torrent as his family and friends were much vilified and abused. In the Cumberland Mountains clans formed and terrorized the section by petty warfare until the caldron of fear and apprehension invaded every home. It grew with the years, and Champ became the terror of the Northern side, while Huddleston and Tinker Dave Beatty were that to the Southerners. The acts of the latter, because they belonged to the victorious side, are buried in the tomb, and the government perhaps honors their memory; but the acts of Champ Ferguson, because of the misfortunes of war, are bruited as the most terrible in history.

If the sea could give up its dead, and the secrets of men be made known, Champ Ferguson's actions as bushwhacker, in comparison, would excite only a passive and not an active interest. Champ was a mountaineer; rude and untrained in the refinements of moral life, he had entertained that strict idea of right that belongs to the mountain character. His nature had instilled into him the strongest incentive of wreaking vengeance for a wrong. His method was indiscreet, his warfare contemptible; but, in palliation, how was it compared to the open murder of starving out our women and children, burning our houses, and pillaging our homes? Champ Ferguson was well to do in this world's goods when the war began. Had he been let alone, a career of good citizenship would have been his portion. Had he lived in the days of the Scottish chiefs, the clans would no doubt have crowned his efforts; but now, since his flag has fallen, history marks his career as more awful than that of John A. Murrell, and caps it with a hangman's noose. The times in which he acted must be considered, the provocation, the surroundings, and then let history record Champ's actions.

In his zeal for the South to win he became hardened; and the more steeped in blood the more his recklessness increased until irritability occasioned by treatment of his home folk drove him to maniacal desperation.

In encountering these mountain bushwhackers it became the armies of both sides to help them when called upon to wage the war of extermination. A com-

rade has given me an account of the killing of Huddleston, the Federal bushwhacker, whose company was afterwards commanded by Tinker Dave Beatty. I mention it to show the madness of these mountaineers toward each other. This soldier friend says: "My recollection is that we traveled around Lebanon, Ky., on the night of December 25, 1862, and the next day we went to Columbia, Ky., and it was then that Capt. Ferguson went to Gen. Morgan and asked for two companies to scout with him that night, having heard that they were going to bushwhack Morgan's rear the next day. I did not know that Capt. Ferguson was with us until we had traveled several hours and we went into a house where they were having a Christmas dance. This was a short distance from Capt. Huddleston's house. When he reached it he was upstairs shooting at us. The house was a new log one and not completed. It had no floor upstairs, but a few plank on the joists. I thought that it was an outhouse where no one was living, and that he had gone there for protection. One of my companions got Capt. Huddleston's horse after they had run him to the house from a thicket near by. The animal was a splendid bay mare and could run very fast. While Huddleston was shooting out of the window upstairs, and we were responding, some one ordered the house burned; but I was close behind a small meat house, and told him to come down—that we would give him quarter. He replied that he was true blue himself and would not come down. Then the house was set on fire, and some one in it put it out with water. About this time Capt. Huddleston was shot, and fell between the joists downstairs. He was brought out of the house, and Capt. Ferguson shot him afterwards. At the time Huddleston was shot some one in the house said: 'You killed him.' There was but one other man in the house, and he claimed to be sick. Ferguson killed him. We then went about three or four miles farther to a house, where two bitter enemies of Ferguson were in bed in a room by themselves. Capt. Ferguson went in advance to this house and into the room, pulled his dirk out of his boot leg and fell in bed with them and commenced cutting them. He killed one in bed and shot one as he went out the door, and our company captured the third man after he came out of the house. One of my companions was guarding the prisoner, when some one told him that he would guard him, and took him off. In a few minutes Capt. Ferguson came up and asked where the prisoner was, and said that he would have the man shot who turned him loose. This seemed to frighten the guard, and he asked me what to do and said that he thought Capt. Ferguson was the man who took the prisoner from him. I told him I had no doubt of it, and that I thought he had killed him and was then talking for effect. We then went to Creelsboro, on the Cumberland River, reaching there about daylight after the hardest, coldest night of our lives, and joined the command near Burkesville."

In the "History of Morgan's Cavalry" Gen. Duke says: "The great opponent of Champ Ferguson in the bushwhacking business was Tinker Dave Beatty. The patriarchal old man lived in a cove surrounded by high hills, at the back of which was a narrow path leading to the mountains. Surrounded by his clan, he led a pastoral life which must have been fascinating, for many who entered into the cove never came away

again. The relentless ferocity of all that section made that of Bluebeard and the Welch giants in comparison sink into insignificance. Sometimes Champ Ferguson, with his band, would enter the cove, carry off old Dave's stock, and drive him to his retreat in the mountains, to which no man ever followed him. Then, when he was strong enough, he would lead his henchmen against Champ and slay all who did not escape. He did not confine his hostility to Capt. Ferguson. There were not related of Beatty so many stories illustrative of his personal courage as of Ferguson. I heard of the latter, on one occasion, having gone into a room where two of his bitter enemies lay before the fire, both strong men and armed, and throwing himself upon them he killed both, after a hard struggle, with a knife. Beatty possessed a cunning and subtlety which Ferguson, in a great manner, lacked. Both of the men were known to have spared life on some rare occasions. Champ caused a Union man to be released, saying that he did not believe him to be a bushwhacker. Subsequently, after a fit of silence, Ferguson said: 'I have a good notion to go back and hunt that man. I am afraid I have done wrong, for he is the very best shot in this part of the country; and if he does turn bushwhacker, he will kill a man at every shot.'

Such is the story, in part, of the feats of Champ Ferguson, a bushwhacker of the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee. He was hanged by the Federals at Nashville after the war.

Tinker Dave Beatty and Champ Ferguson's men were the terror of either side throughout Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee until the close of the war.

The *Republican Banner*, published at Nashville, edited by Henry Watterson and Albert Roberts, dated October 21, 1865, contains the charges against Ferguson read at the gallows. The war had ceased, and Ferguson had been promised his life to surrender; but passions were up, and bad faith led him to his doom.

"Col. Shafter read aloud the charges, specifications, and findings of the court. Ferguson listened intently, his head askance and his eyes fixed musingly on his boots. The list was long and bloody, embracing twenty-three separate cases—how the prisoner about to be executed had cut the throats of the wounded soldiers. Again, how he had murdered an old father whilst the arms of his daughter were flung about his neck; how he had pursued a victim and killed him, saying, 'That's ninety-seven of the Yankees gone, and I'll go and kill three more to make it an even hundred;' how he had mangled wounded men with knives; how he had murdered citizens as well as soldiers, running through four years of desperate cruelty and wrong—were clearly read by Col. Shafter, embracing over one hundred and twenty human beings. Champ nodded approval to ten of the charges. To one he said: 'I could tell it better than that.' Col. Shafter replied: 'No doubt you could, for you saw it.'

"When he had finished reading the charges Col. Shafter said: 'Well, Champ, you hear what these say and I am about to carry them out and execute you. I hope you bear me no malice for the discharge of my duty.' Champ replied: 'Not the least—none in the world.' The Colonel then said: 'Do you want to say anything?' 'No,' replied the prisoner, 'That is, I can't say what I want to say here, and maybe it's no matter anyway.' 'Have you no last request to make?'

'Well, I don't want to be cut up by anybody; and when you've done with me I want you to put my body in that coffin and give it to my wife. She'll take me home to White County, on the Calf Killer. There I wish to be buried—not on such soil as this. There is a little graveyard near my house (she knows it), and I want to lie there. If I had my own way, I'd be there now, and not here. I wish you would wipe my face before I go.'

"The Colonel did as requested. The wife and daughter remained near by. Almost unconsciously, the daughter said after the execution: 'I hope they are satisfied, and that now we will be let alone.'



CHAMP FERGUSON (ON RIGHT)

The article thus winds up: "That Champ Ferguson's career was an epitome of blood seems evident, but he possessed the nerve, if he did not the magnanimity, of manhood; and the same courage, fortitude, and purpose, directed by education and good intent, might have crowned a noble life instead of a death upon the gallows tree."

Capt. S. J. Johnston, of the Confederate army, in sending me the picture of Ferguson, says: "This picture was taken in Nashville just before Ferguson was hanged. My farm and home were once owned by Champ Ferguson. He is buried near my home, in White County, Tenn., on the Calf Killer. I can stand on my front piazza and see the tall gray tombstone, that was cut from rock in the mountain not over a mile from his grave."

"The dead should be sacred—in peace let him rest—
Nor trample in scorn o'er the prayer hallowed sod;
The green turf is holy that covers his breast;
Give his faults to the past, leave his soul with his God."

HEROINES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Mr. John L. Kirby, Assistant to the Book Editor, M. E. Church, South, writes of the patriotic labors of Southern women in the dark days of our history, their loving ministries in garrison, camp, and field, and of a typical hospital matron in the Army of Tennessee:

It is no detraction from the world-known valor of the men who fought the battles of the South to affirm that during that memorable era sublimer deeds of heroism were not performed than those wrought by noble women in the various lines of service to which they committed themselves so unselfishly and so untiringly. On the contrary, this averment will not fail to meet with eager response in the breast of every true Southron. While on both sides of the dread conflict woman was ever conspicuous in offices of love and mercy and rare courage, to the matron and the maiden of our distressed Southland were assigned the broader field for the exercise of those gentle ministrations and acts of fortitude which so largely tend to assuage the horrors of war. In the loving and dauntless spirit of their ideal exemplars, Martha Washington and her colonial sisters, who cheerfully sacrificed their own comfort and braved all dangers to relieve the wants and save the lives of the faithful defenders of their country, these peerless women of the South consecrated themselves and their all to the sacred cause which they held dearer than life. Nor can it be doubted that their high places of honor in the great valhalla of our sunny land will be guarded with affectionate care even to the latest generation of their race.

Among the varied functions that occupied the good women of the Confederacy, none were more important than those pertaining to the army hospitals. It therefore gives me pleasure to comply with the request of the editor of the *VETERAN* for some account of the experience and observation of my revered aunt, Mrs. Susan (Kirby) Smith, who magnified her position as hospital matron in the Army of Tennessee throughout the war. She will stand as a fit type of that host of "angels of mercy" by whom the sad lot of the soldier was often happily mitigated. Not long after the war closed, at the importunity of friends, her journal of four years' hospital life was issued in book form, under the title of "The Soldier's Friend." It is a thrilling narrative, and possesses no slight historical value. The work has long been out of print, but I will let the author speak from its pages. First she tells of the initial measures taken by mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts at home to furnish forth the intending warriors for camp and battle:

"The women of the South, no less patriotic than the men, formed themselves into societies for the purpose of contributing to the wants of the soldiers in the field. My home being in Memphis, I joined with the benevolent and patriotic ladies of that city in this work of love. As the 'Rebels' were to be whipped out in ninety days, we found it necessary to be very prompt in our movements. What we did—such as making clothing of every sort for the soldiers, scraping lint, preparing bandages, etc., with all the paraphernalia pertaining to camp life and a state of war that women were capable of producing or making—had to be done speedily.

"In March, 1861, young Mr. Stewart, of the Bluff

City Grays, One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment, requested me to make him a military coat, which I did. I was afterwards informed that it was the first 'Rebel' uniform coat made in Memphis by a lady. Very soon after this the ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church (Wesley Chapel) held a meeting and organized an association, calling it the 'Ladies' Military Sewing Society,' for the purpose of making up clothing for the soldiers. A large number met there daily for at least two months, if not longer, and worked with an energy and will that impressed one with the idea that they expected to make clothes enough to last the boys during the entire war. So it seemed to us; but we were novices in war affairs then, and knew not the fearful magnitude of the approaching conflict. But soon the ladies were relieved of that responsibility,



MRS. SUSAN SMITH.

[From a pen sketch by Mrs. Lulie Kirby Parrish.]

for the making of soldiers' clothing was assumed by the government, a small sum being paid to those who chose to do the work for pay; and those good ladies who were willing and anxious to do the labor and help the brave boys were deprived of that pleasure, not wishing to receive pay for what they could do for the cause.

"But ere long another opportunity was presented for our women to lend a helping hand and show their devotion to the cause of liberty and Southern independence. A hospital was fitted up as a place of refuge for the sick and wounded soldiers, and a society, styled 'Southern Mothers,' was organized to minister to the wants and demands of those who might need their services, of which society I remember Mrs. M. E. Pope was the projector, with Mrs. Law as president. The second hospital of the kind was established in the 'Irving Block.' The blessings and benefits of these institutions were gratefully acknowledged by many a sick and weary soldier who found comfort and relief therein.

"On the 26th of March, 1861, my son and only living child [James N. Smith, now of Memphis], a youth of seventeen summers, volunteered his services in defense of his country, and became a member of that old and well-known regiment, the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee. To give up my only boy, the idol of my heart and the hope of my declining years, was a task almost too great for me to endure. None but a mother placed in similar circumstances can understand my feelings and appreciate the sacrifice. But love of country and the righteous cause he was about to espouse gave me strength to bid him go, with a mother's warmest blessings and a mother's prayers. Soon after, my son and the regiment to which he was attached went into camp at Fort Pickering. The measles appeared among them, and the surgeon, Dr. Mitchell, conferred upon me the honor of nursing his first patient, who was sent to the city. The patient, whose name was Rhodes, remained with me two weeks, when he reported for duty and joined his company, which had been transferred to Randolph, or Fort Wright, as it was later called—Gen. Wright being the first to occupy it with troops.

"I mention the foregoing incident as a mere introduction to the detail that may follow of my experience and observation while connected with the hospitals during the war, which will prove that I was not an idle spectator amid the trying events which occurred in that great struggle for Southern rights. My labors began with the opening of hostilities, and closed when the last patient had left the hospital with which I was connected, after the final surrender of Johnston's army.

"The regiment to which my son was attached left Memphis some time in April, 1861. O with what buoyant spirits and sanguine hopes did they bid farewell to loved ones at home and march to the battlefield, with the foe near at hand! The small remnant that returned well indicates the sanguinary and determined struggle through which the gallant 1st One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee passed.

"On the 10th of June my husband [J. R. Smith] volunteered under Capt. William Jackson, of Jackson, Tenn., commanding 'Jackson's Battery;' and on the 3d of July he departed with the company, which was temporarily commanded by Lieut. Stewart—afterwards captain on the staff of his brother, Maj. Gen. A. P. Stewart. Thus I was left alone, as were thousands of other women, to battle with the world as best I could. Many can appreciate my utter loneliness—those who have passed through similar trying ordeals; but I had absolute confidence in that God who had ever watched over me, and felt that he would not forsake me in this my time of great need.

"I shall never forget the sympathy manifested by several of the company to which my son belonged when I came to bid him farewell—telling me to be of good cheer, they were as a band of brothers, and, should my son fall, they would take care of him. It was then I learned that a true soldier was a true friend and gentleman, and that he did not cast aside his humanity and finer feelings when he buckled on his armor to go forth to the field of carnage. From that day the members of the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment were endeared to me almost as if they had been my own children, although my son was

in a short while transferred to the battery to which his father belonged."

Young Smith became a sergeant in this famous Jackson Battery, and with it participated in all the great battles fought in the Southwest, from Corinth and Perryville to the final duel with Stoneman's Division at Salisbury, where he was taken prisoner. It is said that he fired the last gun in Johnston's army. The narrator continues:

"No events of a special character took place in the ladies' department until the battle of Belmont, November 7, when our labor of mercy was very much increased; not only in the 'Mothers' Hospital,' but at many other points where the wounded and suffering soldiers were placed. There we all had abundance of work to do. Many died, and were decently interred by the good people of Memphis in the soldiers' burying ground, and their places of rest plainly marked. After this battle, renewed efforts were made by both sexes for the accommodation of the suffering soldiers. The well-known Overton Hotel was also thrown open for the reception of patients from the first battlefield in our district; in fact, every place of reception was pleasantly fitted up for their comfort. It was appalling to behold the mangled and disfigured bodies of those who had fought the first battle, in this department, for the rights of the South. It was a new era in our lives, and our hearts almost failed us on approaching the bedside of the wounded and bleeding defenders of our homes; but love of country and a deep sense of duty nerved us to action.

"Both hospitals were kept up until Christmas, when the two were consolidated, and the Overton House alone continued. This was in operation until near the time the Federals occupied the city. Sometimes the hotel was filled to overflowing. I shall never forget the vast number of sick and wounded who occupied the building after the evacuation of Island No. 10 and Fort Pillow. It was heartrending indeed thus to see so many gallant sons from all parts of the South suffering and dying.

"The wounded of Fort Donelson were sent elsewhere to be cared for, although the people of Memphis would have taken pleasure in binding up the wounds and ministering to the needs of those heroic boys, who perhaps had done harder fighting against greater odds, and endured greater suffering, than the soldiers in any battle of the war. The heroes of that eventful but disastrous combat in February, 1862, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by all lovers of true manhood.

"When Donelson fell Columbus could not be held any longer by the Southern troops, and it was therefore evacuated about the 1st of March. On learning that my husband and son had reached Humboldt, I hastened to meet them; but I could do them no material service, placed as they were in camp awaiting marching orders for Corinth, where a great battle was impending. For eight weary days after that bloody battle I labored under the deepest anxiety and solicitude for the fate of my husband and son, both having been in the conflict. At the expiration of that time I received the joyful tidings that they were both safe, which removed a mountain from my heart and begat an unutterable impulse of gratitude to God. However, I relaxed not an effort in behalf of the wounded, who were hourly arriving from the field of blood. The

Mothers' Home was again fitted up to receive the wounded, and the Overton Hospital was soon crowded. We divided our time between the two houses as best we could. In each I found many of my old acquaintances' and neighbors' sons, and it gave me great pleasure to be able to attend them. But many a precious life ebbed out within those hospital walls, and the unconscious sod now covers many a Southern soldier's remains in the Memphis cemetery.

"After the battle of Corinth many of us were hopeful that our loved city would not be occupied by the Federals; but about the 1st of May our dreams of safety were fearfully dispelled, with the realization staring us in the face that Memphis too must fall, and, as a natural consequence, many began at once to leave the city for different points farther South."

Mrs. Smith's first charge on leaving Memphis June 1, 1862, was the Newsom Hospital, Columbus, Miss. Thereafter she shared the varying fortunes of the Army of Tennessee in all its brilliant campaigns from Murfreesboro to Salisbury. Her hospital and camp experiences in Georgia and Tennessee were vivid repetitions on an enlarged scale of what she has already narrated. The story is one of absorbing interest, but it cannot be given here. Of the final scene she writes:

"I served in the Hill Hospital for nearly two years, and remained there until the last of the inmates left, some for their homes and others for Macon to be cared for by the Federals until able to go home. Many were the kind wishes and blessings pronounced on me when taking leave of the last of the suffering patriots. Need I say I was most deeply affected when parting with those for whom I had for so long tried to do all in my power? Had the struggle closed favorably for us, the parting would have been different; but now, when we saw that all the hardships, privations, suffering, anxiety, and hopes of friends, and loss of property, instead of proving beneficial, had resulted in our entire ruin, our feelings could not be described.

"As a humble participant in the great struggle for Southern independence, in the sphere allowed for my sex, I can say with perfect sincerity of heart that I have never regretted any sacrifice I made in behalf of our cause. I am only sorry that I was able to do so little good for my country. Had I the same field open before me to-day, how gladly would I make every possible effort, in all possible ways, to further the noble cause, by relieving, as far as I had the power, every pang of suffering of the defenders of our country."

One chapter in Mrs. Smith's book is devoted to a minute description of the manner in which the hospitals were fitted up and conducted. The system is shown to have been admirable in every detail, and of the highest possible credit to all concerned with its management.

Matron Smith was in daily receipt of letters from soldiers in the field, of different States, divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies belonging to the Tennessee Army. No clearer evidence of the grateful remembrance and appreciation of these soldiers could be manifested than is expressed in their letters. Many of the epistles are reproduced in the book, and they constitute a rich fund of personal and army incident and adventure, besides revealing much nobility of character in the writers. Their benefactress was lovingly addressed as "Dear Mother" or "Dear Grandma"

Smith. Occasionally among these letters is one from a bereaved mother, acknowledging her gratitude from a bleeding heart for the tender care and holy consolation given her patriot-son while yielding up his young life for home and native land.

The good and brave Christian woman whose notable career is thus faintly outlined died suddenly of neuralgia of the heart in 1872, while temporarily residing at Nashville. She was in the fifty-third year of her age. As she had specially directed, her remains were laid to rest beside those of her long-departed children at the old home in Fayette County, Tenn.

A BLESSING FOR GEN. FORREST.

Rev. J. H. McNeilly, a Confederate chaplain:

The impression prevalent about our great cavalry general does not credit him with much religious sentiment, yet there were many things in his career which showed a deep reverence for genuine religion. One of his most trusted officers was Col. D. C. Kelley, a Methodist preacher, who maintained his Christian character consistently all through the war, and who was one of the wariest and most dashing of his subordinate commanders. For Col. Kelley he had the profoundest respect, recognizing his sincere piety as well as his splendid courage.

A little incident told me directly after the war will illustrate the tender side of Gen. Forrest's nature. It was told to me by members of my grandfather's family. My mother's father lived six miles south of the little village of Charlotte, in Dickson County, Tenn., on a farm which was granted to his father for services as captain in the Revolutionary war. He was nearly ninety years old at the beginning of the civil war. Though he had loved the Union devotedly, he deeply regretted that he could not fight for the South. He believed in her cause with all his heart. He had his old rifle cleaned and placed where he could lay his hands on it, should occasion arise for him to use it against an invading foe.

On one of his expeditions into Tennessee—I think it was on the way to Fort Donelson in 1863—Gen. Forrest spent a night at my grandfather's, and, by his considerate attention, won the old man's heart. The next morning, when the General and his personal attendants were ready to start, the old gentleman, though nearly blind, must needs accompany him part of the way. So, taking his staff in his hand and one of his grandchildren to lead him, he walked along by the General's horse until they came to the main road at the edge of the farm. When the General stopped to bid his host good-by the escort rode on. The old man asked him to get off his horse, which he did. He then asked him to kneel down. Then, laying his hands on the General's head and lifting his sightless eyes to heaven, the old patriarch solemnly invoked the blessing of God on Gen. Forrest, on his men, and on the cause for which he was fighting. The General's face was bathed in tears as he remounted his horse.

In a year my grandfather was laid in his grave. Gen. Forrest lived to win many victories during the war, and afterwards he became a humble Christian. It may be that prayer was one of the influences that kept him safe through many dangers and finally led him to that Saviour in whom the old man trusted.

DR. JOHN N. SMOOT.

John Neffe Smoot, M.D., son of John N. and Elizabeth H. Smoot, was born July, 1840, in Huntingdon, Tenn., and was educated there. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Camp Beauregard, Ky., October, 1861, in Company C, Twenty-Second Tennessee Regiment. In the battle of Belmont, Mo., November 6, 1861, he did faithful service; and in the fight at Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., April 6, 1862, he was severely wounded and carried from the field by an older brother. He was conveyed to his home in Huntingdon, where he was cared for by his widowed mother for several months. During this time the Federal soldiers frequently entered the town, and on one occasion came very near capturing young Smoot. Fortunately, he saw them at the gate, and, though unable to walk, he jumped out of a window, falling about eight feet into high grass and weeds. He escaped by crawling on hands and knees (dragging his wounded leg) at least three-fourths of a mile, part of the time in a ditch containing much mud and water.



DR. JOHN N. SMOOT.

As soon as practicable, he reported to Col. T. A. Napier, who commanded a regiment of cavalry under Gen. Forrest and operated in Humphreys County, on the Tennessee River. This command did much to annoy and harass the Federal transports as they ascended the river. While connected with this work young Smoot was commissioned lieutenant, and assigned command in the Second Tennessee Cavalry under Gen. Lyon. In a fight at Hopkinsville, Ky., his horse was killed under him, and he was captured, carried to Bowling Green, Ky., and put in jail. From there he was taken to Louisville, Ky., put in prison, and adjudged a guerrilla, or bushwhacker, notwithstanding he showed his commission, which proved he a regular officer in the Confederate army. While Lieut. Smoot was at Bowling Green the weather was intensely cold, and the prisoners suffered for lack of clothing and bedding. Fortunately for him, his oldest brother, Rev. R. K. Smoot, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, resided there, and was permitted to supply him with these necessities. When he was sent to Louisville Dr. Smoot was allowed to follow him, and was ordered to "report at the Federal prison." When he arrived there he found personal friends to aid him in averting the terrible fate which threatened his brother.

Vice President Elect Andrew Johnson had been a warm personal friend of the Smoot family before the breaking out of the war on account of certain favors shown him by them during his contest for the governorship of Tennessee. Having expressed himself as anxious to reciprocate this friendship a hasty interview with him was sought, which resulted in the final release of Lieut. Smoot on a parole. He left Louisville, and spent some time with a friend in Indiana.

The severity of the campaign through which he had passed, and exposure and suffering during his imprisonment, aggravated the old wound received at Shiloh, and by the time he was able to return to duty the war had closed.

He took up new duties after the war with a brave heart. He opened a drug store in Huntingdon, and while engaged there he read medicine and subsequently graduated at the Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia. He practiced his profession in Huntingdon for several years, and then moved to Fulton, Ky., where he was married to Miss Alice M., daughter of Rev. Dr. Patterson, of that place. A few years later his health failed, and he went to Austin, Tex., in the hope of recovering; but he died soon after reaching Austin. He was a brave and faithful Confederate soldier, a consistent and honorable Christian gentleman.

In the death of William Dinsmore Smith, October 14, 1899, at Edwards, Miss., another beloved Christian gentleman and Confederate soldier entered into rest.

Comrade J. J. Hood, of Meridian, makes a plea to Mississippi authorities in behalf of the dependent Confederates in that State. He makes the alarming assertion that in another decade there will be more suffering among this class than in all the preceding thirty-four years, and that ninety per cent will have crossed over the river. This statement would seem extravagant, and yet the "Last Roll" of the VETERAN gives evidence that is alarming. Comrade Hood makes earnest plea that a liberal pension be granted all who are in need.



MISS ROSALIE WYMAN, AIKEN, S. C.

Sponsor for Barnard L. Bee Camp, No. 54, South Carolina Division, U. C. V., at Charleston reunion. Daughter of Lieut. Wyman, of Company F, Eleventh South Carolina Infantry, C. S. A.

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.

So profound concern is manifested for the VETERAN in the suit brought against it by John C. Underwood that the occasion seems opportune to explain conditions which have occasionally seriously hampered it. Its unprecedented success results from the unanimity of sentiment in its support. Its limited resources and the ordinary ability of its founder and editor make this success all the more remarkable. True, he has kept the faith and labored with unremitting zeal to achieve the best that is possible for comrades in the Confederate cause. No other calamity so far has been comparable to that of the little competition which has now and then sprung up and tried to get a hold. An illustration is given in which the loss to the VETERAN was perhaps \$1,000. An offer of \$200 was made to the Daughters of the Confederacy in Atlanta if they would add five hundred subscribers to the list. They began in earnest, sending out a strong circular letter, and had secured about seventy of the number when the *Ex-Confederate Messenger* was launched. It was a shoddy affair—did not equal the average country weekly in that State—but the Atlanta papers gave it a “send off,” and the noble women who had accepted the VETERAN offer found a sudden inactivity on the part of Confederates, as Atlanta was “to have a Confederate journal of its own.” The Atlanta camp made it official organ, and its files were kept conspicuous at the reunion headquarters. The comrade in charge expressed friendly concern for the VETERAN, and when its editor went to Atlanta, making a journey of nearly six hundred miles specially to attend Washington’s birthday ceremonies at Decatur—an adjoining county seat a few miles distant, and reached by electric cars—this comrade cordially expressed a desire for his companionship on the journey. Unhappily the home editor was on board, and, while cordial words were spoken, not an introduction was made on the journey. At the meeting in a church at Decatur, when Hon. Mr. Carlton, a Confederate and a Congressman, was making a fine tribute to the Confederate flag, a beautiful small silk flag was handed to the Atlanta comrade, to be sent to the platform, when the speaker gave the Atlantian credit for it, and he accepted the compliment. Subsequently he whispered that he wanted to get it back to keep himself. Then another was produced complimentary to him, but this renewed evidence of fraternity did not move him.

To follow the birthday services there was to be a Confederate gathering in the county courthouse,

which was soon to be destroyed for a new building. The splendid stone columns had been given the Daughters of the Confederacy to go in a Confederate monument there. A photographer had been called from Atlanta to make a picture for the VETERAN, and request was made of this comrade to announce that all the Confederates present who were going to the meeting do him the favor to wait in front of the building until the picture could be made. His reply was: “You — — — make — — — it.” The announcement was made by the editor of the VETERAN, but it was manifest that he seemed to be an intruder.

Heavy-hearted, he returned home, after spending several dollars and giving a day and two nights in the hope of adding to the interest of the approaching reunion in Atlanta. This is not to criticise that comrade, but to show the calamity of being so hampered by local claims. Such is always embarrassing, and rarely ever of benefit.

All honor to the noble women of Atlanta—the Daughters of the Confederacy—who replied to application to take official cognizance of the little sheet: “We have an official organ that is satisfactory to us, and we shall stand by it.” They knew how steadfastly the VETERAN had labored to create a powerful organization of the women of the South, and that it has ever been ready to help that organization (the Daughters of the Confederacy) in their noble work. All honor to them still, and special honor to the venerable Mrs. Helen Plane for her noble words at a recent meeting of the organization! The VETERAN can now afford to claim merit over any publication North, with its million of veterans, who distribute \$150,000,000 annually. It is because the people have stood together for it.

The VETERAN is not all it ought to be, and those who are quickest to complain are generally the most at fault. At all public meetings the VETERAN ought to be discussed, and it should be praised or censured. The Southern people ought to unite upon that subject as they do on nothing else.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL J. B. GORDON.—The author of “Game of Confederate Heroes” accorded to our generous and eminent J. B. Gordon the rank of lieutenant general, and, having learned that he was really but a major general, applied to the VETERAN for information, hence the query was sent direct to Gen. Gordon, and his reply is as follows: “I was informed by Gen. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, while my corps was at Petersburg that I had been appointed lieutenant general. Like a great many other cases at that period of the war, my commission never reached me. I was, however, accorded the rank in assignment, but was waiting for my commission to the last before signing officially as lieutenant general.”

Mr. W. T. Rogers, of the N. C. & St. L. R. R., sends this interesting item: “At the reunion in Charleston last May Mrs. T. R. Handy, who had six brothers in the Confederate army, accidentally met a veteran named Jackson, who was one of another six brothers who fought for the Confederacy; and also a Mr. Whittle, who, with his five Confederate veteran brothers, was attending the reunion.”

AFLOAT—AFIELD—AFLOAT.

Notable Events of the Civil War (Continued).

BY GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

I still see the huge dark hulls of the Federal fleet "reposing on their shadows" as during the fall and winter of 1864. Mobile was fast losing her commercial supremacy, although for a time she vied with Charleston and Savannah. What the great orator of the South said—that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible—was true of the fair metropolis of Alabama.

The day after the great battle of the bay—August 5, 1864—Capt. Bennett, with his force from the late gunboat Gaines, received orders from Commodore Farrand to take charge of Battery Buchanan (located near Choctaw Point), upon the famous "Shell" road leading along the bay below Mobile. I found on reaching Buchanan that it mounted two heavy rifles, and there was demand for the professional services of our blue-water sailors, with their sheers and block and tackle, to raise properly the two ten-inch columbiads, so that they might be settled down upon their carriages. Buchanan was a slightly place. Battery Missouri was to the left, and on the right Fort Albert Sidney Johnston.

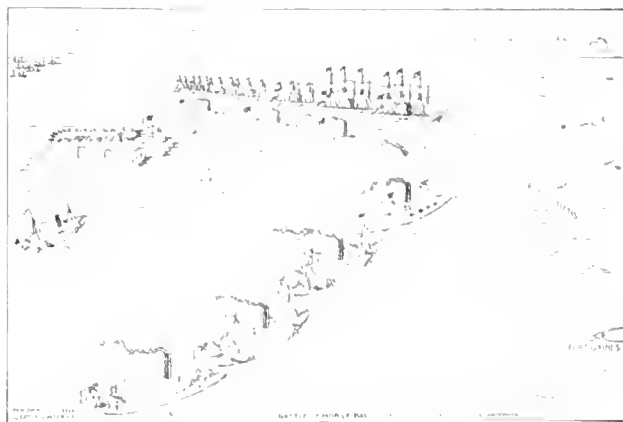
I shall always remember the wonderful engineering lavished upon the defenses of Mobile. There were three continuous lines of earthworks around the city. The first was constructed by Capt. C. T. Lieurner in 1862 at an average distance of three miles out from the main streets, with fifteen redoubts; and when Vicksburg fell, in 1863, Mobile felt that her day was coming, and Gen. Danville Leadbetter built the second line of works, nearer the city—in fact, running through the suburbs and inclosing sixteen redoubts; then, in 1864, the third line was projected by Lieut. Col. V. Shelika about midway between the two lines already built, and it included nineteen heavy bastioned forts and eight redoubts. So that Mobile had as bulwarks fifty-eight forts and redoubts, with connecting breastworks. The parapets of the forts were from fifteen to twenty-five feet thick, and ditches through which tide water flowed about twenty feet deep and thirty feet wide—rendering the defenses so formidable that it had been estimated a garrison of ten thousand effective men could hold the city six months against a besieging army of forty thousand. It was garrisoned by about nine thousand men, including the troops on the east side of the bay and a thousand negro laborers subject to the command of the engineers. During the summer of 1864 Maj. Gen. Franklin K. Gardner was in charge, and he was later succeeded by Gen. Dabney H. Maury. Then, in the fall, Lieut. Gen. Dick Taylor commanded the entire department until the end. Gen. Taylor served a considerable time under Maj. Gen. E. Kirby Smith, who had almost viceregal sway beyond the Mississippi, personally conferred upon him by President Davis, and which he exercised nobly and wisely until the close of the war.

Born in and appointed from the State of Maine to a cadetship at West Point Military Academy, Gen. Danville Leadbetter devoted from 1853 to 1857 to his engineering talent, which gave him third place in the front rank of the five star graduates in 1836. Before the civil war he was State Engineer of Alabama, located

around Mobile, and then he entered the army of the State that had made him one of her sons. Fort Morgan was repaired, Fort Gaines was built, also the Mobile customhouse, under his superintendency, and keep alive his memory even more than a line of fortifications. He died in Canada in 1866, an exile from kindred and from the State of his adoption, aged 54 years.

In the harbor below the city were one water, two floating, and five stationary batteries, respectively named Water Battery (manned by a part of Gaines's crew), Gladden, Tilghman, Canal (or Camel), and McIntosh—all commanding the channels approaching Mobile and guarding the entrances to the rivers flowing into the head of the bay. Long rows of piles had been driven to obstruct the channel; and here and there was left an opening through which vessels might cautiously pass, yet they would almost have to rub the muzzles of heavy guns.

The position of the more remote defenses, on the east side of the bay, are described on a subsequent page. On the eastern shore of the bay vessels could pass up the Appalachian River and come round through the Tensas, arriving in front of Mobile, clear of the obstructions before mentioned. But to close this route Batteries Huger and Tracy had been built on low ground close to the river, and piles had also been driven



across the channel; and in different parts of the bay many torpedoes had been planted. Thus was Mobile Bay grimly girt for battle.

I was detached to take charge of the water battery at the lower obstructions, just outside of the army lines. I had selected thirty-five men, and was accompanied by Assistant Surgeon W. W. Graves. I found one ten-inch columbiad and one twenty-four pounder howitzer. More than one hundred negroes were at work day and night filling in sand within the spiling in its front. Here I remained two months, some seven hundred yards east from Buchanan. From my water battery Gladden lay to the northeast five hundred and McIntosh eight hundred yards, respectively. Afterwards I returned with my men to Buchanan as soon as the enemy proceeded to "take, occupy, and possess" things. It was here that my twenty-first birthday occurred.

ONE SOLE LEAP YEAR OF THE WAR.

By chance, the usual way, one word led on to another, and it still remains a wonder—who of many were prime factors of this product of fun and sentiment? Army and Navy had by turns their fair adher-

ents. Service afield competed with service afloat. We "levied" on three boats for the day; then they drafted attendance to a charming play at the Mobile theater; thence we proceeded under the well-known signal, "make the best of your way into the port" of home under light of the loveliest eyes "and dance by the light of the moon."

The launch and first and second cutters from the battery were rocking at Government Street wharf, ready (notwithstanding the hostile squadron in the harbor to the southeast). Into the launch (whose captain was "captive at the helm") stepped its quota of fair raiders; Mrs. Carrie P. Tilton, Miss Elise Rushton, and Miss Eliza Greenwood, of New Orleans; Mrs. Betty Oliver Hagan, Mrs. James Battle, and Samuel B. with his excellent banjo; Miss Augusta J. Evans, Eugene May, George Foster, Samuel P. Blanc, Miss Lily Troost, Past Assistant Surgeon O. S. Iglehart. In the first cutter Midshipman Eugene Phillips held the tiller cords and received Mrs. Octavia Walton Le Vert, with her daughters; Mrs. John Forsyth, Miss Gertrude Ravesies, the Misses Fowler, Miss Alabama Russell, Francis S. Parker, Cecil Fleming, and Paul Ravesies. The second cutter, commanded by Acting Master's Mate Avery S. Winston, received: Miss Virginia Oliver, Miss Chandler, Mrs. Laura Forsyth, Miss Sprague, the Misses Bingham, Miss Annie Battle, Mrs. Mary Ketchum, Thomas Carver, L. M. Wilson, John Scott, T. K. Irwin, and Page M. Baker. Capt. Bennett, commanding the Nashville, sent regrets to the fair deputation and, mindful of the honor of the invitation, urged the ladies to grace with their presence the ship of their country which, he reminds them, is eagerly awaiting their coming—"drest almost to death."

There was the zest of adventure for this eager, intrepid group of ladies—"they were out for all day"—and there was no telling at what moment a bolt of lightning might strike promiscuously in the harbor, attracted by boats phillandering in and out among batteries and armed vessels. These fair citoyennes of the beleaguered city brooked no other guides than their own little sweet wills. So, with imperious gesture and a smile or two, they directed the "serfs" at the helm to give way and steer to the Nashville. Keep your eye on the flag. The visitors were received aboard this Nashville with all honors. The progress of her plating, her spotless decks, the glitter of arms, the ponderous guns, the alert crew, and well-appointed boats—all were noted. This vessel of war was a powerful side-wheel boat, and nearly equal to the late flagship Tennessee of Admiral Buchanan. Her length was 268 feet, with 75 feet beam. She carried two engines, and made from twelve to fifteen knots an hour. Her armament embraced two bow guns, throwing two hundred and ten pound shot, and eight seven-inch rifles. Her favorite projectile was punch-head shot. Her iron plating was six inches thick from bow back to wheelhouse, formed from transverse bars six inches wide by three in thickness. The Nashville carried one hundred and fifty men.

"Dear Captain," said one of the ladies admiringly to Capt. Bennett, drawing from her reticule a newspaper cutting, "are you the executive officer mentioned here by Capt. Pegram, of the cruiser Nashville?"

"I must see," says Capt. B., reading aloud: "In conclusion allow me to express the very high opinion that

I hold of the services rendered the Confederacy by Lieut. J. W. Bennett, the executive officer of the Nashville, and to mention that I feel personally under many obligations to him for his valuable counsel and assistance in maintaining the discipline and efficiency of the ship."

This cutting went on: "The Nashville sailed out of Charleston, 'bound on a cruise,' with Lieut. Fauntleroy her executive officer. Before reaching Southampton, England, in December, 1861, the splendid clipper ship Harvey Birch was captured and burned. The officers and crew were taken to England and released by Capt. Pegram. The latter detached Lieut. Fauntleroy on business for the Confederacy, and Lieut. Bennett succeeded him. The Birch was in ballast. The second capture was the Robert Gilfillan, with her assorted cargo of provisions. She was fired and burned. The cruiser swept into Beaufort, N. C., in a blaze of triumph, February 28, 1862, and Capt. Bennett never saw her again. Charleston parties bought her for carrying cotton through the blockade into Nassau. Such was her fame for speed and good luck that the enemy bottled her up in the Ogeechee River, Georgia, for more than eight months. Admiral Dupont had her blockaded by the gunboats Wissahickon, Seneca, and Dawn. Fort McAllister, on this river, sheltered her with its guns. She disappeared up the Ogeechee for a time, and then came down thoroughly fitted out for privateering. In November, 1862, she was commissioned as the Confederate privateer Rattlesnake. Torpedoes and stakes kept her safe from boat attacks. Early in 1863 Commander Worden (of first Monitor fame) came down with the monitor Montauk, and found her, in the night of February 27, aground. He went up with the gunboats early on the first anniversary of her glorious return. The latter enfiladed the fort, and Worden, within 1,200 yards, shelled her to the last. About 9 A.M. the cruiser was set on fire forward, aft, and amidships. At 9:20 a large pivot gun abaft her foremast exploded from the heat; 9:40, her smoke chimney went by the board; 9:55, her magazine exploded with terrific violence, shattering her into smoking ruins. After ten o'clock nothing remained of the gallant cruiser of the Southland."

From the quarter-deck of his noble ship Capt. Bennett charted the way of the water and the lay of the land and afforded the best glasses for eager glimpses of the hostile fleet as also glasses better adapted for imbibing allegiance and enthusiasm with witching eyes and daintiest sip. We made Gladden next in his indicated list. Lingered at the ladder till the boats were reladen, the ladies felt several thrills of adventure. No fears of hostile guns opening on Mobile; but there might be shots and possibly a shell sent across the bows of these venturesome boats. "No telling, girls." At last they were keyed up at G-ladden. They stepped upon the soil at Gladden; their fair little despot heels were on thy shore! Wherenpon Capt. Richard C. Bond, Capt. Richard Agar, and Lieut. Louis Colomb esquired the dames around the battery, and, suiting the year to the deed, the esquireesses damed these gentlemen into the boats, to be all-day hostages of fortune. This battery numbered one hundred men and mounted seven seven-inch guns. Nearly opposite Gladden, and distant three hundred yards, was Battery McIntosh, which had one hundred and fifty men and eight guns—

four ten-inch and four seven-inch smoothbores. The second point touched was the Huntsville and Tuscaloosa, but with no time to board. These were floating batteries, rather than gunboats, running about four miles an hour and carrying four guns each. The waving kerchiefs of Lieuts. Joseph Fry and Julian Myers, the respective commanders, greeted the excursionists; and now the cry was for "the outer wall."

Pulling beyond the fortifications just within the outer obstructions, a little west of the main channel (open to Mobile to all but heavy seagoing vessels) the ladies saw the line of vigilance. Over there, four miles to the eastward, rocked the huge, dark hulls of the hostile fleet, with swaying spars and flying signals, and but a short distance from Spanish Fort. To the northward lay Government Street wharf, four miles away. Mme. Le Vert, who had visited Europe with her father (Gov. Walton, of Florida, under President Jackson), pointed out with conciseness and beauty the majesty and attractiveness of Mobile, compared with the great seaports of the Continent. It was her good fortune, nine years before this, to represent Alabama at the Paris Exposition. During this period ex-President Fillmore stood in her balcony with its American flag, and these two patriots waved their welcomes to Victoria and Prince Albert riding in the barouche with the Emperor and Empress of France along the Boulevard des Italiens toward the Tuileries and the World's Fair. At the grand ball the Empress, the last world's Queen of Fashion, was dressed, like her guest, in pure, simple white. Mme. Le Vert writes in her republished "Travels" of her longing then to have something—even a cotton seed from the snowy fields of Alabama—

at the great Paris show. Who then dreamed of the genie of wealth imprisoned in the seed of this staple in the kingdom of cotton, and who saw then "the rich olive" complexion of French oil adulterated *à la Américaine*?

A year and a half before this leap year party Augusta J. Evans stood out bravely upon a parapet of Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston—under fire—and smiled as she pointed to a rent in her scarf made by a fragment of a passing Federal projectile. She looked through an old-fashioned spyglass which for many years served Commodore Tattnall in Chinese waters—the Peiho—during a British attack upon the Celestials. She had the honor the following day, at Savannah, to hear the Commodore himself relate the origin of a famous phrase—it was just used by some of his man-of-war's men who had excursioned off to the British boats hard beset; and they bore a helping hand at the guns, "shinying," in fact, on the side of John Bull: "We thought as how blood was thicker than water." Miss Evans said she felt she was seeing Dame History's self at work while the noble Georgian related incidents by sea and land.

Choctaw Point fell a victim to the alert pencil of the sketcher of the expedition, and all looked askance at the obstructions and torpedo lines two hundred yards away; for here was the jumping-off place, the last line, the outermost point of Mobile's defenses. The torpedo lines were explained to the ladies. These projectiles had "come now to stay," after the destruction of the monitor Tecumseh by one of them. They contained each one hundred pounds of powder, and were planted across the mouth of Dog River, and thence at



DESTRUCTION C. S. CRUISER NASHVILLE.
(LATER "RATTLESNAKE")

an angle of ninety degrees to the middle channel of the bay, a distance of one and a half miles.

Dame Music was now invoked, and two guitaresses, reënforced by Sam Battle's banjo, tuned up as the water battery was reached, and we all proceeded ashore. The excellent "blockade coffee" monopolized by our navy department displaced, on this occasion, time-honored tea in the esteem of the ladies. This fragrant Brazilian "Santos" berry, browning, threw an aromatic charm on this, a romantic spot. Delicious oysters, not two hours out of their beds, were baking in the shell, while the contributed viands from the four quarters of Mobile made this the happiest of *al fresco* feasts. The first song of the afternoon was:

"O dearest Mae! you're lovelier than the day;
Your eyes so bright they shine at night when the moon am
gone away!"

The battery was duly inspected. It had been arranged to show the ladies how we "go into action." There was just the least bit of trouble here. A poem was inspired as the sunset gun was fired and the colors drooped at sundown. Before returning to Mobile and the play, it was arranged to render the old song, "Roll On, Silver Moon," as our boats neared the Huntsville and Tuscaloosa. The alert officers soon found their voices, and fluttered their handkerchiefs. What else could a handful of brave men do than to surrender to the winsome faces of the young "quadrennials" going abroad to conquer hearts?

"Roll on sil-ver moon, guide the trav'ler on his way
While the night-ingale's song is in tune;
Oh I never, nev-er more with my true love will stray
By the sweet sil-ver light of the moon!

As the hart on the mounting my lov-er was brave,
So handsome and manly to view;
So kind and sincere—and he loved me so dear;
Oh my Edwin—[my 'Joey,' my 'Jimmy,' or 'Billy,' or
'Sammy' according to circumstances,
accompanied by a significant glance.
Oh my Edwin—no lov-er was ever so true!"

O ye *ante-bellum* days! when the young, gay past midshipman, radiant from half round the world, his gallant face wearing its professional bronze, held the hands of at least two lovely maidens, all seated in the nook of a stairway, while the parlor echoed with the joyous throng below! The eyes of these officers of the two armored ships twinkled at the apt selection of this charming song of other days—from Portsmouth, "of the old Granite State," down to Newport, Norfolk, and all down the coast around to Mobile and to New Orleans. The singers of this barcarole could but suggest the pet "front name" in this song. They knew (these serenaded officers) that the ladies knew they did know, and scenes were conjured up of stairway and window curtain comedy of olden days "on leave."

Steering for Gladden, we hoisted to, and received a fine speech from Capt. Bond when he stepped ashore with his comrades. Now we rendered: "Oft in the Stilly Night;" then "Dixie," "My Maryland," and "Bonnie Blue Flag That Bears a Single Star." Soon Government Street wharf was reached. Here the ladies escorted the gentlemen to the theater in groups. The play was "Lady of Lyons."

There was a decided hit (which Pauline gives to Claude) by the star of the stage: "Dost like the picture?" After the play a deputation of three reminded me that a majority had contrived, while down at the

water battery, to declare, in the name of Our Lady of History and her liege subjects of Mobile, that that point of this leap year's party must henceforth be known as "Battery Waterman." As each lady parted from her cavalier she quoted Mme. Pauline D. Melnotte's question: "Dost like the picture of to-day down the bay, I say?" Whereupon the reply was breathed, soft and low: "I dostest; adieu!" With a full choir, "Fare you well, my lady!" was rendered, and thereupon the leap year of 1864 vanished into the mingling August moonshine.

(Continued in November.)

COMMANDS IN ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

F. F. Bowen, Esq., of Danville, Va., responded promptly to a claim from North Carolina in the following letter. (Cause of delay in this office.) Comrade Bowen served in Company B, Forty-Third Virginia Battalion, under Mosby:

Editor Veteran: I notice on page 207 of the May VETERAN a claim made on behalf of North Carolina that in the battles around Richmond in 1862, "seven days' battle," North Carolina furnished one-half of the men and probably did more than one-half of the fighting, etc. I have no complaints to make of North Carolina, but some of her partisan sons claim altogether too much. Their having been the first to fall in the civil war was answered well by W. R. Hall in the July VETERAN. It seems that in our struggle for independence "there was enough glory for all," without claims on the part of some which the facts of history do not sustain. We should state only historic truth.

In Series I., Volume XI., Part II., page 483, of "Rebellion Records," I find: "Organization of Confederate Forces During the Engagements around Richmond," 1862, "Seven Days' Fight."

The following forces were furnished by the several Southern States:

North Carolina.—Infantry: 34 regiments, 1 battalion. Cavalry: 1 regiment, 1 battalion. Artillery: 4 batteries.

Virginia.—Infantry: 46 regiments, 3 battalions. Cavalry: 6 regiments, 1 battalion. Artillery: 52 batteries.

Mississippi.—Infantry: 9 regiments, 1 battalion.

Alabama.—Infantry: 14 regiments, 1 battalion.

Georgia.—Infantry: 37 regiments. Cavalry: 1 legion, 9 battalions.

South Carolina.—Infantry: 14 regiments. Cavalry: 1 legion, 3 battalions.

Louisiana.—Infantry: 9 regiments, 3 battalions. Artillery: 4 batteries.

Arkansas and Tennessee.—Infantry: 3 regiments each.

Maryland and Florida.—Infantry: 1 regiment each.

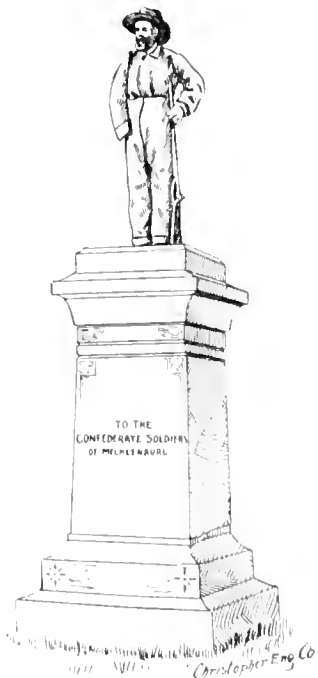
The foregoing is condensed from Comrade Bowen's report. Commenting upon his figures, he states: "In the above the Washington Artillery (La.) Battalion is put at four batteries and the Virginia Regiment of Artillery at ten batteries. The number of batteries in these two organizations is not given in the report. I compile this statement (E. O. E.) in the interest of no particular State, but with only the desire to have the truth. If this is not the truth, let some one who can correct it."

REUNION AT CLARKSVILLE, VA.

The seventh annual reunion of the L. A. Armistead Camp, Confederate Veterans, was held in Clarksville, Va., on August 25. The splendid weather, a large attendance, and an interesting programme made the meeting one of the most successful ones in the history of that camp. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Thomas D. Jeffress, Commander; Edward B. Goode, Henry Wood, Howell S. Nelson, Lieutenant Commanders; Richard T. Tisdale, Adjutant; James T. Alexander, Quartermaster; Robert J. Montgomery, Treasurer.

South Hill was chosen as the place for the reunion in 1900. An appropriate address was made by the Commander to the camp, and some addition was made to the monument fund. The members seem now to have a higher appreciation of the organization and purposes of the camp, and it is in excellent condition, with better attendance and more promptness in payment of dues. The membership is about one hundred and forty, but every year the ranks are depleted by death. New members join at every meeting.

The picture represents the Confederate Monument erected by L. A. Armistead Camp on the Courthouse Square at Boydton, Mecklenburg County, Va. The granite is highly polished, and cut on one side is the inscription, "To the Confederate Soldiers of Mecklenburg;" on another, "From Bethel to Appomattox;" and on another, "1861-1865." The fourth side is for a future inscription. The monument needs only the statue of a Confederate soldier to complete it. The man seen on top is John Bowen, of the Third Virginia Cavalry, who lost his arm at the battle of Yellow Tavern, in May, 1864. With a ladder he ascended to the top of the monument, and stood with empty sleeve, old cavalry hat and a musket by his side, and let the artist photograph him. The picture is unique and typical of the old Confederate soldier.



INQUIRIES BY AND ABOUT VETERANS.

P. V. D. Conway, Fredericksburg, Va.: "In the July (?) VETERAN you publish Gen. Seth B. Barton as being dead. He is a 'lively corpse,' residing in this city."

Information is wanted concerning Col. James F. Fagan, of the First Arkansas Regiment. Will any one who knows address P. J. Flack, McGregor, Tex.?

Fred R. Trier, Fayetteville, Ark., asks for information concerning the grave of his brother, Louis Trier. He was a Confederate soldier, enlisted at Nashville or

Chattanooga, was taken prisoner by the Federals, and died at some hospital.

J. C. Hemphill, Charleston, S. C., requests addresses of or information concerning Maj. Melton and Capt. Boyce, who were connected with the commissary department of Van Dorn's command, and were stationed at Macon, Miss., in 1863-65.

Mrs. M. J. Field, Lorena, Tex., widow of the late Rev. J. Staunton Field, wants to find some comrades of her husband in the Confederate army. He enlisted at Covington, Va., Sixtieth Virginia Regiment, Company D, with G. W. Hammon as captain.

Communication is desired with some comrade of D. Studevant, who enlisted near Nesbitt, Miss., in 1862, in the Forty-Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry. He was captured at Gettysburg, and died in prison. His widow now lives at Cooper, Tex., and answers should be addressed to her.

Comrade E. M. Hicks, Wisner, La., would like to hear of William Swayne, of the First Louisiana Regiment, who was captured at Winchester in 1864. He writes: "Comrade Swayne and I were on a scout at night, and I was lying close to the ground in the weeds when he was captured. I have never seen or heard of him since."

C. W. Higginbotham, Calvert, Tex.: "For the benefit of Mrs. Scott I ask that any reader of the VETERAN who can will give some data of the service of Comrade R. G. Scott. His old servant says that he enlisted in the Fourth Alabama Regiment, and was on Gen. Whiting's staff. Information establishing his record will be of benefit to his widow."

W. H. Bledsoe, Houghton, La.: "Let me tell you something, and you will say: 'That is remarkable.' My old messmates, Paul Lawrence, T. H. Lawrence, M. W. Haughton, W. F. Lister, and I left Bossier Parish, La., for the war in 1861. Our company (B, Nineteenth Louisiana) was in all the battles from Shiloh to the surrender, and all five of us are now living, but all more or less dilapidated--one leg, stiff leg, etc."

E. B. Surface, Glendale, Tenn., makes this inquiry: "My father was a private in Company F, Thirty-Sixth Virginia Regiment, Smith's Brigade. At the battle of Piedmont, in the Valley of Virginia, the Federal forces were commanded by Hunter, and the Confederates were under Breckinridge. The Confederates were defeated, and as the Federal line came up a small soldier kindly lifted my bleeding father, assisted him to a spring, performed some additional acts of kindness, told him good-by, and hastened on. I am exceedingly anxious to learn who that soldier was."

R. D. Stenart, 213 North Carey Street, Baltimore, Md., in preparing a sketch of his uncle, Capt. Harry A. Stenart, of the "Black Horse" Cavalry, has been unable to procure certain *data* concerning his military career, and will appreciate anything on the subject from comrades or friends. Capt. Stenart was killed in the Old Capitol Prison in May, 1862. A full account of his death may be found in Marshall's "American Bastille" and in Mahoney's "Prisoner of State." He was captured at the residence of Gov. Carroll, in St. Mary's County, Md., while returning from a visit to Baltimore to procure medical supplies for the Confederate army.

S. L. Conner, Denver, Tex., wishes to hear from any old comrades of Company A, Forty-Ninth North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's Brigade.

D. W. Brodnax, Rockdale, Tex., wishes to communicate with any member of the Medical Board who was at Lewisville, Ark., in the winter of 1864-65.

J. M. Moss, of Clinton, Ky., asks information of William A. or Benjamin Meader. When last heard from he was in some Western Texas regiment.

J. Frank Peterson (Company E, Twelfth Louisiana Regiment), Lisbon, La., would be greatly pleased to hear from any member of his old company or regiment.

J. T. Key, 912 Lischey Avenue, Nashville, Tenn., would like to hear from any member of Company D (Capt. Charles Carter), Sixth Mississippi Cavalry, in which he served.

G. W. Nichols, of Jesup, Ga., is anxious to learn of D. A. Tibbs, who served in an Alabama regiment and was wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1863, and had his leg amputated near the body.

Mrs. A. V. McTee, Marion, Ky., inquires of F. H. Marquess, who was last seen in New Orleans, La., in March, 1875. He would be about fifty-four years old now. He served through the war with a company from Boone County, Ky.

J. W. Moorman, Maysville, Mo., inquires of the regiment that Capt. G. G. Savage served. It was on the eastern shore of Virginia, Accomac and Northampton Counties. He also desires some one to give a short history of the company, number of regiment, and what division it was with.

Capt. Frank B. Gurley, Gurley's, Ala., inquires for a piece of war poetry, and tells this story of its author:

When I was confined in the Nashville penitentiary seven prisoners were brought there, and one of them placed in the cell with me. His name was Robert A. Davige, and he was from Hopkinsville, Ky., where he had a widowed mother and a sister. Some time previous he had gone to Texas, and had enlisted from that State in the Confederate army. He had been captured in Middle Tennessee with six comrades, all of whom were hanged. He could see that his chances for escape were poor, and he wrote a long letter to Gen. Rosseau, who was then in command at Nashville. This probably saved him, as he was not hanged. One night when the white moonlight was shining in the one window to our cell he asked me for paper and pencil, which I gave him. Next morning I found that he had written the lines I refer to. A few days later he died in the pesthouse of smallpox, and two years afterwards I happened to see the poem in an Eastern paper over another signature. I should be glad to have a copy of it. I cannot recall all of the lines, but among them are these:

"A prisoner sat in his dreary cell,
Marking the spot where the moonbeams fell;
And as he sat on the cold gray floor,
With rock o'erhead and rock under feet,
Nothing but rock the eye to greet,
Rock and the iron bands on the door—

While on his hands the cruel steel
Clanking harshly made him feel
His wrongs and burn with ire."

L. M. Graham, Grahamville, Tenn., writes: "During Hood's march into Tennessee I was a member of Bate's Division. S. B. Dunlap, in a recent article, says that he did not get to Spring Hill until daylight November 30, 1864. Our command camped at Spring Hill the night of November 29, and we could hear the tramp of the Yankees all night long. We wondered why Hood did not try to head them off. The next day we went on to Franklin, and got there about four o'clock. Afterwards we were sent with Gen. Forrest to take Murfreesboro, and later were ordered back to where Gen. Hood was, near Nashville. My brother, W. B. Graham, was captured at Baldwin, Fla., in 1863, and I should like to hear from some one who knew him. He was imprisoned at Fort Delaware, and died there just before the war ended. He belonged to what was later known as the Ninth Florida Regiment."

Comrade W. H. Tondee, Lumpkin, Ga., makes inquiry as to what became of a Federal soldier who was wounded on the left and near the plank road at the battle of the Wilderness (Virginia), May 5, 1864. He was shot in the thigh, and asked the aid of some one to get in an upright position behind a tree, as he was in danger of shots from his own men. Mr. Tondee writes: "I gave him the required assistance, and as we did not come out of that battle in that direction I never saw him again. If he lives and should happen to see this, I should be glad to hear from him. I have in my possession a Federal canteen bearing on the mouth-piece the initials 'J. E. C., Company K,' which I should be glad to return to original owner."

E. K. Bryan, who was adjutant of the Thirty-First North Carolina, writes from New Berne, N.C.: "At the battle of Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864, while acting on the staff of Gen. Clingman (his entire staff being either killed or wounded), I was conveying an order from the General to the Sixty-First North Carolina Regiment, when I was shot, and fell some forty paces in the rear of our breastworks on a high hill. I lay there, unable to rise, and the bullets were flying thick and fast around me, and I was in danger of being killed any moment. Suddenly a brave, gallant fellow rushed out on the hill, and, catching me by both hands, dragged me in under the breastworks, thus saving my life, as I believe. If any survivor of the Sixty-First can tell me the name of that soldier and his home, if he lives, or that of his family, I shall greatly appreciate it. My impression is that he was a member of Company I, Capt. Choate's company, but of this I am not certain."

Comrade B. F. Ellis, Bells, Tex.: "During the war three Confederate calvarymen were making their way through the country, and chanced to stop for the night with a wealthy old man who loved money more than he did his country. He fed his guests very scantily on corn dodgers, fried bacon, and homemade coffee, and when asked for the bill he said it was thirty dollars; this was ten dollars each, one dollar less than a soldier got for a month's services. The spokesman of the little party leveled his 'six shooter' at the head of his host and commanded him to eat the three ten-dollar bills. The miserly coward did not stop, for the pistol was not lowered until every piece of the bills had been eaten. The host has long since died. Are any of the three soldiers alive?"

REPORTS FROM VARIOUS REUNIONS.

The Zebulon Vance Camp, U. C. V., at their last monthly meeting expressed their disapproval of the term "veteran" being applied to the participants in the late Spanish-American war.

Comrade G. N. Barr, Adjutant of Camp Stonewall, U. C. V., at Aspermon, Tex., sends notice of their regular monthly meeting, which was held on July 22. M. V. Guest was elected Captain; Adjt. Barr was reelected.

At the regular meeting of Camp Pat Cleburne No. 222, of the Texas Division, the following officers were elected: Captain, Stephen Turner; First Lieutenant, W. C. Dodson; Second Lieutenant, Dr. J. C. J. King; Adjutant, W. T. Coleman; Quartermaster, John Moore; Surgeon, Dr. D. R. Wallace.

George Thornburg, Adjutant, writes from Little Rock, Ark., September 7: "The newly elected officers of Omer R. Weaver Camp are: L. C. Balch, Commander; W. F. Wright and A. J. Snodgrass, Lieutenant Commanders; George Thornburg and Charles S. Collins, Adjutants; Charles F. Penzel, Treasurer; J. G. Leigh, Color Bearer; J. T. Hughes and G. M. Strong, Color Guards; C. B. Moore, Chaplain; R. B. Christian, Surgeon. The camp is prosperous."

One of the most pleasant reunions of the season was that of the Britton Lane, at Denmark, Tenn., under the auspices of the John Ingram Bivouac. Nearly fifteen hundred visitors attended, and the day was spent in the mingling of comrades and friends and in listening to appropriate addresses. Among those who spoke during the day were Rev. M. A. Matthews, Capt. John W. Gates (who assisted as master of ceremonies), Hon. A. W. Stovall, and Mr. Mathison, the most youthful orator of the day.

At a recent meeting the Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., at Charleston, W. Va., inaugurated a movement to purchase a suitable cemetery lot in the local cemetery and the erection of a monument to the memory of the Confederate soldiers to be buried there. At the same meeting the following officers were elected: J. W. Viekers, Colonel; D. C. Gallaher, Lieutenant Colonel; J. Q. Dickinson, Major; Joseph N. Brown, Adjutant; Dr. J. W. Aylor, Surgeon; Dr. A. S. Patrick, Chaplain; Dr. J. W. Wilcox, Treasurer; W. H. Lynn, Sergeant Major. Executive Committee: J. Q. Dickinson, C. C. Watts, D. C. Gallaher.

Company A of the First Maryland Cavalry was given a splendid dinner on their reunion day by their comrade, Mr. Edwin Warfield, at his handsome country home, Oakdale, near Baltimore. The affair was conceived by Mr. Warfield to honor and entertain his friend, Mr. John R. Kenly, who was the youngest member of that troop of Confederates, and incidentally to commemorate the careers of Mr. G. W. Warfield and Mr. A. G. Warfield, Jr., brothers of the host, who were very young soldiers for the Confederacy. In addition to the members of that company, there were representatives from other regiments, both cavalry and infantry, and a number of distinguished invited guests. Oakdale was built in 1786, and has always been the home of the Warfields. An interesting feature was the roll call of the company. At noon the men were lined up in a double file by Gen. Frank A. Bond, the

last commander of the company, and Mr. M. Warner Hewes, of Baltimore, the Secretary of the company, called the original roll. Many of the survivors have achieved marked success in various vocations in life. Among these may be mentioned Mr. James Clark, President of the Drovers' and Merchants' Bank; Gen. John Gill, President of the Mercantile Trust and Deposit Company; Mr. John R. Kenly, General Manager of the Atlantic Coast Line; Mr. Fielder C. Slingluff, a successful lawyer and financier; and several others.

JAMES PITMAN'S GRAVE.—The following appeared in the *Larue County Herald*, of Hodgenville, Ky., near Elizabethtown, and was sent by Comrade S. H. Bush, of the latter place: "Out in the wood on Mr. John Bell's farm, just east of town, is an interesting grave, and one that but few people know anything of. It is a soldier's grave. When Bragg's army passed through here in 1863, on its famous march, a gallant young soldier, tired, worn, and exhausted, surrendered in the battle of life and passed over the river into a land of rest. Two comrades waited on the dying soldier. They were unacquainted with him, and tried to find out something of his past life, but he was too weak to tell them more than that his name was James Pitman. However, a few minutes before he expired he turned to one of the men and murmured, 'Tell Nellie'—but the message was never completed. They bore his body to a pretty spot in the wood, and in the presence of Mr. Bell they buried 'somebody's darling.' His name was roughly carved on a tree at the head of his grave, and it can be traced to-day. Nellie may have been his sweetheart, may have been his wife, and in some Southern home to-day Nellie may be mourning for him."

HOW AN ERROR IN A LETTER MISLED.—Some interesting correspondence has been made public through the misuse of a letter in a name. Col. J. L. Power, of Mississippi, Secretary of State, was made to say that Gen. Lee gave the title "Stonewall" to Gen. T. J. Jackson. Eugene M. Bee, of Brookhaven, Miss., in correcting Col. Power, or rather the printer, writes: "Gen. Lee was not at Manassas or near there at the time. The Confederate lines were being broken. Gens. Bee, Bartow, and Jackson were bearing the brunt of the whole fight. Gen. Bee rode over to Gen. Jackson to find out what he was going to do, and he told Gen. Bee that he was going to hold his position. Bee's and Bartow's Brigades were wavering. Gen. Bee shouted to his brigade: 'There stands Gen. Jackson like a stone wall. Let us do the same or die.' Gen. Bartow got up on a rail fence with his brigade flag, and, waving it, told his men that if they loved him they would rally around him. The brigade came back, and did rally, but Gen. Bartow was shot to death. Barnard Bee lived through the fight, and the Federal troops were falling back and the fight about over when a stray bullet struck him over the left hip, passing through his intestines. He lived twenty-four hours after being shot."

