GETTYSBURG—PICKETT'S CHARGE

AND

Other War Addresses

BY

JUDGE JAMES [illegible] CROCKER

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James Francis Crocker
June 15th 1915

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JAMES FRANCIS CROCKER

THE FOLLOWING SHORT BIOGRAPHY IS TAKEN FROM "MEN OF MARK IN VIRGINIA," Volume IV, p. 79

JAMES FRANCIS CROCKER

"Crocker, James Francis, was born January 5, 1828, at the Crocker home in Isle of Wight county, Virginia. His parental ancestors early settled in said county; and the home at which he was born had then been in the possession of his lineal ancestors for upwards of a century. His father was James Crocker, the son of William Crocker and Elizabeth Wilson. William Crocker was a wealthy farmer and was major of militia. Elizabeth Wilson was the daughter of Willis Wilson, of Surry, and Sarah Blunt, of Blunt's Castle, Isle of Wight county. Willis Wilson was a prominent citizen of his county, a member of the committee of safety of 1776, and first lieutenant in the company of which William Davies was captain in the 1st state regiment of Virginia, commanded by Patrick Henry. He was a grandson of Nicholas Wilson and Margaret Sampson, and a member of the county court, sheriff, coroner, major of militia and vestryman. Margaret Sampson Wilson received donations from Lieutenant-Colonel James Powell and William Archer as expressions of high esteem.

"Frances Hill Woodley, the mother of James F. Crocker, was the daughter of Major Andrew Woodley and Elizabeth Hill Harrison. Her paternal immigrant ancestor was Andrew Woodley, who settled in Isle of Wight in 1690, and, in 1693, bought the tract of land, which became the

ancestral home, known as "Four Square," and which since 1693 has remained in the family. Through her mother she is descended from Humphrey Marshall, Thomas Hill, and the Harrisons of Isle of Wight.

"James F. Crocker was only six months old when his father died. He received his early education in the classical schools of Smithfield, Virginia. He then entered Pennsylvania college, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and was graduated in 1850, being the valedictorian of his class. He taught school — was professor of mathematics in Madison college — studied law, and was admitted to the bar of Isle of Wight in 1854. In 1855 he was elected to the house of delegates from Isle of Wight county. In 1856, after his service in the legislature, at the instance of mutual friends, he moved to Portsmouth, to enter upon a co-partnership in the practice of law, previously arranged with Colonel David J. Godwin. The firm of Godwin and Crocker was eminently successful, but the lawyer turned soldier in 1861, when Virginia seceded from the union. He was enthusiastically with his state in the resumption of her delegated rights, and gave the Confederacy patriotic service as a private and as adjutant of the 9th Virginia infantry. He was desperately wounded at Malvern Hill, and was wounded and taken prisoner in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

"After the war was over he continued his practice as a lawyer, but on February 1, 1880, his partnership with Colonel Godwin was dissolved by the

latter becoming judge of the corporation court of the city of Norfolk. He then practiced alone until 1896, when he formed partnership with his nephew, Frank L. Crocker, under the firm name and style of Crocker and Crocker. This partnership was dissolved January 1, 1901, when he entered upon the duties of the office of judge of the court of hustings for the city of Portsmouth. He accepted this office at the urgent instance of the bar and citizens of his city, and at the close of his term declined re-election. On his retirement from the bench he was honored by the bar of his court with the presentation of a silver loving cup with the inscription:

"To
"James Francis Crocker
"Judge Court of Hustings 1901-1907.
"Esteem and affection of the Bar of
"Portsmouth, Va.

"In politics he has always been an ardent Democrat of the Jeffersonian states rights school, and maintains that in making her defence, in 1861, Virginia was within her right and duty. He has written and published three addresses touching his experience and observation in the war: "Gettysburg — Pickett's Charge," "My Experience in Taking up Arms and in the Battle of Malvern Hill," and "Prison Reminiscences." These may be found in the 33rd and 34th volumes of "Southern Historical Society Papers." He also published

a companion address to them: "The Rights and Duties of Citizenship growing out of the dual nature of our Government, Federal and State."

"Among the positions he has held are the following: Member of the city council; president of Portsmouth and Norfolk County Monument Association, which early erected the beautiful Confederate monument in the city of Portsmouth; commander of Stonewall Camp, C. V., brigadier-general of the first brigade of the Virginia division of the United Confederate Veterans, state visitor to Mount Vernon Association, member of the board of visitors of William and Mary College. Among the honors that have come to him, he values most highly his recent election to membership of the Phi Beta Kappa society of the mother college of the society — William and Mary.

"He is a member of Trinity Episcopal Church, is one of its wardens, and has, for several years, represented it in the diocesan council of Southern Virginia.

"On June 28, 1866, he married Margaret Jane Hodges, daughter of General John Hodges and Jane Adelaide Gregory. She died July 25, 1896. Their only child, James Gregory Crocker, died August 12, 1868, at the age of six months."

My Personal Experiences in Taking Up Arms and in the Battle of Malvern Hill

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AN ADDRESS BEFORE
STONEWALL CAMP
CONFEDERATE VETERANS
PORTSMOUTH : VIRGINIA
FEBRUARY 6TH, 1889

MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN TAKING UP ARMS AND IN THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL

Commander and Comrades:

It is my turn, by appointment, to give tonight reminiscences of the war. It is expected, as I understand it, that these reminiscences may be largely personal and that it is not to be considered in bad taste to speak of one's self. In fact our soldiers lives were so much the same, our experiences and performances, our aspirations and devotion to our cause were so common to each and all, that to speak of one's self is to tell the story of the rest.

Let it be understood at once that no true soldier can speak of himself and of his services in the Confederate Army, however humble the sphere of his service, without a tone of self commendation. And if I seem to speak in self praise, remember I but speak of each of you. Comrades! I would esteem it the highest honor to stand an equal by your side. For here before me are men — heroes — in courage and in patriotism equal to those who fell at Thermopylae—who with those to whose sacred memory yon monument is erected, aided in achieving a lustre of arms such as is not recorded in all the annals of the past.

The one thing in my personal history touching the war which I recall with most delight and hold

in my supremest pride and satisfaction before all else, is the ardor with which I took up arms. This ardor was not the mere ebullient force of a passionate excitement, but the inspiration of unquestioning conviction that our duty to ourselves, to posterity, to our State, imperiously demanded that we should at all hazards and whatever might be the outcome, take up arms in defence of our rights as a free, independent and liberty-loving people and to repel any invasion of our soil by hostile forces. You recall the glow of this ardor — you felt it — it burned in every true heart of the South. May those who come after us ever bear it in honorable memory, for it was a most sacred feeling, akin to what we feel for our religion and our God in our most devout moments.

It was a bitter alternative that was presented to Virginia, either to submit unresistingly and unconditionally to the determined and persistent encroachments on her equality under the Constitution, or to withdraw herself from the Union of the States which she had been chiefly instrumental in forming and which for that reason, she, more than all the other States, loved pre-eminently. She did all she could to avert this alternative. She sent her most illustrious citizens to Washington to implore for adjustment, for peace and for the perpetuity of the Union. Their petition was most haughtily disregarded. Notwithstanding this, she, through h e r people in solemn convention assembled, repressing all resentment, still stood majestically calm, though deeply moved, with her

hand on the bond of the Union, refusing to untie it. And thus she stood until she was summoned to take up arms against her kindred people of the South and to receive on her soil an advancing hostile force. Put to this alternative, she resumed her delegated rights and sovereignty. In that solemn act, I was passionately with her with my whole soul and mind. And standing here tonight after the lapse of upwards of a quarter of a century, summing up all she suffered and lost in war — in the waste of property, in the desolation of homes and in the blood of her sons, and also fully realizing the blessings of the restored Union, I still declare from the deepest depth of my convictions, that she was right. Yes, I rejoice that my whole being responded in approval and applause of that act of my State. I rejoice in recalling with what willingness I was ready to give my life in its support, and it is the summation of the pride of my life that I served humbly in her cause.

Well do I remember that memorable day, the 20th of April, 1861. Animated by the feeling I have described, fully realizing the immediate imminence of strife, and determined to be ready for it how soon soever it might come, at my own expense I armed myself with musket and accoutrements, took my stand at the Ocean House corner, and there with eagerness awaited the first beat of the first drum that sounded in Virginia the first call to arms.

You remember the profound interest and emotion of that hour. It stifled all light feelings, and

gave to each brow a thoughtful aspect, and to each eye a depth of light which comes only when the heart is weighed with great moving concern. Men pressed in silence each others hands, and spoke in tones subdued by the solemnity and intensity of their inexpressible feelings. All knew that when that long roll once sounded, it would thrill the land, and that it would not cease to be heard, day or night, until silenced in victory or defeat. The long roll beat; and the vulcan sounds of destruction in the navy yard, and the flames of burning buildings and blazing ships told that an unproclaimed war had commenced.

Comrades, is it all a dream? Sometimes to me and doubtless sometimes to you, absorbed and environed as we are by the present, the war seems a mystical and mysterious thing, and we feel that its reality is in some way slipping from us. If in us who were its active participants there may be such tendency, what must it be in those who are taking our places. It is on account of this tendency to lose the reality and meaning of the great war that I have dwelt on this part of my theme. And I cannot allow this occasion to pass without availing myself of it — the occasion of the organization of "Sons of Veterans," who are now before me — to say to them: Believe and know that your State and your fathers in taking up arms, were right. Fail never to know and learn to know that the posterity of no race or people have inherited from their fathers such a legacy of true patriotism, such sublime devotion to duty, such imperish-

able wealth of arms as you have received from yours, and let the precious memory of this enoble you, enrich your spirit, and make you the worthy inheritors of their fame and glory.

The personal reminiscence of the war which I next most value and cherish is the feeling with which we made that memorable charge at Malvern Hill. It was our first battle, for the occurences in which we shared at Seven Pines, did not amount to an engagement. It can never be indifferent to note the feelings with which a soldier enters his first battle. Of all things battle is the most terrible. And to us life is the dearest thing, and the love of life is by nature made the first law of our being. We instinctively shrink from imperilling our lives, and yet with what glad shout we have seen soldiers rush into the fiercest battles. What a glorious thing is manhood! How God-like is the devotion of man to duty — to a cause — in cheerfully giving up life to its service. What a noble and master passion is patriotism. How it exalts and glorifies man. To have once felt it propitiates one's self esteem and makes us ever a hero to ourselves. Shall I say it? Yes, for it can be equally said of each of you who were there. I have ever seemed to myself to have been a hero at Malvern Hill — if to be hero is to feel the loftiest enthusiasm of patriotism—to disdain danger—to stand in the raging storm of shot and shell with a glad sense of duty and privilege to be there, and to be unreservedly willing to meet death for the good

of one's country. All this you felt with me on that memorable charge.

It was in this spirit of devotion, the good, the brave and the loved Vermillion gave there to his country his life. This hero's name bids us pause. How tenderly we all remember him as the warm, generous, frank hearted friend. Brave and chivalrous in spirit, ardent and devoted to duty, graceful in deportment, manly in character, true and proud in self-respect, he commanded the admiration and love of all who knew him. In peace and in war — at home and in camp, he was the same true, manly man. He was ardently patriotic and was passionately devoted to his State and to its cause. He fell while gallantly leading his company on this charge. He fell in the flush of young manhood when life to him was full of high hopes and full of all the sweet endearments of home. He cheerfully gave his life to his country, and his blood was a willing libation to its cause. As among the departed braves Heaven tenderly keeps his happy spirit, so may his memory be ever lovingly cherished among the living. In this same spirit of devotion there fell Prentis, Dozier, Lewer, Parker, Bennett, Fiske, White and others dear in the memory of us all.

Let us recall the part which our own regiment, the Ninth Virginia, took in this memorable charge. Armistead's Brigade, to which our regiment belonged, were the first troops to reach the immediate vicinity of Malvern Hill, arriving there at 10 A. M. Tuesday, July 1st, 1862. On arrival our

regiment was detached from the brigade to guard a strategic point and did not rejoin it until after the battle. From 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. we lay exposed to the shells of the enemy. At this hour we were sent for and conducted to a deep wooded ravine which ran along the very edge of the open field on which the enemy had made a stand, and where they had planted many batteries and massed a great body of infantry. When we took our position in the ravine we found that General Magruder was there in command with a considerable force, all lying down in successive lines on the steep sloping side of the ravine. Nearest its brow was Cobb's Legion; next to them and almost in touching distance was Wright's brigade; next below them was our own gallant regiment forming a line by itself; below us was Mahone's brigade and other forces — near us were Generals Magruder, Cobb, Wright and Armistead. The day was fast declining. The deep shade of the majestic trees with which the valley was filled and the smoke of the enemy's guns brought on twilight dimness before the close of day. As we lay in close rank, we marked the flash of exploding shells that kissed the brow of the ravine and lit it up with a weird light, while the incessant firing of the massed batteries filled the air with constant roar and deafening crash. At one time, as the sun approached the horizon, the air seemed to change; it gained a new elasticity — a clear ring, so that from the sound of the enemy's artillery you would have thought that they were approaching nearer to us. General

Magruder must have also thought so, for he gave direction that some men should ascend the brow of the hill and see if the enemy were advancing. The enemy had not and were not advancing, but from an elevation in the open field they poured from their batteries a living fire and a constant flow of shells.

The scene was solemn and grandly inspiring. We felt that the very genius of battle was astir, and the martial spirit was thoroughly aroused. All waited with impatience for the order to charge — that order which whenever given either fires the heart or pales the face of the soldier. At last Magruder gives the order. It is first repeated by General Cobb, and his brave Legion with a shout that for the moment drowned the roar of the artillery, arose and rushed forward. Then Wright repeats the order to his brigade, and as quick as thought his men spring forward. Then came from General Armistead: "Ninth Virginia, charge!" The men arose with a shout — a joyous shout that rose above the din of battle and with a passionate enthusiasm we rushed forward. Danger seemed to be banished from every bosom. Victory and glory absorbed every other feeling. We rushed on and forward to within a short distance of the crown of the hill on which the enemy was massed. On us was concentrated the shell and cannister of many cannon and the fire of compact masses of infantry. It was murderous and a useless waste of life to go further. Our regiment was halted and it took position in line with other troops which

had preceded us in the charge along and under the slope of the field, and here held its ground until the morning disclosed that the enemy had left. This gallant charge immortalized the Ninth Virginia and gave it a fame which it was its pride ever after to maintain in all the great battles in which it was engaged.

On this charge there came to me a new experience — a common experience on the battlefield — that of being wounded. When our regiment had taken its position just described by moving to the right, I found myself on its extreme left standing up on an open field in the face of the enemy a short distance off with a storm of shot and shell literally filling the air. I remember as I stood there I looked upon the enemy with great admiration. They were enveloped in the smoke of their guns and had a shadowy appearance, yet I could easily discern their cross belts, and I watched them go through the regular process of loading and firing. They seemed to be firing with as much steadiness and regularity as if on dress parade. It was a grand sight and I was impressed with their courage and discipline. I had not then learned the wisdom and duty of a soldier to seek all allowable protection from danger. I had a foolish pride to be and to appear fearless — as if it were a shame to seem to do anything to avoid danger. I remember that immediately on my right a soldier had sheltered himself behind a low stump. While silently approving his conduct in this respect yet apprehending he might only shelter himself, I said

to him, "Do not fail to fire on the enemy." I had scarcely uttered these words when I heard and felt that sounding thud of the minie ball which became so familiar to our soldiers. My left arm fell to my side and the blood streamed from my throat. I staggered and would have fallen had not two members of the Old Dominion Guard stepped quickly up and caught me and bore me off the field. I was shot through the throat, through the shoulder and through the arm. And I today wear six scars from wounds then received, scars more prized by me than all the ribbons and jewelled decorations of the kingly grant. When Moses P. Young and James H. Robinson came to my relief I delivered to them what was my first and what I then regarded my last and dying request, for I then thought the wound through my throat must soon prove mortal. It was in these words which I have ever since borne freshly in memory: "Tell my friends at home that I did my duty." These words expressed all that was in me at that moment — friends they express all that is in my life. Well do I remember that supreme moment, how I was without fear, and was perfectly willing to die — to die the death of the patriot, — and how then came upon me the tender thought of home and of home friends, and all my earthly aspirations concentrated into the one wish that my memory might be kindly linked to the recognition that I gave my life honorably and bravely in duty to myself, to my country and to my God.