Gen. Clement A. Evans, Atlanta: "I have a very deep interest in the VETERAN, as you know. I want it to grow as the medium through which we can make a great historical reservoir."

THE MONUMENT AT CHATHAM, VA.

Mrs. W. C. W. Merchant, Secretary, writes:

Owing to the illness of the President of the Rawley Martin Chapter, U. D. C., the unveiling of the monument was postponed from April 21 to June 8, 1899. It was a beautiful and ideal June day, and the population of Chatham, a little town of about a thousand inhabitants, was more than doubled. Very early the people began to arrive from all directions, and at ten o'clock the procession was formed by the Chief Marshal, J. Hunt Hargrave, and his assistants, Dr. Langhorne Whitehead and Messrs. Foote Wooding and Harry Coles, all attired in gray suits with broad red-and-white sashes, and on gayly decorated horses. Headed by a brass band, the procession proceeded by the residence of Miss Mattie Martin, where Maj. John W. Daniel, the orator of the day, and Dr. Rawley Martin were entertained, a carriage awaiting these gentlemen. Hon. Claude A. Swanson, Lieut. J. W. Whitehead, Col. Hairston, and Rev. Chiswell Dabney headed the procession in carriages; then came the Confederate Veterans on foot, followed by carriages in which were the young ladies who were to remove the veil from the statue; and after them sponsors for States and officers and members of the U. D. C. and the Memorial Association. Upon arrival at the platform by the courthouse, near which the monument is erected on the Public Square, prayer was offered by Rev. Chiswell Dabney, after which Dr. Martin introduced Maj. Daniel, "Virginia's silver-tongued orator," who was at his best, and delivered one of his ablest orations. At its conclusion the veil was lifted by Misses Nellie Martin, Rebecca Tredway, Parke Whitehead, and Ada Carter—all daughters of gallant Confederate soldiers.

The platform for speakers had been beautifully decorated in Confederate colors, flags, and pictures of Gens. Lee and Jackson, President Davis, and Capt. W. W. Tredway, originator of the plan for the monument, and who was captain of the Chatham Company in the Confederate army. Conspicuous among the decorations was a State flag presented by the ladies of the town to the company when it left for the war in June, 1861. Faded and torn, its gold fringe tarnished, it yet is the most precious possession of our chapter.

Adorning the platform more than all else were the bright faces and attractive dresses of the young ladies who unveiled the monument, and the sponsors, the former in spotless white and the latter in white dresses with red scarfs and white hats with red roses. All the veterans were presented with a reproduction of the Company I badge as worn at their first reunion, twenty years ago. This consisted of the red-white-and-red ribbon, embroidered with the letter "I."

After the conclusion of the exercises at the monument, which were interspersed with music by the band, the ladies served refreshments in a building near by. The tables were placed in the form of the Southern cross, while the same idea was followed in the decorations of the building. Here the sponsors were in charge, and the lunch was served elegantly by their fair hands.

The States were represented as follows: Virginia, Miss Nellie Lucke; North Carolina, Miss Nellie Carter; South Carolina, Miss Maude Carter; Georgia, Miss Lizzie Watson; Florida, Miss Belle Gilmer; Ala-

bama, Miss Nellie Dyer; Mississippi, Miss Riddle; Louisiana, Miss Alice Coleman; Texas, Miss Pansy Corbin; Arkansas, Miss Lizzie Coleman; Tennessee, Miss Nellie Jones; Kentucky, Miss Mamie White; Missouri, Miss Lucy Dabney.

Comrade George H. Moffett, Parkersburg, W. Va., sends this gratifying letter: "In sending you \$2 on subscription allow me to congratulate you upon the success you are making of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is a publication that fills a proper place in the history of the country and has found lodgment in the hearts of the veterans. I am gratified to say that our camp (Jenkins) is in a flourishing condition. Now and then a comrade drops by the wayside, and, as these are vacancies that cannot be filled, our ranks grow thinner each year. Still the survivors close up and keep step to the old music. September 30 we gathered at the city park in a jolly reunion."

Comrade J. M. Spencer, who was a private in Pickett's command, writes of an act of heroism to which he was witness: "My company was commanded by Capt. (later Col.) Randolph Harrison, who now lives on his farm in Virginia. He was very handsome as he led us down to meet the enemy at Gaines's Mill and drive them from what seemed an impregnable position. Col. Harrison was ever brave on a battlefield. Before the close of that memorable seven days' fight his leg was crushed, and the surgeons prepared for amputation. When the chloroform was brought he said 'No,' and the operation was performed without it. His men were ever enthusiastic in their admiration for him."

MONUMENT TO BOTH SIDES IN THE GREAT WAR.—Comrade W. D. Connor, Cave Springs, Ga., writes to the VETERAN under date of April 14 (the communication had been inadvertently overlooked): "Capt. George H. Blakeslee, of Lomax, Nebr., belonged to the One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Illinois, which composed a part of the First Brigade, Third Division, Twentieth Army Corps, which made the attack near Resaca when it was defended by Stevenson's Division. The main point of attack was defended by Corput's Battery, supported by Gen. John C. Brown's Brigade, which consisted of the Third, Eighteenth, and Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Regiments. Capt. Corput's Battery, having been placed about seventy-five yards in front of the infantry line, was captured by the charging columns, and it was a noted event, because it was the only loss sustained by Gen. Johnston in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. The attack was a gallant one, the brigade being under command of Gen. Benjamin Harrison, afterwards President; and the defense was no less gallant, led by Gen. J. C. Brown, afterwards Governor of Tennessee. Capt. Blakeslee proposes to erect on the site occupied by Corput's Battery (from contributions from his brigade, Corput's Battery, and Gen. Brown's Brigade) a memorial stone, one side dedicated to the Union forces, and the other to Confederates. I take this opportunity to request that the members of Brown's Brigade confer with Capt. Blakeslee, at Lomax, Nebr., on the subject. It would be a grand tribute to the American manhood and the American valor displayed by these two commands in this battle, and I sincerely hope to see this project put into execution."

George H. Blakeslee sends *data* from Lamar, Neb.:

Maj. Alexander Bear, of Norfolk, Neb., who was a Confederate surgeon in our great war, delivered the address of welcome to the Grand Army Encampment last February, which was greeted by cheers and a rising vote of thanks. He said:

"Whatever may be the difference about the war and its causes, no brave or generous person can deny that it was made up of deeds of desperate valor, great military strategy, unparalleled endurance of hardship, and patriotic heroism on either side. You, my friends, felt that republican government and liberty itself were gone if the Union of the States was dissolved. The Southern soldier believed in the sovereign rights of the States and the Union with only certain delegated powers and guaranteed rights, and defended his home and his property from invasion. The ardor with which both sides rallied around their respective flags and followed them through sacrifices, through danger and death, was equal, and proves their conscientious patriotism. Each soldier who laid down his life on either side for his country thought that he died for a holy cause. Both sides believed they were right. Self-sacrifice unto death for what a man believes is heroism, and heroism that deserves immortality—yes, more than deserves it; carries immortality in his breast. It is given us now to see that high motives were not all ranged under one banner; that that sublime devotion that leads a man to leave wife and home and mother for the hardships of battle and the crown of death was displayed on both sides. To underrate the courage, the endurance, and the heroism of the men who wore the gray is to dim the luster and tarnish the fame of the men who wore the blue. The heart of every lover of his country swells with just pride at the thought that the men of 1861-1865 of the North and of the South, who displayed such skill and such bravery in battle, such endurance and patience through years of privations and sufferings, such manhood in defeat, and such magnanimity in victory, were one people."

Capt. F. S. Harris writes of comrades as follows:

At the dedication of Chickamauga Park a squad of gentlemen were standing on the top of Snodgrass Knob, when a gentleman walked up to them and said: "I commanded the — Regiment in the Federal army, which was driven from this point by the impetuous charge of a Confederate regiment. The colonel led the charge, sword in hand, and next behind and close to him was a young boy carrying the flag. The boy planted his banner just here in the midst of our men as we broke and fled. Now I should be delighted to see that colonel."

"Shake hands with him," said an erect, military-looking man with a scholarly face. "I am Col. Abe Fulkerson, of Bristol, Va. and Tenn."

After a warm greeting the stranger said: "And who was that gallant boy ensign?"

"There he is," said Col. Fulkerson, pointing to Frank A. Moses, of Knoxville, Tenn.

Miss Duvall's "Queen of the South" was successfully rendered at Plant City, Fla., July 4, under the auspices of the Ladies' Society of the Baptist Church, and ten per cent of the net proceeds was very kindly donated to the Sam Davis Monument Fund.

THE "BONES" OF THE STAR OF THE WEST. ; ;

BY F. W. MERRIUS, PLANT CITY, FLA.

The short but deeply interesting career of the ocean steamer *Star of the West* during the early days of the Confederate war, beginning with her effort and failure to land reinforcements and supplies into Fort Sumter, on the 9th of January, 1861, and then quickly followed by other historic events, terminating with her capture by a Confederate gunboat and being towed into New Orleans as a Confederate prize—these events have been often related; but the final ending of this noted ocean steamer has a history romantic and interesting. With many the query may remain as to just where and how the *Star of the West* ended her career. To do this properly, however, a brief recital of some war reminiscences connected therewith may be found interesting to the readers of the *VETERAN*, and especially those who participated in some of the events here related.

The disastrous battle of Corinth in the fall of 1862, followed by the occupation of the Memphis and Charleston railroad from Alabama to the city of Memphis, as also the Mississippi Central as far south as the Yocona River, about thirty miles from Grenada, by the Federal armies, put things in bad shape for the Confederacy in this field. Such was the situation of affairs in November, 1862, and this movement of Gen. Grant has ever since been regarded as his first scheme to get in the rear of Vicksburg, by steadily forcing his way down the line of the Mississippi railroad. But that sensational event of history known as "Gen. Van Dorn's dash into Holly Springs," then Grant's base of supplies, guarded by a strong force, and resulting in the thorough defeat and rout of the Federal forces, and complete destruction of immense quartermaster, commissary, and ordnance stores, very effectively called a halt on that movement, and its results were marvelous. Grant's advance lines on the Yocona fell back pell-mell to Memphis, and "the order of going" has never been recorded or explained. But so ended the first movement of Gen. Grant to flank Vicksburg.

A second movement was inaugurated during the winter of 1862-63, which was to send a fleet of gunboats and transports through the Mississippi bottom by means of the Yazoo Pass into Moon Lake, thence into the head waters of the Tallahatchie River, and down that stream into the Yazoo River proper, which would carry the fleet to the rear of Vicksburg, in effect. This scheme was set on foot with strong purpose to carry it out in the early spring of 1863, while an existing overflow of the great Mississippi seemed to favor the project.

The Mississippi levee at the Yazoo Pass, a short distance below Memphis, was cut away, and quite a large fleet of gunboats and transports were passed into Moon Lake, and thence into the bayou leading into the head waters of the Tallahatchie River. Here the work of cutting away the abatis of fallen timbers began in earnest, and it progressed with a steady rapidity that not only surprised but alarmed the Confederate officials, who saw at once that the fleet would certainly reach the Yazoo River unless vigorous measures were used to prevent it.

Then it was that the work of constructing Fort Pemberton (called by some very properly "Fort Loring") was commenced, Gen. Loring being in command of

the forces watching this movement. The site for the fortifying line was most admirably chosen, it being a neck of high land scarcely a half mile wide, above overflow, lying between the two rivers, the Yazoo on one side and the Tallahatchie on the approaching side. The latter river, however, makes a detour of some fifteen miles or more, where it unites with the Yalobusha River, making the head of the Yazoo.

Now the part which the Star of the West plays in this sketch comes in, and a very important ally it proved to be in the defense of this point. The huge vessel was then lying in port at New Orleans. Later on she was moved higher up the Mississippi River, and finally up the Yazoo River.

In whose fertile brain originated the wise thought of sinking this huge ocean ship across the channel of the Tallahatchie River is not known to the writer, but it was well accomplished. The great vessel was towed up to the head of the Yazoo and then into the Tallahatchie to the site of the fort. Here it was swung squarely across the channel and sunk to the muddy bottom of that noted muddy stream, and there its wreckage, in part at least, remains to this day. (This writer is informed that the old hulk of the noted vessel is chopped all to pieces by relic hunters.)

Rifle pits extended from the fort to the bank of the river at the point where the vessel lay in silent determination to stop Grant's approaching fleet at that point, and so she did.

In the meantime work on the fort was pushed with all possible dispatch, including the mounting of two or three heavy guns, and also the famous "Lady Richardson," captured and brought off from the battlefield of Corinth by Loring's division, and a few lighter field pieces connected with the division of Gen. Loring. The heavy pieces had an open front of the Tallahatchie River for about a half mile from where the ship lay, up the river.

But these preparations were none too soon gotten into partial shape even when the curling smoke from the Yankee fleet could be seen rising high above the cypress and sweetgum timber, indicating their steady approach. A few days later the largest gunboat advanced into the open space in the river, followed by two or three others, and the battle of Fort Pemberton began in earnest, and continued for two days. An occasional shot was fired into the Star of the West, which had the effect of settling her down deeper into the mud and sand. The heavy guns in the fort did good service too, and held the enemy well at bay. The evening of the second day's battle was a hot one, and as the darkness closed the conflict the situation of affairs in the fort and on our line was not encouraging by any means. The ammunition for the heavy guns was well-nigh exhausted, while the effects of the enemy's guns had told sharply on the fort and its surroundings.

The night wore away, with a good deal of solicitude on the part of officers and men as to what the morning light would develop, when lo and behold, the gunboats had withdrawn up the river out of sight. A brighter sun never arose after a darker night's gloom than did the sun on that morning to the defenders of Fort Pemberton.

The enemy had evidently made a thorough reconnaissance of the situation of our silent ally, the Star of the West, blocking their way and preventing the fleet

from getting into the Yazoo River even should the fort be silenced.

A few days were then spent in looking for some possible way to flank the position with land forces, but these all failed, and the Yazoo Pass expedition, in a few days more, took the back track, and made its tedious return through the Pass, where it had entered some weeks before; and so ended the second expedition to get in the rear of the invulnerable Vicksburg.

Reese Bowen, of Tazewell County, Va., sprang from a race of soldiers. During the dark days of our civil war he was a boy just entering his teens. His young heart swelled with emotion when he heard of the gallantry of his brother, Maj. Tom Bowen, then a soldier under Lee. His bosom heaved with pride when he listened to the stories (old but ever interesting) of his great-grandfather, Col. Reese Bowen, who led his regiment at King's Mountain. He was no less proud of the old story that Col. Bowen, who stood six feet six inches, was once attacked by a bear. Being without gun or knife, he had but one recourse: to carry the war into Africa. He actually "hugged the bear to death."

Reese gained his mother's consent, and with her blessing became a soldier. We shall let Maj. Thomas Bowen tell the story: "Reese came to my camp one night when everything was perfectly quiet. No one could possibly have known less of war at that time than he. Early next morning, without warning, the Yankees dashed into our camp, cutting right and left. Reese had a gun, and was in the thickest of the fight. A big Yankee made a dash at him with uplifted saber. Reese squared himself, bringing his gun up, and said: 'If you hit me with that thing in your hand, I'll kill you.' Reese was like George Washington; he could not tell a lie. He still wears a deep scar on his head, but was responsible for there being one less Yankee on their muster roll."

During the great war there was a battle on a hillside overlooking the quaint and beautiful old town of Lewisburg, Va. (now W. Va.). Near this spot are interred the bones of about sixty Southern soldiers who fell in battle. The little cemetery is inclosed in primitive style, but it faces the Virginia mountains. The soldiers are buried in trenches dug in the form of a cross, making a lovely and impressive picture.

A POOR OLD SOLDIER.

H. B. Daviss, Judge of Freestone County, Fairfield, Tex., writes concerning a worthy old soldier:

There is an old Confederate veteran, emaciated, worn-out, and destitute, now being maintained at our county poor farm because he is unable to make proof of his service to the Confederacy, which would entitle him to admission into a Confederate home. I have talked with him frequently and fully, and am satisfied that he did perform the service he claims, and did it well; and I have volunteered my services in the effort to discover and establish the proofs which will guarantee the recognition to which I earnestly believe he is entitled, and secure for a worthy veteran sorely in need of the actual necessities of life a comfortable home and a competency for his few remaining days.

John Maney is an Irishman. He was a baker by

trade, and left the mother country for America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," in quest of employment and fortune. Arrived here, he went from place to place, not realizing his bright dreams. Early in 1861 he sought employment in New Orleans, and thence he went to Shreveport, La. Not finding employment at his trade, he took a job as a farm hand in the country, where he worked until August, 1861. Hearing of the war, he enlisted in the service of the South, and on the 18th of August, 1861, was sworn in as a member of Company K, "Shreveport Rebels." A few days later he was sent to New Orleans, and thence to Camp Moore for training. Here his company was merged into the Eleventh Louisiana Regiment. He participated in the battles of Belmont, Shiloh, Corinth, Chickamauga, Atlanta, and many others, and was wounded several times. After the battle of Shiloh his regiment, together with the Twelfth and Thirteenth Louisiana, was reorganized and became part of the Thirteenth Louisiana Regiment. After the battle of Chickamauga he was conveyed to the hospital at Ringgold, where he remained for several months. Regaining his health, he again joined his command, and fought in every battle in which it engaged until the fall of Atlanta, where he was captured. Thence he was conveyed to Camp Chase, and here confined until the surrender, being released in May or June, 1865. He served under the following officers: Capts. Shafer, Honeysucker, and Harper; Maj. Butler; Cols. Van Jenkins, Marks, and Gibson; Brig. Gen. Adams; and Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge. I go thus into detail that some fact here delineated may catch the eye of an old comrade who will cheerfully report it.

The Mollie E. Moore Davis Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, has begun a movement to erect a monument to the two hundred and thirty-one Confederate soldiers buried at Tyler, Tex., the home of the chapter. These ladies desire information concerning the commands camped at Tyler, and are anxious to get the names of the men who died there. Be diligent, comrades, to aid them in this way.

CONFEDERATE MILITARY HISTORY.

A singular omission occurred in the VETERAN's notice of the above elaborate work in twelve volumes, in that mention was not made of the Georgia volume. The editor of the entire work, Gen. Clement A. Evans, is from Atlanta, and Prof. Joseph T. Derry, who has prepared the military history of Georgia, is a native of that State and a graduate of Emory College. He was a member of the Oglethorpe Infantry, of the First Regiment of Georgia Volunteers; served in Virginia, Tennessee, on the Georgia coast, and in the Atlanta campaign; was captured at Kennesaw Mountain, and for a year was a prisoner of war at Camp Douglas, Chicago. He is a teacher and an earnest historical student, and was for several years Professor of Languages at the Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga. He is the author of a school history of the United States and "The Story of the Confederate States."

All the authors of the various volumes have records establishing their merit to the important work undertaken.

PICKETT AND HIS MEN.—Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett, widow of Gen. George E. Pickett, has recently published a volume inscribed to the brave men of her gallant husband in the following terms:

"To my husband, the noble leader of that band of heroes whose deeds are sparkling jewels set in the history of the great Army of Northern Virginia, I would gladly inscribe this book, to him alone, to whom my life has been dedicated, but remembering how often, in the humility of his great soul, he has said, "I did not do it—my men did it all," I feel that he would be better pleased to know that the brave men whom he led through those four long dark years have held a high place in my thought as I have written. Hence,

"To the men of Pickett's Division, who yet clasp hands with me in the friendship that was cemented in blood to grow stronger through all the passing years, and to the memory of those who have gone from our sight to be ever present in our hearts and on the most glorious page of our country's history, this volume is lovingly dedicated."

Mrs. Pickett, in her characteristic graceful style, has simply written the story of a great and a loyal love—the love of a heroic man and a sweet-natured and brilliant woman, set against a background of historic truth. As a contribution to the historical literature of the South the work possesses little of value, since the brave deeds and the daring and intrepid spirit of Gen. Pickett are a part of Confederate history, and Mrs. Pickett has gathered information from those who shared with him his victories and defeats, but the author has pictured as no other could have done the home life and the home love of one of the Confederacy's greatest leaders, and the book has all the interest of a beautiful, pathetic romance, around which glows the halo of truth.

The press has been universally complimentary of Mrs. Pickett's work, and the sale of the books will doubtless be very large. A reviewer in the *Philadelphia Times*, after quoting extensively from it, writes:

"It is such pictures as these which give character to the story Mrs. Pickett has told with so much feeling. It would not be difficult to find, perhaps, thousands of incidents like these in the records of the war whose pathos and pain was not always of the battlefield and the hospital, but which have their last appeal from the hearts of women which broke with sorrow and were refilled with uncontrollable joys. But the sorrows of the war only then began for Mrs. Pickett. It was deemed expedient for her husband to escape to Canada, and he started in disguise, with instructions for her to follow him at his summons by telegraph that he had crossed the frontier. He succeeded easily, but her own efforts to join him were marked with peculiar difficulties, which shows the harsh features of war when fighting was over. She tells her own story, not that of the war, and she pays a loving tribute to her husband's memory—one sweetened by hallowed womanliness. That she has not told more of the war events is not to her disadvantage. We know the story of the civil war and its heroes. Eyes less dispassionate than hers have placed Pickett the soldier on his high niche. To his brow this dear lady lifts a finer wreath than the laurel that rests there—the glorious tenderness in a true woman's heart."

CONFEDERATE ROLL OF HONOR.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society of Richmond, Va., seeing the need of perpetuating an enduring memorial to the *individual* soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, sent out to camps a long time ago a circular stating:

As it is impossible for any one association or society to know the names of more than a small number of the heroes who composed our army, the Confederate Memorial Literary Society has established a roll of honor—open to all who loved and followed our flag.

Those who have themselves borne the brunt of battle can best judge of the individual character of that body of men who gloriously yielded up their lives on the fields, in the hospitals, or in prison.

Any number of blanks will be sent on application. It is urged that each member of your camp fill out one of these blanks himself, and give such personal sketch as he may deem proper under the head of "further details," and it is also asked that the camp verify his membership.

It is expected that the camp will rouse its members to the duty of filling these blanks for their deceased comrades, whose reputation rests in their hands, so that from generation to generation their children may part with pride to this record of their matchless deeds. The camps are also asked to send their rosters.

The books will be kept open until the year 1900, and it is earnestly hoped that this appeal will obtain your prompt and hearty cooperation.

This roll of honor will be kept filed in the Confederate Museum, under the charge of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society.

Signed: Mrs. James N. Dunlop, Chairman Memorial Committee, 307 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

MAGNIFICENT WORK BY THE WOMEN OF MISSOURI.

Mrs. B. S. Robert, President of M. A. E. McLure Chapter, U. D. C., St. Louis, tells of the work being done by that chapter:

Will the VETERAN kindly give us space to tell of the work the Margaret A. E. McLure Chapter is doing in Missouri, that by bringing the knowledge of our undertaking to our sister chapters we may "provoke them" to like "good works?"

Some years ago the Confederate Memorial Literary Society of Richmond sent out to the various camps a circular asking for aid in securing a complete roster of the Confederate army and navy. Alas! but few have been the responses, though the blanks were offered free to the camps and also to individuals through their camps, and the society realized that their report would be very meager.

Last June the M. A. E. McLure Chapter, of St. Louis, offered their aid to do the work for Missouri. After some little time and correspondence, the offer was accepted and permission given to use their form of blanks, the Missouri Chapter furnishing same at their own expense. Mrs. Annie Washington Rapley was made chairman, and has most fully demonstrated her fitness for the work. By the middle of October ten thousand blanks, filled out, will be dispatched to the Richmond Chapter, and yet the good work is but just begun. All the U. D. C. Chapters in Missouri are cooperating, and we have had most valuable aid

from the D. O. C. Chapters in the State. We began this work with the intention of having as complete a roster as any State, and we intend to see that it is made so. We should be glad to secure names and records from all reliable sources, and do not confine our reports to Missouri soldiers only, thus placing in the roll of honor all who have served our loved cause now living in Missouri.

We trust this work will be taken up by the various State Associations of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as so, and so only, will it be accomplished. The President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy writes me: "I will take your blanks to our State Convention, and perhaps Texas may follow in your footsteps. I am so proud of the good work of your chapter." This from our President encourages us greatly.

CONFEDERATES BURIED AT ASHWOOD CHURCH.

Inscriptions on gravestones at St. John's Church, near Ashwood, Tenn., are as follows:

Private John Du Bose, wounded November 29, 1864; died in December, 1864.

Col. Robert F. Beckham, Chief of Artillery, Stephen D. Lee's Corps, born at Culpeper, Va., May 6, 1837; mortally wounded near Columbia, November 29, 1864; died December 5, 1864.

Brig. Gen. O. F. Strahl, of the Confederate army from Tennessee; born in Ohio June 3, 1831; killed at Franklin November 30, 1864.

Lieut. J. H. Marsh, of Hardeman County, Tenn., aid to Gen. Strahl; killed at Franklin November 30, 1864.

J. A. Seymore, born February 17, 1837; died November 21, 1864; Barless Company, Forrest's old regiment.

Lieut. John Harper, Company K, Thirtieth Alabama Regiment; wounded in the battle near Columbia; died at St. John's Church Hospital December, 1864.

A. J. Comer, private in Captain Higg's Scouts; born September 15, 1837; killed near Ashwood.

Col. Young, of Texas; killed at Franklin November 30, 1864.

A few of those who were buried there originally have been removed. Of the number is Gen. Granberry, whose body was sent to Texas a few years ago.

DEDICATION OF THE FRANKLIN (TENN.) CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.—On November 30, 1899, the Franklin Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will unveil a monument to Confederate soldiers on the Public Square in Franklin, Tenn. For years the good people of Franklin have been working for this monument, and success has at last crowned their efforts. A large gathering of Confederates and friends is expected on this most important occasion.

At the regular meeting, on the evening of August 4, the following officers were elected for Camp Pat Cleburne, at Waco, Tex.: Commander, Stephen Turner; Lieutenants, W. C. Dodson and Dr. J. C. J. King; Adjutant, W. T. Coleman; Quartermaster, Jone Moore; Chaplain, Frank Page; Surgeon, Dr. D. R. Wallace.



J. P. Beard, a Confederate veteran, died at his home in Tyler, Tex., at the age of sixty-nine. He was born in Bibb County, Ala., and moved to Smith County in 1855, enlisting from Tyler soon after the war came on.

J. C. Porter, of Company K, Forty-Seventh Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, died at Rutherford, Tenn., on August 11. A comrade writes: "He was a good, true soldier to the end of the war, a fine citizen, and a loyal friend."

Formal announcement has been received from the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York of the death, on July 10, of Comrade William L. Cox, formerly of the Twelfth Virginia Regiment, Infantry.

R. B. Coleman, McAlester, Ind. T., reports the death of Comrade William Owens, who was a member of Company B, Twenty-Sixth Arkansas Infantry. He died at his late home in White County, Ark.

A. S. Reaves, Secretary Barksdale Bivouac, sends notice of death of a comrade at Hartsville, Tenn.: "Our Comrade W. T. Petway, formerly of Company G, Second Tennessee Cavalry, and a highly esteemed member of Barksdale Bivouac, died on December 31, 1898. In war he was a good soldier and in peace a good citizen."

Maj. Augustus Henry Drewry died on July 6 at St. Luke's Home for the Sick, in Richmond, Va. He was born in that city on November 6, 1817, and was educated in the old Richmond Academy under Prof. Burke, and entered the mercantile business about the year 1836. In 1845 he married Miss Lavina E. Anderson, of Chesterfield County, and soon after purchased the farm including what is now known as Drewry's Bluff, where he resided until the close of the war. He was deeply interested in agricultural advancement, and was for many years President of the Virginia Agricultural Society. In 1861 Maj. Drewry, with Capt. James P. Jones, of Chesterfield, raised and equipped an artillery company, which, at his earnest request was stationed at Drewry's Bluff, Maj. Drewry foreseeing that in the event an attack was made on Richmond the bluff would be a most impregnable point. He urged upon the Confederate authorities the necessity for improving the natural conditions of the bluff and converting it into a fort. This was done, and, true to his predictions, in the spring of 1862, after the evacuation of Norfolk and the sinking of the Virginia (or Merrimac), the Federal fleet moved on Richmond, and passed all forts until Drewry's Bluff was reached. Here Maj. Drewry turned his battery upon them and forced the Northern invaders to turn back after a hard-fought battle, which badly crippled their

fleet. During this fight Maj. Drewry was conspicuous for his gallantry. Mounted on the fortifications, he commanded and encouraged his men during the entire engagement, directing the fire of his guns with such skill that success was assured. He refused to heed the earnest and repeated pleading of his men to come down from his dangerous position, and calmly allowed the shot from the enemy's batteries to fall like hail around him. This was a most decisive battle so far as the attempt to attack Richmond by way of the river was concerned. A water attack was never attempted again during the war. This being the first effective check to the Union fleet of this character, it gave great encouragement to the Confederates and established the reputation of Maj. Drewry as a man of courage, coolness, and resource. After the close of the war Maj. Drewry bought Westover, one of the most beautiful and picturesque estates on James River. After moving to Westover Maj. Drewry again devoted himself to his favorite pursuit of farming, and soon the fertile estate blossomed like a rose. Success crowned his every effort, and Westover became famed far and wide for its magnificent crops. In September, 1896, although then in his eightieth year, a compliment was paid to Maj. Drewry's energy and ability by his unanimous election as President of the Virginia Navigation Company, which position he held up to the time of his death. Maj. Drewry was a fine type of the old Virginia gentleman. He was a man of intellect and business acumen, his advice being sought by his friends upon all questions where tact and good judgment were required.

Comrade R. M. Collins died at his home in San Antonio, Tex., December 10, 1898. A committee from Sul Ross Camp published a sketch of his life, from which the following is taken: "Our brave comrade and friend was born in 1838 in Bradley County, Tenn., and while a very small boy his parents died, leaving him without means and no one liable for his care and protection. He was bound to a Mr. Lane, who brought him to Texas in 1852. Mr. Lane died in Eastern Texas, leaving him without a home or an acquaintance, in the fourteenth year of his age. At this time the county of Wise was being organized, and the boy's courageous spirit directed and assisted him through an unsettled country one hundred and fifty miles into Wise County. When he arrived there, homeless and a stranger, a good man, J. D. White, gave him a home and one year's schooling free of charge. His manly bearing, good conduct, and moral habits and qualifications attracted the only merchant in Wise County, who tendered him a position in his store. This he filled with honor until the 15th of March, 1862. At this date Comrade Collins joined Capt. G. B. Pickett's Company of Volunteers, which became a part of the Fifteenth Texas Cavalry, with Col. George H. Sweet in command. The regiment was sent on the 1st of May to Pine Bluff, Ark., when Comrade Collins was elected first lieutenant of his company. His first active engagement occurred about July 1, 1862, near Batesville, Ark., with two hundred and fifty Federal soldiers, in which the company lost several men and was defeated. About the middle of July of that year the Fifteenth Texas Cavalry was dismounted, and Comrade Collins

served until the end of the war in the infantry. January 10, 1863, he was at the battle and fall of the Arkansas Post, and did valiant fighting. He was captured, and after much exposure and suffering was sent to Camp Chase, where he was kept until exchanged and returned to Richmond on May 10, 1863. Here Comrade Collins was put into Col. R. Q. Mills's Regiment, which belonged to Pat Cleburne's Division. He was in many severe battles under J. E. Johnston and Hood. Comrade Collins was devoted to the organization of Confederate Veterans, and was among the first to join Sul Ross Camp. At the time of his death he was serving as Assistant Quartermaster General on the staff of Brig. Gen. Van Zandt, commanding the First Texas Brigade, Texas Division, U. C. V."

BLED SOE OF MISSOURI.

BY JOSEPH A. WILSON, LEXINGTON, MO.

Col. Hiram Miller Bledsoe ("Old Hi Bledsoe"), the hero and ideal of Missourians, died at his home, Pleasant Hill, Cass County, Mo., February 7, 1899, aged seventy-three years. Born in Kentucky, he came to Missouri when young and settled near Lexington, where he was early identified with political and other important events. He served in the Mexican war with Doniphan's famous cavalry, whose prodigious marches and dashing combats adorn the brightest pages of American history. In 1865, being, like most of our prosperous farmers in the river counties, a slaveholder, he was deeply interested in the struggle over the fate of Kansas. In those stirring scenes preliminary to the irrepressible conflict he took an active part, leading a company from this county to the seat of war on the plains of Kansas. In 1861, when Federal troops occupied St. Louis and Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson called for volunteers and militia to guard the State Capitol, Bledsoe, with thirteen men, took passage on a steamboat for the scene. On the boat he got three recruits, and, picking up others along the river, organized a company of mounted rifles of some sixty men at Jefferson City. They drew Mississippi rifles from the State, and some had pistols and knives. He set to work to drill and discipline his men, but they had no horses.

At this time Gov. Jackson and Gen. Sterling Price, commanding the Missouri militia, returned from St. Louis, after concluding a kind of truce with Gen. Harney, who was at the head of the Union forces. In this matter our officers overreached the Union leaders, and made terms very favorable to the secession cause. But Jefferson City was then filled with secessionists, nascent warriors ready for battle, and, hearing that the fight was off, they conceived the idea that Gen. Price had betrayed them and the cause. They swarmed about the Capitol by thousands, with cries of "Traitor!" "Sold out!" "Hang him!" etc. Gen. Price, who never seemed to have any idea of personal danger, was facing the mob almost alone, when Bledsoe, hearing the tumult, came down at double-quick, and, forming his company, held the crowd at bay while Price made them a red-hot speech. This same crowd afterwards formed a part of the army which followed "Old Pap" to victory, to defeat, and to death.

From Jefferson our "army" came to Lexington, where we found three pieces of artillery: a bronze nine-pounder captured by Missourians in Mexico, an

iron six-pounder cast in Lexington, and a brass six-pounder taken from the arsenal at Liberty, Mo. The nine-pounder, "Old Sacramento," was bored out and converted into a twelve-pound howitzer. The chase was turned off smooth, thus reducing the thickness of the metal, which gave the piece a peculiar sound when fired, and soon it became familiar to "Rebs" and "Feds" alike. The gun had been lying around in Lexington for years, used for Fourth of July salutes, etc. It is said that the Mexicans used a quantity of silver in casting it. Bledsoe was with some difficulty persuaded to take temporary charge of these guns, and thus they became one of the most famous and effective bat-



COL. H. M. BLED SOE.

teries of the war. His men were sworn in for the war; some said for life. At Day Springs, Carthage, Drywood, Oak Hill, Lexington, Sugar Creek, and Elk Horn that three-gun battery was an object of special interest to the enemy, who made many attempts to capture or silence it. Except when a supply was captured, their ammunition was mostly home-made. Cartridge bags were sewed, canisters cut and fixed, and ammunition prepared by men and officers. Whoever had the skill and could get the tools did his share. In lieu of grapeshot, canisters were filled with iron slugs, trace chains—anything a country blacksmith shop could supply. This was called "scrap shot." Some of the boys had heard of shrapnel, and thought it was all the same. Most of the shells and solid shot were spoils of battle, nearly every engagement furnishing a supply for the next. I have seen them prime with a powderhorn and fire with a heated nail rod or a live coal. And they shot to kill.

Mustered into the Confederate service at Memphis in March, 1862, Bledsoe received four new guns with caissons and equipment. He served under Beauregard at Corinth, and was mentioned in general orders for distinguished services in covering the retreat. Under Bragg it was made a six-gun battery, but again reduced to four, as were all others. At Iuka, Corinth, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Resaca, Kennesaw, Atlanta, and all through that long series of bloody engagements, night vigils, heart-breaking work in the trenches, and toilsome "marching through Georgia" Bledsoe was ever at the post of danger. Prompt, energetic, full of resource, every general under whom he served placed implicit reliance on his skill, fortitude, and judgment to execute any plan or to hold any post, if within the limits of human power. On Hood's disastrous campaign the battery suffered severely at Altona, Nashville, and Franklin, but was able to do

good service with Forrest's Cavalry in covering the retreat. To follow their career in detail would make this article too long. A history of Bledsoe's Battery would be a history of the war, at least as far as the armies of Tennessee and Mississippi are concerned, to say nothing of earlier work in Missouri and Arkansas.

Some late writers and talkers seem proud of representing Bledsoe as an ignorant rough-and-tumble fighter. He was not that. A born soldier he was, but, trained under skilled officers, he read history and studied war as a science. In theoretical instruction commissioned and noncommissioned officers of the Army of Tennessee had to be proficient. We studied the same tactics the Federals did, and I have seen Bledsoe and his lieutenants conning in their books the lessons in which daily practice on drill ground or battlefield made them all but perfect. An ignorant man could not have drilled a battery as he did nor made the men so proficient as to fire six effective shots a minute from each piece, as they did. He sometimes had a listless air in camp, and was prone to relax discipline or leave its details to subalterns, but in action he was alert and energetic always. His tall figure, rather ungainly on foot, made a splendid appearance on horseback, and in his voice of command there was no uncertain sound. Trailing along in column of pieces with the skirmish line at Elk Horn, defending his cotton-bale breastworks at Jackson, charging with the infantry, or holding a sodden mud fort at Atlanta, he was always the same—the self-confident, skillful master of his work.

His company—composed of boys from his old home, toughs from the cities, polished gentlemen, scholars, farmers, merchants, boatmen, bull whackers, from North, South, East, West—required firm, judicious management. But Bledsoe was equal to the task. He could be kind and sociable, yet maintain his authority, and all his men were attached to him. In the presence of his superior officers he was dignified and courteous, without servility. In his society you felt the presence of a gentleman—a *gentle man*.

Bledsoe was a colonel in the State guard, commanding the artillery of Price's army. He was a captain in the Confederate service. He surrendered at Hamburg, S. C., May 1, 1865. The battery then consisted of four twelve-pound Napoleon guns. After the war he served one term in the State Senate, and could have had almost any office in the gift of his people, but he loved a quiet life on his farm, where his home was the favorite rendezvous of his old soldiers and other friends; and he never turned away even the idle and shiftless, who sometimes imposed on him. He had many warm friends among the Union veterans, and often discussed old times with them. He was appointed by Gov. Stone and served as commissioner to locate the positions of the different commands at Chickamauga National Park.

The writer belonged to another battery, but sometimes had the honor of being in action at Bledsoe's side. His very presence seemed to be an incentive to good conduct under fire.

Col. George McDuffie Miller died at his home near Ninety-Six, S. C., July 12, 1899, after a long and useful life. His death caused a loss to his community, the Church, and the State. He was an officer in the

Church for forty years. On February 28, 1865, he was married to Miss Virginia Griffin, who, with eleven children, survives him. Of these Mrs. W. W. Edwards resides at Abbeville, S. C., Prof. A. G. Miller at Thomasville, Ga., Miss Mary Miller is a teacher in Laurens, S. C., and the others are at home.

Appropriate burial services were had at the grave by Camp J. Foster Marshall, U. C. V., of which he was Commandant. Rev. David J. Blackwell (Presbyterian) read the burial service, and Rev. M. M. Brabham (Methodist) led the prayer, after which Capt. W. H. Frazier, for Camp J. Foster Marshall, U. C. V., read its beautiful service, including prayer by Rev. S. O. Curtis, of the Baptist Church. Rev. W. L. Wait pronounced the benediction.

Comrade Robert R. Hemphill, Abbeville, S. C., was sergeant major of Orr's Rifles from March, 1864, until the surrender at Appomattox, and was near Col. Miller in the battles of 1864-65, when he commanded the regiment. He writes: "In camp I looked after the regimental papers for him, on the march slept under the same blanket with him, and in battle walked by his side. Our relations were so confidential that I often signed his name to papers of importance. I was one of his groomsmen at the wedding in 1865. He was the last gallant commander of the famous Orr's Rifles. He was the son of Allen Miller, born August 2, 1830. He was elected major of a militia regiment that mustered at Drake's old field, near Donalds. At another time he was judge advocate. In 1860, when it became evident that South Carolina would secede, an organization of minute men was effected for immediate defense, and Col. Miller joined the company as a private, and went with it to Charleston. The company, under command of Capt. James Perrin, a veteran of the Mexican war, reached Charleston in time to assist in the reduction of Fort Sumter. There being no longer a necessity for the presence of the minute men around Charleston, they were discharged, and all returned to their homes, except a sufficient number to make up several companies which went with Col. Maxey Gregg to Virginia. Col. Miller came home and raised a company, which was mustered in for 'three years or the war' at Sandy Springs July 21, 1861. This company was first known as the Marshall Riflemen, named in honor of J. Foster Marshall, who won laurels on the battlefields of Mexico, and when mustered in became Company G, Orr's Regiment of Rifles, the first body of troops enlisted in Carolina 'for the war.' Hon. James L. Orr was elected colonel, D. A. Ledbetter lieutenant colonel, and J. W. Livingston, major. The company of Capt. George McDuffie Miller was designated as Company G, and he was seventh in rank in the line of captains. The company made a glorious record, and the fact that a man was a member of Company G is until this day a passport to the confidence and esteem of all survivors. These brave men were conspicuous at Mechanicsville, and they opened the great battle at Gaines's Mill, carrying into action five hundred and thirty-seven men. At the beginning of the Chancellorsville campaign Capt. Miller had risen to the rank of major, and was soon promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy. The command colonel was disabled, so Lieut. Col. Miller had command of the regiment until the close of the war. He led the regiment

in the battle of the Wilderness, and on the second day won imperishable honors. After the splendid conduct on this day Gen. Lee sent a staff officer to compliment Col. Miller and salute the colors of Orr's Rifles. Gen. Kershaw, who was going into the battle, was so thrilled with the warlike bearing of Col. Miller and his men that he also sent his compliments, and his staff officer took off his hat and bowed low over his horse's neck to their colors. Gen. Longstreet followed suit, and all were proud of Col. Miller and he was proud of his men. At Spottsylvania he led the regiment into the 'bloody angle' of the Horseshoe Bend, and was in the hottest of the battle until wounded. He returned to duty as full colonel, for Col. Harrison had resigned because of permanent disability. In the operations around Petersburg and on the north side of James River Col. Miller did noble and constant service, for his men had unbounded confidence in him. In the winter of 1864 the Bellefield expedition was the severest service required of the regiment. As sergeant major I was always around regimental headquarters during the winter of 1864-65. But few of the gallant men who then sat around the camp fire with Col. Miller are now living. On March 31, 1865, Col. Miller commanded the regiment at the battle of Gravelly Run, below Petersburg, and handled it with skill as it advanced with him in one of the most gallant charges made during the war. As the regiment went forward at double-quick Col. Walter H. Taylor, of Gen. Lee's staff, rode out in front of the line, waved his hat, and cried: 'Come ahead, men! God bless you! I love every one of you!' Gen. Lee sat on his gray horse in the rear and to the left, and watched the gallant regiment as it disappeared in the smoke of battle in its onward march. Col. Miller was captured April 3, 1865, near Sutherland's Station, was sent to Johnston's Island, and did not reach home until August. At the burial but five survivors of Orr's Rifles were present: T. F. Riley, G. W. Speer, and Joel W. Lites, of Company B, and Charles A. Botts and Robert R. Hemphill, of Company G. He was an upright man, a patriotic citizen, gallant soldier."

Miss Mary L. Hemphill, editor of the *Abbeville* (S. C.) *Medium*, sent a beautiful floral tribute.

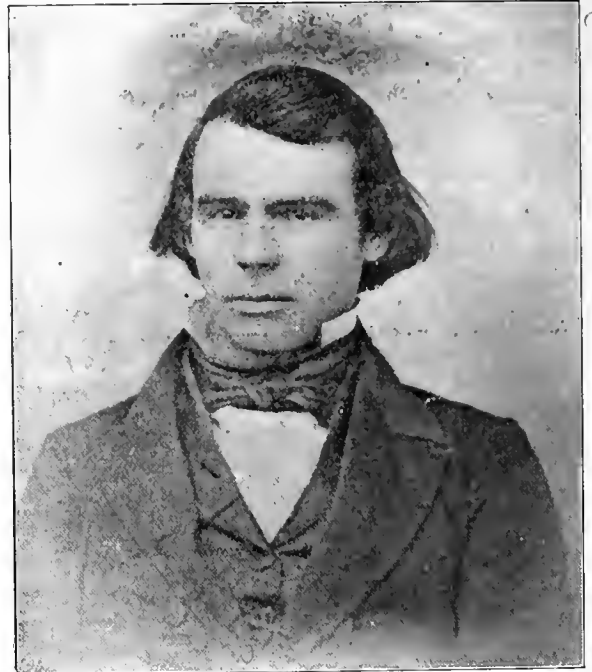
CAPT. JOHN Q. MARR, KILLED JUNE 1, 1861.

Mr. William A. Marr, of Chicago, writes:

Capt. John Quincy Marr, the first soldier killed in the civil war, born in Warrenton, Va., May 27, 1825, was the second son of John and Catherine Inman (Horner) Marr. His elder brother, Robert Athelston, U. S. N., lost his life in the Caribbean Sea, with the entire crew of the U. S. sloop of war Albany, October, 1854. A younger brother was Thomas Scott Marr, a well-known and highly esteemed citizen of Nashville, Tenn. His ancestors were among the pioneer settlers of America, his great-grandfather Marr having served under Washington, and, with a few others, survived Braddock's defeat. His grandfather was in the Revolution and his father in the war of 1812. His maternal grandfather, Capt. James Scott, during the Revolution, raised and equipped a company at his own expense, and died early from exposure in the field. His grandfather, Dr. Gustavus Brown Horner, when quite a youth enlisted in the Continental army, but was afterwards commissioned surgeon's mate, in which ca-

capacity he served until the war closed. At the battle of Brandywine he assisted in dressing the wound of Gen. Lafayette, and sat up with him during the night. The incident was recalled by Lafayette himself when on a visit to Fauquier C. H., in 1825.

Capt. Marr had fine educational advantages, and held different positions of public trust in Virginia for a number of years. In the spring of 1861 he was elected, by the largest vote ever polled in the county, a member of the Virginia State Convention which met in Richmond and passed the ordinance of secession. He left the convention for the field. "Warrenton Riflemen" was at first a volunteer company, of which



CAPT. JOHN Q. MARR.

Marr was unanimously chosen captain; it afterwards became Company K, Seventeenth Regiment of Virginia Infantry.

In person Capt. Marr was strong and tall, with black hair, dark eyes, and perfectly smooth face. He was good-natured and witty, a popular speaker, a pleasant companion, and a ready helper to those in distress. The ladies of Warrenton made and presented a beautiful flag, which he accepted in graceful terms, and his company left Warrenton April 16, 1861. They were sent in turn to Dumfries, Fauquier Springs, Bristol Station, Centerville, and Fairfax C. H. Gen. Gregg was stationed at Centerville, and the Warrenton Riflemen, being in the very front of the infantry, were pushed forward to the courthouse—the post of honor and the post of danger. May 31 the troops were reviewed by Gen. Bonham, of South Carolina, and the Riflemen pronounced the best drilled company on the field. About 3 o'clock on the morning of June 1, 1861, the Riflemen were aroused by one of the guards stationed on the Alexandria turnpike rushing in saying: "The enemy's cavalry are approaching!" The company formed very quickly, and Capt. Marr at once marched them into a clover field to make a stand against the enemy. At the moment Capt. Marr said,

"Halt," a body of cavalry rushed through the lot, and amid the intense darkness shots were fired by both parties. Capt. Marr was killed immediately, and the company scattered without a leader. Lieut. Withers, assisted by ex-Gov. William Smith, who happened to be in town that night, was bringing the men into position when Col. Ewell, who had arrived the night before, as commandant of the post, took command, and the men repulsed the Federals three times, fighting like veterans, and finally drove them off. Of the Confederates Capt. Marr was the only man killed. After the repulse of the enemy the question, "Where is Capt. Marr?" came from many a quivering lip; but no answer came. The company being divided by the passage of the Federal cavalry, each part thought he was with the other. About 9 o'clock Saturday morning, after a long, diligent, and anxious search, his body was found by his faithful colored body servant.

Capt. Marr had been commissioned lieutenant colonel by Gov. Letcher in May, but the commission never reached him. An immense concourse of people attended the funeral services on Sunday afternoon at Warrenton. The spot where he fell at Fairfax C. H. is marked by a stone, and his friends and comrades reared a marble shaft above his remains. Every spring his grave is bright with flowers placed there by loving hands. His life as a soldier was very brief, but it culminated in a blaze of glory.

Hon. Frederick William Mackey Holliday, ex-Governor of Virginia and member of the Turner Ashby Camp Confederate Veterans, died at his home in Winchester, Va., May 29, 1899. Gov. Holliday was the son of Dr. Richard J. McKim and Mary C. (Taylor) Holliday, and was born in Winchester February 22, 1828. He was graduated with distinguished honors from Yale University in 1847, graduating later from the University of Virginia in law, political economy, and moral and mental philosophy. He was selected as "final orator" of the Jefferson Davis Society of that institution. He entered upon the practice of law in his native town, and when quite young played an important part in politics. Within a year after coming to the bar he was elected commonwealth's attorney for all the courts of Winchester and County of Frederick, and continued to hold this position, by successive reelection, until the breaking out of the civil war, when at the earliest sound of conflict he abandoned all else and went with the first troops to Harper's Ferry, where he was appointed aid to Gen. Carson, then in command there. Returning to



GOV. F. W. M. HOLLIDAY.

Winchester to arrange for a prolonged absence, he was tendered the command of a choice company of infantry, of which organization or its desire he had no knowledge until they marched in a body to his door. He accepted command of this company and devoted himself to its discipline and drill. Early in the war the company was employed in detached service, and during this time Capt. Holliday was offered a position on the staff of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. He declined, however, to surrender his company, which was soon assigned to the Thirty-Third Virginia Infantry, Col. A. C. Cummings's "Stonewall Brigade," and by successive promotions Capt. Holliday attained command of the regiment.

"As a field officer," states the *Richmond Times*, "Col. Holliday exhibited fine military perception and judgment, and was conspicuous for his gallantry, participating in all the encounters in which his command was engaged, including the sanguinary battles of Kernstown, McDowell, Winchester, Port Republic, and those around Richmond, without being absent from duty a single day until August 9, 1862, when at the battle of Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain, he lost his right arm. This injury entailed long suffering and unfitted him for service in the field. He was then elected to the Confederate Congress, of which body he continued a member until the close of the war."

After the war Col. Holliday took first rank as a lawyer and as a man of learning and ability. Many of his published speeches and addresses excited the admiration of eminent scholars.

Col. Holliday was Commissioner for Virginia at the United States Centennial Exposition held at Philadelphia, and was Democratic Elector at Large for the State in the presidential canvass of 1876. Subsequently he was elected Governor of Virginia, and entered upon his duties as such January 1, 1878. He served with eminent fidelity.

Gov. Holliday traveled extensively in his own and foreign lands. Once he visited Nashville, and *en route* Right Rev. C. T. Quintard became a fellow-passenger and seat mate. They chatted about the University of the South at Sewanee and of education generally, when the Virginian became so interested that he interrupted the other, saying, "May I have the honor of knowing whom I address?" "I am the Bishop of Tennessee," was the reply; and in turn he said, "May I have the honor of knowing whom I address?" when the answer was, "I am Governor of Virginia."

This story was told the writer by the Bishop and repeated by him to the Governor months afterwards, while on a visit to Richmond, when he cordially invited the Tennessean to be his guest in the mansion.

J. S. Kelly, Duck River, Tenn., reports the death of John Jewell, of Company C, Ninth Battalion Tennessee Cavalry, Ashby's Brigade, on the 1st of January, 1860. Comrade Jewell was one of the six men who fought sixteen Federals at Jackson, La., in 1863. He was ready to do his part at all times. His death occurred suddenly on his farm, near Duck River.

The necessity for holding several tributes to fallen comrades for next month is regretted.

CURRENT SENTIMENT CONCERNING SUIT FOR SLANDER.

The Federal Court convened at Nashville October 16. The criminal docket cases are being tried as this VETERAN goes to press, so the result of the Underwood libel suit cannot be known in time for this issue. The consistency remains that he does not withdraw the suit as against the Methodist Publishing House, which concern is as innocent as any printers in the land, and he knows that the grounds upon which he brought suit against me are erroneous. Friends of the writer and of the VETERAN are reassured that the publication was, and is, eminently proper, and that, being so, no concession is considered.

Extraordinary statements are being published by Underwood concerning recent "successes" in raising Confederate Memorial Institute funds. The *Dallas* (Tex.) *News* publishes a telegram from him dated at New York, October 4, as follows: "Assets in dollars: Rouss subscription, \$100,000; other subscriptions, \$65,000, of which \$54,000 collected and in bank; Museum property in Richmond, Va., \$60,000. I will certainly raise all money. Of my proposed outside donation of twenty magnificent portraits there are finished those of Gens. Lee, Johnston, Jackson, Forrester, Hampton, Gordon, and Breckinridge." Then, again, there is furnished a Nashville paper the statement, under date of October 17, that he has cash subscriptions (certain), \$92,965.86; promised contributions, \$21,000; cash contributions on deposit, \$17,687.35; relics, \$4,000. He includes Mr. Rouss's \$100,000, as usual, and real estate in Richmond, \$60,000.

In August he reported "deposited" with various banks and strong financial concerns \$35,825, and cash in Fourth National Bank at Nashville \$7,294.34; amount reported deposited by Tennessee Centennial Exposition and reported deposits locally throughout the South, \$17,681.60. So that he seems to have collected in cash since August \$5.70. See the figures.

His reported collections in the nature of "deposits" from those who subscribed the \$42,420.25 conditional to the whole amount being secured would suggest the impropriety of an appeal having been made to create prejudice against me. Anyhow, it is remarkable that those conditional sums have been paid. However much he may accomplish subsequently, the fact remains that the comment was upon the report at Charleston. It is impossible to tell satisfactorily from all of his reports the status of the fund. In this connection the VETERAN reiterates its loyalty to the sentiment of just such a Memorial Institute as Comrade Rouss would have erected, but it is unqualifiedly opposed to any questionable methods in securing the funds.

An illustration of Underwood's methods is given in his sending to Mr. Rouss a letter from an official of the Confederate Memorial Association to him. It was evidently intended as private, and is in bad taste. The letter is dated 1895.

My typewriter will assist you in finding among my papers a letter from Mr. Rouss (marked private, I think), in which Mr. Rouss takes the ground that if you should collect funds in the North to cover his (Rouss's) subscription of \$100,000, that it would not be complying with the terms of his subscription, which meant that the funds were to be collected in the South—being satisfied on receipt of this letter from Mr. Rouss that he (Rouss) was hunting a hole to escape his subscription of aid and assistance to the Confederate Memorial Association, I made up my mind not to be worrying myself about this work if Mr. Rouss was going to back out of his subscription, so I resigned and went to — for a much-needed rest.

Mr. Rouss has evidently shared more abuse than any other benefactor in the history of those who do great deeds for their fellow-men. This expressed lack of confidence was manifestly confidential, and it was very wicked of Underwood to so insult and annoy the Confederates' greatest benefactor—by deeds already performed.

The following extracts are from voluntary letters. The omissions are mainly criticisms of Underwood not consistent with the usual tone of the VETERAN:

The Abner Perrin Camp, Edgfield C. H., S. C., enacted the following, according to published report:

The controversy between S. A. Cunningham, editor of the VETERAN, and J. C. Underwood was taken up and discussed, and the following preamble and resolutions offered by Adjt. W. D. Ramey were adopted:

Whereas this camp has heard with unfeigned displeasure of an action of libel being brought in the Federal Court at Nashville, Tenn., by John C. Underwood, Secretary and Superintendent of the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association, against S. A. Cunningham, editor and publisher of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a monthly magazine published at Nashville, Tenn., in the interest of the Confederate soldier, and which periodical has been made the official organ of the United Confederate Veteran Association, laying his damages at \$50,000, claiming that by reason of an editorial in the June number of the VETERAN, in which Mr. Cunningham saw fit to criticize the report made by the Confederate Memorial Association through J. C. Underwood, its Secretary and Superintendent, and to expose some of the inaccuracies and inconsistent statements therein contained, he, the said John Underwood, claimed that said editorial seriously reflected upon his character as Secretary and Superintendent of said Association; and whereas the honor and good name of every true Confederate who wore the gray, whether dead or living, is concerned in the work of this committee, which is intrusted with the raising of funds for the erection of a suitable memorial building, to be the Battle Abbey of the Confederacy, in which the archives and records of Southern valor for four long years of suffering and endurance, both at home and on the tented field, may be preserved; and he has the right to be made acquainted with the actions and doings of said committee. And if Mr. Cunningham has made any unfair or unjust statements or any derogatory insinuations in his article above mentioned concerning report of said Secretary and Superintendent, the proper channel through which such differences should be fought and settled is in the columns of the official organ of the Confederate Veterans' Association, where Mr. Underwood could refute any slanderous insinuations or misstatements derogatory to his actions as such Secretary and Superintendent, where he could have the opportunity to vindicate his injured character or sustain his reputation for integrity and fair dealing, and not resort to the Federal courts for a redress of his imaginary wrongs; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Abner Perrin Camp, U. C. V., at Edgfield, S. C., assembled, do hereby sympathize with Mr. Cunningham, and pledge him our hearty and moral support, and sustain and indorse him in his contest with J. C. Underwood in exposing the actions of the Executive Committee and the Secretary and Superintendent of the Memorial Association, and beg him not to stop in his good work, but to keep the light turned on until a full, fair, and intelligent showing of all the doings of said Secretary and Superintendent are shown up and made public. And this camp scorns with contempt, and considers it as an insult to every true Confederate soldier, the shameless and insolent effrontery of J. C. Underwood in proposing to give whatever damages he might recover in his suit against S. A. Cunningham to the Battle Abbey Fund, after deducting his attorneys' fees and expenses, and had rather let the memory of their gallant deeds of heroism and sufferings be perpetuated and enshrined solely in the hearts of the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy and their children for generations yet unborn than in a building erected in part from such funds.

Comrade J. A. W., Summer's Mills, Tex.: "I am deeply moved at the course things have taken in reference to the Memorial Institute. I have read your article carefully; and, regretting as I do, I know of no other course you could have adopted. If the public press, and especially the official organ of any association or party, is not allowed to criticize its officers and show them up in their true colors, then I think we had better never again claim the liberty of a free press. You are the ex-Confederates' sentinel; and if you don't sound the signal of danger, you will betray the confidence reposed in you by our dear old comrades who are fast passing over the river and answering the last roll call. We have ever found you true and faithful to principle, and so long as you continue to advocate

our cause and defend our rights and sound the signal of danger we shall rally to your support. I think that ninety-nine per cent of the comrades in Texas fall into line and say with one voice: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

J. M. W., Quenemo, Kans.: "I have read your statement of the controversy between you and Mr. Underwood very carefully and without any prejudice, and I am heart and soul with you. The only real representative publication the South has ever had since the war (excepting *The Land We Love*, published by Gen. D. H. Hill for a short time) is the VETERAN. I can readily see how you have held off from making these matters public till there seemed to be no other remedy. It is very mortifying to me to see any one claiming to be a Confederate soldier do a dishonorable act; and I feel that a man is certainly destitute of pride and Southern manhood to make an appeal direct to those who have little if any sympathy for our undertaking, and to see him take unto himself all the well-earned labor of a number of others. I have seen for some time that there was something wrong, in the way the work dragged and the turning over to the Richmond Historical Society so many things that I thought the Battle Abbey was the more appropriate place for. I do hope it will not embarrass you financially, but I say fight him to the bitter end. The impudence and gall of the fellow are only equaled by a fraud and hypocrite who has sought to rival the VETERAN, using the same old Frank Leslie and Harper plates that we often captured during the war. You will certainly have the moral support of every old Confederate whose blood surged through his veins from 1861 to 1865 and who knows the truth."

At a regular meeting of William C. Hancock Camp No. 944, Tennessee Division, U. C. V., at Auburn, Cannon County, Tenn., September 9, 1899, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed:

Whereas our comrade S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which is published by the Methodist Publishing House of Nashville, Tenn., thinking that the report of the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association as read by its Superintendent and Secretary, John C. Underwood, at the reunion at Charleston, S. C., was not what it should have been, criticised said report in the June VETERAN; and whereas the said Underwood, becoming offended by this editorial, has brought suit for \$50,000 damage against our comrade, S. A. Cunningham, and the Methodist Publishing House; and whereas, according to the best light before us, we believe that Cunningham was right in making said criticism; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That we, the above-named camp, do hereby pledge our sympathy and moral support to our comrade, S. A. Cunningham, and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in his contest with said J. C. Underwood, and beg of him to continue his fight until said Secretary makes a satisfactory report.

2. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minute book and a copy sent to the Frank Cheatham Camp No. 35, J. R. DOUGHERTY, *Commander*; R. R. HANCOCK, *Adjutant*.

An able lawyer in Louisville, Ky.: "I read carefully and with attention your article in reply to Underwood's grievance. I have known him for a long time, and I am not much surprised at the facts stated by you in your article."

R. I. B., Grassdale, Ga.: "I most heartily indorse your editorial of some months ago in reference to Underwood. He certainly merits every stroke that you gave him. Let the VETERAN continue on the same line it has heretofore pursued, and we shall have each month from its pages the most concise history of the war that could possibly be collected."

R. D. F., Maurerton, Va.: "I love the VETERAN, and read every line in it, and consider it faithful and clear in every particular. . . . I think it deserves the earnest and loyal support of all true Southern people."

W. H. C., Lonoke, Ark.: "I have been a reader of the VETERAN for some years, and consider it a mouthpiece of the South and of the old Confederate soldiers. I believe the criticisms of Gen. Underwood are just and right, and we of the South should stand by it and hold it up in the cause of right. I am for the VETERAN as long as it pursues its present course."

A prominent lawyer of Memphis: "I have read the articles regarding your controversy with Gen. (?) Underwood, from which I am satisfied that you are in the right. Without regard to the exposure of him in said articles, from your well-known

character I should have been convinced that you were right when you took such a position in such a controversy. I hope and believe that the result of the suit will sustain you."

E. G. S., Wynn, Tenn.: "The AUGUST VETERAN gives a flood of light on the delayed Confederate Memorial Institute. I have wondered what had become of that important enterprise. Old Confederates in this section are with you to the end."

Comrade A. B. H., Memphis, Tenn.: "Stand by your colors as you have always done, and expose every fraud and act of dishonesty coming to your knowledge, no matter on whom the charge may fall, and every honest, intelligent Confederate throughout our Southland will stand by you. You have done more, in my opinion, to perpetuate the noble deeds, great trials, sufferings, and heroism of the soldiers of the Confederate cause than any other man living. I believe so strongly in justice prevailing that I am confident of your success."

E. E. S., Woodstock, Va.: "I read with profound interest your editorial critique on Underwood in the August VETERAN. It is but to speak it mildly when I say I most heartily approve your timely exhortation of his doubtful course and conduct and unhesitatingly indorse your exposition as given. It is dignified but incisive, well written and strongly put, and you have not hit him a lick amiss. I believe you are right, and ought to be and will be sustained by the Veterans throughout the South. Underwood will pale away into utter insignificance under the scathing rebuke administered by the caustic letter of our good and noble comrade, Charles B. Rouss, the philanthropist."

F. A. D., Delmar, Miss.: "You will come out all right, for you have right and justice on your side. It was your duty to publish and expose anything that might be detrimental or injurious to the cause. I have known for some time that Underwood was not sincere and honest in his works and dealings in the Battle Abbey movement. He is all for show and notoriety, and nothing else. I have talked to several veterans of my county, and all express indignation and regret at the way in which you have been treated. All the soldiers here are with you. It is strange that all the camps do not unite and depose him and put an honorable and upright man in his place."

The Shelbyville (Tenn.) Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy indorse the June number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and extend best wishes to Mr. Cunningham.

Mrs. M. L.: "Your work in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the best since John Bunyan wrote 'Pilgrim's Progress.' You are right in all you have done, and the whole South should stand by you now and always like a stone wall."

W. T. B., Congo, Ala.: "I indorse your action in the matter. Rouss's letter is enough to down him all along the line. We can't afford to give up the VETERAN for the Abbey, and a man who will use and abuse such an institution for his own good is not worthy the honor of the position. The trustees should appoint a committee and order an investigation of his actions; and if they won't bear the light, he ought to be ousted at once."

Mrs. S. J. R., Siloam, Ga.: "I have been a constant reader of your prized magazine for over five years, and if ever an editor gave satisfaction that of the VETERAN does. All that could have been done under the trying ordeals through which he has passed to give truth, justice, and honor to whom it is due has certainly been done."

Dr. J., Cottonwood Point, Mo.: "I regret exceedingly that you had sufficient cause to show up Underwood as you have, yet I approve of your course in so doing. You should and will be sustained by all true Confederate soldiers."

A Maryland comrade writes from Baltimore: "I do not think that you have anything to fear from the 'General's' bluff. The Veterans, I am sure, will stand by you. In exposing fraud you are simply doing your duty."

J. M. J., Marlin, Tex.: "I very much regret your unfortunate difference, but, since it has arisen, I feel that it is a duty you owe the Veterans to sift the matter to the bottom and let the world know the truth of it. As for myself, I feel assured that you never would have said what you did without ample justification, and I hope that the usefulness of the VETERAN will in no way be impaired."

C. I. C., Jones Valley, Tenn.: "As for the Underwood case, I know you are right."

Comrade R. H. McF., Pine Bluff, Ark.: "At a meeting of our camp a resolution was unanimously passed condemning the course of your prosecutor. We all indorse your noble stand, and hope you will win."

Mrs. S. P. D., Sulphur Springs, Tex.: "I wish to assure you that the sympathy of the Joseph Wheeler Chapter, U. D. C., is yours, and they trust the VETERAN and its noble proprietor may triumph over all difficulties."

J. P. G., Sherman, Tex.: "I am very sorry indeed that your VETERAN and your unselfish devotion to the cause of all ex-Confederates has involved you in litigation, and sincerely hope you will come out of it unscathed."

B. H. B., of North Carolina: "The VETERAN for many years has most nobly and devotedly upheld Southern sentiment. It has all along been engaged in a great and glorious cause dear to every true Southern citizen. In the recent controversy it has my sympathy and support."

Dr. M. S. B., Winchester, Ky.: "Let me assure you of my readiness to help sustain you in this controversy in every way practicable, for I am sure you are right."

W. S. A., Lockhart, Tex.: "I am deeply interested in your VETERAN, and hope that those who are trying to injure you and your work will utterly fail. I have been a subscriber since 1896, and am always glad when the VETERAN comes, and should be very sorry indeed if its work should be crippled in the least by any cause, more especially by one whom I think so unworthy of the position which he has occupied."