Gettysburg—Pickett's Charge

AN ADDRESS BEFORE
STONEWALL CAMP
CONFEDERATE VETERANS
PORTSMOUTH : VIRGINIA
NOVEMBER 7TH, 1894

GETTYSBURG — PICKETT'S CHARGE

You command me to renew an inexpressible sorrow, and to speak of those things of which we were a part

It is now nearly thirty years since there died away on the plains of Appomattox the sound of musketry and the roar of artillery. Then and there closed a struggle as heroic as ever was made by a brave and patriotic people for home government and home nationality. The tragic story of that great struggle has ever since been to me as a sealed, sacred book. I have never had the heart to open it. I knew that within its lids there were annals that surpassed the annals of all past times, in the intelligent, profound, and all-absorbing patriotism of our people — in the unselfish and untiring devotion of an entire population to a sacred cause — and in the brilliancy and prowess of arms which have shed an imperishable glory and honor on the people of this Southland. Yet there was such an ending to such great deeds! The heart of this great people, broken with sorrow, has watered with its tears those brilliant annals until every page shows the signs of a nation's grief. And with it all there are buried memories as dear and as sacred as the ashes of loved ones. No, I have had no heart to open the pages of that sacred yet tragic history. Not until you assigned me the duty of

saying something of Pickett's charge at the battle of Gettysburg have I ever read the official or other accounts of that great battle; and when I lately read them my heart bled afresh, and my inward being was shaken to the deepest depths of sad, tearful emotions, and I wished that you had given to another the task you gave to me.

On the 13th day of December, 1862, Burnside lead his great and splendidly equipped army down from the heights of Fredericksburg, crossed the Rappahannock, and gave battle to Lee. His army was repulsed with great slaughter and was driven back bleeding and mangled to its place of safety. The star of Burnside went down and out. General Hooker was called to the command of the Army of the Potomac. After five months of recuperation and convalescence, with greatly augmented numbers and with every appliance that military art and national wealth could furnish in the perfect equipment of a great army, it was proclaimed with much flourish amidst elated hopes and expectancy, that his army was ready to move. To meet this great host Lee could rely for success only on the great art of war and the unfailing courage of his soldiers. Hooker crossed the Rappahannock and commenced to entrench himself. Lee did not wait to be attacked, but at once delivered battle. The battle of Chancellorsville was fought — the most interesting battle of the war — in which the blended genius of Lee and Jackson illustrated to the world the highest achievement of generalship in the management of the lesser against the greatly su-

perior force. Again was the Army of the Potomac crushed and driven across the Rappahannock.

And now there arose a great question in the camp and in the council of State. It was a question of statesmanship as well as of arms. The question was answered by Lee withdrawing his army from before Hooker and proceeding through the lower Shenandoah Valley to Pennsylvania, leaving the road to Richmond open to be taken by the enemy if he should still prefer the policy of "on to Richmond." The motive of this movement was two-fold — to relieve Virginia of the enemy by forcing him to defend his own country, and by a possible great victory to affect public opinion of the North, and thus to conquer peace. The first object was accomplished; for as soon as Hooker discerned the movement of Lee, he hastened to follow and to put his army between Lee and Washington. Had Lee gained a crushing victory Baltimore and Washington would have been in his power, and then in all probability peace would have ensued. Public opinion in the North was greatly depressed, and sentiments of peace were ready to assert themselves. An incident illustrated this. As we were marching from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, I observed some ladies near the roadway wave their handkerchiefs to our passing troops. It excited my attention and curiosity. I rode up to them and said, "Ladies, I observed you waving your handkerchiefs as if in cheer to our army. Why so? We are your enemies and the enemies of your country." They replied: "We

are tired of the war and want you to conquer peace." I was greatly impressed with their answer, and saw that there might be true patriotism in their act and hopes.

The invasion of Pennsylvania was wise and prudent from the standpoint of both arms and statesmanship. Everything promised success. Never was the Army of Northern Virginia in better condition. The troops had unbounded confidence in themselves and in their leaders. They were full of the fervor of patriotism — had abiding faith in their cause and in the favoring will of Heaven There was an elation from the fact of invading the country of an enemy that had so cruelly invaded theirs. The spirit and elan of our soldiers was beyond description. They only could know it who felt it. They had the courage and dash to accomplish anything — everything but the impossible. On the contrary, the Federal army was never so dispirited, as I afterwards learned from some of its officers. And this was m o s t natural. They marched from the bloody fields of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the scenes of their humiliating and bloody defeat, to meet a foe from whom they had never won a victory.

But alas, how different the result! Gettysburg was such a sad ending to such high and well assured hopes! Things went untoward with our generals. And Providence itself, on which we had so much relied, seems to have led us by our mishaps to our own destruction.

The disastrous result of the campaign, in my

opinion, was not due to the generalship of Lee, but wholly to the disregard of his directions by some of his generals. The chief among these, I regret to say, was the failure of General Stuart to follow the order* of Lee, which directed him to move into Maryland, crossing the Potomac east or west of the Blue Ridge, as, in his judgment, should be best, and take *position on the right of our column as it advanced.* Instead of taking position on the right of our column as it advanced, Stuart followed the right of the Federal column, thus placing it between himself and Lee. The consequence was that Lee from the time he crossed the Potomac had no communication with Stuart until after the battle on the 1st of July, when he heard that Stuart was at Carlisle, and Stuart did not reach Gettysburg until the afternoon of July 2d. Lee, referring to Stuart, says: "By the route he pursued the Federal army was interposed between his command and our main body, preventing any communication with him until he arrived at Carlisle. The march toward Gettysburg was conducted more slowly than it would have been had the movements of the Federal army been known."† These are solemn, mild words, but they cover the defeat at Gettysburg. Had Lee known the movements of the Federal army he could easily have had his whole army concentrated in Gettysburg on the 1st of July, and could easily have enveloped and crushed

*Lee's Report July 31, 1863, War Records, Series I, Vol. 27, Part 2, p. 306.

†Id. p. 307.

the enemy's advanced corps, and then defeated Meade in detail. But as it was, the encounter of the advance of the Federal army was a surprise to Lee.

Hill had on the 30th of June encamped with two of his divisions, Heth's and Pender's at Cashtown, about eight miles from Gettysburg. Next morning he moved with Heth's division, followed by Pender's toward Gettysburg. They encountered the enemy about three miles of the town. The enemy offered very determined resistance, but Heth's division, with great gallantry, drove him before it until it reached Seminary Heights, which overlooked Gettysburg. At this time, 2 p. m., Rodes' and Early's divisions of Ewell's corps — the first from Carlisle and the other from York, made their opportune appearance on the left of Heth and at right angles to it; then Pender's division was thrown forward, and all advancing together drove the enemy from position to position, and through the town, capturing 5,000 prisoners, and putting the enemy to flight in great disorder. Referring to this juncture of affairs, Col. Walter H. Taylor, in his "Four Years With Genl. Lee," says: "Genl. Lee witnessed the flight of the Federals through Gettysburg and up the hills beyond. He then directed me to go to Genl. Ewell and to say to him that from the position he occupied he could see the enemy retiring over the hills, without organization and in great confusion; that it was only necessary to press 'those people' in order to secure possession of the heights, and that, if possible, he

wanted him to do this. In obedience to these instructions I proceeded immediately to Genl. Ewell and delivered the order of Genl. Lee." Genl. Ewell did not obey this order. Those heights were what is known as Cemetery Hill, which was the key to the Federal position. The enemy afterward, that night, with great diligence fortified those heights; and subsequently the lives of thousands of our soldiers were sacrificed in the vain effort to capture them. It was a fatal disobedience of orders. What if Jackson had been there? Col. Taylor would not have had any order to bear to him. Lee would have witnessed not only the fleeing enemy, but at the same time the hot pursuit of Stonewall Jackson. Ah! if Stuart had been there, to give one bugle blast and to set his squadrons on the charge! Alas! he was then twenty-five miles away at Carlisle, ignorant that a battle was on.

That afternoon after the fight was over, Anderson's division of Hill's corps arrived on the battle field and took position where Pender formerly was. At sunset Johnson's division of Ewell's corps came up and took line of battle on Early's left, and about midnight McLaws' division and Hood's division (except Laws' brigade) of Longstreet's corps encamped within four miles of Gettysburg. The troops which had been engaged in the fight bivouacked on the positions won. I am thus particular to locate our troops in order to show who may be responsible for any errors of the next day.

Inasmuch as Meade's army was not fully up, it

required no great generalship to determine that it would be to our advantage to make an attack as early in the next morning as possible. And it was no more than reasonable that every general having control of troops should feel and fully appreciate the imperious necessity of getting ready to do so and to be ready for prompt action.

General Lee determined to make the main attack on the enemy's left early in the morning. This attack was to be made by Longstreet, who was directed to take position on the right of Hill and on the Emmittsburg road. After a conference with the corps and division commanders the previous evening, it was understood that this attack was to be made as early as practicable by Longstreet, and he was to be supported by Anderson and to receive the co-operation of Ewell. General Fitzhugh Lee in his "Life of Lee," says: "When Lee went to sleep that night he was convinced that his dispositions for the battle next day were understood by the corps commanders, for he had imparted them to each in person. On the morning of July 2, Lee was up before light, breakfasted and was ready for the fray."

Can you believe it? Can you even at this distant day altogether suppress a rising indignation — that Longstreet did not get into line of battle until after 4 P. M., although he had the previous night encamped within four miles of Gettysburg? In the meanwhile Sickles had taken position in what is known as the Peach Orchard and on the Emmittsburg road, which were the positions as-

signed to Longstreet, and which he could have taken earlier in the day without firing a gun. The forces of the enemy had come up from long distances — Sedgwick had marched thirty-four miles since 9 P. M., of the day before and had gotten into line of battle before Longstreet did.

The attack was made. Sickles was driven from the Peach Orchard and the Emmittsburg road. Little Round Top and the Federal lines were penetrated, but they were so largely reinforced that the attack failed after the most courageous effort and great expenditure of lives. It has been stated that if this attack had been made in the morning as directed, Lee would have won a great victory, and the fighting of the 3d would have been saved. The attack on the left also failed. There, too, the lines and entrenchments of the enemy were penetrated, but they could not be held for want of simultaneous and conjoint action on the part of the commanders. Col. Taylor, speaking of this, says: "The whole affair was disjointed."

Thus ended the second day. General Lee determined to renew the attack on the morrow. He ordered Longstreet to make the attack next morning with his whole corps, and sent to aid him in the attack of Heth's division under Pettigrew, Lane's and Scales' brigades of Pender's division under General Trimble, and also Wilcox's brigade, and directed General Ewell to assail the enemy's right at the same time. "A careful examination," says Lee, "was made of the ground secured by Longstreet, and his batteries placed in position,

which it was believed would enable them to silence those of the enemy. Hill's artillery and part of Ewell's was ordered to open simultaneously, and the assaulting column to advance under cover of the combined fire of the three. The batteries were directed to be pushed forward as the infantry progressed, protect their flanks and support their attacks closely." Every word of this order was potentially significant. You will thus observe Lee's plan of attack. It was to be made in the morning — presumably in the early morning — with the whole of Longstreet's corps, composed of the divisions of Pickett, McLaws and Hood, together with Heth's division, two brigades of Pender and Wilcox's brigade, and that the assaulting column was to advance under the cover of the combined fire of the artillery of the three corps, and that the assault was to be the combined assault of infantry and artillery — the batteries to be pushed forward as the infantry progressed, to protect their flanks and support their attack closely. The attack was not made as here ordered. The attacking column did not move until 3 P. M., and when it did move it was without McLaws' and Hood's divisions and practically without Wilcox's brigade, and without accompanying artillery. The whole attacking force did not exceed 14,000, of which Pickett's division did not exceed 4,700. General Lee afterwards claimed that if the attack had been made as he ordered, it would have been successful.

In order to appreciate the charge made by the attacking force, it is necessary to have some idea

of the relative strength and positions of the two armies, and of the topography of the country. Before the battle of Gettysburg opened on the 1st of July, Meade's army consisted of seven army corps which, with artillery and cavalry, numbered 105,000. Lee's army consisted of three army corps which, with artillery and cavalry, numbered 62,000. On the 3rd of July the enemy had six army corps in line of battle, with the Sixth corps held in reserve. Their right rested on Culp Hill and curved around westerly to Cemetery Hill, and thence extended southerly in a straight line along what is known as Cemetery Ridge to Round Top. This line was well protected along its whole length with either fortifications, stone walls or entrenchments. It was crowned with batteries, while the infantry was, in places, several ranks deep, with a line in the rear with skirmish lines in front. The form of the line was like a shepherd's crook. Our line extended from the enemy's right to Seminary Ridge, which runs parallel to Cemetery Ridge, to a point opposite to Round Top. Between these two ridges lay an open, cultivated valley of about one mile wide, and through this valley ran the Emmittsburg road in a somewhat diagonal line, with a heavy fence on either side. The charge was to be made across this valley so as to strike the left centre of the enemy's line. The hope was that if we broke their line, we would swing around to the left, rout and cut off their right wing, where Stuart waited with his cavalry to charge upon them; and thus destroy or capture them, and put

ourselves in possession of the Baltimore road and of a commanding position.

Such were the plans of the assault and such was the position of the hostile forces. Lee's plan to make an assault was dangerous and hazardous, but he was pressed by the force of circumstances which we cannot now consider. The success of his plan depended largely on the promptness and co-operation of his generals. Without this there could be little hope of success. He gave his orders and retired for tomorrow.

All wait on the tomorrow. And now the 3d of July has come. The summer sun early heralded by roseate dawn, rises serenely and brightly from beyond the wooded hills. No darkening clouds obscure his bright and onward way. His aspect is as joyous as when Eden first bloomed under his rays. Earth and heaven are in happy accord. The song of birds, the chirp and motion of winged insects greet the early morn. The wild flowers and the cultivated grain of the fields are glad in their beauty and fruitage. The streams joyously ripple on their accustomed way, and the trees lift and wave their leafy branches in the warm, life-giving air. Never was sky or earth more serene — more harmonious — more aglow with light and life.

In blurring discord with it all was man alone. Thousands and tens of thousands of men — once happy fellow countrymen, now in arms, had gathered in hostile hosts and in hostile confronting lines. It was not the roseate dawn nor rising sun that awoke them from the sleep of wearied limbs.

Before the watching stars had withdrawn from their sentinel posts, the long roll, the prelude of battle, had sounded their reveille, and rudely awoke them from fond dreams of home and loved ones far away. For two days had battle raged. On the first, when the field was open and equal, the soldiers of the South, after most determined resistance, had driven their foe before them from position to position — from valley to hill top, through field and through the town, to the heights beyond. On the second day, on our right and on our left, with heroic valor and costly blood, they had penetrated the lines and fortifications of the enemy, but were too weak to hold the prize of positions gained against overpowering numbers of concentrated reinforcements. The dead and wounded marked the lines of the fierce combat. The exploded caissons, the dismounted cannon, the dead artillery horses, the scattered rifles, the earth soaked with human gore — the contorted forms of wounded men, and the white, cold faces of the dead, made a mockery and sad contrast to the serene and smiling face of the skies.