Dr. W. A. Smith, Adjutant, reports the following:

At the regular monthly meeting of Leonidas Polk Bivouac No. 3 and William Henry Trousdale Camp No. 495, U. C. V., held in Columbia, Tenn., October 2, 1899, after a lengthy debate the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this bivouac and camp most heartily indorse all legitimate and proper efforts upon the part of Comrade Cunningham through the VETERAN in exposing wrongdoing upon the part of any and all persons handling funds of the Confederate Memorial Association, and that our confidence and appreciation of Comrade Cunningham and the VETERAN are as strong and unshaken as before suit was brought against him.

The following resolution was offered at the regular meeting of Lafayette McLaws Camp No. 596, U. C. V., of Savannah, Ga., on the evening of September 19, 1899:

Resolved, That we hereby, as a Confederate camp of the State of Georgia, and known as Lafayette McLaws Camp No. 596, U. C. V., pledge our sympathy and moral support to our comrade S. A. Cunningham and to his paper in his contest with J. C. Underwood, and ask him to continue his work until a full and intelligent showing of all the acts of said Executive Committee and the Secretary of the Memorial Association have been made.

C. H. CHESNUTT, *Commander*; A. K. WILSON, *Adjutant*.

Fulton-Zollicofer Chapter, U. D. C., at Fayetteville, Tenn., sends the following by its Corresponding Secretary:

Whereas suit has been brought in the Federal Court at Nashville by J. C. Underwood, Superintendent, etc., against the worthy and much-beloved editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, S. A. Cunningham, for alleged injuries and misrepresentation in criticising the report of the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association in an editorial which appeared in the VETERAN for June, 1899; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. By the Fulton-Zollicofer Chapter, U. D. C., of Fayetteville, Tenn., that we deeply deplore the action of the said J. C. Underwood as an act unbecoming an ex-Confederate soldier, and that we do most heartily indorse the course of Editor Cunningham, which has been in the interest of the truth and the enduring fame of the Confederate soldier in presenting to the world and the rising generation his heroic fortitude and unexampled bravery in the war between the States.

2. That we indorse the VETERAN, and commend its editor to all good people desiring to know the truth, which is so dear to the hearts of true Veterans and sacred to all the Daughters of the Confederacy.

A. M. B., Plant City, Fla.: "Your motive for criticising, and right to do so, no true Confederate can for a moment doubt. All true lovers of a good cause will support you in every way they can."

J. J. H., Meridian, Miss.: "I have every confidence in any statement you would make either with tongue or pen. I believe you are sincere and honest in the noble work in which you are engaged, and I cannot but believe that the old Veterans will sustain you in your present controversy and suit. The success of the VETERAN is of greatest importance to all Veterans."

B. B. H., Friendship, Tenn.: "You wish expressions in regard to the Underwood matter. We are for you, and I think that Joe E. Johnston Bivouac, of eighty members without a dissenting voice, if the roll was called, would speak in your justification as editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

J. C. M., Cole's Creek, Miss.: "I indorse the VETERAN to the fullest extent, and hope you will have the greatest success."

H. A. L., Pittsboro, N. C.: "I commend your course in the Underwood matter, and hope you will come out all right."

J. H. W. and R. C., Prairie Dell, Tex.: "Rest assured that you have the sympathy and moral support of all right-thinking and worthy Confederate Veterans and their friends in the suit against you by the vainglorious 'Gen.' Underwood. We are sure there would not be a dissenting voice if our camp were to come together and express their sentiments."

R. A. D., East Prairie, Mo.: "Hurrah for you! I am glad that you fought for the South in 1861-65 and are yet alive to continue the fight. Any one can see that Underwood's object is to estrange and create discord in the corps of the Veterans."

A comrade writes as a "copyrighted joke" that John C. U— was omitted from the list of Confederate generals, and adds: "If his attention is called to this, he will increase the amount of his suit to \$75,000."

S. L. R., Coakley, Va.: "I assure you that you have the deepest sympathy of an old Veteran."

J. C. S. T., Mt. Nebo, Ark.: "In your controversy with Underwood you certainly have the sympathy of all Confederate Veterans, and, I may add, of all fair-minded people. 'A Brief but Parallel Story' is good."

Dr. J. H. J., Plum Branch, S. C.: "You have done nothing more than your duty, and I pray that the courts, as well as the Confederate Veterans, will ably sustain and support you."

A venerable Tennessean of eighty-four years writes that he has been a regular subscriber to the VETERAN from its beginning, and values it far above any other periodical he reads. Concerning the libel suit, he states: "His impudence is simply stupendous."

T. N. T., Savannah, Ga.: "I agree with you in your criticism of the work of Gen. Underwood. . . . When I heard him at Charleston speaking and showing the portraits he proposed to furnish the Abbey I thought he was a most liberal and wonderful man, as I understood he would pay for them; I did not think he was soliciting contributions to pay for them, when he should have been attending to the collections for the Abbey, which he was paid to do. I do not see where he has any case against you."

Comrade K., Jackson, Tenn.: "I fully and heartily indorse all of your articles in regard to the funds that shall purchase the Battle Abbey, and also the manner in which they are to be raised. I believe now, as I have from the first issue of the VETERAN, that you have been extremely conservative in your views on all subjects concerning the welfare of those matters which lie closest to the hearts of all Confederate Veterans. If the Battle Abbey is to be erected to perpetuate the memory of our fallen heroes and the patriotism of our Southland, then let it be a freewill offering from loving hands and sympathizing hearts."

Comrade J. J. C., Tyler, Tex.: "I have been a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN from Volume I. to the present time. I have been a close observer of everything that has ever appeared in it, and I thank and commend you from my heart for all you have said and done in the Underwood controversy."

Mrs. G., Fayetteville, Ark.: "I do hope you will not suffer from the libel suit, but will continue the publication of the VETERAN, which all true Southerners do enjoy."

Comrade T. S. H., Louisville, Ky.: "I think you only did your duty in regard to the Underwood matter, and should be backed by us all."

A comrade who was a prominent official in the Chicago camp writes: "But for such men as 'Gen.' Underwood the ex-Confederate Association of this city would be alive and doing good to-day. How much he may have made out of the monument here no one knows, and I doubt if he himself could tell."

J. R. S., Jasper, Tenn.: "Relative to 'Gen.' Underwood and committee, I believe their actions, Underwood's especially, merited more harsh handling than the grievances complained of. I have ever doubted his sincerity and devotion to our cause."

A comrade from Entah, Ala.: "I have read the VETERAN for several years, and regard it as being edited in a spirit worthy of the cause and purpose for which it was instituted. I believe your object is to treat all parties on both sides with justice and fairness."

F. S. L., Tyler, Tex.: "Believing you to be right in the exposition of the Underwood matter, I most heartily indorse your action concerning same, and hope you will have the entire moral support of all Confederate organizations."

W. S. R., De Queen, Ark.: "I think you have done nothing but your duty in your expose of the 'General.' You have the support of our camp, and will receive report of its action."

G. S. G., Detroit, Mich.: "I most heartily indorse its [the VETERAN's] principles, and I shall always take pleasure in upholding its publisher and his interests."

M. W. H., Dublin, Miss.: "I and the Veterans of my acquaintance indorse your course in your efforts to give the facts concerning the Underwood agency. I consider it your duty to call the attention of the Veterans to any wrongdoing on the part of officers or trustees."

Comrade M. W. B., Rosedale, Ala.: "I approve of your course in the Underwood affair, and don't see how you could have acted otherwise and have been true to our noble cause."

A noble Confederate Daughter and author writes from Alabama: "It seems to me that a full statement from Mr. U— and the committee would have settled everything. The contributors to the fund and our generous donator, Mr. Rouss, have a right to demand such a statement. Truth never fears the light."

N. L. N., Austin, Tex.: "If the facts justify the resolutions being published by several of the U. C. V. camps, it seems hardly possible for any irregularities to escape censure. I have full confidence in your sincerity of purpose, and believe the course of the VETERAN in this unfortunate affair was shaped solely by its sense of duty as an official organ."

G. W. R. B., Gaylesville, Ala.: "I would not exchange my file of VETERANS for any history of the great war that I have seen. . . . I expect to bequeath them to my sons. The VETERAN stands for the rank and file, or the men who made the history of which we are all proud. I fully indorse your action."

W. P. H., Mt. Juliet, Tenn.: "I indorse everything you have done, and think every man who wears the gray will do the same."

R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., at —, fully indorses Mr. Cunningham's action in the matter.

A comrade from Bellefontaine, Ohio: "I have not the least doubt that your version of the matter is entirely correct. I can't see but that in the end you will prove to the entire satisfaction of the courts and our old comrades that you were right in your exposé and that you will be doubly honored for your stand in the matter. You have my heartfelt sympathy."

The Winthrop College Chapter, U. D. C., Rock Hill, S. C., desires to extend its sympathy to Mr. Cunningham, and it also indorses the action taken by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in its contest with John C. Underwood.

The Walker-Gaston Camp, 821, U. C. V., Chester, S. C. Resolved, That the Walker-Gaston Camp indorses the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Comrade S. A. Cunningham in his criticism of the report of the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association and the action of its Superintendent and Secretary, John C. Underwood.

W. H. HARDEN, *Commander*;
V. G. ATKINSON, *Adjutant*.

Maney Chapter, U. D. C., writes its cordial indorsement of the VETERAN to Cheatham Bivouac.

O. W. Blacknall, of Kittrell, N. C., whose father, Col. C. C. Blacknall, was killed at Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, writes his approval, and states: "It was simply in the line of your duty as an honest man and a loyal Confederate, and especially as the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

W. A. L., Springdale, N. C.: "I heartily indorse the course you have taken. I shall endeavor to extend the circulation of your magazine; I think it ought to be in every Southern man's home. . . . I wish you the greatest possible success and the support of the very best people in the South."

J. H. S., Black Rock, Ark.: "The only objection that I can see to your course in the Underwood affair is that you delayed making known the facts in the case long enough for him to run up an account of nearly \$8,000 against the trustees of the Memorial Association, and enabling him to receive and squander so much of Mr. Rouss's money obtained in a discreditable manner."

J. E. D., Ivanhoe, Tex.: "I wish to express my hearty approval of your timely criticism of the redoubtable 'Gen.' John C. Underwood, that self-styled builder of the Confederate monument at Chicago, that 'ex-volunteer aid-de-camp of the Confederate army,' that 'ex-prisoner of State and war,' etc.—by so many 'titles' made famous (?). If there were no other evidence of the correctness of your course in this matter, I should still know that you are right because you are so ably sustained by the good people of Nashville, by Frank Cheatham Bivouac, and by old veterans like Col. Tillman, who know you so intimately and well. . . . I am not a little surprised that some have expressed regret at Underwood's exposure. It should never trouble any good man to know that a wolf has been caught in sheep's clothing. As I see it, there is nothing to regret about the libel suit. . . . Again, why does the 'General' bring his suit in a Federal court?"

I. D. S., Newport, Tenn.: "You have the sympathy of myself and every Confederate in this part of the State."

J. R. B., Gatesville, Tex.: "At a regular meeting of the ex-Confederate Association of Coryell County, Tex., by unanimous vote the action of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was indorsed with reference to the work of John C. Underwood as Secretary of the Memorial Association, and as a camp we pledge our hearty sympathy and moral support to our comrade, S. A. Cunningham, and his magazine."

W. F. J., Lakeland, Fla.: "Whether or not the courts justify you in exposing that fraud, your comrades and the world certainly will love you for your courage."

H. F. R., Oregon, Mo.: "Hope you will come out all right in the suit. You did right in exposing him, and the old Confederates have no use for him. You have my best wishes. Keep up the fight."

W. F. C., Toltec, Ark.: "I congratulate you in your course against Underwood *in toto*. I hope that you may have the entire influence of the Confederate Veterans wherever and wherever they may be. I hope the Board of Trustees will appoint a committee to investigate the deficiency, if any, in Underwood's bank account of the Memorial Fund."

L. S. E., Number One, Tenn.: "I honestly think Underwood should be kicked out of the organization, if reports are true."

W. A. B., Monticello, Ark.: "I heartily approve of the course you have taken."

A. P. S., Magnolia, Miss.: "I believe that any subscriber can indorse anything published in the VETERAN."

B. S. W., Dallas, Tex.: "Your article exposing Underwood meets my approval. That any one with his war record should have gotten such a place is a mystery to me. If any Veterans can stand him after the letter from Comrade Rouss, they should sever connection with the U. C. V."

A. M., Martel, Tenn.: "I have not words to express my feelings of contempt for Underwood. I feel that you were perfectly right in exposing the whole matter as you did."

J. J. D., Springdale, Ark.: "I am in hearty sympathy with you in your libel suit. You need not fear the result, with the rank and file of Confederate Veterans at your back."

A. J. P., Hector, Ala.: "According to what I have seen of the unfortunate, and on his part disgraceful, Underwood matter, there was but one course in justice to yourself and the brotherhood for you to pursue, and that was expose him. Any man who will use his ex-Confederate professions as a cloak, and by his duplicity injure or bring reproach on the cause, is destitute of the noble traits of a true man. There was no law or obligation forcing Mr. Rouss to give one cent, and when in the fullness of his blessed old Rebel heart he made the liberal offer he proved his loyalty and devotion beyond question."

J. M. McG., Dyersburg, Tenn.: "I fully indorse your position in the Underwood affair, and hope you will come out all right."

A lady from Covington, Ga.: "As to the matter between yourself and Mr. Underwood, I am only a woman, and of course my opinion is of little worth; but there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that you are entirely in the right, except that he should have been exposed sooner. I believe that right will triumph. Mr. Underwood is not the only one in the wrong, and he should not have been allowed to go on; those in authority should have done their duty."

L. G. H., Hickory, N. C.: "I read with interest and admired your article in the August number in reference to the conduct of Gen. Underwood; and, while it must be disagreeable, you no doubt have the sympathy of every Confederate Veteran."

J. L. P., Jackson, Miss.: "I have read with much interest your show-up of Underwood. I lost interest in the Memorial Institute project after it was turned over to him."

H. B., Naches, Tex.: "I have read every word you said in the VETERAN about it, and I do not see how any true Confederate could take such action for so just a criticism. You waited long for a report from the Board, and I think you were very conservative when it became your duty to state facts; and you have my sympathy and shall have my support so far as I can assist you, and I believe you will have the support of every Confederate soldier who has the good of the cause at heart."

Comrade W. W. M., of U. C. V. Camp at Jackson, La.: "I have been a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for several years, and warmly approve of your course all the way through, with one exception: you did not show up the notorious John C. Underwood soon enough. His acts have done more damage to the Battle Abbey cause than those of any man living. . . . You have my heartfelt sympathy in your cause of right against the wrong."

Comrade J. B. M., Louisville, Ky.: "I must say that I fully indorse all you have written in the VETERAN. As I have read Underwood's charges and the responses in the VETERAN, I am surprised that a man supposed to have enough sense to fill the position he has would deny the right of any man to criticise a public report made to the U. C. V. of the whole South."

W. H. H. C., Goldsboro, N. C.: "We highly appreciate your efforts in behalf of the Confederate soldier, justice, and right. May you win your suit, and continue to be the thorn in the flesh to all evil doers and traducers of the Southern cause!"

Comrade J. S., Altamont, Tenn.: "I am with you in this controversy with my whole soul, mind, and strength, and I have yet failed to find an ex-Confederate who is not."

W. A. W., Rockdale, Tex.: "I hope and pray that you will win and let us have a new start and have a true Confederate as manager."

A. G. W., Baird, Tex.: "I have been a constant reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for years, and consider it a very profitable journal for the present and a very effective means of collecting and preserving valuable materials for an unbiased history of the Southern Confederacy and its noble struggle for Southern rights. I fully indorse your course in the Underwood matter."

Dr. J. N. B., Cooper, Tex.: "It is greatly to be regretted that the commendable enterprise to erect a Battle Abbey should be in the hands of those who appear to be governed by such unworthy motives. I wish you success in your labors for the truth of history and the honor of a noble and gallant people who fought for a principle, and in defeat showed a heroism unparalleled in history."

Capt. J. H. G., Howell, Tenn.: "It gives me pleasure as an old comrade and officer of your regiment to know that you are, as of bygone days, battling for justice, right, and honor. This has always been foremost in you, whether pertaining to the defense of individuals or to the Confederacy and its defenders. In the matter of Mr. Underwood, or any other person assuming the responsible position he has, the VETERAN would be untrue to its supporters and the cause it represents not to expose the perfidy of such unscrupulous acts. I most heartily approve of the course of the VETERAN."

H. H. R.: "As Commander of Elmore County (Ala.) Camp No. 255, I desire to say to you that we heartily indorse your action in the Underwood exposure. We stand ready to assist you in every way possible. You are right, and will be sustained by all Confederate organizations."

J. L. W., Dyersburg, Tenn.: "Your 'Brief but Parallel Story' on page 396, September number, is worth a year's subscription itself. You are doing your full duty, and in an exceedingly courteous manner, taking all things in consideration. I indorse everything you have said about the Underwood fiasco."

I. N. B., Woodland Mills, Tenn.: "I heartily indorse the action of the VETERAN in the Underwood suit. The interest of our cause demands his resignation."

REVIEW OF DR. WYETH'S LIFE OF GEN. N. B. FORREST.

LIFE OF GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST. By John Allan Wyeth, M.D. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 8vo., pp. xx, 656.

Rev. J. H. McNeilly, who was a Confederate chaplain, writes: In this noble volume we have in captivating style a trustworthy biography of one of the most remarkable characters and probably the greatest military genius developed by the war between the States. The career of the man who rose by his merit alone from a boyhood of poverty to be a lieutenant general is told in these pages with the skill of the novelist and with the truthfulness of the historian. The author, who is now an eminent physician in New York and an accomplished writer for the press, was himself a soldier of the Confederacy; so he is in thorough sympathy with the great leader of whom he writes. But he has not allowed his sympathies to warp his judgment; he has evidently taken great pains to verify every statement of fact and to present only the truth. To this end he has examined carefully the official records of both the Federal and Confederate governments and the numerous articles and books published since the war by the men who were engaged on each side in the various campaigns of Gen. Forrest. He has also corresponded with or interviewed a multitude of those who participated in these campaigns as officers or privates. He has sifted all the evidence and presented it so clearly that the reader is in position to form a just estimate not only of the hero of the story but of those who opposed him in the war; and, while the wonderful skill of the great commander is manifest, due credit is also given to those able lieutenants—Buford, Chalmers, Rucker, Starnes, Bell, Dibrell, Jackson, Kelley, Morton, and others—who by their courage and faithfulness helped him to win his glorious victories.

The first chapter of the book gives account of Gen. Forrest's ancestry and early life. Born on July 13, 1821, in circumstances of poverty in a backwoods settlement of Middle Tennessee, he was at sixteen years of age left, by the death of his father, to take care of his mother and a large family of brothers and sisters. The mother was a woman of very strong character, from whom this son inherited his most marked traits, and to whom he was deeply devoted. The narrative shows how these traits overcame poverty and hardship and won success in business, until he became one of the most prominent men of his section. His courage, energy, industry, and common sense were exercised for the benefit of his family, and he was able also to help his brothers to success. With the exception of his mother, his wife was the most powerful influence in forming his character.

But it was the civil war which was to furnish a sphere for his peculiar talents and to show on a wide field the marvelous talents of the man as a commander of men, his masterful personality, his fertility in resources amid difficulties, his skill in directing battles, his power to create armies and win victories.

In the limits of an article like this it would be out of place to attempt a summary of a book which is literally packed with stirring events, all tersely and graphically told. The style is

clear, easy, flowing, animated often in describing battles, throbbing with life, and in setting forth character distinct, vivid, brilliant.

The author's narrative justifies him in ranking Gen. Forrest as one of the world's great captains, and his judgment is amply sustained by the quoted opinions of many distinguished soldiers, such as Gen. Lord Wolseley, commander in chief of the British army, and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the great strategist of the Confederate armies. Certain chapters indicate clearly his great ability as a soldier and most vividly present his character as a man.

The third chapter gives the story of the surrender of Fort Donelson, and shows how Forrest led his regiment out and escaped, and that had his advice been heeded the most of the army could have been saved. Incidentally Gen. Pillow is nobly vindicated from unjust censure because of his refusal to surrender.

In the fifth chapter the capture of Murfreesboro, considered by Lord Wolseley his most brilliant exploit, gives us an insight into that remarkable system of tactics, that combination of craft and "bluff," so often afterwards effectively used upon the enemy.

Chapter VI. tells of the winter raid of 1862 into West Tennessee, with its capture of prisoners, including the noted Col. Ingersoll, its destruction of railroads and stores, and its wonderful strategy, by which Gen. Forrest, after fighting overwhelming numbers at Parker's Cross Roads, extricated his command from the surrounding hosts of the enemy and brought it safely across the Tennessee River.

The pursuit and capture of Col. Streight and his raiders, seventeen hundred strong, by Forrest with less than six hundred men, is the brilliant episode which fills the ninth chapter.

Probably no engagement of the war has been so malignantly and persistently misrepresented as the storming of Fort Pillow. Northern writers have exaggerated the horrors of the so-called "massacre." The fourteenth chapter of this book is a complete vindication of the Confederate troops and their commander, and this vindication is sustained by ample and unimpeachable evidence.

Among the things recorded in the following chapters, the most wonderful exploits of the "Wizard of the Saddle" are his victory at Brice's Cross Roads, where he routed and destroyed a force twice his own in numbers (Chapter XV); his bold raid into Memphis, which turned back a large Federal army, as told in Chapter XVII., and his capture and destruction of transports, gunboats, and stores at Johnsonville, recorded in Chapter XIX. Probably the service which most manifested his generalship was his holding Gen. Thomas's immense army in check and saving Gen. Hood's army after the disastrous battle of Nashville, in December, 1864, as told in Chapter XX.

The book tells how after the war Gen. Forrest faithfully discharged his duties as a citizen under the new conditions, and how he turned for strength and consolation to the religion of Christ, becoming a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; and when the final summons came that strong career closed in peace with God and man.

The author has given us a clear, consistent portrait of a great soldier and a great man. Here we see his attention to details, his personal magnetism, his superb courage, his dash, his craft, his quickness to see every point, his boldness and "bluff," his powers of combination and concentration.

Moreover, we are shown the man with his faults, his fierce passions, his harshness and sternness, yet withal his love for his men, his care for them, his love for children, his devotion to his wife, his cleanness of life, his reverence for religion—a heart loving and tender and true.

This book shows us how slow the Confederate authorities were to recognize Gen. Forrest's merits. He was hampered and restrained by the petty malignity of Gen. Bragg. Yet he never faltered in his devotion to the cause. Finally all came to recognize him as able to command any army.

The dedication of the volume to Emma Sanson, the heroine of Streight's raid, is appropriate.

One or two faults are to be noted. Of course there may be errors in some of the details of the work; but there should be more and better maps, both of campaigns and of battles—*i. e.*, a good map of West Tennessee and North Mississippi; also there should be a full index to so valuable a work. The chapter headings are scarcely sufficient.

It is for sale by Hunter & Welburn, Nashville, Tenn.

ORDERS THROUGH THE VETERAN FOR LIFE OF FORREST.

The most liberal response yet made to an offer in the *VETERAN* comes through the orders for this excellent work. A year's subscription to the *VETERAN* and the book postpaid for the price of the book alone, \$4.

Another proposition is now made: The book will be sent postpaid to any subscriber who will secure six new subscriptions. These six persons, neighbors, might all read the book. That and the *VETERAN* a year for one dollar! Won't you get the six names and own the book?

Dr. F. E. Daniel, editor of the *Texas Medical Journal*, at Austin, Tex., has in book form his "Recollections of a Rebel Surgeon," being personal reminiscences of army life in camp, field, and hospital during the "war of secession" and of subsequent events, both humorous and pathetic. It will be handsomely bound in gilt, embossed linen covers, and illustrated. Price, \$1.10, postpaid.

The *American Journal of Surgery and Gynecology*, St. Louis, says: "To any one familiar with the Doctor's good qualities as a story-teller the mere announcement of the appearance of the book will be sufficient; to others it may be said, It will be a 'daisy.' It is unnecessary to predict that this book will have a tremendous sale among physicians of the South, and doubtless many hundreds of copies will find their way into the North, for Dr. Daniel's reputation as a writer is as wide as the land, and no medical editor can be found who will not speak a good word for the book when issued."

One of the most creditable among the year's books issued by the B. F. Johns Publishing Company, of Richmond, Va., is "Hampton and His Cavalry in 1864," by Edward L. Wells, of Charleston, S. C. The frontispiece is a handsome half-tone engraving of Gen. Hampton. The illustrations throughout are of excellent quality, the type is modern and pleasing, the paper of superior quality, and the binding substantial and attractive. The dedication is "To Confederates living and dead, and to all other true soldiers, whatever their flag or faith, who would fight to the death in a righteous cause, this book is dedicated." The subject matter itself cannot fail of deepest dedication.

By Norfolk & Western Railway to Richmond.

Mr. Warren E. Rehr, the Western Passenger Agent, writes from Chattanooga, Tenn., October 17:

Dear Sir: For the information of yourself and those who expect to attend the unveiling of the Wannie Davis Monument and meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Richmond, Va., November 7-13, 1891, I state that a party composed of delegates from Memphis and west of the Mississippi River will leave Memphis at 8 P. M., November 5; Chattanooga, 0:45 A. M., November 6; Knoxville, 1:10 P. M., arriving at Richmond at 8 A. M., November 7. The ladies are very anxious for the Nashville delegation to join the party at Chattanooga, which they can do by leaving Nashville at 0:30 P. M., November 5. A sleeper can be secured to Chattanooga, and remain in same until 7 A. M. Through sleepers will be run to Richmond from Bristol, and any who desire space can secure same by advising me. Reservation will be made in order received.

Sleeping car rate from Chattanooga to Richmond, \$4; from Bristol, \$2.50 per double berth. This train also carries dining car; meals served *a la carte*. Tickets will be on sale November 5 and 6, via Chattanooga, Bristol, and Petersburg, limited to November 14, 1891, at one fare for the round trip.

Any other information desired will be cheerfully furnished.

**KEEP YOUR MONEY
AMONG YOURSELVES.
BUY GOODS MADE AT HOME.
THOMAS' BAKING POWDER** *COULD NOT BE BETTER
MADE ELSEWHERE.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.*

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases, this remedy, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Hayes, 929 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ONE-CENT RATE FOR REUNION AT SAVANNAH.

For the Annual Reunion U. C. V., Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy of Georgia, to be held in Savannah, November 22-24, 1899. The Plant System will sell tickets from all stations on its line within the States of Georgia and South Carolina, at rates one cent per mile distance traveled, tickets to be sold November 20, 21, and 22, with final limit November 26, 1899.



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MORPHINE, Opium, Cocaine, Whisky habits cured at home. No suffering. Remedy, \$5. Cure Guaranteed. Indorsed by physicians, ministers, and others. Book of particulars, testimonials, etc., free. Tobacco cure, \$1. Established 1842.

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If afflicted with SORE EYES USE Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

THE SWORD OF THE SOUTH.

BY JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD.

How thy polished blade leaped
From its warlike sheath!
Like a simoon it swept
From mountain and heath;
And the slogan's shrill cry
From hamlet and glen
Pierced the echoing sky
And rallied thy men.

Drawn forth for right,
Thou scabbardless blade,
Though conquered by might,
By nations betrayed,
Thy cause in liberty's name
Shall live when ages are old,
And thy illustrious fame
Will glitter in letters of gold.

Sword of the Southland, no more
Shall victory leap
From thy blade; the eagles that bore
Thee no more shall keep
Step. Each broken shield
Pillows each hero's head;
Their lips are sealed
With the seal of the dead.

No more shall thy legions in gray,
With shout of exultant thrill,
Sweep onward in battle array—
Resistless, defiant—until
Victory rang from each stroke,
And the mad battle fell
Where the lines grimly broke
Midst the carnage of hell.

Rest, O sword, in thy sheath,
Rest! but never shall rust
Tarnish thy wreath.
Nor memory's dust
Lie thick on thy blade;
But fame's immortelles
Shall bloom in Mnemosyne's glade,
Where deathless eternity dwells.

On liberty's altar
This sword shall be laid.
Let no history falter.
'Twas the knightliest blade
Ere drawn by a knightly race—
Drawn in liberty's name,
No time can deface
From the chaplet of fame
Its renown.

Let minstrel bard weave
For the heroes to-day
Some paean; let him retrieve
From the years now gray
The prowess, that knew not defeat,
Of the ranks that went down—
That ne'er knew retreat—
Sing of their daring renown.

Farewell, thou glittering blade!
Hang from dear memory's wall.
The part you so nobly played
Shall surely and truly enthral
With history's unvarnished page
Brave truth; and, forsooth,
The year's pilgrimage
Will be the bright Mecca of youth.
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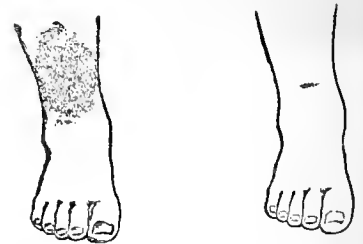
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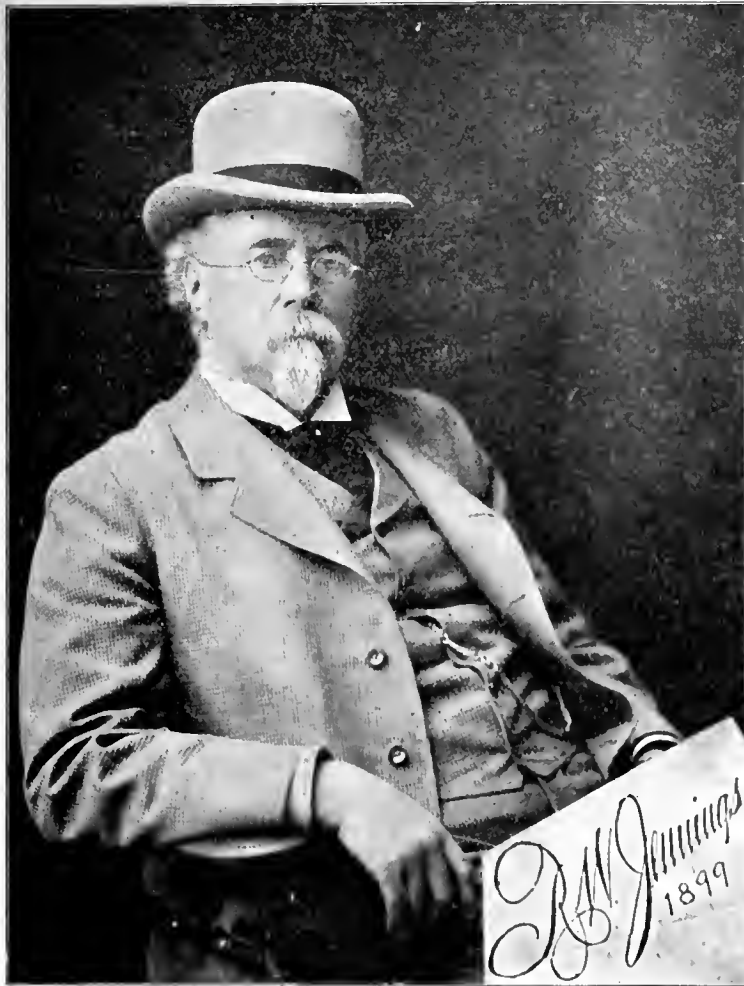
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A BUSINESS EDUCATOR WITH A NATIONAL REPUTATION.

From the *Nashville Christian Advocate*: Forty years a book-keeper without intermission and with an honorable record is surely something out of the ordinary run of business careers, especially when this course is an interesting one. R. W. Jennings, founder of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, closed his fortieth year with the close of the month just past, and he finds himself to-day possessed of a reputation for capacity as an instructor, and for integrity in all his dealings, that should serve as a beacon light to young men seeking a business calling. As an expert examiner he has been engaged by some of the largest institutions of the country, and it is said that he invariably enters upon these examinations with the understanding that if the result shows up to the disadvantage of those who have employed him his statement will be made accordingly. This has become so well understood by the business public that Mr. Jennings's testimony is sought in the courts of justice with uncommon frequency, and on all occasions involving large concerns and great sums of money. He is just now engaged upon the books of a large establishment in Nashville with a view to offering his testimony as an expert in an important suit at law. He is also an expert at detecting forgeries, and has many times been before the courts as a witness in cases of that kind, and it is said that his judgment is nearly always correct.

Mr. Jennings is a native of Edgefield, S. C., where he was born in 1838. At the age of sixteen, in January, 1855, he became bookkeeper for the Trion Manufacturing Company, at Trion, Ga. In 1857 he came to Nashville and became bookkeeper for the old firm of Gardner & Co. Thence he went to the Planters' Bank. In 1864 he was engaged for an extended period in the examination of the books of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, at that time the largest merchantile firm in the world.

This firm afterwards offered Mr. Jennings, then but twenty-six years of age, the position of assistant general manager of their countingroom, on a salary of \$3,000 per annum, but this was declined with a view then in prospect of entering as a partner in a wholesale house in Nashville. In 1865 we find him toller of the Falls City Tobacco Bank, Louisville, Ky., and shortly afterwards a partner and head of the countingroom in the two firms of Evans, Gardner & Co., New York, and Evans, Fite & Co., of Nashville. He was afterwards partner and head of the office from 1872 to 1884 in the wholesale houses of Jennings, Goodbar & Co., Jennings, Dismukes & Woolwine, and R. W. Jennings & Co., all of Nashville. He subsequently organized the Business College that bears his name, which is now in a flourishing condition, as shown by the brilliant success of its graduates, who are filling lucrative positions throughout the country.

The *New York Sun* says: "Thirty-five years ago R. W. Jennings, now the principal of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, Tenn., was employed by the great firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York, to examine into and report upon their books. This was successfully and satisfactorily performed, and gave him at once a reputation as one of the expert bookkeepers of this country."

WORK OF AN EXPERT.

Editor Hoss, in the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, says: "We notice that our friend, R. W. Jennings, of the Jennings' Business College, in this city, who has great reputation as an expert accountant, has just completed a delicate and difficult piece of work for Vanderbilt University, involving an examination of all its monetary transactions since 1875, and the making of a complete schedule of its present assets and liabilities." And a note from Bishop Hargrove, President of the Board of Trust, says: "Mr. R. W. Jennings, the head of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, has rendered valuable service to us as an expert bookkeeper in adjusting the books of Vanderbilt University, and was selected for his eminent fitness for such work."

FROM BISHOP FITZGERALD.

My knowledge of Mr. R. W. Jennings as a business man of unblemished reputation, and exceptionally full knowledge of business affairs, and my knowledge of his success at the head of his Business College prompt me to commend him and his excellent school with emphasis and without reserve.

O. P. FITZGERALD.

Bishop Fitzgerald's son Oscar, who is a graduate of this school, is now a teller in the American National Bank, Nashville.

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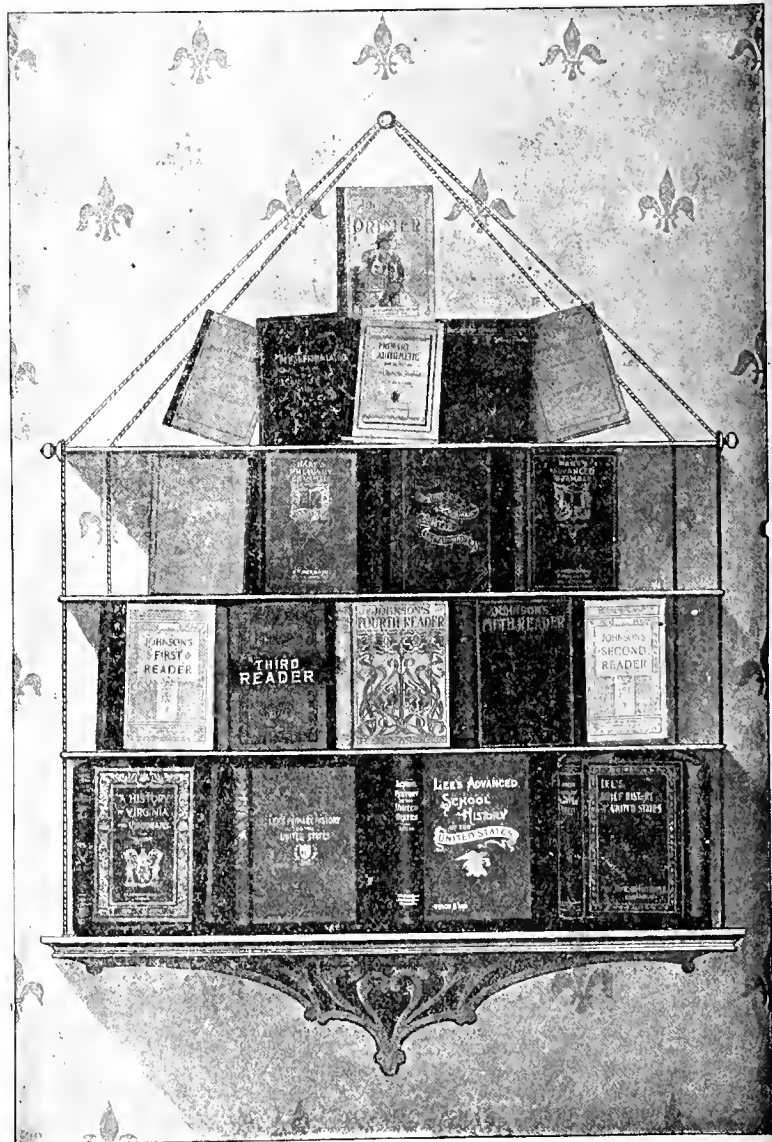
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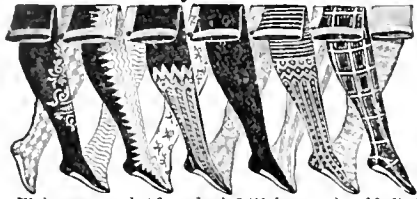


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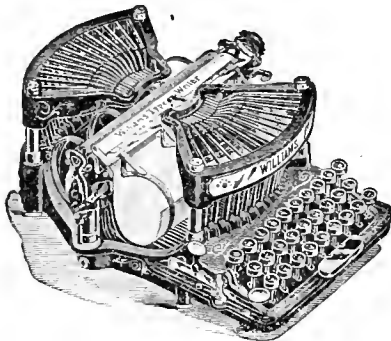
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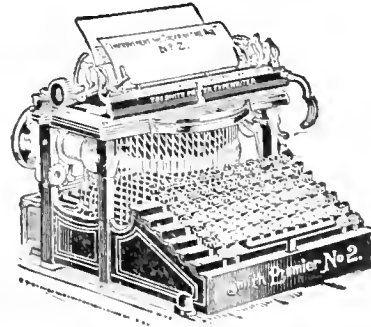
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CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SHELVILLE, TENN., ON THE DAY OF DEDICATION. SKETCH ON PAGE 47



RECUMBENT FIGURE OF GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE AT LEXINGTON, VA. (SEE PAGE 183.)

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Total Amount Issued in 1898	37,115,980 09
Total Insurance in force December 31, 1898	120,573,687 99
Total Number Policies in force, Dec. 31, 1898	66,118
Total Paid Policy holders since organization	15,190,206 90

GAINS IN 1898.

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A Gain in income of	\$ 514,252 99
A Gain in Interest Receipts of	93,913 46
A Gain in Gross Surplus, 4 per cent	257,875 67
A Gain in Assets of	2,343,068 09
A Gain in Amount of Insurance of	14,056,333 00
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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application. 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.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 11, W. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR

Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General, sends from the headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans various general orders, from which the following notes are made:

Maj. Gen. John Boyd having resigned as Commander of the Kentucky Division, on account of impaired health, it is reluctantly accepted by the General Commanding. His administration of the affairs of the Kentucky Division was successful and highly satisfactory. Upon his recommendation, and the unanimous indorsement of the Executive Committee of the Confederate Veteran Association of Kentucky, Brig. Gen. J. M. Poyntz, of Richmond, Ky., is appointed Major General of the Kentucky Division.

Gen. Poyntz's staff are: James B. Clay, Lexington, Brigadier General Commanding Fourth Brigade Kentucky Division (vice Brig. Gen. J. M. Poyntz, promoted), to serve until a regular election is held in the Kentucky Division.

Upon recommendation of Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commanding Army of Tennessee Department, Brig. Gen. George W. Gordon, Commanding Fourth Brigade Tennessee Division, is promoted to Major General Commanding, vice the lamented Maj. Gen. A. J. Vaughan, to serve until the next regular election is held in the Tennessee Division.

At the request of Maj. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commanding the Georgia Division, and upon the recommendation of Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commanding the Army of Tennessee Department, the General Commanding subdivides the Georgia Division into four brigades. Gen. Evans will make the subdivisions named above in whatever manner his judgment decides is best for the good of the division, and will report his action to these headquarters for confirmation. Gen. Evans will also select four Brigadier Generals to command the brigades until the next regular election of the Georgia Division; and when his selection is indorsed by Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commanding Army of Tennessee Department, orders will be issued from these headquarters confirming his appointments, and commissions will be issued accordingly.

At the request of Maj. Gen. George W. Gordon, Commanding Tennessee Division, and upon the recommendation of Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commanding Army of Tennessee Department, etc., the General

Commanding announces the following appointment, to wit: John M. Taylor, of Lexington, Tenn., Brigadier General Commanding Second Brigade, Tennessee Division, vice Brig. Gen. George W. Gordon, promoted, who is appointed to serve until the next regular election is held in the Tennessee Division. Brig. Gen. Taylor will immediately enter upon the duties of his office, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.



MISS SALLIE BUCHANAN.

Sponsor for Camp Simonton No. 692, U. C. V., of Plantersville, at Tupelo Reunion.

All these appointees are urged to push the organization of camps in their respective brigades vigorously.

General Order No. 221 states that "at the request of Maj. Gen. V. Y. Cook, commanding Arkansas Division United Confederate Veterans, and upon the recommendation of Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, commanding Trans-Mississippi Department United Confederate Veterans, etc., the General Commanding appoints James A. Reeves, of Camden, Ark., Brigadier General Commanding Fourth Brigade, Arkansas Division, vice Brig. Gen. C. C. Scott, who resigned after election at the annual reunion, Brig. Gen. Reeves to serve until the next regular election is held in the Arkansas Division, and that Brig. Gen. Reeves will immediately enter upon the duties of his office and be obeyed and respected accordingly. Also the Brigadier Generals named are urged to push the organization of camps in their respective brigades vigorously."

Proceedings of the convention in Arkansas, also of Georgia and other States, are necessarily deferred to the Christmas number of the VETERAN.

FLAG PRESENTED BY LADIES OF FRANKLIN.

An interesting relic will be exhibited at Franklin when the Confederate Monument is dedicated, November 30. No more fitting relic of the war may be anticipated by those noble women than the exhibition of the flag of the Thirty-Second Tennessee Infantry. It was presented to the regiment, largely raised and recruited from Williamson County, of which Franklin is the county seat. The streamers indicate "Col. Cook's Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee," and "Presented by the Ladies of Franklin."

This flag was found by accident in the hands of Mr. Theo C. Lindsey, a Union veteran at Dayton, Ohio, who held it as collateral, and the treasure was procured from him. It is doubtless the finest flag that was ever borne by a Confederate ensign in service. A photo engraving of this magnificent banner appears on the title-page of the VETERAN for July, 1898.

R. T. Moore writes from Tullahoma, Tenn., that "the flag was presented to the regiment while we were



R. T. MOORE.

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."

Mrs. Cook wrote from Franklin, November 16, concerning the flag: "Col. Cook told me he had the flag taken from the staff at the surrender of Fort Donelson and put it with his clothes, thinking it would be safe; but he lost both on the way to Fort Warren, somewhere between St. Louis and the prison. . . . The white stripe was not of my wedding dress. The material was all new and bought especially for this flag. I have never seen it since it was made. So far as I know, I am the only one now living who helped to make it."



MISS ADDIE M. BARNARD,

Maid of Honor for Georgia at Charleston Reunion, 1899.

In connection with the monument dedication at Franklin, Mr. J. W. Baugh writes for the *Williamson County News*: "And now my pen falters in the feeble attempt to pay tribute to Williamson's soldiery and her fallen heroes. On every battlefield, from Palo Alto to Resaca de la Palma, and from Sumter to Appomattox, the soil has been drenched with the blood of martyred heroes. The soil is consecrated ground; it is besprinkled with the blood of human sacrifice. Many of the early settlers were volunteers of the Revolution and in the various wars and engagements with the Indians, from the earliest settlements to their final expulsion, while the war of 1812, the Mexican war, the civil war, the Spanish-American war, and the Philippine war have all been recruited largely by volunteers from her borders."

DATE OF THE GENERAL REUNION, U. C. V.

Maj. Graham Daves, of New Berne (N. C.) Camp No. 1,162, U. C. V., gives the following as the reason for changing the date of the reunion:

The General Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans held in Charleston in May last adjourned to meet next year in Louisville, but leaving the date to be selected by the proper authorities. The 10th of May, the day of the meeting in Charleston, well-chosen in other respects, has one drawback to which I beg to call attention. That day, the anniversary of the death of "Stonewall" Jackson, is the one set apart by the Daughters of the Confederacy and the local organizations of Confederate veterans in North Carolina, South Carolina, many parts of Virginia, and elsewhere in the Confederate States as "Memorial Day." It has been so observed with appropriate ceremonies in the various localities for more than thirty years. If, therefore, the same day is to be commemorated hereafter by the General Reunion, it will interfere sadly with the local observance by many camps, as was done, to the knowledge of this writer, by the meeting in Charleston. Naturally all veterans wish to attend the General Reunion, and it is usually those who do go who are most active and zealous when present in the home celebrations.

I take the liberty, then, of suggesting to those who have the matter in charge the 3d of June as an appropriate date for our next reunion. It will not conflict with any local celebration that I am aware of, it is probably as convenient as any other date, and it is the anniversary of the birth of President Jefferson Davis. If the day fall on Sunday, the ceremonies of the reunion might be opened with some fitting religious services for that day. I hope a change will be made.

Gov. F. R. Lubbock, Austin, Tex.: "On page 357 of the August VETERAN a writer, in giving an account of what took place at the battle of Gaines's Mill, says, among other things: 'We continued firing for a few minutes, when Gov. Lubbock came along our line and told us to fix bayonets, for we were soon to charge.' I beg to say that, while it would have been a great honor to have participated in that magnificent battle, I was not there, but was in Texas performing my duties as Governor of the State. There was no other Gov. Lubbock." [It is very important that contributors be careful to have their statements correct, as it is not practicable to have them verified before publication. Important errors have been published in the VETERAN which might have been avoided through vigilance of contributors to be accurate.—ED.]

EXPERIENCE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.—Comrade C. R. Ezell, Huron, Ga., who was one of the "six hundred," writes: "Our rations from the first day of January until February 12, 1865, were corn meal and pickle. The meal had been ground in 1862, and was full of bugs, worms, and spider webs. We were compelled to eat house cats and rats, and many died from disease. None who were sent to the hospital ever returned. They were buried somewhere on the island. I hope to meet with the comrades in Louisville next year. God bless them all!"

P. W. Shearer, Vicksburg, Miss.: "In the list of surviving general officers of the Confederate army published in the September issue there is an omission to which I call attention. Brig. Gen. James Argyle Smith, now a resident of Jackson, Miss., was at the commencement of the civil war a lieutenant in the U. S. army, having been appointed to the Military Academy from Mississippi. He promptly resigned his commission and cast his lot with his own people. The writer is not thoroughly familiar with Gen. Smith's military history in the beginning of the war, but early in 1864 he was attached to the division of Maj. Gen. Pat Cleburne, commanding a very fine brigade of Georgians, previously known as Mercer's Brigade. Upon the death of Gen. Cleburne, at Franklin, Tenn., Gen. Smith became division commander, which he retained until the surrender of Gen. Johnston's army, at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. He was a genial gentleman and skillful officer."

J. P. Deaver, Cashier of the Bank of Springdale, Springdale, Ark., seeks information in behalf of T. J. Peddy, who served in Capt. John Cotton's battery of artillery, which was organized or recruited at Milledgeville, Ga., and was a part of Capers's Battalion. Mr. Deaver writes that Comrade Peddy is not able to support his family, consisting of a wife and three children, two of whom are little girls. They are in a helpless condition, and could get a pension from the State of Arkansas if he knew of a living member of his company to whom he could refer for proof. Mr. Peddy reports that he first volunteered in Company D, First Georgia Regiment, served out his time, and was discharged. Then he, James Tharp, Henry Fagan, David Carrel, and Henry Norman joined Capt. John Cotton's artillery company, and served until the war closed. The address of any of his comrades who can furnish the desired proof will be appreciated.

J. B. Malone, Gallatin, Tenn.: "I wish to know if Dr. DeLoach, a surgeon in the Confederate Army from Texas, but who was serving either as surgeon of the Second Tennessee Infantry (Bate's Regiment) or on the medical staff of Lucius Polk's Brigade at the Battle of Chickamauga, is yet alive, and if so, his residence; if dead, something of his history since the war. This information will be greatly appreciated by one whom he bore from the field of Chickamauga, and who considers him the bravest man he ever knew."

Mrs. F. L. Livingston, Galveston, Tex. (Avenue R, between Thirty-Second and Thirty-Third Streets), wishes to hear from a former comrade of Edward Livingston, who was an officer in Joseph E. Johnston's army. He studied law with Mr. Wilmit D. Destature at Charleston, S. C., in 1850; taught school with Mr. R. R. Carroll, of Charleston, S. C., in the same year at Georgia Station, S. C., and may have enlisted from that place.

Jas. M. Marshall, of Hartsville, Tenn., administrator of Susan Earle, deceased, is anxious to learn of a Capt. Earle who was captain of a Missouri company in the Confederate army. It is thought that his father, Miles Earle, moved from Hartsville to Henry County. Mr. Marshall will appreciate any information that can be given of Capt. Earle.

CONFEDERATE HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

At the meeting of the North Carolina Confederate Veteran Association, Judge Walter Clark, reporting the progress made in securing histories of the various regiments and commands, stated:

At the meeting of the association five years ago a resolution was passed appointing me a committee of one to secure one soldier from each regiment and battalion to write a brief history of his command, with a view to publication of the complete series by the State in one or more volumes.

The task proved more difficult than any one could have imagined. The leaden hail of time in the thirty odd years since the close of the war has made wider gaps in our ranks than the musketry and grapeshot of the battlefield. Competent men in many commands were hard to find. Among those many were diffident of their capacity, and some were too engrossed with the business and needs of the present to assume the duty. I have written more than fifteen hundred letters in an effort to execute the trust confided to me, and I have succeeded in securing a historian for nearly

To add to the correctness of these sketches, therefore, the idea was conceived of having each sketch published in the newspapers circulating most largely in the section where that command was principally raised, with a request that the survivors might send in suggestions, corrections, and amendments to the regimental historian, who might make all needed changes before the sketches were finally issued in book form.

The press of North Carolina, with characteristic public spirit and patriotism, readily responded to this call, for which this association owes grateful thanks.

The following is a list of the sketches received to date, with the name of the historian of each:

- Adjutant General's Department, Maj. A. Gordon.
- Steamer Advance, Capt. James Maglenn.
- Blockade Running, James Sprunt.
- "Bethel" Regiment, Maj. E. J. Hale.
- First Regiment, Col. H. A. Brown.
- Third Regiment, Col. W. L. DeRosset and Capts. Cowan and Metts.
- Fourth Regiment, Col. E. A. Osborne.
- Fifth Regiment, Maj. J. C. MacRae and Lieut. C. M. Busbee.
- Sixth Regiment, Capt. N. W. Ray.
- Seventh Regiment, Maj. J. S. Harris.
- Eighth Regiment, Prof. H. T. J. Ludwig.
- Ninth Regiment (First Cavalry), Gen. R. Barringer and Col. W. H. Cheek.
- Tenth Regiment (First Artillery), Col. W. J. Saunders, Capt. J. W. Sanders, and Capt. A. B. Williams.
- Eleventh Regiment, Col. W. J. Martin.
- Twelfth Regiment, Lieut. W. A. Montgomery.
- Fourteenth Regiment, Col. R. T. Bennett.
- Fifteenth Regiment, Capt. H. C. Kearney.
- Sixteenth Regiment, Lieut. B. H. Cathey.
- Seventeenth Regiment, Lieut. Wilson G. Lamb.
- Eighteenth Regiment, Lieut. T. H. Sutton.
- Nineteenth Regiment (Second Cavalry), Gen. W. P. Roberts and Maj. W. A. Graham.
- Twentieth Regiment, Gen. T. F. Toon.
- Twenty-Second Regiment, Maj. Graham Daves.
- Twenty-Third Regiment, Capt. H. Clay Wall.
- Twenty-Fourth Regiment, Lieut. W. N. Rose, Jr.
- Twenty-Fifth Regiment, Adj. G. S. Ferguson.
- Twenty-Sixth Regiment, Dr. G. C. Underwood.
- Twenty-Seventh Regiment, Capt. James A. Graham.
- Twenty-Eighth Regiment, Gen. James H. Lane.
- Twenty-Ninth Regiment, Gen. R. B. Vance.
- Thirtieth Regiment, Col. F. M. Parker.
- Thirty-First Regiment, Adj. E. K. Bryan.
- Thirty-Second Regiment, Henry A. London.
- Thirty-Fourth Regiment, Adj. T. D. Lattimore.
- Thirty-Fifth Regiment, Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn.
- Thirty-Sixth Regiment, Col. William Lamb.
- Thirty-Eighth Regiment, Col. G. W. Flowers.
- Thirty-Ninth Regiment, Adj. T. F. Davidson.
- Fortieth Regiment, (Third Artillery), T. C. Davis.
- Forty-First Regiment (Third Cavalry), J. B. Hill.
- Forty-Second Regiment, Maj. T. J. Brown.
- Forty-Third Regiment, Col. T. S. Kenan.
- Forty-Fourth Regiment, Maj. C. M. Stedman.
- Forty-Sixth Regiment, Lieut. J. M. Weddill.
- Forty-Eighth Regiment, Capt. W. H. H. Lawhorn.
- Forty-Ninth Regiment, Lieut. Thomas R. Roulac.
- Fifty-First Regiment, Maj. A. A. McKethan.



JUDGE WALTER CLARK.

every regiment and for several battalions. As to the Seventy-Third and Seventy-Fourth Regiments, which were Senior Reserves, the youngest living member would have been nearly eighty years of age when my work began, and it was impossible to get any historian for them. Fortunately a sketch of the Seventy-Third, written many years ago, has been found.

Fifty-Second Regiment, Adj. John H. Robinson.
 Fifty-Third Regiment, Col. James T. Morehead.
 Fifty-Fourth Regiment, Capt. J. Marshall Williams.
 Fifty-Fifth Regiment, Capt. C. M. Cooke.
 Fifty-Sixth Regiment, Capt. Robert D. Graham.
 Fifty-Eighth Regiment, Col. J. H. Bailey and Maj.

G. W. F. Harper.

Sixtieth Regiment, Capt. T. W. Patton.
 Sixty-Third Regiment (Fifth Cavalry), Col. John M. Galloway.

Sixty-Fifth Regiment (Sixth Cavalry), Capt. M. V. Moore.

Sixty-Seventh Regiment, Col. R. W. Wharton.
 Sixty-Ninth Regiment (Thomas's Legion), Maj. W. W. Stringfield.

First Battalion, Col. R. W. Wharton.
 Second Battalion, Col. Wharton J. Green.

Sixth Battalion, Adj. M. P. Taylor.

Eighth Battalion, Capt. Woodbury Wheeler.
 Salisbury Prison, Rev. A. W. Mangum.

Total written, sixty-three sketches.

SKETCHES IN PREPARATION.

The following have been promised by

Second Regiment, Capt. Matt Manly.
 Thirteenth Regiment, Capt. John R. Webster.

Thirty-Third Regiment, Maj. J. A. Weston.

Forty-Fifth Regiment, Serg. C. B. Watson.

Forty-Seventh Regiment, Capt. J. H. Thorpe and
 Lieut. J. Rowan Rogers.

Fiftieth Regiment, Capt. J. C. Ellington.

Fifty-Seventh Regiment, Col. H. C. Jones.

Fifty-Ninth Regiment (Fourth Cavalry), Capt. R. B. Gaddy.

Sixty-First Regiment, Capt. N. A. Ramsey.

Sixty-Second Regiment, Col. G. M. Clayton.

Sixty-Fourth Regiment, B. T. Morris.

Sixty-Sixth Regiment, Adj. George M. Rose.

Seventieth Regiment (First Junior Reserves), Lieut.
 Col. C. W. Broadfoot.

Seventy-First Regiment (Second Junior Reserves),
 Adj. R. M. Furman.

Seventy-Second Regiment (Third Junior Reserves),
 Col. J. W. Hinsdale.

Seventy-Fifth Regiment, Lieut. W. F. Parker.

First Artillery Battalion, Lieut. T. A. McNeill.

Tenth Battalion, Lieut. C. S. Powell.

Avery's Battalion, Maj. A. C. Avery.

Medical Staff Surgeon General, P. E. Hines.

Engineer Corps, Capt. C. B. Denson.

Consript Bureau, Capt. Pulaski Cowper.

Total, twenty-three sketches promised, but not yet
 written.

NO HISTORIAN FOUND.

No historian has yet been found who will undertake to write the record of the following brave regiments: Twenty-First, Thirty-Seventh, Sixth-Eighth, and Starr's Battalion. There are some other battalions of whom I have not found any survivors. It is desired that some survivor of these gallant commands, on seeing this report, will come forward to discharge this patriotic duty.

It is to be regretted that this work was not begun sooner. Our comrades are falling "like leaves in wintry weather." Of the eighty odd historians selected al-

ready, four have died since finishing their sketches—viz., Capt. N. W. Ray, of the Sixth Regiment; Gen. Barringer, of the Ninth; Col. W. J. Martin, of the Eleventh; Capt. H. Clay Wall, of the Twenty-Third; and two others—Col. J. V. Jordan, of the Thirty-First, and Capt. M. E. Carter, of the Sixty-Fourth—unfortunately died before completing theirs.

When all these sketches are in they will constitute 1,000 or 1,200 pages of invaluable and authentic material, which will perhaps make two volumes. The Legislature of 1869 directed that these sketches should be printed by the State, it defraying the cost only of paper, typesetting, and printing, the material and editing to be furnished without any expense to the State.

The work of printing would have been begun before now, but has been held up waiting for the sketches which have been promised but which have not been sent in. It is earnestly desired that the delayed sketches should be at once written and sent in. As they need not be over ten or fifteen pages each, any old soldier should be willing to give the required time to embalming the glorious memory of the regiment in which he served and of the gallant men with whom he marched and fought. It is to be hoped that no regiment will be omitted from this volume, which is to be a perpetual record of the glory and valor of North Carolina's peerless soldiery.

Had care been taken to have similar sketches of each of our regiments in the revolutionary and other wars written by participants, it would be exceedingly interesting and valuable; but North Carolina, always making history, has been careless in recording the deeds of her heroic sons. More than two thousand years ago, Pericles, in his oration over his countrymen who had fallen in a great war, said with prophetic truth: "The whole earth is their sepulcher, and in all times whenever there is speech of great deeds they shall be held in remembrance."

A FEDERAL LOST HIS DISCHARGE FROM A HAVERSACK.—Oleasar Hull, who was first sergeant in Company I, First New Jersey Volunteers, in the great war, writes from the Soldiers' Home, Kearney, N. J.:

On May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness, Va., Private Joseph Hobson and Corporal Charles E. Hopkins, both of my company, were taken prisoners, and were sent to Andersonville, Ga., in August following. They were transferred to Florence, S. C., in box cars. On this trip Hobson exchanged his haversack for a loaf of bread with one of his guards. The haversack contained two discharges, one belonging to Hobson. He forgot that the discharges were in the haversack. He was subsequently accused of stealing the discharge of Corporal Hopkins, and, at his suggestion to the sergeant in charge of the guard, Hobson was tied up by the thumbs to make him confess, which he could not do. After getting to Florence he remembered that they were in the haversack when exchanged for the loaf of bread. The stigma of theft still remains on Hobson. My idea in writing this to you is, as your paper has a circulation throughout the South, that some one who was in the guard may remember the occurrence and will send a statement to me and thereby enable me to vindicate Hobson and possibly restore the lost discharges.

THE LIBEL SUIT BROUGHT BY UNDERWOOD.

The action of the court on the demurrer in the case of Underwood vs. Cunningham and the Methodist Publishing House:

It will be seen that the court holds, as a matter of law, that the publication was a conditional privileged communication, and the action cannot be maintained unless express malice is proved.

OPINION BY JUDGE CLARK, OF THE UNITED STATES COURT.

I have carefully studied the questions raised by the demurrer to the declaration in the light of authorities upon the subject. It would serve no useful purpose now to go into much detail, and, as the burden of the case is still ahead, it is probably best not to do so.

The defense in the case, as the discussion shows, and as is clearly apparent from the pleadings, is one of privileged communications. The publication on its face, without more, is clearly libelous, and it is not insisted that it is not so. Defendants' proposition is that the criticism was in relation to the plaintiff's conduct as Superintendent and Secretary of the Confederate Memorial Association; that it did not go beyond the bounds of fair criticism; that it was made in good faith, or without express malice. This defense is what is called a conditionally privileged communication in contradistinction to that large class of publications absolutely privileged, such as the publication of the actual proceedings of Congress, the General Assembly of the State, or of the courts in public trials. This qualified or conditional freedom of publication depends on its having been made within the range of fair comment and without malice.

When we get close to the subject of evidence in such cases it is interesting to note how the burden of proof changes. In the first place, the introduction of the libelous publication established a *prima facie* case or of implied malice or malice in law, the facts and circumstances being then introduced which make the occasion a public or privileged one, such as the criticism of public official conduct, rebuts this presumption of malice in law, and it then becomes necessary, in order to recover, for the plaintiff to go further and show that the publication was not a fair comment on undisputed facts and that the publisher was actuated by malice in fact or express malice as distinguished from implied malice. The question whether or not the occasion on which the publication was made was a privileged occasion is one of law for the court, and there could be no doubt in this case that the occasion is a privileged or public one. This being so, the remaining issue will be whether the criticism was a fair comment and whether it was actuated by malice in fact; and these are issues of fact for the jury, and not for the court to determine, in the light of all of the facts and circumstances surrounding the publication.

Now the declaration in this cause distinctly alleges malice in fact. The publication says: "It will be very fine when he gets the twenty portraits painted, valued at \$3,000 each, to be placed in a Confederate memorial building. Of course the superintendent gets no concession from this price."

The declaration inserts an innuendo on this part of the publication, and attaches to the same various meanings, among which, the fifth (5), is as follows: "And, finally, and with a maliciously refined irony, that he would falsely 'state' the cost of these twenty portraits, have them valued to the Association at \$3,000 each, while obtaining them himself at a 'concession from this price,' and thus dishonestly and corruptly abuse his trust to his personal advantage."

It is obvious without comment that (aside from other matters) whether or not the publication would be regarded as a fair comment will depend upon the meaning which this language must carry before the jury.

If, in the light of all the circumstances of the case and of the whole publication, this was intended and understood by those who read it to charge corruption and dishonesty on the part of the plaintiff, it would pass beyond the limits of fair comment and would become personal defamation. Fair comment is justified, however severe, but to impute personal corruption and dishonesty is quite a different thing. The issue of fact as to the true meaning of this language and the issue of express malice are such as in the nature of the case cannot be settled by demurrer. The text-books upon the subject all lay down the proposition substantially that the defense of conditionally privileged communication is one which can be relied on only by plea. It is consequently well settled that where a publication is libelous, and the declaration avers it to be false and malicious, the defense that it was proper criticism of the plaintiff as a public officer, or as a candidate for public office, and for that reason privileged, cannot be made on demurrer. It was so held in the early case of *Cooper vs. Stone* (1840), 24 Wend. (N. Y.) 434, and in the late case of *Tipke vs. Times Publishing Company* (1897, Supreme Court of Rhode Island, 37 Atlantic Reports, 1031), the opinion being by Matteson, Chief Justice. These cases are directly in point, and are decisive of the question submitted on demurrer.

As I have already intimated, the publication does not and could not negative the charge of express malice, if such an objection were open to be taken by demurrer. The demurrer is consequently overruled, and it will appear by an examination of the cases referred to, and others, that the issues of malice and of fair comment must necessarily go to the jury, and I hope the pleadings will be made up at once, accordingly, to that end.

The point raised by the court is completely met by the fact that Underwood was making a gift. This is not only shown in his speech and in the declaration but is relied on as the main ground or cause of the injury in the publication. It was his proposed donation.

What the article did was to charge Underwood with a misuse of his time in raising money to pay for the pictures—time that he had sold to the Association.

Additional testimonials of approval of the course of the VETERAN are strong and abundant from all sections of the country, but under advice of counsel are withheld for the present.

PROVING A STATEMENT ERRONEOUS.

Mr. John C. Underwood criticised me in the September and October numbers of the L—C—, and, desiring my reply should appear in the same paper, in order that it might be read by the people who read his articles, I sent my reply to it. Immediately on its reception I received an acknowledgment saying that my reply should appear in the November number. It did not appear; but I received, after much delay, the following letter from the managing editor:

CAPT. J. P. HICKMAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sir: I find, on going to press, it will be impossible for me to get your article in L—C—. I have delayed my journal two weeks, waiting on Gov. Underwood, expecting him to take a page and a half or two pages. But he has over eight pages. So I am compelled to add more pages to the journal and cut my own matter down; and, as his matter is well paid for, I must show it preference.

So I cannot answer charges in the paper that publishes them unless I "pay well" for my answer.

Further, in the November number of the same monthly appears an article, over Underwood's signature, given on authority of Col. Baxter Smith, one of his attorneys in the libel suit, stating that I had offered a resolution at the Murfreesboro convention of Confederate soldiers on October 11, 1869, indorsing Mr. Cunningham as against Underwood, and that the resolution "was very promptly voted down." On seeing it I immediately called on Col. Smith and denounced it as untrue, saying that neither I nor any one else ever offered any resolution at that convention indorsing Mr. Cunningham, and therefore it could not have been defeated; whereupon Col. Smith gave me as his authority Capt. Robert D. Smith, and said probably he might have gotten the information from Maj. W. R. Garrett. I called upon Maj. Garrett, and he unhesitatingly gave me the following statement:

CAPT. J. P. HICKMAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiry in reference to any action taken by the Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers in its last meeting at Murfreesboro relative to the libel suit of Underwood vs. Cunningham, I give below the following statement:

I was upon the platform during the entire time of the business meeting. No resolution or motion relating to the libel suit of Underwood vs. Cunningham was brought before the association or discussed at the meeting.

Very respectfully, W. R. GARRETT, *President.*

I also wrote Capt. Smith, who replied as follows:

CAPT. J. P. HICKMAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sir: I am afraid that . . . Smith is getting me "confused and confounded" with some other Smith, for I do not recall any such conversation with him—certainly not one in which I would indorse Underwood in preference to Cunningham, for Mr. Cunningham is my personal friend. I am under obligations to him for many favors and courtesies, and sincerely wish him success—so much so that it will give me pleasure to go to the next meeting of the U. C. V. and do what I can to assist him.