From the teamsters to the general in chief it was known that the battle was yet undecided — that the fierce combat was to be renewed. All knew that victory won or defeat suffered, was to be at a fearful cost — that the best blood of the land was to flow copiously as a priceless oblation to the god of battle. The intelligent soldiers of the South knew and profoundly felt that the hours were potential — that on them possibly hung the success

of their cause — the peace and independence of the Confederacy. They knew that victory meant so much more to them than to the enemy. It meant to us uninvaded and peaceful homes under our own rule and under our own nationality. With us it was only to be let alone. With this end in view, all felt that victory was to be won at any cost. All were willing to die, if only their country could thereby triumph. And fatal defeat meant much to the enemy. It meant divided empire — lost territory and severed population. Both sides felt that the hours were big with the fate of empire. The sense of the importance of the issue, and the responsibility of fully doing duty equal to the grand occasion, impressed on us all a deep solemnity and a seriousness of thought that left no play for gay moods or for sympathy with nature's smiling aspect, however gracious. Nor did we lightly consider the perils of our duty. From our position in line of battle, which we had taken early in the morning, we could see the frowning and cannon-crowned heights far off held by the enemy. In a group of officers, a number of whom did not survive that fatal day, I could not help expressing that it was to be another Malvern Hill, another costly day to Virginia and to Virginians. While all fully saw and appreciated the cost and the fearful magnitude of the assault, yet all were firmly resolved, if possible, to pluck victory from the very jaws of death itself. Never were men more conscious of the difficulty imposed on them by duty, or more determinedly resolved to perform it with alacrity

and cheerfulness, even to annihilation, than were the men of Pickett's division on that day. With undisturbed fortitude and even with ardent impatience did they await the command for the assault. The quiet of the day had been unbroken save on our extreme left, where in the early morning there had been some severe fighting; but this was soon over, and now all on both sides were at rest, waiting in full expectancy of the great assault, which the enemy, as well as we, knew was to be delivered. The hours commenced to go wearily by. The tension on our troops had become great. The midday sun had reached the zenith, and poured its equal and impartial rays between the opposite ridges that bounded the intervening valley running North and South. Yet no sound or stir broke the ominous silence. Both armies were waiting spectators for the great event. Upwards of one hundred thousand unengaged soldiers were waiting as from a grand amphitheatre to witness the most magnificent heroic endeavor in arms that ever immortalized man. Still the hours lingered on. Why the delay? There is a serious difference of opinion between the general in chief and his most trusted lieutenant general as to the wisdom of making the assault. Lee felt, from various considerations, the forced necessity of fighting out the battle here, and having the utmost confidence in his troops he fully expected victory if the attack be made as he had ordered. Longstreet, foreseeing the great loss of assaulting the entrenched position of the enemy and making such assault over such a distance

under the concentrated fire, urges that the army should be moved beyond the enemy's left flank, with the hope of forcing him thus to abandon his stronghold or to fight us to our advantage. Longstreet pressed this view and delayed giving the necessary orders until Lee more pre-emptorily repeated his own order to make the assault. Even then Longstreet was so reluctant to carry out the orders of Lee that he placed upon Lt.-Col. Alexander, who was in charge of the artillery on this day, the responsibility of virtually giving the order for its execution.

At last, in our immediate front, at 1 P. M., there suddenly leaped from one of our cannons a single sharp, far-reaching sound, breaking the long-continued silence and echoing along the extended lines of battle and far beyond the far-off heights. All were now at a strained attention. Then quickly followed another gun. Friend and foe at once recognized that these were signal guns. Then hundreds of cannon opened upon each other from the confronting heights. What a roar — how incessant! The earth trembled under the mighty resound of cannon. The air is darkened with sulphurous clouds. The whole valley is enveloped. The sun, lately so glaring, is itself obscured. Nothing can be seen but the flashing light leaping from the cannon's mouth amidst the surrounding smoke. The air which was so silent and serene is now full of exploding and screaming shells and shot, as if the earth had opened and let out the very furies of Avernus. The hurtling and death-dealing missiles

are plowing amidst batteries, artillery and lines of infantry, crushing, mangling and killing until the groans of the men mingle with the tempest's sound. The storm of battle rages. It is appalling, terrific, yet grandly exciting. It recalls the imagery of Byron's night-storm amidst the Alps:

"The sky is changed, and such a change! * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud."

After two hours of incessant firing the storm at last subsides. It has been a grand and fit prelude to what is now to follow. All is again silent. Well knowing what is shortly to follow, all watch in strained expectancy. The waiting is short. Only time for Pickett to report to his lieutenant-general his readiness and to receive the word of command. Pickett said: "General, shall I advance?" Longstreet turned away his face and did not speak. Pickett repeated the question. Longstreet, without opening his lips, bowed in answer. Pickett, in a determined voice, said: "Sir, I shall lead my division forward," and galloped back and gave the order, "Forward march!" The order ran down through brigade, regimental and company officers to the men. The men with alacrity and cheerfulness fell into line. Kemper's brigade on the right, Garnett's on his left, with Heth's division on the

left of Garnett, formed the first line. Armistead's brigade moved in rear of Garnett's, and Lane's and Scales' brigades of Pender's division moved in the rear of Heth, but not in touch nor in line with Armistead. As the lines cleared the woods that skirted the brow of the ridge and passed through our batteries, with their flags proudly held aloft, waving in the air, with polished muskets and swords gleaming and flashing in the sunlight, they presented an inexpressibly grand and inspiring sight. It is said that when our troops were first seen there ran along the line of the Federals, as from men who had waited long in expectancy, the cry: There they come! There they come! The first impression made by the magnificent array of our lines as they moved forward, was to inspire the involuntary admiration of the enemy. Then they realized that they came, terrible as an army with banners. Our men moved with quick step as calmly and orderly as if they were on parade. No sooner than our lines came in full view, the enemy's batteries in front, on the right and on the left, from Cemetery Hill to Round Top, opened on them with a concentrated, accurate and fearful fire of shell and solid shot. These plowed through or exploded in our ranks, making great havoc. Yet they made no disturbance. As to the orderly conduct and steady march of our men, they were as if they had not been. As the killed and wounded dropped out, our lines closed and dressed up, as if nothing had happened, and went on with steady march. I remember I saw a shell explode amidst

the ranks of the left company of the regiment on our right. Men fell like ten-pins in a ten-strike. Without a pause and without losing step, the survivors dressed themselves to their line and our regiment to the diminished regiment, and all went on as serenely and as unfalteringly as before. My God! it was magnificent — this march of our men. What was the inspiration that gave them this stout courage — this gallant bearing — this fearlessness — this steadiness — this collective and individual heroism? It was home and country. It was the fervor of patriotism — the high sense of individual duty. It was blood and pride of state — the inherited quality of a brave and honorable ancestry.

On they go — down the sloping sides of the ridge — across the valley — over the double fences — up the slope that rises to the heights crowned with stone walls and entrenchments, studded with batteries, and defended by multiple lines of protected infantry. The skirmish line is driven in. And now there bursts upon our ranks in front and on flank, like sheeted hail, a new storm of missiles — canister, shrapnel and rifle shot. Still the column advances steadily and onward, without pause or confusion. Well might Count de Paris describe it as an irresistible machine moving forward which nothing could stop. The dead and wounded — officers and men — mark each step of advance. Yet under the pitiless rain of missiles the brave men move on, and then with a rush and cheering yell they reach the stone wall. Our flags are planted on the defenses. Victory seems within

grasp, but more is to be done. Brave Armistead, coming up, overleaps the wall and calls on all to follow. Brave men follow his lead. Armistead is now among the abandoned cannon, making ready to turn them against their former friends. Our men are widening the breach of the penetrated and broken lines of the Federals. But, now the enemy has made a stand, and are rallying. It is a critical moment. That side must win which can command instant reinforcements. They come not to Armistead, but they come to Webb, and they come to him from every side in overwhelming numbers in our front and with enclosing lines on either flank. They are pushed forward. Armistead is shot down with mortal wounds and heavy slaughter is made of those around him. The final moment has come when there must be instant flight, instant surrender, or instant death. Each alternative is shared. Less than 1,000 escape of all that noble division which in the morning numbered 4,700; all the rest either killed, wounded or captured. All is over. As far as possible for mortals they approached the accomplishment of the impossible. Their great feat of arms has closed. The charge of Pickett's division has been proudly, gallantly and right royally delivered.

And then, at once, before our dead are counted, there arose from that bloody immortalized field, Fame, the Mystic Goddess, and from her trumpet in clarion notes there rang out upon the ear of the world the story of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. All over this country, equally North and South,

millions listened and returned applause. Over ocean Fame wings her way. Along the crowded population and cities of Europe she rings out the story. The people of every brave race intently listen and are thrilled. Over the famous battlefields of modern and ancient times she sweeps. Over the ruins and dust of Rome the story is heralded. Thermopylae hears and applauds. The ancient pyramids catch the sound, and summing up the records of their hoary centuries, searching, find therein no story of equal courage. Away over the mounds of buried cities Fame challenges, in vain, a response from their past. Over the continents and the isles of the sea the story runs. The whole world is tumultuous with applause. A new generation has heard the story with undiminished admiration and praise. It is making its way up through the opening years to the opening centuries. The posterities of all the living will gladly hear and treasure it, and will hand it down to the end of time as an inspiration and example of courage to all who shall hereafter take up arms.

The intrinsic merit of the charge of Pickett's men at Gettysburg, is too great, too broad, too immortal for the limitations of sections, of states, or of local pride.

The people of this great and growing republic, now so happily reunited, have and feel a common kinship and a common heritage in this peerless example of American courage and American heroism.

But let us return to the battlefield to view our dead, our dying and our wounded. Here they lie

scattered over the line of their march; here at the stone wall they lie in solid heaps along its foot; and here within the Federal lines they are as autumnal leaves — each and all precious heroes — each the loved one of some home in dear, dear Virginia. Now we seem to catch the sound of another strain. It is more human; it touches pathetically more closely human hearts. It is the wailing voice of afflicted love. It is the sobbing outburst of the sorrow of bereavement coming up from so many homes and families, from so many kinsmen and friends; and with it comes the mournful lamentations of Virginia herself, the mother of us all, over the loss of so many of her bravest and best sons.

Of her generals Garnett is dead, Armistead is dying; and Kemper desperately wounded. Of her colonels of regiments six are killed on the field, Hodges, Edmonds, Magruder, Williams, Patton, Allen, and Owen is dying and Stuart mortally wounded. Three lieutenant-colonels are killed, Calcutt, Wade and Ellis. Five colonels, Hunton, Terry, Garnett, Mayo and Aylett, are wounded. Four lieutenant-colonels commanding regiments, Martin, Carrington, Otey and Richardson are wounded. Of the whole complement of field officers in fifteen regiments only one escaped unhurt, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph C. Cabell. The loss of company officers are in equal proportion. It is a sad, mournful summing up. Let the curtain fall on the tragic scene.

But there are some of those who fell on that

field whom I cannot pass by with a mere enumeration.

Gen. Lewis A. Armistead, the commander of our brigade, is one of these. Fortune made him the most advanced and conspicuous hero of that great charge. He was to us the very embodiment of a heroic commander. On this memorable day he placed himself on foot in front of his brigade. He drew his sword, placed his hat on its point, proudly held it up as a standard, and strode in front of his men, calm, self-collected, resolute and fearless. All he asked was that his men should follow him. Thus in front he marched until within about one hundred paces of the stone wall some officer on horseback, whose name I have never been able to learn, stopped him for some purpose. The few moments of detention thus caused were sufficient to put him for the first time in the rear of his advancing brigade. Then quickly on he came, and when he reached the stone wall where others stopped, he did not pause an instant — over it he went and called on all to follow. He fell, as above stated, amidst the enemy's guns, mortally wounded. He was taken to the Eleventh Corps' Hospital, and in a few days he died and was buried there.

Another: Col. James Gregory Hodges, of the 14th Virginia, of Armistead's brigade, fell instantly killed at the foot of the stone wall of the Bloody Angle, and around and over his dead body there was literally a pile of his dead officers around him, including gallant Major Poor. On the occasion of

the reunion of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, 1887, General Hunt, chief of the Federal artillery at this battle, who had known Col. Hodges before the war, pointed out to me where he saw him lying dead among his comrades. He led his regiment in this memorable charge with conspicuous courage and gallantry. He was an able and experienced officer. At the breaking out of the war he was Colonel of the Third Virginia Volunteers, and from 20th April, 1861, until he fell at Gettysburg he served with distinguished ability, zeal and gallantry his State and the Confederacy. He was with his regiment in every battle in which it was engaged in the war. He commanded the love and confidence of his men, and they cheerfully and fearlessly ever followed his lead. His memory deserves to be cherished and held in the highest esteem by his city, to which by his virtues, character and patriotic service he brought honor and consideration.

Col. John C. Owens, of the Ninth Virginia, Armistead's Brigade, also of this city, fell mortally wounded on the charge, and died in the field hospital that night. He had been recently promoted to the colonelency of the regiment from the captaincy of the Portsmouth Rifles, Company G. As adjutant of the regiment I had every opportunity of knowing and appreciating Col. Owens as a man and officer. I learned to esteem and love him. He was intelligent, quiet, gentle, kind and considerate. Yet he was firm of purpose and of strong will. He knew how to command and how to require obedi-

ence. He was faithful, and nothing could swerve him from duty. Under his quiet, gentle manner there was a force of character surprising to those who did not know him well. And he was as brave and heroic as he was gentle and kind. Under fire he was cool, self-possessed, and without fear. He was greatly beloved and respected by his regiment, although he had commanded it for a very short time. He fell while gallantly leading his regiment before it reached the enemy's lines. He, too, is to be numbered among those heroes of our city, who left home, never to return; who after faithful and distinguished service, fell on the field of honor, worthy of the high rank he had attained, reflecting by his life, patriotism and courage, honor on his native city, which will never let his name and patriotic devotion be forgotten.

John C. Niemeyer, First Lieutenant I, Ninth Virginia, was killed in that charge just before reaching the famous stone wall. He was a born soldier, apt, brave, dashing. He was so young, so exuberant in feeling, so joyous in disposition, that in my recollection of him he seems to have been just a lad. Yet he knew and felt the responsibility of office, and faithfully and gallantly discharged its duties. He was a worthy brother of the distinguished Col. W. F. Niemeyer, a brilliant officer who also gave his young life to the cause.

And there, too, fell my intimate friend, John S. Jenkins, Adjutant of the Fourteenth Virginia. He, doubtless, was one of those gallant officers whom General Hunt saw when he recognized Colonel

Hodges immediately after the battle, lying dead where he fell, who had gathered around him, and whose limbs were interlocked in death as their lives had been united in friendship and comradeship in the camp. He fell among the bravest, sealed his devotion to his country by his warm young blood, in the flush of early vigorous manhood when his life was full of hope and promise. He gave up home which was peculiarly dear and sweet to him, when he knew that hereafter his only home would be under the flag of his regiment, wherever it might lead, whether on the march, in the camp or on the battle field. His life was beautiful and manly — his death was heroic and glorious, and his name is of the imperishable ones of Pickett's charge.

Time fails me to do more than mention among those from our city who were killed at Gettysburg: Lieut. Robert Guy, Lieut. George W. Mitchell, John A. F. Dundedale, Lemuel H. Williams, W. B. Bennett, John W. Lattimore, W. G. Monte, Richard J. Nash, Thomas C. Owens, Daniel Byrd, John Cross and Joshua Murden — heroes all — who contributed to the renown of Pickett's charge, gave new lustre to the prowess of arms, and laid a new chaplet of glory on the brow of Virginia, brighter and more immortal than all others worn by her.

"Let marble shafts and sculptured urns
Their names record, their actions tell,
Let future ages read and learn
How well they fought, how nobly fell."

PRISON REMINISCENCES

AN ADDRESS BEFORE
STONEWALL CAMP
CONFEDERATE VETERANS
PORTSMOUTH : VIRGINIA
FEBRUARY 2ND, 1904

PRISON REMINISCENCES

In the charge of Pickett's Division at the battle of Gettysburg I was wounded and taken prisoner. With some others I was taken to the Twelfth Corps Hospital, situated in the rear of the left battle line of the Federals. I was here treated with much kindness and consideration. Among other officers who showed me kindness was Col. Dwight, of New York. Professor Stoever, of Pennsylvania College, at which I graduated in 1850, on a visit to the Hospital met me, accidentally, and we had a talk of the old college days.

I wore in the battle a suit of gray pants and jacket. They were a little shabby. After I had been at the hospital a few days it occurred to me that I ought to make an effort to get a new outfit so as to make a more decent appearance. The ways and means were at command. I wrote to an old friend and former client, then living in Baltimore, for a loan. A few days afterwards two Sisters of Charity came into the hospital and inquired for me. They met me with gracious sympathy and kindness. One of them took me aside, and, unobserved, placed in my hand a package of money, saying it was from a friend, and requested no name be mentioned. They declined to give me any information. I never knew who they were. There was a mystery about them. They could not have come for my sake alone. But this I know, they were angels of mercy.

I made known to the authorities my wish to go to Gettysburg, and while there to avail myself of the opportunity of getting a new suit. The authorities of the hospital, through Col. Dwight, conferred on me a great honor—the honor of personal confidence — absolute confidence. They gave me a free pass to Gettysburg, with the sole condition that I present it at the Provost office there and have it countersigned. I went alone, unattended. The fields and woods were open to me. They somehow knew — I know not how — that I could be trusted; that my honor was more to me than my life.

On my way to town I called by the Eleventh Corps Hospital, to which General Armistead had been taken, to see him. I found that he had died. They showed me his freshly made grave. To my inquiries they gave me full information. They told me that his wound was in the leg; that it ought not to have proved mortal; that his proud spirit chafed under his imprisonment and his restlessness aggravated his wound. Brave Armistead! The bravest of all that field of brave heroes! If there be in human hearts a lyre, in human minds a flame divine, that awakens and kindles at the heroic deeds of man, then his name will be borne in song and story to distant times.

I had my pass countersigned at the Provost office. It gave me the freedom of the city. There were many Federal officers and soldiers in the city. It was a queer, incongruous sight to see a rebel lieutenant in gray mingling in the crowd, and ap-

parently at home. They could see, however, many of the principal citizens of the town cordially accosting, and warmly shaking by the hand, that rebel. I met so many old friends that I soon felt at home. As I was walking along the main street, a prominent physician, Dr. Horner, stopped me and renewed the old acquaintanceship. He pointed to a lady standing in a door not far away, and asked me who it was. I gave the name of Miss Kate Arnold, a leading belle of the college days. He said, "She is my wife and she wants to see you." There was a mutually cordial meeting. While standing in a group of old friends I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder from behind. It was my dear old professor of mathematics, Jacobs. He whispered to me in the kindest, gentlest way not to talk about the war. I deeply appreciated his kindness and solicitude. But I had not been talking about the war. The war was forgotten as I talked of the olden days.

On another street a gentleman approached me and made himself known. It was Rev. David Swope, a native of Gettysburg, who was of the next class below mine. He manifested genuine pleasure in meeting me. He told me he was living in Kentucky when the war broke out. He recalled a little incident of the college days. He asked me if I remembered in passing a certain house I said to a little red-headed girl with abundant red curls, standing in front of her house, "I'll give you a levy for one of those curls." I told him that I remembered it as if it were yesterday. He said that little

girl was now his wife; and that she would be delighted to see me. He took me to a temporary hospital where there were a large number of our wounded. He had taken charge of the hospital, and manifested great interest in them and showed them every tender care and kindness. I fancied that those Kentucky days had added something to the sympathy of his kind, generous nature towards our wounded; and when I took leave of him, I am sure the warm grasp of my hand told him, better than words, of the grateful feelings in my heart.

I must ask indulgence to mention another incident. I met on the college campus a son of Prof. Baugher, who was then president of the college, and who was president when I graduated. The son gave me such a cordial invitation to dine with him and his father that I accepted it. They were all very courteous; but I fancied I detected a reserved dignity in old Dr. Baugher. It was very natural for him to be so, and I appreciated it. The old Doctor, while kindhearted, was of a very positive and radical character, which he evinced on all subjects. He was thoroughly conscientious, and was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. He was thoroughly orthodox in his Lutheran faith; and in politics, without ever hearing a word from him, I venture to say he was in sympathy with, I will not say, Thaddeus Stevens, but with Garrison and Phillips. My knowledge of him left me no need to be told that his views and feelings involved in the war were intense. And there he was, breaking bread with a red handed rebel in his gray uniform,

giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Was he not put to it to keep mastery of himself?

Happy for man that he is double sighted; that there is within him a quality allied to conscience, — call it charity — that enables him to choose on which side to look. The venerable Doctor saw before him only his old student, recalled only the old days, and their dear memories. If there was anything between his heart and his country's laws, there was nothing between his heart and his Saviour's sweet charity.

And here I must relate an incident of those old days not wholly irrelevant and inopportune. I graduated in 1850. I had the honor to be the valedictorian of my class. In preparing my address I took notice of the great excitement then prevailing on account of the discussion in Congress of the bill to admit California as a State into the Union. Great sectional feeling was aroused through this long protracted discussion in the Senate. One senator dared use the word "disunion" with a threat. The very word sent a thrill of horror over the land. I recall my own feeling of horror. In my address to my classmates I alluded to this sectional feeling, deprecating it, and exclaimed, "Who knows, unless patriotism should triumph over sectional feeling but what we, classmates, might in some future day meet in hostile battle array."

Dr. Baugher, as president of the college, had revision of our graduating speeches, and he struck this part out of my address. But alas! it was a prophetic conjecture; and members of our class

met in after years, not only in battle array, but on the fields over which, in teaching botany, Prof. Jacobs had led us in our study of the wild flowers that adorned those fields.

Many other incidents occurred on this day deeply interesting to me, but they might not interest others. I returned to the hospital, but not before leaving my measure and order with a tailor for a suit of gray, which was subsequently delivered to me.

It was a queer episode — a peace episode in the midst of war. This experience of mine taught me that the hates and prejudices engendered by the war were national, not individual; that individual relations and feelings were but little affected in reality; and that personal contact was sufficient to restore kindliness and friendship.

A short while afterwards I was taken from the Twelfth Corps Hospital to David's Island, which is in Long Island Sound, near and opposite to New Rochelle, in New York. A long train from Gettysburg took a large number of Confederate wounded, not only from the Twelfth Corps Hospital but from other hospitals, to Elizabethport, and from there the wounded were taken by boat to David's Island. We were taken by way of Elizabethport instead of by way of Jersey City, on account of a recent riot in New York City. All along, at every station at which the train stopped, it seemed to me, our wounded received kind attentions from leading ladies, such as Mrs. Broadhead and others. These ladies brought them delicacies in abundance; and

at Elizabethport these attentions became so conspicuous that Federal officers complained of the neglect of the Union wounded on the train, and forced the Southern sympathizers, as they called them, to distribute their delicacies between the wounded of both sides.

When we arrived at David's Island, we found there a first-class hospital in every respect. It was called "De Camp General Hospital." It consisted of a number of long pavilions, and other buildings delightfully and comfortably arranged, and furnished with every appliance needed to relieve the wounded and sick. It had been previously occupied by the Federal sick and wounded. It was quite a relief for us to get there. After our arrival, with those already there, three thousand Southern wounded soldiers occupied these pavilions. Only a few of these were officers. Most of the wounded were in a very pitiable condition. The New York Daily Tribune, of Wednesday, July 29, 1863, had this to say of them:

THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

"The sick and wounded Rebels were handled with the same care and tenderness that is bestowed upon our own invalid soldiers. Those who could not walk were gently carried on stretchers, and those who were able to stand upon their feet were led carefully from the boat to the hospital pavilions. They were in a wretched condition — dirty, ragged, and covered with vermin — their soiled and torn uniforms, if such they may be

called, were stained and soaked with blood; and their wounds, which had not been dressed from the time of the battles at Gettysburg until their arrival here, were absolutely alive with maggots. Many of them had suffered amputation — some had bullets in their persons — at least a score have died who were at the point of death when the boat touched the wharf.

"On their arrival here they were dressed in the dirty gray coats and pants, so common in the Southern army. Shakespeare's army of beggars must have been better clad than were the Confederate prisoners. One of the first acts of Dr. Simmons, the surgeon in charge, was to order the prisoners to throw aside their 'ragged regimentals,' wash their persons thoroughly and robe themselves in clean and comfortable hospital clothing, which consists of cotton shirts and drawers, dressing gown of gray flannel, and blue coat and trousers of substantial cloth.

"Their old rags were collected in a heap and burned, notwithstanding the great sacrifice of life involved. We looked about the island in vain to find a butternut colored jacket, or Rebel uniform. The 3,000 prisoners did not bring with them enough clean linen to make a white flag of peace had they been disposed to show any such sign of conciliation."

Who were these dirty, ragged soldiers, whose soiled and torn uniforms, if such they could be called, were stained and soaked with blood? The world knows them as the gallant followers of Lee,

whose triumphant valor on every field, and against all odds, had filled the world with wonder and admiration, — who suffered their first defeat at Gettysburg — suffered from no want of courage on their part as Pickett's charge shows, but solely from want of prompt obedience to Lee's orders. The three thousand wounded Confederate soldiers, in these pavilions, were the very flower of the South — the sons and product of its best blood; inheritors of a chivalric race, the bone and sinew of the land, bright, intelligent, open-faced and open-hearted men; including in their ranks many a professional man — many a college student — readers of Homer and Plato — readers of Virgil and Cicero. There were among these ragged-jacket wearers men who, around the camp fires, could discuss and quote the philosophy and eloquence of the Greek and the Roman. These were the men who bore with cheerfulness, and without complaint, the conditions described; who asked only that by their service and suffering their country might be saved.

Yes, it was of these men, in these pavilions, that the assistant surgeon of the hospital, Dr. James E. Steele, a Canadian by birth, said to me: "Adjutant, your men are so different from those who formerly occupied these pavilions; when I go among your men they inspire in me a feeling of companionship."

In the same article of the Tribune there is something personal to myself. I will lay aside all false

modesty, and quote it here for preservation for those who take an interest in me.

ADJUTANT J. F. CROCKER.

"In pavilion No. 3 we saw several Confederate officers, with one or two exceptions, they were abed, the nature of their wounds rendering it painful for them to sit up. One of these officers, however was sitting at a table writing a letter. He was very civil and communicative. He was a native of Virginia, a graduate of Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, where he was wounded — a lawyer by profession, and really a man of superior talents and culture. He has brown hair and a broad forehead. He is apparently 35 years of age. He said it was impossible for the North to subdue the South. The enemy might waste their fields, burn their dwellings, level their cities with the dust, but nothing short of utter extermination would give the controlling power to the North. The intelligent people of the South looked upon the efforts to regain their rights as sacred, and they were willing to exhaust their property and sacrifice their lives, and the lives of their wives and children, in defending what they conceived to be their constitutional rights. They would consent to no terms save those of separation, and would make no conditions in relation to the question of slavery. They would suffer any calamity rather than come back to the Union as it was. They would be willing to form an alliance with any country in order to accomplish the fact

of separation. 'Such are my sentiments,' said the Adjutant. 'I will take the liberty of asking my comrades if they endorse what I have said.' Captain J. S. Reid, of Georgia, Adjutant F. J. Haywood, of North Carolina, Captain L. W. McLaughlin, of Louisiana, Lieut. T. H. White, of Tennessee, L. B. Griggs, of Georgia, Lieut. M. R. Sharp, of South Carolina, Lieut. S. G. Martin, of Virginia, all responded favorably as to the opinions presented by their spokesman. Mr. Menwin asked the Adjutant what he thought of the fall of Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Jackson, and the defeat in Pennsylvania. 'We have seen darker days,' replied the Adjutant; 'when we lost New Orleans, Fort Donelson, and Island No. 10. We shall now put forth extra efforts, and call out all the men competent to bear arms.' This officer undoubtedly represents the views of some of the leading men in the Confederate Army, but there is a diversity of opinion here among officers and men. If they seem to acquiesce in the opinion of such men as Adjutant Crocker, who appears to be deeply in earnest, and who looks and speaks like a brave and honest man, they do not generally respond to his views and sentiments. He says the North is fighting for the purpose of abolishing slavery, and that appears to be the prevailing opinion among the prisoners in his pavilion."

The Tribune with this article came, when it was published, into the hands of a friend who wrote: "I saw and read with a thrill of pride that piece in the N. Y. Tribune that spoke of you. I felt proud

indeed to know that one of whom an enemy could speak in such terms was a friend of mine. I shall preserve it to read with increased pleasure in the future." The hand that preserved it, in after years, placed it in my Scrap-Book where now it is.

There came to David's Island a group of ladies as devoted, as self-sacrificing, and as patriotic as ever attended the wounded in the hospitals of Virginia. They gave up their homes and established themselves in the kitchens attached to the pavilions. With loving hands and tender sympathy they prepared for our sick every delicacy and refreshment that money and labor could supply. It was to them truly a service of love and joy. These were Southern-born women living in New York City and Brooklyn.

From their pent-up homes, and their close hostile environment, within which there was no liberty to voice and no opportunity to show their deep passion of patriotism, they watched the fortunes of the beloved Confederacy with an interest as keen, and an anxiety as intense, as was ever felt by their mothers and sisters in the Southland. Imagination itself almost fails to depict the avidity and joy with which they availed themselves of this opportunity to mingle with, and to serve our wounded and to give vent to their long suppressed feelings and sympathy. It was my great pleasure personally to know some of these. There were Mrs. Mary A. Butler, widow of Dr. Bracken Butler, of Smithfield, Virginia; and her sister, Miss

Anna Benton, daughters of Col. Benton, formerly of Suffolk, but who many years before the war, removed to New York. There were also Miss Kate Henop and Miss Caroline Granbury, both formerly well known in Norfolk; Mrs. Algernon Sullivan, Winchester, Virginia, the wife of the distinguished lawyer of New York, and Mrs. Susan Lees, of Kentucky, who after the war adopted the children of the gallant cavalryman, Col. Thomas Marshall, who was killed in battle. There were others whose names have escaped me. If there ever be erected a monument to the women of the South, the names of these patriotic women of whom I have been speaking, should be inscribed on its shaft.

A Virginian, then living in Brooklyn, whose peculiar circumstances prevented his returning to his native State, Dr. James Madison Minor, made me frequent visits for the happiness of giving expression to his feelings. He said it was an inexpressible relief. His little daughter, wishing to do some thing for a Confederate soldier, out of the savings from her monthly allowances, bought and gave me a memorial cup which I still have.

Mrs. James Gordon Bennett came to the Island with a coterie of distinguished friends, among whom was General Dix. She brought a quantity of fine wines for our wounded. She with her friends came to my pavilion, and asked for me. The surgeon in charge, Dr. James Simmons, had referred her to me. When I presented myself, she said: "Adjutant Crocker, I wish to do something

for your men. I do not mean mere words." With some pride of independence, I replied, "There is nothing I can ask for my comrades"; and then I quickly said: "Yes, Mrs. Bennett, there is one request I wish to make of you for them, and I feel that you, as a woman of influence, can do something for us." She shrugged her shoulders in the polite French style, and said she was but a woman, with only a woman's influence. I made a complimentary reply and said to her: "Mrs. Bennett, my companions here had their clothing battle-torn and blood-stained. They are now in need of outer clothing. They have friends in New York City who are willing and ready to furnish them; but there is an order here forbidding our soldiers from receiving outer clothing. Now, my request is that you have this order withdrawn, or modified, so as to permit our men to receive outer clothing." She promptly replied that she would use all her influence to accomplish the request,—that she expected to have Mrs. Lincoln to visit Fort Washington (her home) next week, and she would get her to use her influence with the President to revoke the order. The New York Herald of the next day, and for successive days, had an editorial paragraph calling public attention to the order, telling of the exposure of the wounded and sick prisoners to the chilling morning and evening winds of the Sound, and insisting, for humanity's sake, that the order should be revoked. Afterwards I received from Mrs. Bennett the following note:

"Fort Washington, Sept. 14th, 1863.

Sir:

Yesterday Mrs. Lincoln visited me at Fort Washington. I embraced the opportunity to ask her to use her influence in regard to the request you made me. She assured me she will attend to it immediately on her return to Washington. For all your sakes I sincerely hope she may succeed. I have done all in my power. I can do no more. Hoping that your prison hours may pass lightly over, I remain with best wishes for yourself and brother officers,

Yours truly,

H. A. Bennett.

To Adjutant Crocker."

Mrs. Bennett conversed freely with me about her husband. She said he was always a sincere friend of the South; that when, upon the firing upon Fort Sumter, the wild furor swept the City of New York and demanded that the American flag should be displayed on every building, Mr. Bennett refused to hoist the flag on the Herald Building, and resisted doing so until he saw the absolute necessity of doing it. She said he wept over the condition of things. She spoke also of her son James. She said that when Vicksburg fell "Jimmy came to me with tears in his eyes, saying, 'Mother, what do you think? Vicksburg has fallen. Brave fellows — brave fellows!' I replied that it was the tribute which brave men ever pay to the brave."