No such resolution as you state in your letter was presented to the convention while I was present (and I was there nearly all the time), hence I could scarcely have made the statement that one was presented and defeated.

Very truly yours, ROBERT D. SMITH.

I have also been handed the following by Col. Smith:

CAPT. J. P. HICKMAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sir: You have called my attention to a statement of Gen. John C. Underwood in a recent communication to the L—C— at Louisville, wherein he states that I had recently called that written him that you had, in behalf of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, presented a petition to the State meeting

at Murfreesboro indorsing Mr. Cunningham in his controversy with Gen. Underwood, which was voted down.

I wrote what I did upon what I recollected was told me by gentlemen who were present at the first day and witnessed the proceedings. I have recently seen and written these gentlemen about the matter, and they do not bear me out in the matter, and I am satisfied now that I had a mistaken impression in regard to the matter and that what I wrote was incorrect. Not wishing to do you or any one else the slightest injustice, I write you this correction of my former statement on the subject.

Testimony might be given all over Tennessee in Cunningham's favor. I happen to have resolutions passed recently by the Frierson Camp and Bivouac at Shelbyville, Tenn., and by the Nashville Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, which I submit.

At a regular meeting of William Frierson Bivouac No. 8, held in Shelbyville November 4, 1869, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas our comrade and friend, S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, having been born and reared in our midst, and having known him all his life, and many members of this bivouac having served through the entire Confederate war with him, and knowing he was a true and brave soldier, and having full confidence in his honesty and sincerity of purpose; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That we, the members of William Frierson Bivouac, one hundred and ninety-three strong, do hereby offer our sympathy and moral support to our friend Cunningham in his contest now pending in the Federal Court.

"2. That a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes and a copy sent to the VETERAN."

At a regular meeting of the Nashville Chapter, U. D. C., held on November 2, 1869, the following preamble and resolution were presented by Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, and unanimously adopted:

Whereas we have heard with sorrow that Mr. John C. Underwood has brought suit in the Federal Court against Mr. S. A. Cunningham, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and the Publishing House of the Methodist Church for \$50,000 for libel; therefore,

Resolved, That the Nashville Chapter No. 1, U. D. C., extends its sympathy and moral support to Mr. Cunningham, with the hope that he may win the suit and come out of the litigation unharmed.

By order of the Chapter,

MRS. WILLIAM HUME, *President;*

MISS MARGARET EAKIN, *Secretary.*

From the above it will be seen that Underwood's statement, in large letters, turns out to have been a myth.

JOHN P. HICKMAN.

P. R. Bailey, Esq., Primghar, Iowa, writes assurance of his entire sympathy in the libel suit: "I believe you are in the right. I have been taking your excellent publication for nearly five years, and have now four volumes bound, which I prize very highly, although I was a 'Yank' in the great war. I served in the One Hundred and Eighteenth Ohio from 1862 to 1865, and was on the Federal side at Franklin. Our country has no marble or granite rich enough to do honor or credit to the Confederates who fought at Franklin. It was, as you say, the valley of death, and when I last visited that memorable spot my heart was moved as I looked upon the thousands of graves where lie buried the flower of American bravery and manhood."

AFLOAT—AFIELD—AFLOAT.

Notable Events of the Civil War (Continued).

BY GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

With Forts Morgan, Gaines, and Powell in their hands, the Federals had absolute control of Mobile Bay. They made no attempt for the time being to move against the city itself, which was defended by an inner line of works, the principal of which was old Spanish Fort and the modern McDermott (on the eastern shore) under command of Col. Isaac W. Patton and Capt. Samuel Barnes. Other defenses were: Fort Blakely, commanded by Gen. St. John R. Liddell; Batteries Huger, Maj. Washington Marks; Tracy, Capt. A. A. Patsmier; McIntosh, Maj. W. C. Capers; Tilghman, Lieut. H. S. Quisenberry, of Green's Kentucky battery; Gladden, Capt. Richard C. Bond; naval battery, Midshipman George S. Waterman, part of the crew gunboat Gaines; lighthouse battery on Choctaw Point; Battery Missouri, Capt. James Gibney; mortar battery; Battery Buchanan, Lieut. P. U. Murphy, U. S. N., crew gunboat Gaines; Fort Albert Sidney Johnston, and a line of piles and torpedoes athwart the channel. We all thought when Fort Morgan surrendered that the enemy would push on up to the city. Maj. Gen. Franklin K. Gardner assembled a force of nine thousand men, of whom only three thousand had ever been under fire. Brig. Gen. Edward Higgins, of the Twenty-Second Louisiana Infantry, commanded the harbor defenses. Gen. Higgins achieved much reputation in checking Gen. Sherman at Haines Bluff, on Yazoo River, in December, 1862. I was glad to meet the General, for we had met aboard the St. Mary (Lieut. Hilary Cenas commanding), which played an important part during the Sherman attack.

All the male residents capable of bearing arms were organized into military companies, and the city was placed under martial law. The people were still full of confidence in the future, and when the theater reopened the first week in September crowded houses witnessed every performance—"lending eclat to the occasion," as the reporters had it.

Commodore Ebenezer Farrand, who had been in charge of the naval station at Selma, Ala., was assigned to command in place of Admiral Buchanan. It gave me much pleasure to see Gen. Gardner in command at Mobile, because I had served under him at Port Hudson during the first or naval attack, in March, 1863, and admired his heroic resistance to the land and naval attacks in the following June and July, when I was in the field around Vicksburg. Maj. Gen. J. M. Withers was in charge of all the reserves of Alabama; Col. A. S. Herron was charged with the duty of organizing the Louisianians and the battalion of employees, while Col. T. J. Judge was over all other troops responding to the call of Gov. Thomas H. Watts. (Col. Judge beat his cocked hat into a tall silk one and entered the Supreme Court of Alabama as Judge by name and profession, on the return of peace, under Gov. Lewis E. Parsons.) In January, 1865, Lieut. Gen. Richard Taylor took command of the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, at Tupelo, with Maj. Gen. Dabney H. Maury in command of the District of the Gulf, at Mobile. Col. S. H. Lockett, Chief En-

gineer, Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, was noted for his skill and intrepidity in posting and conducting troops to the main points of a battle—particularly at Shiloh, under the eye of Gen. Sidney Johnston.

The squadron left to Farrand was nominally formidable. It consisted of the Tuscaloosa, the Huntsville, the Nashville, the Morgan, and the Baltic. The first two were ironclads, and were intended to be vessels on the same general plan as the Tennessee, although smaller; but they were only partly armored, and their engines were still more defective, while neither had a full complement of guns. The obstacles that impeded the Confederate Government in construction and equipment of men-of-war grew daily in magnitude, and it was sadly out of the question to complete these two ships. The Nashville was a side-wheel steamer, with some iron plating upon her. The Morgan had been Commander Harrison's old ship in 1864, and the Baltic was a turtle-back ironclad, a small river boat. At the Mobile wharves were two uncompleted gunboats, on which work never progressed beyond their hulls.

With the opening of spring the enemy was enabled to spare from other fields any number of troops and ships for the final attack upon Mobile. Fort Fisher succumbed to Federal artillery, while Wilmington, Savannah, and Charleston were taken months before Mobile. Indeed, Galveston and Mobile were the last ports to float the flag of the Confederacy.

Rear Admiral Henry K. Thatcher commanded the Federal fleet off the city. He had an imposing fleet of fifteen monitors and gunboats, among which were the Milwaukee, Kickapoo, Winnebago, Chickasaw, Osage, and the double-ender gunboats Octopara and Metacomet. The Stockdale (tin-clad) was the flagship of the admiral. Gen. Canby, in command of the Army of the West Mississippi, was given fifty thousand troops with which to undertake the investment of Mobile by land.

March 21, 1865, the movement against Mobile by land and water was begun, it being first directed against Spanish Fort on the east side of Tensas River, the siege lasting until April 8, when the garrison was bombarded and assaulted and forced into evacuation. Gen. Maury, in an account written within the past few years, says: "The defense of Spanish Fort was the death grapple of the veterans of the Confederate and Federal armies. They brought to it the experience of four years of incessant conflict, and in the attack and defense of that fort demonstrated every offensive and defensive method then known to war. It is not too much to say that no position was ever held by Confederate troops with greater hardihood and tenacity nor evacuated more skillfully after every hope of further defense had gone."

Spanish Fort was garrisoned by 2,100 men, and Fort Blakely, five miles above, by 2,600. Nearly 30,000 Federal troops were engaged in the siege of the former, and when it was evacuated (midnight of April 8) they were joined by 12,000 more, and the whole force proceeded to attack Blakely, which was bombarded, assaulted, and captured April 9.

Maj. Gen. Maury, commanding the district of the Gulf, had most ingeniously arranged for the safety of the garrison of Spanish Fort when it should become



"HEROINE" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE

LAUNCH C.S.S. GAINES

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PEN DRAWING 1864 BY
GEO. S. WA. ERMANN C.S.A.

untenable, by constructing bridges across the marshes and streams between them and deep water, so that when the abandonment was made necessary the troops were marched by this route to where steamers were held in readiness to transport them to Mobile.

The Confederate gunboats were unable to render much service in these operations on the eastern side of the Mobile waters, but they kept along the shore and did occasional execution against the entrenched lines of the enemy. In this work the Nashville and Morgan were conspicuous. The Federal craft were very actively employed, and no less than eight of them were sunk by torpedoes. March 28 the monitors Winnebago, Osage, Kickapoo, Chickasaw, and Milwaukee, and the gunboat Octorara steamed up Appalachee River to within about a mile and a half of Fort McDermott, and the Winnebago and Milwaukee threw eleven-inch shells at one of our transports. While returning to the fleet the Milwaukee struck a torpedo, and in three minutes reached the bottom in ten feet of water. All her people escaped to the Kickapoo. She was one of the largest and strongest of the ironclads, having two turrets and two fifteen-inch and two eleven-inch guns. The next day the effectiveness of the Confederate torpedo service was proved upon the Osage, a turtle-back ironclad, which was sunk on the edge of the channel. Five of her crew were killed and twelve wounded, two fatally. The destruction of these heavy ships caused much exultation among the Confederates, which found expression in salutes from Spanish Fort and the guns of the Nashville. To the Federals the two disasters, following so closely, were depressing. As they had swept the channel for torpedoes regularly, and had taken up one hundred and twenty within a few days previous, they concluded that those which had wrecked the Milwaukee and Osage were floating instruments of destruction let loose from below the Confederate obstructions to sweep down with the tide; and with this fresh peril confronting them they doubled their vigilance, a

detail of boats being constantly on duty as torpedo searchers. Notwithstanding these precautions, however, the ironclad Rodolph was sunk on April 1, while towing a scow with apparatus for raising the Milwaukee, and four of her crew were killed and eleven wounded. Subsequent to the surrender of Mobile, the gunboats Ida, Sciota, and Althica, a launch of the monitor Cincinnati, and a second launch were blown up by torpedoes while on search duty, their combined losses amounting to fourteen killed and wounded. Thus, beginning with the destruction of the Tecumseh, the Confederate torpedo service in the Mobile waters made the remarkable record of sinking nine vessels, large and small, of the enemy, and of killing one hundred and forty-five men and wounding thirty-one, in addition to the five killed and eight wounded in handling the torpedoes dredged from the channel just subsequent to the capture of Fort Morgan. Nowhere else in the Confederate ports did this service accomplish such remarkable results.

During this winter (February 15-18) the celebrated State Convention was held in Mobile, occupying the theater for several days. Gov. Thomas H. Watts presided. The Governor had resigned the office of Attorney-General in President Davis's cabinet, and was elected in 1863. At first blush my sympathies were aroused, for among the demands of the people of Alabama at this critical juncture was the restoration of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to the command of the armies operating against Gen. Sherman. As I had served a lawful time in the battery known as "Fenner's Louisiana" around Vicksburg in 1863, my admiration for this general then commanding the Confederate forces there was natural. But allegiance to the Confederacy most justly required all due respect to President Davis's rulings, despite the personal predilection mentioned, and I was at length gratified when this expression of the State of Alabama met with his Excellency's hearty cooperation. Gen.

Johnston (February 25) resumed his masterly movements against Gen. Sherman in the campaign of the Carolinas, renewing the brilliancy shown through Georgia, until the end at Raleigh on April 26, 1865.

At Hospital Beulah the untiring efforts of the families of Mobile in behalf of the sick and wounded were noble. It was a pretty compliment paid by the citizens to Miss Augusta J. Evans and her father (for the pair were indefatigable in their visits and labor among the invalids) to have chosen the title "Beulah" from one of the most attractive volumes from her pen. At the same time Mrs. Octavia Walton Le Vert and daughters were equally constant in their care for the sick and wounded. To this lady was given a keen foresight of the war and its close, owing to her studies of American history in this country and Europe and to her association with the representative men of all sections at Washington City. Her attention to the sufferers was unflinching.

There never was a craft that elicited such great regard as that bestowed by Mobile upon her famous blockade-runner Heroine. I had the felicity of seeing the almost spectral progress of this famous craft while I was on duty aboard the gunboat Gaines in the lower bay of Mobile. She was a marvel of speed and alertness, with almost complete disappearing powers, and I could liken her only to the famous "Skimmer of the Seas" as she rushed through the night on her perilous way, very much like Fenimore Cooper's vessel in the bay of New York in colonial days.

I was out one night a mile and a half from Fort Morgan "picketing"—putting the runners of the gantlet on their guard; for on the issue of the cruise depended lives of invalids and wounded men, and families looked to the incoming vessel of mercy for health, relief, and comfort, and to her alone. A generation shall pass away before the terrible destitution of the South in that last year and a half can be forgotten. Relentless were the blockaders, and unavailing were the losses inflicted upon the merchant marine by our Alabama; the latter could not draw off from blockade duty a single vessel. There was hardly a household that did not lack even the simplest remedies, hardly a hospital even fairly equipped with surgical appliances and medicine. I was aboard the Gaines's launch, locating positions of Federal ships and watching their launches, so as to put runners for the open sea on their guard. The Heroine, flying past, hailed us. She was an apparition, as startling as a ghost to a believer in ghosts. "Boat, ahoy! What boat is that?" "The Gaines's launch, sir!" "Any changes?" (referring to any new positions taken up by the lighter Federal vessel, of which notice must be passed to the adventuring craft before she took her flight). "No changes—all's well." Then the "Skimmer" bade us good-by, and away she flew.

[To Be Continued.]

T. M. Daniel, Forney, Tex.: "The widow of John S. Butler would like to find some one who can vouch for the honorable service of her husband in the Confederate ranks. John S. Butler enlisted near Bloomfield, Mo., and she thinks he was a member of Capt. Cooper's company, Col. W. L. Jeffers's Regiment. Mrs. Butler's address is Forney, Tex."

HEROES OF EIGHTH ALABAMA INFANTRY.

S. W. Vance, Birmingham, Ala.:

Comrade A. L. Scott, Eighth Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, is asking about his old comrade, Tom Hollman. On July 3, 1863, Wilcox's old brigade supported Pickett's Division in the Gettysburg charge and participated in



the fight. I belonged to Company G of the Eleventh Alabama, Wilcox's Brigade. In falling back, early in July, 1863, I came across a Capt. or Lieut. Scott, of the Ninth Alabama, who was badly wounded. Shot and shell were falling around us thick and fast, and he called me to assist him. I first thought he was a Federal, so devoted my attention to other wounded Confederates. The officer still pleaded with me to stop and help him, saying he belonged to the Ninth Alabama. I gave him water and bandaged his wounds, and he suffered intensely, begging me to cut his leg off with my pocketknife. As soon as I got to the line I sent some of his men to him, and he was immediately removed from the field. Capt. or Lieut. Scott will doubtless remember this incident, and myself in connection with it.

I went into the army very young, and served to the end. The badge of honor was bestowed on me at the battle of the Wilderness, and I remember the morning well. Wilcox's Brigade was at the head of the division, had marched early and late, and breakfasted by the light of the morning stars. I think it was Featherstone's Mississippi Brigade that had the day before held Gen. Grant in check until Longstreet could get up, but in doing this had given up about two miles of the woods on the plank road a little faster than Gen. Lee liked. Gen. Grant, the new commander of the Army of the Potomac, was "pushing the Rebels on to Richmond" with the belief that he could not be stopped. Gen. Grant had about 120,000 men and Gen. Lee about 55,000. Perhaps the latter was a little uneasy. He was sitting on his horse in the road when the Eleventh Alabama passed, and when Gen. Longstreet rode up to him he said: "Something must be done or the day is lost." Wilcox's Brigade was ordered to the left of the plank road, while Hood's Texas Brigade formed on the right. Both moved forward over the remains of the troops who had borne the brunt of the battle the previous day. Our men took position on the crest of a little ridge in the thick woods, and the sharpshooters were thrown out to meet the victorious enemy. We knew the bluecoats were coming, and every man did his duty bravely. Soon after we were in line we heard the Federals giving the order to forward. Our sharpshooters checked the advance of the enemy, but they were later compelled to fall back to the line. William Berry, a tall vidette, stood up in the

rear and fired until shot dead; and my uncle, Joe Shuttleworth, also stood in the rear and shot over our heads until mortally wounded. As the Yankees advanced our men poured volley after volley into their lines before their hitherto victorious progress could be stayed. Finally they faltered and began to give way; then the yell and charge. We drove them back three miles and recovered all the ground lost the day before.

Next morning Gen. Jenkins, of South Carolina, was killed, and Gen. Longstreet wounded; and but for these unfortunate incidents, which stopped the advance for several hours, I have always believed that Gen. Grant would have met the fate of his predecessors. The delay gave them time to reform the lines and bring up their reserves. On that morning Gen. Woodworth, of the Federals, was killed, and we got his sword, a very handsome one.

The Wilcox Brigade made a fine record at Frazier's Farm, where they captured sixteen of the finest guns in the Federal army. The loss in officers and men was severe and the fighting terrific, many of our most valuable soldiers being killed or wounded.

Joe Shuttleworth, known in the regiment as "Joe Shuck," was a young sharpshooter, weighing about one hundred pounds, with sharp features. He stood up bravely in the rear of his company until he was mortally wounded. He was borne from the field to the hospital. I got permission to see him late in the afternoon, and found him in a dying condition, though he talked cheerfully and told me this story, which was verified by one of the litter bearers: As the ambulance corps was taking him from the battlefield one of the bearers of the litter was wounded and fell, letting his suffering burden fall to the ground. Sitting on his war horse, Traveler, Gen. Lee witnessed the incident with manifest tenderness and sympathy. Lifting his hat, Joe said: "Don't be uneasy. That is the Eleventh Alabama, Wilcox's Brigade, and they are filling the road with dead Yankees." Gen. Lee answered: "I know they are, my brave boy." Just then the Rebel yell burst forth, and Joe said: "I told you so." He died in the hospital that night.

John F. Dexter, Pine Lake, Cal.: "Referring to the article in the July VETERAN from Col. Lindsey, of Louisiana, on the retreat of Hood's army from Nashville, I do not wish to detract anything from Gen. Gibson's brave men, but give the following: Clayton's Alabama Brigade, commanded by Col. Bush Jones, of Mobile, on the first night out from Nashville was entirely surrounded by the Yankees. The brigade was formed in hollow square. The Yankees charged, but were driven back with the loss of ten battle flags. This put a stop to the fighting for the night. The enemy captured their ordnance wagon; Clayton's men recaptured it. This information is from my brother, who was adjutant of the Thirty-Eighth Alabama. He is now County Treasurer of Wilcox County, Ala. About this time I was under a flag of truce with Capt. W. T. McCall (of the Fifty-Third Alabama) to Gen. Sherman, near Savannah, Ga., bearer of dispatches from Gen. Joseph Wheeler; also had Gen. Kilpatrick's cap, which the Eighth or Eleventh Texas had captured a short time previous. Now let some of the Eighth or Eleventh Texas tell about this cap and the brave artillery officer who led the charge."

MAJ. GEN. J. M. POYNTZ, RICHMOND, KY.,

SUCCESSOR TO GEN. JOHN BOYD AS COMMANDER OF KENTUCKY DIVISION U. C. V.

J. M. Poyntz was born in Scott County, Ky., March 22, 1838, of Scotch-Irish ancestry; was educated in the common schools and an academy, and graduated in medicine from the University of Louisville. He entered the Confederate service August 20, 1861, as a private in Company A, First Kentucky Mounted Rifles; in January, 1862, he was promoted to assistant surgeon, and placed in charge of the hospitals at Prestonsburg, Ky., Gen. Humphrey Marshall's command; was later transferred to the Department of Southwestern Virginia, where he served until the final surrender, in May, 1865. He has been successfully



MAJ. GEN. J. M. POYNTZ.

engaged in the practice of his profession since the war, and was for nine years on the State Board of Health. He is First Vice President of the Kentucky State Medical Society, President of the County Board of Health, President of his County Medical Society, and elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Richmond, Ky. He was appointed Lieutenant Colonel, U. C. V., April 20, 1864, and Brigadier General May 1, 1867. Comrade Poyntz has always been in sympathy and has heartily cooperated in all movements to succor the needy Confederate veterans.

The members of his staff are as follows: Thomas Thorpe, Major and Chief of Staff, Richmond; James R. Rogers, Major and Adjutant General, Paris; Alex. Tribble, Major and Inspector General, Danville Junction; J. M. Higginbotham, Major and Quartermaster General, Stanford; Joe T. Jones, Major and Commissary General, Silver Creek; James H. Hazelrigg, Major and Judge Advocate General, Frankfort; Ben B. Bigstaff, Major and Chaplain General, Jackson; Charles Mann, Major and Surgeon General, Nicholasville; W. N. Offut, Captain and A. D. C., Georgetown.

W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.: "I should like to secure from any reader of the VETERAN in South Carolina who can give it information concerning the death and burial of Lieut. A. B. Coffee. In the spring of 1865 he was on a scout with some twelve or fifteen men, and about dark ran into the advance of a Yankee column, thinking it was a small scout like his own. Finding his error, he started into the woods, but was shot and killed. This was near a small town in South Carolina."

GRAND CAMP OF VIRGINIANS PULASKI CITY.

The reunion and convention of the Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans was one of the most delightful and profitable ever held. Reports from the proceedings are herein lacking; but the entire report of the History Committee, delivered by Dr. Hunter McGuire, is given. That report, while it deals with local matters briefly, is one of the most thorough presentations of the great question (history of the country) ever presented. The address of welcome by Capt. I. H. Larew is as follows:

Mr. Commander: I most highly appreciate the distinguished honor that has been conferred upon me by James Breathed Camp. Others might easily have been found able to speak more eloquent words of welcome to our guests, but I challenge the world to produce a heart that responds more fully than my own to every sentiment that should be cherished by an honorable man in connection with our sacred cause. The proudest heritage I shall leave to my children, modest and humble though it be, is my record in the Confederate army.

Ladies and gentlemen, in the name of James Breathed Camp I am bidden to welcome the representatives of the bravest and most chivalrous, the grandest and most glorious, brotherhood known to history. You to-day enjoy the privilege of meeting face to face men who were partakers in a struggle that, whatever you may think of it, was in their opinion a struggle for the right and was the most patriotic, heroic, and devoted struggle for liberty ever made. They come now from the farm, the workshop, the mine, the office, to touch elbows as they did in the early sixties. They come from every vocation and walk of life, from everywhere but from the prison and the poorhouse. Thank God, I have never heard of a Confederate soldier living or dying in the poorhouse! King David wrote in one of the Psalms that he had never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

All of the soldiers of the Confederacy, like the cause for which they fought, will soon have passed into the realm of history, but I do not fear the verdict. When future generations shall read that Russia burned Moscow in order to defeat the victorious legions of the great Napoleon they shall also read that the devoted sons and daughters of the Confederacy trampled under foot every element of material prosperity, sacrificed the necessities of life, and continued the struggle until their beautiful Southland from the Potomac to the Rio Grande was made a wilderness, in defense of their homes and constitutional rights. The brave soldiers of the Confederacy defended for four long years an unprotected frontier of five thousand miles against a large and well-equipped army and navy five times their effective military strength.

The name of Pythias shall go sounding down the ages while time shall last, because he pledged his life for his friend and remained faithful against every allurements brought to bear to induce him to prove untrue. It is recorded in Holy Writ as the supreme test of friendship that "a man lay down his life for a friend." Our sister State of Tennessee is the proud mother of a hero in the presence of whose record the standard set up in Holy Writ is commonplace and the story of Da-

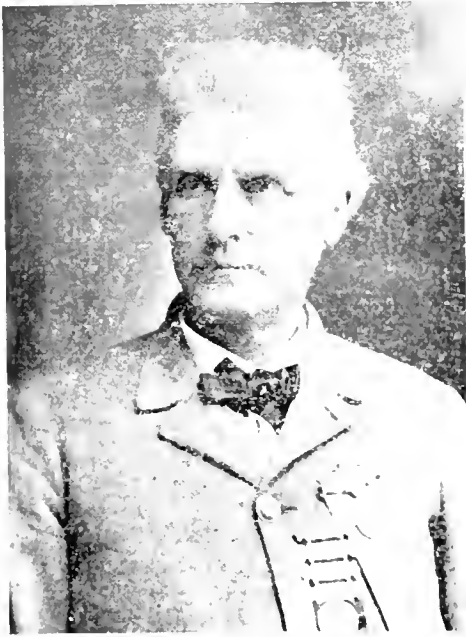
mon and Pythias tame. Sam Davis died of his own free will and accord the infamous death of a spy, that he might keep faith with one who had trusted him; and there is not an old Confederate who has not touched elbows with another Sam Davis if the opportunity had only come to him.

The heroes of the Revolution, in winter quarters at Valley Forge, hobbled from hut to hut barefooted and left their bleeding footprints on the ice and snow. The "foot cavalry" of the Valley left their quarters in the dead of winter and, half naked and barefooted, followed their intrepid leader on a march of forty miles to Romney. I challenge history to produce from all the annals of time a single instance of heroism, bravery, self-sacrifice, endurance, or chivalry that cannot be paralleled or excelled from Confederate records.

The crowning glory of our achievements is that we withstood such a foe as we met for four long years. I have no patience with those who discount the bravery of the American Union soldier. The descendants of Cromwell's heroes, who overturned the kingly power of Britain and made the only break in their records for a thousand years, were not cowards. They were the same bone and muscle of ourselves, inspired by high and noble impulses, and nerved by the same heroic devotion to what they believed to be right. They became foemen worthy of our steel, and the soldiers of the Union army constituted the bravest and most devoted body of men that were ever organized to meet a foe, except the foe they met. And they are, and have been since the day of Appomattox, our best friends. It is true that there have been a few among them, as there have been among us, who were ready and willing to make merchandise of their records in the army. Doubtless they who managed to keep well to the rear when the hour of danger came are they who have made a great noise by maligning and traducing us.

Do you wonder that my heart is filled with pride when I am bidden to welcome such men as these to your midst? No introduction is needed. You have put off the old army blouse, and have left the canteen and the haversack at home; you have stacked arms, I hope forever; you are here in the disguise of store clothes, but you can't deceive me. Like myself, you are all "wearing of the gray." I don't recognize you as the stalwart, lithe, active men who fought by my side at Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, and Cedar Mountain, and a score of other fields, or the men with whom I marched and fought in the mountains of West Virginia, or with that grand old hero, Jubal Early, in the campaign of sixty-four, or while guarding the coasts of the Carolinas; and I don't think that if "Mars Robert" was here he could pick out any of you for a forced march or picket duty or sharpshooters or even to police the camp; but I do believe if he were here looking for friends whom he could trust at all times and under all circumstances, he would choose you all, and feel like opening his arms and clasping you to his bosom. It is such a welcome I extend you to-day. On behalf of the gallant soldier whose name this camp bears I bid you welcome; on behalf of all our dead, wherever they sleep, I bid you welcome; in the name of every member of this camp and of our wives and children, I bid you welcome—

Welcome to our hills and valleys.
Welcome to our hearts and homes.



GRAND COMMANDER JAMES MACGILL.

**GRAND COMMANDER
JAMES MACGILL.**

Comrade James Macgill, the new commander of the Grand Camp, lives at Pulaski City, and has been active in all Confederate matters. The James Breathed Camp has prospered under his leadership, and as Commander of the Grand Camp he will not fail to advance its highest and best interests. He is a Marylander, son of Dr. Charles Macgill. After the war they moved to Richmond, and in 1870 James Macgill married Miss Belle Pierce, a niece of J. E. B. Stuart.

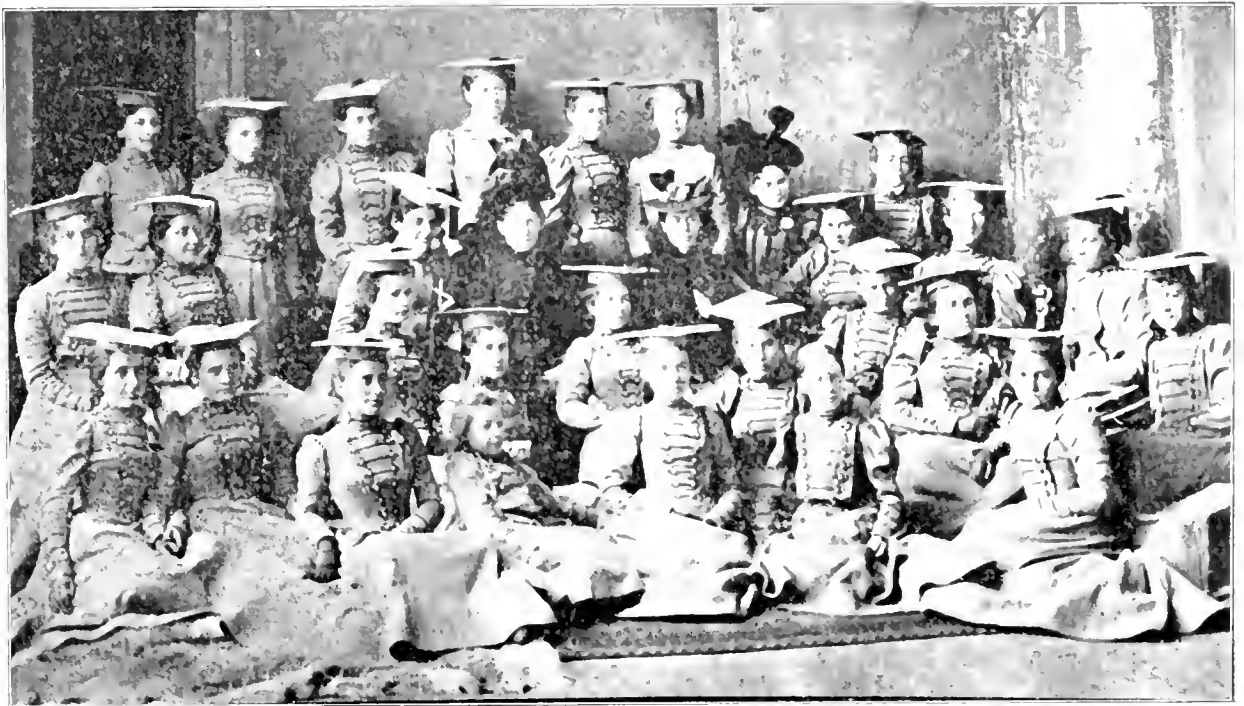
The remarkable success of the James Breathed Camp, F. C. V., in all of the purposes for which it was organized has been due largely to the zeal of its efficient commander.



MISS ANNIE STUART MACGILL,
Maid of Honor for Virginia, at Charleston, 1870.

Maj. Edward Owen, Commander of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, sends out a circular letter to members of the camp stating that the tenth annual banquet of the camp in honor of the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee will be held in the large dining hall at the Waldorf-Astoria on Friday, the 10th of January

next. The last annual dinner, at the Windsor Hotel, with ladies present, was such a grand success in every particular that it is proposed that ladies be again invited to dine with the camp and join in the festivities and song, if a sufficient number of comrades approve.



A SCORE OF YOUNG LADIES FROM STONEWALL JACKSON INSSTITUTE, ABINGDON, VA.,

Attended the annual convention of the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans, and heard Dr. Hunter McGuire lecture on Stonewall Jackson. The last day of that meeting Col. Henry, of Norfolk, tendered them a vote of thanks for coming, and read a beautiful letter that Gen. Lee wrote about the school not long before his death, in which he heartily recommended it to veterans. A central figure in the group in black dress is Miss Kate M. Hunt, Principal.

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.

United Daughters of the Confederacy, the VETERAN greets you with pride and gratitude. It witnessed your creation, and has ever sought to aid you in advancing the noble principles and purposes that induced you to organize. It has witnessed with amazement the growth of your body and the power already at your command.

In your recent great undertakings, the principal of which is to complete the Jefferson Davis monument, you may depend upon its unstinted aid. In this connection, however, the VETERAN proposes a scheme that must evidently be adopted. It is the blending of the Davis monument and the Memorial Institute. The city of Richmond could not give a finer site for the Confederate Memorial than has already been donated to the Davis monument. It is central and will continue so to the city of Richmond for ages to come. It is in all respects admirable for both. The Davis mansion, the "White House of the Confederacy"—all honor to the noble women of Richmond in securing title to it and making it fireproof as a receptacle for Confederate relics. But those who know the building and its location realize that it is impractical to make additions to it commensurate with the broad plans of Mr. Rouss and other contributors to a "Battle Abbey." The extensive advertisement of "Confederate Museum, valued at \$60,000," gives credit to that structure as a part of the Confederate Memorial Institute which is utterly impracticable. You can go ahead raising money, as it will be needed, however much may be secured for the Battle Abbey; but don't fail to consider the above suggestion. All of you who were at the Richmond convention will evidently agree to the suggestions. It is impracticable to use that building with its narrow, winding, iron stairways.

The next number of the VETERAN will be largely devoted to the proceedings at Richmond, and the printing of reports of State Divisions will become an important feature. The undercurrent of manifest appreciation from all sections inspire the VETERAN afresh in the determination to honor the memory of our dead Confederate men and women, and to aid as far as possible all undertakings to ground into the public mind true history, and to help all who are so unfortunate as to be helpless and in need.

Mention is here made that in December the VETERAN will propose to chapters an enterprise whereby all can add to their fund in a way that will be pleasing and profitable.

WITTICISMS OF CHILDREN.

A gifted Southern woman, Miss Julia B. Reed, has been induced to compile for speedy publication the bright sayings of American children. This collection of the quaint, wise, unique ideas of little children will undoubtedly prove the most entertaining book of the century and be of universal interest for all time. Urgent request is made that the mothers and friends send at once the witticisms, with the other desired data concerning their little ones, to Miss Reed, care of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn. They should give national descent, age, State, county, and post office. The VETERAN heartily indorses Miss Reed's purposed work, and will cheerfully render all practicable aid in its achievement.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

The Confederate monument unveiled at Shelbyville on October 17 is located in the center of the Confederate square at Willow Mount Cemetery, where lie six hundred of those who wore the gray. The base is of granite, and is surmounted by a marble shaft with inscriptions on each side which exemplify the devotion of the dead heroes to the cause for which they died. The figure surmounting the shaft is that of a private soldier standing at parade rest, and is well-nigh perfect in every detail. It is carved of white marble.

It has long been the desire of the people of Shelbyville and Bedford County to show their respect for



MRS. H. C. WHITESIDE.

the Confederate cause by raising a monument; but little progress was made until a chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy was organized in Shelbyville about a year and a half ago. This chapter, under the able leadership of its President, Mrs. Henry C. Whiteside, began at once the task of raising the money. To Mrs. Whiteside's untiring interest and zeal the credit is largely due. Mrs. Whiteside was Miss Agnes Lipscomb, both family names of merited distinction. In the bitter war period, when the town was called "Little Boston," these families were faithful to the Southern cause. The sketch and picture of Mrs. Whiteside were sent by Mrs. W. G. Evans, of Shelbyville.

The dedicatory exercises consisted of a prayer, patriotic Southern songs, and able addresses by Bishop Gailor and United States Senator T. B. Turley.

BISHOP GAILOR'S ADDRESS.

It is my high privilege, on behalf of the Daughters and Sons of Confederate Veterans, to present this beautiful monument, erected here almost entirely by the efforts and zeal of the local chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, to the survivors on the Southern side of our civil war, and in doing so to assure them of the unfailing honor in which we hold them and their comrades.

With a full heart and with mind kindled by the solemn and to me ever-glorious memory of a father who fell at Perryville, and who sleeps to-day, like these heroes, among the unknown dead on that distant battlefield, I pledge you on behalf of ourselves and our children that your names shall not be forgotten, that your fame shall not be dimmed, that your honor shall not be injured by the waste of time.

We are here to-day as Americans—citizens of one common country, that knows no East nor West, no North nor South; subjects of one government and reverencing one flag, that floats from Maine to Texas, from Porto Rico to Manila. Above all and beyond all other political loyalties, we are Americans and children of that great republic now known and honored throughout the earth. The past two years have splendidly vindicated the patriotism of our people, and the President of the Union has made public mention of the conspicuous gallantry of the soldiers from Tennessee. The world knows to-day that no bitter recollections have been permitted to weaken or restrain the enthusiastic loyalty of the section of Bagley and Hobson and Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee. The men and women of the South are second to none in their rejoicing over the achievements of their fellow-countryman and fellow-citizen of Vermont, the greatest naval hero of this generation. And why should it not be so? The South gave the world the Declaration of Independence; the South won the war of the Revolution; the South gained the victory of New Orleans; the South acquired the great State of Texas; the South, through her sons, did more than all the other sections of the country put together to create our government and establish our institutions—and it is with just and proper pride that the people of the South are glad and grateful for the ever-increasing power and renown of these United States.

There shall be, then, no doubt of our patriotism because we gather here to unveil this monument and pay our loving tributes to the men who fought and died in the service of the Confederacy. We are not atheists; we believe in God. And his purpose for this nation has been made plain. That is our sufficient answer to the old question of secession. But let us never be afraid to say, and to believe it, that these men, whose dust to us is sacred and whose memories shall be ever precious to our children, were loyal men and true patriots. Let us repudiate now and always the partisan blasphemy that calls them traitors. Let us maintain that the surest love of country begins with love of one's native place, as true charity begins at home; that loyalty to one's section is the mother of that loyalty that feels for the whole country, for Washington loved America because he first loved Virginia. Every one knows that the great leaders of the war of the colonies against Great Britain loved and revered England and

her institutions, and that love was no less real because they resented the tyrannies of her existing government.

There are few to-day that are not ready to admit that the old South had an institution that was inimical to the welfare of the white man, and that in common justice and common self-protection sooner or later that institution would have had to be removed; but all the ingenuity of political philosophers and all the arguments of so-called historians from now till the end of time will find it hard to make noble or entirely just the manner and method of that change. It is one thing to write and speak and labor for the remedy of what you regard as an existing evil; it is quite another and a different thing to attempt to coerce your brother by force of arms to submit to your opinions. This was the burden and the problem of that older generation. It had its day; it did its work; it fought its battle; it has gone on to judgment. As between the opinions and the methods and manners of the men who composed it on either side of the great struggle, we have a right to make and express our choice without yielding one inch in our loyalty to our country; and who shall blame us if we love our fathers and our fathers' cause? Who that knows the story and has a heart that feels would not despise us if we did not take our stand by the side of those who sleep beneath this sod and over whom this monument shall be the mute, enduring witness to those that shall come after us of our love and honor for the true, the noble, and the brave.

The cause for which they fought and died failed, but the motive that inspired them and the heroism they exhibited shall never fade from the memories of their people. God in his wisdom decided the battle against them, and God in his great goodness has made their love and sacrifice and courage a heritage of imperishable glory to their country.

Over the bitterness and pain and cruelty of that dreadful war let the curtain of oblivion forever fall. Let no memory of outrage and shame stain the brightness of our enthusiasm for our reunited and victorious government. Rather let the love and honor that we pay to-day to these heroes of the past bring home to our hearts some lessons of patriotism and self-sacrifice in the midst of problems and perplexities that confront every American and demand solution.

Surely it must be an inspiration to us as we stand by these quiet graves to think that there was a time when all over this land self-sacrifice was the fashion—when young men in the freshness and vigor of life and old men gray with life's decline, when women old and young, women who were mothers, sisters, daughters, wives, counted it a privilege to surrender everything for that which they believed to be the cause of righteousness. It is this that consecrates that four years with a glory that cannot die and stirs our blood as we stand with bowed heads and reverent memory over the graves of these unnamed dead. We too have our duties and responsibilities, our problems and our dangers. Let us pray God that we may have grace to face them with the faith and courage, the simple, unquestioning devotion to duty, that characterized the men and women of the old South; and we may not doubt that their God and our God, to whom all the nations of the earth are as small dust in the balance, and who in the history of men and movements hath often revealed through apparent failure the most splendid vic-

tory, will bless our faith and loyalty with abundant blessing beyond all our human dreams and hopes.

The past is gone. The old forms and the old ideals are vanished. Through the veil of the years move more and more shadowy and indistinct those gray battalions that once at double-quick marched eagerly like a line of flame in the iron hail of battle. Faint and fainter yet sound the moans of suffering and the shouts of victory. Away, far off to us younger men and women, like phantom troops with muffled tread and silent drums on time's horizon, pass the armies of Lee and Johnston. Soon to our children they will be but names and dreams and stories read in books. Only what they were and what they did in love and faith shall last. It shall be built into the permanent and abiding life of our people; it shall be woven into the fair tapestry of our civilization—for when all other things pass and crumble into dust love and the deeds of love remain—love of God, love of truth and righteousness, love of one's native land.

SPEECH OF HON. THOMAS B. TURLEY, U. S. SENATOR.

The unveiling, the dedication, of a monument intended to commemorate the virtues, the devotion, the gallantry, and the achievements of Confederate soldiers is an occasion, a scene, which has no precedent in history. Grateful governments have in all times and all ages kept green and fresh the memory of the soldiers who have died in their defense. In every capital on the globe are monuments perpetuating achievements of its armies; in every great city and on every battlefield are shafts of marble and granite erected as national tributes to those who have given their lives at their country's call. But there is no government to perform this sacred duty for the dead Confederates. There is no capital in which cultured shafts of lofty monuments can be erected to their memory. There is no nation to rejoice in the recollection of their gallant deeds nor to preserve in fitting memorials their great achievements. The government they fought for went down in the struggle in which they gave up their lives, and its capital has long since ceased to exist. The nation they sought to create went out with their dying breath. Their monuments are erected by their surviving comrades and by the devoted women of the South who still so tenderly cherish their memory. Their epitaphs spring from the affectionate hearts and are written by the loving hands of their old associates. Their devotion, their loyalty, their courage, their deeds, have never been recognized in resolutions of an appreciative and grateful Congress, but they have lived, and live to-day, in the hearts of their comrades, and will continue to live—brighter, fresher, purer—as the years go by in the affections and recollections of those who inhabit the country for which they fought. This monument will, as long as it stands, speak in silent eloquence of the Confederate volunteers.

What mind can contemplate, what tongue can speak without emotion of that gallant volunteer army which came forth at the great call of nature, of honor, and of their country? It is impossible for their countrymen to recollect them but with tenderness, with affection, with tears. They counted not the cost; they were not deterred by the knowledge that they were to contend against overwhelming odds and inexhaustible, fully organized resources. They remembered only that a

great issue was involved, a great cause was at stake, a great principle was to be vindicated with their fortunes and their lives. Glorious men! This monument may wear away with time, its foundations sink in the earth, but their memory shall not be lost; it will live on and on forever; and whenever in all future times a heart may be found which beats responsive to sentiments of patriotism and love of liberty, that heart will claim kindred with their spirits.

Some of you stand to-day where you fought thirty-eight years ago. How like and unlike are these scenes with those! The skies are the same, the sun shines as brightly now as it did then, the gentle rains still fall alike on the just and the unjust. . . . But how different, my comrades, it is with us! Then we were in the first flush of young manhood, our hearts fresh and our hopes high. Using the ideas and, to some extent, the language of one of America's most patriotic sons in describing the founders of one of our sister States, we may say: "What the Confederates saw and felt, their sons shall not see and feel; what they achieved, it may be denied their posterity to even attempt. But if the younger generation now rapidly coming into control in the South and those who come after them wish to perpetuate in their purity and simplicity the free institutions of our country, God grant that when they carry their affections and recollections back to the dark days of the civil war and the years that succeeded it they may be able to arm themselves with something of the stern virtues which supported their Confederate ancestors in their hours of peril and exposure and suffering! God grant that they may possess that unconquerable resolution, stronger than bars of brass or iron, which strengthened their fathers' hearts—that patriotism and love of virtue and freedom which, with eyes fast fixed upon their country's good enabled their ancestors to trample even in defeat and despair every corrupt and selfish thought beneath their triumphant feet!"

It is well on occasions like this to trace the history of our country from the downfall of the Confederacy to the present time. When the conflict closed, and the Confederate survivors, worn out with civil war and dispirited and defeated, turned their faces homeward, what was it that lay before them? Lonely chimneys marked the site of once prosperous and happy homes; families were scattered; helpless women and children filled the land; decaying cities, idle factories, desolated fields, everywhere; and, worst of all, millions of slaves but recently turned into freemen seemed ready to inaugurate a reign of vengeance and terror. Law was impotent, and anarchy, devastation, and ruin held high carnival in a land that had been the most prosperous and civilized on the face of the globe. The old South, to all appearances, was doomed. Distrusted by the Federal government, and without aid or help from any source, the returned Confederates entered upon the task of vindicating themselves and their dead comrades, of rehabilitating and building up the land of their birth. Verily the task to which they addressed themselves when they took up arms in 1861 was but trivial in comparison with the task which presented itself in 1865. How well they succeeded the present condition of our section attests. Once again it is filled with a happy, successful, and contented people; once again its broad fields yield year by year abundant crops; once again its

bosom is dotted with magnificent cities and filled with happy homes. It is still the old South, born again, more prosperous, more beautiful, and more lovely than of yore. Great as the Confederate was in war, still greater has he proved himself in peace.

Again, when we turn to history, we find that in all previous civil wars the defeated have been utterly proscribed, the lives of their leaders have been forfeited to the vengeance of the conqueror, and all participation in the government of their country has been denied them for generations and generations. Even among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors civil wars were always followed by executions and exile, confiscation and proscription. How different with us! When the war ended and the last Confederate laid down his arms almost if not quite one million of our foes were still in the field, with unlimited resources, and we were helpless in the hands of our conquerors. Yet, in less than ten years, the State and local governments in the entire territory embraced in the Confederacy were irrevocably in the hands of the ex-Confederates; ex-Confederates filled seats in the House of Representatives and represented their States in the Senate of the United States. Confederate soldiers could be found on the Federal bench, and later on in the Cabinet of the President. And now, when little more than a third of a century has passed, at the close of a foreign war the last vestige of the bloody chasm is filled, the last scar of our bloody conquest is healed and obliterated. Confederate generals have but recently led the armies of the Union to victory. The annals of the Confederacy and the Confederates have become among the brightest pages of the history of our common country. Forrest is no longer in the North denounced as the butcher of Fort Pillow, but is there recognized and esteemed as the greatest cavalry leader of American history, and in every heart, from the shores of New England to the Rio Grande and from ocean to ocean, the memory of R. E. Lee is enshrined as the purest and greatest American since the days of Washington.

We have proved that in the final estimate the glory and honor of every nation and every people are the crystallization of the great deeds of all its sons, no matter where performed or by what cause inspired. The brightest pages in the history of France record the achievements of its great emperor who went down in defeat and died in exile. Many of those who are now recognized as among England's greatest heroes perished on the scaffold or died in prison. What it has taken centuries to accomplish in other countries we have accomplished in a generation.

Such results could only have been reached under institutions like ours, where the long enjoyment of freedom and liberty has broadened the character and softened the passions of the people.

The scenes of the world may change, the conditions which surround us may vary and alter, but the attributes and qualities which make men and nations great and successful remain the same. These attributes and these qualities find their highest exemplification in the citizens and soldiers who supported the fortunes of the Confederacy. In the valor and patriotism of its men, in the exalted character and unselfish devotion of its women will be found the virtues and principles which constitute the foundation of all free republics.

for which so much gallant blood was shed and which was upheld and supported by a great and noble people? In the gloom of Appomattox it seemed lost utterly, and so far as its immediate objects—the maintenance of the right of secession and the establishment of an independent government—were concerned it was lost forever; and, in the light of experience and as the result of calm reflection, we can all say it is well that these purposes did fail. But the grand principles upon which that cause was based—love of liberty, devotion to constitutional freedom, and adherence to the right of local self-government—live on, and will live as long as our system of government lasts. Those principles for which the Confederates fought have been accentuated and emphasized by Confederate valor and gallantry. Their importance to our institutions, an importance once well-nigh lost sight of, has again become apparent to all, and those principles which induced us to take up arms have since the war preserved the right of the States against all the centralizing influences and have become a bulwark to our theory of government. Verily the cause which went down in defeat at Appomattox has become a precious heritage to a reunited people.

From the history of our civil war and the contemplation of the men who acted and fought therein we can for years to come gather the necessary wisdom and experience to solve many questions which will arise in the progress of our country, and we can now draw from these sources a lesson which is especially pertinent in view of the growing sentiment that we should have a large standing army and become a great military power. I say, friends and fellow-citizens, that we have been for a century a great military power, and that without a large standing army. Every citizen who acknowledges allegiance to our flag and looks to it for protection is a soldier, ready when needed to give up his life under its folds.

Great is the renown of Leonidas and his three hundred, of Xenophon and his ten thousand, of the Macedonian phalanx, of the Sacred Band of Thebes, of the legions of Rome, of the squares of the Old Guard, and of the infantry that followed Wellington from Spain to Waterloo; but where are the soldiers in all history who were the superiors of Forrest and his men and of that magnificent, incomparable infantry which followed Lee and Jackson, Johnston and Hood? For more than a quarter of a century the world has wondered at their valor and endurance, and as long as history lasts their great deeds and achievements will be preserved in song and story and remembered with honor and admiration. And yet not one among them was a professional soldier. Our strength consists in the fact that every true citizen feels that he individually is responsible for the safety of his country in war as well as in peace. This fact is the last and ultimate foundation of our government. Situated as we are without any strong power on our continent to threaten us, and separated by the oceans from all the other nations of the world, we have no need of a large standing army. We have successfully fought four foreign wars and one civil war, the greatest and bloodiest known to history, with our citizen soldiers. Why should we distrust them now? A great standing army might protect us against foreign foes, but in the end it would inevitably deliver us over to a domestic tyrant or despot.

And what shall be said of our cause, my comrades,

SCHOOL HISTORIES IN THE SOUTH.

The entire South is interested alike in the history of each Southern State. Comrades and Daughters of the Confederacy in some sections are more zealous than in others, while advantages are varied. To Virginia special credit is due in this cause. The Sons of Confederate Veterans inaugurated a rigid investigation, and the Veterans responded promptly and earnestly. So have the Daughters of the Confederacy, of course.

At the recent reunion of Virginia Veterans at Pulaski City Dr. Hunter McGuire read the annual report of the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans, and, while it was to the Virginians, it is quite as appropriate to all Southerners. It so merits the sincere concern of us all that much of it is herein published. Dr. McGuire, Chairman of the Committee, read the report to a large assembly, comprising all delegations to the Grand Camp and a multitude of friends. The report was enthusiastically adopted without a dissenting voice:

The work assigned to your History Committee has been done according to our ability. The various histories and geographies authorized to be used in the schools of the State were assigned to the various members for examination. At a called meeting the different reports were read, discussed, and are herewith submitted. They are marked by ability and conscientious work, and should have a place in your transactions. The list is as follows:

Freye's Elements of Geography; Freye's Complete Geography—Col. John J. Williams.

Cooper, Estill & Lemon's "Our Country"—Rev. S. Taylor Martin.

Fiske's History of the United States—Rev. B. A. Tucker and Capt. Carter R. Bishop.

Lee's Primary History of the United States—R. S. B. Smith.

Lee's Brief History of the United States—Capt. M. W. Hazlewood.

Lee's Advanced History of the United States—Dr. R. A. Brock.

Jones's School History of the United States—Hon. James Mann.

Montgomery's Beginners' American History—T. H. Edwards.

Judson's Young American (civics)—W. H. Hurkamp.

Morris's Advanced History of the United States—Col. John H. Hume.

Myer's General History—M. W. Hazlewood.

In preparing the committee report I have felt at liberty to use any or all of the individual papers. The committee appointed by the general citizens' and soldiers' meeting, held in Richmond, October 17, 1897, made a second report confirming and explaining the report of 1898. That also is herewith submitted. One member of that committee, Mr. John P. McGuire, made a special report on the whole subject which has been incorporated in this paper.

It was supposed some eighteen months ago that the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Virginia,

successful in the efforts of that period, had finished its labors and had no further cause for action or reason for existence. We imagined that books, hostile to the truth and dishonoring to the dead and living of the South, had been driven from our State, and that with them would go opinions derived from them and of like effect, and therefore debasing to those who held them.

The actual situation is such that we consider it wise to begin this report with a brief description of our position at home and of the forces arrayed against us. It should serve to guide and concentrate our own action. It ought to secure the vigorous coöperation of all the Confederate camps in the South.

We were in error in supposing our work done. We are not altogether rid of false teachings, whatever may be said of the purposes of our teachers. Because of newly aroused thought, the opinions alluded to are less prevalent than they were; but they are still heard from



DR. HUNTER M'GUIRE.

young men who, during the last thirty years, have been misled as to the characteristics of our people and the causes of the "war between the sections," from some who, "looking to the future," as they phrase it, foolishly ignore the lessons of the past, and from others who, thinking themselves impoverished by the war and being greedy of gain, have neither thought nor care for anything nobler. There are a few older men who think that the abandonment of all the principles and convictions of the past is necessary to prove their loyalty to the present. There are some who dare to tell us that "the old days are gone by and are not to be remembered;" that "it is a weakness to recall them with tender emotions." To these we reply: "Put off the shoes from off your feet, for the place whereon you stand is holy ground." Young or old, these men are few, but they are ours, and their children inherit their errors.

Those not already aware of it will be surprised to learn that there are teachers in the South—high in po-

sition but, as we think, very ignorant of our history—who accept the Northern theory that "slavery was the cause of the war," and must accept the dishonoring consequence that its preservation was our sole object in that struggle—the favorite position of the Northern advocate and the last support of his cause. This position they take in spite of the fact that the quarrel between the North and the South began when slavery existed in all the States. That writers or readers should ignore the proofs of this is surprising. We cite, for instance, Washington's stern order issued to the army before Boston in 1775, promising exemplary punishment to any man who should say or do anything to aggravate what he called "the existing sectional feeling." For that feeling in that day we cannot find cause in slavery, for the good people of New England shared our Southern guiltiness. Nor is it to be explained except as springing from the old jealousy of Puritan and Cavalier, and the resentment of the Virginians against the New Englanders for failing to help them in the Indian war; whence, according to some authorities, the epithet "Yankee" sprang.

At a later day, in 1786, Mr. Jay recommended to Congress that, in exchange for a favorable commercial treaty with Spain, we should yield to her condition that "no American vessel should navigate the Mississippi below the mouth of the Yazoo." New England, caring nothing for the distant Mississippi, supported this narrow and selfish policy; exciting, say contemporary writers, "the fierce indignation of the South, and especially of Virginia, to which State Kentucky then belonged. We quote in substance from Mr. Fiske's "Critical Period of American History." He recites the fact, but sees no connection between the incident and the sectional war.

So of New England's pursuit of separate interests in 1812, the tariff iniquity of 1828, and the nullification struggle, all of which so intensified the general bad feeling. These are matters of commonest knowledge and the gravest import. They are, nevertheless, ignored by many Northern writers as causes of war. One prominent writer, Mr. Fiske, very briefly mentions the Hartford convention of 1814. Even our old enemy, Mr. Barnes, gives the list in a fine-print note. The fact is, these matters do not serve the purpose, as none of them could be depended upon to enlist the sentimental sympathy of the world against the South. Slavery and Southern action thereupon must be, for these historians, the cause of the war. There are people at home who, with these men, ignore all this history and accept and support their view. We are glad that they are few, but they exist; and, therefore, Virginians do not feel as they did when at the touch of hostile spear the shield of the State rang true; when, at the call of honor, the State of Virginia stepped to the front to stay to the end of the war. For all of us there is cause to fear that our success in suppressing the more flagrant evils has lessened our watchfulness against subtler forms which may prove harder to expel; reason to apprehend that our people of Virginia and other Southern States may sink down into a blind content with a situation which is still full of danger. If you will look over the lists of hooks allowed in some of our States, you will be amazed. The artifices and

corruption that secured their adoption would furnish a curious subject for a student of human nature.

Here in Virginia our hope is in this Grand Camp, with its allies among the scholars in the State, and in the men upon whom the law has laid the heavy responsibility belonging to our State Board of Education. We are glad to know that these are good men and true; that they have on the whole given the public schools of Virginia by far the best set of books they have ever had. So we are glad to acknowledge the good work they have done for the State, however strongly we may dissent from and protest against some of their conclusions. With respect to the situation abroad, it describes it not unfairly if we say that the reasons for the existence of our History Committee are, in a modified form, the same that in 1861 brought into existence and moved to action the armies of the South.

In the "sectional war" (not the "civil war," for that title accords with the extreme national conception and admits that we were not separate States) we were called upon to resist an invasion of soldiers, armed and sent into our country by the concurrent purposes of several fairly distinct parties then and now existing in the North. They came seeking our injury and their own profit. A new invasion, with like double purpose, is being prosecuted by the lineal successors of some of these parties. Two of them chiefly concern us and our work. The one came—or sent representatives to the war—bent upon the destruction of our Southern civilization, the eradication of the personal characteristics, opinions, thought, and mode of life which made our men different, antagonistic, and hateful to them. The other preferred war to the loss of material prosperity, which they apprehended in case the South should attain a position beyond the reach of Northern lawmakers and Northern tax collectors. Mr. Lincoln represented the latter, when, in reply to Mr. John Baldwin and Mr. A. H. H. Stuart, who—as representatives of the Virginia Convention then in session—urged him to delay the action that opened the war, he asked, "What is to become of my revenue in New York if there is a ten per cent tariff at Charleston?" The following incident points to the former: About the year 1850 a distinguished Northern statesman said to a party of Southern Congressmen: "You gentlemen will have to go home and beat your plowshares into swords and your pruning hooks into spears, for the Northern schoolmistresses are training a generation to fight the South."

No longer concerning ourselves with the sentimental Unionists and honest abolitionists—whose work seems to be over—we still struggle against the two parties we have described. These exist in their successors to-day—their successors who strive to control the opinions of our people, and those who seek to make gain by their association with us.

Coöperating with these and representing motives common to them all is a new form of another party, which has existed since sectionalism had its birth; the party which has always labored to convince the world that the North was altogether right and righteous, and the South wholly and wickedly wrong in the sectional strife. This party is to-day the most distinctly defined and the most dangerous to us. Its chief representatives are the historians against whose work we are es-

pecially engaged. We are enlisted against an invasion organized and vigorously prosecuted by all of these people. They are actuated by all the motives we have described, but they have two well-defined (and, as to us, malignant) purposes. One of them is to convince all men, and especially our Southern children, that we were, as Dr. Curry expresses their view, "a brave and rash people, deluded by bad men, who attempted in an illegal and wicked manner to overthrow the Union." The other purpose—and for this especially they are laboring—is to have it believed that the Southern soldier, however brave, was actuated by no higher motive than the desire to retain the money value of slave property. They rightly believe that the world, once convinced of this, will hold us degraded rather than worthy of honor, and that our children, instead of reverencing their fathers, will be secretly if not openly ashamed.

They seek to carry out their purposes, not now by the aid of armed soldiers, but through the active employment of energies, agencies, and agents who are as the caterpillar and cankerworm for destructiveness and as the locust for multitude. The whole force of journalists, poets, orators, and writers of all classes is employed in their cause, especially the Northern history makers, whose books have been and are now, to some extent, in the hands of Southern children.

The character of the work has been in greater or less degree such as might have been expected. By every variety of effort, from direct denunciation to faint praise, by false statement and more subtle suggestion, by sophistry of reasoning and unexpected inference, by every sin of omission and commission, these writers have labored since the close of the war, as their predecessors had done before it, to conceal or pervert the facts of our history. In the past they have been, to a great extent, successful. Up to the war our people were as unknown as if they had lived on another planet, or known only to be condemned. The world has grown wiser. Therefore these men, hopeless of retaining in the high court of the future the packed juries and prejudiced judges before whom they have heretofore urged their cause against us, gradually despairing of final success in distorting facts as touching either the legal aspect of the case or our military history, still retain the hope, and now bend their energies to the task of convicting us all—leaders and people—of such motives as shall appear to the world and to our children as proof of dishonor, and rob statesman, faithful citizen, and soldier alike of the admiration now justly accorded.

Hon. J. L. M. Curry has lately stated that "history as written, if accepted in future years, will consign the South to infamy." He further observes that "the conquerors write the histories of all conquered peoples." Whether or not the records of mankind show this last statement to be true, it is not true that all conquered people have so learned the story of their fathers' deeds; nor can it be shown that the conquerors have habitually sought to force such teachings upon them. Wiser statesmen have known, with Macaulay, that "a people not proud of the deeds of a noble ancestry will never do anything worthy to be remembered by posterity." He is a stupid educator who does not know that a boy ashamed of his father will be a base man. Such a

direct attempt to change the character of a people has been almost unknown. It is true that traces of the Latin language show us where the Roman legions marched. Norman French was the court language in England after the conquest, and entered our English speech. These results, long resisted by patriotic men, came by natural assimilation. The relentless and remorseless "man of blood and iron" did—as a last measure of utter subjugation—attack the minds of the children of Alsacé and Lorraine through the books ordered for the schools. Through dire penalties those orders were enforced; in hopeless despair these provinces submitted. The Prussian is not entirely alone, and doubtless had thought of retributive justice in mind. For the demon Corsican, in his day of sweeping conquest, compelled conquered provinces to submit to French school laws. The most recent history furnishes one more example. Under date of June 28, 1899, we find an order of the United States Provost Marshal General in Manila compelling the attendance of all children between six and twelve at the reopened public schools and ordaining that "one hour's instruction per day shall be devoted to teaching the English language." We have not yet heard what history of the present war the Filipinos are to study. It is not exactly in point, but it is interesting to note that the schools of France to-day use histories that teach the children how entirely Frenchmen won the American war of independence. Doubtless an instance may be found here and there of compulsory study of the history of a conquest by the conquered people. When occurring, it has been the conqueror's final and, to his mind, most radical expedient, applied by and with relentless force, and with deadly intent to change the minds and characters of the new subjects.

It remained for these, our Southern States, with this State of Virginia leading and guiding the others (as we fear the record shows), to present the first instance of voluntary submission to this last resort of the cruelest conquerors. The history of the human race furnishes no like example of men who, by their own action, have so exposed their children; of men, who, unconstrained, have dishonored the graves and memories of their dead. Our own people have aided and are still aiding, with all the insistence of damned and daily schoolroom iteration, in the work of teaching those malignant falsehoods to Southern children, in the work of so representing a brave people to the world of to-day and the ages to come. How amazing the folly! How dark the crime!

This folly or crime, for the State of Virginia, is primarily chargeable to the men who, immediately after the war—when our hearts if not our intellects might have been on guard—brought Northern men and Northern histories into our schools and for years employed them to teach us why and how Southern men fought against the North. Certain honest efforts have been made to expel these books and their teachings. Differences of opinion should not, and do not, induce us to impugn the motives of faithful men; but we regret that these efforts have not been entirely successful.

The general views so far expressed have been presented before. The situation seemed to us to require their forcible repetition. Now, however, and by the last remarks with respect to the histories, we are

brought to the special work expected from your committee of this year, the examination of the books allowed for use by the last ruling of our Board of Education and now in use in the "public" and some of the private schools of the State.

To begin with, and in general as the result of our examination and such scholarly aid as we have been able to secure, we have to report the positive conclusion that no Northern author has yet written a school history in which it is not easy to trace one or more of the purposes we have described and denounced. All that we have seen are for this reason unfit for use in Southern schools. Nor do we hesitate to express the opinion that, standing as these people do to the truth of history, conscious that their section is on trial with respect to the sectional war, and well aware of the growing signs that theirs is to be the lost cause at last—human nature being imperfect—fair history cannot be expected of Northern authors unless they be of the rarest and boldest, worthy to rank with the inspired historians who wrote the simple truth. If they imitate these great writers, they conquer self to an extent impossible for simple mortals, offend their own people, and fail of their market. They cannot do the first, fear to do the second; the third their publishers will not allow. Ignorantly or knowingly, seeing with the blinded eyes of prejudice, or intent that others shall not see, they are constrained to falsify the record in fact or in effect; otherwise, they must be silent. They have not been silent.

Without enlarging upon the point or using the abundant material to be had from English and American literature, we stop a moment for one or two evidences that these writers have need to plead their cause by such means as they can devise. The chairman of this committee on one occasion, being in England, heard a number of British officers of high rank, especially engaged in the study of military history, express their opinion—which we rejoice to recognize, and which these Northern men dread as the world's final verdict—that while Washington, Lee, and Jackson were of the great leaders of the world's history, the North had never produced a great commander; that Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were not to be thought of; that the renegade Virginian, Thomas, was the only Federal who had approached that rank. On another occasion, traveling in New England, he encountered a gentleman who declared himself a student of history, and desired to be told how it happened that in every crisis of the country's history he found five times as many Southern men as Northern prominently managing affairs. He knew, he said, that the time would come when, utterly wrong and unjust as he thought it, all the romance and glory of this war would gather around Lee and Jackson, and not around Grant and Sheridan and their like. The passing years already prove the soundness of his judgment. Well may they dread to appear at the bar of their own consciences. With respect to their latest act of war, giving the suffrage to the blacks—a deed unsurpassed for hypocrisy as to purpose, malignant intent, and disastrous effect upon all concerned—these writers know that their best men are uniting to condemn it and will ere long confess that it was indeed conceived in iniquity and born in sin, and is now itself yielding a legion of devils armed to torment the State. Alas that teachers in our

Southern States should, through any mistake of judgment or counsel, join the North in teaching that, as far as we are sufferers, we reap the due reward of our deeds!

FISKE'S "HISTORY."

Now, to return and deal with the particular books we were set to examine:

First in order is Mr. John Fiske's "History." This book has been very carefully examined, noting the changes appearing in the edition of 1899. Rev. Dr. Tucker's and Mr. Carter A. Bishop's reports upon it have already been submitted. The work done by both of these gentlemen is able and conclusive. To read their reports would, of course, overrun our time.

It is evident to all of us that Mr. Fiske is an able man and a student of history. He has seen, more plainly than any other perhaps (what the Northern orators and writers are silently or openly yielding), that every claim of the South, of such sort as naturally rests upon categorical fact is already *res adjudicata* in our favor at the bar of the world. He knows from the writers around him (Mr. Lodge and others) that our claim to the right of secession cannot be resisted; that right of coercion cannot be maintained; that the superior personal and military character of our leaders is beyond dispute; that, estimating Americans, foreign mercenaries, and the negroes in their ranks, the average type and quality of their private soldier was far below ours, and their numbers so far superior that the Southern victories set the world wondering. He knows, too, that the records made up along the track of armies and their own statistics of deaths in prison have forever proved our higher civilization in war. So he foresees and dreads the day of doom when, as already prophesied, history is to declare the truth triumphant and his the "Lost Cause." His writings, the others as well as the history, prove his consciousness that there remains to his section only this last resort, to make the world believe that our motives were base, a charge which they hope will be answered with more difficulty, inasmuch as it rests upon unsubstantial and intangible interpretation of facts, and not upon facts themselves.

ELEGANCE OF DICTION.

With elegance of diction and wealth of knowledge sufficient to blind and interest a multitude of readers, he devotes himself to this object. He is an advocate seeking to procure pardon for the wrongdoings of his own section by persuading the world of the guilt of ours; by convincing all who read or study his book (our own children among them) that, in defiance of all reasons to know the wrong of slavery, we argued before the war and fought in it, not from conviction of duty or loyalty to our constitutional rights and those of our children, not even from insulted and outraged manhood, but simply to hold the negro in possession.

We do not assert his insincerity. It may well be that he believed what he said on that point. He is, therefore, the more dangerous as teaching falsehood with all the force that belongs to the conviction of truth.

It will go far to establish our proposition as to Mr. Fiske's inability to see the truth when slavery and the war enter his field of view and the consequent entire unfitness of his "History" for school use, if we briefly

examine other noted writings that have come from his hand. It is a maxim laid down by a famous philosopher and writer that children are more influenced by the spirit and the unexpressed opinions of the teacher than they are by the words they chance to hear from his lips. We therefore examine Mr. Fiske. His personality is in his history; the chapter and verse criticism of that book is in the able reports of Capt. Bishop and Rev. Dr. Tucker. We turn to the latter half of the one hundred and ninety-first page of his much-lauded "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors." It contains matter which will not only prove our criticism just, but furnish us occasion for much astonishment. Speaking of the slave trade and abolition, Mr. Fiske tells us that George Mason in his lifetime denounced the "infamous traffic in terms which were to be resented by his grandsons when they fell from the lips of Wendell Phillips." All this we quote literally. A handsome antithesis and well-proportioned sentence, you will observe. The author is not careful to present (we avoid saying that he is careful not to present) the true point of contrast. George Mason denounced as "infamous" the sale of free men into slavery and the horrors of the middle passage, and argued against slavery in Virginia on economic and social grounds. Wendell Phillips denounced the South and Southern slaveholders. Mr. Fiske's readers do not learn from him that this was the offense that we resented, and that with a just indignation which Mr. Mason would have shared to the full had he been alive. The inference that Virginians of the two periods were not of one mind, both as to the slave trade and Yankee interference, is absolutely false, and should not be suggested to Southern children.

UNSAVORY WORDS.

On that same page 191 Virginians are told that that there was once "a short-lived emancipation party" in their State, but that, "after the final suppression of the slave trade in 1808 and the consequent increased demand for Virginia-bred slaves, the thought of emancipation vanished from the memory of man." The same offensive suggestion is made in almost the same language, "the breeding of slaves . . . such a profitable occupation in Virginia" in his "Critical Period," etc., page 73, and again on page 266, where we are told that when the inventions of Arkwright, Cartwright, and Whitney so greatly increased the value of cotton there resulted a great demand for slaves "from Virginia as a breeding ground, and the Abolition party in that State thereupon disappeared, leaving her to join in the odious struggle for introducing slavery into the national domain." In both passages we quote him, perhaps, a little roughly. In his pages all this is handsomely expressed, for Mr. Fiske's style is very fine. It would, however, be difficult to discover anywhere pen pictures so advantageously incomplete—advantageously incomplete because a statement of the facts would not have represented, as do these most slanderous sentences, a mere race of slave breeders easily sacrificing their convictions for the value of slave property, and ready to fight for it when occasion should arise.

UTTERLY UNRELIABLE.

It is impossible to consider these passages without

becoming convinced of the utter unreliability of this historian when speaking of slavery, the causes of the war, or the rights asserted by the South. It was to be supposed that in writing Virginia history he would at least consult Virginia documents. He should not assume that all Virginians are equally careless or as ignorant of Virginia history as the record proves him to be or as charity compels us to assume that he is. Eighteen hundred and eight is his date for the disappearance of all thought of emancipation in Virginia. Selecting from a mass of documents, he might have read two of Mr. Jefferson's letters—one to Mr. Coles, another to Mr. Jared Sparks, urging his views and plans for emancipation and deportation to Sierra Leone, etc.; one dated August 25, 1814, the other February 4, 1824. (See Vol. IV., "Jefferson's Correspondence.") But chiefly, and utterly overthrowing all title he may have to credit when writing of these subjects, we have, and he might have had, Mr. Thomas W. White's volume, published in 1832, containing the great Deportation and Emancipation Debate in the Virginia Legislature in January and February of that year; the debate enlisting the strongest speakers of the State and consuming a great part of those two months; a debate pending which, as will be remembered, the Virginia House of Delegates, under date of January 25, 1832, passed its resolution declaring it "expedient to adopt some legislative enactments for the abolition of slavery;" and made in that behalf a most vigorous movement, which was finally defeated by a very small majority—and that only because no man could say where the necessary means to deport the free blacks could be found, and none could suggest any other wise and safe disposition to be made of the slaves when set free. The recent Southampton insurrection had strengthened the hands and added to the number of those who wished to get rid of the negroes altogether. It is to be observed that the Virginia arguments were not of the hypocritical, sentimental variety; nor were they the vehicles of covert hatred for anybody. They expressed the views long held by the leaders of public opinion here as to the best social and economic conditions for Virginia and Virginians. It is further to be said, and that with great emphasis, that the character and conduct of free State populations as exhibited in our subsequent history, and the strongly contrasted character and conduct of our Southern people, bring into the very gravest doubt the wisdom of our fathers in these opinions; which opinions we admit, and (as against Mr. Fiske's statements) claim that they held and acted upon long after his date of 1808.

We return to say that when our fathers tried to find out how to get rid of the blacks it did not occur to them to solve the question as our Northern friends had done, by sales to the South. Nor could we further imitate them in contemplating with indifference such consequences of abolition as now confront us. The fact that all this history of date subsequent to 1808 is omitted in both of the books quoted proves that it is not an accidental result of Mr. Fiske's misleading love for a rounded period. Our teachers should not allow our children to think of this venerable State as a mere negro "breeding ground," or of her people as won from other thoughts while gloating over the money value of the black.

Mr. Fiske apparently does not know that during these very years the African Colonization Society, laboring to effect these very objects, had among its vice presidents Gen. John Mason, of Virginia, son of George Mason and father of Senator James M. Mason; also Gen. Charles Fenton Mercer, of Virginia, who, about the year 1825, introduced in Congress the resolution declaring the slave trade "piratical warfare," and, at his own expense, visited various European courts seeking to have them reach the same decision. These gentlemen should hardly be denounced as mere slave breeders.

In Mr. Fiske's country he is not very familiar with individual acts of emancipation; nor does he know how many Virginians, long after 1808, manumitted their slaves; among them John Randolph, of Roanoke, whose executor (Bishop Meade) located them in the beautiful region where now stands the town of Xenia, Ohio, giving them good homes, of which the neighboring whites shortly dispossessed them. Many, many such cases marked the time to the "fifties," when, as all men know, the end of emancipation in Virginia came about through the "pious" interference of the Northern abolitionist; in consequence of which a Virginian, manumitting his slaves, in effect gave the weight of his influence to the sentiment represented by the destroyers of our peace, and so felt that he must at least suspend his purpose, lest he should become an ally of the enemies of the State. This is the exact truth of the situation with respect to that matter. Mr. Fiske's writings teach us the opposite. Our children, taught by him, would neither learn it nor readily believe it. Our conviction is that this half page, though taken from his "Old Virginia," to say nothing of his yet more objectionable "Critical Period," is enough to banish from Southern schools Mr. Fiske's "History" and everything else that he ever wrote. We quote indifferently from other books than the "History," as we are merely engaged in proving Mr. Fiske's unfitness as a guide for Southern readers, even if the North is content to follow him. We therefore turn again to the "Critical Period of American History." He is speaking of the successive ratifications of the Constitution of 1787. On page 330, speaking of "amendments offered by Massachusetts," he says: "It was not intended that the ratification should be conditional." In pages 336-338 he is telling of the triumph of Madison and Marshall in securing Virginia's ratification by a narrow majority of 89 to 79. He goes on to use these words: "Amendments were offered, after the example of Massachusetts." We appear from his statement to have acted after that example. It is perfectly true that both States, after ratifying the Constitution, did recommend certain notable amendments. Not one word is there to indicate any different action at all. We necessarily suppose that here too "it was not intended that the ratification should be conditional." Would any uninformed or unsuspecting reader imagine that while the Massachusetts act was a simple acceptance, there occurred in the body of the Virginia act of ratification the following emphatic declaration? "We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, . . . do, in the name and behalf of the people of Virginia, declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United

States, may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression, and that every power not granted thereby remains with them and at their will," etc. Mr. Fiske evidently did not think this worth mentioning. The effect of the point of view upon the historic perception is simply wonderful.

IS MISLEADING.

In speaking of the New York ratification, page 344, he says that Hamilton, fighting over the question whether New York could ratify the Constitution conditionally, reënforced himself with the advice of Madison. "The question was: 'Could a State once adopt the Constitution and then withdraw from the Union if not satisfied?'" "Madison's reply," he says, "was prompt and decisive." "Such a thing could never be done. . . . There could be no such thing as a constitutional right of secession." How much of this he intends to give as direct quotation from Madison's lips does not appear. The letter itself our readers will find in "Hamilton's Works," Vol. I., or more conveniently in Henry's "Patrick Henry," Vol. II., page 308, where will also be found some interesting comments thereupon. It (the letter) does not contain Mr. Fiske's exact words, but it cannot be said that he overdraws that individual paper. It loses none of its force in his hands. Our author, however, thus presenting Mr. Madison to his readers, deals unfairly in failing to avail himself of the opportunity to give certain very important counterutterances of that statesman. We think that in fairness to him, and in order that readers might be more truly informed, a few lines might have been added, setting forth the fact that Mr. Madison (with Marshall and Nicholas) procured the passage of the Virginia act that we have quoted, and was himself the reputed author of the "Resolutions of 1798." That being done, Mr. Madison's absolute concurrence with Mr. Fiske as to the whole question might not have been so clear. The quotation actually given would have at least lost much of its force, as an unbiased reader would have thought Mr. Madison singularly at variance with himself, if not with Mr. Fiske. Let teachers at least tell the whole story.

It is enough to say further that Mr. Fiske, writing Virginia history, makes no allusion to the Virginia resolution, joining the Union in language which the concurrent debate (Elliott, Vol. II., pp. 625, 626) proves to have been understood as a condition of right to withdraw—not universally, of course (nor, perhaps, by extreme Federalists), but so far as to secure its adoption, and so far, be it said, as forever to debar any other parties to the compact from any question as to the terms upon which we entered the Union. This is Virginia (and United States) history as it is, but not as Mr. Fiske sees it and teaches it to Virginia children. Even the extreme Federalists supported this view by implication, if not in direct terms. Mr. Madison, on one occasion, replying to Mr. Henry's charge that they were constructing a consolidated government, declares that "the parties to the Constitution are not the people (of the United States) as composing one great body, but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties." Mr. Nicholas uses the words: "The condition is part of the compact." At any rate, the resolution which we

have quoted (though not from Mr. Fiske's account) passed the Virginia Legislature and was law until the 9th of April, 1865.

With respect to New York the untrained reader would necessarily infer that the failure of the condition in that State was complete, while from the same "Elliott's Debates" (Vol. I., pp. 327, 329) we find the language scarcely less emphatic than that of the resolution; to some minds even more emphatic.

We are not ourselves attempting or professing to give that whole story of both sides of the debates which fair history would require. But Mr. Fiske is writing *history*, or professes to be. Our duty is to inquire whether he has given us such history as should be taught. We believe and claim that the contrast between his pages and the full records show that he has given but one side, and so has presented a picture unfit to be shown to our schools.

OFFENSIVE DOCTRINE.

We return to the most offensive doctrine of the books that we condemn: the charge that the Southern soldier fought for slave property. If this charge be just, let the truth be taught. It is false. The answer to it is on every page of our history, and the books that make it should not be used in our schools.

We all remember how many Virginians of 1861, knowing that the blood thirst of Naseby and Marston Moor was unslaked, yet weary of the blood feud that had antedated the Revolution; tired of sectional strife recurring with every question of general interest; simply weary of quarreling; convinced by the election of Lincoln that the quarrel never would end—went into the war in hope of conquering peace, and before going gave their negroes leave to be free if they chose. The attitude of one or two prominent fighters with respect to slave property will be sufficient for our purpose. "The Campaigns of Stonewall Jackson," by Col. G. F. R. Henderson, of the British Staff College, Chamberley, England, should be read by every man, woman, and child in the South. It would help the Northern people to a knowledge of the truth. On page 108, Vol. I., of that great book, we find the following extract from a letter of Gen. Robert E. Lee: "In this enlightened age," wrote the future general in chief of the Confederate army, "there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil. It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it is a greater evil to the white than to the colored race, and while my feelings are strongly interested in the latter my sympathies are more deeply engaged for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa—morally, socially, and physically. The painful discipline they are undergoing is necessary for their instruction as a race, and, I hope, will prepare them for better things. How long their subjection may be necessary is known and ordered by a merciful Providence. Their emancipation will sooner result from the mild and melting influence of Christianity than from the storms and contests of fiery controversy. This influence, though slow, is sure. The doctrines and miracles of our Saviour have required nearly two thousand years to convert but a small part of the human race, and even among Christian nations what gross errors still exist! While

we see the course of the final abolition of slavery is still onward, and we give it the aid of our prayers and all justifiable means in our power, we must leave the progress as well as the result in His hands who sees the end and who chooses to work by slow things, and with whom a thousand years are but as a single day. The abolitionist must know this, and must see that he has neither the right nor the power of operating except by moral means and suasion; if he means well to the slave, he must not create angry feelings in the master. Although he may not approve of the mode by which it pleases Providence to accomplish its purposes, the result will nevertheless be the same; and the reason he gives for interference in what he has no concern holds good for every kind of interference with our neighbors when we disapprove of their conduct." On the same page Col. Henderson quotes from the lips of Mrs. Jackson like opinions held by her husband. These are opinions expressed before the war. Do they indicate that Lee and Jackson fought to preserve slave property? I myself know that at the beginning of the war Gen. Lee, wise and far-seeing beyond his fellow-men, was in favor of freeing all the slaves in the South, giving to each owner a bond, to be the first paid by the Confederacy when its independence should be secured; and that Stonewall Jackson, while believing in the scriptural right to own slaves, thought it would be politic in the white people to free them. He owned two. One was a negro man, whose first owner, being in financial difficulties, was compelled to sell. The negro asked Gen. Jackson to buy him and let him work until he accumulated the money to pay the General back. He was a waiter in a hotel, and in a few years earned the money, gave it to Jackson, and secured his freedom. The other was a negress about to be sold and sent away from Lexington. She asked Jackson to buy her, which he did, and then offered to let her work as the man had done and secure her freedom. She preferred to stay with the General and his wife as a slave, and was an honest, faithful, and affectionate servant. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston never owned a slave. How much of the fighting spirit and purpose of the South were in the breasts of Lee, Johnston, and Jackson? Do the facts recited indicate that the desire to retain slave property gave them nerve for the battle? Does any man living know of a soldier in this State who was fighting for the negro or his value in money? I never heard of one. The Stonewall Brigade of the Army of Northern Virginia was a fighting organization. I knew nearly every man in it, for I belonged to it for a long time, and I know that I am within proper bounds when I assert that there was not one soldier in thirty who owned or ever expected to own a slave. The South fighting for the money value of the negro! What a cheap and wicked falsehood!

MOTIVES OF ACTION.

Finally—and this deserves a separate paragraph—with respect to the motives of action, we should be glad if Mr. Fiske, or any other Northern author, would relieve us of the mental confusion resulting from the contemplation of the facts that Robert E. Lee set free all of his slaves long before the sectional war began, and that U. S. Grant retained his as slaves until they were made free as one of the results of Lincoln's emancipa-

tion proclamation. "Few, perhaps, know that Gen. Grant was a slaveholder; but the fact is that he had several in the State of Missouri, and these were freed, like those in the South, by the emancipation proclamation. 'These slaves,' said Mrs. Grant, 'came to him from my father's family, for I lived in the West when I married the General, who was then a lieutenant in the army.'"

Soldiers and gentlemen, we accepted in full faith and honesty the arbitrament of the sword. We are to-day all that may be honorably meant by the expression "loyal American citizens." But we are also loyal to the memory of our glorious dead and the heroic living of the Confederacy, and we will defend them in our poor way from the false and foul aspersions of Northern historians as long as brain can think or tongue and pen can do their office. We desire that our children shall be animated by the same spirit.

Mr. Fiske furthermore teaches our children that but for the war the South would have reopened the slave trade. He tells, without quotation of authorities, a certain story of slave ships landing their cargoes in the South. Those of us who were men in the later fifties will remember a rumor that about that time a vessel, called "The Wanderer" and commanded by a Southern man, brought a cargo of Africans into a Southern river. It was also rumored that one or more ships owned and commanded by Northern men were engaged in the same work. The stories may or may not have been true. Granted the truth, the fact that one or more Yankee slave traders had returned to the sins of their fathers does not prove that 20,000,000 of them were about to do so; nor does the purchase of such cargoes by half a dozen Southern planters prove that 5,000,000 of them had determined thus to strengthen their working forces.

WHAT HE OVERLOOKS.

In his work Mr. Fiske overlooks the fact that the Confederate Government, at the first meeting of its Congress, incorporated into its constitution a clause which forever forbade the reopening of the slave trade. I beg you to consider the following contrast. George III. forced the Virginia Governor to veto our Virginia act of 1760 prohibiting the further importation of slaves. Mr. Fiske tells us that "in Jefferson's first draft of the Declaration of Independence this act (of the king) was made the occasion of a fierce denunciation of slavery, but in deference to the prejudices of South Carolina and Georgia the clause was struck out by Congress."

The different impressions made on different authors by the same facts is to be observed. Mr. George Lunt, of Boston ("Origin of the Late War"), understood Mr. Jefferson to show that the omission was very largely due to "the influence of the Northern maritime States." Mr. Jefferson wrote the passage and describes the incident. To us it appears, from his account, that this denunciation was of the king, not less—perhaps more—than of this traffic to which we Virginians were so much opposed. As to the omission of the passage, he gives Mr. Fiske's statement as to South Carolina and Georgia; but adds the following, which Mr. Fiske omits: "Our Northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under these censures; for, though their people had very few slaves, yet they had been pretty

considerable carriers of them to others." Of course historians cannot say everything—must omit something. We could wish, however, that our author had displayed a less judicious taste in omissions. Be it understood that we ourselves omit many things that we would say but for the fact that we are only seeking to supply some of Mr. Fiske's omissions, and so establish our proposition that our children cannot get true pictures from this artist's brush, and that his book ought not to be in our schools.

UNHOLY CONTRIBUTION.

The "Origin of the Late War," published by the Appletons in 1866, but out of print for lack of Northern popularity, is a book preëminently worthy of reading. Its author, Mr. George Lunt, of Boston, in Mr. Fiske's own State of Massachusetts, tells us that an unholy combination between Massachusetts Free-soilers and Democrats to defeat the Whigs, with no reference to any principle at all, sent Sumner to Congress and materially contributed to the cause of the war partly through the Preston Brooks incident which Mr. Fiske so unfairly describes. "Slavery," this author observes, "was the cause of war, just as property is the cause of robbery." If Mr. Fiske will read the Lincoln and Douglass debates of the time before the war; if he will lay aside preconceived opinion and read the emancipation proclamation itself, he will see that not even for Lincoln himself was slavery the cause of action, or its abolition his intent; that emancipation was simply a war measure, not affecting, as you know, the border States that had not seceded; even excluding from its operation certain counties of Virginia; simply intended to disable the fighting States and more thoroughly to unite the rabid abolitionists of the North in his own deadly purpose to overthrow the constitutional rights of the States. Just before the battle of Sharpsburg, from which, as you remember, he dated his abolition proclamation, he very clearly indicated his view of the cause or purpose of the war on his part. "If he could save the Union," he said, "by freeing the slaves, he would do it; if he could save it by freeing one half and keeping the other half in slavery, he would take that plan; if keeping them all in slavery would effect the object, then that would be his course." Further, with respect to the provocation offered to the South that led to the war—so far as slavery was its cause—Mr. Webster, in his speech at Capon Springs in 1851, used these words: "I do not hesitate to say and repeat that if the Northern States refuse to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves the South would no longer be bound to keep the compact." Mr. Lunt and Mr. Webster were Massachusetts men, like Mr. Fiske. Mr. Webster was a great constitutional lawyer. Mr. Lincoln was President. Yet we do not learn from Mr. Fiske that any of these heresies or mistaken purposes had currency in Massachusetts or in the Union. He would teach all men that Mr. Lincoln claims immortality as the apostle of freedom. He is the coworker with the orator of their absurd Peace Jubilee, who lately proclaimed that the flag of Washington was the flag of independence; the flag of Lincoln, the flag of liberty.

"Demands of slaveholders," "concessions to slaveholders"—these and the like are the expressions our

author uses to paint a picture of an aggressive South and a conciliatory North. Through and through this author's work runs the same evidence of preconception as to the causes of war and predetermined purpose as to the effect his book is to produce, the same consciousness of the necessity laid upon him and his collaborators, the same proof of his consequent inability to write a true history of the sectional strife, the same proof that his book is unfit to be placed in the hands of Southern children.

A curious observation is to be made. Just where we ourselves would say that slavery was the cause, or at least the occasion of the outbreak of the war, Mr. Fiske does not see the connection. He would have us take even his own statement on that point with a very marked limitation. "Slavery was the cause," but only in so far as the action of the South made it so, and by no means in consequence of any act done by the North or by Northern men. That is the doctrine that we must teach our children. Even the John Brown raid is outside of the group of causes. That was beyond question an overt act of Northern men. Therefore the incident is to be minimized in history and effect. Those of you who remember the situation, and possibly marched to Harper's Ferry on that occasion, will be surprised to note that Mr. Fiske says "he [Brown] intended to make an asylum in the mountains for the negroes, and that the North took little notice of his raid." There is no occasion for answering such a statement. We know that Brown and those who sent him here, aiding him to buy his pikes, etc., purposed war, intended that his fort should be the headquarters of an insurrection of the negroes, and purposed that his pikes should be driven into the breasts of Virginia men and women. All of us remember the platform and pulpit denunciation of our people, the parading, the bell tolling, and other clamorous manifestations of approval and sympathy which went through the North and convinced the people of Virginia that the long-threatened war of the North against the South had at last begun. In this sense, perhaps, it was not of the causes of the war; it was the war. I myself saw the demonstrations of the Northern people on that occasion. Happening to be at that time living in Philadelphia, it was instantly plain to me that I was in an enemy's country. The Southern students around me saw it as plainly as I did. It took but a dozen sentences to open the eyes of the least intelligent. It was only to say, "Come on, boys! let's go!" and three hundred of us marched over on our own side of the line. The war for us was on, and I know that the State of Virginia knew that was what the North meant. Just how Mr. Fiske enables himself to make the statement quoted we cannot understand. We only see another proof that his point of view distorts the picture in his mind to such an extent that he ought not to be employed as a painter for us or our children.

Much has been said of Mr. Fiske's elegant style. We will only observe that the sugar coating of a pill does not justify our administering poison. The Trojan horse may have been a shapely structure, but in its belly were concealed the enemies of the city. It has been said, perhaps untruly, that the rounded period marks the unreliable historian. There have been notable examples of it. And it is certainly true that an in-

convenient fact does sometimes give pain to a writer who is in the habit of testing his sentences by his ear. This is the apparent explanation of some of Mr. Fiske's observations as to slave breeding in Virginia.

ONE MORE POINT.

One other point remains. The statement has been made, and denied, that this book was adopted on the recommendation of the Citizens' Committee of 1898, indorsed by the Grand Camp Committee of the same year. However the impression as to that recommendation arose or was made on the mind of any member of the Board of Education or anybody else, we are prepared to prove by the text, and by a recent report of the same committee, that they recommended only two books: the Jones and Lee histories.

The second book to be noticed, also erroneously supposed to have been recommended by the committee for 1898, is the Cooper and Estill history, "Our Country." The effective detailed criticism of that work also is handed you in the able report of Rev. S. Taylor Martin. Like the last, this needs only a general criticism as a basis for the resolution we shall offer for your adoption. If you will read the "Introduction," you will see that the author proposes to write such a book as will serve to cultivate a large patriotism and eradicate sectionalism. This is doubtless a worthy motive. But a preconceived purpose in writing is the bane of the historian. The great Scripture models indicate no purpose; they simply tell the naked truth. Reading the so-called history these gentlemen have given us in the light of their own announced intention, we shall find that it has led them again and again so to present incidents antagonistic to their purpose that the real truth is not told. Many paragraphs in support of this statement may readily be selected. We respect their purpose; but it has far misled the authors; so that, to put it briefly, the book is simply not a history of the country.

CAUSE OF STRIFE.

The preconceived purpose to write a book that will cultivate a large patriotism has led these authors so to deal with the elements of strife between the North and South as to make it appear that no guilt or blame attached to either party; that all differences arose naturally and innocently; that the war itself was the logical outcome of circumstances of growth and development for which the parties engaged were not responsible; and that it was not the result of any such hostile feeling on the one side as any principle required the other to return in kind. The "Preface," to which allusion has been especially made, and such paragraphs as 416, 519, etc., for example, sufficiently illustrate our meaning. The book is clearly in error as to some very important matters, as, for instance, in 550; but it is with respect to and in consequence of the effort to carry out the apparently commendable purpose with which it is written that we are compelled to say that it presents a picture utterly inconsistent with the truth. Its principal errors thus concern matters of right and principle, as to which it is of the first and last importance that our children should be rightly informed, and so they absolutely forbid its use in our schools. The book is all the more pernicious because its authors pose as Southern men. Such may be the

truth, but they certainly do not teach the truth of history. This so-called history does not anywhere mention the names of Gens. Ewell, Hill, Cheatham, McLaws, Wheeler, Gordon, and Stephen D. Lee. Nor is there any record of the battles of Ball's Bluff, Gen. Lee's West Virginia campaign, Drewry's Bluff, Chantilly, Shepherdstown, Forrest's battle of Murfreesboro, Salem Church, Ewell's defeat of Milroy at Winchester. The defense of Fort Sumter for three years, the battle of Trevillian's Station, and numerous other heavy engagements are considered unworthy of notice by these Texas authors. The affair of the Merrimac and Monitor is misleading and inaccurate. The story of the campaign of Lee and Grant in 1864 is a model of inaccuracy. In fact, it is difficult to believe that such a compilation could be the work of Southern men.

LEE AND JONES.

Finally, with respect to the Lee and Jones histories. They have been reëxamined by members of the committee, and while we still regard them as the best so far published, we are glad to know that new editions of them have been or are to be issued, and we recommend to the authors and publishers such careful improvements in style and arrangement as their great merits deserve. A much improved edition of the first has just come to hand. We regard both of them, however, as insufficient for the higher classes in our schools and colleges.

Accordingly we offer for your adoption the following resolutions:

"Resolved: 1. That this committee, after due examination and consideration of the merits of the several histories recently put upon the list by the State Board of Education for use in the public schools of Virginia, earnestly protests against the retention on the list of the history by Prof. John Fiske, of Cambridge, Mass., and of Cooper, Estill & Lemon's 'Our Country,' and urge that the said histories be eliminated from said list.

"2. That we likewise earnestly urge that the histories objected to above be not taught in the private schools of the State, and that we appeal to the parents of the school children of Virginia to aid in securing their exclusion.

"3. That, in our judgment, we cannot now use Northern histories in Southern schools; and in action upon this resolution we invite the coöperation of the other Grand Camps of the South.

"4. That it is recommended to our 'Confederate Camps' to inquire into the cost and expediency of publishing and circulating throughout the State such a sketch of the errors that have been and are now being promulgated in Virginia as will rouse the young people falsely taught during past years to attempt their own reëducation.

BOOKS TO READ.

"5. And, as a suggestion to the library committees of our various camps, that we recommend the reading of the following books and papers: 'The Origin of the Late War,' by Mr. George Lunt, an attorney of Boston, published in 1866 (Appleton & Co.), a book to be read by our people, even at cost of steps to be taken to secure its republication; Lieut. Col. Hender-

son's 'Campaigns of Stonewall Jackson,' the new edition of which, it is hoped, will be easily within our reach; Hon. J. L. M. Curry's 'Southern States and Constitution;' and also some of the very valuable works of Mr. John Ropes, of Boston.

"6. That the Grand Camp of the United Confederate Veterans of Virginia earnestly appeal to all the other camps in the South to demand the elimination of all false histories from public and private schools; that they appoint committees, whose duty it shall be to see that this is done; to urge the Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy to coöperate with them in this holy work, and to remember that unless the effort is made the curse that belongs to those who dishonor father and mother will belong to them.

"All of which is respectfully submitted.

"HUNTER MCGUIRE, *Chairman.*"

Maj. Graham Daves, Member of the Historical Committee United Confederate Veterans for North Carolina, asks publication of the following:

At the annual meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, held at Charleston, S. C., in May last, it was resolved that a committee of three be appointed from each Southern State to have the supervision of the school histories in use, or to be introduced, in the schools of the several States.

The duties of that committee of three are set forth in the following extract from the last report of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans, viz.:

"To this end we recommend that this committee be empowered to appoint in each State a subcommittee of three, whose duty it shall be to examine every school history taught in the schools of the State, with especial reference to ascertaining whether said books contain incorrect or inaccurate statements or make important omissions of material facts or inculcate narrow or partisan sentiments. If any such defects should be found in any of the histories used in the schools, it shall be the duty of such subcommittee to enter into friendly correspondence with the authors and publishers of such books with a view to correcting such errors or supplying such omissions, and it shall further be the duty of each subcommittee annually, one month before each reunion, to make a report to this committee, showing what histories of the State and of the United States are used in the schools of the State, and further to make such suggestions with regard to school histories and with regard to the teaching of history as the subcommittee may think proper to set forth."

The authority for the appointment of the members of the committee in each State was delegated to the member for the State of the Committee on History of the United Confederate Veterans, and by virtue of the authority the following have been appointed for North Carolina: Capt. Samuel A. Ashe, Raleigh; Maj. Henry A. London, Pittsboro; Mr. F. A. Sondley, Asheville.

J. E. Boyett, Chico, Tex., desires to learn the whereabouts of Maj. T. W. Ellsberry, of the Fifth Arkansas Regiment, who was in prison with him in Louisville, Ky., in the spring of 1865.

MOSBY AND HIS MEN—THE SEVEN MARTYRS.

An oration delivered by Maj. A. E. Richards (now a lawyer of Louisville, Ky.) September 23, 1899, at the unveiling of the monument at Front Royal, Va., in memory of Mosby's men who were executed after surrendering. (It was not received in time to appear in the VETERAN containing picture of the monument.)

During the war between the States there was organized as a part of the Confederate army the Forty-Third Virginia Battalion of Cavalry, familiarly known as Mosby's Command. It had for its base of operations the counties of Loudoun and Fauquier. During the latter portion of the war that section was almost entirely surrounded by the Federal armies. The lines of the enemy could be reached in almost any direction in less than a day's ride. There was only one avenue of communication opened between them and the armies of the South, and that was along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge Mountain. Such were the surroundings on the 22d of September, 1864.

On that day a force of not exceeding eighty men all told, under the command of Capt. Samuel F. Chapman, started to the Valley of Virginia in search of the enemy. They bivouacked for the night only a few miles from this beautiful city. Before the break of day its commander, with two companions, rode up the Luray Valley to see what the Federal cavalry was doing. While overlooking their camp he saw an ambulance train, escorted by some one hundred and fifty men, move out toward Front Royal. He at once determined to attack them, not knowing there was any other command to follow. Galloping back to his men, he soon made a disposition of his forces with a view to attack simultaneously in front and rear.

Just as the sun was peering over the peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountain the charge was made. The enemy were driven back upon their reserve, when Chapman found that he was fighting the whole of Sheridan's Cavalry. It was the command of Maj. Gen. Torbert returning from the Luray Valley, composed of two divisions, embracing five brigades. So soon as Chapman discovered the strength of the enemy he attempted to recall his men. They were flushed with the victory of their first onset, and hesitatingly obeyed the order of their commander to retreat; but they soon realized the necessity of the movement, and, alternately charging and retreating, pressed on all sides by overwhelming numbers, they made their way back to the foot of the mountain, where they found a detachment of the Second United States Regulars, under command of Lieut. McMaster, directly across their path. Clustering together for a final rally, they charged through this obstacle, killing a number of the Federals, among them the officer in command. In these various encounters six of Chapman's men were unhorsed and captured. After the fight was ended four of them were shot and two were hanged, with a label pinned upon them bearing the words: "Such is the fate of all of Mosby's men."

It was then thought that this was done by order of Gen. George A. Custer, as the citizens reported he was seen at the time passing through the streets of the town; but from the disclosures in the official record of the war we are of the opinion that he had nothing to do with it. Both Gen. Torbert, the commander in chief of the cavalry, and Gen. Merritt, the division com-

mander, report that it was the reserve brigade of Merritt's Division that was engaged in the fight. The records show that this brigade was commanded by Col. C. R. Lowell, Jr., and was composed of the Second Massachusetts, the First, Second, and Fifth United States Regular Cavalry. We also find the official record of Col. Lowell's report of the engagement, while it is not mentioned in any of Custer's reports. It was Lowell's Brigade that was engaged in the fight. The officers and men who were killed on the Federal side were members of his brigade. He was personally in command at the time, and we may reasonably conclude that it was under his immediate supervision, and not Custer's, that our men were executed. Neither Col. Lowell nor Gen. Merritt nor Gen. Torbert, in reporting the engagement, mentions the fact that our men were executed after they surrendered, but content themselves with the statement that they were killed.

In less than three weeks thereafter Col. William H. Powell, commanding a brigade of Federal cavalry, crossed the mountains into Rappahannock County. A detail of Mosby's men was at the same time escorting some Federal prisoners to Richmond, when they encountered Col. Powell's command. One of them, A. C. Willis, was captured. Under the order of Gen. Powell he was hanged on the following day.

Be it said to the credit of American manhood that there was not one of the seven but who met his fate with the calm courage of a hero. Even he from around whose neck the loving arms of a mother were unclasped that he might be led to his execution never faltered in his patriotism nor trembled as he faced his martyrdom.

This monument is to be unveiled in memory of those men who were thus executed as common criminals. The history of the world scarcely recalls a parallel. We had gallant men and officers, scores of them, who fell in the thickest of the fight, and yet we have erected no monument to them, but it is to the memory of these men who suffered martyrdom that the survivors of Mosby's command are gathered to do honor to-day.

It is grand to die in battle,
Serenaded by the rattle
Of the hissing shot and shell;
While the flag, rent half asunder,
Gleams above the sullen thunder
Sounding ceaselessly thereunder—
Ah, to die like this is well!
Yet how terrible to meet him
When with shackled hands we greet him,
With no weapon to defeat him—
Such the ending that befell
Those whose names we breathe again:
Martyrs seven of Mosby's men.

But why were they thus made to suffer? Was their execution the result of sudden heat and passion or of some fixed policy determined upon by the Federal commanders for the extermination of Mosby's men. There was nothing in the personnel of the command that required such cruel measures. They were the young men of the South, educated and reared as are the young Virginians of to-day. They had never tortured or executed their prisoners. We must, then, look in another direction for the causes that culminated in this terrible tragedy. What had they been doing that made the extermination of their command justifiable in the eyes of their opponents? We find that they had first attracted the attention of the whole country

by penetrating to the heart of the Federal army and capturing its general, with his staff, and carrying them off as prisoners of war; that they had fought beneath the very guns that protected the Federal capital; that they had crossed the Potomac into Maryland and celebrated the Fourth of July by the victory at Point of Rocks; that when Sheridan was driving Early up the Valley of Virginia they had constantly raided his line of communications and captured his outposts. We find from the records of the war that it required as many men to protect from Mosby's attacks the lines of communication from Fredericksburg to Washington, from Washington to Harper's Ferry, from Harper's Ferry to Winchester and Strasburg, as Gen. Sheridan had employed in fighting Early's army in his front. We learn from these same records that the Federal government had mapped out a plan of campaign that contemplated driving the Confederates up the Valley of Virginia, then repairing the railroad from Strasburg through Front Royal to Washington, so that the victorious troops of Sheridan could be quickly transferred to cooperate with Grant whenever he should be ready to make his final assault upon the Confederate capital. It was a great and comprehensive plan, and if it could have been carried out would have resulted in the downfall of the Confederacy before the snows of winter had again descended. Until the publication of these official records we never fully appreciated the part Mosby's Cavalry played in defeating these plans; we never knew the connection between the execution of our comrades and the great military movements around us. What then seemed to us but the crime of an individual officer reeking vengeance upon his helpless captives before the excitement of the battle had worn away we now know to have been in strict compliance with an official order from the commanding general of the Federal armies. If it were not for the revelations of these records, the survivors of the command to which the men who lie buried here once belonged might hesitate in speaking to this generation to connect the deeds of their dead comrades with the defeat of these great military plans; but the history of those times is so written by both friend and foe. We find the pages of that history, both immediately before this tragedy and immediately thereafter, filled with dispatches that recount the deeds of Mosby's men in connection with the movements of the armies. They are from Gens. Stephenson and Angur and Averill and Torbert and Sheridan and Grant and Halleck, and even from Stanton, the Secretary of War.

We find Gen. Stephenson telegraphing that he cannot send subsistence to the army in front without a guard of one thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry for every two hundred wagons, and that escorts with dispatches had to cut their way through and often lost half their men. We find the commandant at Martinsburg telegraphing that scouts with dispatches report they cannot get through to Sheridan because driven back by Mosby's men. We find Secretary Stanton complaining of a lack of information from Sheridan of his movements, who in reply excuses himself by saying: "I have been unable to communicate more fully on account of the operations of guerrillas in my rear." We find Secretary Stanton telegraphing to Gen. Grant that in order to reopen this railroad to Manassas, which was to prove so important a factor in

their campaign, it would be necessary "to clean out Mosby's gang of robbers, who have so long infested that district of country; and I respectfully suggest that Sheridan's cavalry should be required to accomplish this object before it is sent elsewhere. The two small regiments (Thirteenth and Sixteenth New York) under Gen. Angur have been so often cut up by Mosby's band that they are cowed and useless for that purpose."

But what were the immediate events that led to the issuing of that order for the execution of Mosby's men? It seems that the movements of this little band of cavalry had become so important as to be the subject of almost daily bulletins from army headquarters. On August 9, 1864, Sheridan telegraphs, "Have heard nothing from Mosby to-day;" but before the day closes Col. Lazelle reports a detachment of his cavalry attacked and routed. On August 11 Gen. Weber reports "Mosby's command between Sheridan and Harper's Ferry," and on the 12th Sheridan sends the Illinois cavalry to Loudoun with instructions "to exterminate as many of Mosby's gang as they can." On the 13th occurred the memorable battle of Berryville, where Mosby, with three hundred cavalry and two small howitzers, attacked an equal number of the enemy's cavalry and a brigade of three regiments of infantry — three thousand in all — under command of Brig. Gen. John R. Kenley, dispersed the cavalry, rode roughshod over the infantry, captured the entire wagon train they were escorting, unhitched and drove away the teams, burned the wagons, captured as many prisoners as he had men, and killed and wounded a number of the enemy. Although the loss of this train caused Gen. Sheridan to fall back from his advanced position, he failed to report the extent of the disaster to his superiors. Nevertheless the Secretary of War heard of it through other sources, and wired him on August 19 asking if it were true. Gen. Grant also heard of it, and on August 16 he sends the fatal order to Sheridan, which closes with this ominous command: "When any of Mosby's men are caught hang them without trial." Then came the tragedy on the streets of Front Royal.

Why should the members of the Forty-Third Virginia Battalion have been singled out as the victims of such a cruel order? Their mode of warfare did not depart from that of civilized nations; the prisoners captured by them had always been humanely treated; their men wore the same uniform that covered the breasts of Stonewall Jackson's veterans; their officers were commissioned by the same government as those who at the command of the matchless Lee stormed the heights of Gettysburg; they fought under the same battle flag as waved over the plume of Jeb Stewart, the embodiment of chivalric honor. And yet, although captured in a gallant charge of less than one hundred against ten thousand, they were executed solely because they were members of Mosby's command.

Other executions, no doubt, would have quickly followed had not our commander, with the approval of Gen. Robert E. Lee and the Confederate Secretary of War, retaliated by the execution of a like number of Federal prisoners who were hanged on the Valley turnpike, Sheridan's highway of travel. An officer was immediately sent with a flag of truce, bearing a letter from Mosby to Sheridan informing him that his men had been executed in retaliation for those of our command, but that thereafter his prisoners would be treat-

ed with the kindness due to their condition, unless some new act of barbarity should compel him reluctantly to adopt a course repulsive to humanity. Thus did we then, with the approval of Gen. Lee and the Confederate government, register our protest against the execution of these our unfortunate comrades. It proved a most successful protest. The order to execute Mosby's men was from that day a dead letter on the files of the War Department.

It is not with pleasure that we recall these terrible tragedies; it is only because justice to the memory of our fallen comrades demands that these events should be truthfully recorded. As we look back upon them through the dim vista of thirty-five years they seem to us but the shadow of a frightful dream. The prominent actors in them have nearly all passed away. Col. Lowell himself was killed the succeeding October gallantly charging a Confederate battery. Gen. Custer, a witness of the tragedy, was himself massacred by Indians, though not until in his last rally he displayed a heroism of which every American is proud; and Grant too has passed away, but he lived long enough to know personally our gallant commander, who won his admiration and undying friendship. There is not to-day a surviving member of Mosby's command who would not gladly place a wreath upon the tomb of Grant.

Let it not be supposed that we desire to rekindle the passions of sectional strife. There is no longer any bitterness between the soldiers of the North and the soldiers of the South. Whatever of prejudice may have been engendered between the two sections while the war lasted has ceased to exist. When the Confederate soldiers surrendered their arms and accepted their paroles they became in good faith citizens of the United States. They turned their hands from the implements of war to the implements of peace. They devoted their energies to the upbuilding of their country, that had been laid waste by the contending armies. They cultivated their fields, they developed their country's resources, extended her railroads, erected factories, built up her educational and financial institutions, until the whole country is justly proud of our Southland; and the Southerner of to-day heartily unites with his brother of the North in proclaiming Webster's glorious words: "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."

Our patriotism has long since refused to recognize any sectional lines. It is gratifying to know by the statement emanating from the office of the Adjutant General of the army that during the recent war with Spain the South furnished more volunteers in proportion to its population than any other part of the country. And who was the central figure around which all chivalrous sentiment first rallied but our own Gen. Fitzhugh Lee? Who was it emerged from the fierce conflict of battle as the real hero of Santiago but "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, of the South? But, above all, it is most appropriate that we should to-day recall the fact that the gallant officer of Mosby's command who led the charge against the Federal forces when these men fell in the streets of Front Royal, thirty-five years ago, was himself, during the Spanish war, a commissioned officer in the army of the United States, and there was not one who bore his commission with more honor, with more patriotism, with more devotion to his country's flag, than did our own comrade, Capt.

Sam Chapman. Therefore we want it known that in recalling the scenes which occasioned the erection of this monument we do not in the least abate our patriotism nor do we surrender in the least our claim to our country and our country's flag. It is our country reunited. Its people are reunited by ties more lasting than ever bound them heretofore: they are reunited by the ties of commerce; they are reunited by the marriage and intermarriage of our sons and daughters; they are reunited in our legislative halls, where the statesmen of the North, together with the statesmen of the South, make the nation's laws. And wherever our flag floats, whether upon the land or upon the sea, "it bears the stars of the South as well as the stars of the North."

When we reflect upon the present we cannot but exclaim, How changed is all this since the deeds we commemorate to-day were enacted! It is true the same skies are above our heads, the same mountains lift their blue peaks around us, the same beautiful river flows at our feet by day and reflects the stars of heaven by night; but all else, how altered! You hear no more the roar of cannon from Fisher's Hill and the heights of Strasburg; the bugle call and clashing sabers of contending horsemen no longer disturb your morning devotions; the smoke and conflagration of battle have been wafted away on the wings of time; and this beautiful valley, every foot of whose soil has been made sacred by the stirring deeds of her noble sons, is smiling to-day in peaceful prosperity,

While love like a bird is singing
From out of the cannon's mouth.

Thus, indeed, has time made a fit setting of harmonious surroundings, amid which we are to pay this tribute to our comrades. It cannot be better pictured than in the language of one of Kentucky's sweetest poets:

Patriot sons of patriot mothers,
Banded in one band as brothers,
One task only of all others
Calls us here to meet again!—
Calls us 'neath the blue of heaven,
Here to praise and honor seven
Heroes, martyrs: Mosby's men.
Lit by memory's sunset tender,
See, their names shine out in splendor,
Each our Southland's stanch defender.
Minstrel's song and poet's pen,
Sing, write, and tell their story,
They who passed through death to glory—
Heroes, martyrs: Mosby's men.

Rise, O shaft, and tell the story
Of our comrades! It was glory,
And not death, that claimed its own.
While with tears our eyes grow dimmer,
We behold their dear names glimmer
On thy consecrated stone.
Rise while prayers and music, blending,
Greet thee as some soul ascending
Where life's smiles and tears have ending
Close beside the shining throne.
Rise! the cry goes up again—
Love's last gift for Mosby's men.

Ladies of the Warren Memorial Association, permit me, in conclusion, to address a few words to you in behalf of my comrades. The survivors of Mosby's command are few indeed. Their ranks, sadly thinned in battle, have been still more depleted by the ravages of time. Those of us who were but boys during that war are now, as you see, gray-haired old men. Though some of us have been spared to erect this monument,

the last of us will soon have passed away, and to the care of others we must commit this shaft. It is to your loving hands and hearts we would intrust it. Through all our conflicts on the battlefield, through all the trials and disasters of our defeat, through all the glorious up-building of our country, the loving patriotism exemplified by the women of the South has been our guiding star. It is, then, with an abiding confidence that we intrust this monument to your gentle keeping. To us it is a consecrated column, a voice from the storied past; to future generations may it prove a silent reminder that "it is sweet and honorable to die for one's country!"



MAJ. A. F. RICHARDS

RECUMBENT FIGURE OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

The recumbent figure of Gen. R. E. Lee in the Chapel of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., as illustrated elsewhere, is one of the most noted works of art in this country. The engraving was made months ago, but held over for a suitable sketch.

The Lee Memorial Association was organized very soon after the General's death (which occurred October 17, 1870), and at Mrs. Lee's request Mr. Edward V. Valentine, of Richmond, was chosen to model a design, and she suggested the recumbent figure.

On June 23, 1871, Mr. Valentine exhibited a model of the proposed figure and sarcophagus, and estimated the cost at \$15,000. When the work was completed students of the Richmond College requested the privilege of taking it to Lexington and bearing the expense of its transportation. The generous offer was accepted, and it was transported by canal. Nine of the students went to Lexington in charge of it. Mr. J. T. E. Thornhill turned it over to the committee with a pleasing and appropriate address, and Gov. Letcher responded. Contributions to the fund were prompt and liberal. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, D. C., gave \$2,000; C. H. McCormick, Chicago, \$500; Mr. Moro Philips, of Philadelphia, \$500; Mr. W. H. Mellan, of New Orleans, \$500; then several, \$100 each.

A mausoleum design to cost \$45,000 was discussed, and cities joined individuals in raising the necessary amount. Ladies of Baltimore sent \$1,310.82; Charleston sent \$1,167.11; New Orleans, \$1,548; and Mobile, \$539.65. Mr. J. S. Sullivan sent in subscriptions over \$500 from Texas. The design proved to be too elaborate for the funds procurable, so that a more modest one was adopted.

In 1882 \$23,000 had been secured, which was within \$5,000 of the amount necessary by the changed plans. Mr. J. Crawford Neilson, of Baltimore, offered to present a design for the mausoleum, which was gratefully accepted. The ceremony of laying the corner stone took place November 29, 1878, under the direction of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, assisted by Hon. J. Randolph Tucker.

The work of construction had so far advanced in the spring of 1882 that it became apparent that the \$23,000 would fall short as much as \$5,000 of the necessary

funds. This supplementary sum was furnished by the trustees of the University upon a contract that the University is to hold the mausoleum in perpetual trust, and the great work was completed after a dozen years.

Engraved handsomely upon the structure are these simple words only: "Robert Edward Lee, born January 19, 1807; died October 12, 1870."

The great oration of Hon. John W. Daniel at the dedication is as complete a history of "Our Lee" as the world will ever need.

The following description of the recumbent figure is from an exchange:

"An air of massive grandeur and sublimity of Doric simplicity and severity pervades the entire work, which well accords with the simple and serene grandeur of Lee's character. The impression made upon the mind is one of pleasant surprise at beholding, as it were, the reclining warrior, not dead, but sleeping, peacefully dreaming, with a smile upon his lips; and so perfect is the illusion that one imagines he can see the figure move and breathe. It is as he was in life. There is nothing of the repulsive or awful presence of death about the face, the form, or the position. The triumph of the artist is complete and his fame secured. His work will be admired while the memory of Lee is revered, and his name will go down to latest posterity with the calm, Christian soldier whose history he has so well stamped upon the beautiful marble—imperishable, as it is well protected in the splendid chapel. That picture of peace represents exquisitely the genius of the artist and the greatness of the soldier. It is a work of which the South may well be proud. 'Like another Adam fresh from the Creator's hand, Robert E. Lee lies with the drapery of his couch about him.' He seems, indeed, to be only waiting for the breath of life to be restored, that he may again stand erect in his greatness and majesty."



MISS ALTA MARTIN, OF SUTTON, ARK.,

Who delivered an address of welcome to Confederate Veterans at their reunion at Holly Springs, Ark.



Gen. George Moorman sends out from Headquarters United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La., October 2, 1899, General Orders No. 216, concerning the death of Gen. A. J. Vaughan, in which he states: "The General Commanding joins with the gallant old Veterans of the Volunteer State and with brave men everywhere in mourning the loss of a splendid citizen, one of the bravest and noblest wearers of the gray, and one of the most chivalrous characters of our time. A Virginian by birth, and by adoption a Mississippian and Tennessean, either of these great States will be proud to claim him as her son and to bear his name upon her shield, for in the diadem of brilliant names which cluster with a halo of glory around the history of these proud commonwealths few jewels sparkle with more resplendent luster than the name of the maimed old hero, Maj. Gen. A. J. Vaughan. Brave, chivalrous, and devoted to the South, he rose by merit alone from private to general of a division in the Confederate armies. For conspicuous gallantry he was promoted by President Davis to the rank of brigadier general upon the fateful field of Chickamauga, and with fortitude and valor unsurpassed he wrote his name in fadeless letters in the story of the great battlefields of Belmont, Shiloh, Richmond, Perryville, Murfreesboro (or Stone River), Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and in all the fights and skirmishes from Dalton to Vining's Station, and in all the battles of the West fought by Gens. Polk, Albert Sidney Johnston, Braxton Bragg, and Joseph E. Johnston."

DEATH OF CAPT. SULLIVAN.

Another of Forrest's invincible troopers has been summoned to the "bivouac of the dead." Capt. John E. Sullivan died suddenly of heart disease at his home in Springfield, Tenn., the 7th of September. He was a brave and faithful soldier, a true Christian, and a useful citizen. On the breaking out of the war, in 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army at Memphis, and became a member of the Fifty-First Tennessee Infantry, then under command of Col. Browder. Seven months later he was transferred to Col. R. V. Richardson's Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry, which was afterwards and until the end of the war a part of Gen. N. B. Forrest's command. Private Sullivan was soon promoted to the rank of captain, and thenceforward served as such, except for six months when in command of his regiment as acting lieutenant colonel. He participated in most of the bloody operations directed by Forrest, and was several times wounded. His body carried into the grave one of the enemy's bullets that came near leaving him dead on the field. Capt. Sullivan was paroled at Memphis in June, 1865. The next ten years he spent at Springfield, and the following twenty years at Sheffield, Ala., and Nashville, engaged as a contractor and builder. In 1897 business interests caused his return to Springfield. As a member of

the Masonic Fraternity Capt. Sullivan stood high. He successively took the degrees of Master, Royal Arch, Royal and Select, and Superexcellent Mason. The impressive burial service of this order was performed over his remains. Capt. Sullivan was born near Brownsville, Tenn., May 14, 1834. He leaves a wife, son, and two daughters to mourn the loss of a devoted companion and father.

H. H. Matthews, Quartermaster of the Soldiers' Home, Pikesville, Md., reports the death of J. W. Cross on October 8. Comrade Cross was a member of Company B, First Tennessee Infantry. He was a Tennessean by birth, but after the war went to Maryland and resided near Hancock until he was admitted to the Home, in January, 1896. He was in his ninety-second year, and was, as far as can be learned, one of the oldest of any inmates of Confederate Homes. He claimed to have a son living near Hancock, Md., but he has not been found. He was buried in the beautiful Confederate lot at Loudon Cemetery, where over a thousand Confederates sleep. The cemetery is about eight miles from the Home, in the suburbs of Baltimore, and the funeral cortège was by trolley. The Maryland Home first inaugurated trolley funerals. Comrade Cross was a quiet, uncomplaining man, and was well liked by all his comrades.

JAMES M. SUTTON.

Comrade James M. Sutton was born in Dade County, Ga., August 24, 1841. He enlisted in Company B, Sixth Georgia Infantry, at Yorktown, Va., July, 1861. He served faithfully to the end of the war, being once badly wounded.

He was married on the 22d day of February, 1866, to Miss Mary E. Carmichael, and died August 4, 1899. He was seriously ill only about three weeks. He left a wife and five children, all living in Chattanooga.

After the war he held several county offices in his



JAMES M. SUTTON.

native county. Coming to Chattanooga twenty years ago, he became employed as passenger agent of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, serving that road under five different administrations, and was considered one of the most faithful and competent officials in the employ of the company. His business brought him in connection with people from every point of the compass, and he made friends with all who met him. His eldest son, H. H. Sutton, holds a similar position with the Cotton Belt Route to that so long held by Comrade Sutton with the Memphis and Charleston Route.

A little verse that went the rounds of the newspapers some years ago gives an idea of how he was thought of. Some of you may remember it. It was headed "Jim Sutton," and ran this way:

What! never heard of Jim Sutton?
 He's known from the East to the West;
 If a traveler presses the button
 Why, Jim will take care of the rest.
 Any place that you may want to go to,
 To the sea or to Florida's bowers,
 He'll say just how much it will cost you,
 And the distance, and how many hours.

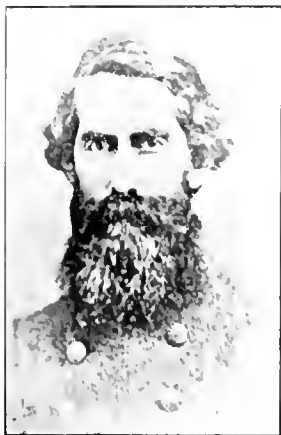
Chattanooga lost a good citizen when Jim Sutton died; his family, a loving, devoted husband and father; and Forrest Camp lost one of its original members, who was always ready and willing to work for the good of the organization.

Comrade Sutton's health began to fail about a year ago, so that he could not perform the amount of work that he had been accustomed to do. This fretted him into nervous prostration, so that he literally wore himself out doing nothing. *Requiescat in pace.*

GEN. W. H. T. WALKER KILLED IN BATTLE.

The following sketch is by John C. McDonald, Augusta, Ga.:

Gen. William Henry Talbot Walker was born in the city of Augusta, Ga., November 20, 1810, and was killed in the battle of Atlanta July 22, 1864. He was the son of Hon. Freeman Walker, a lawyer of eminence in Georgia, and at one time a member of the U. S. Senate. William Henry left the Richmond Academy of Augusta, Ga., at the age of sixteen, to attend the West Point Military Academy, from which he graduated in 1837. He was immediately appointed to the Sixth Infantry. The government was at that time engaged in hostilities with the Seminole Indians in Florida. The regiment was then in command of Brig. Gen. (subsequently President) Zachary Taylor. On Christmas day, 1837, in the battle of Okechobee, young Walker was several times severely wounded. In speaking of this battle the *Army and Navy Chronicle* of February 1, 1838, after giving a list of participants, adds: "All these officers showed the greatest gallantry in the fight. Au-



draws was severely wounded, and Walker, of the Sixth, was literally shot to pieces, four balls having passed through him, and several others grazed him. He is fast recovering, however, and is as manly under his severe wounds as he was brave in receiving them."

In 1847 Walker took part in the Mexican war, conducting himself with his usual gallantry, and with each battle fought by him built up brevets for himself. First brevet major, August 20, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherusco; and again brevet lieutenant colonel September 8, 1847, for unexcelled bravery in the battle of Molino del Ray, in which engagement he was supposed to be mortally wounded. Gen. Scott remarked that it would have killed any one else save Walker, whose strong will power kept him alive. He was nearly a year bedridden from this wound. In 1854 he was appointed Commandant of the Corps of Cadets at West Point and Military Instructor, which office he filled with signal ability for two years. He resigned immediately at the opening of hostilities between the States, and put on the gray. When he tendered his resignation he was associated with a splendid command, the Tenth Infantry. Col. Edmund B. Alexander, Lieut. Col. Charles F. Smith, Senior Maj. W. H. T. Walker, Junior Maj. E. R. S. Canby were the field officers. Among the captains were B. F. Bee, of South Carolina, Harry Heth, of Virginia, and Alfred Cumming, of Georgia. In all this list there is not to day a name that is not redolent with military glory.

Gen. Walker's record is well known to all Confederates. His division was foremost in all the battles of the army under Gen. Johnston during the spring and summer of 1864 until the desperate struggle before Atlanta July 22. While at the front of his troops he had so often led against the enemy and which he was about to lead again in an attack, Georgia's noble son, her loved flower of chivalry, fell.

In the battle of Chickamauga Gen. Walker commanded the reserve corps of the army, consisting of his own and Liddell's Divisions, and bore the brunt of the first day's fight. Gen. Joe Wheeler was pleased to say of Gen. Walker: "It is unquestionably true that he lived a century too soon in the world's history for his type of man to be fully appreciated. Gen. Walker never did an act which was not consistent with and which did not emanate from a soul filled with truth, honor, generosity, and courage. His death upon the battlefield at the head of a part of his command, which he was about to lead in person upon the enemy's works, was a most fitting end to a life of such soldierly nobility."

Gen. Walker married Miss Mary Townsend, of Albany, N. Y., sister of Gens. Franklin and Frederick Townsend, who served their State conspicuously in time of war and peace. She is buried by the side of her gallant husband in the old Walker burial ground, near the Augusta arsenal. Two sons and daughters are now living. It will be gratifying to the General's old comrades to learn that his grandson, Hugh MacLean Walker, is now a cadet at Annapolis, having won a competitive examination put up by Congressman Fleming, of the Tenth District.

THE LATE CAPT. THOMAS H. SMITH.

Chaplain J. H. McNeilly writes of his comrade:

The city of Clarksville, Tenn., had no citizen whom she honored more than Capt. Tom Smith. In civil life he manifested the courage, faithfulness, and sound sense which distinguished him as a soldier of the Confederacy. His old comrades will be glad to recognize his face in the VETERAN and to recall the man whom they all loved and trusted. Born in Virginia in 1831, brought up in Kentucky, and journeying two or three times across the plains to California, he finally made Clarksville his home. Thither he brought his bride, Miss Withers, of Lincoln County, Ky., in 1858, and there his children were born and reared; there he began and ended his business life.

In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate service as a private in Company A of the Forty-Ninth Regiment of Tennessee Infantry. He was with his regiment in the fierce fighting at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, until it surrendered, and he was taken a prisoner to Camp Douglas, at Chicago. The regiment was exchanged in September, 1862, and in the reorganization he was elected captain of Company H, which he commanded during the remainder of his active service.

Capt. Smith was in many engagements during the following two years, and he was conspicuous for his coolness and dashing courage in action. No excitement could cloud his judgment, and he seemed a stranger to fear. He was never known to shirk any place of hardship or danger. He was devoted to his men, and would make any personal sacrifice for their comfort or protection, and they were devoted to him; but in battle he expected every one to follow wherever he led, regardless of danger.

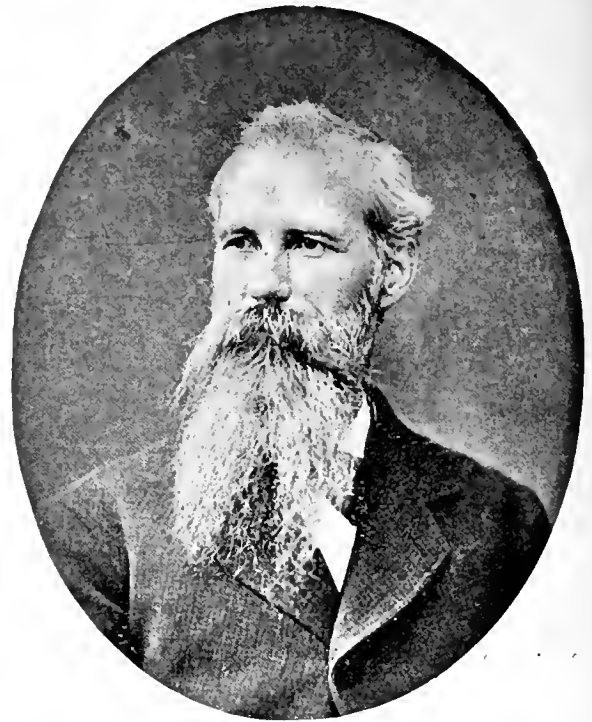
In the terrible battle of Franklin, where his regiment was almost annihilated, he was desperately wounded, and was captured as he scaled the enemy's breastworks. He was taken to a Federal hospital, and so far recovered that he was exchanged in April, 1865, but was unable for duty.

After the war Capt. Smith returned to Clarksville to begin life anew and to make a living for his family. In this he was successful. For twenty-seven years the hardware firm of Fox & Smith enjoyed the confidence and the patronage of all that section. In business Capt. Smith was the soul of honor. He discharged faithfully every duty of citizenship, encouraging his comrades to take up life's work hopefully and show in peace the noble qualities they had established in war.

Capt. Smith never lost his interest in the Confederate cause nor his love for Confederate comrades. He gave liberally of his means to help the disabled veterans; he also gave his time, influence, and effort to secure State aid for them. He was earnest and efficient in his work both for the Soldiers' Home and for pensions. He was a member of the Forbes Bivouac, and served as its President. He also served as President of the State Association of Confederate Veterans.

The city of Clarksville placed him in various offices of trust. He served as Chief of the Fire Department, as alderman, and as Mayor of the city. He died July 8, 1893, in his sixty-second year. The funeral was largely attended. By request of the Mayor, business was suspended during the funeral service. Forbes Bivouac and the city officials served as escort. The

pastor of the Christian Church, Rev. Mr. Growden, paid fitting tribute to the life and character of the man who had long been a pillar of the Church.



CAPT. THOMAS H. SMITH.

I knew Capt. Smith intimately for many years. We endured together the hardships of the war, and together suffered its privations. In the face of manifold temptations he maintained his character as a humble, consistent Christian in the army and also during the trying times after the war. Every surviving member of the old Forty-Ninth Regiment will, I am sure, agree that his name deserves permanent record in the VETERAN. Such men do not die; they only "pass over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

JOHN T. ECKLES.

Comrade Eckles was born in Dalton County, Ga., 1840. He was a gallant member of the Eleventh Georgia Infantry, Gen. "Tige" Anderson's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, in which he served for two years. At the expiration of his first term of service he reenlisted in the Fifth Georgia Cavalry, under Col. I. W. Avery. During the Chickamauga campaign he contracted rheumatism, which led to his discharge from service. This disease clung to him through life, and superinduced his death, which took place at his home in Highland Park March 8, 1899.

T. L. YARRINGTON.

Comrade Yarrington was born at Marion, Perry County, Ala., September 17, 1843. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Union Springs, Ala., April 27, 1861, being under eighteen years of age. He was a private in Company D, Third Alabama Rifles. He received his baptism of fire at the battle of Seven Pines. He passed through the battles of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness without a scratch, but was wounded in

the battle of South Mountain, Md. He was afterwards engaged in the battles at Gettysburg, Cedar Run, Mine Run, and numerous skirmishes on to Appomattox, where he surrendered with the army. His military record was clear. Comrade Yarrington held the position of car accountant in one of the railroad offices in Chattanooga. He led a Christian life, and was faithfully devoted to his family. He was attacked by that dreadful malady, cancer, last winter, which developed with frightful rapidity, causing him great suffering, which he bore with heroic fortitude. His faithful wife nursed him devotedly until his death, June 5, 1899.

EDWIN H. DOUGLAS.

The death of Capt. Edwin H. Douglas, of Franklin, Tenn., which occurred recently, was a painful shock to his multitude of friends. He was of fine constitution, and by his active out-of-door life was strong and splendidly developed. The picture herewith presented represents him as he appeared in war times.

Edwin H. Douglas was born at Fayetteville, Tenn., May, 1840, son of Byrd and Mary Bright Douglas. They removed to Nashville in 1847, and Edwin received his education under Edwin Paschal at Kimberly and at the Western Military School at Nashville, graduating in 1859. He then entered promptly into business life.

In 1861 he enlisted for the South in Capt. Ed Baxter's Battery, and was appointed gun sergeant. That battery was the first in action at Fishing Creek, under Zollicoffer, and took part at Iuka, Miss., and in the battle of Shiloh. Douglas was elected lieutenant when Freeman became captain. The battery was transferred to Bragg's command at Chattanooga; was afterwards attached to



EDWIN H. DOUGLAS

Murray's Brigade, which crossed the Tennessee River at Bridgeport and captured Stevenson, Ala. The battery was next transferred to Wheeler's Cavalry at Columbia, Tenn., and attached to Forrest's command. It participated in the battle of Parker's Cross Roads and in the severe fight near Thompson's Station, where it was captured by the Fourth United States Regulars and Capt. Freeman was killed, together with others of his battery who could not keep up with retreating Federals guarding them. Lieut. Douglas and other members of it escaped. The battery was with Forrest at the battle of Chickamauga, and was afterwards in most of his raids until the close of the war.

After the war Capt. Douglas entered the commission business in Nashville with Douglas, Sons & Co. In the early seventies he married Miss Bessie McGavock, of Franklin, Tenn., and in 1875 began the life of farmer and stock raiser on the McGavock farm, which

he purchased. His wife died after two years of married life, and several years later he married Mrs. Electra Woodfin, who survives him with two daughters. He was brave, and famously generous and kind-hearted. Gen. Forrest paid to him the high honor to say that he had no braver or more determined soldier in his command than Ed Douglas.