Dr. James Simmons, the surgeon in charge of the Hospital, was a native of South Carolina. Somehow he took a great fancy to me, and gave me a warm friendship. He took me into his confidence and talked freely with me about his surroundings, and how he came to remain in the Federal service. He married Miss Gittings, the daughter of the well known banker of Baltimore. He became a citizen of Maryland, and while waiting for his State to secede, he became involved in the Federal service, and found that he could not well leave; and he concluded that as a non-combatant he would probably have opportunities of serving our captured and wounded soldiers. He himself was not beyond suspicion; for I remember his saying to me in his office, with a motion, referring to the writers in his office, "these are spies on me." The Federal authorities, I believe, had in the war more or less suspicion about the Southern officers in the army, — that they did not fully trust them until like General Hunter, they showed cruelty to their own people. Real traitors are always cruel. Benedict Arnold on the border of the James, and on our own waters here was more cruel with the firebrand and sword than even Tarleton was. Let it ever be thus. Let infamous traits be ever allied to infamous treachery. I occasionally met Mrs. Simmons, who, I believe, spent most of her time at New Rochelle. Her warm grasp of the hand told me more plainly than words that the sympathies of her heart were deeply with us. I made a request of Dr. Simmons. His kind

heart could not refuse it. I told him I wanted a Confederate uniform, — that I had a friend in New York City from whom I could get it — that I knew it was against orders for him to grant my request. He answered: "Have it sent to my wife at New Rochelle." I had my measure taken and sent to New York. Soon I received a full lieutenant's uniform in Confederate gray of excellent quality, which I, afterwards, on returning home at the end of the war, wore for a while for lack of means for getting a civilian's suit.

While at Johnson's Island to which prison I was taken after leaving David's Island, and when the exchange of prisoners had been suspended, I made special effort to obtain an exchange. For this purpose, I wrote to my brother, Rev. William A. Crocker, the Superintendent of the Army Intelligence Office at Richmond, and got him to see Judge Ould, the Commissioner of Exchange on my behalf. I at the same time wrote to Dr. James Simmons to aid me in getting exchanged. I received from Dr. Simmons the following letter and enclosure:

"Medical Directors' Office,

Department of the East,

New York, Feby. 13th, 1864.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 11th Jany. did not reach me until a few days since. I have written to Colonel Hoffman in your behalf and sincerely hope that he may grant your request. I am but slightly ac-

quainted with Col. Hoffman, and can only hope that the justice of the case may cause him to grant your request. If I can be of any service to you pray command me. I send a copy of my letter to Col. Hoffman, and regret I did not receive your letter sooner. Be kind enough to remember me to Capt. Butler, Kincaid and others.

Very truly yours,

J. SIMMONS.

Capt. J. F. Crocker,
Prisoner of War,
Johnson's Island."

"NEW YORK, Feby. 13th, 1864.

COLONEL:

I enclose you a letter from Capt. J. F. Crocker, prisoner of war now at Johnson's Island. The letter which reached me only a few days since was directed to David's Island, Capt. Crocker supposing I was in charge of that hospital. If anything can be done for him not inconsistent with the regulations of your department, I am sure you would be conferring a favor upon a gentleman and a man of honor and refinement. The orderly behavior of the prisoners while at David's Island was in a great measure due to the influence of this gentleman. I am, Colonel,

Your obedient servant,

J. SIMMONS, Surg. of &c.

Colonel Hoffman,
Comr. Genl. of Pris.,
Washington, D. C."

With other officers I left David's Island for Johnson's Island on the 18th of September, 1863. While on the steamer going to New York City, Dr. James E. Steele, the assistant surgeon of the Island, before mentioned, came to me and asked me if I had an Autograph Book. He said a lady wished to see it. I gave it to him. He soon returned it, cautioning me about opening it. When he left me I opened it. Two names had been written in it, J. M. Carnochan, M. D., and Estelle Morris Carnochan, and within the leaves there was a ten dollar note. I took it as a token of good feeling towards me, and as a compliment delicately made. Dr. Carnochan was a native of South Carolina. He then lived in New York City, and was by far the most eminent surgeon of that city. He frequently came down to David's Island to perform difficult operations on our wounded. His wife, as I understood it at the time, was the daughter of General Morris, of Maryland, and her mother was the daughter of the famous founder and editor of the Richmond Enquirer, Thomas Ritchie.

In passing from New York City through the great States of New York and Ohio to Sandusky, one thing deeply impressed me — the great number of men in civilian's clothes of the military age, who gathered at the railroad stations. I said to myself, "War in the North is fully organized — with such resources of men and war material, it is prepared to conduct the war for an indefinite time, and that it was with the North only a question of

finances and of public opinion." It renewed my grief at our defeat at Gettysburg. That was the pivotal point of the war. A great victory there would have achieved peace, and would have enabled the South, instead of the North, to determine the terms of reunion and reconstruction. Had it not been for the delinquency of some of our generals, Lee's Army would have won a complete and decisive victory on the first and second days of that battle, as I have explained in my address on "Gettysburg — Pickett's Charge."

We arrived at Johnson's Island about the 19th of September, 1863. The following officers of my regiment, the 9th Virginia Infantry, had already reached there: Maj. Wm. James Richardson, Captains Henry A. Allen, Jules O. B. Crocker, and Harry Gwynn; Lieutenants John H. Lewis, John Vermillion, Samuel W. Weaver, John M. Hack, Henry C. Britton, M. L. Clay, Edward Varnier and Henry Wilkinson. I was assigned to a bunk in Block 12. This building consisted of large rooms with tiers of bunks on the sides. Subsequently I with four others occupied room 5, Block 2. My room-mates and messmates were, Captains John S. Reid, of Eatonton, Ga., and R. H. Isbell, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., and Lieutenants James W. Lapsley, of Selma, Ala., and John Taylor, of Columbia, S. C.

The first incident of personal interest to me after my arrival in this prison occurred thus: I met on the campus Colonel E. A. Scovill, the Superintendent of the prison. I said to him:

"Colonel, you have an order here that no one is allowed to write at one time more than on one side of a half sheet of letter paper. I have a dear, fair friend at my home in Portsmouth, Va., and I find it impossible for me to express one tithe of what I wish to say within the limits prescribed." He replied: "Write as much as you wish, hand me your letters to your friend, and tell her to answer to my care." That kind act of Col. Scovill made him my personal friend, and he afterwards did me other important kindnesses. I believe that the surest way to become a friend to another, is to do that other person a kindness. A kindness done has more effect upon the donor, than upon the recipient, in creating mutual interest. This gracious favor of Col. Scovill was highly appreciated, and it added happiness to me and to my dear friend.

I brought my battle-wound with me, unhealed, to Johnson's Island. I had not been there long before gangrene appeared in it. It was a critical moment. My friend, Dr. Brodie Strauchan Herndon, of Fredericksburg, Va., a prisoner, by immediate and severe remedy arrested the gangrene at once; and soon afterwards made a permanent cure of the wound, and also restored my general health. The tardiness of my wound in healing was caused by the low condition of my health. On our way to Pennsylvania, I sat on my horse in the mid-stream of the Shenandoah while my regiment, the 9th Va., waded across. I did the same when it crossed the Potomac. When we reached Williamsport I went under the treatment of our surgeon. It was there,

for the first time since I was twelve years old, a drop of intoxicating liquor passed my lips, save at the communion table.

It was owing to the condition of my health that a slight injury on my lip, while at David's Island, caused by my biting it, although not malignant, refused to heal. Finally I was advised by Dr. Herndon to have it cut off. He said, however, that the operation could not be safely performed in the prison on account of a tendency to gangrene. I obtained permission to go to Sandusky for the purpose. I was given a parole. I went to the leading hotel in the city. There I met — strange coincidence — with Mr. Merritt Todd and his wife, both natives of my own county, Isle of Wight, Va., friends of my father in their early days, with their granddaughter, Parker Cooke, then about fourteen years of age. Their home before the war was in Norfolk. Mr. Todd had established a large and lucrative business in curing hams in Cincinnati where he owned valuable real estate. To prevent the confiscation of his property he made Ohio the State of his residence during the war, and was at this time in Sandusky. Nothing under the circumstances could have added more to my happiness than thus to be thrown in intimate intercourse with these friends.

I reported to the Federal surgeons. They received me most courteously. They seated me in a chair for the operation. They asked me if I wished to take an anaesthetic. It instantly flashed in my mind to show these kind surgeons how a Confed-

erate soldier could bear pain, and I answered No! I sat in the chair from the beginning to the end of the operation without a groan or a token of pain. Their work was done skillfully, effectively and kindly. The trouble never returned. These officers were very polite and hospitable to me. In return for their hospitality I had one or more of them to dine with me at the hotel. Don't raise your hands in horror! Why should I have been less a gentleman than they? Once a gentleman,— always a gentleman — under all circumstances a gentleman. No true Southern soldier ever lost in war his good manners or his humanity.

I again had the freedom of a Northern city. And although I walked the streets in Confederate gray, no one showed the slightest exception to it or showed me the least affront. But on the contrary, there was one citizen of the place, to the manor born, who visited me almost daily — and a very clever and strong man, too, he was. According to his account, he had been ostracized; his home had been surrounded and threatened by mobs; he had been hooted and maltreated on the streets. Why? He said because he was a Democrat and opposed to the war. He was a genuine "Copperhead," and either from intolerance or other cause, he was a warm sympathizer with the South. The opportunity to express his sympathy was a great relief and gratification to him. He never tired of talking about Lee and his battles and his successes. He had reached a state of mind when he was even glad to hear of the defeat of his country's armies and

the success of ours. At the end of four weeks, I returned to the Island.

When I first reached Johnson's Island I found that the rations given to the prisoners, while plain, were good and abundant. Within the prison was a sutler's store from which the prisoners were allowed to buy without restraint. Boxes of provisions and clothing from friends were permitted. To show the liberality with which these were allowed, I received from my dear brother, Julius O. Thomas, of Four Square, Isle of Wight county, Virginia, a box of tobacco which he had kindly sent as a gift to me, through the lines under the flag of truce. It was as good to me as a bill of exchange, and I disposed of it for its money value. This condition continued until the issuing of orders, said to be in retaliation of treatment of Federal prisoners at Andersonville. These orders put the prisoners on half rations, excluded the sutler's store from the prison, and prohibited the receipt of all boxes of provisions — with a discretion to the surgeon in charge to allow boxes for sick prisoners. The result of these orders was that the prisoners were kept in a state of hunger — I will say in a state of sharp hunger — all the time. My messmates whom I have before mentioned, were as refined and as well bred as any gentlemen in the South; and they had been accustomed to wealth. We employed a person to cook our rations, and to place them on the table in our room. What then? Sit down and help ourselves? No. We could not trust ourselves to do that. We would divide up

the food into five plates as equally as we could do it. Then one would turn his back to the table, and he would be asked: "Whose is this, and this," and so on. And when we had finished our meal, there was not left on our plates a trace of food, grease or crumb. Our plates would be as clean as if wiped with a cloth; and we would arise from the table hungry — hungry still — ravenously hungry. We no longer disdained the fat, coarse pork — the fatter, the better. It was sustenance we craved. No longer did we crave desserts and dainties. The cold, stale bread was sweeter to us than any cake or dainty we ever ate at our mother's table. We would at times become desperate for a full meal. Then by common consent we would eat up our whole day's rations at one meal. And then, alas, we would get up with hunger — hungry still. My God, it was terrible! Yet we kept in excellent health. I said it then, and I have said it hundreds of times since, that if I had an enemy whom I wished to punish exquisitely, I would give him enough food to keep him in health with a sharp appetite, but not enough to satisfy his appetite. I would keep him hungry, sharply, desperately hungry all the time. It was a cruel, bitter treatment, and that, too, by a hand into which Providence had poured to overflowing its most bounteous gifts.

One practical lesson I learned from this experience; that a hungry man can eat any food, and eat it with a relish denied kings and princes at their luxurious boards. It has made me lose all patience with one who says he cannot eat this, and

cannot eat that. Between such an one and starvation there is no food he cannot eat, and eat with the keenest enjoyment.

Shall I leave out of my story a bright, happy page? No. On the 13th of January, 1865, there was sent by express to me at Johnson's Island, a box prepared and packed by the joint hands of a number of my friends at home then within the lines of the enemy, full of substantial and delicious things. The mail of the same day carried to Lt. Col. Scovill the following note:

"PORTSMOUTH, VA., Jany. 13th, 1865.

LT. COL. SCOVILL:

Colonel: — Today by express I send a box of provisions for my friend, Adjutant J. F. Crocker. If there should be any difficulty in regard to his having the articles sent, will you do me the favor to use your influence with the surgeon in obtaining his permission for their delivery? If you will, I shall take it as a new kindness added to that one granted by you in the past, and shall not feel less grateful for this, than I did, and do still feel for that. Yours respectfully,

_____."

This note was sent into me with the following endorsement: "Jany. 17th, 1865.

Adjt.:—Make an application to Surgeon Woolbridge and enclose it to me.

Yours, &c.,

A. E. SCOVILL,

Lt. Col. & Supt."

Application was made, and that box was sent in immediately to me. Yes, it was a new and added favor from this warm, generous-hearted officer and man; and I have ever since borne in my heart and memory a kind and grateful feeling towards him. My messmates and I had a royal feast.

I cannot omit to notice the religious feeling that prevailed in the prison, and I cannot better do so than to copy here a letter written by me at the time.

"JOHNSON'S ISLAND, Sunday, July 10th, '64.

This is the holy Sabbath, my dear friend. Can I better interest you than by giving you a religious view of our prison? There are many things in prison life, if properly improved, that conduce to religious sentiments. A prisoner's unfortunate condition, of itself, imposes upon him much seriousness, and in his long unemployed hours reflection grows upon him. There is a pensive sorrow underlying all his thoughts, and his sensibilities are ever kept sensitive by the recollection of home, and the endearments of love from which he is now indefinitely excluded, while his patriotic anxieties are constantly and painfully alive to the wavering fortunes of his country. You will not therefore be surprised to learn that there is here a high moral tone and religious feeling. The present campaign was preceded by daily prayer meetings here, and for a long time afterwards kept up. And it would have done your heart good to have heard the earnest appeals that rose to the throne of the Great

Ruler of Nations from every block. You can imagine the great burden of these earnest prayers. These prayer meetings are still of almost daily occurrence. We have here also our Bible Classes, and also our Christian Associations, that do a great deal of good. But above all we have our sermons on the Sabbath and other days. Among the officers here are a number of prisoners who are ministers. It is one of our greatest privileges that these are allowed to preach to us unmolested, and with all freedom. I can scarce ever attend one of these services without having my eyes moistened. There are two subjects that never grow trite, though never passed over without allusion in these services — our country and the loved ones at home. These ever elicit the hearty amen, and the tender tear. These touch the deepest and strongest chords of our hearts. Ah! was country ever loved as it is by its far off imprisoned soldiers! Was home and its dear ones ever loved as by him who sighs in imprisonment. The heart grows hallowed under these sacred, tender influences. Shut out from the beautiful green earth we learn to look up to the sky that is above us; and through its azure depths and along the heights of its calm stars, our thoughts like our vision, rise Heavenward. Many a one who entered these prison bounds with a heart thoughtless of his soul's high interests, has turned to his God; and now nearly on every Sabbath there is either some one baptized or added to some branch of the Church. It is a

high gratification to make this record of my fellow comrades, and I know it will be a delight to you.

Your devoted friend,

_____."

The death and burial of Lt. Henry Wilkinson, Company B, 9th Va., deeply affected me; and I cannot deny him a kind word of mention in these pages. He was the only one of my regiment who died in the prison. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, at the Bloody Angle. He was from Norfolk. He was a gallant, conscientious, patriotic soldier. He asked only once for a furlough. That came to him after we had started or were about to start on our Pennsylvania campaign. He declined it. It was to him as if he were taking a furlough in the presence of the enemy. There was something pathetic in the refusal. It was to give him opportunity to meet, and see, one whom he loved. He sacrificed to duty the heart's dearest longing.

Well do I remember his burial. That open grave is even now clearly before me, as vividly as on that day. His comrades are standing around. There is a tender pathos in the voice of the holy man, a Confederate minister, who is conducting the solemn service. There are tears in the eyes of us all. The deep feeling was not from any words spoken but a silent welling up from our hearts. The inspiration felt in common was from the occasion itself — the lowering down the youthful form of this patriotic soldier into the cold bosom of that bleak far off island — so far away —

so far from his home and kindred — so far away from the one that loved him best. Well do I remember as I stood there looking into that grave into which we had lowered him, there came to me feelings that overcame me. I seemed to identify myself with him. I put myself in his place. Then there came to me as it were the tender wailing grief of all who loved me most — dear ones at home. Even now as I recall the scene, the feelings that then flowed, break out afresh and I am again in tears.

EXCHANGED.

BY A LADY IN KENTUCKY.