His generous nature caused ardent devotion by his friends. He died at the residence of his brother, Dr. Richard Douglas, in Nashville, to whom he came for consultation. Mr. Byrd Douglas, of Nashville, a brother, was part of the time a member of his battery.

The material for "Game of Confederate Heroes" is now in hand, and all who have sent for the game may expect it before the holidays. Remember that the game and silk flag—"Stars and Bars"—will be sent to any address for one dollar.

Various persons are very anxious to procure complete editions of the VETERAN for binding. Perhaps there are subscribers who would part with their issues, and, though not complete, maybe the office could supply deficiencies. The VETERAN would be pleased to hear from such friends.

Every subscriber to the VETERAN, even as far as California, may expect his copy for December during Christmas week.

Invitations to the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, have been issued by the Franklin Chapter (No. 14) U. D. C., through whose most worthy, patriotic zeal the noble structure has been erected.

The engraving on front page of the recumbent statue of Gen. R. E. Lee in the chapel at Lexington, Va., is from a photograph by Mr. M. Miley, of Lexington. Mr. Miley has photographs of various sizes of it and of Gen. Lee's office, illustrated in the August VETERAN. A large photograph of the statue, about 20 by 24 inches, he sells for \$2.50. Mr. Miley also has photographs of the General taken during life and other interesting memorials of our beloved chieftain.

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GAME IN NORTH CAROLINA.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 24.—The shooting season in this State will begin November 1. It is safe to say that not in many years have there been more partridges. It was feared by many persons that the extreme cold weather and the deep snow last February would destroy them. The birds are in all that part of the State east of the Blue Ridge and extending to the tier of counties bordering the sounds. From Danville to Greensboro, thence as far west as Morgantown and eastward to Goldsboro, there are birds in abundance. Granville County offers good sport, and so does Person.

The Legislature at its last session enacted a law for a number of counties, requiring hunters to have the written permission of landowners when hunting on the latter's lands. This was aimed at "pot hunters." In parts of the State, mainly in the High Point and Hickory sections, Northern sportsmen, to a very large extent, pay the taxes on the lands and have all the privileges. East of Guilford County this is not done. The large landowners make things particularly pleasant for sportsmen.

Sportsmen from the Baltimore section will find good shooting in Randolph County. It is evident that the plan of securing hunting rights by paying the comparatively trifling taxes on lands will be widely extended.

THE "COMPANION'S" NEW CALENDAR.

The *Youth's Companion* Calendar for 1900 is unique in form and beautiful in design. The oval centerpiece, in high colors and inclosed in a border of flowers, represents "A Dream of Summer," and is supported on either side by an admirably executed figure piece in delicate tints. The whole is delightful in sentiment and in general effect. Larger than any of the *Companion's* previous Calendars, it is equally acceptable as a work of art. As an ornament to the home it will take a preëminent place.

The Calendar is published exclusively by the *Companion*. It cannot be obtained elsewhere. It will be given to all new subscribers for 1900, who will also receive, in addition to the fifty-two issues of the new volume, all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1899, free from the time of subscription. Illustrated Announcement Number, containing a full prospectus of the volume for 1900, will be sent free to any address.

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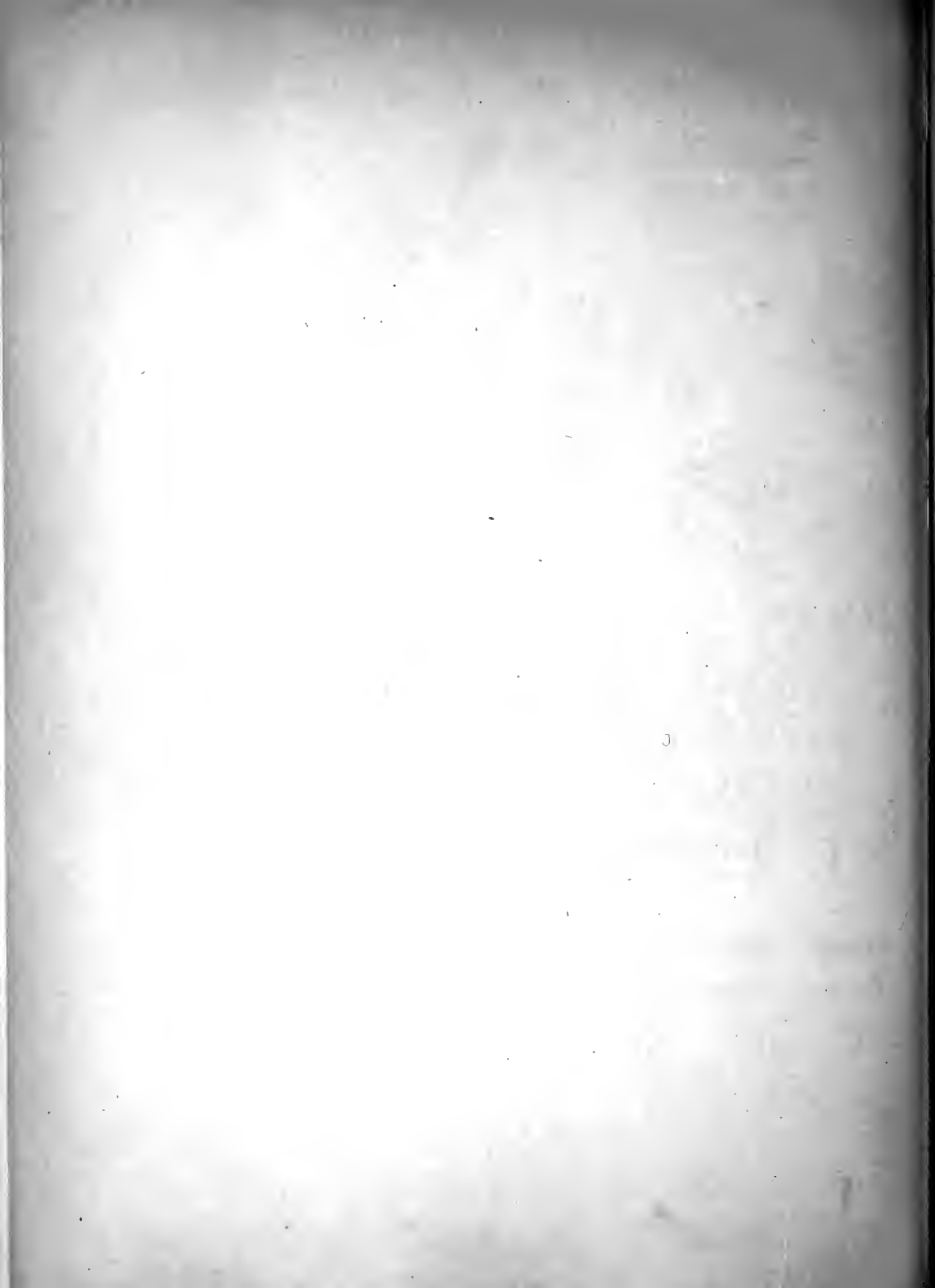
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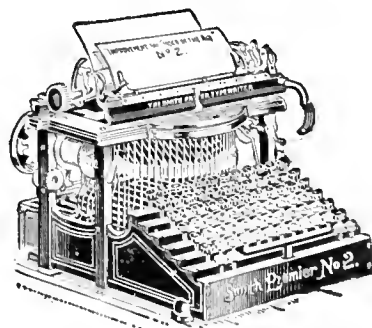
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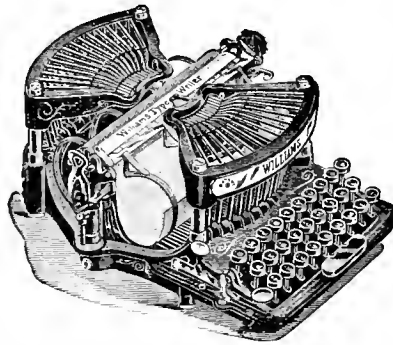
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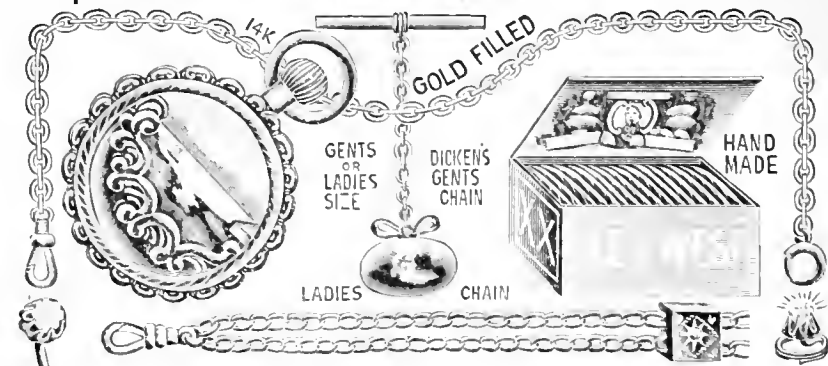
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Life of Lieutenant General Nathan Bedford Forrest.

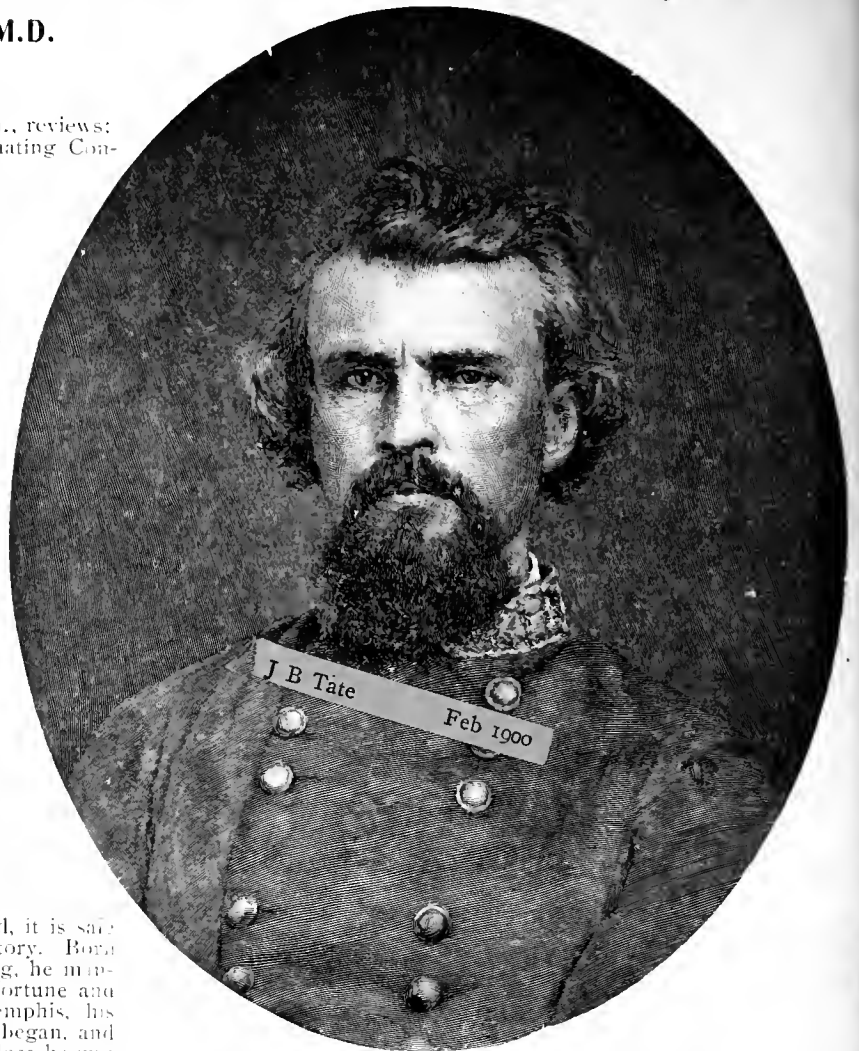
BY JOHN ALLAN WYETH, M.D.

Rev. Dr. W. R. L. Smith, Richmond, Va., reviews: Here is unquestionably a new and fascinating Confederate classic. Not in a long while has so delightful a contribution to military biography been offered to the American public. It may be safely affirmed that not one of our Southern heroes has ever been more worthily and charmingly presented to the admiration of the world. To a multitude of old soldiers this book will prove a keen delight, reviving memories of a magnificent struggle and bringing into larger recognition the merits of one of its most remarkable and romantic personalities. The author, Dr. John Allan Wyeth, has done his work exceptionally well. It shows no signs of haste or immaturity. Evidently it is the product of a patient, exhaustive, judicial, and unprejudiced examination of the facts as preserved in the military records of the war and in the memories of many of the distinguished participants. A wide conference was had, in its preparation, with many of Forrest's surviving officers and men, and also with not a few of those who served in the Union armies. The book is eminently fair and perfectly free from even the suspicion of bitterness. The honor, sincerity, and courage of Federal soldiers are generously recognized.

The story is exceedingly well told, and in a style pure, clear, and uniformly pleasing. The author took ample space (655 pages) in which to draw his portrait. Its value is enhanced by the introduction of fifty pictures of the General's subordinate officers and a good map of the whole field of his operations.

The career of Forrest is phenomenal, and, it is said to say, without parallel in our country's history. Born in humble poverty, reared without schooling, he managed, by dint of native force, to amass a fortune and achieve highly honorable standing in Memphis, his adopted city. At the age of forty, the war began, and he volunteered as a private. At the war's close he was a lieutenant general. Such rapidity of promotion is a marvel. Not by favor of commanding generals or of the government at Richmond did it come.

He was totally unacquainted with military history and military science, and yet no other name in our civil war is irradiated with the glory of such a practically unbroken series of victories. He was a born soldier, he was an organizer of man. He was a superb tactician on the field and a splendid strategist in the projection of campaigns. He performed prodigies of valor at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and on a hundred other fields. His personal daring has never been exceeded. His marvelous escapes were the wonder of his men. Twenty-nine horses were killed under him, and as many as thirty Federal officers and men fell dead or wounded at his hand in those awful encounters which he seemed positively to welcome. One is not surprised that, in the biographer's estimate, Nathan Bedford Forrest is one of the great soldiers of history. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston so regarded him. At Dalton, Ga., in 1864, he begged President Davis for Forrest as leader of all his cavalry. The nobleness of Gen. Wheeler, then holding that very position, was never more in evidence than when he heartily indorsed Johnston's appeal. In fact, the suggestion originated with Wheeler. After the strife was over Gen. Johnston said: "Forrest was the greatest soldier that the civil war produced." Gen. Sherman, too, was candid enough to say, in an interview with a Confederate general, several years after the war: "After all, I think Forrest was the most remarkable man our civil war produced on either side." Gen. Wolseley, commander in chief of the British army, wrote of him: "He was verily nature's soldier."



From "The Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest."—Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers.

Review by Forrest's Chief of Artillery.

Capt. J. W. Morton, who was Gen. Forrest's chief of artillery during much of the war, and who won imperishable fame along with his chief in that department, has written a fine review, from which the following notes are made:

The work has been a labor of love, a tribute of sincere homage of a faithful soldier to the transcendent genius of one of the most fearless, resourceful, and inspiring commanders who ever kindled the spark of battle or fed the baleful fires of war. Survivors of Forrest's Cavalry had for months been acquainted with the purpose of the author, through his efforts to secure their best recollections of tragic scenes in which their chieftain was the leading actor. These scarred and grizzled veterans of these peerless rough riders of '61-'65 will be delighted to know how well the work of their comrade has been done. Dr. Wyeth was a youthful private in Russell's Fourth Alabama Regiment of Cavalry, which was with Forrest in his greatest campaigns. The Wyeth story of Forrest is to be cordially greeted, because it throws many new and clear lights upon the unique character of the man, giving the reader who did not fight with or against him the best approximate comprehension of the essence and fiber of the essential and distinguishing traits of his manhood—a manhood too extraordinary to be taken as a specimen, because in strength, both of mind and body, and in power of will he was and will remain the greatest phenomenon of successful leadership tried by any war.

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GEORGIA'S MONUMENT TO HER CONFEDERATE DEAD.



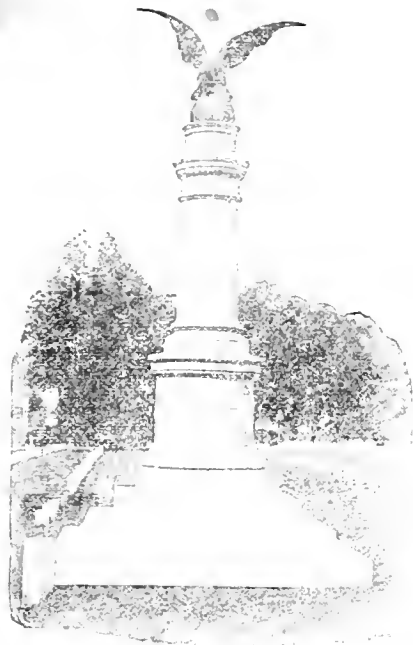
KENTUCKY'S MONUMENT TO HER PATRIOT DEAD.

Mr. Albert Kern, of Dayton, Ohio, sends photographs of the Georgia and Kentucky monuments in Chickamanga National Military Park, and writes:

This great battlefield grows in interest every year. Monuments and markers are being built continually. These monuments are of enduring quality, and will for long years appeal to the sentiment and pride of Americans. Near the eastern edge of the Poe field rises the stately shaft that the State of Georgia erected recently in memory of her sons. The figures and tablets are in bronze. On the northwest tablet is this inscription: "To the lasting memory of all her sons who fought on this field—those who fought and lived, and those who fought and died; those who gave much, and those who gave all—Georgia erects this monument." The other tablets give the infantry, artillery, and cavalry commands in the battle, and the names of commanding officers. It is one of the most striking and effective

monuments in the entire Park, and does credit to the State within whose borders the great battlefield lies.

The State of Kentucky, having had troops on both sides, has most appropriately placed a monument to both. It is a square shaft, and stands on the Lafayette road near the junction with the roads leading to Crawfish Springs or to Alexander's Bridge, and north of the northwest corner of Kelly's farm. The figures and panels are in bronze, the main panel containing this inscription: "Erected by the State of Kentucky in memory of her sons who fought and fell on this field. As we are united in life, they are united in death. Let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free and retained every star on the flag." The other panels contain names of the regiments from the State in the battle.



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Confederate Veteran.

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

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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

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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.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially 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., DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 12. / A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR



Entrance to store and offices. Entrance to VETERAN office.
METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, N. E. CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE.

Read the review of the VETERAN on editorial page 544. Let every friend of the publication consider the benefit of united coöperation, and don't let "hard times" nor personal misfortune interfere with that interest. If on any account your subscription must be discontinued, find some one to take the place, so that instead of holding to 20,000 as the issue you may help to make it 50,000. Interested persons can easily do that during the coming month. With such coöperation the VETERAN might be eminently the first magazine of the country. It has already the most devoted patronage, and with such a new "send off" there would be an increased respect for the cause it represents, which would be of greater influence than can be readily conceived. Veterans have ever been faithful, the Daughters are advancing in power and influence amazingly, and plans are proposed for their coöperation that promise great results; while the Sons of Veterans are organizing better than ever, and during the coming year they will take more pride than ever in

their eligibility to membership. See article from ex-Commander in Chief R. A. Smyth. Let all others do their part, and the VETERAN will likewise contribute to the honor of the noble men and women of the sixties and what they have done since, all that its management possibly can. Let the one sentiment, "Our VETERAN," take hold of every Southern patriot.

In forging to the front with this issue, in the sincerest hope that the advance on day of publication will continue to improve, many omissions have been necessary. They include reports from State conventions of Veterans, proceedings of divisions and chapters of U. D. C., and determined advance of Sons in their organizations. These could not be avoided, and, what is most deplored, delay of many tributes to our noble and sacred dead. Among articles promised for this month and necessarily omitted "Afloat — Afield — Afloat" is mentioned.

There is so much requiring space that plea is made to contributors to condense, so as to give most of truth in least space. Don't forget that important fact.

Review of Sam Davis's career is given because of demand for back copies that cannot be supplied, and because that subject will be a topic of deepened interest until the proposed monument shall stand on the superbly beautiful hill, surmounted by the handsome stone Capitol building of his native Tennessee. The State Legislature designated a committee of prominent and mainly venerable men to take charge of the fund and erect the monument. They are expected to organize before this VETERAN will have been read, and friends everywhere will be kept posted each month as to the progress made. The Sam Davis Calendar for 1900 has been issued by the VETERAN, and will be sent to all who remit for a year's subscription or more during January. A small volume may be expected during the coming year at a small price, which will contain account of Sam Davis's life and the names of all who contributed \$1 or over to the monument fund. The little calendar is very neat, and will be sent free with every subscription, if requested, until supply is exhausted.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Proceedings at Annual Convention, Richmond, Va.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Virginia assembled in Richmond early in November and began their labors on the 6th for the preparation for the events of the week. An important ceremony of the day was the presentation to the Confederate Museum of the shaft of the ironclad Virginia. It is placed in the rear of the Museum, and rests on two granite bases, each of which supports a dais. A brass plate, giving the history of the famous ironclad, is to be placed on it as the contribution of the Franklin-Buchanan Camp of Portsmouth, Va. Very appropriate addresses were delivered by Mr. Virginius Newton and Col. Richard Ramsay on the navy. The Grand Division delegates received their credentials at night, and a business meeting was held on the morning of the 7th. On the morning of the 8th the United Daughters of the Confederacy assembled at the Jefferson Hotel Roof Garden, and the meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie. Mrs. N. V. Randolph, President of the Richmond Chapter, in a witty and graceful speech welcomed the Daughters to Richmond, and was followed by Mrs. E. C. Minor, who read the address of welcome prepared by Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, who could not be present. Mrs. Currie responded very appropriately in behalf of the U. D. C. An incident of the opening ceremonies was the presentation by Mrs. James Y. Leigh, of Norfolk, President of the Virginia State Division, of a gavel made by a Confederate soldier from a tree under which Gen. Lee made his last speech to the Confederate soldiers. After delivering invitations to delegates present, the meeting was adjourned till four o'clock for the purpose of attending the unveiling ceremonies at St. Paul's of the tablets to the memory of Miss Winnie Davis and other children of our President.

These most impressive ceremonies were conducted by Rev. Landon R. Mason, D.D., rector of Grace Episcopal Church. Rev. George W. Peterkin, Bishop of West Virginia, delivered a beautiful address, in which he paid high tribute to Mrs. Davis, Miss Winnie, and all Southern women. Music by the vested choir was singularly appropriate and beautiful, and as the sad, sweet notes of the "President Jefferson Davis Funeral March," composed by Mr. Jacob Reinhardt, pealed forth from the organ, Jefferson Hayes Davis, grandson of President Davis, released the veil covering the tablets. The tablet to Winnie Davis has a bronze bas-relief of Miss Davis, and rests on a slab of colored marble. The inscription is: "Daughter of the Confederacy, Varina Anne Davis. Born July 27, 1864; entered into eternal life September 18, 1868. 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.'" The tablet to the children is to the memory of the four sons of President Davis: Samuel Emory, Jefferson, Jr., Joseph Evan, and William Howell Davis.

The afternoon session of the convention was taken up by the reading of papers on different subjects. Mrs. Crawford, of Athens, Ga., gave an interesting account of her children's chapter, and talks on the subject were made by delegates from other States. A pretty incident was the singing of "Dixie" by Mrs. N. V. Randolph, which was received with great enthusiasm.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland presented a proposition of Col. Scott, of Warrenton, to raise funds for the Jefferson Davis Monument. Col. Scott offered his book, "The Republic as a Form of Government, or the Evolution of Democracy in America," to the U. D. C. to be republished for the benefit of the monument. It was offered through the Seventh Regiment Chapter of Alexandria, Va. Col. Scott has the matrices, from which the book can be republished at \$1 a volume. He states: "The manuscript was shown to President Davis, sent to him at Beauvoir, every page and sentence bore evidence in marginal notes and observation of the careful attention with which the manuscript had been examined by the President. The examination of the right of secession received his unqualified approbation." Col. Scott offers as many copies of the work as the Daughters of the Confederacy desire to publish to help along in the completion of the Jefferson Davis Monument.

An elegant and very brilliant reception was given at night at the Jefferson Hotel by the Richmond Chapter to the U. D. C. Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Hayes assisted in receiving.

Two business meetings were held by the Daughters on the 10th, but the event of the day was the unveiling of the monuments in Hollywood Cemetery. All nature seemed in hearty accord with the beautiful, impressive services by which the monuments to the loved ones of a dead nation were unveiled. There were present many thousands. The parade was headed by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, with Maj. T. A. Brander as chief marshal, and his staff. In the line were regimental bands, camps of Confederate Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and a long line of friends. The exercises by the graves were opened by Rev. James P. Smith, D.D., editor of the *Central Presbyterian*, who invoked the divine blessings on the work. Gov. J. Hoge Tyler then introduced the orator of the day, Hon. Beverly B. Munford, of Richmond, whose appropriate address was well delivered.

The venerable John H. Reagan, Postmaster General and last surviving member of President Davis's cabinet, made a brief address. He said: "This place and the occasion which brings us together call up many thrilling memories of the past, but it is not of these that I shall now speak, but of a man who nobly served and grandly suffered for a whole people. We stand in the presence of the bronze representation of one of the wisest, purest, and bravest men the world has produced. These qualities were illustrated by him through a long and brilliant career in the military service, in the legislative councils of the country, and in the performance of the highest and most difficult executive duties. I have lived to a good old age, and much of my life has been spent in the public service and in acquaintance with distinguished men of our country. While some of these may have been the equal or even superior to President Davis in some one department of the duties of life, taking together all the elements which make up the character of a great man, I have never known the equal of Jefferson Davis. He was a man of extensive learning and much study, of superior capacity, of the highest order of legislative capacity, a most eloquent debater, and with an unsurpassed executive ability, as proven in the discharge of the duties of

the highest and most difficult executive offices. He possessed a combination of great qualities rarely equaled, and never surpassed. And in addition to these great qualities he possessed the most unselfish character I have ever known and the most humane and merciful disposition, with a gentleness in domestic and social life which commanded the admiration and respect of all who knew him. And to all these he added the character of a devout Christian. My estimate of his character has been formed from a personal acquaintance of a good many years and from close personal and official relations with him during the four years of the war between the States. While the cause of which he was

point in which the speaker detected a strong resemblance to the father.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was then introduced. He did not speak at length, but his remarks were appropriate and well received. He concluded with a tribute to the life partner of Mr. Davis, "she who was as faithful to him in the hours of tribulation as in the days of his greatest joys and triumph."

Dr. H. M. Clarkson read an ode to the Daughter of the Confederacy, and at the conclusion Jefferson Hayes Davis pulled the cords holding the veils over the monuments. The design of the monument to the memory of Winnie Davis is very artistic. The pose is good, and there is a strength and spirit that gives it life. It represents a seated angel, and is carved in Carara marble of the best quality. This is well called the "Angel of Grief," and is extending a wreath, as if about to place it on the grave. It is mounted on a hammered granite pedestal, with a coping in front. The statue is over life-size, and measures a little more than seven feet. The granite pedestal is two and a half feet high, three and a half feet wide, and two and a half feet deep. The coping is six feet long, two feet wide, and fifteen inches high. The inscriptions had not been placed on the pedestal, but are to be very soon. They will be as follows. On the front: "The beloved child of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and Variana Howell Davis." On the right side: "Born in the Executive Mansion, Richmond, Va.; died September 18, 1868, at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island." On the back: "In the flower of her beauty, rarely gifted in intellect, this noble woman trustfully rendered up her stainless soul to the God who gave it. Brave and steadfast, her loyal spirit was worthy of her people's glorious history." On the left side: "The whole country, touched by her blameless and heroic career, mingled its tears with those who knew and loved her. He giveth his beloved sleep." At the base of the statue will be these words: "In memory of Varina Anne Davis, Daughter of the Confederacy."

A reproduction of the statue in plaster of Paris will be placed in the Royal Art Gallery of Bucharest, at the request of the officials of that gallery.

The monument is a freewill offering from a people who desired to pay tribute to a noble woman. The movement was started by the Richmond Chapter, and without solicitation contributions came pouring in from all over the South. As is shown in the picture, the base of the monument was banked in flowers, and some of the designs were very beautiful.

The bronze figure of President Davis is not pleasing. The sculptor explained, according to the press, that he sought to combine the principles and conditions involved. A perfectly natural figure of Jefferson Davis would have been far better.

At the second morning session of the convention Mrs. Currie reviewed the work of the U. D. C. for the past year, showing something of the prodigious work performed by her. She was followed by Mrs. Hickman, Recording Secretary, who read her annual report. A letter from Mrs. Davis was read by Mrs. Hayes in presenting Mrs. Currie with a beautiful miniature of Winnie Davis. This was from the Dallas Chapter of Daughters, of which Mrs. Currie is Presi-



THE WINNIE DAVIS MONUMENT.

the highest and truest representative failed of success, he carried to his grave a sincerity of respect, an enthusiastic devotion of the people he served and represented, unsurpassed by any ever shown to any successful hero or conqueror; and the future will show, when the clouds of passion and prejudice shall have passed away, that the cause and principles he represented were just and based on the true principles of constitutional government, local self-government, and civil liberty. God bless his memory!"

Judge Reagan said he would not conclude without at least a reference to the last resting place of Jefferson Davis, Jr., marked by a broken column. The loss of this promising young life in the service of others was a

dent, as a loving gift and in appreciation of the fact that she was the originator of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Texas.

Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Hayes were made honorary members of the U. D. C., and Master Jefferson Hayes Davis made an honorary member of the Children of the Confederacy.

The report of the Treasurer, Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, showed a balance of \$1,347.69 in the National Bank of Atlanta. Miss Mary F. Mears, Corresponding Secretary, made her report, and then reports were read from the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, and the District of Columbia.

At the night session reports were heard from the other States, and then Col. Mann, of Petersburg, a gifted and ardent member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, spoke in regard to the erection of a memorial to Confederate women. He stated that a resolution was passed at the meeting of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans in Charleston, S. C., to appoint a committee for that purpose. Mrs. N. V. Randolph expressed herself as opposed to that movement before the erection of a memorial to President Davis. Mrs. J. J. Thomas favored a memorial in the form of a school or college for children of Confederates.

The morning session of the 10th was the most important yet held by the organization. A proposition was submitted for the Daughters to take in hand the Jefferson Davis Monument movement, which, after much discussion, was accepted. A committee of one from each Southern State is to be appointed to formulate plans for raising funds for the monument, which will cost \$50,000, toward which about \$22,000 has already been subscribed under previous management. A committee of five from the Davis Monument Association, with Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson as chairman, will cooperate with the Executive Committee in this work.

During the recess the ladies visited the Soldiers' Home, and were entertained at luncheon. This was a delightful occasion. The convention reassembled at 5:30 p.m., and reports of standing committees were made. Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Georgia, made the report of the History Committee, commending in high terms the histories of Lee, Jones, Field, and Hansell. Reference was made to the historical value of monuments in the South, and Mrs. McKinney, of Tennessee, called attention to the fact that Henry Timrod, the sweet bard of South Carolina, had no monument to mark his grave in Columbia.

An enjoyable reception was given at night by the ladies of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society at the Museum, at which pictures of Gen. R. E. Lee, Gen. Bryan Grimes, Miss Winnie Davis, and a facsimile of the seal of the Confederate government were presented to the Museum. The picture of Lee was given by Col. and Mrs. F. M. Colston, of Baltimore; the seal was presented by Miss Sallie Sawyer Ayers, of Washington, D. C.; the picture of Gen. Grimes was given by the Washington Grays Chapter of Children of the Confederacy of Washington, N. C.; and the picture of Miss Winnie Davis was from Mrs. Mollie Macgill Rosenberg, of Galveston, Tex.—each presentation being made in the proper room of the Museum.

At the morning session a plan was presented for the purchase of Beauvoir, the old home of President Da-

vis, and to make of it an industrial home for Confederate soldiers, which was indorsed by the Daughters. At the evening session this indorsement was recalled for the purpose of making further investigation.

Mrs. E. G. Weed, of Florida, was elected President for the ensuing year, with Mrs. William W. Read, of New York City, as First Vice President and Mrs. S. T. McCullough, of Staunton, Va., Second Vice President. The following were reelected: Recording Secretary, Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Nashville, Tenn.; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary F. Mears, of North Carolina; Treasurer, Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, of Atlanta, Ga.

The convention declared its sympathy with a movement on the part of Alabama to establish a Jefferson Davis Museum and Library in the house occupied by the then President in Montgomery.

A design for the Cross of Honor to be presented to veterans was adopted. Twenty-five hundred are to



MRS. N. V. RANDOLPH AND DAUGHTERS, RICHMOND.

be made and kept in the custody of Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, of Nashville, Tenn. The idea is for the chapters to purchase such as are desired for free distribution to veterans. The offer of Col. John W. Scott to give the matrices of his book for the benefit of the monument fund was accepted, and the matter turned over to the Monument Committee.

The convention adjourned just at midnight, ending one of the most enjoyable meetings yet held by the association. They could not have been entertained more royally, and the reputation of Richmond for hospitality was enhanced. The receptions tendered the Daughters were especially brilliant. In addition to that at the Jefferson, they were entertained by the Westmoreland Club and by the Daughters of the American Revolution at the Commonwealth Club.

The next convention will be held at Montgomery.

The VETERAN is expected to print reports of the State Divisions from time to time.

THE BATTLE OF MILTON OR VAUGHT'S HILL.

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

Laurence Sterne's old soldier, Uncle Toby, in "Tristram Shandy," had a hobbyhorse: the siege of Namur and the Army of Flanders. Many of us old soldiers are now hobbyhorses on battles and incidents in the war between the States. History not only repeats itself, but incidents are parodied by soldiers of to-day with those of yesterday. My great hobbyhorse is my first battle. You recall, no doubt, how you felt in your first regular engagement.

My baptism was at Milton, March 20, 1863, fourteen miles from Murfreesboro and fifteen from Liberty. Morgan's Cavalry was stationed at Liberty, twenty-nine miles east of Murfreesboro, to guard the right wing of the Army of Tennessee, my regiment, Ward's Ninth Tennessee, among them. Rosecrans, with brigades of infantry and cavalry, almost every week, from his base at Murfreesboro, would disturb the pleasure of our dreams—sometimes raiding for forage; often trying to intercept, and then receding; at times driving us, and then being driven. The cavalry was "eyes and ears of an army." Just back of Liberty was Snow Hill, our retreat when raiding parties were too heavy, and afterwards made famous because of Morgan's "Snow Hill stampede." After our posts had been driven back to within a few miles of Liberty, Gen. Morgan came from his headquarters at McMinnville on the afternoon of March 19, and ordered us to be in readiness to move against the enemy next morning. Quirk's Scouts, in front, took the Liberty-Milton-Murfreesboro pike. Duke, Johnson, Grigsby, Martin Smith, part of Ward's, Gano's, Breckinridge's, and all of Morgan's Cavalry, except Cluke and Chenault, detached. The distance from Liberty to Auburn was ten miles; from Auburn to Milton, five miles.

The Federal commander, Col. Hall, in charge of raiders, soon saw that Morgan's "beehive" was stirred up. He about-faced and beat a retreat, his infantry in double-quick, his cavalry confused and agitated. The pursuit was exciting, Quirk trying to force him to battle before he could get help from his base, Murfreesboro. The pike from Liberty was crowded with horsemen. At first they moved in a trot, next a gallop, and then a run. After the speed of ten miles, resulting in the falling out of jaded horses and weakly mounts, we passed Auburn amid waving of hankkerchiefs, yells of soldiers, the pop, pop, pop of small arms, and the booming of cannon in the distance. Wounded horses were passing to the rear, Quirk's men among them, bleeding from three or four balls; wounded men bespattered with mud, bareheaded women and children, urging us on in all the flurry and excitement of hot pursuit. Occasionally the order passed down the lines: "Close up! Col. A. or Gen. B. to the front! Open ranks!" Morgan and staff forged through. The pursuit was eager.

That morning was full of incident. We pressed the raiding party so closely that they'd step and cheer us. A mile west of Milton we forced a fight with about two thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry, including Stoke's Tennessee Cavalry, made up around Liberty, and commanded by Blackburn. The enemy was then fourteen miles from his base, and we had run him fifteen from ours. Our work was to be done quickly for fear of reinforcements. When we had passed Milton

we counted off fours, held horses, and formed line of battle. A hill selected by the enemy could not have been better; it seemed impregnable. The gradual slope was heavily covered with woodland, including cedar bushes so thick that one could not see a soldier. The line advanced, its flanks barricaded by nature with rugged boulders and undulations ending in sudden gorges. In the distance could be seen a few bluecoats on the pike at the crest, along which was evidently the line of battle. When we got to the base a volley belched forth from the enemy, and at the first fire Lieut. Cates, of Carthage, immediately on my right, had his fingers shot off. On the right of the pike Gen. Morgan was running up his artillery right into the



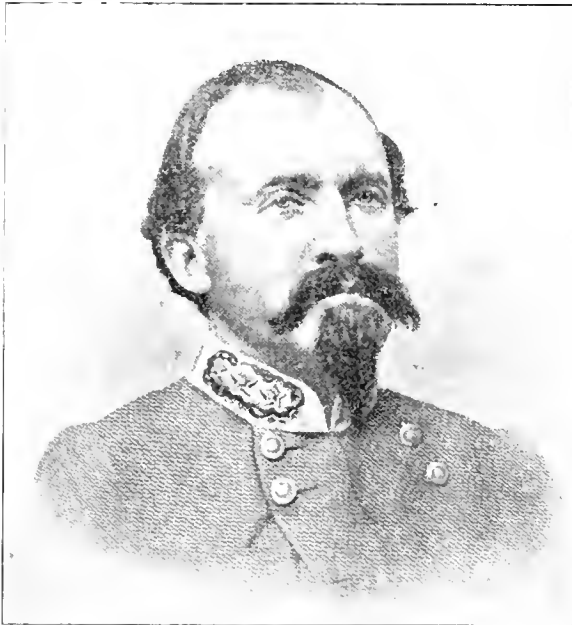
JIMMIE WINTERSMITH.

mouth of the crest. A little orderly (I believe it was Jimmie Wintersmith), on his pony, rushed up with orders from Gen. Morgan directing Ward's Regiment to support the battery. Boom! boom! came from the enemy's guns on the crest. Onward we went, our pieces unlimbered, the little "bull pup" howitzers were gotten ready, and, like Capt. White at Hartsville in protecting Morgan's retreat at the river, the order was given, "Cannoneers, to your post! Fire!"

and the battle was on. In the interval while forming into line and until we got to the foot of the hill I had a thousand thoughts. Morgan was in the zenith of his fame. I was inoculated with the idea that his judgment was unerring, and that it "king could do no wrong." In the moral apprehension I never for once thought of trusting in God for safety, but wholly relied upon the wisdom and skill of Gen. Morgan. On the battery advanced, and on the regiment moved parallel, into the ambuscade, pushed the cavalry, Col. Breckinridge commanded the brigade on the right; Grigsby, Smith, and others, commanded by Gano, were on the left of the pike. The fight became terrific, the enemy, in his lair, keeping up a vigorous fire until we were in close quarters, about one hundred steps apart. Another little orderly, Jack Brown, mounted on a pony, rode up and encouraged us, saying: "Give it to 'em, boys! they burned my father's house." He was about thirteen years old, and the bravest boy I ever saw. The whole line was then ordered to take trees. All got behind trees but my captain, Charley Cossett, and me; we secured protection behind a stump. I remarked to him that he was an

officer and I a private; he could give me part of the stump if he wished. The poor fellow got up to share it with me, when a ball struck him just above the heart and lodged in his lung. It popped like hitting a tree. I asked if I should take him off the field. The reply was: "The firing is too hot." I placed his head behind the stump, and used his gun after getting mine clogged. The cedars were so thick that I could see no enemy in front, and fired at random, enfilade, although shots were coming from my front. After firing about forty-five rounds Breekinridge gave way on the right—out of ammunition. It became evident that our line was giving too. Capt. Cossett was bleeding inwardly, and begged me not to leave him. He threw his arm around my shoulder, and the trial of my life was to stay by him. He could not get out of a walk, and the whole Yankee line seemed to take us for a target; yet I clung to him and brought him off. He was mortally wounded, and died that night.

The fight lasted three hours, and was hotly contest-



GEN. JOHN MORGAN.

ed. Our loss was three hundred. We went there to win; the enemy stood there to keep us at bay, and cavalry fight as it was on our part against infantry, there was no stage in Chickamauga or Murfreesboro or Gaines's Mill severer for the time it lasted. Just about the time of this break Grigsby gave way on the left, having shot away all of his ammunition. His men were near the battery in an effort to capture it. Heavens! the cry for cartridges for the carbines! Ah, it lost to us the battle. Morgan's passion went off like gunpowder at the failure of ordnance. The clatter of couriers after it could not quiet the impatience of the commander. In a few moments more the artillery would have been captured and the enemy made prisoners. After the lines were withdrawn and we reached Milton, our long-looked-for ammunition and four pieces of artillery, under Lieut. Lawrence, arrived from McMinnville, after killing two horses. Morgan turned to attack again. Lawrence opened up with his artillery, and the enemy, whose ammunition was evidently

getting scant, responded at intervals. In a short time Capt. Quirk, whose scouts were re-sent to the enemy's rear on vidette, reported reënforcements from Murfreesboro. This was confirmed by tremendous yells from the top of the hill, and our hope of bagging twenty-five hundred raiders was gone.

Notwithstanding his reënforcements, when we retired the enemy did not pursue. Both sides had enough for that day. My regiment in that fight was commanded by Capt. John D. Kirkpatrick, afterwards the Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, now deceased, Col. Ward being off on detached duty. Had our ammunition lasted until the ordnance from McMinnville arrived, the results at Hartsville would have been repeated, a brigade of infantry and a regiment of cavalry captured, and another wreath of victory added to John Morgan's military career. Gen. Morgan's clothes were torn with balls in that battle, and Grigsby and others were wounded. Capts. Cossett, Cooper, Sale, and Marr are of the officers buried there. The enemy went back to Murfreesboro that afternoon, and Morgan, with his two thousand cavalry, to Liberty—the former rejoicing over escape, the latter in chagrin over the disappointment.

Among the bravest deeds of that day were those of the little orderlies. They were the pets of Morgan's Cavalry. He had four of these orderlies in his career: William Craven Peyton, Jack Brown, Jimmie Wintersmith, and Henry Hogan. The heedless dashes of these Lilliputian soldiers were regarded with much admiration. Billie Peyton was killed at Hartsville. Wintersmith died ten or twelve years ago. He was once sergeant at arms of the Lower House of Congress. Brown also died at Gallatin. Hogan is living at Lexington, Ky.

The happiest recollection of my soldier life is that I stayed by my captain in that trying hour.

REMINISCENCES BY ELDER J. K. WOMACK.—When I joined Capt. Phillips's company, Eighth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, I was about seventeen years old. I was just recovering from a spell of measles, which had settled on my lungs, and was scarcely able to ride. It was thought at the time that I would not live very long, but my health began to improve on the rough fare and fresh air of camp life. The first time I ever heard the whistle of Yankee bullets was between Readyville and Woodbury, Tenn. A company of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry (regulars) had been for several days making raids out from Readyville toward Woodbury. Our regiment determined to undertake their capture. One morning a little before day we were ordered to fall in line, and moved quietly down Lock's Creek in platoons of four, led by Col. Smith. In a little while we came in sight of the pike, and on an elevation to our left I observed a line of blue facing us. We began to fire in the direction of this line, and I had never before heard so many bullets whistle through the air. As soon as the Federals had emptied their guns at us they drew their sabers, formed in single file, and dashed among us. Jack Luck, of our company, a strong man and brave, tried to stop the enemy by physical force, but one stroke of a Federal saber felled him to the ground with blood running from his mouth. They went through our lines like sheep jumping out of a lot one a time, until I thought they were all gone.

"Old Paul" Anderson, talking and cursing through his nose, came galloping up with the other half of the regiment; but he had come too late: the birds had flown. Somehow—I have never known how—some five or six Yankees were captured that day. In this



ELDER J. K. WOMACK.

battle Capt. J. M. Phillips was captured. I was told that we pressed the enemy so hard they were forced to leave their prisoners. It was not for want of bravery that Paul Anderson, our lieutenant colonel, was not there in time with his half of the regiment. A cooler or braver man never rode a horse.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S STRATEGY.

BY JULIA B. REED.

"Run, Marse Bob! Run, Marse Bob! De Yanks air comin' down de Lexin'ton road as fas' as dey kin!" The words rang through the hall, and Pompey's ashen face and frantic gestures reiterated the news from the cabins.

"Pompey, take care of her," closely the General folded his wife, "and defend her with your life."

"Dat I will, my marster; yer kin 'pend on dat."

"Julia"—his words were scarcely audible—"can you detain them here thirty minutes? If you can, I am safe."

Proudly flinging her head from her husband's shoulder, her eyes flashed into his her lips' answer: "I will."

"God bless you!" A quick kiss, and he was gone.

With hand upon back of chair, Julia stood planning her campaign, and as the command "Surround the house!" sounded over the fence her nerves were steady with purpose and her soul calm with fore-shadowed victory. At the front door she met the Union soldiers, Pompey standing behind her. Defentially were doffed the caps.

"Madam," spoke the lieutenant in command, "I trust that you will pardon the intrusion. Gen. Sherman has dispatched us for the General. We are informed that he is in the house."

The regal-looking figure, each moment growing taller, bereft him of words. D disdainfully she pointed to the steps. "Go to Gen. Sherman and tell him that the wife of the General forbade you to enter."

A quaint smile played for a moment over the young lieutenant's face. "Madam, a soldier has no choice save obedience; even to force he must resort."

"Then you shall not enter!" and she barred the doorway with her rounded arms, from which fell back the filmy lace ruffles.

"Under the bars, boys," was the low command.

With a wild shriek and quick spring she was at the sitting-room door, clutching it fiercely. With commingled admiration and pity the men regarded her; she caught the gleam of pity. "As ye are men and husbands, have mercy upon me!" She was upon her knees, her hands clasped in grief's intensest agony. "O, you haven't the heart!"

Tears were coursing down her cheeks as she sunk to the floor, her hands falling lifeless in her lap. The men turned their eyes away, and the lieutenant's hand trembled as it lay upon the knob. Like a frightened child, she glanced over her shoulder as the men stumbled into the room behind her, then sped down the long hallway to the back door that opened on the broad piazza from which there was a private entrance to the second floor. The men heard her fleeing footsteps and dashed through the double parlors just as she had planted herself firmly against the only rear exit. "Back! back!" she cried defiantly, flinging her long arms right and left. "Dare not come here!"

A fighting Rizzpah she stood and held them at bay. At last the lieutenant caught the slender hands, strong in frenzy, while with a whoop his men rushed through the open door out into the yard, peering into the barns and stables.

"Off!" she cried with a stamp of her small foot and eyes like burning coals. Instantly the encircled hands were unclasped.

"Pardon; your resistance made it necessary."

A Federal at the smokehouse spied the back stairway, and with a shout, "The rebel's hid up there," led the charge.

With the bound of a tiger Julia was up the front staircase, locked the chamber door and dropped the key in her pocket before the men burst into the hall.

Calmly she spoke: "If there is a gentleman in this party, this room will not be entered. It is mine. Those rooms across the way, gentlemen, are at your service; this is my boudoir."

"Sergeant, take the key from the lady's pocket. Your pardon, madam," spoke the lieutenant as he again seized those fair hands.

She followed the soldiers into the room and stood with her back against the mantel, as Vesta might have done when the vandals sacked Rome. The search was hotly pressed within and behind massive mahogany pieces, into the open dressing room, through the adjacent nursery.

She glanced at the clock—forty minutes since that good-by kiss! Her eyes swam in soft tears of triumph. The lieutenant was gazing at her.

"Madam, you have played your part well." To his men: "Go down; back to camp." A low bow, and the last bluejacket quitted her apartment.

SAM DAVIS.

A PAPER BY S. A. CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR VETERAN.

(Read before the Tennessee Historical Society, and reprinted from the American Historical Magazine.)

Introductory to a paper on Sam Davis, the writer mentions that he had never heard of him until after the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was established, and then, when a school oration was submitted for publication, he was inclined to reject it, feeling that there were so many equally worthy heroes it would hardly be fair to print this special eulogy. The fearful trial of the young Tennessean was not then comprehended. Later on, when returning from a reunion on the battle-fields of Shiloh in April, 1895—participated in by the veterans of the two great armies engaged in it—two



ENGRAVING FROM A BUST OF SAM DAVIS.

ex-Federal soldiers who witnessed Davis's death on the gallows at Pulaski, November 27, 1863, recited the details of the event; and when they said "the Federal army was in grief over it" he resolved to print the story, and reprint it until that typical hero should have as full credit as the VETERAN could give him.

The story in brief as told by his enemies was sublime, while every additional fact in connection with his career demonstrates all the stronger his merit to immortality. The record now submitted to the keeping of this noble society contains extracts from some data that has been published; but the concise collation, it is hoped, will be treasured and preserved for the edification of generations to come after us.

Samuel Davis was born October 6, 1842, near Smyrna, Rutherford County, Tenn. His parents had emigrated from Virginia. Upon the tablet of a beautiful marble monument erected by his father in the garden

of his good country home are these words: "He laid down his life for his country. He suffered death on the gibbet rather than betray his friends and his country." The monument is surrounded by an iron fence. Within that inclosure are buried father, mother, and maternal grandmother.

When the South and the North rushed to arms, Sam Davis was attending a military school at Nashville, under the direction of Bushrod R. Johnson and Edmund Kirby Smith. Soon these teachers were commissioned to positions in organizing the Confederate Army, and both were promoted to important commands. Many of the cadets were sent out as drill masters, while Sam Davis enlisted in the First Regiment of Infantry as a private soldier. His record was so good that when General Bragg directed the organization of a company of scouts, in 1863, Davis was chosen as a member. This company was under the leadership of Capt. H. B. Shaw. It is said that Captain Shaw, disguised and called "Coleman," posed as a herb doctor, and in most successful ways used deception as a spy, but his heroes wore Confederate gray with pride and independence. This command of scouts was organized under the personal direction of Gen. B. F. Cheatham, who took first into his confidence Captain Shaw and John Davis, the older brother of Sam.

These scouts slept in thickets, where devoted friends, mainly ladies, underwent the peril of going to them by night to feed and inform them of all they could learn about the status and movements of the Federal forces. Sam Davis was one of the coolest and bravest of the command, a young gentleman whose integrity of character was as near faultless as can be conceived, with a patriotism that induced him to suffer any privation and any peril. About the 20th of November, 1863, having been supplied with reports as complete as it was possible to procure and a note from Captain Shaw ("Coleman"), he started on his perilous journey through Federal to Confederate lines.

Gen. G. M. Dodge had an army of 16,000 men in that vicinity, with his headquarters in Pulaski. He was much disturbed by the efficiency of these scouts, and determined upon desperate measures to stop them. The noted "Kansas Jayhawkers" (Seventh Kansas Cavalry) were scouring the country, and they captured Sam Davis with these important documents upon his person. There is no evidence of treachery upon the part of anybody. The patrol of that region was so complete the wonder is that any of the scouts escaped. Capt. Shaw was captured, but so kept his identity concealed that he was taken to prison. I have seen his autograph, with rank and position attached, in a book belonging to his fellow-prisoner, A. O. P. Nicholson, a Tennessean, written at Johnson's Island. While it has been impossible so far to ascertain whether Davis knew of Shaw's capture, the belief is that he did, and that he referred to him when he said the man who gave him the information was worth more to the Confederacy than he was. Joshua Brown, who was in jail with Davis, states that he (Davis) knew Shaw was in jail. Mr. Brown wrote at length upon the subject, and from his paper several extracts are made:

"Gen. Bragg had sent us, a few men who knew the country, into Middle Tennessee to get all the information possible concerning the movements of the Federal army; to find out if it was moving from Nashville and Corinth to reënforce Chattanooga. We were to re-

port to Capt. Shaw, designated by us as 'Coleman,' who commanded the scouts. We were to go South to Decatur and send our reports by a courier line to Gen. Bragg at Missionary Ridge. We were told that the duty was very dangerous, and that but few of us might return; that we should probably be captured or killed, and we were cautioned against exposing ourselves unnecessarily. After we had been in Tennessee about ten days we watched the Sixteenth Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Dodge, move up from Corinth to Pulaski. We agreed that we should leave for the South on Friday, the 19th of November, 1863. A number of our scouts had been captured and several killed. We were to start that night, every man for himself; each of us had his own information. I had counted almost every regiment and all the artillery in the Sixteenth Corps, and had found out that they were moving on Chattanooga. Late in the afternoon we started, and ran into the Seventh Kansas Cavalry, known as the 'Kansas Jayhawkers,' and when we learned who had captured us we thought our time had come. We were taken to Pulaski, about fifteen miles away, and put in jail. Davis was one of the number. I talked with him over our prospects of imprisonment and escape, which were very gloomy. Davis said they had searched him that day and found some important papers upon him, and that he had been taken to Gen. Dodge's headquarters. They had also found in his saddle seat maps and descriptions of the fortifications at Nashville and other points, together with a report of the Federal army in Tennessee, and they found in his boot this letter:

"Giles Comty, Tenn., Trusday Morning, November 18, 1863.—Col. A. McKinstry, Provost Marshal General, Army of Tennessee, Chattanooga. Dear Sir: I send you seven Nashville, three Louisville, and one Cincinnati papers, with dates to the 17th—in all eleven. I also send for Gen. Bragg three wash balls of soap, three toothbrushes, and two blank books. I could not get a larger size diary for him. I will send a pair of shoes and slippers, some more soap, gloves, and socks soon. . . . Dodge says he knows the people are all Southern, and does not ask them to swear to a lie. All the spare forces around Nashville and vicinity are being sent to McMinnville. Six batteries and twelve Parrott guns were sent forward on the 14th, 15th, and 16th. It is understood that there is hot work in front somewhere. Telegrams suppressed. Davis has returned. He tells me the line is in order to Summer-ville. I send this by one of my men to that place.

"I am, with high regard,
E. COLEMAN,
"Captain Commanding Scouts."

It was evidently not known by "Coleman" when writing to whom he would intrust the papers and articles. W. L. Moore was first directed to carry them, but his horse required rest.

Davis's pass:

"Headquarters Gen. Bragg's Scouts, Middle Tennessee, September 25, 1863.—Samuel Davis has permission to pass on scouting duty anywhere in Middle Tennessee or south of the Tennessee River he may see proper. By order of Gen. Bragg.

"E. COLEMAN, *Captain Commanding Scouts.*"

"The next morning Davis was again taken to Gen. Dodge's headquarters." Joshua Brown continues, "and

this is what took place between them, which Gen. Dodge told me occurred:

"I took him into my private office, and told him that it was a very serious charge brought against him; that he was a spy, and from what I found upon his person he had accurate information in regard to my army, and I must know where he obtained it. I told him that he was a young man, and did not seem to realize the danger he was in. Up to that time he had said nothing, but then he replied in the most respectful and dignified manner: "Gen. Dodge, I know the danger of my situation, and I am willing to take the consequences." I asked him then to give me the name of the person from whom he got the information; that I knew it must be some one near my headquarters or who had the confidence of the officers of my staff, and repeated that I must know the source from which it came. I insisted that he should tell me, but he firmly declined to do so. I told him that I should have to call a court-martial and have him tried for his life, and, from the proofs we had, they would be compelled to condemn him; that there was no chance for him unless he gave the source of his information. He replied: "I know that I will have to die, but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I do so feeling that I am doing my duty to God and my country." I pleaded with and urged him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life, for I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity. He then said: "It is useless to talk to me. I do not intend to do it. You can court-martial me, or do anything else you like, but I will not betray the trust reposed in me." He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him, and I sent him back to prison. I immediately called a court-martial to try him."

"The following is the action of the commission, which has been furnished me by Gen. Dodge:

"Proceedings of a military commission which convened at Pulaski, Tenn., by virtue of the following general order:

"Headquarters Left Wing Sixteenth Army Corps, Pulaski, Tenn., November 20, 1863. General Orders No. 72. A military commission is hereby appointed to meet at Pulaski, Tenn., on the 23d inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of Samuel Davis, and such other persons as may be brought before it. By order of Brig. Gen. G. M. Dodge.

"J. W. BARNES, *Lieut. and A. A. G.*

"Report of the Commission:

"The Commission do therefore sentence him, the said Samuel Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, in the service of the so-called Confederate States, to be hanged by the neck until he is dead, at such time and place as the commanding general shall direct, two-thirds of the Commission concurring in the sentence. Finding and sentence of the Commission approved, the sentence will be carried into effect on Friday, November 27, 1863, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. Brig. Gen. T. W. Sweeney, commanding the Second Division, will cause the necessary arrangements to be made to carry out this order in the proper manner."

"Capt. Armstrong, the provost marshal, informed

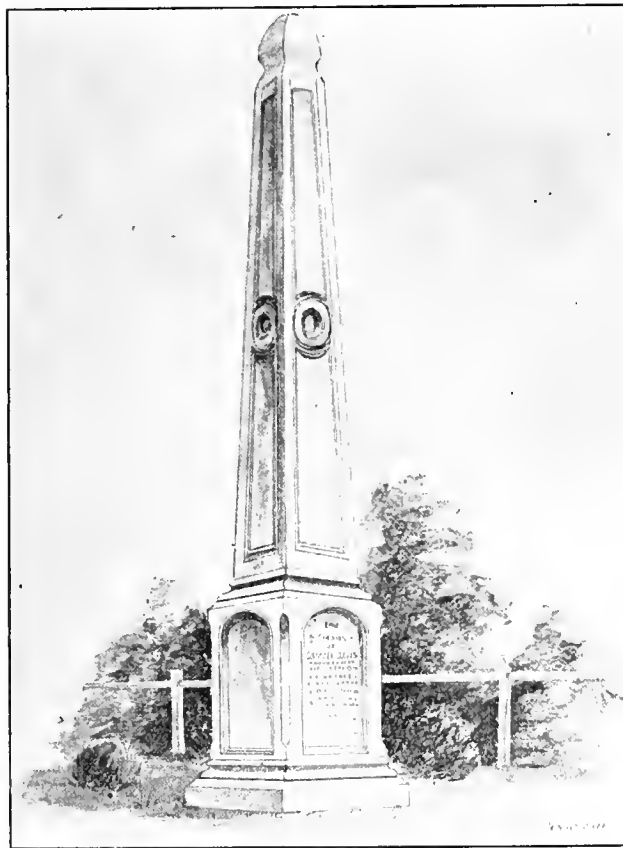
Davis of the sentence of the court-martial. He was surprised at the more humiliating punishment, expecting to be shot, not thinking they would hang him; but he showed no fear, and resigned himself to his fate as only brave men can. That night he wrote the following letter to his mother:

"Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn., November 26, 1863.
—Dear Mother: O, how painful it is to write you! I have got to die to-morrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good-by for evermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all.

"Your son,

SAMUEL DAVIS.

"Mother, tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see you all once more, but I never will any more. Mother and father, do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead, but do not grieve for me. It will not



MONUMENT AT SAM DAVIS'S GRAVE ERECTED BY HIS FATHER.

do any good. Father, you can send after my remains if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some things, too, with the hotel keeper for you. Pulaski is in Giles County, Tenn., south of Columbia. S. D.'

"After his sentence," concludes Mr. Brown, "he was put into a cell in the jail, and we did not see anything of him until on Thursday morning, the day before the execution. We were ordered to get ready to be removed to the courthouse, in the public square, from the jail. Davis was handcuffed and brought in just as we were eating breakfast. I gave him a piece of meat that I had been cooking, and he, being handcuffed, was compelled to eat it with both hands. He

thanked me, and we all bade him good-by. The guard was doubled around the jail.

"The next morning, Friday, November 27, at ten o'clock, we heard the drums, and a regiment of infantry marched down to the jail, and a wagon with a coffin in it was driven up, and the provost marshal went into the jail and brought Davis out. He got into the wagon, stood up, and looked around at the courthouse, and, seeing us at the windows, bowed to us his last farewell. He was dressed in a dark-brown overcoat, with a cape to it, which had been a blue Federal coat, such as many of us had captured and then dyed brown. . . ."

Upon reaching the gallows Davis got out of the wagon and took his seat on a bench under a tree. He asked Capt. Armstrong how long he had to live. He replied: "Fifteen minutes." He then asked him the news, and Armstrong told him of the battle of Missionary Ridge, and that our army had been defeated. He expressed much regret, adding: "The boys will have to fight the battles without me." Armstrong said: "I regret very much having to do this. I feel that I would almost rather die myself than do what I have to do." Davis replied: "I do not think hard of you; you are doing your duty."

Gen. Dodge still had hopes that Davis would recant when he saw that death was staring him in the face, and that he would reveal the name of the "traitor in his camp." He sent Capt. Chickasaw, of his staff, to Davis. He rapidly approached the scaffold, jumped from his horse, and went directly to Davis, placed his hand on Davis's shoulder, and asked if it would not be better for him to speak the name of the one from whom he received the documents found upon him, adding: "It is not too late yet." And then, in his last extremity, Davis turned upon him and said: "If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here and now before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer."

Davis then requested Chickasaw to thank Gen. Dodge for his efforts to save him, but to repeat that he could not accept the terms. Turning to the chaplain, he gave him a few keepsakes to send his mother. He then turned to the provost marshal saying: "I am ready," ascended the scaffold, and stepped upon the trap.

The theory that the papers were secured by a negro and that Davis sacrificed his life because of the promised confidence to the black man, while very pretty, is not consistent with the letter from Capt. Shaw (Coleman), in which he itemized the things sent, and Davis evidently would not have failed to report any important information to "Coleman" that he might have secured before starting, who would have mentioned it, and he evidently was making the best possible speed to get away after leaving his chief. Another theory that certain papers were secured from a Federal officer through his wife, who was intensely concerned for the Confederacy, is not now believed. Divest the event of all fancy ideas, and credit the solemn fact of Davis's self-possession and his immovable courage when the awful test came, and that is glory enough.

Many pathetic incidents have occurred in connection with it. Only a few weeks ago one of his executioners came to Nashville, and, having expressed a desire to visit the grave, I went with him to the place.

He was received kindly and treated courteously by the families of a brother and sister. After dinner we went to the grave, accompanied by Oscar Davis and family. The guest placed some flowers upon the monument, saying, "He was the best friend I ever had," and stepped away speedily. Recovering himself, he said: "You must excuse me." During the day he visited other members of the family, and all treated him with real hospitality. The circumstances called for their courtesy and kindness, painful as it was through the declaration that he had prepared the hangman's knot and that he sprung the death trap. There was the philosophic acceptance that a soldier is obliged to obey orders, but that hardly excused the act, considering his own statement of the devotion that had grown up between them. It is believed that if he had appealed for exemption from the service he would have been excused. In this connection the Federal survivors are reminded, however kindly they may have

felt, that, with the law to "execute between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M., they might not have been so hasty as to have him on the way to the gallows at ten o'clock. Such haste was not necessary, and is not creditable to his executioners. It is a strange coincidence, too, that the gentleman referred to above, who kept his participation in the execution from his wife for a quarter of a century, should have given



SAM DAVIS'S FATHER.

it to the public here on the occasion of his visit. He reports having become reckless after that execution and engaging in a similar service to the United States government. Davis would plead for him to stay with him at night as late as practicable.

All efforts to secure a picture of Davis have failed, but a gifted sculptor, coming to Nashville for work upon the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, brought a letter to me from Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, and he undertook to make a composite portrait of Davis, using photographs of his brothers, and taking poses from a sister, some of whose features were said to be much like his. With these guides, and counsel from some gentlemen who well knew the dress and general outline of a Confederate soldier, a bust portrait was secured, which, whether a good likeness or not, so well represented the character that it gave great comfort to admirers of the hero. This sculptor was richly credited through his promise to present a copy of the bust to the monument fund. Unhappily that promise is unfulfilled.

R. B. Anderson, of Denton, Tex., who was a member of Shaw's Scouts, writes that Davis was captured under the bluff at Bainbridge (Ala.) Ferry, on the Tennessee River. When he realized that he must sur-

render he threw his package of papers as far as he could into the river, but a Federal followed them down until they floated near enough for him to get them. This was told by the ferryman. Davis was taken to Pulaski by Lawrenceburg, at which place the captors divided, and one of the detachments captured Capt. Shaw on the way, who claimed to be an "ex-surgeon of the Rebel army." After Shaw's capture Alex Gregg was placed in command of the scouts.

Mr. Anderson states that on April 9—the date of Lee's surrender—he was passing Gen. Wheeler's headquarters, when he was hailed by "an emaciated old man," whom he soon recognized as Capt. Shaw. This was soon after Shaw's exchange, and Mr. Anderson adds: "I could not help shedding tears when he told me how Sam Davis died to save his life, and how he pleaded with him to save his own life by telling. Davis replied to Shaw, moreover, that if he should tell, 'Dodge would murder them both.'"

After the war Capt. Shaw returned to Tennessee and reengaged in steamboating, taking John Davis with him, the father of the Davises, John and Sam supplying largely the money to buy the boat. In an explosion soon afterwards on the Mississippi River the loss was total, while Shaw and Davis were of those killed outright.

TRIBUTES TO THE HERO.

It is now four years since the heroism of Sam Davis became a theme in the VETERAN.

At the January meeting, 1896, of this society I reported the movement I had resolved upon to raise funds for a monument to him, and the unexpected yet thrilling account of Mr. John C. Kennedy, who, as a friend of the family, had gone to Pulaski, accompanied by Oscar Davis, secured the body, and brought it home. He told of the deference paid him on his mission by the provost marshal at Pulaski; of the voluntary offer of Federal soldiers to exhume the body, and how reverently they stood by the grave, their assistance not being necessary. He told of the special order given at Columbia by the commander of the post to have a ferry boat transfer his team, and how the Federal soldiers there volunteered to ease the wagon down an embankment, and, putting their shoulders to the wheels, pushed it up the steep grade across the river, and how they walked away in silence with uncovered heads as he turned to thank them.



SAM DAVIS'S MOTHER.

A Federal officer gave a succinct account in the

Omaha Bee of April 13, 195, of Davis's heroism, and recites that when the offer was sent to him at the gallows "the boy looked about him—he was only twenty-one years old, and life was bright and promising. Just overhead, idly swinging back and forth, hung the noose; all around him were soldiers, standing in line, with muskets gleaming in the bright sunshine; at his feet was a box prepared for his body, now pulsing with young and vigorous life; in front were the steps that would lead him to a sudden and disgraceful death, and that death it was in his power to avoid so easily. For just an instant he hesitated, and then the tempting offer was pushed aside forever. The steps were mounted, the young hero stood on the platform with hands tied behind him, the black hood was pulled over his head, the noose was adjusted, and the drop fell, . . . and thus ended a tragedy wherein a smooth-faced boy, without counsel, standing friendless in the midst of enemies, had, with a courage of the highest type, deliberately chosen death to life secured by means he thought dishonorable." And that Federal officer added: "Of just such material was the Southern army formed."

Gen. G. M. Dodge paid tribute to Sam Davis through a letter of several columns in the *VETERAN*, and inclosed his check for \$10 for the monument. He gave a history of the conditions in the department under his command, and then of Davis's extraordinary courage, concluding with the following: "I appreciate fully that the people of the South and Davis's comrades understand his soldierly qualities and propose to honor his memory. I take pleasure in aiding to raise the monument to his memory, although the services he performed were for the purpose of injuring my command, but given in faithfully performing the duties to which he was assigned."



SAM DAVIS'S GRANDMOTHER.

THE SAM DAVIS OVERCOAT.

Rev. James Young, to whom Gen. Dodge referred in his letter as chaplain in the Federal army, and Sam Davis were much attached to each other. In a letter to the *VETERAN*, May 22, 1897, he wrote a description of the overcoat, in which he said: "Before we left the jail he gave his overcoat to me, requesting me to keep it in remembrance of him." In a subsequent letter the venerable clergyman stated that, while still appreciating the gift, he regarded "the remembrance fairly fulfilled," and added: "I am in my seventy-third year, and cannot reasonably expect to care for it a great while longer, so you need not return it. I have cut one of the small buttons off the cape, which I will keep. The night before the execution Mr. Davis joined with us in singing the well-known hymn: 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' in animated voice." Chaplain Young

died a few weeks after sending the coat. He had used it to cover his children in winter.

The overcoat was received just as the Nashville Daughters of the Confederacy opened their first meeting in Ward Seminary (U. C. V. reunion headquarters), and when they had recited the Lord's Prayer in unison the recipient of the coat called attention to what he wished to show them, stating that he did it at once as a fitting event to follow "that prayer." Miss Mackie Hardison, Assistant Secretary of the chapter, wrote in the minutes: "When it was shown every heart was melted to tears, and there we sat in that sacred silence. Not a sound was heard save the sobs that came from aching hearts. It was a time too sacred for words, for we seemed almost face to face with that grand and heroic man, the noblest son of the South and our own Tennessee. Never have we seen hearts melted so instantaneously as were these the instant this treasure was revealed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, with one accord we wept together; and then Mr. C—— quietly stole away, taking this sacred relic with him. It was some time before we could resume business and hear the minutes of the previous meeting."



SCRAP FROM SAM DAVIS'S VEST.

This coat—now at the *VETERAN* office in a cedar case furnished by the generous W. B. Earthman—was procured by Oscar Davis only a few days before from a deserter of the Union army, and it had been dyed by the mother.

This sketch must be concluded with the merest mention of a memorial service held at the Davis home, attended by some fifteen hundred persons. One-third of the assembly went from Nashville on a special train. The service consisted of sermons, songs, and addresses—all appropriate.

Determination, after much reflection, to undertake the erection of a monument to Sam Davis resulted in quick and cordial approval from all sections, North as well as South, and there has been already subscribed over \$2,000, the greater part of which is invested in United States Government bonds, drawing, in the main, four per cent interest.

Edward Reese, Itasca, Tex., wishes to procure a list of Company K, Twentieth Louisiana Regiment, of which he was a member. Comrade Reese has had the misfortune to lose his left hand and the sight of one eye, and the other eye is affected. He is seventy years old, and feels it necessary to apply for a pension, which he can get only by establishing his record as a soldier. Comrades of that regiment who remember him may confer a favor upon him in responding.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

REPORT BY EX-COMMANDER IN CHIEF, ROBERT A. SMYTH.

We are glad to announce that since the last reunion a great deal has been accomplished by Commander in Chief Colquitt, of Atlanta, and his able staff.

The following is the list of camps chartered since the Charleston reunion:

Camp Phil Cook No. 141, Albany, Ga.
 Camp Singletary-Pettigrew No. 142, Washington, N. C.
 Camp Gen. Micah Jenkins No. 143, Summerville, S. C.
 Camp Charles A. Brusle No. 144, Plaquemine, La.
 Camp Sterling Price No. 145, St. Louis, Mo.
 Camp J. L. Coker No. 146, ———.
 Camp David O. Dodd No. 147, Austin, Ark.
 Camp Beirne Chapman No. 148, Union, W. Va.
 Camp Sam Davis No. 149, Ardmore, Ind. T.
 Camp Joe Wheeler No. 150, Davis, Ind. T.
 Camp T. N. Waull No. 151, Greenville, Tex.
 Camp Holman Boone No. 152, Fayetteville, Tenn.
 Camp Tom Green No. 153, San Antonio, Tex.
 Camp Tatnall No. 154, Fordsville, Ga.

Two others are in process of organization, making sixteen since last May.

The following is the staff appointed by Commander in Chief Colquitt: Adjutant General, L. D. Teackle Quinby, Atlanta, Ga.; Inspector General, T. T. Stockton, Jacksonville, Fla.; Quartermaster General, E. Leslie Spence, Jr., Richmond, Va.; Commissary General, John I. Moore, Asheville, N. C.; Judge Advocate General, John Marks, Napoleonville, La.; Surgeon General, Dr. Mike Hoke, Atlanta, Ga.; Chaplain General, Rev. J. H. McCoy, Huntsville, Ala.; Assistant Adjutant Generals: Robert W. Bingham, Louisville, Ky.; W. Scott Hancock, St. Louis, Mo.; J. W. Coffman, Clarksville, Ark.; Hamilton M. Branch, Savannah, Ga.; Wayne S. Ray, Asheville, N. C.; J. R. Matthews, Ocala, Fla.; Litton Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.; H. G. Robertson, Tyler, Tex.; P. H. Mell, Auburn, Ala.; D. A. Spivey, Conway, S. C.; C. H. Williams, Yazoo City, Miss.

The Commander in Chief has also appointed the standing committees for the year, retaining Col. William F. Jones, of Elberton, Ga., as the chairman of the Historical Committee. His work certainly deserves the commendation of all those interested in the preservation of the history of the Confederate war. He has labored earnestly and faithfully, realizing that his department is the most important of the Confederation's objects. His report to the last convention is well worthy of careful reading by every one. It is being circulated in pamphlet form.

The Louisiana Division held an enthusiastic and largely attended reunion at Baton Rouge soon after the reunion at Charleston. The efficient Division Commander, Mr. W. H. McLellan, of New Orleans, was unanimously reelected. There were over one hundred Sons present. The division was then less than six months old, and the actual strength less than two hundred. It certainly was gratifying. Commander McLellan has appointed the following staff and issued valuable instructions. He makes an earnest appeal for the zealous coöperation in the upbuilding of his division: G. K. Renaud, Division Adjutant

General, New Orleans, La.; L. V. Landry, Jr., Division Inspector General, New Orleans, La.; Oscar Dugas, Division Quartermaster General, Napoleonville, La.; Hugh Waddill, Division Commissary General, Baton Rouge, La.; E. Maurin, Division Judge Advocate General, Donaldsonville, La.; Dr. Laurens T. Postel, Division Surgeon General, Plaquemine, La.; Rev. J. Wilmer Gresham, Division Chaplain General, Baton Rouge, La.

The Georgia Division also held recently a fine reunion at Savannah, and is now thoroughly organized for work, and at the Louisville reunion will make a splendid showing. Commander U. H. McLaws, of Savannah, who was unanimously elected, has gone to work enthusiastically for his division.

Looking back upon the few months that have elapsed since the Charleston reunion, it is most gratifying to see the continued growth of the Confederation and especially its branching out into new fields. We now have Missouri, Indian Territory, Arkansas, and West Virginia interested, and by the next reunion, if the progress keeps up at the same rate, there will be several hundred camps on its rolls.

Commander in Chief Colquitt and his Adjutant, Comrade Quinby, certainly deserve credit for the manner in which they have carried on the work.

Through the determination to have this VETERAN mailed before Christmas several articles intended for this number are deferred to the January number.

J. Warren Gardner and Andy R. Egger, Columbus, Miss., who served in the Fifty-Sixth Alabama Cavalry, desire to hear from three Federal Kentucky cavalrymen captured by them at Ftowah River near Cassville, Ga., July, 1864. One of them said that he lived near where Gen. Zollicoffer was killed.

J. S. Durham, Hood's Landing, Tenn.: "I wish to correct an error in the October VETERAN, page 456. A communication from W. O. Connor gave the regiment of Brown's Brigade as the 'Third Tennessee,' when it should be the Eighteenth, Twenty-Sixth, Thirty-Second, and Forty-Fifth Tennessee. The Twenty-Sixth being directly in rear of Corput's Battery. I saw the whole engagement. I am heartily in favor of Capt. Blakeslee's proposition as to a monument at Resaca."

Maj. Sidney Herbert, of Maitland, Fla., the well-known military writer, made corrections in list of Confederate generals as published by the VETERAN sometime since, and earlier attention should have been given. The corrections are as follows: George B. Hodge, of Kentucky, died at Longwood, Fla., several years ago; S. G. French, of Winter Park, Fla., now lives at Pensacola; Harry Heth, A. J. Vaughan, and A. T. Hawthorne died this year; E. P. Alexander does not live in Savannah, Ga., but has a suburban home on the coast of South Carolina; the names of Lomax and Forney were incorrectly spelled; M. C. Butler is not ex-Senator from North Carolina, but from South Carolina, and his first name is not Marion; W. W. Kirkland is an invalid at his daughter's home in West Virginia.

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 SEVEN YEARS OLD.

Seven eventful years! In January, 1893, the first number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was launched, hardly with the hope of so much good as has been achieved already. It was at once accepted; and, although but forty-seven subscriptions were received in response to a prospectus, the first edition of five thousand subscriptions was soon exhausted, and the demand was such that a less number was never printed.

Concerning circulation, the following averages are given: 1893, 7,683; 1894, 10,137; 1895, 12,916; 1896, 13,444; 1897, 16,175; 1898, 19,100, and for 1899 it is 20,166. The aggregate issue for the eighty-four numbers is 1,195,452 copies. At the present weight of copies there would have been 459,787 pounds of paper used, and many thousands of dollars have been expended for engravings and for postage.

In these eventful years the founder has been blessed with health, so that he has supervised every page and paragraph in every number throughout the seven years. Ah, how many contributors have fallen asleep! If those who have files will turn through the editions, they will see the names of many, very many, who have "crossed over the river to be with Jackson" and the host of just men made perfect largely through sacrifice.

In this concluding number of the seventh year some candid words to friends seem necessary. While they may consider with pride the fact that no periodical of its kind in the third of a century has been so long maintained, that none has ever approximated its circulation, and certainly, as well, its influence, they should not forget its responsibilities.

The seven years of dignified and conservative methods have not overcome the repugnance of general advertisers, so that it continues to be obliged to rely principally upon subscriptions. How much depends on each one, therefore, may be presumed. Some good people write that, as much as they regret it, they must be discontinued for the time being; others will refuse to pay after receiving it a long while. Sometimes heirs of veterans who die and who were loyal to it will give crisp notice to stop it, as if there were no further considerations to be given the cause they should revere sacredly, and some refuse to pay arrearages.

In the seven years' service the VETERAN has been loyal to every interest of Confederates. It has been not only faithful but unceasingly zealous for the people who revere its name. It has been faithful to the privates first, and then to the officers. It has been as im-

partial as possible between the different armies and different sections of the South. While it has been presented in the best spirit, and as elaborate as possible for the subscription price, it has been far from what it should have been. Every person who helps in its business helps more than he may suppose to make the VETERAN what it should be.

Every man and woman who appreciates it should exercise diligence in its behalf. Each subscriber should see that his or her date on the list does not get behind. Now, in the close of the year, won't each one see to this? It is not necessary to write for a statement, but simply go by the date with name. Each dollar pays for a year; so, if the date be March, 1898, for instance, \$2 will pay to March, 1900. Send dollar bills in the mail. This may be at our risk.

There is not, and never has been, a publication of as much importance to the Southern people as the VETERAN. In its support the unity of the Southern people should be maintained. It is not a mercenary enterprise; its founder is willing to spend his all, at all times, for its success. Let your New Year resolve be to contribute to its continued usefulness.

No article has ever been willfully withheld or condensed beyond what seemed necessary. Justice has been its rule to all men and to all sections, as nearly as possible, with the best of good will for all who are true to their professions.

One of the most extraordinary mistakes ever made in the VETERAN was in naming Comrade James Macgill, of Pulaski City, as the new Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia. The error will be corrected next month, when explanation will be made. The editor of the VETERAN makes haste to state that he is wholly to blame for it, but innocent of intended misrepresentation.

Report of the Confederate monument dedication at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, is of general interest, especially to those who participated in the battle there, thirty-five years before. This report is to occupy liberal space next month.

The Game of Confederate Heroes will have been mailed to all purchasers before Christmas. It will delight every owner. Remember, the game (fifty cents) and the Stars and Bars, silk (fifty cents), will be fitting Christmas presents.

The suit for libel against the VETERAN, it is expected, will be tried in the Federal Court next April.

Just a word to subscribers: It is the rule to continue a subscription until notice is given not to send the VETERAN longer, in which case it is expected that all arrearage will be paid. If discontinuance is wished at expiration, a notice to that effect on postal card will have attention, and such notice will do away with annoyance over the subscription being continued longer than is wanted. Send notice direct, as the agent is liable to overlook it in making report. Notice date of expiration on label of your copy.

FLAG OF TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

An event well worthy of elaborate mention is that of the return of the battle flag of Terry's Texas Rangers, Eighth Texas Cavalry. Comrades H. W. Graber, George B. Littlefield, S. B. Christian, W. D. Cleveland, and R. Y. King, a committee from the Rangers, and J. J. Weiler, now of Texas, petitioned for its return, setting forth that it was *lost* by their command during an engagement near Coosaville, Ala., October 13, 1864, and found by J. J. Weiler, of the Seventeenth Indiana Regiment, and turned over to the State of Indiana. Gov. James A. Mount, of Indiana, attended by a committee of Union veterans, went to Dallas, where he was met by Gov. Sayers and Confederate associations of Texas. The ceremonies attending the return of this flag were interesting and in every way creditable.

The return of this flag was all the more cordial because of the return, a few years ago, of the flag of the Fifty-Seventh Indiana Regiment, captured by Corporal W. M. Crooks, of Texas, in the glare of carnage at Franklin, November 30, 1864. Comrade Crooks was greatly honored by the men of that regiment at its formal return, an account of which appeared in the *VETERAN* for July, 1897.

It is a coincidence that at this sitting a letter comes from a prominent member of the Woman's Relief Corps of Indiana, who writes of having spoken to a friend, prominent in that State, about the use of the word "rebel" in describing the flags in their State capitol. He replied to her that it was done many years ago, that it ought not to be so, and that he would see to having it changed. All these things show the virtue of persistence in righting things that will be of increasing importance as the decades pass.

In his address Gov. Mount said: "We come to-day to return to its original owners a flag which was once borne bravely in bloody conflict. We come bearing the flowers of love and of peace, returning this flag that it may be a testimony and a symbol of a reunited people, reunited in fact, reunited in heart, in sympathy, and in brotherly love."

To Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson he paid a splendid tribute, feeling and tender and manly.

Gov. Mount read a poem by Frank L. Stanton, of Atlanta:

But now I'm in the Union. I see there, overhead,
The flag our fathers fought for; her rippling rills of red
All glorious and victorious; the splendor of her stars—
And I say: "The blood of heroes dyed all her crimson bars."

I'm for that flag forever, 'gainst foes on sea and shore.
Who shames her? Who defames her? Give me my gun once more.

We'll answer when they need us—when the war fires light the night;

There's a Lee still left to lead us to the glory of the fight.

We're one in heart forever—we're one in heart and hand;
The flag's a challenge to the sea, a garland on the land;
We're united—one great country; freedom's the watchword still;

There's a Lee that's left to lead us—let the storm break where it will.

"Rejoicing in this union that will henceforth be defended by the brave Texans as valiantly as by Indians, clothed with authority from the Legislature, which is expressive of the voice of the people, it be-

comes my pleasant duty to return to your excellency this battle flag, so gallantly carried in war by Terry's Texas Rangers, braver men than whom never drew sword in battle. Take this flag, and may it henceforth be an emblem of unity and good will between the great States of Indiana and Texas and a seal of their fidelity to the national Union."

After music, Gen. Cabell introduced Gov. Sayers, who said:

"Cold indeed would be the heart that could not be warmed by such a scene as this. A short time ago the President announced that the time had come when it was the duty of the nation to care for the graves of the dead heroes of the South as well as for those of the North. From Maine to California and from far-away Washington to the remote borders of Southwest Texas—all over this country there went up a shout of approval from the people as with one voice. From the mountain top and from the valleys came words of commendation and indorsement.

"You, my ex-Confederate comrades, have listened to the words of eulogy by Gov. Mount of your gallantry and devotion, and on this point let me bear testimony. For fourteen years I represented this people, in part, in Congress, and while during that time in the debates and speeches many bitter and acrimonious things have been said, I never, during all those years, however fierce passion might burn, heard fall from the lips of a Northern soldier one word, one syllable in disparagement to the Southern soldier.

"I will tell you what is going to happen. This is but the forerunner of other scenes like this. The day is not far distant when all over this country the survivors of the war will meet and celebrate their victories together. The war cost us much. Everything worth having costs labor, anxiety, and oftentimes blood and death. The government, North, East, and West, strong in resources, met the chivalry of the South. Four years of weary, bloody strife ensued, the most gigantic contest of the ages, and finally Appomattox came and Lee surrendered, the great, heroic, magnanimous Grant refusing to take his sword. And then Gen. Grant issued his order that rations be distributed among Lee's starving followers, and that the men take their horses home with them for use on the farms. In what land, under what sky, after four years of death and desolation, could you witness such a scene as this, save in our country? Judge Reagan, the last living member of President Davis's Cabinet, sits on this stage to-day. Ex-Confederates have sat in the House and in the Senate of the Congress, have been members of the council chamber of the President and ambassadors to represent the republic at the courts of foreign nations. In no country, with no people under the sun, could such a thing as this have taken place, save in our country.

"I only arose to be the organ for the transmission of this flag to these brave men, but my feelings would not permit silence.

"Gov. Mount and staff, when you go home you will take with you the best wishes, the earnest prayers, and the heartiest good will of all this people."

The band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," the entire audience standing and cheering the glorious old anthem.

Gen. H. W. Graber then introduced Hon. James F. Miller, of Gonzales, President of the Terry Rangers' Association, who, on the part of the Rangers, received the flag.

I would add, in regard to this last flag of my regiment, that it was presented to us by Miss Flora McIver and her sister, and was made out of a silk dress of ante-bellum days. John McIver brought the flag to us when we were returning from the last great raid made by Gen. Joseph Wheeler in Tennessee in the fall of 1864. The Rangers saw this flag for the first time when preparing to recross the Tennessee River near Florence, Ala. We were charmed with its beauty, and vowed to defend it, remembering the noble ladies who gave it.

We only had the flag about a month, when it was lost in passing through the woods on the day of the engagement with Gen. Wilder's Cavalry, October 22, 1864. When lost the flag was wrapped in an oilcloth case, which slipped off the flagstaff unknown to our standard bearer, Commandant Jones.

L. W. Jernigan, in a series of letters to the *Winchester* (Tenn.) *News-Journal*, tells of his service as ensign of the Twenty-Third Tennessee Infantry until he was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. Then he joined the cavalry. He recalls the severe wounding, at Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta, of Thomas B. Turley, now United States Senator from Tennessee. He gives an account of Gen. Wheeler's tour of Tennessee about the 1st of September, 1864. The Texas Cavalry Brigade, composed of the Eighth and Eleventh Texas, the Third Arkansas, and Fourth Tennessee Regiments, was commanded just then by Paul Anderson. Sixty well-mounted men were detailed to capture a stockade under command of Lieut. Phillips, and expected to surprise the garrison, quartered outside of the stockade, but in that they failed. In that charge Lieut. Phillips was wounded. The same detail of sixty men was next sent by Sewanee to surprise the force in a stockade at the tunnel near Cowan, but failed to capture the garrison there. He gives interesting accounts of his personal experiences in the service.

Prof. Henry E. Chambers, Boys' High School, New Orleans, La., would be pleased to have the name and address of every survivor of Sibley's New Mexican Expedition; also of every member of Gen. Tom Green's Texas Brigade now living, particularly those having a distinct remembrance of the battle near Franklin, La., and of Capt. John W. Taylor, killed in the engagement.



MISS FLORENCE MYERS, DENISON,
Sponsor for the N. E. District of Texas, 1890.

SIXTEENTH GEORGIA AT FREDERICKSBURG.

A. A. Timmons wrote from Graham, Tex., August 23, concerning the Sixteenth Georgia Regiment:

I notice in the July VETERAN a letter from the Rev. Mr. R. K. Porter detailing the circumstance of Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb's death at Fredericksburg, in which he has done great injustice to the Sixteenth Georgia Regiment. It is a fact that will admit of no denial that the Sixteenth Georgia Regiment constituted a part of Cobb's Brigade, but the Rev. Mr. Porter says that "Gen. Cobb had with him of his brigade only the infantry of Philips's Legion, the Eighteenth and Twenty-Fourth Georgia." This statement leaves the Sixteenth Georgia out of the fight altogether. The fact is that the Sixteenth Georgia was detached and sent under command of Col. Bryan to the pontoon near the mouth of Deep Run, where the enemy were attempting to cross. Finding they were strongly posted and commanding the pontoons with a sufficient force to overwhelm the regiment, Col. Bryan took a position on Deep Run which offered some protection against their artillery. As the heavy columns of Federals pressed forward the regiment slowly retired, disputing the onward progress of the enemy until the morning of the 13th, when the fog began to clear away, and the keen crack of the sharpshooters' rifles and deep roar of cannon told that a desperate struggle was at hand. The Sixteenth Regiment was then ordered in double-quick back to the brigade, and took position on the right with the Eighteenth Georgia Regiment in time to meet the second as well as the last charge on Marye's Heights. While we mourned the loss of our gallant chieftain, Thomas R. R. Cobb, who had been mortally wounded, a shout of victory went up, adding greater consternation to the fleeing Federals.

I hope the Rev. R. K. Porter will correct the error by giving the Sixteenth Georgia credit for having done its whole duty at the battle of Fredericksburg.

GALLANT MISSISSIPPIANS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

A writer in the *Booneville Banner* recounts a heroic incident of the battle of Chickamauga, in which several soldiers of the Thirty-Second Mississippi, Cleburne's Division, figured. Gen. Cheatham's forces had been charging the Yankee breastworks, but were unable to take them. Gen. Bragg rode up to Gen. Cleburne and explained the importance of taking the Federal position. Cleburne replied that he had the men who could take the works. He ordered a charge, and a terrible battle ensued, in which Maj. F. C. Karr fell wounded. About the time Maj. Karr fell Cleburne's column fell back two hundred yards to get ammunition. Gen. Mark Lowrey came down the line and cried out: "Boys, you have left your major on the field, and he is still exposed to danger!" Five men immediately volunteered to bring the wounded major from the field. They were D. W. Rogers, Jesse Cheves, Serg. Hanks, Serg. Crabb, and W. P. Hammons. The Federals were still pouring a deadly fire into the field, and shot and shell were plowing the ground in every direction around the wounded officer. The five men walked across the field without faltering for an instant, and had secured the Major and were bringing him back to their line stretched on a blanket, when a bomb exploded among them. The brave fellows all fell in a heap, with shattered limbs and bodies. They were rescued

by other comrades, but all were maimed for life. Maj. Karr died several days after. Meanwhile Gen. Cleburne again assaulted the works and took them.

Reading the above, I am reminded of the year 1870, when Rev. John B. McFerrin, who during the great war was a chaplain in Bragg's army, preached a sermon in Marshall County, Miss., and spoke of how he had nursed the sick and administered to the wants of the wounded and offered consolation to the dying soldiers, and spoke specially of the gallant Maj. Karr, whose acquaintance he formed early in the war, and whom he found to be a brave and honorable man in every respect. When he heard he was wounded he went to his assistance as soon as he could, and found him mortally wounded. When asked about his future, his Christian and patriotic reply was: "My way is clear; all is well, and I could willingly give my life for my beloved Southland and be buried in these wild woods if I only knew my good wife and dear little ones would be kindly cared for."

For the benefit of his friends and the surviving comrades of the dashing Thirty-Second Mississippi I wish to say that his wife and children were happily situated after the war. His widow married John M. Thomas, Esq., a most estimable gentleman of Marshall County, Miss., who made a kind husband and father, and the children ever had the watchful care of a Christian mother. Maj. Karr left one son and two daughters. The son is a valuable citizen in his community and a worthy representative of his noble father. His daughters married well. They would be glad to hear from those gallant heroes who went through shot and shell to the rescue of their father, and from any survivors of the gallant Thirty-Second Mississippi, by all of whom he was loved and to all of whom he was greatly devoted.

A LETTER WHICH CAUSED A DESERTION.

D. Turner, of Washington, D. C., sends the following very pathetic story. It has been published, in substance, before, but this direct account will be read with much interest. Its reperusal will be good:

At a political gathering at Tusculum, Ala., Gen. Cullen A. Battle related the following pathetic story:

During the winter of 1863-64 I was president of one of the court-martials of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around the camp I wandered for miles along uncertain paths and at length arrived at Round Oak Church, where the court was to be held. It was our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army charged with violations of military law; but never had I been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court.

At length the case of "The Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper" on the charge of desertion was called. A low murmur arose from the battle-scarred spectators as a young artilleryman rose from the prisoners' bench, and, in response to the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" answered, "Not guilty."

The judge advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed, and inquired of the accused: "Who is your counsel?" He

replied: "I have no counsel." Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the judge advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied: "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded inevitable fate, I said to him: "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without a reason?" He replied: "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court." I said: "Perhaps you are mistaken. You are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the cause that influenced your actions." For the first time his manly form trembled, and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court, he presented a letter, saying as he did so: "There, General, is what did it." I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to the other of the court until all had seen it; and those stern warriors, who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through many a battle, wept like little children. As soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession, I read the letter as the defense of the prisoner. It was in these words:

My Dear Edward: I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate Army I have been prouder 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's the matter, Eddie?" and he said, "O mamma, I'm 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.

Turning to the prisoner, I asked: "What did you do when you received the letter?" He replied: "I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected. Again it was rejected. The third time I made application, and the request was denied; and that night I was wandering backward and forward in the camp, thinking of my home, with the wild eyes of Lucy looking up to me and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain. I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me. Her angel arms embraced me, and she whispered: 'O Edward, I am so happy! I am glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death. 'Have you come without your furlough? O Edward, Edward, go back! Let me and my children go down together to the grave; but O, for heaven's sake, save the honor of our name!' And here I am, General—not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood the beatific vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband and father's wrongs; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty, and each in turn pronounced the verdict: "Guilty!" Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy,

the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written :

HEADQUARTERS A. N. V.

The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned, and will report to his company. R. E. LEE, *General*.

During the second battle of Cold Harbor, when shot and shell were falling "like torrents from the mountain clouds," my attention was called to the fact that one of the batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy. When I reached the battery every gun but one had been dismantled, and by it stood a solitary Confederate soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me he elevated his voice above the roar of the battle, and said: "General, I have one shell left. Tell me, have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?" I raised my hat. Once more a Confederate shell went crashing through the ranks of the enemy, and then the hero sunk by his gun.

In Point Lookout prison a number of Confederates, by special arrangements with the officers in charge, secured a house used for cooking and gave concerts three times a week. In this company was a flute player who was a very superior artist. It is well known that Sidney Lanier was confined here a number of months previous to the close of the war, and that after the war he, before accepting the professorship in Johns Hopkins University, was a flute player in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra in Baltimore. A. I. Miller, of Pulaski, Va., brings up the question as to whether Sidney Lanier was the flute player of the prison company, and it is hoped some member of that company will give some account of the concerts in prison.

Joe VanRonkel, Greenville, Tex., wants to know what company, battalion, or regiment it was which carried Gen. Prentiss's Brigade as prisoners of war from Memphis to Mobile. He was one of them, but lost all papers and fails to recall these comrades.

P. A. Blakey, Alto, Tex.: "Efforts are being made to raise funds for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead of Cherokee County, to be located at Rusk, the county seat."

A. B. Gardner, Commander of U. C. V. Camp No. 985, at Denison, Tex., seeks information of George W. Stephen, of Company F, Forty-Sixth Mississippi Infantry. Any comrade who served in that company and knew him is requested to reply.

John Logan, of Logan, Lawrence County, Mo., desires to correspond with Capt. William Muer, who was a prisoner at Alton, Ill., during the year 1864. He was beef inspector in that prison.

P. J. Flack, McGregor, Tex., inquires about Col. James F. Fagan, of the First Arkansas Infantry Regiment. He was colonel at another time of the First Arkansas Cavalry.

Any one who knew Coleman D. Crowder, of Dinwiddie County, Va., during the great war will please communicate with his son, John F. Crowder, care of general delivery, Petersburg, Va. The object is to find what company and regiment he belonged to.

SERVICE OF COL. D. H. LEE MARTZ.

D. H. Lee Martz was born in Rockingham County, Va., March 23, 1837, and received a common school education and engaged in the mercantile business prior

to the war. He was present at the execution of John Brown at Charlestown, Va., in December, 1859, being then a member of the Valley Guards, a volunteer company from Harrisonburg. He entered the Confederate service at the commencement of the war between the States, April, 1861, as orderly sergeant of his company, which afterwards became Company G, Tenth Regiment Virginia Infantry. He was elected lieutenant and then captain of his company while at Fairfax Station, in the latter part of 1861,



COL. D. H. LEE MARTZ.

and was in command of his company at the battles of McDowell, first Winchester, Port Republic, seven days' fight around Richmond, Cedar Mountain, second Manassas, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, as well as numerous small engagements. Having been wounded at Chancellorsville, he missed the campaign in Pennsylvania. He was in the battle of Hatcher's Run, the assault upon the enemy's lines on March 25, 1864; was in charge of the picket line when assaulted by the enemy on April 2, 1864, but was driven back to the main line. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel after the battle of Chancellorsville; was with his regiment in the battle of Mine Run in the Wilderness, May 5 and 10, 1864, and was captured, with the larger part of his regiment, May 12, 1864, when Gen. Ed Johnson's Division was captured by Gen. Hancock. He was taken to Fort Delaware, and from there down South to Hilton Head, S. C., with forty-nine other Confederate officers (a list of these officers has appeared in the VETERAN), where he had a severe attack of illness. He was exchanged August 3, and landed at Charleston, whence he went home. He rejoined his command in the Valley under Gen. Early, participating in several skirmishes and also in the last disastrous battle of Cedar Creek, in 1864.

Col. Martz led the last assaulting party that attempted to regain the captured works under orders from Gen. C. A. Evans. He was with Gen. Lee at Appomattox, when his command, Terry's Brigade, fired their last volley in defense of a Confederate battery which was charged upon by the enemy.

Col. Martz was also in command of the Tenth, Twenty-Third, and Thirty-Seventh Regiments of Virginia Infantry, and surrendered with them April 9, 1865. He was the only survivor of six field officers of the Tenth Virginia Infantry at the surrender. S. B. Gibbons, first colonel, was killed at McDowell; Lieut. Co. S. T. Walker and Maj. Joshua Stover were killed at Chancellorsville; Col. E. T. H. Warren and Maj. I. G. Coffman were killed at the Wilderness May 5, 1864. He has been Commander of S. B. Gibbons Camp since its formation, in 1893.

ORGANIZING A SIGNAL CORPS.

BY THE LATE W. N. MERCER OTEY, SAN FRANCISCO.

Sorrowfully I bade good-by to my comrades of the Rockbridge Battery, for I felt it was farewell forever to many. I laughingly reminded Capt. McLaughlin that I should be unable to stand those ten turns of extra guard duty for my Frederick City escapade, and started to foot it to Lexington, over one hundred miles up the valley, where I knew loving hearts and willing hands awaited me. While in Frederick City I was presented with a pair of fine boots that had hardly been off my feet since I put them on. After the first day out from Winchester I came to a beautiful stream of cool running water that looked so inviting I could not resist the temptation of refreshing my feet by a half hour or more of soaking. It was delicious while it lasted, but alas! I had not thought it would terminate so unfortunately. When I had rested sufficiently long I found to my dismay my feet had so swollen I could not possibly get on my boots. They refused to yield. Here was a pretty pickle! Several score of miles of a macadamized pike to traverse with naked feet! So off I started with boots tied together and swung over my shoulders.

When I reached Staunton my feet were badly cut and bleeding from the flinty pike. I had no money, and felt unequal to footing forty miles more in my condition. I had an officer's revolver that I had brought from Tennessee; this might aid me. I went to the proprietor of the American Hotel, where was also the stage office, and a bargain was struck. He allowed me \$40 for my pistol in exchange for supper, lodging, breakfast, and a seat on the stage to Lexington.

A rest of three weeks, and I turned my face for the Army of Tennessee, where I reported for duty to Gen. Polk, at Murfreesboro. Here I found an order from the Secretary of War, James A. Siddon, authorizing me to organize a signal corps, with a carte blanche to detail any man from any branch of the service who might be found eligible for so important duty. Great care had to be exercised in selecting the men; they must be bright, intelligent, and, as far as possible, acquainted with the country topographically.

Many complaints were made by regimental commanders when they were called upon to detail their best men. In a short time I had around me as fine a body of bright and brave fellows as I ever saw. A few weeks' practice made them proficient in the signal code, and the flags from mountain peak by day and the torch by night soon demonstrated their utility in transmitting intelligence that could be accomplished by no other method than the slow and tedious one of couriers.

It could not be expected but that some would be found to criticise and condemn any innovation. One of Gen. Bragg's staff I remember as particularly hypercritical. Col. Oladowski, Chief of Ordnance to the commanding general, was a gallant old-school soldier of Poland, who had cast his fortunes with our cause. He dubbed us the "flip-flops," on account of the movement of the flags when signaling according to the Morse code, so many flag waves to right and left designating dots and dashes for letters of the alphabet. One day he was standing near a group of officers while I was a few steps distant sending a message to a station some miles away on a mountain top. "Ah!" he says, "watch

those flip-flops; they go dis way three times and dat way three times (imitating the flag with his handkerchief), and de lieutenant he say now, darn you, you get on your horse and ride to that man on de mountain and tell him what I say!"

Of course the efficiency of this service depends upon the topography of the country, and little benefit can be derived in a low, flat field, but in a hilly or mountainous country it is very efficient.

It was while stationed at Murfreesboro, Tenn., in the first week of December that Gen. John Morgan captured a brigade of Federal infantry at Hartsville, commanded by Gen. Willich (?), and marched them to Murfreesboro to be paroled. Among the number that I attended was a lieutenant colonel who was badly wounded. He seemed very much gratified at his treatment, and desired to express it to me in a more substantial manner than words. As he would shortly be sent North, with little or no probability of being fit for field duty, I finally accepted the gift of a fine pair of cavalry boots that just fitted, and which proved of great service for many months. I used to sit with him and chat about where he had been, etc. I related to him an experience that befell the Twenty-Second Indiana at the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, and with whose Lieut. Col. Tanner Gen. Polk had such a queer experience, and which I had heard Gen. Polk relate as one of the narrow escapes of his life and was as follows in substance: It was quite late, and the dusk of evening had commenced to gather so as to render objects at a little distance off quite difficult to recognize. Gen. Polk was quite in doubt as to the identity of a body of troops that were firing fiercely into our lines on the left. His personal staff was away on other parts of the field, when, riding up to my brother-in-law, Gen. Govan, commanding a brigade of Arkansians, he remarked that he thought he was firing on our own troops across in the woods in front of him. Govan said, no, he thought it was the enemy; so, commanding him to hold his fire until he could reconnoiter, he started off on his faithful old roan, Jerry, to investigate for himself. Fortunately, his gray uniform was concealed by a linen duster, and, favored by the gathering gloom, he rode to the officer standing a little to the right of the line and inquired: "What troops are these?" Promptly the officer replied: "The Twenty-Second Indiana, Lieut. Col. Tanner commanding!" Gen. Polk was staggered only for a second, when he at once replied: "Colonel, cease firing; don't you see you are firing into your own troops over there?" pointing to Govan's Brigade. "But who are you that gives this order?" inquires the Colonel. Bending over his horse's neck, he seized the Colonel roughly by the shoulder and remarked in his imperative manner: "Cease firing this instant, sir, or I will have you arrested and court-martialed for disobedience of orders in the enemy's front!" This so staggered the Colonel that he instantly gave the order: "Cease firing!" Gen. Polk then, with remarkable presence of mind, rode slowly down the line of the regiment till he gradually zigzagged his way back to his own lines, when, approaching Gen. Govan, he cheerfully remarked: "General, I've reconnoitered those fellows over there. They are the enemy. Give it to them." Subsequent reports state that the command was nearly decimated.

I once asked the General how he felt when he was riding down the line of that Indiana regiment. "Well, my son, I felt like a thousand centipeds were traveling up and down my backbone." He was ever a fearless commander, and seemed to bear a charmed life, going wherever duty called, though often remonstrated with by his staff for unnecessarily exposing himself. When looking back after the lapse of years, I am more than ever impressed with his magnificent Christian character. A graduate of West Point, his father had intended him for the army, but his predilections carried him into the ministry, where his preëminent qualities placed him at the head of the diocese of Louisiana as its bishop. 'Tis sad to think that his end was so sudden and that he fell in that manner that all during his life he had prayed to avert: "From battle and murder and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us!"

Within eighteen months thereafter, June 12, 1864, a solid shot tore through the body of this grand character, this noble Christian, and on Pine Mountain, in Georgia, he gave up his life for duty and principle.

I was particularly endeared to Gen. Polk. Our families were closely associated all their lives, and I felt that the tie binding me to him was more than an ordinary one. He and my father had spent the best years of their lives in the service of their Master, and had devoted their time and talents to educational purposes of the South in a marked degree, leaving behind them a monument in the University of the South at Sewanee that will live long after them and their posterity.

Our sojourn at Murfreesboro was brief, as Rosecrans was rapidly concentrating his army at Nashville for an onward movement. I kept very accurately informed of Gen. Rosecrans's movements through two of my signal men that visited Nashville almost daily, and as fast as information reached me the same was promptly furnished headquarters. These young men, coming and going into Nashville, were born and raised there, and knew not only the people generally, but were familiar with every hog trail and sheep track, so that they found little or no difficulty in their ingress or egress.

It was just about this time that they brought information that the Federals had captured two officers, Capt. Orton Williams and Lieut. Peters, and they had been tried as spies and condemned to be hung at Franklin. Williams was highly connected with one of that name in the United States War Department, and friends of influence interested themselves in his and young Peters's behalf, but to no purpose. They were promptly executed.

Gen. John A. Wharton was actively engaged with his celebrated Texans in scouting and scouring the country under that indefatigable and dashing cavalry commander, Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, who, when Rosecrans began his advance on December 26, gained his rear, and, destroying several hundreds of wagons loaded with supplies and baggage, and having made the circuit of the army, rejoined our army on the left. I was ordered out to Triune one morning, bearing dispatches to Gen. Wharton, then guarding our front on the Nolensville pike. It was Christmas day, and the General was extending the hospitality of the occasion through a large bowl of eggnog presided over by that genial Texan, Capt. Dave Terry, ably assisted by

Royston, Botts, and others of Wharton's military family. An hour spent in such genial company, and I retraced my steps through a blinding snowstorm to headquarters.

December 31 found us in line of battle about two miles from Murfreesboro, stretching transversely across Stone River. The left wing of our army was commanded by Gen. Polk, whose headquarters had been established at a large frame dwelling standing on a conspicuous eminence that commanded a fine view of the field of battle. As Rosecrans seemed disinclined to commence the attack on the 30th, orders were given Maj. Gen. Frank Cheatham to engage the enemy early on the morning of the 31st, which was promptly done. The ground immediately in front of our headquarters was an open field extending for a half mile to the Nashville pike; the country lying north was densely covered with a cedar growth that made the progress of the troops slow and difficult. When the battle had fairly begun the enemy realized that we had made a stand for a general engagement. It seems that in all previous fights, by a singular coincidence, Cheatham's Division happened to always have in its immediate front that Federal division commanded by Maj. Gen. Alex McD. McCook. On this occasion among the first prisoners captured and carried to division headquarters were some of Cheatham's men. McCook had not completed his morning toilet nor his breakfast. With his face half-shaved, he asked of the prisoners before him: "Whose command do you belong to, boys?" Instantly they answered: "Frank Cheatham's, sir!" Dropping his razor, and with the shave unfinished, McCook dashed to the front, for he knew that he had his hands full and that hot work was ahead of him. Stubbornly all day the Federals contested every inch of ground, while slowly but surely we forced back their right wing to a right angle of their first line of battle beyond the Nashville pike.

During the earlier part of that morning Gen. Polk, to utilize when practicable for a charge a portion of the ground in his front, sent his aid-de-camp, Col. William B. Richmond, ordering the regiment of infantry to pull down a rail fence which was an obstruction to the movement of the troops. Col. Richmond rode to the officer in command, Col. Stanton, of the Twenty-Fifth Tennessee Infantry, and transmitted the order. Some words passed that led to blows, and though the bullets were flying thick and fast, here was seen the ludicrous spectacle of two officers engaged in a personal fight on the battlefield. Stanton had got Richmond's thumb in his mouth, while Richmond was gnawing away at Stanton's ear. Finally wiser counsel prevailed, and the interference of friends parted the belligerents, when they at once resumed their respective posts of duty.

During the heavy fighting in a sedge field a scared rabbit jumped from its hiding place, and with its little white tail elevated scampered to the rear, while a long, lean Georgian paused in firing and loading, gazed wistfully at the little animal, sadly remarked: "Go it, Molly Cottontail, go it! I'd run too if I didn't have a reputation to sustain." [Zeb Vance has been accorded authorship of this story.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

The night of the 30th closed with every advantage in our favor. The weather was intensely cold, and the wounded suffered greatly. Night, however, gave

needed rest and opportunity for rival commanders to take stock of the day's loss and gain and reestablish their shattered lines.

The morning of the 31st opened with the sharp crack of the skirmish line, gradually feeling the way to the regular line of battle. The old Cowan house, standing on the south side of the Nashville pike, made a splendid retreat for a body of the enemy's sharpshooters. It was located halfway between the surging lines, and if possible, had to be destroyed. A charge was made for it by our troops, and in a few minutes we saw the smoke curling, then the forked tongues of flames leaping from window and roof that soon rendered it untenable. Rosecrans was thundering a hundred guns from where his chief of artillery had judiciously massed his batteries, and made great gaps in our lines. Capt. W. W. Carnes was out in an old corn field, and fought stubbornly against odds too great to warrant such a sacrifice. Gen. Polk, with a quick glance, took in the peril of the position, for we had no batteries to lose. I was directed to the brigade commander with orders to have Carnes's Battery withdrawn.

During this fierce cannonading the supporting brigade had taken advantage of the protecting banks afforded by Stone River for a breathing spell until the moment should arrive to charge that little cedar knoll and clear from their front those annoying guns. A perfect hail of grape and canister swept over that old corn field. Could I get to the brigade commander ere it was too late? Would horse and rider run the gantlet of that iron-sheeted field. As fast as my little black mare could travel I rode over the ground. I seemed to fly through space. The half mile was covered and my order delivered to the brigadier, who looked in vain for some of his staff to send out to Carnes, a quarter of a mile in his front, with the order to "limber up and retire;" but not an aid even was present. Turning to me disconsolately, he requested that I just ride out and so instruct the artillery officer, as none of his staff were available. I reminded him that my duty ceased when I had delivered my general's order, and, turning my little mare's head for the race homewards to headquarters, I soon saluted my chief with the report that his orders had been delivered. Impatiently I watched the result, to be soon gratified by the sight of a horseman dashing furiously for the battery, and later to see it safely withdrawn—the general of the brigade had delivered his order in person and had returned in safety.

The heavy firing on our right soon told of the dreadful carnage raging there under Breckinridge and Hanson, with their gallant Kentuckians, who forced the charging columns of fearless Federals across Stone River with a terrible loss.

From one of the officers we captured we learned that Gen. Rosecrans's chief of staff, Col. Jules P. Gareschê, had his head taken off by one of our cannon shots while riding by the side of his chief. He was of one of the old French families of St. Louis, and was universally admired and esteemed for the qualities that make the gentleman.

Night found us victors, with over 6,000 prisoners, thirty pieces of artillery, 6,000 small arms, a number of ambulances, horses and mules, and a large amount of other property, the result of the engage-

ments of the past few days. There was a doubt in the minds of Gens. Bragg and Rosecrans as to which had been victorious, and each was retreating from the other after the close of the battle. Soon Gen. Rosecrans made the important discovery, and, turning his rear guard into the vanguard, permitted us to withdraw unmolested to Shelbyville, some twenty miles farther South. Here we rested and recruited our army for some months, until the enemy, having also recovered from the staggering blows of Stone River, once more began an advance that gradually forced our retirement to Tullahoma.

(To Be Continued.)

Comrade A. C. Oxford, of Birmingham, Ala., is so popular that it is said no man, woman, or child knows him who doesn't love him. The VETERAN could not claim a more constant, zealous, and unselfish advocate.



MAJ. A. C. OXFORD.

In much valuable service rendered it through the past seven years not a penny in remuneration has ever been accepted. As a citizen and Confederate Veteran he merits the esteem he possesses. Comrade Oxford enlisted at Columbus, Miss., in the Pope-Walker Battalion of Cavalry. He served during the entire war, and was paroled at Columbus, Ga. His battalion belonged to Gen. Wheeler's command, and in the battle of Shiloh Wheeler commanded, as colonel, the Nineteenth Alabama. Soon after that he reorganized the cavalry of the Tennessee Army, and the Pope-Walker Battalion was made a part of the Eighth Confederate Cavalry. Comrade Oxford is now Corresponding Secretary of Camp Hardee, of Birmingham, and also holds position on Gen. George P. Harrison's staff, with the rank of major. Soon after the Charleston remission he was stricken with paralysis, but is now much improved.

GEN. ROBERT HATTON.

BY REV. D. C. KELLEY, NASHVILLE.

Patriot, hero, Christian! In every important crisis of his life, a life lived in the greatest crisis of our national history, Robert Hatton stands out preëminently the man of principle, in striking contrast with the man of party—the hero of right predominant over expediency. His father was a Methodist itinerant preacher of great purity, and at times distinguished for remarkable pulpit power. Born in Charleston, S. C., and reared in Kentucky, he spent his early ministry in Pennsylvania, where at the age of twenty-three he was married to Miss Margaret Campbell, a woman of singular completeness of character, refined, gentle, strong. In 1835 we find Rev. Robert C. Hatton preaching in Nashville, where the son begins his education. Thenceforward the life of father and son became a part of the history of Middle Tennessee.

In the following extract from a letter to his widowed sister, Mrs. Mary E. Peyton, a woman of great beauty and strength of character, the matured man tells in a few sentences the secret of his success in life: "To my being forced to work hard in Long Hollow I attribute in a great degree my little success in life. Whatever faults I may have, of one thing I can boast: that is that since I was fourteen years old I have never spent a month in idleness. In the Hollow I learned to work, to stand the sun and the winter's winds, to do what was exceedingly painful to me at the time—I learned to endure hardship. Your boys must be taught this. This is essential to their success in life."

The labor to which he refers in Long Hollow, Sumner County, was farm labor. Later we find him clerk in a store in Gallatin, then a school-teacher. He entered Cumberland University in Lebanon, only partially prepared, but, as is testified by Prof. Lindsley and Prof. Stewart (the latter afterwards lieutenant general, C. S. A.), he graduated two years later at the head of his class, entered the Law Department, and again bore off the first honors of that class. Soon we find him with a large and lucrative practice at the Lebanon bar. The bar there at that time was composed of some of the first lawyers in the country. Robert L. Caruthers, who enjoyed a national reputation as a statesman and jurist, and who adorned the supreme bench of Tennessee when the judiciary of this State commanded the first order of ability, was then at the head of the bar with a full practice. (Judge Caruthers was elected Governor by Confederates.) Judge John S. Brien, Hon. Jordan Stokes, Hon. William L. Martin, Judge Joe C. Guild, Hon. Charles Ready, and Col. John K. Howard were practicing at the same bar. Of this bright galaxy in the legal sky of Tennessee none shone with more luster than young Hatton.

In 1848 Robert Hatton was selected to canvass two Congressional Districts in behalf of the Washington Monument. Elected to the Legislature, he was made chairman of the Committee on Rules at the opening of the session; later was chairman of three of the most important committees in the House. With far-seeing wisdom he gave his full strength during the sitting of this session to a bill creating a normal school. He was subselector for his district on the Scott-Graham ticket in 1852, and he was unanimously elected as elector on the Fillmore-Donaldson ticket in 1856.

In 1857 he was nominated unanimously by a State

convention of his party as a candidate for Governor. In this canvass he earnestly advocated a far-sighted measure which would, if carried out, have saved Tennessee from years of financial disaster and put her educational interests on the securest basis. The measure was a distribution of the public land to the States. He thus illustrated the benefits: "Illinois but a few years ago was upon the eve of repudiation. She was without credit, without railroads, and without public schools; her citizens were oppressed with taxation. What is her condition now? Gen. Harris, when in Congress, voted to that State near two million acres of what he calls swamp lands, but which were among the best lands in that State. By another bill Congress gave her five million acres for railroad purposes. She has now a railroad running from one corner of the State to the other, with branches extending to every part of



GEN. ROBERT HATTON.

the State, affording to her people commercial facilities almost unequalled. Last year she received \$147,000 out of the proceeds of the roads, which went into her treasury to assist in defraying the expenses of the State government. It is estimated that there is still about \$30,000,000 worth of those lands undisposed of." He sought for Tennessee like benefits.

In 1859 he was nominated for Congress against Hon. Charles Ready. In that canvass Gen. Hatton displayed such masterly ability and energy, and inspired his friends with such enthusiasm, that he was elected by nearly two thousand majority. Resolutely, nobly, and gallantly to the very last hour of that turbulent session we find him in consultation with such men in the Senate as Crittenden and Douglass; in the House with such men as Etheridge and Nelson—seeking to devise some plan to give peace to the nation and perpetuity to the Union. His speech was one of the last in Congress in behalf of the Union. In this speech

his invectives against the actors on either side who sought to precipitate the dissolution of the Union were withering in the extreme. His appeal to the better judgment and the higher nature were the broadest and noblest.

On his return home he spoke once more for the Union. It was about the last speech made in Tennessee with the Union as its theme. Finding that nothing availed, in the hour of danger he stepped boldly forward to offer himself as a soldier in defense of his native State. We here quote from an oration by George A. Howard, adjutant of the Seventh Tennessee Regiment, delivered at the erection of the monument to Gen. Hatton's memory, January 24, 1866:

"I feel that an abler voice than mine could not do justice to Gen. Hatton's history as a soldier. His spirit and courage belonged to the age of chivalry. The survivors of his old regiment all well remember the speech he made us at Huntsville, Va., at the commencement of our first campaign, in which he said that he would rather that his bones should bleach upon the mountain sides at whose base he stood than ever return to his home with the slightest stain upon his honor or the slightest blemish upon his escutcheon. His first campaign was the ever-memorable one in the mountains of Western Virginia. Gen. Lee was in command, and a warm friendship soon arose between these noble Christian soldiers. He next followed the fortunes of our glorious Stonewall Jackson in his celebrated expeditions to Bath and Romney. It was in the dead of winter, but his spirit never for an instant flagged; and on a bleak, cold night in the month of January he led his men to the banks of the Potomac, the stream filled with floating ice, and but awaited the command to march through it and attack the enemy upon their own soil.

"Wherever he was placed Hatton was known to his leaders, and whenever courage, energy, and celerity of movement were requisite Hatton was called for. He first joined the Army of Northern Virginia at Yorktown, just before Gen. Johnston retired upon Richmond. In that celebrated movement, for the first time in command of a brigade, he was assigned to the post of honor, and so satisfactorily did he perform his duty that ere we had reached the vicinity of the capital the President had tendered him the appointment of brigadier general. He received his commission in May, 1862, and at sunset upon the last day of that month he fell while heroically discharging his duty in his first great battle.

"It is proper that such a mind should thus depart from these scenes of worldly trouble. It is just that a bright exhalation which has shone so brilliantly should disappear thus suddenly, ere it begins to fade; that the fire of so noble an intelligence should not diminish and gradually and slowly go out amid decrepitude and physical decay.

"Eminent as a lawyer, a statesman, and a soldier, we now come to view him—a hero still—in the last grand tragedy that closed his life. The rains had descended like a flood upon the earth, and dark clouds obscured the sun that ushered in the day upon which he died. The treacherous Chickahominy, suddenly swollen, spurned its banks and sent its angry waters through field and forest, but their roar was unheard and lost in the great din of that conflict which was staining its waters with blood and ushering many a noble soul into

the presence of its God. Until a late hour Hatton's Brigade was held in reserve, and only when the fortunes of the day were most doubtful was he ordered to the front. President Davis, Gen. Lee, and noble Joe Johnston were together on the field. In their immediate presence Gen. Hatton formed his line, while they anxiously awaited the result of his expected charge. Mounted upon a splendid horse, which seemed almost inspired with the spirit of the rider, he passed along his line, encouraging the weak and securing the confidence of the most intrepid. In the uncertain light of that closing day and smoking field his gray gabardine and gleaming sword marked the way for the line which followed him, while loud upon the gathering gloom of his last hour sounded the full, round tones of his voice: 'Forward, my brave boys! forward!' The little field was crossed, and, struggling through a marsh among fallen trees and rank grass, that devoted line passed from the view of our noble President and glorious chieftains; passed many of them, alas, from the high achievement of a soldier's life to a soldier's glorious grave. There Hatton fell."

In the Legislature, Congress, and the army alike his letters to his wife constantly refer to his churchgoing, with pithy criticisms of sermons, also to his Bible reading and his purpose to stand for what he believed to be right, cost what it might. His last letters to mother, father, and wife express tenderness, heroism, and manly fortitude:

"CAMP OF TENNESSEE BRIGADE,

"NEAR RICHMOND, VA., May 28, 1862.

"My Dear Wife: My brigade will move in an hour from its encampment, en route for Meadow Bridge, on the Chickahominy. We go to attack the enemy on tomorrow beyond the river. A general engagement between our forces and the enemy's all along our entire line is expected to ensue. May the God of right and justice smile upon us in the hour of conflict! The struggle will no doubt be bloody. That we shall triumph, and that gloriously, I am confident. Would that I might bind to my heart before the battle my wife and children! That pleasure may never again be granted me. If so, farewell; and may the God of all mercy be to you and ours a Guardian and Friend!

If we meet again, we'll smile;

If not, this parting has been well.

"Affectionately your husband, R. HATTON."

"A word to my dear mother: I go early to-morrow, mother, en route for the field of battle. A terrible and bloody fight is promised us. In the midst of the confusion of getting ready I sit down to say to you, dear mother, God bless you! You have been to me all a mother ever was to a man—loving, kind, unremitting in your efforts for my comfort and happiness. If I should not return, be a mother to my wife and children. God bless you, my own dear old mother!

"Affectionately, R. HATTON."

"A word to my dear old father: God bless you, my dear father! A tenderer, more loving father never lived. To me you have been the best of fathers. If I never return, let all your affection lavished in the past upon me be transferred to Sophie and her children. Let her never be left alone, but be comforted and cheered by the company of my parents.

"Affectionately, R. HATTON."

Gen. Hatton's widow has never put off her deep

mourning, but the sunshine of her noble, useful life ever gives cheer and manifests best good will to those who may be in her presence. There were three children: Emily Peyton, who is married to Rev. W. E. Towson, many years a missionary in Japan; Reilly, the son who died before reaching his majority; and Marie. The latter is teaching in Nashville. Mrs. Hatton was for four successive terms (eight years) Tennessee's State Librarian, but subsequently went to Japan, and has been coworker with Rev. and Mrs. Towson as missionary and in the cares and joys of her three grandchildren. They have been in America (now in Nashville) for several months, because of Mrs. Towson's ill health, which is much improved.

In connection with this sketch of Gen. Hatton, a fitting addition, and one of important historic value, will be the publication of a letter by him while a member of Congress to Hon. W. B. Campbell, an ex-Governor and leading citizen of Tennessee, and also a personal letter from Millard Fillmore to Mr. Hatton, which is herein first given to the public. The two letters illustrate vividly the intense interest of representative men of both sections in that most critical period:

"HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., January 10, 1861.

"TO HON. W. B. CAMPBELL.

"My Dear Sir: I thank you for your letter of the 31st ult. It was received several days ago, and would have been answered at once but for the fact that it found things in just such a condition here that I did not know what to write.

"The vote upon suspending the rules to permit the introduction of Etheridge's resolutions produced a great deal of bad feeling, being construed at the time as an indication on the part of the North of a purpose to do nothing. The resolution of Adair, of New Jersey, coming immediately after, increased the excitement, Southern men declaring that it meant immediate war. This, though ridiculous, had the effect of getting up a great storm in the House and in the Senate and throughout the city. Each side, North and South, seemed to bristle up and show fight—nothing but fight. A number of us who have been at work day and night endeavoring to get up some plan of adjustment did not feel like giving up. We have been again at work, and I have some hope—a good deal more than I have had for several weeks—that we will still secure from the North something like the Crittenden proposition, or, what is about the same thing, the propositions reported by the committee of the border States. Leading Republicans, at least, tell us that they believe something of the sort will be conceded. Etheridge is hopeful; says he is confident of getting something of the sort. Much depends upon the speech of Mr. Seward to be delivered on Saturday. It is impossible to get at what is his real position. We have been able only to guess at his position. His speech will show, all decide, what we are to look for. So I think. My information, received from men whom I could rely on (being about that communicated in your letter), as to the state of feeling in Tennessee I have pressed with all the earnestness and ability I possess, the very considerations suggested by you, assuring the Northern men that if they did not do something we would be 'overrun by the violent and precipitated into rebellion, civil war, and a Southern Con-

federacy. . . . I have written this scroll in the midst of a noisy session—confusion over news from Charleston, S. C. Hope you may be able to make it out. Remember me kindly to your family.

"In haste, your friend,
R. HATTON."

"BUFFALO, December 18, 1860.

"TO HON. ROBERT HATTON:

"Sir: I have your letter of the 13th, and have reflected seriously on your suggestion that I should address a letter to my Southern friends against secession and in favor of the Union, and have come to the conclusion that it could do no good. If arguments could avail, they have been presented in a much more forcible manner than I could hope to present them. I could say nothing but what has been better said before. If my mere opinion be worth anything, that they have in my action in the discharge of the highest official duties. In 1850 I approved and executed the fugitive slave law, because I thought the constitution required it and that it was necessary to restore peace to the country. I am happy to say that it had that effect. The consequence, however, was that I was sacrificed at the North and not sustained by the South. But for this I have no regrets; I find my reward in the consciousness that I did my duty and at the close of my administration left the country in peace and prosperity.

"In 1856 I saw the gathering storm, and did what I could to allay it. Without the least prospect of benefit to myself I stood between the contending factions, North and South, and received the poisoned shafts of both; but I believe very few thanked me for that. Nevertheless, it was an evidence of my devotion to the Union more decided and convincing that anything I could now say.

"While, therefore, I decline to write anything for publication, I must say that I look with horror upon the approaching conflict. It will be terrible for us at the North, but more terrible for you in the South. Ours will be a civil war, but the horrors of a servile war will probably be added to our brethren in the South, and the last hope of human freedom will perish with our institutions. May God avert this terrible calamity! I write in haste, but am

"Truly yours,
MILLARD FILLMORE."

In the early morning after Gen. Hatton's death a Col. Pryor, of the Union army, was walking back and forth by his bivouac on the battlefield, and espied a pistol in the mud, which proved to be Hatton's. He sent it to his home in New York. Thirty years later, in conversation with Gen. Roger A. Pryor, who was a Confederate, he told the story, and said it would please him to restore the relic to Gen. Hatton's family, which was done promptly on procuring the address, accompanied by a kind and gracious letter.

The "Winnie Davis Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy," was organized in July at Lake Charles, La., with a charter membership of thirty-one. With such a satisfactory beginning the "Winnie Davis" cannot fail of success.

A. B. Hill, Memphis, Tenn., inquires for Jimmie Gardner, a drummer of his company, who was captured at Fort Donelson, exchanged at Vicksburg, and sent to the hospital from Port Hudson in January, 1863. He has not heard of him since.

RELATIVE FORCES OF LEE AND GRANT.

On Their Summer Campaign of 1864.

BY J. WILLIAM JONES, RICHMOND, VA.

I have neither time nor inclination to have a protracted controversy with Comrade Chapman, of Mississippi, and I shall ask therefore for only a very brief space in your crowded columns for a vindication of the accuracy of the numbers I gave in the May issue of the *VETERAN* in reply not to Comrade Chapman but to the figures he quoted from "the romance of Gen. Horace Porter."

My authorities for the figures I gave are: (1) A careful study of the field returns themselves; (2) the report of Secretary E. M. Stanton; (3) Gen. J. A. Early's triumphant reply to Gen. Badeau in the *London Standard*, republished in the "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. II., pp. 6-21; (4) Col. Walter H. Taylor's "Four Years with Lee;" (5) the address of Col. Charles S. Venable, Lee's able chief of staff, before the Virginia Division, A. N. V. Association, published in full in Jones's "Army of Northern Virginia Memorial Volume;" (6) Gen. R. E. Lee himself, who wrote Col. Taylor that the statement of "our effective strength at the chief battles"—which was prepared for Col. Taylor by Mr. Thomas White, chief clerk in his adjutant general's office—"appeared to me larger at some points than I thought."

I shall not quote as fully as I might do from these indisputable authorities [Comrade Chapman quotes chiefly from "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," without specifying the particular writer, when much contained in that book is utterly unreliable], but, referring those interested to the books themselves, I shall only indicate what they show.

Early takes the official reports of Stanton and Grant, and shows that Grant began the campaign with 141,160 officers and men under his immediate command, 42,000 in the Department of Washington, 5,627 in the Middle Department (at Baltimore), 50,139 in the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and 30,782 in the Department of West Virginia—making "a total force of 278,832 immediately available for his campaign, besides what could be drawn from other quarters where there was no hostile force to confront." Early then shows conclusively that all of these troops were sent to the front before Grant reached his lines about Petersburg, and that 85,000 "hundred days men," tendered by the Governors of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, were used in supplying the place of garrisons of veterans who were sent to the front, or some of them by their own choice went to the front themselves. (See "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. II., pp. 11, 12.)

Early also shows conclusively that Lee had only 50,000 men "within call" when the campaign opened, and that the reinforcements he received before reaching Petersburg barely covered his losses, and did not at all compensate for the detaching of Ewell's Corps (under Early) and Breckinridge's Division to meet Hunter at Lynchburg.

In his unanswerable reply to Badeau's estimate of Lee's strength Early says: "The word of that gallant gentleman and Christian hero [R. E. Lee], to those who knew him, is as indisputable as Holy Writ, and he has invariably asserted up to the time of his lamented death that the force with which he encountered and

fought Grant in the Wilderness was under 50,000 men, including all that Longstreet had brought up. In a letter from him which I have, and which was written on the 15th of March, 1866, he says, 'It will be difficult to get the world to understand the odds against which we fought;' and he has since in person assured me that the estimate I made of his force in a published letter written from Havana in December, 1865, and in my published account of my own operations for the years 1864-65, which was 50,000, exceeded the actual efficient strength of his army." ("Southern Historical Papers," Vol. II., pp. 15, 16.)

Col. Walter H. Taylor, Lee's able and efficient adjutant general, in his invaluable book, "Four Years with Lee," gives (p. 109) as "the total effective of all arms" of Lee's army at the Wilderness—i. e., during the several days of battle there—infantry, 48,500; cavalry, 8,000; and artillery, 5,000—making a total of 61,500. But, as we have seen, Gen. Lee insisted that this estimate was too large, and placed it himself at less than 50,000. On page 154 Col. Taylor gives Gen. Lee's statement to Gen. Meade, after the surrender, that he had along the Richmond and Petersburg lines before the final break up "33,000 muskets," and Col. Taylor confirmed his estimate, and on page 160 of his book gives, in his table of returns for April 1, 1865, infantry 36,000, cavalry 3,500, artillery 4,000—making a total of 43,500. Remember that Gen. Lee pronounced these figures too large, and that they evidently include all of the troops then in Virginia and some who had been sent under Wade Hampton to meet Sherman.

I find that I have not at hand (having loaned it to a friend, who has failed to return it) Col. Venable's address on the campaign of 1864, but my very distinct impression is that he fully confirms the estimates of Gen. Early, Gen. Lee, and Col. Taylor.

As for the criticism of Comrade Chapman on Gen. Lee's rashness in attacking Grant's whole army with 31,000 men, I have only to reply that I did not make that statement, but only that as soon as Grant crossed the Rapidan Lee, with only half of his army, "promptly moved on and attacked Grant's army in the Wilderness." Of course not all of Grant's army had gotten up, and Lee sought to concentrate as rapidly as possible the whole of his own available force; but the object of the attack (which was a brilliant success, and Gen. Webb's statement that the two days' battle was "favorable to Lee" is decidedly tame) was to detain Grant in the Wilderness until Lee could concentrate his whole army across the road to Richmond, and he was willing to take considerable risk in accomplishing this great object.

There are other points to which I might reply, but I shall not lengthen this paper by doing so now.

Northern writers have exhausted their ingenuity and skill in seeking to lessen Grant's numbers, and increase Lee's, on this great campaign in which our grand old chief showed his vast superiority in military genius to the man who "never maneuvered," and who expected to win, and did finally win, by "mere attrition" (by swapping three men for one), and thus wearing away the Army of Northern Virginia until ("not conquered, but wearied out with victory") 7,800 Confederates, with arms in their hands, surrounded by 100,000 "brave men in blue," stacked at Appomattox their bright muskets, parked their blackened guns (nearly every piece of

which was wrested in battle from the enemy), furled their tattered battle flags, and wept bitter tears because "compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources." Those of us who belonged to that army are proud of its record, and cannot but regret that a gallant comrade of another noble Confederate army should feel called upon to join even temporarily the ranks of those who would disparage the achievements and mar the glory of Robert Edward Lee and of the army he led.

ABOUT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

BY JAMES A. JONES, WOODBURY, TENN.

I was a member of Company H, Twenty-Third Tennessee, Gen. Pat Cleburne's Brigade. Ours was the last brigade to leave Bowling Green, Ky., during the battle of Fort Donelson. The Federal troops were firing their artillery at us from Baker's Hill, across the river, as we left town. When we reached Nashville the city had been surrendered, although no Federal troops were there. We went by rail to Murfreesboro, where we remained for some time, then "footed" it to Huntsville, Ala., and there took the train for Corinth, Miss. We remained at Corinth until we were reinforced and prepared to make the attack on Gen. Grant at Shiloh. The first night after we left Corinth Gen. Cleburne addressed our regiment, telling us that we were soon to be engaged in a great battle, and that if we did our duty as good soldiers he was satisfied we should gain a great victory, and that we should regain Tennessee and be in a measure restored to our families and homes. He said that we, as Tennesseans, had more to fight for than he or his own Arkansans, as we were to make the "fight for our homes and firesides." "Old Pat" was an eloquent talker when aroused, as well as a good fighter when the battle was on.