From his dim prison house by Lake Erie's bleak shore
He is borne to his last resting place,
The glance of affection and friendship no more
Shall rest on the Captive's wan face.
The terms of the Cartel his God had arranged
And the victim of war has at length been "exchanged."

His comrades consign his remains to the earth
With a tear and a sigh of regret,
From the land he could never forget.
He died far away from the land of his birth
'Mid the scenes of his boyhood his fancy last ranged
Ere the sorrows of life and its cares were "exchanged."

The clods of the Island now rest on his head
That the fierce storms of battle had spared
On the field that was strewn with the dying and dead
Whose perils and dangers he shared.
From home and from all that he loved long estranged
Death p i t i e d his fate and the Captive "exchanged."

(Copied in my Autograph Book when on the Island).

The United States government had suspended the exchange of prisoners so long that it had become a general belief of the prisoners that they would be kept in prison until the close of the war. The renewal of exchange came as a great joy to us all. It was not only personal freedom we craved, but we desired to renew again our service in our armies in behalf of our country. There had been several departures of prisoners, when, on the morning of the 28th of February, 1865, I received notice to get ready to leave, and that I was to leave at once. In a few moments I had packed up some of my belongings — as much as I could carry in a dress suit case, and joined my departing comrades. We were taken by rail to Baltimore, and from thence by steamer down the Chesapeake Bay and up the James to Aiken's Landing, which place we reached on the 3rd of March. There was no incident on the way worthy of note. I recall, however, the deep emotion with which I greeted

once again the shores and waters of dear Virginia. It brought back to me the impassioned cry of the men of Xenophon, "The Sea! The Sea!" I recall as we came up Hampton Roads how intently I gazed towards this dear home city of ours, and how, as we entered the mouth of the James, I seemed to embrace in fond devotion the familiar shores of my native county. Ah! how we love our native land — its soil, its rivers, its fields, its forests! This love is God-implanted, and is, or should be, the rock-basis of all civic virtue.

At Aiken's Landing we were transferred to our Confederate steamer. "Once again under our own flag," I wrote on the Confederate steamer and sent it back by the Federal steamer to my home city to gladden the hearts of my friends there.

We landed at Rocketts, Richmond. As we proceeded up on our way to General Headquarters, and had gone but a short distance, we saw a boy selling some small apples. We inquired the price. "One dollar apiece," was the answer. It was a blow — a staggering blow — to thus learn of the utter depreciation of the Confederate currency. I may just as well say here that all the prisoners at Johnson's Island stoutly maintained their confidence in the ultimate success of our cause. They never lost hope or faith. They never realized at all the despondency at home. The little boy with his apples told me that it was not so in Richmond I at once seemed to feel the prevailing despondency in the very air, and as we made our way up

the street I felt and realized that there was a pall hanging over the city.

When I reached General Headquarters I found out that we were not exchanged, that we were prisoners still, paroled prisoners. I was given a furlough. Here it is before me now:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF RICHMOND,

RICHMOND, VA., March 3d, 1865.

In obedience to instructions from the Secretary of War the following named men (paroled prisoners) are granted furloughs for 30 days (unless sooner exchanged) at the expiration of which time they will, if exchanged, rejoin their respective commands.

Adjt. J. F. Crocker, 9th Va. Regt.

By order of Lieut.-General Ewell.

J. W. Pegram, A. A. General."

The next day I went to the "Pay Bureau Q. M. Department." I was paid $600 in Confederate notes. I have before me the certificate that was given me.

"RICHMOND, VA., March 4th, 1865.

I certify that I have this day paid First Lieut. and Adjt. Jas. F. Crocker, 9th Va. Regiment, from 1 June to 30 Nov., 1862, pay $600.

GEO. A. BARKSDALE,

Capt. & A. Q. M."

I took what was given me. I asked no questions. I made no complaint. I concluded that the market would not stand a much larger issue, or the boy would raise the price of his apples. I informed the department that I wished to go to see my brother, Julius O. Thomas, in Isle of Wight county. I was given transportation tickets with coupons to go and return. I went by the Richmond and Danville Railroad to Danville, thence to Raleigh, thence to Weldon and thence to Hicksford. From Hicksford I was to make my way as well as I could. I reached without difficulty our ancestral home, Four Square, where my brother lived. I shall never forget the kind and loving welcome he and his dear wife gave me. It was indeed a true home-coming. The prison half-rations were forgotten. I remained about three weeks. I then started for Richmond to report to Headquarters to see if I had been exchanged or not. I took the train in Southampton county for Weldon and thence to Raleigh. When I reached Raleigh I heard that Richmond had fallen. When I reached Danville, I learned that Lee's retreat had been cut off from Danville. I then determined to go across the country to see my brother, Rev. William A. Crocker, who was living the other side of Campbell Court House, and with whom was my dear mother. I took the stage to Pittsylvania Court House. When I reached there, I learned that Lee's army was operating in the direction of Appomattox. While waiting there a few days in uncertainty, a section of a battery was drawn up

in the Court House square, abandoned and disbanded. While the men were unhitching the horses, I said to them that I had $100 in Confederate notes in my pocket which I would be glad to give for one of the horses. A horse was at once handed to me and I gave them my last $100 in Confederate notes. I mounted this horse, and rode him bareback to my brother's.

On my way I met large bodies of unarmed soldiers going South to their homes. Their silent walk and sad faces told of a sorrow in their hearts. These were Lee's men. They had surrendered at Appomattox their arms but not their honor. They were heroes — but they were not conscious of it. They were unconscious of their fame and glory. These were they of whom the world was to declare they made defeat as illustrious as victory.

When I came in sight of my brother's home, I saw that his woods near the road were on fire, and that persons were engaged in fighting the fire. I saw that my brother was among them. I jumped off my horse, broke off the top of a bush, and approaching my brother from behind I commenced fighting the fire a short distance from him, turning my back on him. I had been thus engaged for some time, unobserved, and without a word, when I heard, suddenly, the cry: "Brother! My Brother!" I was in his arms and he in mine, and we wept — wept tears of affection and joy at meeting, and wept tears of sorrow over our lost country. All was over.

Colonel James Gregory Hodges, His Life and Character

AN ADDRESS BEFORE
STONEWALL CAMP
CONFEDERATE VETERANS
PORTSMOUTH : VIRGINIA
JUNE THE 18TH, 1909

Colonel James Gregory Hodges.

COLONEL JAMES GREGORY HODGES

James Gregory Hodges was born in Portsmouth, Va., on the 25th day of December, 1828. His father was Gen. John Hodges. Gen. Hodges was one of the most noted citizens of Norfolk county for his high character, intelligence, wealth, social position and for his public services. For a number of years he was a member of the county court. He served in the General Assembly of Virginia. In the war of 1812 he, as captain, commanded a company attached to the Thirtieth regiment of the third requisition for the State of Virginia, commanded by Maj. Dempsey Veale, and mustered into the service of the United States on the 26th of April, 1813, at the camp near Fort Nelson, situated on what is now known as the Naval Hospital Point. This regiment was engaged in the battle of Craney Island. He subsequently held the commission of colonel of the Seventh regiment of Virginia in militia and later was elected on joint ballot of both houses of the General Assembly a brigadier general of the Ninth brigade in the fourth division of the militia of the commonwealth and commissioned by Gov. John Tyler on the 7th day of January, 1826.

The mother of James Gregory Hodges was Jane Adelaide Gregory. She was a descendant of the colonial clergyman, John Gregorie, who was rector of Nansemond county parish in 1680. Her grand-

father was James Gregory, who married Patience Godwin, the daughter of Thomas Godwin and Mary Godwin, his wife. This Thomas Godwin was a descendant of Capt. Thomas Godwin, the original settler and ancestor of the Godwins of Nansemond county, who was a member of the House of Burgesses and the presiding justice of the county court of Nansemond county for many years. James Gregory was a vestryman of the upper parish, and afterwards, by a change of the boundaries of the parish, a vestryman of the Suffolk parish of Nansemond. His son, James Gregory, the father of Mrs. Hodges, married Mary Wynns, the daughter of Col. Benjamin Wynns, of the revolution, and Margaret Pugh, the daughter of Francis Pugh and Pherebee Savage.

James Gregory Hodges was educated at the once famous Literary, Scientific and Military Academy of Portsmouth, of which Capt. Alden Partridge, A. M., of New England, was superintendent. His associate professors were: William L. Lee, A. B., professor of mathematics, natural philosophy and civil engineering; William H. H. Davis, A. B., professor of mathematics, topographical drawing, military instructor and teacher of fencing; Lucius D. Pierce, A. B., professor of ancient languages; Moses Jean Odend'hal, professor of modern languages, and H. Myers, instructor of martial music. To show the high character of this school, I beg to mention the names of the gentlemen who composed the board of trustees, and who are remembered as among the most honorable citizens of

Portsmouth: Gen. John Hodges, president; Holt Wilson, Dr. Joseph Schoolfield, Capt. James Thompson, Col. M. Cooke, John A. Chandler, Dr. R. R. Butt, Dr. A. R. Smith, Dr. William Collins, William H. Wilson, Maj. Walter Gwynn. This school had a large number of cadets. Of these cadets James Gregory Hodges, of the senior department, and John Collins Woodley, the brother of the late Dr. Joseph R. Woodley, of the junior department, were by common consent elected to decide all disputes that arose among the cadets; and such was the cadets' great admiration and respect for their high character and judgment that all readily acquiesced in their decisions.

He chose medicine as his profession and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania. He gained great success and eminence in his profession. During the yellow fever here in 1855 he gave untiring and faithful devotion to the sick day and night from the beginning to the end of the epidemic.

He was elected mayor of the city of Portsmouth April, 1856, and again in April, 1857.

The Third regiment of Virginia volunteers of this city was organized in 1856, and Dr. James Gregory Hodges was elected colonel; David J. Godwin, lieutenant colonel; William C. Wingfield, major; John W. H. Wrenn, adjutant; C. W. Murdaugh, commissary; John Hobday, quartermaster; Dr. H. F. Butt, surgeon, and Dr. V. B. Bilisoly, assistant surgeon. At the time of the organization of the regiment it was composed of the following companies: Portsmouth Rifle Company, Capt.

John C. Owens; Old Dominion Guard, Capt. Edward Kearns; the National Grays, Capt. John E. Deans; the Marion Rifles, Capt. Johannis Watson; the Union Guard, Capt. Nathaniel Edwards, and the Dismal Swamp Rangers, Capt. James C. Choat. On Saturday, the 20th day of April, 1861, when the regiment was ordered by Gov. Letcher into the service of the State, it consisted of the same companies except the Union Guard, which had been disbanded the year before.

The twentieth of April, eighteen hundred and sixty one — memorable day! On this day commenced in Virginia an unproclaimed war. The ordinance of secession had been passed on the 17th day of April, 1861. The proclamation of President Lincoln calling on Virginia for her quota of military forces to wage war against her sister States of the South brought all Virginians of true loyalty together. War was the inevitable result of national and State action. Gov. Letcher had sent down Gen. William B. Taliaferro to take charge of the organized forces of this section when called into the service of the State. At noon the United States authorities closed the doors of the navy yard and began the destruction of its buildings, its ships and stores. It was an act of war and was so regarded by all. At 2 p. m. the volunteer companies of the city were called into the service of the State. At that hour the long roll sounded summoning our local military to arms. Our military responded to the roll call with a

unanimity and with a patriotic devotion unsurpassed.

Near sunset of the 20th of April the Pawnee passed the foot of High street on her way to the navy yard. I see her now as vividly as I did at that hour. Her officers were at their posts — her men at their loaded guns and upwards of 400 marines and soldiers at quarters—all standing ready, on the least provocation, to give and to receive the order to fire. She moved with a firm steadiness and the silent majesty of authority. She seemed a living thing — with a heart beating to stirred emotions and sharing the hostile feelings and defiance of those whom she bore. Her power and readiness to do harm inspired a kind of terror in every breast. On her arrival at the yard the work of destruction received a new impetus. On every side were heard the vulcan sounds of destruction; on every side were seen the flames of burning buildings and blazing ships. Our forces were not sufficient to interfere and there seemed to be a mutual understanding on both sides—the result of weakness on our side and ignorance on that of the enemy—that the Pawnee, with the Cumberland in tow, at the end of the destruction of the yard, might leave without molestation.

The enemy left early in the morning of the 21st, and Col. Hodges, under the order of Gen. Taliaferro, entered the navy yard to take charge, to restore order and to protect what was left and to turn the yard over to the civil and naval officers of the State. This was done, and leaving one of his com-

panies in the yard as a guard he took the other companies of his regiment to the naval hospital grounds and there threw up breastworks for protection against any United States vessel that should attempt to re-enter the harbor. It was a Sunday morning. We all remember the work of throwing up the breastworks. It was done with a will — with patriotic devotion. I did some spading on that work, citizens also helped, and the mothers and daughters of our city came down and cheered us in our work. All apprehension soon left us and we were exuberantly cheerful and happy. Troops from every quarter came pouring into our midst. Batteries were thrown up at every point of defense. We soon felt that the enemy could never again come into our harbor by land or water against our will.

Very soon after matters had become well ordered at the naval hospital grounds Gov. Letcher appointed and assigned to the Third regiment, Virginia volunteers, Col. Roger A. Pryor, and his field officers and assigned Col. James Gregory Hodges, Lieut. Col. David J. Godwin and Maj. William White to the Fourteenth Virginia regiment. This was done on the alleged policy that it is better for a colonel to command a regiment of strangers than a regiment of his personal friends. Maj. William C. Wingfield and the other staff officers of the old Third Virginia regiment resigned and afterwards did distinguished services under other commands.

Col. Hodges with his regiment was ordered to take command of Jamestown Island, and we find

that on the 31st day of May, 1861, he was there in command not only of his own regiment of ten companies but also of five companies of artillery and two additional companies of infantry. His adjutant at this time was Lieut. Evans.

This assignment of Col. Hodges to the Fourteenth Virginia regiment and to the command of Jamestown Island took him from his home—from the companionship of his wife and two infant boys. On the 11th day of August, 1853, he married Sarah A. F. Wilson, the daughter of William H. Wilson and Ellen Keeling. His son, William Wilson Hodges, was born on the 29th of April, 1854, and his son, John Nelson Hodges, was born on the 3rd of May, when he was in command at the Naval Hospital grounds, and he gave to his little baby son the name of Nelson, after Fort Nelson, erected on those grounds in the revolution. To him and to his wife it was a most painful separation, yet bravely and cheerfully borne in the spirit of patriotic duty to their country. His letters to his wife were ever full of the most devoted love to her and of the keenest, tenderest interest in his two infant children, whom he calls so dearly "my boys." There was an ever intense longing to be with his wife and children and always the firm recognition of his duty to be ever with his regiment.

On August 1, 1861, Gen. Magruder ordered Col. Hodges to take six companies of his regiment and to join him in the lower part of the Peninsula. Gen. Magruder with 5,000 men, made a demonstration of a regular line of battle before Newport

News with the purpose of drawing out the enemy at that place, but the enemy failed to appear. He afterwards made a like demonstration near Hampton to draw the enemy from Old Point to make an attack, but the enemy failed to appear. On the 7th of August Gen. Magruder ordered Col. Hodges to report to him at Newmarket bridge. Col. Hodges reached there about 9 o'clock p. m. when Gen. Magruder ordered to his command two other infantry companies and two companies of cavalry, and directed him to proceed to Hampton and destroy the town. He reached Hampton about 11 p. m. He found every thing as still as death, and not a sound to be heard excepting the sound of the horses feet and occasionally the clanking of a sabre. He marched his men into St. John's Church yard, dismounted his cavalry and sent a picket guard to the bridge leading to Old Point. Here the enemy's picket guard opened fire, and for some time there was an active firing, but no serious harm was done and the enemy withdrew. Then the work of destroying the town commenced. Col. Hodges, in his account of the expedition to his wife, says:

"It grieved me sorely to have to destroy the town; but I believe it is all for the best, as it embarasses the enemy very much and takes from them elegant winter quarters whilst our troops will have to suffer in log huts and tents. I went into many houses which formerly had been well taken care of; the furniture was broken to pieces and scattered all through the house. They were filled with filth

of every description, and most obscene expressions written all over the walls. If I had lived and owned a house there I would willingly have applied the torch to it rather than have had it desecrated in the way the whole town had been."

The regiment was afterwards stationed for a while at Mulberry Island, and also at Lands End. In May, 1862, it was ordered to Suffolk and was there made a part of Armistead's brigade. On the reorganization of regiments in the spring of 1862 Adjutant Evans was made Lieutenant Colonel and C. W. Finley was made Adjutant of the Fourteenth Virginia regiment; and Lieutenant Colonel David J. Godwin was made Colonel of the Ninth Virginia regiment. The brigade now marched to Petersburg, where the Ninth Virginia was made a part of it. It then moved to Richmond and then to a camp on the Williamsburg road below Richmond. It was at Seven Pines, but only slightly engaged on the second day of the battle. The brigade was at Malvern Hill and engaged in that memorable charge. Col. Hodges thus speaks of it:

"The battle of Tuesday, July 1, was the most terrific that can be conceived of. My imagination never pictured anything to equal it. I lost in killed and wounded on that day about one-fourth of my regiment. They all acted nobly. Men never fought better. The battle flag of the regiment which we carried into the fight has forty-seven shot holes in it; and every man in my color guard wounded. During a charge a shell burst near me, killing two

of my men, wounding Capt. Bruce so severely that he only survived twenty-four hours, wounded several others, knocked me down and burnt all the beard off the right side of my face, scorched the sleeve of my coat from my hand up. The shock was so great that I did not recover from it for several hours."

From this description you can form some idea of that terrible battle in which our forces attempted to dislodge the enemy from the crown of Malvern Hill, defended by fifty pieces of artillery and compact lines of infantry, raking an open field for three-fourths of a mile. Brave men of this city, of my own regiment, the Ninth Virginia, poured out on that battle field that rich blood which even at this late day brings sorrow to hearts still beating.

The Fourteenth regiment remained in the neighborhood of Shirley until Gen. McClellan embarked his forces and left for Washington. It then went to Hanover Junction, then through Louisa county and on to join Lee's army, which it did on the upper Rappahannock. It was at Second Manassas and was in the Maryland campaign.

The battle of Sharpsburg was fought on Wednesday, the 17th of September, 1862, from 3 a. m. to night. The two armies held their respective positions all the next day without firing a gun. Lee crossed the Potomac into Virginia early on the morning of the 19th. Col. Hodges writing on the 22nd of September, 1862, in Berkley county, near Martinsburg, says that General Armistead was wounded early on the morning of the 17th

and that he took command of the brigade and that he was still in command, but expected Gen. Armistead to be able to return to duty in a few days. Gen. Early in his official report of the battle says: "Shortly after the repulse of the enemy Col. Hodges, in command of Armistead's brigade, reported to me, and I placed it in line in the position occupied by my brigade and placed the latter in line on the edge of the plateau which has been mentioned and parallel to the Hagerstown road but under cover." This battle was the most destructive battle of the war for the time engaged.

In his letter last mentioned Col. Hodges says: "We have had a very hard time since we left Richmond. I have not slept in a tent since leaving there and have only been in three houses. We eat whatever we can get and sometimes the quality is anything but good and the supply scanty. This army has accomplished wonders and undergone the greatest amount of fatigue."

On the 15th of October, 1862, Armistead's brigade was encamped near Winchester, Va. On that day Col. Hodges writes: "On Monday last we had a grand review of our division, by Gen. Longstreet, who commands our corps d'armie. There were two members of the British Parliament present. We had about ten thousand men in line, and the whole passed off very well. It was quite an imposing sight. I suppose the Englishmen did not know what to make of such a dirty, ragged set of fellows. The orders forbade the barefooted men from going out. I think they ought to have let our

army be seen just as it is. I have now some eighty men without shoes, notwithstanding that I have within the past ten days issued to my regiment one hundred pairs."

Burnside had superseded Gen. McClellan in the command of the Union army, and was now moving towards Fredericksburg. When this intention manifested itself, our forces concentrated in the neighborhood of Culpepper Courthouse. Our brigade was ordered thitherward. I remember the first day's long, severe march. The first day's march is always trying to soldiers who have been in camp for weeks. Speaking of the shoeless condition of the army, I remember an incident that occurred under my very eyes. I beg to mention it. Moses Young, a member of my regiment from this city, as he marched along the road, saw a discarded old pair of shoes. He stopped and looked at them and then at his own shoes. He took them up, turned them over, and then looked again at the old shoes he had on. It was evidently with him a close question as to which pair had the advantage. He finally shook off his old shoes and put on the pair which a preceding comrade had discarded as worthless. The wearer of these old shoes was a patriotic and gallant soldier.

When our brigade arrived at Culpepper Courthouse, it was in Gen. Anderson's division. It was here on November 7, 1862, that Armistead's brigade was placed in the new formed division of Gen. Pickett and all the Virginia regiments in Anderson's division were taken from it and Southern

regiments substituted in their place. It was here that John S. Jenkins, of this city, on the 17th of November, 1862, entered on his duties as adjutant of the Fourteenth Virginia, appointed in the place of Adjutant G. W. Finley, who resigned to go home to attend to the affairs of his father, who had recently died. He subsequently joined Garnett's brigade and was at Gettysburg and there captured. He afterwards became a distinguished Presbyterian minister and held the title of D. D. On the 21st of November, 1862, Armistead's brigade left Culpepper Courthouse, and reached camp near Fredericksburg on the 23rd. The brigade was in line of battle on the 13th of December, 1862, when Burnside crossed the Rappahannock and attacked our forces, but it was not actively engaged. It wintered at Guinea Station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg road. In the spring it was ordered to Suffolk, from there it was ordered to join Lee's army then ready to commence its march into Pennsylvania.

Col. Hodges, writing on the 9th of June, 1863, from Spottsylvania county, says: "We left Hanover Junction yesterday morning and have proceeded forty miles on our way to join Gen. Lee, either in Culpepper county or beyond if he has crossed the upper Rappahannock. We have now been marching every day for a week, averaging a full day's march of seventeen or eighteen miles every day. My men are in excellent condition, and I know will perform their whole duty should they be required to meet the enemy. So you may ex-

pect to hear a grand account of the regiment; and I am proud to say that it has always done well, and in some instances far excelled those they were thrown with."

Pickett's division pushed hurriedly on to catch up with Lee's advancing army. The division was at Chambersburg on the 1st day of July engaged in ordinary camp drill, while Lee's advanced forces were engaged in severe battle at Gettysburg. It left the next morning for Gettysburg, and arrived in the afternoon at a camping ground between Cashtown and Gettysburg. Only three brigades of the division were present, Kemper's, Garnett's and Armistead's. The field officers of the Fourteenth Virginia were, at this time, Col. James Gregory Hodges, Lieut. Col. William White, Major Robert Poore, and Adjutant John S. Jenkins. Early on the morning of July 3 these brigades were taken to the battle line. I will not undertake here to describe Pickett's charge. This was done in an address delivered before this camp on November 7, 1894, published in the Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. XXXIII, p. 118.

The charge of Pickett's division, made up entirely of Virginians, is recognized the world over as unsurpassed in all the annals of history for steadiness of march, unwavering courage, and for the patriotic, calm determination to do all that was possible to be done to win victory at any sacrifice of life. All know the awful fatality among the officers and men of the division. Of its generals, Garnett was killed, Armistead fatally wounded, and

Kemper desperately wounded. Of its colonels of regiments six were killed outright on the field: Hodges, Edmonds, Magruder, Williams, Patton, Allen, and Owens and Stuart were mortally wounded. Three lieutenant colonels were killed: Calcott, Wade and Ellis. Five colonels, Hunton, Terry, Garnett, Mayo and Aylett were wounded, and four lieutenant colonels, commanding regiments, Carrington, Otey, Richardson and Martin, were wounded. Of the whole complement of field officers in fifteen regiments one only, Lieut. Col. Joseph C. Cabell, escaped unhurt. Of the field officers of the Fourteenth Virginia, Col. Hodges, Maj. Poore and Adjutant John S. Jenkins were killed, and Lieut. Col. William White was wounded.

Col. Hodges led his regiment in this memorable charge with conspicuous courage and gallantry. He was an able and experienced officer. His devotion to his official duties were never surpassed. His regiment was never in the presence of the enemy without his being there in command. His officers and men were devoted to him. He fully enjoyed their admiration, esteem and confidence. Many letters to him in life and after his death to his widow, convey unqualified appreciation of him as a man and a commander. His family made every effort to ascertain where his body was buried, but all in vain. He sleeps in the trenches with those who made that charge of Pickett's division immortal. He was the idol of his family, admired and loved by them with an affection and devotion which words fail to convey. For their sake and

for the sake of those survivors here who knew him, I make as a part of this address a touching incident of the reunion of the association of Pickett's division at Gettysburg on the 3rd of July, 1887, as published at the time in the Landmark:

"Adjutant J. F. Crocker, of the Ninth Virginia, in the course of his remarks, in receiving from Col. Andrew Cowan, of Cowan's Battery, the sword of the young unknown Confederate officer who fell within a few feet of the guns of the battery, while giving the order: "Men! take these guns," alluded to the sad memories awakened by the scenes of the day. In this connection, and as illustrative of them, he had come to the battlefield of Gettysburg bearing a sacred request from the invalid widow of a gallant Confederate officer who was killed in the charge of Pickett's division, asking him to make a prayer at the spot where her dear husband fell for his long sorrowing widow and orphan sons, with the hope that God, in some way, would bless the prayer to their good. That gallant officer was Col. James Gregory Hodges, of the Fourteenth Virginia regiment, the brother of the speaker's wife. He stated that early and careful but unavailing efforts had been made to find the place of his burial and he now desired to find and have identified the spot where he fell. The simple story brought tears to many who stood around. When the speaker closed his address, General H. J. Hunt, chief of artillery of the Union army, in whom kindness and courage are equal virtues, came promptly forward and gave his hand warmly to Adjutant

Crocker and in sympathetic tones said, "I can tell you something of Colonel Hodges, of the Fourteenth Virginia; I can carry you to the very spot where he fell." The general said that immediately after the battle, hearing that General Garnett, whom he knew in the old army, had been killed, he went out to look for him and when he came to the stone wall a long line of Confederate dead and wounded, lying along the wall, met his view, but his attention was arrested by the manly and handsome form of an officer lying dead on his back across other dead. He thought he had seen the face before, and on inquiry was told that it was Col. Hodges of the Fourteenth Virginia, whom he remembered to have seen in social circles before the war. The spot where Col. Hodges fell was identified by General Hunt and others, and is at the stone wall near the monument of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania. With General Hunt and other Union officers and men standing around, uncovered, a brief prayer was made that God would remember and bless the widow and sons of the brave officer who fell at this spot, but now rests in an unknown grave. It was a sad, solemn scene, full of touching pathos. The sun was sinking beyond Seminary Ridge, with its slanting rays mellowing the sheen of the grain waving fields, while here and there were groups of Union and Confederate veterans, mingling in peaceful, heartfelt and fraternal accord."

There is another incident, which I must here relate.

In October, 1903, Senator John W. Daniel, who knew my relation to Colonel Hodges and that he was killed in Pickett's charge, was in the National Library at Washington, engaged in getting official information for a future paper on "The Virginians at Gettysburg," and seeing in the library a man whose appearance attracted him, he said to himself—that man is a Northern man and was an officer in the war and I will speak to him; and he approached him. His conjecture was right. It was Capt. John D. S. Cook, of the Eightieth New York regiment of volunteers, known, however, in the service as the Twentieth New York State Militia. He informed Senator Daniel that Col. Hodges fell at the stone fence, within less than one hundred and fifty feet of the Federal line, directly in front of the said New York regiment; that after the struggle was ended his body was discovered and identified as Col. James Gregory Hodges, of the Fourteenth Virginia regiment, by some papers found upon it. His sword and scabbard had been destroyed by a shot, but a soldier detached his sword belt and handed it to him and that he had kept it as a treasured relic of the battle to be an heirloom in his family. He stated to Senator Daniel that if any of the family of Col. Hodges still survived he would gladly send it to them. Senator Daniel at once wrote me, giving me an account of this interview with Capt. Cook and his address at Kansas City, Mo. I wrote him, informing him that Mrs. Sarah A. F. Hodges, the widow of Col. Hodges, was liv-

ing and that she would ever appreciate his kind offer. Capt. Cook sent at once to her the sword belt with a letter of noble sentiments and sympathy. This sword belt is the same that Col. Hodges wore when his picture was taken, which now hangs in Mrs. Hodges' room. The noble act of Capt. Cook is tenderly appreciated by every member of the family. A correspondence with Capt. Cook has given me a high estimate of his character and ability. He moved from New York to Kansas City at the close of the war, where he has practiced law with eminent success and distinction.

Col. Hodges was handsome and manly in appearance. He had dark hair, bright dark eyes, and a highly intellectual face. He was gentle in manners, and he ever bore himself with kindness to others. He had a generous and noble nature, and he enjoyed, in a high degree, the esteem and confidence of the community. His leading characteristic to the public was his high sense of duty and his strict observance of it. He illustrated this in his conduct as colonel of his regiment. Under trying temptations, which involved the tenderest feelings of his heart, he still held that to be with his regiment was his supreme duty—a duty which he recognized as due to his position and to his country. He was ardently patriotic and his whole being, convictions and feelings were with the Confederate cause.

But the fairest, sweetest phase of his character was found in his domestic life. No one can read

those letters he wrote in every camp, on every march, before and after every battle—written to a tender loving wife whom he idolized and about his darling little boys, without realizing that all his highest happiness and interest centered in these loved ones. His son, John Nelson Hodges, died on the 21st day of July, 1890, and his son, William Wilson Hodges, died on the 26th day of April, 1893, unmarried — thus leaving their widowed mother now childless—an added grief, which, like that other, is ever present in the heart, but bravely borne with that resignation which comes from the sanctifying faith that God does all things well.

Again I commend to the keeping of Heaven, as I did on the battlefield of Gettysburg that saintly wife and mother, whose sorrows and piety have made her a priestess, and her room to all who know her well, a sanctuary of God.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST:

"OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD"

Response to the Toast:

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Our dead need no eulogy. Like those who fell at Thermopylae, their fame is fixed forever — the symbol of heroism and patriotic devotion. The summation of all praise, of all the glowing tributes which poetry or impassioned eloquence can pay to them and to their deeds is, THEY MADE DEFEAT AS ILLUSTRIOUS AS VICTORY. This is the greatest of human achievements, and to the full height of which the heroic of no past age have ever reached. It was accomplished—it could only have been accomplished—by men who combined in themselves the highest qualities of the hero and the patriot with the best elements of a chivalric race—by men having the profoundest sense of the righteousness of their cause and who believed that they were serving alike the ends of their God and their country. What the South, what the whole country, owes to their great achievement we cannot now approximately estimate. We will have to leave that to time and to the observant thought of History. Some of its obvious results we see. To one of these I will allude. To it we owe the prompt, contented, and enduring peace and fraternal accord which followed the close of the war. By reason of it the South was enabled to yield cheerfully to the results without any touch of humiliation or self reproach. The South felt that her

armies by their splendid action, courage, and prowess, had not only vindicated her honor and sustained her pride, but had achieved a wealth of renown that more than compensated her for all she had lost, yea, compensated her for the very death of her dead. And thus feeling, the South has met the obligations of a restored Union with a frank, open, and truly loyal spirit. To the South the glory involved in this great achievement must ever be a priceless, imperishable heritage, which will continue to enrich the blood, and exalt and ennoble the spirit of our posterity to the remotest times. The production and maintenance of a brave, true, patriotic, and pious race of men on this globe, is the ultimate aim and consummation of its creation. May we not believe that the people of the South, who received the baptism and consecration of suffering, of fire and blood, by being true to the memory of their illustrious dead, and inspired by their great deeds, shall be of that race which shall reach the height of that consummation, and sway the scepter and wear the crown of the ultimate civilization of the world.

I am not seeking by this line of thought to aggrandize the glory of the South at the expense of the North. Far otherwise. We are one people of a common race. The courage, heroism, and patriotic devotion of the armies of the North have added new and imperishable glory to the history of the country, in which with equal pride we claim a share. It is not a matter of subtraction. It is a matter of addition of the matchless courage and

prowess of the two armies, which sent a thrill of admiration around the world and which constitute today the glory of our American arms. It is the inspiration of great achievements and of great sacrifices paid to the love of country on both sides that we feel in common.