We arrived within a few miles of Pittsburg Landing on Friday evening, and had our first skirmish with the Federal cavalry, who had pursued Gen. Clanton's Alabama Cavalry until they reached our brigade, when we repulsed them. We camped near where we had this little fight, and so near were we to Gen. Grant's main army that we could plainly hear the drums and their regimental bands playing at night. On Saturday there were several cavalry skirmishes, and we were formed in line many times, expecting a general engagement. On Saturday night we camped still nearer the enemy, but we had no camp fires, and made as little noise as possible. We had cooked three days' rations before leaving Corinth. It has always been a wonder to me how our army could stay in hearing of the drums and brass bands of the Federal troops for nearly two whole days and nights and the fact never be known to them.

On Sunday morning by daylight we were in motion, and before the Federal troops had eaten their breakfasts we were upon them. The battle raged with fierceness from about sunup till nearly five o'clock in the afternoon. We drove the enemy slowly all day. They formed lines of battle only to be driven back, and again formed with the same result. The last stand was made by Gen. Prentiss. Gen. Cleburne called for sharpshooters to go up on a ridge in front of us to pick

off and worry the Federal artillery. I volunteered, and went up on top of the ridge and got behind a forked oak. The troops under Gen. Prentiss were in full view. I had been on the ridge but a short time when I saw Gen. Leonidas Polk's Division attack Gen. Prentiss upon his right. The battle raged fiercely for some time, but the artillery fire from Gen. Prentiss's command and the musketry caused Polk's Division to waver and fall back. This was no sooner over than Prentiss was attacked on his left. I have never known whose command made this attack. Polk's Division rallied, and was moving back on Prentiss when our brigade attacked him in front. His men made a gallant stand, but, seeing he was attacked from three sides, he ran up a white flag and surrendered. Gen. Prentiss came up in front of our regiment and said: "I am Gen. Prentiss, gentlemen." Lieut. Col. M. M. Brien asked him if he was George D. Prentice. He replied no; that he was "an elder brother, and the smartest man of the name." Brien thought we had captured George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*. Whether Gen. Prentiss had a brother by the name of George D., and thought Brien was alluding to him, I don't know. I soon learned that he was not a brother of George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, as they spelled their names differently.

As soon as Gen. Prentiss surrendered, the gunboats commenced shelling us from the river. The first shot knocked down about nine men in our regiment, but I think none were killed—only shocked and stunned by the explosion. Soon after this shelling by the gunboats commenced we were informed of the death of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. For nearly an hour we remained near where Gen. Prentiss had surrendered. Why we did it, when we had nothing to do but to advance a few hundred yards and capture the entire Federal army, has always been a mystery to me. If Gen. Beauregard, who was next in command, knew Gen. Johnston's plans, or if he did not know them, he must have known that the enemy was defeated and waiting to surrender. Why, then, waste over an hour's daylight with a defeated army in his front, and give them all night to reorganize? It is well known that Gen. Buell was on his way to reinforce Gen. Grant, and this loss of time and failure to take advantage of the situation was the turning point in the fortunes of the Confederacy. Gen. Buell crossed the river that night with about twenty thousand fresh troops, and the next day's fight was a drawn battle, with the advantages in favor of the Federal troops. But if we had captured Grant's army, as we should have done but for resting on our arms after the battle was won, we should have chased Buell back into Kentucky and retaken Nashville and the State of Tennessee. Let the result of such an event at that particular time be imagined.

However, it may be better as it is. The God of battles was against us, and we were defeated, but not dishonored nor disgraced. We returned to homes in ruins, our fortunes gone, and nothing left but honor, pluck, and energy. Without money, and with only brain and muscle and energy left, we have rebuilt our homes, repaired our waste places, and regained much wealth. The passions and prejudices engendered by the war are gone. The blue and the gray meet annually to deck the graves of the victors and the vanquished and commemorate the memory of as gallant an army as ever went to battle.

MILITARY CAREER OF GEN. BRYAN GRIMES.

Bryan Grimes, major general of the Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, was born November 2, 1828, and died August 14, 1880. He graduated at the University of North Carolina in 1848, and led for a time the quiet life of a planter. He was a member of the North Carolina Secession Convention, and was commissioned to rank as follows: Major Fourth North Carolina Regiment of State Troops, May 16, 1861; lieutenant colonel same regiment, May 1, 1862; colonel same regiment, June 19, 1862; brigadier general, May 19, 1864, and major general, February 15, 1865.

He participated in nearly all the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia. At Seven Pines, as lieutenant colonel of his (Fourth) regiment, he led probably the bloodiest charge of the war. His horse was killed, and in falling pinioned him to the ground. Upon being extricated, he seized the flag, all the color guards having been killed, and planted it upon the enemy's fortifications. In this charge over three-



GEN. BRYAN GRIMES.

fourths of his men and every officer except himself were killed or wounded. In 1862 he commanded the "Bloody Fourth," and also from November, 1862, to February, 1863, he temporarily commanded the "Ironsides Brigade." At Cold Harbor Col. Grimes led a victorious charge, carrying the colors on horseback until his horse was killed under him. At Boonsboro, though incapacitated for duty, he had himself placed on his horse, and commanded the regiment until this horse was killed, when he continued on foot until from sheer exhaustion he had to be carried from the field. Gen. Grimes had seven horses killed under him in battle. The first and second days at Chancellorsville Col. Grimes fought his regiment with desperate valor, and on the third day charged his regiment over backs of troops who refused to go forward and crossed bayonets with the enemy. At Chancellorsville the regi-

ment had 46 killed, 157 wounded, and 58 taken prisoners out of 327 officers and men, over sixty-two per cent killed and wounded. Col. Grimes commanded the advance into Pennsylvania, and went on picket duty eight miles from Harrisburg, a point farther north than was reached by any other Confederate regiment. At Gettysburg his regiment, under his command, was the first to enter the town, and drove the enemy to the heights beyond, capturing more prisoners than there were men in his command. On May 12, at Spottsylvania C. H., Col. Grimes led Ramseur's Brigade, recapturing the Horseshoe and retaking Johnston's lost guns, taking many prisoners and killing more of the enemy than the brigade numbered men. Gen. Lee rode down and thanked him in person, saying that they deserved the thanks of the country; that they had saved his army.

On May 19, near Fredericksburg, Col. Grimes handled the brigade with such efficiency that Gen. Rodes said: "You have saved Ewell's Corps, and shall be promoted, and your commission shall bear date from this day."

Gen. Grimes shared Early's varying fortunes in the Valley, and from Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, in which battle he had two horses killed under him, he commanded Rodes's Division to the surrender, although he did not receive his commission as major general until February, 1864. On November 22, 1864, Grimes's attenuated division by itself routed four thousand of Sheridan's formidable cavalry. At Petersburg his division held over three miles of the trenches, and at Fort Steadman captured the enemy's works, sending to the rear as prisoners a general and five hundred men. At Rennes Salient, on April 5, Grimes's Division successfully held the enemy in check. On the 7th his division recaptured the lines from which Mahone's Division had just been driven. At Appomattox Gen. Grimes, commanding all the infantry, actually engaged the enemy and drove them nearly a mile, taking a great number of prisoners and several pieces of artillery. This was the last effort of the expiring Confederacy.

THE LAST VOLLEY AT APPOMATTOX.

BY H. A. LONDON, PITTSBORO, N. C.

In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for August Capt. William Kaigler, of Dawson, Ga., insists that the last volley at Appomattox was fired by the sharpshooters of Evans's Division under his command, and not by North Carolinians. This closing incident of the greatest of modern wars is of such historic importance, and is so creditable to those participating therein, that it is not surprising that they should be proud of it and claim as much of its glory as truth permits.

In the VETERAN for November, 1898, Capt. Kaigler first claimed this honor for his command, and in the VETERAN for February, 1899, he is answered and contradicted by Capt. James I. Metts, of Wilmington, who quotes statements (sustaining him) made by several North Carolina officers, among them being Gen. W. R. Cox, whose brigade, they say, fired the last volley at Appomattox. In his last communication Capt. Kaigler says that Gen. Cox is liable to be mistaken, because his statement "is only from recollection after thirty years have elapsed." In this statement Capt. Kaigler is himself mistaken, for this statement of Gen. Cox is

exactly the same written by him and published, in 1879, in "Moore's History of North Carolina."

It was my privilege to have been an active participant in that memorable morning's scenes at Appomattox as one of the staff of Maj. Gen. Bryan Grimes, and it fell to my lot to carry the last order on the field of battle, immediately preceding the surrender. All the incidents of that historic occasion are still fresh in my memory, and as an eye-witness I unhesitatingly testify that the last volley at Appomattox C. H. was fired by Cox's North Carolina Brigade of Grimes's Division. But, to put the matter beyond all doubt and to cite the best evidence possible, I will ask your readers to consider what was said about this controverted question by the witness best qualified to know—Gen. Bryan Grimes—who planned and commanded the last charge at Appomattox.

I inclose, therefore, the following extract from Gen. Grimes's own report, or statement, published in 1879, and never questioned before his death. As stated by him, he was given by Gen. Gordon the divisions of Walker and Evans in addition to his own division, which was composed of Phil Cook's Georgia Brigade, Battle's Alabama Brigade, Grimes's old Brigade, and Cox's Brigade. It is proper to state that Gen. Grimes was not in the rear, but was with the line of battle, and narrowly escaped being killed.

All soldiers know how hard it is for an unmounted officer at one end of a long line of battle to know what is done at the other end. Hence it does not disparage Capt. Kaigler's veracity or courage to assert that he, who was on the extreme left, could not know what was done on the right as well as mounted officers who were riding all along the line and had full opportunity of seeing all that was done.

This statement of Gen. Grimes (who died in 1880) is so clear and explicit that it should be accepted as conclusive of the facts mentioned, and, being of peculiar historic value, should be carefully read and remembered. [It was published in the VETERAN some time ago and corroborates the above communication of Maj. London.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

R. O. Holt, Washington, D. C., wrote October 31:

I have just received the following communication from T. L. West, Ellerssen, Va., which I send for publication, as it may be the means of revealing to friends or relatives the resting place of a Confederate hero:

"Dear Mr. Holt: I went down to Walnut Grove Church yesterday and got the name of the Confederate soldier which I spoke to you about. It is H. W. Ragon, Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, killed in battle June 26, 1862. I suppose he was killed in the battle of Gaines's Mill, as he is buried at the church, which is about one and a half miles from there. Many others are buried there, but his slab, which is of heart pine, is the only one now standing."

In the account of the dinner given to Company A, First Maryland Cavalry (October VETERAN, page 455), an error was made in stating that Mr. Edwin Warfield was a member of the company. He simply gave the dinner to the company in honor of his two brothers, who were members. Mr. M. Warner Hewes is Secretary of the Association of Surviving Members of

Company A, First Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., not of the company itself.

RETROSPECTION.

The soldier who was with Bragg, Johnston, and Hood in the Georgia campaigns of 1863-64, and especially he who was at Atlanta in August, 1864, will have a sympathetic feeling awakened in his heart as he reads the following stanzas. The severe campaign through Georgia against Sherman had reached the Chattahoochee, and the circumstances of the Army of Tennessee before and in Atlanta were anything but comforting and encouraging. Imagine a disconsolate old soul sitting in the camp and thinking over the situation, and that will introduce the following, taken almost without change of a word from an old pocket blank book:

Sweetly I cherish the dear recollection
Of home and the scenes of the beautiful past;
My heart gathers fullness at that retrospection,
And I sigh as the then and the now I contrast.

Away in the brightness of life's sunny morning,
Whose soft light, so peaceful, illumined the land,
Each face and each feature so sweetly adorning,
I see the loved forms of the family band.

There rises the tower of strength in my father;
In mother, love, gentleness, goodness, and peace;
While round each dear sister and brother does gather
Some treasured remembrance time cannot efface.

I see them collected about the bright ingle
That blazes so cheerfully over the hearth,
While feelings the purest and tenderest mingle
In the holiest joys which bless this sad earth.

Of troubled expression there comes not the shadow
To mar the enjoyment that cheers the loved band;
O'er household and house, o'er orchard, field, meadow,
Serenely smiles peace as the queen of the land.

O who could not dwell on so lovely a vision
Until he were quickened to rapture divine;
While fancy transports him to that earth-Elysian,
And mix once again in the scenes of "Lang Syne?"

And memory images associations
Other than those of my childhood's fond home—
The schoolhouse, my teacher, class, books, recitations;
Low hills and green valleys where pleased did I roam.

Again I behold, in its proud elevation,
The front of my old Alma Mater so dear;
I hear the old bell as its rich intonation
Is wafted abroad on the soft atmosphere.

Before my professor once more am I standing,
And testing the virtue of vigorous toil;
Most pleasing the task, though my powers commanding
On science and letters which slight labor foil.

In kindness and dignity, head of the college,
Presiding, and guiding the studious mind,
There sits the loved President, doctor of knowledge,
Dispensing rich treasures to all unconfined.

But richest and rarest the impress of features
That waken emotions where memory reigns,
I gaze on the gentlest and sweetest of creatures
That this world has ever contained or contains.

In whatever place, or in whatever station,
Religion's bright haloes distinguish her life;
With rapture in wedlock, most holy relation,
I claim her my loving, true, beautiful wife.

Atlanta, August, 1864.

M. B. DEWITT.

Dr. DeWitt was one of the most active and zealous chaplains in the Army of Tennessee. In the hottest weather and on the hardest marches he would alight from his horse to give rest to some weary soldier.



GEN. HENRY HETH.

Gen. Henry Heth was born in Chesterfield County, Va., December 16, 1825; graduated at West Point July, 1847, and was assigned to the First Infantry, then serving in Mexico, as brevet second lieutenant. He was promoted to second lieutenant of the Sixth Infantry, and mentioned in orders for gallantry at Matamoras. He returned with his regiment to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., in 1848, and was promoted to first lieutenant June 9, 1853. He was regimental quartermaster from November 24, 1854, to March, 1855. He was ordered with his company to Fort Atkinson, Santa Fe Trail, in 1855, having resigned the position of quartermaster to take charge of his company at this exposed post. In 1855, when the army was increased, Heth was selected by Mr. Davis as one of the captains of the Tenth Regiment, a merited promotion to a meritorious officer. Soon after this his company was mounted, and ordered to join Gen. Harney in the Sioux campaign. It was Heth's company that first engaged the Indians and succeeded in getting between them and their village, when the terrible slaughter was made that broke the spirit of the tribe.

In 1858 he was with his company in Utah. In 1859 he made with his company the remarkable march from Fort Laramie to Fort Snelling, Minn., over an unexplored trail and through an intensely hostile Indian country. About this period he wrote a book on "Target Practice and Skirmish Firing," that was adopted by the army. Capt. Heth resigned his commission in the United States army April 25, 1861.

His military record in the Confederate army is well known. On reporting to the Governor of Virginia he was made major and quartermaster of the State, and was employed in equipping troops. He soon applied for more active duty, and was appointed colonel of the Forty-Fifth Virginia, Floyd's Brigade. He organized this brigade, and, in fact, he conducted the retreat from Carnifax Ferry.

In January, 1862, Maj. Heth was made brigadier general, and assigned to command in West Virginia. In June he joined E. Kirby Smith in Knoxville, and moved into Kentucky. He here commanded a division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry, and had reached the suburbs of Covington when he was recalled. In February, 1863, he joined the Army of Northern Virginia, was assigned to Field's Brigade, and had charge of it in the battle of Chancellorsville. A. P. Hill being wounded, he took charge of the division, and he also was wounded. After his recovery he was promoted to major general, commanding a division in Hill's Corps. He opened the fight at Gettysburg on the first day, and was again wounded. His losses in this fight are recorded as the heaviest in any one division during the war. On recovery from his wounds he again took command of his division, and participated in all the battles and campaigns of the

Army of Northern Virginia, and surrendered with the army April 9, 1865.

Gen. Heth was fortunate in attaching friends to him, who, without reference to politics, came to his support at the time of his great need in the dark days that succeeded the war.

Among his classmates were Gens. Orlando B. Wilcox, John S. Mason, James B. Fry (provost marshal general), A. P. Hill, Ambrose E. Burnside, John Gibbon, R. B. Ayres, Charles Griffin, Thomas H. Neil, and William W. Burns—all of them his intimate friends. Through their influence with Gen. Grant, who had been in his regiment, he obtained a position under the government as revenue inspector in Texas, and continued in the different departments until appointed one of the commissioners of the Antietam battlefield, which work being completed was his last service.



MAJ. GEN. HENRY HETH.

His home life was beautiful in itself. His disposition was as gentle as that of a woman; in character he was courteous and chivalric. He had no enemies. His old friend, Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, went to him to perform the last sacraments of the Church, a great consolation to his family and friends.

At a meeting of the Confederate Veteran Association, Camp No. 171, United Confederate Veterans of Washington, D. C., the following resolutions were adopted, November 2, 1890:

Whereas in the providence of God our beloved comrade, Maj. Gen. Henry Heth, has been removed from among us by the hand of death; therefore,

Resolved: 1. That in the death of our comrade, this distinguished soldier, we have lost a friend and co-worker.

2. That as his comrades in the cause of the South, for which he so bravely fought, we in no uncertain tone

proclaim our high appreciation of his noble qualities, manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

3. That as an unselfish friend he was always conspicuous for his willingness to help others with his large-hearted charity and his boundless sympathy.

4. That we have lost in him a wise counselor, who with his earnest sympathy always advised for the best, and who was faithful and true in all the relations of life.

5. That in our future work we shall miss his counsel and advice, his courteous bearing, and his kindly disposition, and we shall ever cherish the memory of these as a legacy left by him to us.

6. That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and a copy sent to his family, with the assurance that we all tender to them our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

FRANKLIN H. MACKAY, *Commander*;
CHARLES C. IVEY, *Adjutant*.

CAPT. JACOB T. MARTIN.

Rev. James H. McNeilly, Nashville, Tenn., writes:

One of the best features of the VETERAN is that its pages preserve the memorials of so many true Confederate soldiers, from private to general. Among the hosts of brave men who upheld our glorious cause through those years of sacrifice and suffering

not one was braver or more devoted than Capt. Jacob T. Martin, of the Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, who died at his home near Thompson's Station, Tenn., November 12, 1897. It was my privilege at one time to be thrown with him quite intimately. I was so impressed with his sterling integrity, his



CAPT. JACOB T. MARTIN.

absolute truthfulness, his transparent sincerity, and withal his remarkable modesty, that my heart went out to him at once. He represented some of the noblest characteristics of the old-time Southern gentleman. He was a patriot incorruptible; a knightly soldier "without fear and without reproach;" a friend and neighbor delighting in kindness; a husband and father devoted to his family—above all, an earnest, humble Christian, a worthy example for his generation. It may gratify his old comrades to have a slight sketch of the man whom they so often saw tested and who always stood the test, whom they all loved and respected.

Jacob T. Martin was born near Dixon Springs, in Smith County, Tenn., July 17, 1829. He received a common school education, but his father's death while he was yet a boy made it necessary for him to help in the support of the family. In 1852 he came to Nashville and secured employment. In 1856 he was married to Miss Sue E. Drake, of Williamson County, Tenn., and it was a singularly happy marriage. His devotion to his wife and children for more than forty years was the most powerful earthly influence in forming his character. In 1859 they moved to a farm near Thompson's Station, which his wife inherited.

When the civil war came on, in 1861, Mr. Martin with enthusiasm espoused the cause of the South. He raised a company of cavalry in his neighborhood numbering one hundred and forty. He was elected captain of the company, which afterwards became a part of the Eleventh Tennessee Regiment. Capt. Martin's military service was arduous and brilliant. For a considerable time he served under Gen. Forrest, and he won the confidence of the great cavalryman. He took part in the celebrated capture of Col. Streight and his raiders. He was intrusted sometimes with difficult and dangerous missions which required not only courage, but coolness, prudence, and skill. He never failed to discharge them to the satisfaction of his superior officers. In June, 1863, to the north of Shelbyville, Tenn., he was cut off from the main army, and excommunicated his command with such military skill that he gained the admiration of his chiefs and his fellow-officers. He served with distinction in the desperate battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863. His regiment was then on service under Gen. Longstreet in East Tennessee. In that severe campaign they suffered intensely from cold, being poorly provided with clothes; yet he set an example of uncomplaining faithfulness and unselfish modesty. The brigadier general had been wounded; the colonel of his regiment was in command of the brigade, and he was urgently recommended by the officers of the brigade for a commission as colonel, but he refused to accept it. He would not agree to be separated from the boys of his company, who were devotedly attached to him. While as senior captain he commanded the regiment much of the time, and did it with notable skill, yet he refused promotion. He, with his regiment, was under Gen. Wheeler during the campaign of 1864 in North Georgia.

When Gen. Hood undertook his disastrous expedition into Middle Tennessee the Eleventh Tennessee was again under Gen. Forrest. They participated in the hard fighting of that campaign in the advance upon and retreat from Nashville. They made the last desperate stand under their great leader around Selma, Ala.; and then when strength was gone and hope was dead they surrendered the remnant of their magnificent regiment, having done everything that brave and honorable men could do.

Capt. Martin came back to a desolate home. Although he had never done a cruel act to the enemy nor allowed any violation of private rights by his men, yet in the fall of 1864 a Federal force turned his wife and children out of doors and burned their house and destroyed all the supplies they had. He set himself to repair the ruin as best he could, determined to fulfill every obligation of good citizenship. He built a log cabin for his family, and without a murmur went to work. He subsequently came to Nashville, and was here able to make a living and educate his children.

In his later years the family went back to "Happy Valley," where the infirmities of age came upon him, and he also suffered from the results of exposure during the war. But he enjoyed the kindly ministrations of his loved ones and the social intercourse of his neighbors and the consolations of religion until the final summons came.

His letters written to his wife during the war are models of pure English, of lofty sentiment, and manly

devotion to his loved ones. A cause which could command the loyal and enthusiastic service of such a man as Capt. Martin was worthy of success, even though success did not crown it.

JUDGE REGINALD HEBER THOMPSON.

Judge R. H. Thompson, of Louisville, Ky., eminent in his city for good deeds, died April 10, 1899. He was born in what is now West Virginia, October 31, 1836. His father, R. A. Thompson, was a distinguished lawyer, and was a member of Congress in the years 1848-52. Reginald Thompson was educated at



JUDGE R. H. THOMPSON.

the University of Virginia, and studied law with his father. He went to California in 1858. At the outbreak of our great war he recrossed the plains and enlisted in the Thirteenth Arkansas Regiment. He was made a captain for gallantry at Shiloh, and later appointed lieutenant colonel of the regiment, which position he held at the close of the war. He married Miss Elizabeth Howison Thompson in 1866, and soon afterwards moved to Louisville.

Judge Thompson was a high Mason, and devoted much time to the welfare of dependent persons. His zeal for young boys induced him to become President of the State Children's Home Society, an important or-

ganization for securing homes for friendless children, and he founded the Louisville Newsboys' Home.

Judge Thompson was, of course, zealously loyal to Confederate memories. He was an ardent admirer of the heroic Sam Davis. By his sudden death the tenderest sympathy went out for his devoted wife, who has, as well as she could in a woman's sphere, taken up the works of charity in which he engaged. She is President of a chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy in Louisville.

JOSEPH B. ROBINSON.

F. W. Merrin, Plant City, Fla., sends the following:

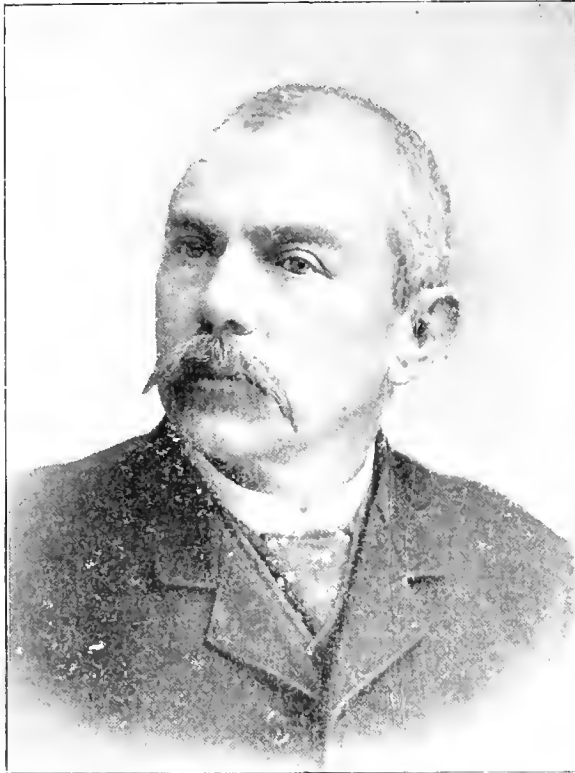
Comrade Joseph B. Robinson, a member of Hillsboro Camp No. 36, United Confederate Veterans of Florida, died October 23, 1899, at his home in Plant City, Fla. His record is that of a true Confederate soldier, a good citizen, and Christian gentleman. Comrade Robinson was a native and almost lifelong resident of Georgia. His war record abounds with daring deeds and faithful services rendered in Florida. He served in the command of Gen. J. J. Dickison, the "Forrest of Florida," and was an active participant in most of the hard marches and the brilliant dashes in the battles fought by Gen. Dickison's command, who were truly the "Florida Defenders." Brother Robinson was in the battle of Palatka, and witnessed the affecting scene of Gen. Dickison bearing his wounded son off the battlefield after the enemy had retreated to their gunboats, carrying him in front of him on his horse, the brave boy dying in the father's arms just as they reached a place of safety. He was also a participant in the battles of Olustee, Gainesville, and other less noted battles and skirmishes which constitute the brilliant history of Gen. Dickison and his men. Gen. Dickison was always proud of Comrade Robinson, and was a frequent visitor at the Robinson home.

B. F. WHITE.

Benjamin Franklin White was born in New Berne, N. C., and finished his education at the Western Military Institute, at Nashville, Tenn. Immediately after the declaration of war, in May, 1861, he resigned his position as Assistant Secretary of the Memphis Gas Company and raised a company of infantry, the Tennessee Guards, by whom he was elected captain. This company left Memphis in Col. Neely's Regiment, of Gen. Pillow's command. After serving in the infantry for some time, Capt. White joined the cavalry under Gen. Forrest, who detailed him to raise a company of light artillery. This he did, and commanded it until the battle of Chickamauga, when he was promoted on the field and given command of a battalion of artillery in Gen. Wheeler's Cavalry. Capt. White took part in every fight in which his company was engaged, but was never wounded, though he had several horses shot under him and numerous bullet holes made in his clothes. He was captured at the battle of Murfreesboro, but was so ill from rheumatism that he was placed in a private house under guard. From this place, with the aid of his faithful negro servant, he made his escape.

When Gen. Stoneman was captured near Macon, Ga., Capt. White was in command of the artillery of Wheeler's Division, and was presented with a hand-

some pair of field glasses by the artillery officers under Stoneman. These glasses are now in possession of



B. F. WHITE.

Mrs. Charles B. Ryland, his daughter, residing in San José, Cal. A few months before the final surrender Capt. White was so crippled from rheumatism that he was assigned to post duty and made commandant of the post at Albany, Ga.

He was married at Dalton, Ga., in January, 1864, to Miss Fannie Owings Ballard, of Memphis, Tenn., daughter of the late S. O. Ballard, collector of customs at that port at the time of his death. Capt. White returned to Memphis, where he lived a number of years, removing thence to San Francisco, Cal. His death occurred February 14, 1897. He left a widow and five children.

DANIEL RATHER.

R. A. McWilliams, Adjutant of Camp Kitt Matt No. 23, U. C. V., Holly Springs, Miss., reports the death of Daniel Rather on October 19. Comrade Rather volunteered in Company G, Seventeenth Mississippi Infantry, in April, 1861, and participated in all the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia from Bull Run to the first battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862, in which engagement he was seriously wounded. While still suffering from unhealed wounds he returned to duty with his command, and bore his part in all the hardships and perils of the succeeding campaigns of the war from January, 1863, to its close. He was indeed a true, conscientious soldier who did his full duty and performed every obligation imposed with a moral courage undaunted.

As a citizen Comrade Rather bore himself in the

same quiet, courteous, and courageous manner that distinguished him as a soldier. He never recovered from the wound received at Fredericksburg, and eventually submitted to amputation of the injured limb. Blood poison followed the operation, and for two years he suffered uncomplainingly, looking forward to the rest "neath the shade of the trees."

Among the resolutions adopted by his camp is "that in the death of Comrade Rather this camp drops from its roster the name of one who justly deserved the appellation of 'Confederate Veteran,' with all the honor which should attach thereto."

COL. WILLIAM A. MORGAN.

James B. Averitt, in his "Memoirs of Gen. Turner Ashby," pays high tribute to Col. W. A. Morgan:

Col. William A. Morgan, of Jefferson County, Va., commanding the First Virginia Cavalry, upon several occasions after the death of Gen. Ashby was assigned temporarily to the command of the brigade.

At a meeting to organize the Ashby Memorial Association, October 25, 1886, Col. Morgan was an invited guest, and when he entered the room all the officers of the brigade, then in council, instinctively, as a mark of affection and respect, received him standing. They will ever remember his chivalric and soldierly bearing upon the occasion. He looked every inch a soldier.

His gallant service with the Laurel Brigade (Ashby's), to say nothing of his conspicuous heroism throughout the whole of his military career, justifies extended notice of him as a tribute to his modesty and worth.

Col. Morgan was the oldest of three brothers, all of whom leaped into the saddle at the first call of their



COL. WILLIAM A. MORGAN.

State to protect her safety and honor. They were the very first to reach Harper's Ferry (only ten miles distant from their home), where the bloody fray began, and they all continued faithful unto the end.

The one next younger than the Colonel, Daniel H., was buried the day of the surrender at Appomattox, having died the day before of wounds received on the retreat of the Confederate forces from Petersburg; and thus, by a remarkable coincidence, the sun of his hopes and that of the Confederacy, for which he suffered martyrdom, rose and set at the same time.

Col. William Augustine Morgan began his career as captain of the Shepherdstown troop, which was incorporated with the First Virginia Cavalry, then commanded by Lieut. Col. (afterwards general) J. E. B. Stuart. This regiment became famous not only for its prowess in battle but also for having been commanded by Stuart, William E. Jones, Fitzhugh Lee, Drake, and Morgan. Morgan was its last colonel, and for his personal and soldierly qualities was beloved by the whole regiment. He always sustained its high reputation in the field. Col. Morgan participated in over three hundred battles and skirmishes, and had fourteen horses killed and severely wounded under him, the last one falling at historic Appomattox a few minutes before the order was given to cease firing. Being in command of Payne's Brigade at the time (that officer having been wounded a few days before), he succeeded in cutting his way through the serried columns of the enemy and escaped safely with his command to Lynchburg, where he afterwards disbanded it by order of Gen. Lee. En route home with his horse, saber, and pistols (everything else, including his diary and private papers, having been destroyed on the disastrous retreat), his saber was stolen from him in crossing at New Canton's Ferry, on James River. When nearing home a party of Federal soldiers forced him to give them his pistols, and that night his horse was stolen by some thief. The last was comparatively an insignificant loss, being a new acquaintance made on the battlefield at Appomattox after his own had been stricken down; but the saber and pistols had been his tried and faithful companions throughout all his campaigns.

On Col. Morgan's beautiful estate in Jefferson County is the famous Morgan Spring of Revolutionary memory, referred to so eloquently by the Hon. A. R. Boteler in that brilliant and patriotic speech delivered by him in the United States Congress just before the breaking out of the sectional war.

Col. Morgan was upon repeated occasions intrusted with commands of the highest importance, and he was, from first to last, assigned to the command of almost all the Virginia brigades of cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia. Gens. Early and Rosser complimented him in the highest terms for gallantry and more than once recommended his promotion to higher command, and Gen. Breckinridge, then Secretary of War, ordered his commission to be made out, but it did not reach him, owing to the speedy retreat of the government from Richmond. His bearing during the trying hours of the retreat from Petersburg was superb, and will long be remembered by the survivors of the army engaged with him as commander of the rear guard.

MONUMENT FOR OWENSBORO, KY.

The success attending the recent unveiling of the statues to Jefferson Davis and Winnie Davis in the cemetery at Richmond, Va., has given a strong impetus to and fired the enthusiasm all over the South for the erection and completion of the many proposed Confederate monuments. Richmond Chapter of U. D. C., in erecting the beautiful memorial to the beloved Daughter of the Confederacy, has inspired the chapters of the sister States with renewed zeal to honor the memory of the brave men of the great civil strife.

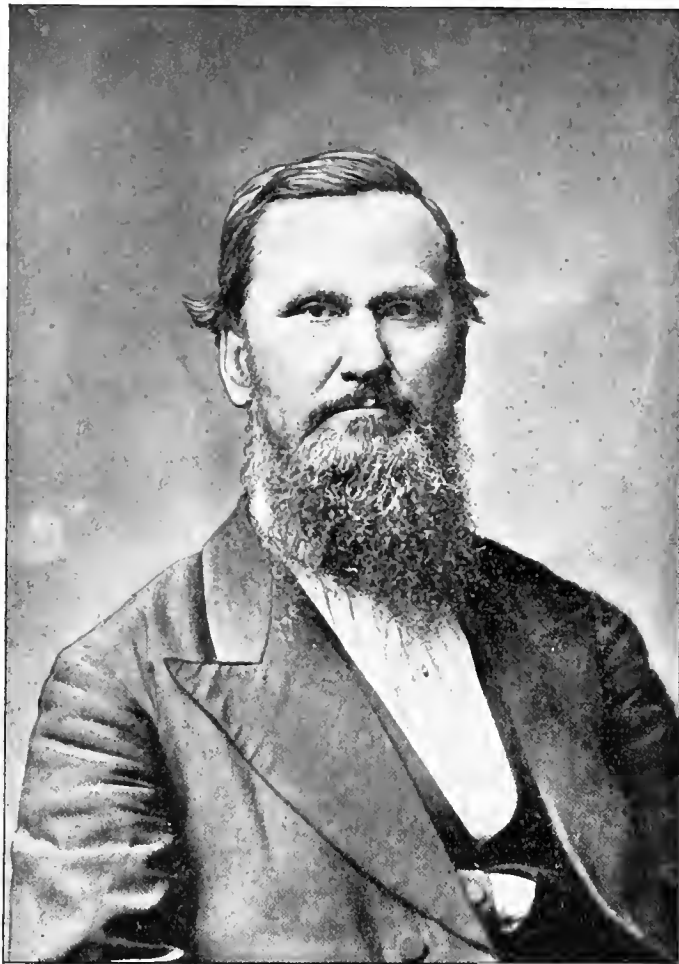


FIGURE ON THE PEDIESTAL

As an instance, the chapter at Owensboro, Ky., whose energetic President, Miss Rosa Shelby Todd, was a delegate to the National Convention, and witnessed the spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm over the beautiful statues unveiled at Richmond, has so enthused her chapter that a special meeting of the John C. Breckinridge Chapter, U. D. C., at Owensboro, was held, and they decided to carry out at once their long-cherished purpose to erect a fitting monument. The monument is to be an exceptionally artistic one, full of animation and life—the characteristic trait of the Confederate soldier—standing on a well-proportioned pedestal of Southern granite. The monument will be unveiled on the 21st of September, 1900, the anniversary of the great battle of Chickamauga. The Monument Committee, which is composed of Miss Rosa Shelby Todd, Mrs. J. W. Whitehead, and Miss Bessie Long, of Owensboro, Ky., will act in conjunction with a committee appointed by the Rev. F. Graves Camp and Daviess County Confederate Association.

At a late meeting of the city council of Jacksonville, Fla., an ordinance was passed changing the name of St. James Park to Hemming Park, in honor of the gallant C. C. Hemming, who so generously erected the beautiful monument in the park to the memory of his Florida comrades. Mr. Hemming was a member of the Jacksonville Light Infantry, and served with distinction. The ordinance was introduced by Dr. R. B. Burroughs, a prominent comrade of Jacksonville.

Remember that Wyeth's "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest" (\$4) would be a suitable present, and a year's subscription to the VETERAN will be given with it.



THE LATE ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY, D.D., LL.D.

Robert Lewis Dabney was born in Louisa County, Va., March 5, 1820. He entered the sophomore class at Hampden Sydney College in 1836, and the following year he left the college, having completed the junior course. He professed conversion during that period and joined a Presbyterian church.

After teaching a country school for two years he entered the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, and graduated in 1842. He subsequently graduated from the Union Seminary, and was licensed to preach in 1846. After a pastorate of six years he became a professor in the Union Theological Seminary, which position he held until 1883, when, on account of bronchial troubles, he removed to Texas, and was given the chair of mental and moral philosophy in the State University at Austin. He held that position until 1894, although he became very infirm and suffered the utter loss of sight. Such, in brief, was Dr. Dabney's occupation, except that during the great war he served part of the time as chaplain in the Confederate army in Virginia and with Virginia troops. In 1862 he became chief of staff to Stonewall Jackson, and was valiant in service. After the war he was active in methods for supplying bread to the desolate.

Dr. Dabney was a prolific writer. In 1853 he wrote the "Life of Francis S. Sampson," and in 1866 he pub-

lished Dr. Sampson's "Commentary on the Epistle of the Hebrews." In 1866 Dr. Dabney brought out his great "Life of Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson," and later on he published other books, principally on theology.

An elegant memorial to Dr. Dabney has been published by his sons, Charles W. Dabney (President of the Tennessee University), Knoxville, Tenn.; Samuel B. Dabney, Victoria, Tex., and Lewis M. Dabney, Dallas, Tex.

Dabney's "Life of Jackson" has been considered "out of print" for some time. It has not been in the market for years, but the VETERAN has found a limited number of copies, which will be furnished for \$3. (It will be supplied, postpaid, with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$3.50.) It will gratify those who knew Dr. Dabney and his intimacy with Stonewall Jackson to have the opportunity of procuring from his able and loyal pen a life sketch of Jackson written so soon after his death, just at the close of the Confederate war.

In his preface to the book Dr. Dabney states: "My prime object has been to portray and vindicate his Christian character, that his countrymen may possess it as a precious example and may honor that God in it whom he so delighted to honor. It is for this purpose that the attempt was made so carefully to explain and defend his action as citizen and soldier in recent events. Next, it was desired to unfold his military genius as displayed in his campaigns. The prominent characteristic of Gen. Jackson was his scrupulous truthfulness. This life has been written under the profound impression that no quality could be so appropriate as this in the narrative which seeks to commemorate his noble character. Hence the most laborious pains have been taken to verify

every fact and to give the story in its sober accuracy and with impartial justice to all. I am well aware that perfection is not the privilege of man in any of his works, and hence I must be prepared to be convinced by the criticisms of others that I have not been wholly successful in this aim; but I trust I have been so far successful as to receive credit for right intentions; and especially would I declare that, in relating the share borne by Gen. Jackson's comrades and subordinates in his campaigns, I have been actuated by a cordial and friendly desire to do justice to all. If I shall seem to any to have done less than this, it will be my misfortune, and not my intention. If my story presents the hero without any of those bizarre traits which the popular fancy loves to find in its especial favorites, it is hoped that the picture will be, for this reason, more symmetrical, and, if not so startling, more pleasing to every cultivated mind. The reader may at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it is the correct picture, save that no pencil can do justice to his devoted patriotism, his diligence, his courage, and the sanctity of his morals."

J. W. Breedlove, 4 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md., desires to hear from Capt. John T. Palmer, who was of Company I, Fifty-Sixth Virginia Infantry until May, 1862; also from Sergt. Wyatt Cardwell, Company A, who was wounded severely at "second Manassas."

Catarh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from catarh, Asthma, and nervous diseases, 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, 920 Fowers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"MY GARDEN WALK."

BY WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSON.

"My Garden Walk" is the attractive title of Col. William Preston Johnston's volume of poems, with its exquisite dedication to his daughters, the "fair buds" whose gentle heads in sorrow long have hung, Catching love's perfume sweet from paradise, Immortal message of a vanished saint.

Along the "Garden Walk" are Buds, Blossoms, Rathe Primroses, Wildwood Flowers, The Rose, Marguerites, Laurel and Myrtle, Bramble and Berry, Violets, Pansies, and Asphodels.

A dainty "Blossom" is "The Coquette," with its tripping measure; a "Primrose" truly, "La Gitana," through which rings "the light tambourine" to the dancing feet of the "swaying, gliding, bending, singing La Gitana."

"Mam'selle Guillotine," a gay, rollicking song to hide the pain of life, is the spray of Myrtle through which glimmers a Laurel leaf—a strong man breaking a sob with a laugh. It suggests the beautiful pathos in "Her Majesty's jollies, sailors and soldiers too."

In "Defeat," "The Gettysburg Dead," and "The Patriot South" glows the ardor of the son of a great nation.

"The Thane's Saying" springs up like a wild Violet by the "Garden Walk," with its dewy freshness and breath of things from other fields.

In Johnston's soul lingered many a mystic note from "Poe's seraphic harp" and "murmurous melody" of "Lanier's harmony divine."

But we pass down the "Garden Walk" between these rows of sweet blossoms fair with one Bud, one Bramble in our hand—"The Broken Bough," "The Master;" these are ours to keep and to hold. "The Broken Bough" is the story of

That curse Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice of that mysterious law which makes life's highest joy, life's deepest pain—tragedy. But the tragedy which of all is the saddest, the tragedy which need not have been, tragedy for the lack of a word.

And 'twas the stem that grew this queenly "Bud" that became the "Bramble" strong. O the might, the majesty, of "The Master!"

What honors crowned his works with wealth and praise?

Patience and faith and love filled all his days,

And when he died what victories had he won?

Hone and humility—his work well done.

William Preston Johnston did not misread life; he opened his eyes to trag-

edy; he saw in it the true blessing, "our opportunity to grow strong." Had William Preston Johnson written only "The Broken Bough" and "The Master," he might have lain down to pleasant dreams with the sense of "work well done," having left the world richer, wiser, better.

These two we hide in our hearts. We praise the others; these, we love.

"Bobbie," by Kate Cairns. From the Presses of B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va.

"Bobbie" is a simple, wholesome love story written "in memory of the days that are no more," belonging to that class of books which may be left on the sitting room table open to the youngest as well as oldest member of the household. It is a little melody played upon



BOBBIE

the strings of life with touch so delicate and artistic that all through it we smell spring meadows starred with duses and dandelions.

Miss Cairns has entered that division of writers now forming into rank and file who are culling facts for fiction from the richest field of all history—the Confederate States of America, the nation that fell "wearing out with victories;" and of this brilliant background Miss Cairns has chosen for her chaste, clear-cut sketch an exquisite section, a Virginia valley. She carries her reader well, one's interest never flagging from the exciting early morning bareback race between Bobbie and Peter Black, his "alter ego," to the marriage, just as Christmas eve merges into Christmas morn, of the young Confederate soldier in the battered, faded suit of gray that told of "valuable service," to the beautiful, loving Dorothy.

The heart of the story is in Chapter V. It is October, 1860. The war cloud hangs low over "White Point" and "Grey Cliffs." Bobbie has taken his promised wife down under the old wishing tree to tell her that which is so hard to tell her—that he must go to the front to fight for home and right, and she

losing all sense of self in the sentiment of her devotion to another, presses the tears back into her heart and answers with a smile: "And who knows but I may yet have a major, or a colonel, or a brigadier general for a husband?"

"You shall have one who is every inch a Southern soldier," he said, taking the upturned face in his hands.

"And I can have nothing greater than that," she added proudly, and the moon rested lovingly for a moment on their bent heads, and only the winds heard the vows they made to be true to their cause, come what may, come what might.

And the story is written just to tell that the world holds nothing nobler, truer than a Confederate soldier. The day is coming when the book of Confederate martyrs will stand side by side with Fox's "Book of English Martyrs," flanked by the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress." In that day a call will be made for the heroic type of all ages. In immortal bronze will be cast the statue of a man who died in an old coat of gray with buttons all brass, and on a pedestal a little lower the image of the Southern woman whose love made him strong to do an I die.

GAIN A WOMAN

for a customer, and you gain the whole family. We have gained multitudes of women for customers by selling to them hundreds of pieces of beautiful double-width, satin-tared, Black English Jacquard Dress Goods. Looks equal to dollar goods. Full 8-yard dress pattern, prepaid anywhere in the United States, for \$2.29. Samples free for the asking. Can never be duplicated. Write at once for samples and our big Christmas offering, as the offer will not be repeated. Main offices, 100 and 102 Washington St., Chicago, Ill. American Consumer's Alliance.

MORPHINE, Opium, Cocaine, Whisky habits cured at home. No suffering. Remedy, \$5. Cure Guaranteed. Indorsed by physicians, ministers, and others. Book of particulars, testimonials, etc., free. Tobacco, the tobacco cure, \$1. Established 1892. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dublin, Tex.

FREE A FINE SILVERINE Watch and Chatelaine

ACTUAL SIZE

Every lady who sends us 10 cents for postage, packing, etc., and we will send you one of our beautiful and valuable watches. We make this liberal offer only for a limited time to advertise our business, and our offer is free to accept. The same by promising to do as agreed. Send 10 cents, name and address to KING HARVARD CO., Dept. F, Washington Street, Chicago.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY ENTERS SAVANNAH, GA.

The congratulatory sentiment of Georgians by the entrance of the great Southern Railway into Savannah is general. Its management is popular. In a business sense the time is opportune, as the season for Southern travel is just beginning. Now by the Southern and the Plant System passage from the national capital into our most tropical clime is easy and very quick. In connection with this enterprise the *Atlanta Constitution* states that there will be three fast Southern trains leaving New York every day by way of Washington, Columbia, and Savannah, for Jacksonville and St. Augustine, with connections for Palm Beach, Miami, and Tampa. These trains will comprise the newest and finest parlor and sleeping cars, and they will be pulled by the largest and fastest locomotives in the world. Third Vice President F. S. Gannon is directing an inspection tour. The party consists of First Vice President A. B. Andrews, Traffic Manager J. M. Culp, General Passenger Agent W. A. Turk, General Superintendent Barrett, and others.

The Southern is the sixth largest railway system in the world, and the second largest in point of mileage lying wholly east of the Mississippi River. Of its own lines it operates 6,300 miles, and with its allied lines has upward of 7,500 miles. This is the South's greatest system, reaching from Washington to Memphis and Greenville on the Mississippi from Louisville on the Ohio to Mobile on the Gulf, and Brunswick, Savannah, and Charleston on the South Atlantic. It traverses eight States with one-fifth of the population of the entire country. With two, or more, exceptions, the Southern touches every important city south of the Potomac and Ohio. In earnings it stands well up near the head of the 1,800 railway companies in the United States. Only nine systems were ahead of it in passenger earnings last year. The Southern's management has spent millions of dollars the past five years on the track, roadbed, cars, and locomotives, one of the main objects being to offer the fastest, smoothest, and most luxurious service possible in order to save an hour or two of extra travel between Washington and St. Augustine and other Southern points. The Southern has in the last few months built a cut-off thirty-one miles long in South Carolina, just south of Columbia. Practically all the company's main line is ballasted with rock, and has block signals.

The 1,050 miles from New York to Jacksonville will be run by the New York and Florida limited in twenty-five hours, which is a much faster schedule than any between New York and Chicago. This is the Southern's first entrance into Savannah with its own line, and gives that port a new outlet and connection for the Carolinas, Virginia, and the North. This entrance has been accomplished by building the new line mentioned above and by purchase of other lines. From a commercial standpoint, the system's extension to this great cotton, turpentine, and lumber seaport is a matter of special interest and importance to all this southeastern section of the country.

DOCTORS INSIST that their patients use "5 DROPS" for RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DISEASE etc. Read the following letters:

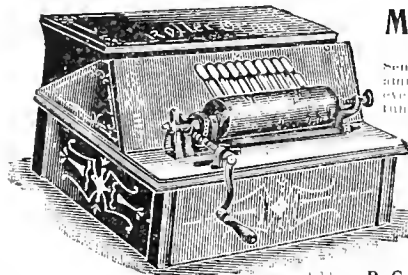
SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.: When I wrote you for a sample bottle of "5 DROPS" my wife was suffering terribly from Rheumatism and was very discouraged, as I had tried everything the doctors prescribed, even sending her to Richfield Springs, etc. My doctor is very much surprised at the progress my wife is making, and she is so well that she refused to keep her seamstress and is now doing her own sewing. The doctors insist on her taking "5 DROPS" and assure her that it is now only a matter of a few days and she will be entirely cured, and as we are very well known here, the "5 DROPS" is receiving considerable attention and praise. F. E. PRICE, Jersey City, N. J. Oct. 13, 1899.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.: I suffered terribly with Kidney Trouble for years, and after using less than two bottles of "5 DROPS" I am now entirely well and I give "5 DROPS" the praise for my cure. I could not find anything that would give me the slightest relief until I tried this remedy, and I recommend it to everybody as a permanent cure for Kidney Disease. MARY A. CARBAUGH, Black Gap, Pa. Aug. 22, '99.

"5 DROPS" is the most powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. It gives almost instantaneous relief, and is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, La Grippe, Croup, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Earache, Toothache, Heart Weakness, Dropsy, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, etc., etc.

30 DAYS to enable sufferers to give "5 DROPS" at least a trial, we will send a 25c sample bottle, prepaid by mail, for 10 cts. A sample bottle will convince you. Also, large bottles (300 doses) \$1 00, 6 bottles for \$5. Sold by us and agents. AGENTS WANTED in New Territory. WRITE US TO-DAY.

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undeniably possess ideal fall and winter climates. Extreme changes of temperature, blizzards, and like inconveniences are unknown to the dwellers in these favored vernal sections of the continent. If one has never been to the Pacific Coast or Mexico, one should by all means make the trip. If one has become acquainted with the attractions of California and Toller Land, suggestion is unnecessary.

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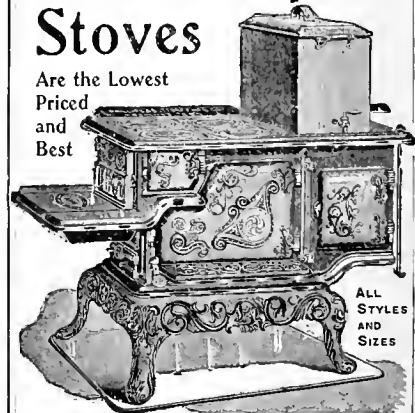
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Inflicted with SORE EYES? DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

STRONG INDORSEMENT FROM STRONG MEN.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Cooper and Maj. Hamp. J. Cheney testify to the Wonderful Merits of the Oil Cure in the Cure of *CANCER* and *ALL SKIN DISEASES*.

"It takes a shadow off my path and makes the future brighter. I am grateful to God that you have been led to such a discovery."

"I have personally met a great number of people who have used the Oil Cure with such gratifying results that they have been unable to find words to express their gratitude."



REV. DR. J. L. COOPER.

Cured of Cancer by the Oil Cure after all other remedies had failed.

No specialists in the world are accomplishing so great a work in the relief of suffering and the cure of disease as the Drs. Reynolds, discoverers of the famous Oil Cure remedies for *Cancer, Lupus, Fistula, Tumor, Eczema, Ulcers, Sores, Catarrh, Piles*, and every known disease of the skin and Mucous Membranes. In their practice of ten years, seven years of which have been spent in Nashville, they have cured thousands of cases, and every cure has been permanent.

Thousands of letters on file in their offices testify to these results and express the lasting gratitude of those who have been saved from death or life-long suffering and disfigurement. They make no failures, and their remedies have been proved to be the greatest discoveries in the history of medicine.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Cooper, one of the most widely known and beloved ministers in the Cumberland Presbyterian denomination, was cured of cancer by the Oil Cure, the wonderful remedies discovered by the Drs. Reynolds, after suffering five years and exhausting all other known remedies. As a minister of the gospel, Dr. Cooper, writing to Drs. Reynolds of his recovery, reverently declares: "I am grateful to God that you have been led to such a discovery."

After his cure had been permanently effected, he wrote the following to the great specialists who had restored him to health:

GRATEFUL TO GOD FOR THE DISCOVERY.

"Drs. Reynolds, Nashville, Tenn: Your Oil Cure has proved a perfect success in my case. Nearly five years ago a small ulcer or sore appeared on my left cheek, and refused to heal. After using many remedies, it continued to grow larger, and began to give me pain. About five weeks ago I began your Oil treatment. I did not find the White Oil entirely painless, which I used only six days. The Brown Oil gave me no pain. The ulcer is entirely healed, and but a small scar remains to show that it ever existed. My recovery takes a shadow off my path and makes the future brighter. I am grateful to God that you have been led to such a discovery (Prov. 8:12), and I shall spare no pains to direct suffering humanity to you. If you desire to use this as a testimonial to my friends and to the world, you can do so, as I shall be more than glad for them to have the information. I am, sirs, gratefully yours,

J. L. COOPER."

Concerning Dr. Cooper's cure, the editors of the "Cumberland Presbyterian," the official organ of the Church, had the following to say:

REJOICE IN HIS RECOVERY.

"We rejoice that Dr. Cooper has been restored to health. He is one of the oldest and most honored of our ministers, a pastor and a teacher

whose life has been one prolonged blessing to those who have been touched by it; and we trust that through the kind offices of these skillful doctors and by the blessing of the great Physician he may be spared yet for many more years of labor.

"EDITORS CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN."

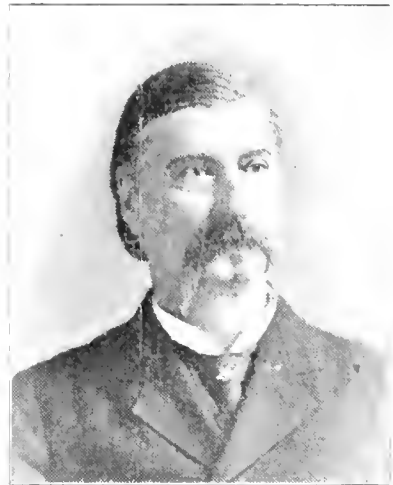
HUNDREDS OF AFFLICTED.

Rev. Dr. Cooper has never ceased to sing the praise of the Oil Cure, and since his recovery he has referred to the Drs. Reynolds several hundred people suffering with cancer and various diseases of the skin and mucous membranes, all of whom have been treated with entire satisfaction to the patients. Of the results in these cases, Rev. Dr. Cooper himself recently wrote: "I have recommended a great many afflicted to Drs. Reynolds in the past four years, with almost satisfaction."

Thousands of cures have been effected in the most malignant forms of skin diseases, by the Oil Cure remedies, and the wonderful results achieved are recognized by both the people and the press.

Few men in the South are so widely known and highly respected as Maj. Hamp J. Cheney, of Florida has been more frequently and greatly honored by his fellow citizens. He served with unusual distinction as a Confederate soldier, rising to the rank of major, and enjoys the confidence and love of his comrades everywhere. In public life Maj. Cheney has received repeated honors and expressions of trust from defeated loyal citizens, bearing the national distinction of never having been defeated by public office. He served for four years as postmaster at Nashville under President Cleveland, was state senator in the Tennessee Legislature, where he made a most creditable record, and was recently elected City Comptroller of Nashville in one of the most remarkable elections in the history of municipal affairs, a position of which he is now the incumbent.

The endorsement of such a man can come only where merited, and once given leaves no room for doubt or further comment. While postmaster at Nashville for four years, the numerous inquiries made concerning the work of the Drs. Reynolds, the celebrated cancer, catarrh, and skin disease specialists, and their wonderful Oil Cure remedies, led Maj. Cheney to make a personal investigation for the benefit of the afflicted, from whom so many inquiries came to his office. Impressed with his official responsibility, Maj. Cheney could be the investigation very exhaustive, personally meeting the great specialists, and a great many of the people whom they had cured, and extending a searching inquiry to the remedies they had discovered. Maj. Cheney has since kept in close touch with the work of the Drs. Reynolds, and here is what he has to say of it:



MAJ. HAMP J. CHENEY

"While I was postmaster of this city four years, many inquiries were made about the Oil Cure as developed by Drs. Reynolds, and I was led, in the interest of the afflicted, to fully investigate. It gives me pleasure to state that I found them thorough gentlemen, skillful physicians, not claiming more for their discoveries than their merits deserved; and I wish to say briefly that I have personally met a great many people who have used the Oil Cure with such gratifying results that they have been unable to find words to express their gratitude.

"You can safely refer these remedies to your friends who are suffering from any of those diseases to which the Oil Cure is applicable, with perfect confidence of beneficial results. I have used the Purgative Oils as a tonic in my family with great satisfaction.

"H. J. CHENEY, Nashville, Tenn."

Write or Call about your case and receive free consultation and advice. For a limited time the Drs. Reynolds offer all readers of the *VETERAN* who are suffering from Cancer, Tumors, Ulcers, Eczema, or any skin disease, advice at office or by mail absolutely free.

Drs. Reynolds, 831 Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

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A Woman's Secret Method Whereby She Cured Her Husband, Who Was a Terrible Drunkard, by Mixing a Remedy in His Coffee and Food, Curing Him without His Help or Knowledge.

It takes a woman to overcome obstacles. Mrs. Chas. W. Harry, 626 York St., Newport, Ky., had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery, and privation due to her husband's drinking habits. Learning there was a cure for drunken-



MRS. CHAS. W. HARRY.

ness which she could give her husband secretly, she decided to try it. She mixed it in his food and coffee, and as the remedy is odorless and tasteless, he never knew what it was that so quickly relieved the craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up in flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and they now have a happy home. Mr. Harry was told about his wife's experiment, and he gives her the credit of having restored him to his senses.

It is certainly a remarkable remedy, cures a man without his effort, does him no harm, and causes him no suffering whatever.

Dr. Haines, the discoverer, will send a sample of this grand remedy free to all who will write for it. Enough of the remedy is mailed free to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food, and that it will cure the dreaded habit quietly and permanently. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1325 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will mail a free sample of the remedy to you, securely sealed in a plain wrapper, also full directions how to use it, books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace.

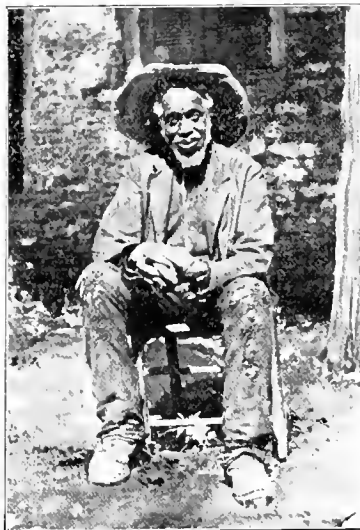
Send for a free trial to-day. It will brighten the rest of your life.

"OLD DAYS IN THE SOUTH."

"Uncle Isaac; or Old Days in the South," is written by William Dudley Powers, a Virginian, who, living all of his early life in Virginia, and among the scenes which belong to Virginia's happy past, is eminently qualified to bring back those recollections of the South's glorious days in a pleasant story to those who have come into life later. It is from the presses of the B. F. Johnson Co., Richmond, Va.

"Uncle Isaac" begins with a romantic but true sketch of the days when the old ducky lived in Virginia, and the author allows the old man to tell his story in his own way.

He tells his young "Marse Charley" and his "Mis' Kate" of what sort of a Christmas they had in the days that are gone; of how his "Mars Ran' got kilt"



UNCLE ISAAC.

in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He glorifies the "Powhatan Troop," and so the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, remembering especially in his talk the Major and others. He tells them also of Gin'rul Stuart, "de fines' cav'ry gin'rul dat dis worl' did eber see," and he recalls seeing Gen. Garnett fall.

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To the thousands of unfortunate people who are sick and despairing with weak kidneys, weak back, rheumatic pains, irritated bladder, Bright's disease or Diabetes a free trial bottle of Peruviana, a new and wonderful remedy, will be sent by mail absolutely free as a trial.



MRS. REV. B. TRESEURIDER.

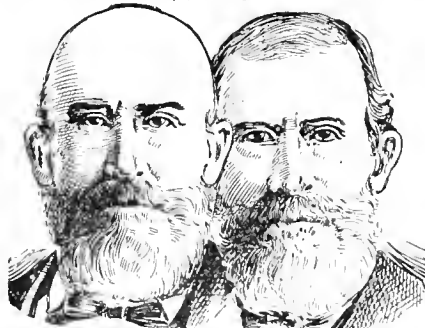
It cured the Mrs. Treseurider, and she writes us as follows: "Dear Sirs.—I have been badly afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble which our family physician failed to cure after almost three months' treatment. I then sent for the Peruviana, have taken one and a half bottles, and I feel that I am cured of the terrible disease. I haven't had a symptom for five weeks. Am truly thankful to you for your kindness, will recommend it to the afflicted, do all I can for the sale of the Peruviana. Very respectfully yours, Mrs. Rev. B. Treseurider, 208 S. Grand Ave., Columbus, Ohio."

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Mr. J. W. Collins, a well known and highly esteemed citizen of Davton, Ky., after passing a generation of



MR. J. W. COLLINS.

baldness, now has an entire new growth of hair of natural color and vigor. The remedy which caused Mr. Collins' hair to grow also cures itching and dandruff, sure signs of approaching baldness and keeps the scalp healthy and vigorous. It also restores gray hair to natural color and produces thick and lustrous eyebrows and eyelashes. By sending your name and address to the Altheim Medical Dispensary, 408 Burtchell Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, they will mail you prepaid a free trial of their remarkable remedy.

If afflicted with SORE EYES USE **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

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Send your name and address, and we will ship watch for examination. If satisfied that this is the biggest bargain, pay \$3.00 and express charge, otherwise don't take FIVE—a magnificent chain and charm, if you sent full cash with order. Mention if lady's or gent's watch is wanted.

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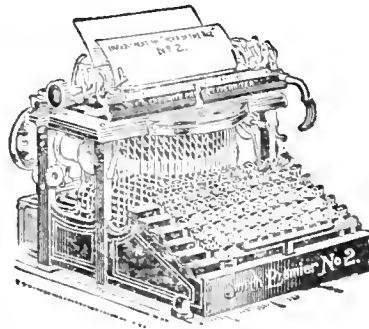
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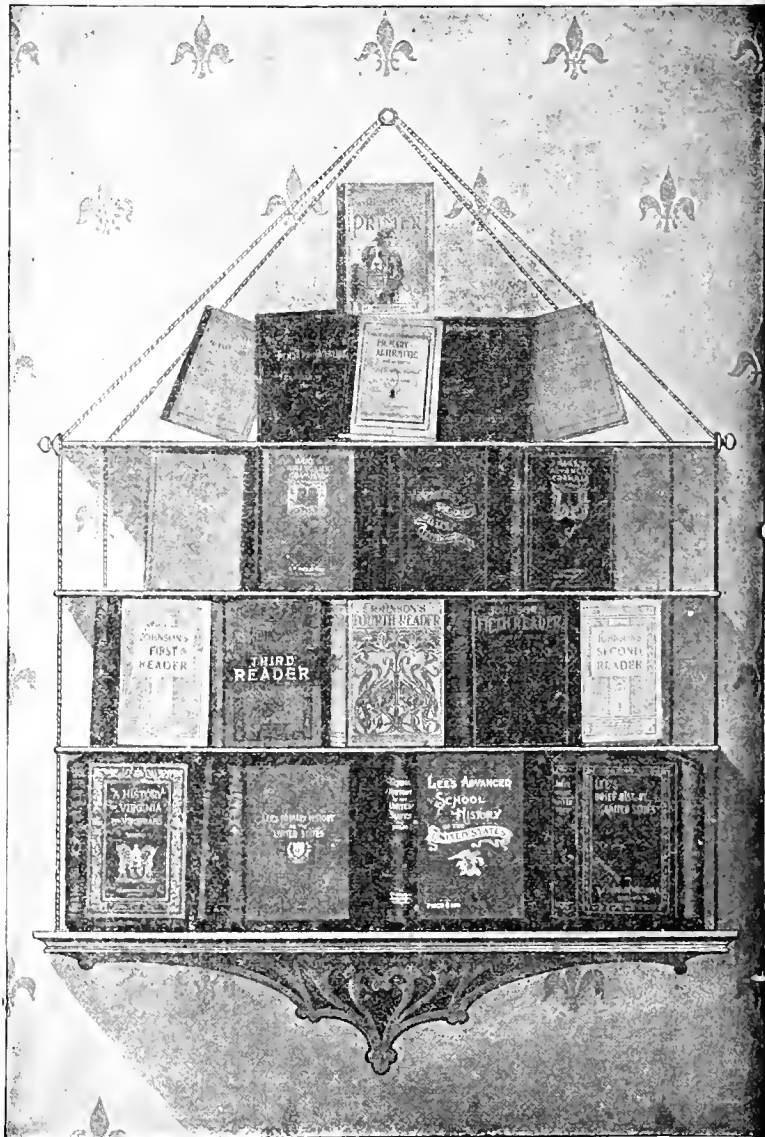
Graham's Arithmetics. By Prof. J. W. Graham, of Clarksville, Tenn. A remarkable, practical series of arithmetics. Teachers are saved unnecessary wear and tear. Pupils acquire proficiency in numbers by a new and improved method that produces the happiest results, and which makes a very attractive study out of an uninteresting one.

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Over \$10,000,000 in resources.
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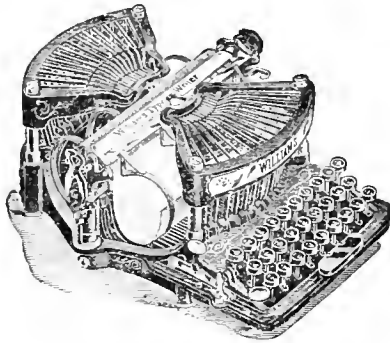
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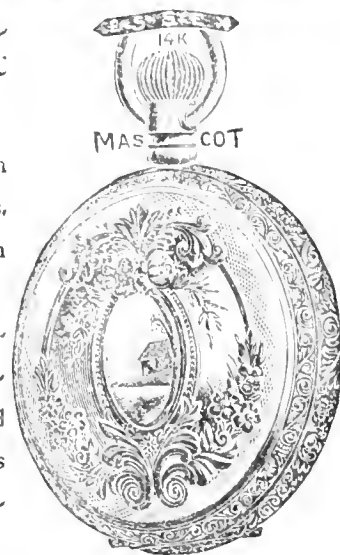
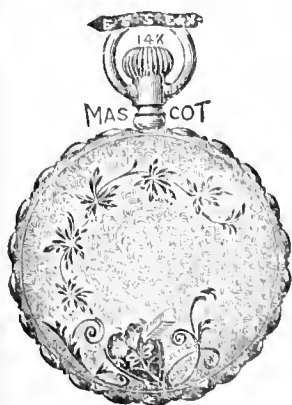
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