But what most becomes this occasion is not to speak of but to be with our dead tonight. Comrades, let us have a reunion with them. Let us in thought and feeling go back to the time when we were by their side—by their side on the weary marches, around the camp fires and in the fierce charges of battle. Yea, more; let us be ourselves again. Let us enter into that community of thought, feeling and aspiration that made them and ourselves one. Let us catch again the spirit of that lofty patriotism with which we all took up arms, and of that devotion with which we bore them. Let us in contact with our dead feel once more that divine flame that burned like an altar fire on our hearts—that master passion of our lives which left to the future nothing to so move us again—our all absorbing—all swaying—yet tender, fond love of the Confederacy. My God! may it not be permitted to us blamelessly for one brief moment to feel again that love, which to us was as holy as our religion—dearer than our lives—and in which there throbbed all that the human heart can feel for home and country.

Comrades, let us go back to those scenes. Our dead will meet us there. Feel you not, echoing upon your hearts a spirit sound? It is a drum-

beat from that far off, eternal camping-ground of our dead. Comrades, they are falling into meet us. Let us go. * * * *

Friends, pardon us, they are our brothers, dearer than brothers in blood. No one knows—the world cannot know—how we loved them—with what tenderness we cherish their memories, and with what fidelity we would keep eternal wardship over their honor and over their fame.

There they sleep—on fields made immortal by their valor. More than a third of a century lies between them and us. What a change! And here we are tonight—Veterans of the Confederacy and Veterans of the Union—host and guest, at a common festive board in patriotic accord—brothers in a common citizenship—equal—sharing with equal pride the greatness and the lustre with which American valor—North and South, has imperishably crowned this great Republic of freedom—all made possible, seemly, and hearty, by that great, unequaled achievement of our dead, in MAKING DEFEAT AS ILLUSTRIOUS AS VICTORY.

What more can we ask for our beloved dead than that all America honor their memory, and that the world and history acknowledge that their heroic deeds have exalted the greatness, the glory, and the fame of the nation.

Citizenship—Its Rights and Duties

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF PORTSMOUTH : VIRGINIA FEBRUARY 21ST, 1895

CITIZENSHIP — ITS RIGHTS AND DUTIES

The word "citizen," in its popular sense means resident, inhabitant or person. In a political sense it means one who owes allegiance to a sovereign or to a sovereign power. One is a citizen of that country or State to which he owes this allegiance. Citizenship is the inter-mutual relation between the sovereign power and the citizen, and it implies protection and care on one side and obedience and duty on the other.

We are citizens of a dual government, and, as such, we have a dual citizenship. We are citizens of Virginia and are at the same time citizens of the United States. The statute law of Virginia declares who shall be its citizens. It enacts that: "All persons born in this State, all persons born in any other State of the Union who may be or become residents of this State; all aliens naturalized under the laws of the United States who may be or become residents of this State; all persons who have obtained a right of citizenship under former laws; and all children, wherever born, whose father, or if he be dead, whose mother shall be a citizen of this State at the time of the birth of such children, shall be deemed citizens of this State." Code, Section 39. The Constitution of the United States prescribes who shall be its citizens. It provides—"All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction

thereof are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside." Section 1, Article XIV.

The United States and Virginia in their respective relations to us as citizens are both sovereign; and to each we owe allegiance. But our relations as citizens to them respectively differ, but do not conflict. To understand fully this dual nature of our citizenship we must recur to the origin of the United States. When the thirteen original colonies achieved their independence, each of them became absolutely a sovereign State, independent of each other and of all other political sovereignties; and in the treaty of peace with Great Britain, the independence of each was separately recognized and named.

During the War of Revolution for the purpose of common defense these States formed a Confederation by the adoption of what are known as the articles of Confederation. These constituted in fact nothing more than a treaty of amity, of commerce and of alliance between independent States. After the war it soon became evident that these articles were insufficient to maintain an efficient union of the States, and were inadequate to the necessities of a Federal Government.

To form a more perfect Union of the States, each State, in its sovereign capacity, in 1787, sent its representatives to a general convention called for this purpose. This convention framed a constitution, which was submitted to the people of each State for ratification and adoption. The

people of the several States in their respective constitutional conventions adopted the constitution. This constitution was thus but a compact between the sovereign States. By it the people of the several sovereign States created the Union of the States and the Federal Government for its administration. By this compact the people of the several sovereign States, out of their own sovereign powers, conferred on the Federal Government certain powers, which powers thus delegated and conferred were a curtailment of their own powers. The Federal Government was a mere creature of the people of the States and made a common agent for them—to exercise certain powers thus delegated and conferred for the common welfare of all. The Federal Government being thus created and holding only delegated powers, can exercise only those powers expressly conferred by the Constitution and those necessarily implied by the powers conferred. All other powers are denied to it, and are expressly reserved to the people of the several States. But by the Constitution itself, the Constitution of the United States and all laws made pursuant thereto, are supreme and paramount to the constitutions and laws of the several States. Hence all provisions of the constitutions of the States and of the laws in conflict with the Constitution of the United States or with the laws made pursuant thereto, are null and void, and likewise all laws passed by the General Government that are not within the powers delegated to it, are also void, as being in excess of powers granted and as in con-

flict with the reserved powers of the States. Thus it follows that while there may be conflicting enactments between the Federal and the State Legislatures, there can be no conflicting laws. The Federal Government is sovereign in all matters growing out of the powers conferred on it; and the States or the people thereof are sovereign in all matters growing out of their reserved or undelegated rights. Each is sovereign within the sphere of its powers. In all national affairs the United States Government is sovereign; in all State affairs the States are sovereign. As there can be no conflict in their respective laws, so there can be no conflict between themselves as sovereigns. While acting within their proper powers they are not antagonistic to each other. They are harmonious. They are supplemental of each other. The one is the complement of the other. The two, in fact, make one government of the people. The duty we owe, as citizens, to the Federal Government and its laws is absolute; and the duty we owe to our State Government and its laws is equally absolute. As the laws cannot be conflicting, so our duties to each cannot be conflicting.

We are citizens of the United States in all Federal matters, and as to such we owe allegiance to the United States. We are citizens of Virginia in all State matters, and as to such we owe allegiance to Virginia. As long as the Federal and State Governments move within their respective spheres there is no such thing as a first and second allegiance. It is only in the event of a great rupture of

the relations between the two governments growing out of the usurpation of powers, as in our late war, that this question of a first and second allegiance can arise. And inasmuch as the General Government is the creature of the States, and holds only a delegated sovereignty as to the delegated powers, granted by the States, in such event, if it be the General Government that has made an usurpation of powers, then the delegated sovereignty returns to the State to which it originally belonged, and with it returns the delegated allegiance. On the contrary, if it be the State that has usurped the powers that belong to the Federal Government, and the usurpation is so great as to bring on a conflict between the two, then in that event our first allegiance is due the General Government. As we owe no duty to an unconstitutional law, Federal or State, so we owe no allegiance to either the Federal or State Governments in any matters in which they transcend their powers. It is usurpation alone that relieves allegiance and dissolves the bond of union between the States. Hence I lay it down as the first, the highest and most imperious duty of an American citizen, which term is used to denote one who is a citizen of a State and of the United States, to use all possible lawful means to keep the Federal and the State Governments within the limits of their respective powers. A citizen who does less than this is wanting in patriotism. One who consciously seeks to induce the State or the United States to usurp powers belonging to the other, is a traitor

to the Union and to his State. Who, appreciating the benefits of our solar system, would seek, if he had the power, to sever any of the laws that bind the planets in harmony with each other? Who, appreciating the benefits of the Union, would seek to weaken or break a single principle that holds the States together? So long as the equilibrium of rights between the States and the Union is maintained, our system of United States will move along as serenely, as harmoniously, as majestically and as splendidly as does our solar system through the spaces of the Universe. A like essential to our welfare as citizens is the preservation of the Union and of the States, each in all its powers. Each is essential to the other. Without either the whole system of government fails. States without the Union fall into weakness and anarchy. Union without the States falls into empire and despotism. The beneficence of our dual government is, that as to national affairs we are a republic, and as to local affairs we have home rule. The strength of all the States is combined for the defence of the States against foreign foes without, and against internal foes within. To the General Government are exclusively given the Army and Navy, the power to declare war and to make peace, the regulation of commerce with nations and of commerce between the States, the collection of customs, the control of all navigable waters and admiralty jurisdiction, and courts with exclusive jurisdiction over Federal matters. These are the great powers that make our General Government national, and give to it

strength, power and majesty. The reservation of any of these powers by the States would have involved them in constant confusion and conflict with each other. It is the exercise of these great powers and others given by the Constitution to the General Government that has contributed so largely to the prosperity and happiness of the people, and has made the name of the United States so potent and so much respected among the nations. When we look around us within the borders of this extended republic and see the great and innumerable blessing that flow from the General Government to each and all of us, when we regard its power and resources for defence, security and for aggression, when we contemplate the exalted position which our country holds among the nations for power and national advantages, who is it that does not feel his very being glow with pride and patriotism for the privilege to be called an American citizen. Go where you may; among the proudest and most enlightened nations of the continent, or among the rude and barbarous tribes of the far off lands, that name brings to you, if you deserve it, respect, consideration, honor and security. In these respects there has been but one name in history that has been more potent. To have been a Roman citizen carried with it for centuries more potency than was ever attached to the citizen of any other country. A striking and familiar illustration of this and of the value of citizenship was given, when the Roman Chief Captain in Jerusalem rescued Paul from being mobbed by

the Jews, who made a great outcry against him. I quote from holy writ. "The Chief Captain commanded Paul to be brought into the castle, and bade that he should be examined by scourging, that he might know wherefore they cried so against him. And as they bound him with thongs Paul said unto the Centurion that stood by, is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned. When the Centurion heard that he went out and told the Chief Captain, saying, take heed what thou doest; for this man is a Roman. Then the Chief Captain came and said unto him: Tell me, art thou a Roman? He said, yes. And the Chief Captain answered, with a great sum obtained I this freedom. And Paul said, but I was free born. Then straightway they departed from him which should have examined him; and the Chief Captain also was afraid, after he knew that he was a Roman and because he had found him." Citizens! the time will come, if it has not already come, when no government or governmental official within the limits of this earth, will dare to bind, much less to scourge an American citizen uncondemned.

The privileges and immunities which belong to us as citizens of the United States are under the care and protection of the Federal Government, and all its great delegated powers may be and should be exercised in securing them to us.

To this great government thus created by the States and administered by officers elected by the people of the States, we owe allegiance, obedience,

service, loyalty and devotion. It is our government, and we should cherish it with patriotic fervor.

We are citizens also of the State of Virginia. This implies that the State is sovereign and that we owe it allegiance. We have seen that the United States is sovereign only to the extent of the powers granted by the Constitution and that we are citizens of the United States only to the extent and within the powers granted. Beyond these delegated powers, we, as citizens of the United States, have no privileges and immunities, nor can the United States secure to its citizens any right or privilege not placed under its jurisdiction by the Constitution. All rights of citizens not so granted and secured are left to the exclusive protection of the State. We derive these rights of citizens from the States, which retained all the residuum of sovereignty and political powers other than those granted to the United States, and as citizens of the State we are entitled to all the privileges and immunities within the scope of these reserved powers. With these privileges and immunities which we derive from the State, the Federal Government cannot interfere, nor has it any authority to enlarge or diminish them. In the language of the Supreme Court of the United States in Presser vs. Illinois, 116, U. S. R. 268: "A State has the same undeniable and unlimited jurisdiction over all persons and things within its territorial limits as any foreign nation, when that jurisdiction is not surrendered or restrained by the Constitution of the

United States—that by virtue of this it is not only the right but the bounden and solemn duty of a State to advance the safety, happiness and prosperity of its people and to provide for its general welfare by any and every act of legislation which it may deem to be conducive to these ends, when the power over the particular subject or the manner of its exercise is not surrendered or restrained by the Constitution and laws of the United States."

However great and many be the political powers conferred by the people of the States on their General Government, they are not to be compared in number or importance with the political powers reserved by the people of the States to themselves. The powers delegated to the General Government are known; they can be numbered and their limits are fixed. But the reserved powers of the people of the State are not fully known; they cannot be numbered, and they have no fixed limits. They come into being and into play with every new emergency and with every new want of the people. They can only be described by the general statement that the people of a State, outside of the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, can do everything that the life, growth and welfare of its people may require. So absolute sovereign is the will of the people of the State within the scope of their powers, that the people of the State have ever deemed it expedient to place Constitutional limitations on the powers of its own Legislature which, in the absence of such Constitutional limitations, would represent that sovereign will.

It would be a vain attempt to enumerate the manifold matters that fall within the exercise of these powers of the State. They are such as are embraced under what are termed municipal law and police. They cover all rights of persons, all rights of property, the elective franchise, the punishment of crimes, and everything relating to the peace, good order, health and general welfare of the community. These concern us in the most intimate relations of life. They secure to us the most sacred rights of person, of action, of speech, of conscience. They keep guard over our homes and conserve the sweet relations of the family. They protect us in our property, in our business, and give to us the peace of the Commonwealth.

The laws of the State are made on the theory of allowing to the citizen the greatest liberty that is compatible with the general good and consistent with the rights of others. It is evident that this liberty is largest in a simple condition of society. But as society becomes more and more complicated, these rights of personal liberty become more and more limited. Society is based upon a compromise or limitation of personal rights for the common welfare. It is fundamental that one must so use his own as not to injure others.

There are but few of the original rights of man which do not become limited upon his becoming a member of society, and this limitation is increased by the growing complications of civilization. Much has been said in glittering platitudes about the inalienable rights of man. Scarcely any of these

rights generally so considered are absolutely such. I would say only those rights are inalienable which in a free government can be enjoyed under all conditions without being required to be limited for the general welfare.

As the primary object of government is to secure the best welfare of all, no individual right can be allowed to stand out against this welfare. In the necessity of the case every such right must receive modification when the general good requires it. Many illustrations in the simplest affairs of life readily occur to you, which show that man has no right, no liberty, the enjoyment of which he does not hold subject to limitations of law imposed for the general welfare. All we have as members of the community is regulated liberty, regulated rights. All that we can require is that the regulations placed on these shall be considerately and necessarily made in order to promote the general happiness . We have, however, one inalienable right which has come to us as a priceless heritage —freedom, political freedom, the freedom of making our own laws and of being the sole judges of what laws are most suitable to our own condition, to our habits, manners, customs and genius, and most conducive to our own welfare and happiness. It is this liberty that is to us inalienable. It is a heritage of which we cannot deprive our posterity by any binding act. In the maintenance of which no flow of blood is too costly, no treasury too vast, no sacrifices too great. Perish all rather than this

liberty should fail in our hands and be untransmitted to those who come after us.

Seeing that in a free country the people are the source of all political power, and are the makers of their own laws, it is evident that their happiness and prosperity must depend upon themselves. Their laws and their Government must be a reflex of themselves. If the people be virtuous, honest, incorruptible and courageous—if they be watchful of their liberties, if they maintain a high sense of justice, if they be truly patriotic—then all will be well with them; their laws will be wise, their government pure, and their happiness secured. On the contrary, if the people decay in virtue—if they lower their sense of justice, if they become indifferent to their liberties—then Government will become corrupt, the judiciary prostituted, and public rights will become the sport of audacious partisans and of unlawful combinations.

On the citizens of the United States and of the States rest the perpetuity of the Union and the integrity of the States; and on them rest the grave responsibility of good government and the general welfare. Every consideration of self-interest and of patriotism hold them to the faithful discharge of this most sacred and solemn trust. Let the citizens but be true to the General Government, to the States, and to themselves as freemen, then this glorious Republic of States and of the people will move steadily forward to its high grand destiny with ever increasing prosperity and happiness to its own citizens, lending its influence to the libera-

tion and betterment of mankind throughout the world. We cannot realize the future greatness and glory of this republic of ours. We know if it be true to the traditions of the Fathers, it will, by the beneficence of its free institutions and by its conservative influence, dominate the whole world —not in empire, but in the respect and admiration of the nations. Already is this country of ours, in its morn, the freest, greatest, happiest and most prosperous on the globe. And, today, the greatest political advantage vouchsafed to man is to be a citizen of the State and of the United States. This is yours by birth or adoption. Do not underestimate the value and honor of such a citizenship. Let it inspire you with true loyalty and devotion. Give to both, the State and the United States, true allegiance, obedience and service, and contribute by an honest, pure, industrious life and faithful conduct your best to the common welfare, and you will have discharged the full duties of citizenship.